

新经典阅读

中英文对照
永世不衰的经典收藏

快乐王子

The Happy Prince

(英) 王尔德 / 著 Oscar Wilde
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金榜
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导 读

王尔德 Oscar Wilde (1854 - 1900), 英国《典雅》杂志将他和安徒生相提并论,说他的《自私的巨人》堪称“完美之作”,整本童话集更是纯正英语的结晶。早在王尔德为世人所知之前,年仅二十四岁时,他的诗作就荣获大奖。1888年5月,他的第一部童话集《快乐王子》出版后,立刻轰动一时。1891年12月,他的另一部童话集问世——《石榴之屋》。这部书在王尔德死后,才成为家喻户晓的故事集。

据他的儿子回忆说:“(父亲)有时会趴在育婴室的地上,轮番装成狮子、狼、马,平时的斯文形象一扫而空……玩累时,他会让我们静静听他讲童话故事,讲冒险传说,他肚子里有讲不完的故事……”童心是童话的源泉,而童话却与葆有童心、乐于幻想的成年人共鸣。王尔德童话的讲述性很强。看他的童话,犹如听着琅琅上口的叙述。看他的童话,让人感到,我们正与这位生活在19世纪维多利亚时代的伟大作家娓娓而谈。可这位19世纪最伟大的英国文学家王尔德,在临死的时候竟会一文不名,连房租都得由朋友代付。世人后来才发现,这位追求理想艺术的文学家,竟用《快乐王子》惊人地预写了自己的一生。在他安息处的墓碑上,王尔德被后人誉为“才子和戏剧家”。

王尔德的这本童话集,共包括“快乐王子”、“夜莺与玫瑰”、“自私的巨人”、“忠实的朋友”、“神奇的火箭”、“年轻的国王”、“星孩”、“公主的生日”、“渔夫和他的灵魂”。其中,“快乐王

The Happy Prince

快乐王子

子”是影响面最广的一篇。王子看到人间的种种苦难和不幸后,决心尽可能帮助那些最不幸的人。一只小燕子帮了他的忙。最后,小燕子冻死在王子的脚下,快乐王子痛碎了一颗铅制的心。本篇阐述的是作者的幸福观。“夜莺与玫瑰”以爱情与爱为主旋律。一只鸟儿的“心之美”与人类的“利欲熏心”形成了鲜明的对比,本篇探讨的是作者的唯美主义观。“公主的生日”说明的是这样一个道理:丑也可以给人带来快乐,而美如果以别人的痛苦为乐,便显得丑陋。

“年轻的渔夫和他的灵魂”是该书中最长的一篇,它探讨的是灵、肉、心三者之间的关系。肉体只享受自然之物,如爱情。而灵魂却在支配肉体去寻欢作乐、作恶犯罪。心在肉与灵魂之间扮演着爱的角色,象征着爱。神奇的火箭徒慕虚荣,它坚信“天生我材必有用”。自私的巨人最后因变得无私而升入天堂。“忠实的朋友”中的小汉斯到死都不愿承认他的朋友磨坊主是一个自私、卑鄙和贪婪之人。“星孩”与“年轻的国王”表现的都是一种历经磨难后的成熟美和内在美。

从这些童话中可以看出,王尔德在他的童话世界里除了表现一般童话里的主题之外,总还会以他的唯美主义观点,探讨“幸福”、“心之美”等有关问题。长期以来,他的童话都受到了广大读者的喜爱。

译者



The Happy Prince

快乐王子

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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 swordhilt.

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 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





快乐王子

在一座城市高高的上空，在一个高高的圆柱上，耸立着快乐王子的雕像。他的身上贴着一层薄薄的纯金片，闪闪发光，他的眼睛是由两颗明亮的蓝宝石做成的，还有一颗很大的红色宝石在他的剑柄上闪闪发光。

他确实很受尊敬，一位想让别人认为自己有艺术品味的市镇议员说：“他就像一只风标那样美，”他担心人们会认为他是个不现实的人，而他的确不是那样的人，于是他补充说，“不过不太实用。”

“你为什么不能和快乐王子一样呢？”一位明智的母亲问，他的小男孩哭着要月亮，“快乐王子从来不会做哭喊着要东西的梦。”

一个失望的人凝视着这个漂亮的雕像，低声说：“我很高兴世上有人这么快乐。”孤儿院的孩子们，身上穿着夺目的猩红色斗篷，围着干净的白围裙，当他们从教堂里走出来时说：“他看起来就像一位天使。”

