

<<安徒生童话全集>>

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作者：安徒生

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<<安徒生童话全集>>

内容概要

格林童话是一部以童话而名扬世界的文学巨著，它是由德国的格林兄弟搜集整理而成的。

“丑小鸭”、“皇帝的新装”、“拇指姑娘”和“卖火柴的小女孩”伴随了一代又一代的美丽童年、少年直至成年。

格林童话问世已近二百年，至今被译成世界上140多种文字，而其中英文译本更是不计其数。

本书选用的是最著名的英文译本之一，为了使读者能够了解英文童话故事概况，进而提高阅读速度和阅读水平，在每篇英文童话故事的开始部分增加了中文导读。

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作者简介

汉斯·克里斯蒂安·安徒生（Hans Christian Andersen，1805-1875）是名扬世界的童话大师。安徒生1805年4月出生于丹麦中部富恩岛上的奥登塞小镇，他编著的童话故事伴随一代又一代人的美丽童年、少年直至成年，其中《卖火柴的小女孩》、《皇帝的新装》、《丑小鸭》、《白雪皇

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章节摘录

有个名叫意达的小姑娘养了许多美丽的花儿。

一天，意达发现她的花儿都枯萎了，就伤心地去问一个坐在沙发上的学生。

这个学生会讲美丽的故事，会剪漂亮的图案，小意达很喜欢他。

学生告诉小意达，花儿变得这样没有精神，是因为它们昨夜去参加了一场舞会。

舞会就在城门外的宫殿里举行，等到夏天过去，国王和他的大臣们迁到城里去之后，花园里的花儿们就会跑到宫殿里，在那儿快乐地玩耍。

所有的花儿都会来赶赴这场盛大的舞会，有两朵极美丽的玫瑰花坐到了花王和花后的宝座上，百合花、风信子、番红花、鸡冠花和紫罗兰……都尽情跳起了欢快的舞蹈。

学生还告诉了小意达许多她以前从没听说过的事情，包括花儿们在举行舞会时怎样避开宫殿管理员的注意，不让她发现；还有花儿们是怎样传达信息，通知所有的花儿来参加舞会……小意达对这些很感兴趣，也很开心。

可是一个讨厌的枢密顾问官却看不惯学生的做法，他认为这些都是无聊的幻想。

自从听了那些关于花儿的事情后，小意达独自思考了很久。

为了让那些因为跳舞而累病了的花儿们尽快好起来，她把那些花儿带到了一张很好看的小桌子前，那儿放着她最心爱的玩具。

她的玩偶苏菲亚正睡在床上，小意达把苏菲亚拿到了抽屉里，让疲倦的花儿们睡在了苏菲亚的床上。

到了夜晚，小意达一直在想着她的花儿们，她多想看看这盛大的舞会啊。

终于，她在床上躺不住了，静静地走向了门边，朝着花儿们所在的房间偷偷地望去，看到了一幅有趣的景象。

月光透过窗子射在房间的中央，使那里就像白天一样明亮。

一朵黄色的百合花在弹奏着钢琴，其他的花儿都合着拍子尽情地舞着。

小意达的玩偶们被花儿们娇美的舞姿感染了，也加入进来。

一个扫烟囱的玩偶把苏菲亚睡的抽屉顶开，请苏菲亚出来做他的舞伴。

可是苏菲亚却不理他，以为花儿们会来邀请她，可是花儿们谁也没有理会她。

于是，苏菲亚故意从桌子上摔下来，花儿们都跑过来关心她，围着她跳起舞来。

这时，国王宫殿里的花儿们也来参加舞会了，还带来了一支乐队，花儿们舞得更优美了。

最后，花儿们互道着晚安，小意达也钻到床上去睡了。

第二天清晨，小意达跑去看她的花儿们时，它们变得更加憔悴了，苏菲亚仍然睡在抽屉里，好像什么都没有发生过一样。

小意达取出一只小小的纸盒子，将死去的花儿们都放进盒子里。

等到小意达在挪威的两个表兄弟来看她的时候，小意达和他们一起将花儿们葬在了花园里，好让它们在明年夏天再长出来，成为更美丽的花朵。

My poor flowers are quite dead !

?

said little Ida. they were so pretty yesterday evening , and now all the leaves hang withered. Why do they do that ?

?

she asked the student , who sat on the sofa ; for she liked him very much. He knew the prettiest stories , and could cut out the most amusing pictures — hearts , with little ladies in them who danced , flowers , and great castles in which one could open the doors : he was a merry student. why do the flowers look so faded today ?

?

she asked again , and showed him a whole bouquet , which was quite withered. do you know what the matter with them ?

?

said the student. the flowers have been at a ball last night , and that's why they hang their heads. but flowers cannot dance !

