



✧ 名著英汉对照双语版 ✧

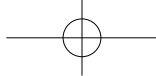
安徒生童话 Fairy Tales of Andersen

丑小鸭

The Ugly Duckling

[丹] 安徒生 著
纪飞 译

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内 容 简 介

《安徒生童话》是名扬世界的童话巨著，是一部真正可以从小读到老的书，其作者安徒生被誉为“世界儿童文学的太阳”。《丑小鸭》《笔和墨水瓶》《沙丘的故事》《老头子做事总是对的》等童话名篇流传百年，经久不衰，伴随了一代又一代人的美丽童年、少年直至成年。本书精选安徒生童话故事 12 篇，采用世界公认的英文译本，以英汉对照的形式出版，并辅助以英文音频。无论是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读者都将产生积极的影响。

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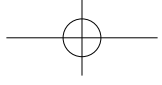
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前言

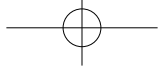
汉斯·克里斯蒂安·安徒生（Hans Christian Andersen，1805—1875），丹麦 19 世纪著名作家、诗人，名扬世界的童话大师，被誉为“现代童话之父”“世界儿童文学的太阳”。

1805 年 4 月 2 日，安徒生出生于丹麦中部菲英岛上的欧登塞小镇的一个贫苦家庭，早年在慈善学校读过书，当过学徒工。受父亲和民间口头文学影响，他自幼酷爱文学。安徒生 11 岁时，父亲病逝，母亲改嫁。14 岁时，他只身来到丹麦首都哥本哈根，在哥本哈根皇家剧院当了一名小配角。之后，安徒生在皇家剧院的资助下进入斯拉格尔塞文法学校和赫尔辛欧学校就读，1828 年进入哥本哈根大学学习。安徒生的文学创作生涯始于 1822 年，早期主要撰写诗歌和剧本，进入大学后，创作风格日趋成熟；曾发表游记和歌舞喜剧，出版诗集和诗剧，并于 1833 年出版了长篇小说《即兴诗人》，该小说奠定了他在丹麦文坛的地位。然而，使安徒生名扬天下的却是他的童话故事。

安徒生一生共计创作童话 168 篇。安徒生童话以深邃的思想、博大的爱心、独特的个性、高超的艺术，赢得了全世界儿童和成年人的喜爱，成为人类阅读史上的一个奇迹。他将幼稚、粗糙的民间传说与故事发展成为优美的饱含作者内心情感的文学童话，为后世作家留下经典范文。安徒生童话流传百年，经久不衰。

安徒生生前曾得到丹麦皇家的致敬，并被高度赞扬为给全欧洲的一代孩子带来了欢乐。为了纪念安徒生这位世界儿童文学巨匠，国际儿童读书联盟于 1954 年设立了世界儿童文学大奖——国际安徒生奖，这个奖项至今仍是世界儿童文学界最高的荣誉。2016 年，我国著名儿童文学作家曹文轩成为首位获此殊荣的中国作家。我国著名的现代文学家、学者郑振铎认为，安徒生是世界上最伟大的童话作家，他的伟大在于：他以他的童心与诗才开辟了一个童话的天地，给文学以新的式样与新的珠宝。

作为经典名著，安徒生童话跨越了时间的长河，作品不可避免地带有时代的烙印，无法完全从作者自身的宗教和文化背景中剥离，读者在阅读过程中应深刻体会故事所蕴含的道德寓意，以及所传递的真、善、美的价值观。例如，《沙丘的故事》中主人公朱尔根的命运似乎被一系列不幸的事件所左右，如父母的去世、被沙丘上的人救起等，这反映了人生中有时会遇到无法预测和控制的命运安排。然而，尽管命运无法完全被掌控，但个人的选择仍然具有重要意义。朱尔根被渔人夫妇收养所体现出的温情，强调了爱的力量。爱可以给人带来温暖和力量，帮助人们度过难关。



