



THE HAPPY PRINCE AND OTHER TALES

快乐王子 王尔德童话

[英] 奥斯卡·王尔德
Oscar Wilde

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通过阅读文学名著学语言，是掌握外语的绝佳方法。既可接触原汁原味的外语，又能享受文学之美，一举两得，何乐不为？

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然而，你手中的这套丛书，值得你来信赖。

这套精选的中英对照名著全译丛书，未改编改写、未删节削减，书中配有精美手绘插图，图文并茂，值得珍藏。

要学语言、读好书，当读名著原文。如习武者切磋交流，同高手过招方能渐明其间奥妙，若一味在低端徘徊，终难登堂入室。积年流传的名著，就是书中“高手”。然而这个“高手”，却有真假之分。初读书时，常遇到一些挂了名著名家之名改写改编的版本，虽有助于了解基本情节，然而所得只是皮毛，你何曾真的就读过了那名著呢？一边是窖藏了50年的女儿红，一边是贴了女儿红标签的薄酒，那滋味，怎能一样？“朝闻道，夕死可矣。”人生短如朝露，当努力追求真正的美。

本套丛书的外文版本，是根据原版书精心挑选而来；对应的中文译文以直译为主，以方便对照学习，译文经反复推敲，对忠实理解原著极有助益。

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The Happy Prince and Other Tales

快乐王子和其他故事

The Happy Prince

The Happy Prince

To Carlos Blacker

快乐王子

快乐王子

The Happy Prince

High above the city, on a tall column, stood the statue of the Happy Prince. He was gilded all over with thin leaves of fine gold, for eyes he had two bright sapphires, and a large red ruby glowed on his sword-hilt.

He was very much admired indeed. "He is as beautiful as a weathercock," remarked one of the Town Councillors who wished to gain a reputation for having artistic tastes; "only not quite so useful," he added, fearing lest people should think him unpractical, which he really was not.

"Why can't you be like the Happy Prince?" asked a sensible mother of her little boy who was crying for the moon. "The Happy Prince never dreams of crying for anything."

"I am glad there is some one in the world who is quite happy," muttered a disappointed man as he gazed at the wonderful statue.

"He looks just like an angel," said the Charity Children as they came out of the cathedral in their bright scarlet cloaks and their clean white pinafores.

"How do you know?" said the Mathematical Master, "you have never seen one."

"Ah! but we have, in our dreams," answered the children; and the Mathematical Master frowned and looked very severe, for he did not approve of children dreaming.

One night there flew over the city a little Swallow. His friends had gone away to Egypt six weeks before, but he had stayed behind, for he was in love with the most beautiful Reed. He had met her early in the spring as he was flying down the river after a big yellow moth, and had been so attracted by her slender waist that he had

城市里高耸着一根圆柱，快乐王子的雕像就矗立在这根圆柱上。他全身贴满了纯金的金箔，眼睛是一对明亮的蓝宝石做的。他的剑柄上还镶着一颗熠熠生辉的红宝石。

他的确很受人仰慕。镇上的一个议员为了彰显自己的艺术品位，评论说：“他漂亮得跟风向标一样。”可又担心有人会因此把他看做一个不切实际人。（其实他并不是一个不务实的人），所以又补充说道，“只是不像风向标那么实用罢了。”

“你为什么不能像快乐王子一样呢？”一位明理的母亲对哭着要月亮的小儿子说，“快乐王子连做梦都没想过会哭闹着要东西。”

“我很高兴在这个世界上还有人是真正快乐着的。”一个失意的人望着这座奇妙的塑像喃喃低语道。

“他看起来好像天使一样。”孤儿院的孩子们说着走出教堂。他们穿着洁白的衣服，披着红色的斗篷。

“你们怎么知道的？”数学老师问道，“你们又从来没见过天使。”

“是啊！可是我们在梦里见过啊。”孩子们回答道。数学老师皱了皱眉，看起来一脸严肃的样子，因为他没法赞同孩子们的梦。

有天晚上，城市的上空飞来了一只小燕子。他的朋友们在一个半月前就已经飞往埃及了，可是他却落在了后头，因为他恋上了最美的芦苇。他是早在春天的时候遇见她的，那时他正在河边追着一只黄色的飞蛾。她纤细的身段深深吸引了他，于是他便停

stopped to talk to her.

“Shall I love you?” said the Swallow, who liked to come to the point at once, and the Reed made him a low bow. So he flew round and round her, touching the water with his wings, and making silver ripples. This was his courtship, and it lasted all through the summer.

“It is a ridiculous attachment,” twittered the other Swallows; “she has no money, and far too many relations;” and indeed the river was quite full of Reeds. Then, when the autumn came they all flew away.