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?

cried little Ida. h, yes, ?

said the student, hen it grows dark, and we are asleep, they jump about merrily. Almost every night they have a ball. an no children go to this ball ?

es, ?

said the student, uite little daisies, and lilies of the valley. here do the most beautiful flowers dance ?

?

asked little Ida. ave you not often been outside the town-gate, by the great castle, where the king lives in summer, and where the beautiful garden is, with all the flowers ?

You have seen the swans, which swim up to you when you want to give them bread crumbs ?

There are capital balls there, believe me. was out there in the garden yesterday, with my mother, ?

said Ida; ut all the leaves were off the trees, and there was not one flower left. Where are they ?

In the summer I saw so many.hey are within, in the castle, ?

replied the student. ou must know, as soon as the king and all the court go to town, the flowers run out of the garden into the castle, and are merry. You should see that. The two most beautiful roses seat themselves on the throne, and then they are king and queen; all the red coxcombs range themselves on either side, and stand and bow; they are the chamberlains. Then all the pretty flowers come, and there is a great ball. The blue violets represent little naval cadets: they dance with hyacinths and crocuses, which they call young ladies; the tulips and the great tiger-lilies are old ladies who keep watch that the dancing is well done, and that everything goes on with propriety. ut, ?

asked little Ida, oes nobody do anything to the flowers, for dancing in the king castle ?

here is nobody who really knows about it, ?

answered the student. ometimes, certainly, the old steward of the castle comes at night, and he has to watch there. He has a great bunch of keys with him; but as soon as the flowers hear the keys rattle they are quite quiet, hide behind the long curtains, and only poke their heads out. Then the old steward says, smell that there are flowers here, ?

but he cannot see them. hat is famous !

?

cried little Ida, clapping her hands. ut should not I be able to see the flowers ?

es, ?

said the student; nly remember, when you go out again, to peep through the window; then you will see them. That is what I did today. There was a long yellow lily lying on the sofa and stretching herself. She imagined herself to be a court lady.an the flowers out of the Botanical Garden get there ?

Can they go the long distance ?

es, certainly, ?

replied the student; f they like they can fly. Have you not seen the beautiful butterflies, red, yellow, and white ?

They almost look like flowers; and that is what they have been. They have flown off their stalks high into the air, and have beaten it with their leaves, as if these leaves were little wings, and thus they flew. And because they behaved themselves well, they got leave to fly about in the daytime too, and were not obliged to go home again and to sit still upon their stalks; and thus at last the leaves became real wings. That you have seen yourself. It may be, however, that the flowers in the Botanical Garden have never been in the King castle, or that they don know of the merry proceedings there at night. Therefore I will tell you something: he will be very much surprised, the botanical professor, who lives close by here. You know him, do you not ?

When you come into his garden, you must tell one of the flowers that there is a great ball yonder in the castle. Then that flower will tell it to all the rest, and then they will fly away: if the professor then comes out into the garden, there will not be a single flower left, and he won be able to make out, where they are gone.ut how can

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one flower tell it to another ?

For , you know , flowers cannot speak. hat they cannot , certainly , ?

replied the student ; ut then they make signs. Have you not noticed that when the wind blows a little , the flowers nod at one another , and move all their green leaves ?

They can understand that just as well as if they talked. an the professor understand these signs ?

?

asked little Ida. es , certainly. He came one morning into his garden , and saw a great stinging- nettle standing there , and making signs to a beautiful red carnation with its leaves. It was saying , ou are so pretty , and I love you so much. ?

But the professor does not like that kind of thing , and he directly slapped the stinging-nettle upon its leaves , for those are its fingers ; but he stung himself , and since that time he has not dared to touch a stinging-nettle. hat was funny , ?

cried little Ida ; and she laughed. ow can any one put such notions into a child head ?

?

said the tiresome privy councillor , who had come to pay a visit , and was sitting on the sofa. He did not like the student , and always grumbled when he saw him cutting out the comical funny pictures — sometimes a man hanging on a gibbet and holding a heart in his hand , to show that he stole hearts ; sometimes an old witch riding on a broom , and carrying her husband on her nose. The councillor could not bear this , and then he said , just as he did now , ow can any one put such notions into a child head ?

Those are stupid fancies !