II

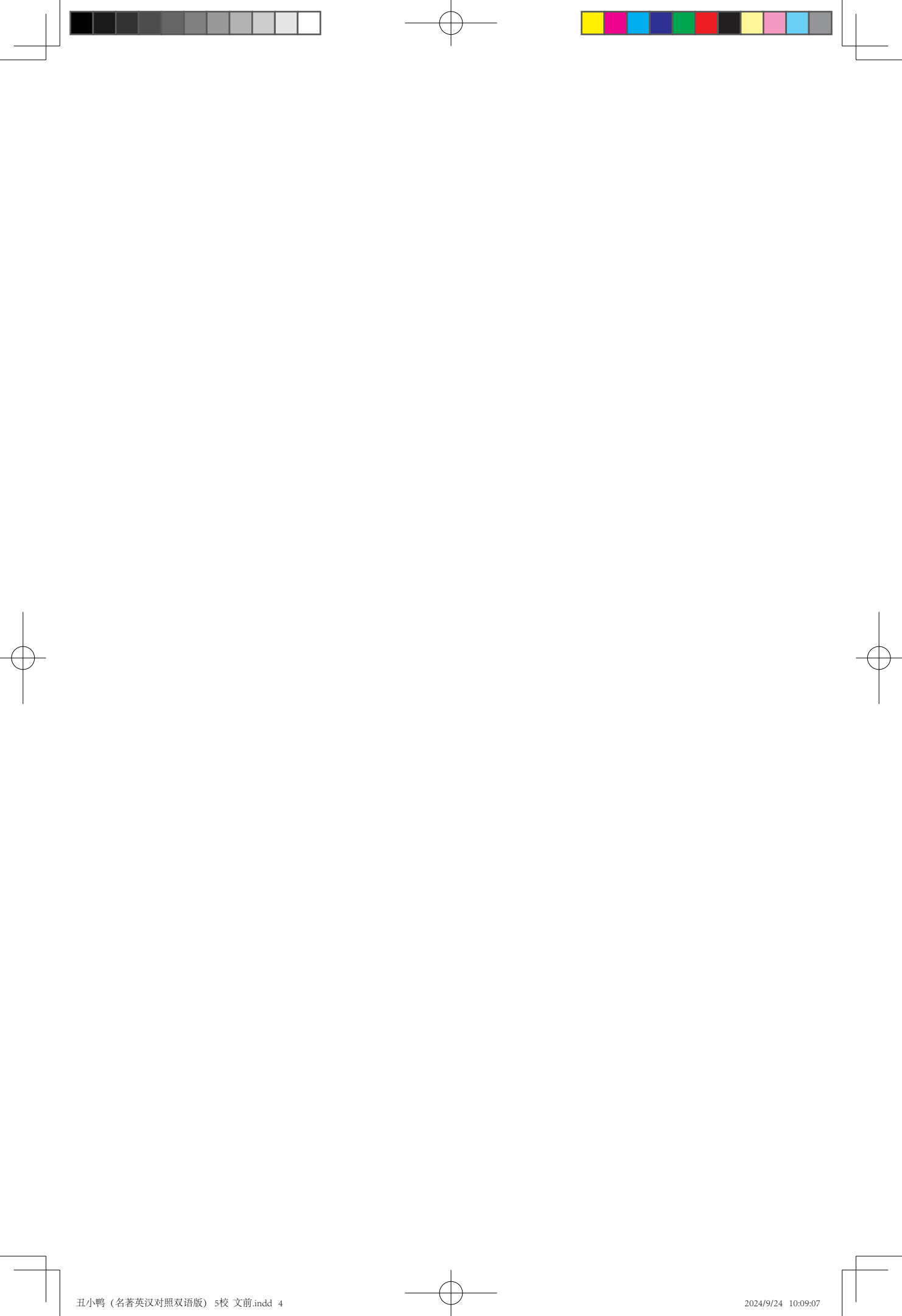
丑小鸭（名著英汉对照双语版）

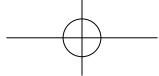
《安徒生童话》问世 100 多年来，至今被译成世界上 150 多种文字，受到全世界一代又一代青少年乃至成年读者的热烈欢迎。在中国，《安徒生童话》是青少年读者最熟悉、最喜爱的外国文学名著之一，并被列为语文新课标课外阅读推荐读物。基于以上原因，我们决定引进本书，并采用英汉双语的形式出版。为了便于携带和阅读，我们精选其中 118 则故事分 7 册出版。我们相信，该经典著作的引进对加强当代中国读者，特别是青少年读者的人文修养非常有帮助。



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1. The Pen and the Inkstand

In a poet's room, where his inkstand stood on the table, the remark was once made, "It is wonderful what can be brought out of an inkstand. What will come next? It is indeed wonderful."