教数学的老师问：“你们怎么知道呢？你们从来就没有见过天使。”

孩子们回答：“啊！可我们在梦中见过。”这位数学教师皱起了眉显得非常严厉，因为他对孩子们的梦想并不满意。

一天夜里，城市的上空有一只小燕子飞过。他的朋友们在六周前就飞到埃及了，但他却被留在后面，因为他爱上了那位最漂亮的芦苇小姐。在早春的时候，当他跟着一只黄色的大蛾子向河流下游飞去的时候，他遇到了她，并被她苗条的腰身迷住了，于是就停下来对她说：

“我能爱你吗？”燕子问，他喜欢立刻入题。芦苇小姐向他



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 curtsies. "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 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



低低地鞠了一躬，于是他就不停地绕着她飞，用他的翅膀掠着水面，激起银色的波浪。他就是这样求爱的，这持续了整整一个夏天。

“这是一种可笑的恋情，”其它的燕子嘁嘁喳喳地说，“她没钱，亲戚却那么多。”河里确实长满了芦苇。于是，在秋天到来的时候，他们都飞走了。

他们走后，他就觉得孤独了，并且开始厌烦他的这位恋人。“她一直不说话，”他说，“而且我担心她是一个卖弄风情的人，因为她总是挑逗风。”的确是这样的，无论在什么时候，一起风，芦苇小姐就行最优雅的屈膝礼。他接着说：“我承认她善理家务，但是，我爱旅行，所以我的妻子也应该喜欢旅行。”

最后，他对她说：“你愿意跟我一起走吗？”但是，芦苇小姐摇了摇头，她是那么迷恋她的家。他大叫着说：“你一直在和我调情，我要走了，我要去金字塔，再见！”然后，他飞走了。

他飞了一整天，夜晚，他到了这座城市。“我应该在哪儿过夜呢？”他说，“我希望镇里已经做好了准备。”

然后，他看到了高高的柱子上的雕像。

“我准备在那儿过夜，”他大声说道，“这是一个不错的地方，有很多的新鲜空气。”于是，他就落在快乐王子两脚之间。

“我有一间金色的卧室。”他一边向周围看一边轻声地自言自语，于是，他准备睡觉了。但是，就在他把头放在翅膀下面的时候，一滴很大的水珠落到了他的身上。“多么古怪的事啊！”他大叫着说，“天上一丝云彩也没有，星星那么的清晰那么的明亮，却在下雨。欧洲北部的天气实在可怕。芦苇小姐一直喜欢雨，但这只是她的自私。”但是，又有一滴落下来了。

“如果这座雕像不能挡雨，它有什么用呢？”他说，“我必须去找一个漂亮的烟囱来做窝。”于是，他决定飞走。

但是，他还没来得及张开翅膀，第三滴又落下来了，于是，他抬起头，他看到——啊！他看到什么了？

快乐王子眼睛里满是泪水，眼泪顺着他那金黄色的脸颊流



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 of lead yet I cannot choose but weep."

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

"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 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



淌。月光下，他的脸是那么的美丽，所以，这只小燕子对他充满了同情。

“你是谁？”他说。

“我是快乐王子。”

“那你为什么还哭泣呢？”燕子问，“你把我全身都弄湿了。”

雕像回答说：“过去，在我活着而且还有一颗人心的时候，我不知道什么是眼泪，因为我住在逍遥自在的宫殿里，那个地方不允许悲哀进去。白天，我和我的同伴们在花园里玩，晚上，我在大厅里领舞。花园的周围，有一道非常高的墙，但是，我从来没有想到过墙的那一边有什么，我周围的一切都是那么的美丽。我的朝臣们称我为快乐王子，如果乐事就是快乐的话，我确实是个快乐的人。我就这样活着，然后这样死去。现在，我死了，他们为我塑了一个这么高的雕像，所以我能看到这个城市中所有的丑陋和不幸，虽然我的心是用铅做成的，但我却只能选择哭泣。”

“啊！难道他不是纯金制成的？”燕子对自己说。他非常有礼貌，不会把别人的私事大声说出来。

雕像用低沉而又悦耳的声音接着说：“在遥远的地方，在一条小街道里，有一户穷人，房子开了一扇窗，透过窗户，我看到桌子旁边坐着一个女人，她的脸很瘦，而且满面倦容，她的那双粗糙发红的手上，扎得到处都是针眼，因为她是一个女裁缝师。她正在一件缎子长袍上绣着西番莲花，皇后最宠爱的宫女准备在下一次的宫廷舞会上穿这件长袍。在房间角落里有一张床，上面躺着她生病的孩子。孩子正在发烧，想吃桔子。他的母亲却只能给他河水，所以，他一直在哭。燕子，燕子，小燕子，你愿意取下我剑柄上的红宝石带给她吗？我的脚被固定在这个底座上，我动不了。”

