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青少年课外阅读成长书系

夜莺与玫瑰

The Nightingale and the Rose

[英] 奥斯卡·王尔德/著
林徽因/译



新世界出版社
NEW WORLD PRESS

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图书在版编目 (CIP) 数据

夜莺与玫瑰 / (英) 王尔德著 ; 林徽因译. — 北京: 新世界出版社, 2015. 9
(语文新课标必读丛书)

ISBN 978-7-5104-5423-3

I. ①夜… II. ①王… ②林… III. ①童话—作品集—英国—近代 IV.
① I561.88

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字 (2015) 第 224024 号

夜莺与玫瑰

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出版发行: 新世界出版社

社 址: 北京西城区百万庄大街 24 号 (100037)

发 行 部: (010) 6899 5968 (010) 6988 8733 (传真)

总 编 室: (010) 6899 5424 (010) 6832 6679 (传真)

<http://www.nwp.cn>

<http://www.newworld-press.com>

版权部: +8610 6899 6306

版权部电子信箱: frank@nwp.com.cn

印 刷: 北京市兆成印刷有限责任公司

经 销: 新华书店

开 本: 787mm×1092mm 1/16

字 数: 128 千字 印张: 13

版 次: 2015 年 10 月第 1 版 2015 年 10 月第 1 次印刷

书 号: 978-7-5104-5423-3

定 价: 26.80 元

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夜莺与玫瑰

“她说只要我为她采得一朵红玫瑰，便与我跳舞。”青年学生哭着说，“但我的花园里何曾有一朵红玫瑰？”

橡树上的夜莺在巢中听到了，从叶丛里往外望，心中诧异。

“我的园子中并没有红玫瑰。”青年学生的秀眼里满含泪水，“唉，难道幸福就寄托在这些小东西上面吗？古圣贤书我已经读完，哲学的玄奥我已领悟，然而就因为缺少一朵红玫瑰，生活就让我如此难堪吗？”

“这才是真正的有情人。”夜莺叹道，“以前我虽然不曾与他交流，但我却夜夜为他歌唱，夜夜将他的一切故事告诉星辰。如今我见着他了，他的头发黑如风信子花，嘴唇犹如他想要的玫瑰一样艳红，但是感情的折磨使他的脸色苍白如象牙，忧伤的痕迹也已悄悄爬上他的眉梢。”

青年学生又低声自语：“王子在明天的晚宴上会跳舞，我的爱人也会去那里。我若为她采得红玫瑰，她就会和我一直跳舞到天明。



我若为她采得红玫瑰，将有机会把她抱在怀里。她的头，在我肩上枕着；她的手，在我掌心中握着。但花园里没有红玫瑰，我只能寂寞地望着她，看着她从我身旁擦肩而过，她不理睬我，我的心将要粉碎了。”

“这的确是一个真正的有情人。”夜莺又说，“我所歌唱的，正是他的痛苦；我所快乐的，正是他的悲伤。‘爱’果然是非常奇妙的东西，比翡翠还珍重，比玛瑙更宝贵。珍珠、宝石买不到它，黄金买不到它，因为它不是在市场上出售的，也不是商人贩卖的东西。”

青年学生说：“乐师将在舞会上弹弄丝竹，我那爱人也将随着弦琴的音乐声翩翩起舞，神采飞扬，风华绝代，莲步都不曾着地似的。穿着华服的少年公子都艳羡地围着她，但她不跟我跳舞，因为我没有为她采得红玫瑰。”他扑倒在草地，双臂掩着脸哭泣。

“他为什么哭泣呀？”绿色的小壁虎，竖起尾巴从他身前跑过。

蝴蝶正追着阳光飞舞，也问道：“是呀，他为什么哭泣呢？”

金盏花也向她的邻居低声探问：“是呀，他到底为什么哭泣？”

夜莺说：“他在为一朵红玫瑰哭泣。”

“为一朵红玫瑰吗？真是笑话！”他们叫了起来，那小壁虎本来就刻薄，更是大声冷笑。

然而夜莺了解那青年学生烦恼的秘密，她静坐在橡树枝上，细想着“爱情”的玄妙。忽然，她张开棕色的双翼，穿过那如同影子一般的树林，如同影子一般飞出花园。



青青的草地中站着一棵艳美的玫瑰树，夜莺看见了，向前飞去，歇在一根小小的枝条上。

她对玫瑰树说：“能给我一朵鲜红的玫瑰吗？我为你唱我最婉转的歌。”