"Yes, certainly," said the inkstand to the pen, and to the other articles that stood on the table, "that's what I always say. It is wonderful and extraordinary what a number of things come out of me. It's quite incredible, and I really don't know what is coming next when that man dips his pen into me. One drop out of me is enough for half a page of paper, and what cannot half a page contain? From me, all the works of a poet are produced; all those imaginary characters whom people fancy they have known or met. All the deep feeling, the humor, and the vivid pictures of nature. I myself don't understand how it is, for I am not acquainted with nature, but it is certainly in me. From me have gone forth to the world those wonderful descriptions of troops of charming maidens, and of brave knights on prancing steeds; of the halt and the blind, and I know not what more, for I assure you I never think of these things."

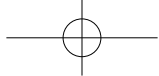
"There you are right," said the pen, "for you don't think at all; if you did, you would see that you can only provide the means. You give the fluid that I may place upon the paper what dwells in me, and what I wish to bring to light. It is the pen that writes, no man doubts that; and,

1. 笔和墨水瓶

诗人房间的桌子上有一瓶墨水，曾有人这样评价：“墨水瓶里能够产生怎样奇妙的存在啊！接下来会出现什么？一定是十分神奇的存在。”

“是啊！毫无疑问！”墨水瓶对桌上的笔和其他文具说，“这是我经常挂在嘴边的。最奇妙的事情莫过于我的体内能够产生那么多奇妙的存在，当诗人把笔伸进来以后，我真的难以想象接下来会出现什么奇迹。只要一滴墨水就能够写满半页纸，而这半页纸里面包含怎样的内容？诗人所有的创作都是从我的体内产生的，人们所有奇妙的幻想都来自我的体内。那些深沉的情感，那些幽默的语言，还有生动的大自然的图画都来自我的体内，我自己也不清楚这到底是怎么回事，毕竟我和自然也不熟悉，但是很显然，这些确实来自我的体内。我的身体里衍生出了美丽的姑娘、骑着骏马的勇敢骑士，还有对跛足者和盲人的刻画，当然还有很多我不知道的东西，毕竟我自己都不曾想到会有这样的事情。”

“你说得不错，”笔说，“你从来不曾思考这个问题，因为如果你真正去思考的话，你会发现自己无非提供一点墨水罢了。你给予我液体，让我得以在纸上呈现我内心所想，表达我想表达的一切。书写其实是笔的事情，这一点是毫无疑问的；实际上，大多



indeed, most people understand as much about poetry as an old inkstand.”

“You have had very little experience,” replied the inkstand. “You have hardly been in service a week, and are already half worn out. Do you imagine you are a poet? You are only a servant, and before you came I had many like you, some of the goose family, and others of English manufacture. I know a quill pen as well as I know a steel one. I have had both sorts in my service, and I shall have many more when he comes—the man who performs the mechanical part—and writes down what he obtains from me. I should like to know what will be the next thing he gets out of me.”

“Inkpot!” exclaimed the pen contemptuously.

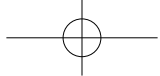
Late in the evening the poet came home. He had been to a concert, and had been quite enchanted with the admirable performance of a famous violin player whom he had heard there. The performer had produced from his instrument a richness of tone that sometimes sounded like tinkling waterdrops or rolling pearls; sometimes like the birds twittering in chorus, and then rising and swelling in sound like the wind through the fir-trees. The poet felt as if his own heart were weeping, but in tones of melody like the sound of a woman’s voice. It seemed not only the strings, but every part of the instrument from which these sounds were produced. It was a wonderful performance and a difficult piece, and yet the bow seemed to glide across the strings so easily that it was as if anyone could do it who tried. Even the violin and the bow appeared to perform independently of their master who guided them; it was as if soul and spirit had been breathed into the instrument, so the audience forgot the performer in the beautiful

数人对诗歌的理解，和一个墨水瓶的层次差不多。”

“你真是浅薄无知！”墨水瓶反唇相讥，“你只不过被使用了一个星期不到，就差不多已经坏掉了。你以为你是一个诗人？你不过是一个仆人，在你之前，我见过很多和你一样的笔，有些是来自鹅家族的，还有一些是英国制造的，我对鹅毛笔和钢笔都了如指掌。我这一生中接触过太多的笔了，当人类——也就是将我的内心书写下来的人——将笔伸进来的时候，我倒是十分期待他到底会从我身上取出什么东西。”