But to little Ida , what the student told about her flowers seemed very entertaining ; and she thought much about it. The flowers hung their heads , for they were tired because they had danced all night ; they were certainly ill. Then she went with them to all her other toys , which stood on a pretty little table , and the whole drawer was full of beautiful things. In the doll bed lay her doll Sophy , asleep ; but little Ida said to her , ou must really get up , Sophy , and manage to lie in the drawer for tonight. The poor flowers are ill , and they , must lie in your bed ; perhaps they will then get well again. And she at once took the doll out ; but the doll looked cross , and did not say a single word ; for she was angry because she could not keep her own bed. Then little Ida laid the flowers in the doll bed , pulled the little coverlet quite up over them , and said they were to lie still and be good , and she would make them some tea , so that they might get well again , and be able to get up tomorrow. And she drew the curtains closely round the little bed , so that the sun should not shine in their eyes. The whole evening through she could not help thinking of what the student had told her. And when she was going to bed herself , she was obliged first to look behind the curtain which hung before the windows where her mother beautiful flowers stood — hyacinths as well as tulips ; then she whispered quite softly , know youe going to the ball tonight !

?

But the flowers made as if they did not understand a word , and did not stir a leaf ; but still little Ida knew what she knew. When she was in bed she lay for a long time thinking how pretty it must be to see the beautiful flowers dancing out in the king castle. wonder if my flowers have really been there ?

?

And then she fell asleep. In the night she awoke again : she had dreamed of the flowers , and of the student with whom the councillor found fault. It was quite quiet in the bedroom where little Ida lay ; the night-lamp burned on the table , and father and mother were asleep. wonder if my flowers are still lying in Sophy bed ?

?

she thought to herself. ow I should like to know it !

?

She raised herself a little , and looked at the door , which stood ajar ; within lay the flowers and all her playthings. She listened , and then it seemed to her as if she heard some one playing on the piano in the next room

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, but quite softly and prettily , as she had never heard it before. Now all the flowers are certainly dancing in there !

?

thought she. h , how much I should like to see it !

?

But she dared not get up , for she would have disturbed her father and mother. If they would only come in !

?

thought she. But the flowers did not come , and the music continued to play beautifully ; then she could not bear it any longer , for it was too pretty ; she crept out of her little bed , and went quietly to the door , and looked into the room. Oh , how splendid it was , what she saw !

There was no night-lamp burning , but still it was quite light : the moon shone through the window into the middle of the floor ; it was almost like day. All the hyacinths and tulips stood in two long rows on the floor ; there were none at all left at the window. There stood the empty flower-pots. On the floor all the flowers were dancing very gracefully round each other , making a perfect chain , and holding each other by the long green leaves as they swung round. But at the piano sat a great yellow lily , which little Ida had certainly seen in summer , for she remembered how the student had said , how like that one is to Miss Lina. ?

Then he had been laughed at by all ; but now it seemed really to little Ida as if the long , yellow flower looked like the young lady ; and it had just her manners in playing — sometimes bending its long yellow face to one side , sometimes to the other , and nodding in tune to the charming music !

No one noticed little Ida. Then she saw a great blue crocus hop into the middle of the table , where the toys stood , and go to the doll bed and pull the curtains aside ; there lay the sick flowers , but they got up directly , and nodded to the others , to say ; that they wanted to dance too. The old chimney-sweep doll , whose under lip was broken off , stood up and bowed to the pretty flowers : these did not look at all ill now ; they jumped down among the others , and were very merry. Then it seemed as if something fell down from the table. Little Ida looked that way. It was the Shrovetide birch rod which was jumping down !

It seemed almost as if it belonged to the flowers. At any rate it was very neat ; and a little wax doll , with just such a broad hat on its head as the councillor wore , sat upon it. The birch rod hopped about among the flowers on its three red legs , and stamped quite loud , for it was dancing the mazurka ; and the other flowers could not manage that dance , because they were too light , and unable to stamp like that. The wax doll on the birch rod all at once became quite great and long , turned itself over the paper flowers , and said , how can one put such things in a child head ?

Those are stupid fancies !

?

and then the wax doll was exactly like the councillor with the broad hat , and looked just as yellow and cross as he. But the paper flowers hit him on his thin legs , and then he shrank up again , and became quite a little wax doll.

That was very amusing to see ; and little Ida could not restrain her laughter. The birch rod went on dancing , and the councillor was obliged to dance too ; it was no use whether he might make himself great and long , or remained the little yellow wax doll with the big black hat. Then the other flowers put in a good word for him , especially those who had lain in the doll bed , and then the birch rod gave over. At the same moment there was a loud knocking at the drawer , inside where little Ida doll , Sophy , lay with many other toys. The chimney-sweep ran to the edge of the table , lay flat down on his stomach , and began to pull the drawer out a little. Then Sophy raised herself , and looked round quite astonished. Here must be a ball here , ?

said she ; why did nobody tell me ?

Will you dance with me ?

?

asked the chimney sweep. You are a nice sort of fellow to dance !

?

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she replied , and turned her back upon him. Then she seated herself upon the drawer , and thought that one of the flowers would come and ask her ; but not one of them came. Then she coughed , em !