“埃及的伙伴们还等着我呢，”燕子说，“我的朋友们正在尼罗河上来回地飞着，正在和一朵朵的大莲花们说话。他们很快就会去伟大的国王的墓里睡觉了。在那儿，国王自己躺在着色



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 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.

Then the Swallow flew back to the Happy Prince, and told him what he had done. "It is curious," he remarked, "I feel quite warm now, although it is so cold."

"That is because you have done a good action," said the Prince. And the little Swallow began to think, and then he fell asleep. Thinking always made him sleepy.

When day broke he flew down to the river and had a bath.



的棺材里。他被黄色的亚麻布包着，还用香料来防止他的身体腐烂。他的脖子带着淡绿色的翡翠项链，他的双手就像凋败的叶子。”

“燕子，燕子，小燕子，”王子说，“难道你就不愿意陪我过一夜，做我的使者吗？那个孩子非常渴，他的母亲也非常可怜。”

“我想我不喜欢小孩子，”燕子答道，“去年夏天，我正在一条河的旁边逗留的时候，有两个粗鲁的孩子，他们两个是磨坊主的儿子，总是拿石头砸我。当然，他们决不会打中我，我们燕子飞得那么的快，而且，我出身于一个因敏捷而闻名的家庭。可这仍是失礼的行为。”

但是，快乐王子看起来是那么的悲哀，小燕子很难受。他说：“这里很冷，但是，我愿意陪你过一夜，并做你的使者。”

“谢谢你，小燕子。”王子说。

于是，小燕子把那颗大红宝石从王子的剑上取下来，衔着它飞过城镇的一个个屋顶，他经过大教堂的塔顶，他看到了那里用白色大理石雕刻的天使。他经过了王宫，听到了跳舞的声音。一位漂亮的姑娘和她的情人一起走上了阳台。“星星是多么的令人惊奇啊，”他对她说，“爱情的力量是多么的奇妙啊！”

“我希望我的礼服能及时准备好，在盛大的舞会上能穿上，”她回答说，“我已经要求在上面绣上西番莲花，但是，女裁缝们都太懒了。”

他飞过河流，看见了船桅上悬挂的一盏盏灯笼。他从犹太人区飞过，看到年老的犹太人们在互相讨价还价，并在铜天平上称出铜的重量。最后，他来到那所穷人的房子，往里看了看，那个孩子在床上焦躁地翻来覆去，母亲已经睡着了，她太累了。他跳了进去，将那颗大红宝石放在那女人顶针旁边的桌子上。然后轻轻地在床上空绕了一圈，用他的翅膀扇着孩子的前额。“我感觉非常凉爽，”孩子说，“我肯定是好了。”然后就美美地睡着了。

然后，燕子飞回到快乐王子那里，并把他所做的事情告诉了



"What a remarkable phenomenon," said the Professor of Ornithology as he was passing over the bridge. "A swallow in winter!" And he wrote a long letter about it to the local newspaper. Every one quoted it, it was full of so many words that they could not understand.

"Tonight I go to Egypt," said the Swallow, and he was in high spirits at the prospect. He visited all the public monuments, and sat a long time on top of the church steeple. Wherever he went the Sparrows chirruped, and said to each other, "What a distinguished stranger!" so he enjoyed himself very much.

When the moon rose he flew back to the Happy Prince.

"Have you any commissions for Egypt?" he cried; "I am just starting."

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "will you not stay with me one night longer?"

"I am waited for in Egypt," answered the Swallow. "Tomorrow my friends will fly up to the Second Cataract. The river - horse couches there among the bulrushes, and on a great granite throne sits the God Memnon. All night long he watches the stars, and when the morning star shines he utters one cry of joy, and then he is silent. At noon the yellow lions come down to the water's edge to drink. They have eyes like green beryls, and their roar is louder than the roar of the cataract."

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "far away across the city I see a young man in a garret. He is leaning over a desk covered with papers, and in a tumbler by his side there is a bunch of withered violets. His hair is brown and crisp, and his lips are red as a pomegranate, and he has large and dreamy eyes. He is trying to finish a play for the Director of the Theatre, but he is too cold to write any more. There is no fire in the grate, and hunger has made him faint."