“无非是墨水罢了！”笔轻蔑地说。

深夜，诗人回到了家。他刚刚参加了一场音乐会，陶醉于一位著名小提琴家的卓越演奏。这位小提琴家用他的乐器演奏出了丰富的调子，有的时候像珍珠滚动，有的时候像鸟儿的鸣叫，有的时候又像微风拂过树林。诗人感觉自己的内心在哭泣，但是那旋律却如同女人的声音般悦耳动听。这不仅来自琴弦，还来自弓弦的滑动，完美的音乐正是这两件器物完美融合的表现。这是一次奇妙的表演，难度也很大，但是弓弦却轻松地在琴弦上面滑动，就像做游戏一般轻松，仿佛每个人都能够演奏出这样的音乐。就连小提琴和琴弓都忘掉了自己的主人，这两件器物仿佛被注入了灵魂和精神，观众们都陶醉在美妙的音乐之中，甚至忘掉了这一切都是演奏家的杰作。但是诗人没有忘记，他写下了



sounds he produced. Not so the poet; he remembered him, and named him, and wrote down his thoughts on the subject. “How foolish it would be for the violin and the bow to boast of their performance, and yet we men often commit that folly. The poet, the artist, the man of science in his laboratory, the general,—we all do it; and yet we are only the instruments which the Almighty uses; to Him alone the honor is due. We have nothing of ourselves of which we should be proud.” Yes, this is what the poet wrote down. He wrote it in the form of a parable, and called it “The Master and the Instruments.”

“That is what you have got, madam,” said the pen to the inkstand, when the two were alone again. “Did you hear him read aloud what I had written down?”

“Yes, what I gave you to write,” retorted the inkstand. “That was a cut at you because of your conceit. To think that you could not understand that you were being quizzed. I gave you a cut from within me. Surely I must know my own satire.”

“Ink-pitcher!” cried the pen.

“Writing-stick!” retorted the inkstand. And each of them felt satisfied that he had given a good answer. It is pleasing to be convinced that you have settled a matter by your reply; it is something to make you sleep well, and they both slept well upon it. But the poet did not sleep. Thoughts rose up within him like the tones of the violin, falling like pearls, or rushing like the strong wind through the forest. He understood his own heart in these thoughts; they were as a ray from the mind of the Great Master of all minds.

“To Him be all the honor.”

演奏家的名字，并且写下了此时此刻的想法。“如果小提琴和琴弓只会吹嘘自己的成就，那将是多么愚蠢！而人们恰好经常犯这样的错误。诗人、艺术家、实验室里的科学家、将军——都犯过这样的错误，我们只不过是上帝手中的工具罢了！一切的荣耀都应该属于他！我们自己并没有什么值得骄傲的。”是的，诗人把这样的感想写了下来。他是以寓言的形式写下来的，这一篇寓言的名字是“大师和工具”。

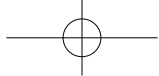
“这就是讲给你听的啊，女士！”当桌上只剩下笔和墨水瓶的时候，笔对墨水瓶说，“当我写下这个寓言的时候，你没有听到他在高声朗读吗？”

“没错，这就是我让你写下的！”墨水瓶说，“这恰好就是对你的讽刺啊！想想看，当别人在挖苦你的时候，你竟然茫然无知。我从心里向你射了一箭！当然，我非常清楚我自己的态度！”

“你这个墨水瓶！”笔喊道。

“你这根笔杆子！”墨水瓶反击道。每个人都觉得自己回击得很好，这无疑让他们感到十分愉快，所以他们就这样心满意足地去休息了。但是诗人并没有睡。他的脑海里涌现出无数的思想，就像小提琴旋律在脑海中回荡，时而像滚动的珍珠，时而像吹过森林的风声。他在这些思想中明白了自己的内心，这其中有造物主的一线光明。

“所有荣耀应该属于他！”



2. The Farm-yard Cock and the Weather-cock

There were two cocks—one on the dung-hill, the other on the roof. They were both arrogant, but which of the two rendered most service? Tell us your opinion—we'll keep to ours just the same though.