Hem !

Hem !

?

but for all that not one came. The chimney-sweep now danced all alone , and that was not at all so bad. As none of the flowers seemed to notice Sophy , she let herself fall down from the drawer straight upon the floor , so that there was a great noise. The flowers now all came running up , to ask if she had not hurt herself ; and they were all very polite to her , especially the flowers that had lain in her bed. But she had not hurt herself at all ; and little Ida flowers all thanked her for the nice bed , and were kind to her , took her into the middle of the floor , where the moon shone in , and danced with her ; and all the other flowers formed a circle round her. Now Sophy was glad , and said they might keep her bed ; she did not at all mind lying in the drawer. But the flowers said , e thank you heartily , but we cannot live so long. Tomorrow we shall be quite dead. But tell little Ida she is to bury us out in the garden , where the canary lies ; then we shall wake up again in summer , and be far more beautiful. o , you must not die , ?

said Sophy ; and she kissed the flowers. At that moment the door opened , and a great number of splendid flowers came dancing in. Little Ida could not imagine whence they had come ; these must certainly all be flowers from the king castle yonder. First of all came two glorious roses , and they had little gold crowns on ; they were a king and a queen. Then came the prettiest stocks and carnations ; and they bowed in all directions. They had music with them. Great poppies and peonies blew upon pea-pods till they were quite red in the face. The blue hyacinths and the little white snowdrops rang just as if they had bells on them. That was wonderful music !

Then came many other flowers , and danced all together ; the blue violets and the pink primroses , daisies and the lilies of the valley. And all the flowers kissed one another. It was beautiful to look at !

At last the flowers wished one another good night ; then little Ida , too , crept to bed , where she dreamed of all she had seen. When she rose next morning , she went quickly to the little table , to see if the flowers were still there. She drew aside the curtains of the little bed ; there were they all , but they were quite faded , far more than yesterday. Sophy was lying in the drawer where little Ida had laid her ; she looked very sleepy. o you remember what you were to say to me ?

?

asked little Ida. But Sophy looked quite stupid , and did not say a single word. ou are not good at all !

?

said little Ida. nd yet they all danced with you. Then she took a little paper box , on which were painted beautiful birds , and opened it , and laid the dead flowers in it. hat shall be your pretty coffin , ?

said she , nd when my Norwegian cousins come to visit me by and by , they shall help me to bury you outside in the garden , so that you may grow again in summer , and become more beautiful than ever. The Norwegian cousins were two smart boys. Their names were Jonas and Adolphe ; their father had given them two new crossbows , and they had brought these with them to show to little Ida. She told them about the poor flowers which had died , and then they got leave to bury them. The two boys went first , with their crossbows on their shoulders , and little Ida followed with the dead flowers in the pretty box. Out in the garden a little grave was dug. Little Ida first kissed the flowers , and then laid them in the earth in the box , and Adolphe and Jonas shot with their crossbows over the grave , for they had neither guns nor cannons. 在乡间大路边的一座别墅前面有一个种满了花儿的花园。

在花园附近的一条小沟里 , 一丛美丽的绿草中有一朵不起眼儿的小雏菊 , 在温暖的阳光照耀下快乐地生长着。

小雏菊是那么的快乐 , 它从身边的一切事物中感受上帝的仁慈。

它为自己能看 , 也能听而感到拥有天生的幸运。

花园栅栏里的名贵花儿们争奇斗艳 , 它们一点儿也不理会小雏菊 , 可是小雏菊却一直在为能有机会

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欣赏它们的美丽而感谢上帝。

这时，一只百灵鸟落到了小雏菊的旁边，为它唱歌跳舞，小雏菊的心中感受到了无比的幸福。

它羞怯而快乐地向园中的花儿望去，发现它们却都在自寻烦恼。

一个女孩子拿着剪刀来到花园里，将郁金香都剪掉了。

小雏菊叹了一口气，它为自己只是一朵生在小草中的寒微的小花而感到幸运。

太阳落山后，小雏菊睡着了，它一整夜都梦着太阳和那只美丽的小鸟。

第二天早上，小雏菊又听见了百灵的歌声，但它的歌声那样悲哀，因为它已被捉走，关在窗旁的小笼子里面。

小雏菊希望自己可以帮助它，但是一点办法也没有。

这时两个小男孩拿着一把大刀子走向小雏菊，他们要为百灵鸟挖一块草皮。

小雏菊正好被留在了草皮的中央，被关到了百灵鸟的笼子中。

百灵鸟失去了自由，它烦躁地啼哭着，又渴又饿。

小雏菊尽力散发出更大的香气来安慰鸟儿，百灵鸟儿也发现了这一点。

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