"I will stay with you one night longer," said the Swallow, who really had a good heart. "Shall I take him another ruby?"

"Alas! I have no ruby now," said the Prince; "my eyes are all that I have left."

"They are made of rare sapphires, which were brought out of India a thousand years ago. Pluck out one of them and take it to him. He will sell it to the jeweller, and buy food and firewood, and fin-



他。“真是奇怪，”他说，“虽然天气是那么寒冷，但我现在觉得非常暖和。”

“那是因为你做完了一件善事。”王子说。于是小燕子就开始思考，但他很快就睡着了。思考总是会使他困乏。

天亮的时候，他飞到河里去洗澡。“多么奇怪的现象，”一位鸟类学教授说，当时他正从桥上走过，“一只冬天里的燕子！”于是他就此事给当地的报纸写了一封长信。每个人都引用他的话，这里面有很多他们不理解的词语。

“今晚我要去埃及。”燕子说，他在兴高采烈地展望着前景，他游览了所有的公共纪念碑，在教堂的尖塔上坐了很长时间。无论他到哪儿，麻雀们都在嘁嘁喳喳地叫，对彼此说：“多么高贵的客人啊！”所以，他玩得非常高兴。

月亮升起来的时候，他回到了快乐王子的身边。

他对王子说：“我就要动身去埃及了，你有什么事要委托我去办吗？”

王子说：“燕子，燕子，小燕子，你能再陪我一个晚上吗？”

燕子回答说：“我的朋友正在埃及等我呢，明天，他们将飞向第二大瀑布。那里的河马睡在芦苇丛中，坐在巨大的花岗岩宝座上的门农神，整夜仰望着星星，当晨星闪烁的时候，他就发出一声欢呼声，然后，就不再作声了。到了中午，黄色的狮子会到河边喝水。他们的眼睛像绿宝石，吼叫声比瀑布的怒号声还要大。”

王子说：“燕子，燕子，小燕子，我看到一个年轻人，住在远方城市里的一个顶楼里。他正在埋头苦读，旁边放着一个玻璃杯，里面插着一枝凋谢了的紫罗兰。他的卷发是棕色的，嘴唇红得像石榴，一双明亮的大眼睛，好像没睡醒似的。他正在为一家剧院导演赶写一个剧本，可他太冷了，无法再写字了。火炉里的火灭了，他饿得晕过去了。”

善良的小燕子说道：“我愿意再陪你一个晚上，我能再送给他一块红宝石吗？”



ish his play. ”

“Dear Prince,” said the Swallow, “I cannot do that. ” and he began to weep.

“Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow,” said the Prince, “do as I command you. ”

So the Swallow plucked out the Prince’s eye, and flew away to the student’s garret. It was easy enough to get in, as there was a hole in the roof. Through this he darted, and came into the room. The young man had his head buried in his hands, so he did not hear the flutter of the bird’s wings, and when he looked up he found the beautiful sapphire lying on the withered violets.

“I am beginning to be appreciated,” he cried; “this is from some great admirer. Now I can finish my play,” and he looked quite happy.

The next day the Swallow flew down to the harbour. He sat on the mast of a large vessel and watched the sailors hauling big chests out of the hold with ropes. “Heave a – hoy!” they shouted as each chest came up.

“I am going to Egypt!” cried the Swallow, but nobody minded, and when the moon rose he flew back to the Happy Prince.

“I am come to bid you good – bye,” he cried.

“Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow,” said the Prince, “will you not stay with me one night longer?”

“It is winter,” answered the Swallow, “and the chill snow will soon be here. In Egypt the sun is warm on the green palm – trees, and the crocodiles lie in the mud and look lazily about them. My companions are building a nest in the Temple of Baalbec, and the pink and white doves are watching them, and cooing to each other. Dear Prince, I must leave you, but I will never forget you, and next spring I will bring you back two beautiful jewels in place of those you have given away. The ruby shall be redder than a red rose, and the sapphire shall be as blue as the great sea. ”

“In the square below,” said the Happy Prince, “there stands a little match – girl. She has let her matches fall in the gutter, and they are all spoiled. Her father will beat her if she does not bring home some money, and she is crying. She has no shoes or stockings, and her little head is bare. Pluck out my other eye, and give it to her, and her father will not beat her. ”