The poultry yard was divided by some planks from another yard in which there was a dung-hill, and on the dung-hill lay and grew a large cucumber which was conscious of being a hot-bed plant.

“One is born to that,” said the cucumber to itself. “Not all can be born cucumbers; there must be other things, too. The hens, the ducks, and all the animals in the next yard are creatures too. Now I have a great opinion of the yard cock on the plank; he is certainly of much more importance than the weather-cock who is placed so high and can't even creak, much less crow. The latter has neither hens nor chicks, and only thinks of himself and perspires verdigris. No, the yard cock is really a cock! His step is a dance! His crowing is music, and wherever he goes one knows what a trumpeter is like! If he would only come in here! Even if he ate me up stump, stalk, and all, and I had to dissolve in his body, it would be a happy death,” said the cucumber.

In the night there was a terrible storm. The hens, chicks, and even the cock sought shelter; the wind tore down the planks between the two yards with a crash; the tiles came tumbling

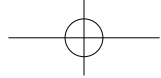
2. 公鸡和风信鸡

从前有两只公鸡——一只在粪堆上面，还有一只屋顶上面。他们都是相当骄傲的，但是到底哪一位服务得最多呢？你可以阐述一下你的意见——而我们也可以保留自己的意见。

养鸡场和院子的其他部分是用一道木板分隔开的，院子里有一个粪堆，上面生长着一根巨大的黄瓜，它很清楚地认识到自己是生长在温床上面的。

“有些人天生就是这样，”黄瓜想道，“并不是所有的一切生下来都是黄瓜，一定还有很多别的东西。母鸡、鸭子，还有旁边院子里的很多动物，等等。而我现在就对院子里的那只公鸡评价很高，他显然比那只高高在上的风信鸡更加重要。毕竟风信鸡不会叫唤，也不会打鸣！而且他没有母鸡，所以也没有小鸡！他只考虑自己，而且身上满是铜绿。养鸡场里的公鸡才算真正的公鸡呢！他走路来就像跳舞！他的叫声好像是音乐！无论去哪里，他都像喇叭一样！如果他愿意来这里就好了！即使他把我连根带茎都吃掉，让我成为他身体的一部分，这也是一种很幸福的死法啊！”黄瓜说。

这天晚上突然来了一场暴风雨。母鸡、小鸡和公鸡都在寻找藏身的地方，狂风呼啸，院子里的木板被撞得支离破碎。瓦片也在风中松动了，但是风信鸡仍然稳如泰山，



2. 公鸡和风信鸡

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down, but the weather-cock sat firm. He did not even turn round, for he could not; and yet he was young and freshly cast, but prudent and sedate. He had been born old, and did not at all resemble the birds flying in the air—the sparrows, and the swallows; no, he despised them, these mean little piping birds, these common whistlers. He admitted that the pigeons, large and white and shining like mother-o'-pearl, looked like a kind of weather-cock; but they were fat and stupid, and all their thoughts and endeavours were directed to filling themselves with food, and besides, they were tiresome things to converse with. The birds of passage had also paid the weather-cock a visit and told him of foreign countries, of airy caravans and robber stories that made one's hair stand on end. All this was new and interesting; that is, for the first time, but afterwards, as the weather-cock found out, they repeated themselves and always told the same stories, and that's very tedious, and there was no one with whom one could associate, for one and all were stale and small-minded.

“The world is no good!” he said, “Everything in it is so stupid.”

The weather-cock was puffed up, and that quality would have made him interesting in the eyes of the cucumber if it had known it, but it had eyes only for the yard cock, who was now in the yard with it.

The wind had blown the planks, but the storm was over.

“What do you think of that crowing?” said the yard cock to the hens and chickens. “It was a little rough—it wanted elegance.”

And the hens and chickens came up on the dung-hill, and the cock strutted about like a lord.

