

<<美丽的西方传说>>

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前言

在远古时代，诗人们和编故事的人们构想了许多关于公主与王子、魔鬼与天使、国王与平民、动物与智者、美女与勇士等传说，这些故事由一代代人口述着流传下来。

后来人们把它们变成了文字，这些奇妙的故事就被记录下来。

这些被记录下来的故事一般是寓言故事、神话传说、历史故事和名人传奇等，它们传诵的主要对象是青少年，是每个民族文化记忆中的核心内容，它们可以统称为传说或童话。

它们以口承和文字形式代代相传绵绵不绝，既延续着一个个历久弥新的故事与文本的记载，同时也传递着一种精神的力量。

世界上几乎每一个国家都重视对本国青少年的童话教育，特别是源于世界各地的著名童话故事教育，如中国的“花木兰”、丹麦的“丑小鸭”、德国的“小红帽”、英国的“亚瑟王”、俄罗斯的“魔镜”、中世纪古希腊的“农夫和蛇”等。

基于以上原因，我们认为编写源于世界各地的美丽传说故事读本，对加强当代中国青少年学生素质教育和人文修养是非常有帮助的。

作为世界童话宝库的一部分，本书内容取材于民风浓郁、风景美丽的西方国度——英国的经典传说故事。

这些美丽的传说故事之所以被选入本书，不仅因为它们具有内在美，具有鲜明的西方特色，而且是因为它们为世界传说与神话文学宝库增添了无限的生机。

阅读本书，让我们不得不惊叹古人的美妙想象。

这些故事不仅在于内容的经典性和表达的完美性，而且要蕴涵文化的理念和价值，让人们得到人文的熏陶，青少年读者可以从中得到有益的启示。

<<美丽的西方传说>>

内容概要

本书收集了24个经典的英国传说故事，这些故事主要来自中世纪骑士的传说和亚瑟王的故事，它只占其众所周知和广为流传的英国传说故事宝库的一小部分。

“护符”、“黑侏儒”、“亚瑟王的故事”、“百合花女郎”、“说话的橡树”、“五月皇后”和“白日梦”等脍炙人口的故事伴随了一代又一代人的美丽童年、少年直至成年。

无论作为语言学习的课本，还是作为通俗的文学读本，本书对当代中国的青少年学生都将产生积极的影响。

为了使读者能够了解英文故事概况，进而提高阅读速度和阅读水平，在每篇英文传说故事的开始部分增加了中文导读。

<<美丽的西方传说>>

书籍目录

1 . 克莱尔夫人/Lady Clare 12 . 夏洛特夫人/The Lady of Shalott 73 . 亚瑟王的故事/The Story of King Arthur 154 . 杰伦特与恩尼德/Geraint And Enid 215 . 百合花女郎/The Lily Maid 346 . 说话的橡树/The Talking Oak 467 . 布莱爵士/The Lord of Burleigh 528 . 克拉拉·费拉·德·费拉夫人/Lady Clara Vere De Vere 579 . 五月皇后/The May Queen 6310 . 乞丐女郎/The Beggar Maid 7111 . 白日梦/The Day Dream 7612 . 伊诺克·阿顿/Enoch Arden 8513 . 伊凡荷/Ivanhoe 9114 . 渥特斯道克/Woodstock 10215 . 肯尼尔华司/Kenilworth 11116 . 奎丁·杜华特/Quentin Durward 12617 . 珀思的美丽姑娘/The Fair Maid of Perth 13818 . 埃文涅的白衣女/The White Lady of Avenel 14519 . 玛丽女王的听差/Queen Marys Page 15620 . 护符/The Talisman 16621 . 湖上美人/The Lady of the Lake 17722 . 黑侏儒/The Black Dwarf 18523 . 劳勃·劳伊/Rob Roy 19224 . 戴尔吉铁/Dugald Dalgetty 203

<<美丽的西方传说>>

章节摘录

1. 克莱尔夫人 Lady Clare 夏秋时分，克莱尔夫人收到表哥罗纳尔德爵士亲手养的小白鹿，她高兴极了。明天他们就要结婚了。她知道罗纳尔德爵士不是为了财富才娶她的。即使自己是一个穷女孩，他也会照样爱自己。