那玫瑰树摇摇头。

“我的玫瑰是白色的，”那玫瑰树回答她，“白如海涛的泡沫，白如山巅上的积雪，请你到日晷^①旁找我兄弟，或许他能答应你的要求。”

夜莺飞到日晷旁边那棵玫瑰树上。

她又叫道：“能给我一朵鲜红的玫瑰吗？我为你唱我最醉人的歌。”

那玫瑰树摇摇头。

“我的玫瑰是黄色的，”他回答她，“黄如琥珀座上美人鱼的头发，黄如盛开在草地上未被割除的水仙，请你到那个青年学生的窗下找我兄弟，或许他能答应你的请求。”

夜莺飞到青年学生窗下那棵玫瑰树上。

她仍旧叫道：“能给我一朵艳红的玫瑰吗？我为你唱我最甜美的歌。”

那玫瑰树摇摇头。

他回答她说：“我的玫瑰是红色的，红如白鸽的脚趾，红如海底岩下蠕动的珊瑚。只是严冬已冰冻我的血脉，寒霜已啮伤我的萌芽，

① 日晷的意思是“太阳的影子”，又称“日规”。古代利用日影观测时间的一种仪器。



暴风已打断我的枝干，今年我不能再次盛开了。”

夜莺央告说：“一朵红玫瑰就够了，我只要一朵红玫瑰呀，难道没有其他法子了吗？”

那玫瑰树答道：“有一个法子，只有一个，但是太可怕了，我不敢告诉你。”

“告诉我吧！”夜莺勇敢地说，“我不怕！”

“方法很简单，”那玫瑰树说，“你需要的红玫瑰，只有在月色里用歌声才能使她诞生；只有用你的鲜血对她进行浸染，才能让她变红。你要在你的胸口插一根尖刺，为我歌唱，整夜地为我歌唱，那刺插入你的心窝，你生命的血液将流进我的心房。”

夜莺叹道：“用死来买一朵红玫瑰，代价真不小，谁的生命不是宝贵的？坐在青郁的森林里，看那驾着金马车的太阳，看月亮在幽深的夜空驰骋，是多么的快乐呀！山楂花的味儿真香，山谷里的桔梗和山坡上的野草真美，然而“爱”比生命更可贵，一只小鸟的心又怎能和人的心相比呢？”

忽然她张开棕色的双翼，穿过那如同影子一般的花园，从树林子里激射而出，冲天飞去。

那青年学生仍旧僵卧在方才她离去的草地上，一双美丽的秀眼里，泪珠还没有干。

“高兴吧！快乐吧！”夜莺喊道，“你将要采到那朵红玫瑰了。我将在月光中用歌声来使她诞生，我向你索取的报酬，仅是要你做一个忠实的情人。因为哲理虽智，爱却比她更慧；权力虽雄，爱却



比她更伟。焰火的色彩是爱的双翅，烈火的颜色是爱的躯干；她的唇甜如蜜，她的气息香如乳。”

青年学生在草丛里抬头侧耳静听，但是他不懂夜莺所说的话，只知道书上所写的东西。

那橡树却是明白了，悲伤漫延在他的心头，他非常怜爱在树枝上结巢的小夜莺。他轻声说：“唱一首最后的歌给我听吧，你离去后，我将会感到无限的寂寞。”

于是夜莺为橡树唱歌，婉转的音调就像银瓶里涌溢的水浪一般清越。

唱罢过后，那青年学生站起身来，从衣袋里掏出一本日记簿和一支笔，一边往树林外走，一边自语道：“那夜莺的样子生得确实很漂亮，这是不可否认的，但是她有感情吗？我怕没有！她其实就像许多美术家一般，尽是表面的形式，没有诚心的内涵，肯定不会为别人而牺牲。她所想的无非是音乐，可是谁不知道艺术是自私的。虽然，我们总须承认她有醉人的歌喉，可惜那种歌声是毫无意义的，一点也不实用。”

他回到自己的房间，躺在小草垫上，继续想念他的爱人，过了片刻就熟睡过去。

待月亮升上天空，月光洒向宁静的大地，夜莺就飞到那棵玫瑰树上，将胸口压向尖刺。疼痛顿时传遍她的身躯，鲜红的血液从体内流了出来。她张开双唇，开始整夜地歌唱起来，那夜空中晶莹的月亮，也倚在云边静静地聆听。