就连脑袋都没有偏过来，毕竟他没有办法偏过来；他虽然是新造出来的，但是却十分沉稳。他天生就是一个稳重的人，和天上的那些麻雀、燕子截然不同。实际上，他看不起这些鸟儿，这些平凡而又喧闹的鸟儿。只有鸽子身材高大，而且好像珍珠母一样光彩夺目，看上去和风信鸡很像。但是鸽子们太胖，又太蠢，每天想的就是吃饱喝足，而且和它们打交道是一件很令人讨厌的事情，此外，和它们交谈也很无聊。很多路过的鸟儿都会来拜访风信鸡，告诉他外国的样子，还有那些空中旅行和拦路抢劫的事情，以及和猛禽的遭遇，听起来让人毛发倒立。这些故事头一次听来自然是新鲜、有趣的，但是鸟儿们总是重复这样的故事，这就显得十分单调了！周围的一切都是那么单调，没有一个人值得交往，每个人都是那么呆板，因为所有人都是陈腐和心胸狭窄的。

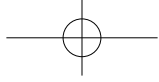
“这世界真是无聊透顶！”他说，“所有人都是那么愚蠢！”

风信鸡趾高气昂，如果黄瓜知道这一点，它就会对风信鸡产生兴趣，但是它现在只注意到养鸡场的那只公鸡已经来到了它的身边。

狂风暴雨已经结束了，木板被吹走了。

“你们对风声有什么想法？”公鸡对母鸡和小鸡说，“这调子是那么粗糙，没有一点艺术气息。”

母鸡和小鸡跳到了粪堆上面，公鸡也像领主一样走了过来。



“Garden plant!” he said to the cucumber, and in that one word his deep learning showed itself, and it forgot that he was pecking at her and eating it up. “A happy death!”

The hens and the chickens came, for where one runs the others run too; they clucked, and chirped, and looked at the cock, and were proud that he was of their kind.

“Cock-a-doodle-doo!” he crowed, “the chickens will grow up into great hens at once, if I cry it out in the poultry-yard of the world!”

And hens and chicks clucked and chirped, and the cock announced a great piece of news.

“A cock can lay an egg! And do you know what’s in that egg? A basilisk. No one can stand the sight of such a thing; people know that, and now you know it too—you know what is in me, and what a champion of all cocks I am!”

With that the yard cock flapped his wings, made his comb swell up, and crowed again; and they all shuddered, the hens and the little chicks—but they were very proud that one of their number was such a champion of all cocks. They clucked and chirped till the weather-cock heard; he heard it; but he did not stir.

“Everything is very stupid,” the weather-cock said to himself. “The yard cock lays no eggs, and I am too lazy to do so; if I liked, I could lay a wind-egg. But the world is not worth even a wind-egg. Everything is so stupid! I don’t want to sit here any longer.”

With that the weather-cock broke off; but he did not kill the yard cock, although the hens said that had been his intention. And what is the moral? “Better to crow than to be puffed up and break off!”

“菜园的植物！”公鸡对黄瓜说，从这一个词就可以看出他的学识渊博，而黄瓜也忘记了公鸡正在吃掉它，“幸福地死去吧！”

母鸡和小鸡也来了，只要有一个跑过来，其他的都会跟过来；他们叫着，唱着，朝着公鸡张望，为公鸡是他们的族类而感到骄傲。

“喔喔喔！”公鸡打着鸣，“只要我在养鸡场上叫唤一声，小鸡就会立刻长大，变成母鸡！”

母鸡和小鸡也跟着咯咯叫了起来，公鸡告诉他们一个重要的新闻：

“公鸡其实是能下蛋的！你觉得蛋里面有什么？一条蛇怪！没有人能受得了这样的存在。人类知道这件事情，现在你们也知道了——你们知道我的体内有什么！我是多么杰出的公鸡啊！”

说到这儿，公鸡拍了拍翅膀，竖着鸡冠，又鸣叫了一声。所有母鸡和小鸡都震动了一下——他们是那么骄傲，毕竟他们的族类中有一个这么杰出的家伙。他们咯咯叫着，唱着，想让风信鸡听到。风信鸡当然听到了，但是他并没有理会。

“所有的一切都是那么愚蠢！”风信鸡自言自语，“养鸡场的公鸡从来不下蛋，而我则懒得下蛋。如果我乐意，我甚至能下一个风蛋呢。但是这个世界不配有一个风蛋，一切都是那么愚蠢！我连坐在这儿都不愿意了。”

风信鸡就这样掉了下来，但是他并没有压死院子里的公鸡，虽然母鸡认为他有这个意图。这件事情能有什么寓意呢？“与其因为烦恼而掉下来，不如鸣叫几声！”