After they had gone he felt lonely, and began to tire of his lady-love. “She has no conversation,” he said, “and I am afraid that she is a coquette, for she is always flirting with the wind.” And certainly, whenever the wind blew, the Reed made the most graceful curtseys. “I admit that she is domestic,” he continued, “but I love travelling, and my wife, consequently, should love travelling also.”

“Will you come away with me?” he said finally to her; but the Reed shook her head, she was so attached to her home.

“You have been trifling with me,” he cried. “I am off to the Pyramids. Good-bye!” and he flew away.

All day long he flew, and at night-time he arrived at the city. “Where shall I put up?” he said; “I hope the town has made preparations.”

Then he saw the statue on the tall column.

“I will put up there,” he cried; “it is a fine position, with plenty of fresh air.” So he alighted just between the feet of the Happy Prince.

“I have a golden bedroom,” he said softly to himself as he looked round, and he prepared to go to sleep; but just as he was putting his

下来和她讲话。

“我可以爱你吗？”燕子问道。他一向喜欢开门见山，直入主题。芦苇向他深鞠一躬，他便围着她飞来飞去，用自己的双翼点着水，漾起银色的涟漪。这便是他求爱的表示，他便这样过了整个夏天。

“这真是愚蠢的恋爱，”其他燕子们唧唧喳喳地议论着，“她没有钱，又有太多太多的亲戚。”的确，河边到处都长满了芦苇。随后，秋天来临的时候，他们便纷纷飞走了。

大家飞走之后，他便觉得很寂寞，渐渐地也开始厌倦起他的恋人来。“她从不说话，”他说，“我还担心她是个水性杨花的女子，因为她总是在跟风调情。”这倒是真的，只要一有风吹过，芦苇便会优雅地屈膝行礼。“我承认她很适宜家庭生活，”他继续说道，“可我却热衷旅行，所以我的妻子也该喜欢旅行才行。”

“你会和我一起走吗？”他最后问她。然而芦苇摇了摇头，她是如此依恋自己的家。

“原来你只是在玩弄我的感情，”燕子哭着说，“我要去金字塔那边了。再会吧！”说着，他便飞走了。

他飞了整整一天，晚上的时候才到达了这座城市。“我该在什么地方过夜呢？”他说，“我希望这儿已经全都安排好了。”

然后他便看见高高的圆柱上站着的雕像。

“我要在那里过夜，”他说道，“真是个好地方，空气也新鲜。”于是燕子便在那里栖息，恰好停在快乐王子两只脚的中间。

The Happy Prince

head under his wing a large drop of water fell on him. "What a curious thing!" he cried; "there is not a single cloud in the sky, the stars are quite clear and bright, and yet it is raining. The climate in the north of Europe is really dreadful. The Reed used to like the rain, but that was merely her selfishness."

Then another drop fell.

"What is the use of a statue if it cannot keep the rain off?" he said; "I must look for a good chimney-pot," and he determined to fly away.

But before he had opened his wings, a third drop fell, and he looked up, and saw – Ah! what did he see?

The eyes of the Happy Prince were filled with tears, and tears were running down his golden cheeks. His face was so beautiful in the moonlight that the little Swallow was filled with pity.

"Who are you?" he said.

"I am the Happy Prince."

"Why are you weeping then?" asked the Swallow; "you have quite drenched me."

"When I was alive and had a human heart," answered the statue, "I did not know what tears were, for I lived in the Palace of Sans-Souci, where sorrow is not allowed to enter. In the daytime I played with my companions in the garden, and in the evening I led the dance in the Great Hall. Round the garden ran a very lofty wall, but I never cared to ask what lay beyond it, everything about me was so beautiful. My courtiers called me the Happy Prince, and happy indeed I was, if pleasure be happiness. So I lived, and so I died. And now that I am dead they have set me up here so high that I can see all the ugliness and all the misery of my city, and though my heart is made

“我找到了个金窝。”他一边轻轻地自言自语，一边向四周打量了一番，准备睡觉了。正当他要把头放到翅膀下面去的时候，一滴大大的水滴落到了他身上。“多奇怪的事儿啊！”他喊道，“天上一丁点云都没有，星星又明又亮，居然还会下雨。北欧的天气实在是太可怕了。芦苇倒是一向都喜欢下雨的，可那只是她自私罢了。”

又一滴水滴落了下来。

“要是一座雕像不能挡雨，那还有什么用呢？”他喃喃道，“我应该找个好烟囱。”说着便决定要飞走了。

可当他正要张开双翼的时候，第三水滴落了下来，于是抬起头，他看见了——啊！他看见了什么呢？

快乐王子的双眼噙满了泪水，眼泪正不断地从他金色的双颊上滚落下来。他的脸在月光下是那么美，叫燕子看了心里也充满了怜悯。

“你是谁？”他问道。

“我是快乐王子。”

“你为什么哭呢？”燕子问，“你把我身上都打湿了。”

“从前，我还活着的时候，也有一颗人类的心，”塑像答道，“我不知道什么是眼泪，因为我住在无忧宫，忧伤是进不来的。白天的时候我和伙伴们在花园里玩，晚上我就在大厅中领舞。花园四周围着很高的围墙，可我从来都没有想过要去问墙外是什么，我身边的一切都如此美好。我的朝臣们称我为快乐王子，没错，

of lead yet I cannot chose but weep."