她整夜地啾着歌喉，那刺越插越深，生命的血液渐渐溢去。

她最先歌唱的，是少男少女心里纯真的爱情，唱着唱着，玫瑰枝上开始生长一苞卓绝的玫瑰蕾，歌儿一首接着一首地唱，花瓣一片跟着一片地开。起先那花瓣是黯淡的，如同河上笼罩的薄雾，如同晨曦交际的天色，那枝上的玫瑰蕾，就像映在银镜里的玫瑰花影子，映照在池塘的玫瑰倒影。

但是那玫瑰树还在催迫着夜莺往自己的身子紧插那根刺。

“靠紧一些，小夜莺呀，”那树连声叫唤，“不然，玫瑰还没盛开，黎明就要来临了！”

夜莺赶紧把尖刺插得更深，悠扬的歌声更加响亮，她这回所歌颂的是成年男女心中热烈如火的爱情，唱着唱着，玫瑰瓣上生长出一层娇嫩的红晕，如同初吻新娘时新郎的绛颊。只是那刺还未插到夜莺的心房，玫瑰花的花心尚留着白色，只有夜莺的心血才可以把玫瑰的花心彻底染红。

那树又催迫着夜莺往自己的胸口紧插那根刺。

“靠紧一些，小夜莺呀，”那树连声叫唤，“不然，玫瑰还没盛开，黎明就要来临了！”

夜莺赶紧把刺又插深一些，深入骨髓的疼痛传遍她的全身，玫瑰花刺终于刺入她的心房。那挚爱和冢中不朽的爱情呀，卓绝的白色花心如同东方的天色，终于变作鲜红，花的外瓣红如烈火，花的内心赤如绛玉。

夜莺的声音越唱越模糊，她拍动着小小的双翅，眼睛蒙上一层



灰色的薄膜。她的歌声越来越模糊，觉得喉咙里有什么东西哽咽住似的。

但她还是唱出最后的歌声，白色的残月听见后，似乎忘记了黎明，在天空踌躇着。那玫瑰花凝神战栗着，在清冷的晓风里瓣瓣开放。回音将歌声领入山坡上的暗紫色洞穴，将牧童从梦中惊醒过来。歌声流入河边的芦苇丛里，苇叶将信息传与大海。

那玫瑰树叫道：“看呀，看呀，这朵红玫瑰生成了！”

然而夜莺再也不能回答，她已躺在乱草丛中死去，那尖刺还插在她的心头。

中午时分，青年学生打开窗户，忽然，他惊呆了。

“怪事，今天真是难得的幸运，这儿居然有朵红玫瑰！”他叫着，“如此美丽的红玫瑰，我从来没有见过，她一定有个很繁长的拉丁名字。”便俯身下去，把红玫瑰采摘下来，然后戴上帽子，手里拈着玫瑰花，往教授家跑去。

教授的女儿正坐在门前卷着一轴蓝色绸子，一只温顺的小狗伏在她脚边。

青年学生叫道：“你说过，我若为你采得红玫瑰，你便同我跳舞。这里有一朵全世界最珍贵的红玫瑰，你可以将她插在你的胸前，我们同舞的时候，这花便会告诉你，我是怎样地爱你。”

但那女郎却皱着眉头。

她说：“我怕这花儿配不上我的衣服吧，而且大臣的侄子送我许多珠宝首饰，人人都知道珠宝比花草要贵重得多。”



青年学生傻了，这就是爱情的真相吗？失望顿时占据他的整个心神。

“你简直是个无情无义的人。”他怒道，将红玫瑰掷在街心，一个车轮从红玫瑰上面碾过。

“无情无义？”女郎说，“我告诉你吧，你实在无礼，况且你到底是谁啊？不过一个学生文人，我看，像大臣的侄子鞋上的那种银纽扣你都没有。”说完就站起身走进屋子。

青年学生懊恼地走着，自语道：“爱情是多么无聊啊，远不如伦理学实用。它所告诉人们的，全是空中楼阁与飘渺虚无的幻想。在现实的世界里，首要的是实用，我还是回到我的哲学和玄学书上去吧！”

他回到房中，取出一本笨重的、满堆着尘土的大书埋头细读起来。



THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE ROSE

"SHE said that she would dance with me if I brought her red roses," cried the young Student; "but in all my garden there is no red rose."

From her nest in the holm-oak tree the Nightingale heard him, and she looked out through the leaves, and wondered.

"No red rose in all my garden!" he cried, and his beautiful eyes filled with tears. "Ah, on what little things does happiness depend! I have read all that the wise men have written, and all the secrets of philosophy are mine, yet for want of a red rose is my life made wretched."