老保姆爱丽丝问刚才是谁来了，她说是表哥送来了一只白鹿，是她作为克莱尔夫人接受的最后一件礼物，明天他们就成夫妻了。

老保姆认为一切都是那么完美和公正。

克莱尔夫人感觉她话里有意思，便让她说 出来。

爱丽丝只好告诉她她不是克莱尔夫人，原来是自己的女儿。

当时老伯爵的女儿夭折了，她在老伯爵家当保姆，悄悄把伯爵的孩子埋在了死去的丈夫旁边，让她当了伯爵的女儿。

她感到不可思议。

爱丽丝嘱咐她永远不要把这件事说出去，明天她就要结婚了，她的所有财产都将还给罗纳尔德爵士。

克莱尔夫人说自己必须把真相说出来，把东西还给他，看他什么态度。

说着把耳朵上的首饰取了下来。

老保姆拦不住她，让她给自己一个吻，并说自己因为爱她而犯了罪。

她转身给了母亲一个吻，并让母亲为自己祈福，然后便换上粗糙的袍子去找表哥。

罗纳尔德急忙迎上前去，看到她打扮得像村女一样，就问她在搞什么。

她告诉罗纳尔德这只是为适合自己的身份，并告诉他早上保姆说的话。

她是那么光明正大，那么骄傲，充满着勇气和自信！

罗纳尔德吻了她，即使她原来不是这片土地的主人，自己依然爱 她。

明天这片土地仍将是她的，也是自己的。

她还是大家尊敬的克莱尔 夫人！

T was about the time when lilies blow and Spring sits under fruit trees, thick with blossom, and dreams of Summer and Autumn—it was just at this pleasant time of the year that Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe that he had tamed to feed from his hand, and gave it to his cousin, Lady Clare. Pleased enough was she with the pretty gift and the pretty creature; and, indeed, any gift would have been dear to her from Ronalds hand, for he and Clare had long been lovers, and tomorrow they would be married, and dearly happy they hoped to be together. "He does not love me because I am a rich woman," said Lady Clare. "I might be a poor girl and welcome, and no matter, for Ronald loves me for myself, and will love me so for ever." She walked about her room as she spoke, and looked now at the veil she was to wear tomorrow as a bride. Then she turned away from them to Alice, her old nurse, who had followed her into the room. "Who went from here just now, my bird?" asked Alice.

"It was my cousin, Lord Ronald," said Lady Clare, smiling, and blushing. "He brought me a white doe, and that is the last gift he will give me as Lady Clare. After tomorrow what he gives me will be given to his wife."

Nurse Alice flushed too, but she did not smile. "Oh, God be thanked that all has come round so just and fair," she cried. "What is this you are saying of justness and fairness, nurse? It is love and marriage between us two," said Lady Clare. "I meant nothing else, my bird." "Yes, you did. And I must needs know what you meant, at once," said Lady Clare. Alice wrung her hands. "Why will you want so old a story?" "Tell me at once," said pale Lady Clare. And Alice trembled and told. "I said, Thank God that all has worked out so just and fair! because—because—oh, child! Lord Ronald is not only heir of half the county, but he is master of all your lands as well, and you are not the Lady Clare." "Are you gone mad?" said Lady Clare. And Alice wept and trembled more. "By all thats good, I do but speak the truth at last. If you will have it—you are not the Lady Clare: you are my child. I was nurse to the old Earls daughter, and she died in my arms, poor babe! I speak the truth as I live by bread! She died in my arms, and my baby girl was well and strong. I buried the old Earls daughter like my own

<<美丽的西方传说>>

sweet child in the grave where my goodman lies, and I put my own child in her place. And nobody ever knew."

"That was a dreadful deed to do, mother," said she who was no longer Lady Clare. "How had you the heart to put your baby in the Earls daughters cradle? How had you the heart to keep the best man under the sun out of his rights these many years?" "Dont speak so loud," said Nurse Alice in terror. "Speak low, or speak not at all, my child; but lock the secret up in your heart as I wish I had locked it up in mine for ever, and all will come right by tomorrow; for all that you have—every rood of ground, every brick and stone in this house—will be Lord Ronalds when he and you are man and wife." "If Im a beggar born," said her daughter, "the world shall surely know it. You may have lied for me, mother; but I will not lie for myself. I must and I will speak out this very day." And she undid the diamond necklace that was round her throat, and unpinned the gold brooch she wore. "What are you doing, my bird? Keep the secret even only a little while longer—a month? a week? a day?" "No," said her daughter. "I will try what mans faith is like." "Faith? Surely the man will cleave to the lands and home that are his by right if ye tell him they are his," sobbed Alice. "And he shall have his rights," said she who had been the Lady Clare, "though I should die to-night for giving them back to him." "Go to him then if you will go, but give me one kiss first," pleaded the old nurse. "I am your mother, child, after all. And O, my pretty one, I sinned for the love of you!" "It is all so strange," said Alices daughter, but she turned and kissed the old womans sobbing mouth. "But heres your kiss for you, mother; and now put your hand upon my head, mother, and say God bless you, before I go." She changed her rich silk dress for a brown stuff gown, such as Lady Clare would never have put on, but was good enough for Alices daughter, and she went out through dale and over down, seeking her cousin, with a red rose in her hand and a white rose in her hair. The white doe Lord Ronald had given her, seeing her pass, rose from her bed in the fern, dropped her head to take a caress from her mistresss hand, and followed her all the way to Lord Ronalds home. Lord Ronald had seen her coming, and he hastened down to meet her. "Why, Lady Clare, what trick of yours is this to come dressed like a village girl on a working day? You are the flower of all the earth, and you should be dressed as finely as a flower." "If I come dressed like a village girl, I am dressed to fit rny fortunes, changed as they are," said she. "I am a beggar born, and not a flower; I am not even Lady Clare." "Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald, "and bring me no riddle I cannot read. Tell me in plain words what it is that has happened, for you are mine, and I am yours, and we will speak truth one to another." She stood up proudly then, and looked him fairly and squarely in the eyes. High of courage she stood there, facing him, and told him what her nurse had that morning confessed to her. When she had done Lord Ronald laughed. Then he turned and kissed her where she stood. "If all this story is true," he said, "and not an old wifes tale, even then there is no harm done. If you are not the heiress born of all these lands that the old Earl held; if these hills and dales are mine instead of yours, tomorrow they shall be yours as well as mine. For you and I will be married tomorrow; so you shall still be Lady Clare." The Beautiful Legend from the West
—England Lady Clare

<<美丽的西方传说>>

编辑推荐

本书内容取材于民风浓郁、风景美丽的西方国度——英国的经典传说故事。

<<美丽的西方传说>>

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