"What! is he not solid gold?" said the Swallow to himself. He was too polite to make any personal remarks out loud.

"Far away," continued the statue in a low musical voice, "far away in a little street there is a poor house. One of the windows is open, and through it I can see a woman seated at a table. Her face is thin and worn, and she has coarse, red hands, all pricked by the needle, for she is a seamstress. She is embroidering passion-flowers on a satin gown for the loveliest of the Queen's maids-of-honour to wear at the next Court-ball. In a bed in the corner of the room her little boy is lying ill. He has a fever, and is asking for oranges. His mother has nothing to give him but river water, so he is crying. Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow, will you not bring her the ruby out of my sword-hilt? My feet are fastened to this pedestal and I cannot move."

"I am waited for in Egypt," said the Swallow. "My friends are flying up and down the Nile, and talking to the large lotus-flowers. Soon they will go to sleep in the tomb of the great King. The King is there himself in his painted coffin. He is wrapped in yellow linen, and embalmed with spices. Round his neck is a chain of pale green jade, and his hands are like withered leaves."

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "will you not stay with me for one night, and be my messenger? The boy is so thirsty, and the mother so sad."

"I don't think I like boys," answered the Swallow. "Last summer, when I was staying on the river, there were two rude boys, the miller's sons, who were always throwing stones at me. They never

如果开心就算是快乐的话，那我的的确确是很快乐的。我就这样活着，也这样死去。现在我死了，他们把我竖在这里，而且还站得这么高，我能看见这座城市全部的丑陋与穷苦。虽然我的心是铅做的，可我还是忍不住落下泪来。”

“什么？！他难道不是纯金的吗？”燕子暗自心想。他很有教养，所以不会高声发表个人观点。

“很远的地方，”塑像以一种低沉悦耳的声音继续说道，“很远的地方有一条小小的街道，那里有一间破房子。里面的一扇窗是开着的，透过那扇窗我可以看见一个妇人坐在一张桌子旁边。她的瘦削的脸上带着病容，粗糙发红的双手上还扎满了针眼，因为她是个裁缝。她正往一件丝缎的礼服上绣西番莲花，这是皇后最喜爱的宫女准备在下一次舞会的时候穿的。房间角落里的床上，躺着她生病的孩子。他发着高烧，想要吃橘子。可他的母亲一无所有，只能喂他喝点河水，所以孩子哭个不停。燕子，燕子，小燕子，你愿意把我剑柄上的红宝石带给她吗？我的双脚固定在这高台上，一动都动不了。”

“大家都在埃及等着我，”燕子说道，“我的朋友们在尼罗河畔上下翻飞，与大朵的莲花说着话儿。不久他们就要到伟大法老的墓地去歇息。法老本人就在他那上了彩的棺材里。他的周身裹着黄色的亚麻布，还用了防腐香料来保存。他的脖子上戴着一条浅绿色的翡翠项链，他的双手却好像枯萎的树叶。”

“燕子，燕子，小燕子，”王子说，“你难道不能陪我过一个

hit me, of course; we swallows fly far too well for that, and besides, I come of a family famous for its agility; but still, it was a mark of disrespect.”

But the Happy Prince looked so sad that the little Swallow was sorry. “It is very cold here,” he said; “but I will stay with you for one night, and be your messenger.”

“Thank you, little Swallow,” said the Prince.

So the Swallow picked out the great ruby from the Prince’s sword, and flew away with it in his beak over the roofs of the town.

He passed by the cathedral tower, where the white marble angels were sculptured. He passed by the palace and heard the sound of dancing. A beautiful girl came out on the balcony with her lover. “How wonderful the stars are,” he said to her, “and how wonderful is the power of love!”

“I hope my dress will be ready in time for the State-ball,” she answered; “I have ordered passion-flowers to be embroidered on it; but the seamstresses are so lazy.”

He passed over the river, and saw the lanterns hanging to the masts of the ships. He passed over the Ghetto, and saw the old Jews bargaining with each other, and weighing out money in copper scales. At last he came to the poor house and looked in. The boy was tossing feverishly on his bed, and the mother had fallen asleep, she was so tired. In he hopped, and laid the great ruby on the table beside the woman’s thimble. Then he flew gently round the bed, fanning the boy’s forehead with his wings. “How cool I feel,” said the boy, “I must be getting better;” and he sank into a delicious slumber.