"Here at last is a true lover," said the Nightingale. "Night after night have I sung of him, though I knew him not: night after night have I told his story to the stars, and now I see him. His hair is dark as the hyacinth-blossom, and his lips are red as the rose of his desire; but passion has made his face like pale ivory, and sorrow has set her seal upon his brow."



"The Prince gives a ball tomorrow night," murmured the young Student, "and my love will be of the company. If I bring her a red rose she will dance with me till dawn. If I bring her a red rose, I shall hold her in my arms, and she will lean her head upon my shoulder, and her hand will be clasped in mine. But there is no red rose in my garden, so I shall sit lonely, and she will pass me by. She will have no heed of me, and my heart will break."

"Here indeed is the true lover," said the Nightingale. "What I sing of, he suffers: what is joy to me, to him is pain. Surely Love is a wonderful thing. It is more precious than emeralds, and dearer than fine opals. Pearls and pomegranates cannot buy it, nor is it set forth in the marketplace. It may not be purchased of the merchants, nor can it be weighed out in the balance for gold."

"The musicians will sit in their gallery," said the young Student, "and play upon their stringed instruments, and my love will dance to the sound of the harp and the violin. She will dance so lightly that her feet will not touch the floor, and the courtiers in their gay dresses will throng round her. But with me she will not dance, for I have no red rose to give her;" and he flung himself down on the grass, and buried his face in his hands, and wept.

"Why is he weeping?" asked a little Green Lizard, as he ran past him with his tail in the air.



"Why, indeed?" said a Butterfly, who was fluttering about after a sunbeam.

"Why, indeed?" whispered a Daisy to his neighbour, in a soft, low voice.

"He is weeping for a red rose," said the Nightingale.

"For a red rose?" they cried; "how very ridiculous!" and the little Lizard, who was something of a cynic, laughed outright.

But the Nightingale understood the secret of the Student's sorrow, and she sat silent in the oak-tree, and thought about the mystery of Love.

Suddenly she spread her brown wings for flight, and soared into the air. She passed through the grove like a shadow, and like a shadow she sailed across the garden.

In the centre of the grass-plot was standing a beautiful Rose-tree, and when she saw it she flew over to it, and lit upon a spray.

"Give me a red rose," she cried, "and I will sing you my sweetest song."

But the Tree shook its head.

"My roses are white," it answered; "as white as the foam of the sea, and whiter than the snow upon the mountain. But go to my brother who grows round the old sun-dial, and perhaps he will give you what you want."

So the Nightingale flew over to the Rose-tree that was growing



round the old sun-dial.

"Give me a red rose," she cried, "and I will sing you my sweetest song."

But the Tree shook its head.

"My roses are yellow," it answered; "as yellow as the hair of the mermaiden who sits upon an amber throne, and yellower than the daffodil that blooms in the meadow before the mower comes with his scythe. But go to my brother who grows beneath the Student's window, and perhaps he will give you what you want."

So the Nightingale flew over to the Rose-tree that was growing beneath the Student's window.

"Give me a red rose," she cried, "and I will sing you my sweetest song."

But the Tree shook its head.

"My roses are red," it answered, "as red as the feet of the dove, and redder than the great fans of coral that wave and wave in the ocean-cavern. But the winter has chilled my veins, and the frost has nipped my buds, and the storm has broken my branches, and I shall have no roses at all this year."

"One red rose is all I want," cried the Nightingale, "only one red rose! Is there no way by which I can get it?"

"There is away," answered the Tree; "but it is so terrible that I dare



not tell it to you."

"Tell it to me," said the Nightingale, "I am not afraid."

"If you want a red rose," said the Tree, "you must build it out of music by moonlight, and stain it with your own heart's-blood. You must sing to me with your breast against a thorn. All night long you must sing to me, and the thorn must pierce your heart, and your life-blood must flow into my veins, and become mine."

"Death is a great price to pay for a red rose," cried the Nightingale, "and Life is very dear to all. It is pleasant to sit in the green wood, and to watch the Sun in his chariot of gold, and the Moon in her chariot of pearl. Sweet is the scent of the hawthorn, and sweet are the bluebells that hide in the valley, and the heather that blows on the hill. Yet Love is better than Life, and what is the heart of a bird compared to the heart of a man?"

So she spread her brown wings for flight, and soared into the air. She swept over the garden like a shadow, and like a shadow she sailed through the grove.

The young Student was still lying on the grass, where she had left him, and the tears were not yet dry in his beautiful eyes.

"Be happy," cried the Nightingale, "be happy; you shall have your red rose. I will build it out of music by moonlight, and stain it with my own heart's-blood. All that I ask of you in return is that you will be a