


一部荣获诺贝尔奖的世界著名哲理童话
于2000年被评为“影响法国的五十本书之一”




最畅销的
英汉对照双语读物

青鸟

[比]梅特林克/著
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图书在版编目 (C I P) 数据

青鸟 / (比) 梅特林克著; 达人译. -- 哈尔滨:
黑龙江科学技术出版社, 2015.4
ISBN 978-7-5388-8283-4

I. ①青… II. ①梅… ②达… III. ①童话 - 比利时
- 现代 IV. ①I564.88

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2015)第 079527 号

青 鸟

QING NIAO

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封面设计 灵 雪
出 版 黑龙江科学技术出版社
地址: 哈尔滨市南岗区建设街 41 号 邮编: 150001
电话: (0451) 53642106 传真: (0451) 53642143
网址: www.lkcbs.cn www.lkpub.cn
发 行 全国新华书店
印 刷 北京市通州兴龙印刷厂
开 本 787 mm × 1092 mm 1/16
印 张 13
字 数 180 千字
版 次 2015 年 6 月第 1 版 2015 年 6 月第 1 次印刷
书 号 ISBN 978-7-5388-8283-4/G · 1003
定 价 26.80 元

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前言 PREFACE



幸福,这个从潘多拉盒子飞向人间的唯一珍贵之物,是每颗心灵真切向往的快乐府地,是每个生命孜孜以求的灵魂归宿。那么,幸福在哪里呢?有人抱憾,幸福遗失在童年无忧无虑的时光里;有人迷惘,幸福只是存在于昏睡的夜之梦里;有人渴望,幸福存于未来的黄金国里……

然而,曾有这样一个人,他用梦幻般的诗语把我们带入《青鸟》的天空,教我们享受近在身边的幸福,并让我们领略幸福的真义,即“给人以幸福”,是我们接近幸福的唯一途径。他就是比利时著名作家莫里斯·梅特林克。

莫里斯·梅特林克诞生于 1862 年,他不仅是象征派戏剧的代表作家,还是著名诗人和散文家。他一生写过 20 多个剧本,因其丰富的想象和惊人的创作能力,被誉为比利时的莎士比亚。1911 年,他的多幕梦幻剧《青鸟》在法国巴黎首演后,立即引起了轰动,至今仍在世界各地上演,已经成为世界戏剧史上的经典之作,梅特林克也凭借这部充满人文精神的杰作在这一年里荣获诺贝尔文学奖,一举登上了世界文坛的顶峰。

现在我们看到的《青鸟》,是经莫里斯·梅特林克的妻子乔治特·莱勃伦克改编后的童话,它用娓娓动听的语言,细腻传神的笔触,向我们指出了一条“以善良、仁爱和慷慨”铺就的幸福之路。

它告诉我们:只要你找到青鸟,就找到了幸福。

于是,伐木工人的孩子力力和米力,在美丽的平安夜里,与变成人形的面包、糖果、牛奶、水、火、光,还有猫、狗等生灵一起,开始了他们寻找青鸟的梦幻之旅。他们去过回忆国,到过夜之宫,经过享乐宫、未来国以及光神之宇,历尽了千辛万苦,但象征幸福的青鸟却总是得而复失,最终失望而归。当他们早晨醒来后才发现,所谓的青鸟之寻,不过是一个神奇的梦幻而已。这时,邻居柏林考特太太为她病中的女儿索讨圣诞礼物,力力把自己最心爱的鸽子送给了她。就在这时,奇迹发生了,鸽子的羽毛渐渐变青了——他们终于找到了梦中的“青鸟”……

近百年来,《青鸟》一书已被翻译成为多种文字,在世界各地广为流传,并于2000年被评为“影响法国的五十本书之一”。作为世界十大童话之一,《青鸟》的描写手法别具匠心,字里行间氤氲着一种奇幻而迷离的气氛,华美的想象以及浓郁的诗情画意把读者带到了一个心醉神迷的境界,让读者在享受艺术美的同时,拥有广阔的幻想空间。在近百年的时间里,书中所提倡的幸福观潜移默化地影响着全世界一代又一代的读者,打动了许多渴望幸福的心灵,唤醒了诸多远离幸福的灵魂,从而散发出永恒的艺术魅力!

本译作在力求传达原著风采的同时,还奉送给读者原汁原味的英文版本,使读者在双语的世界里,细品名著的神韵。

目录 CONTENTS



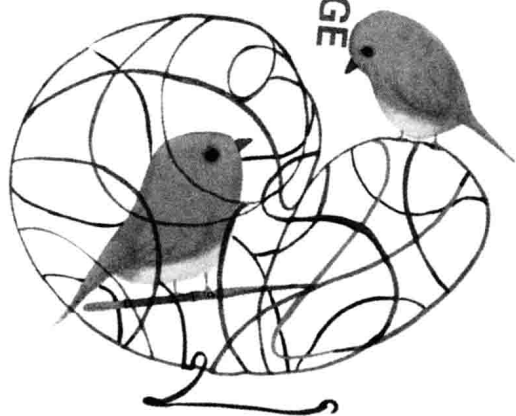
- 第一章** 伐木人的小屋 / 001
THE WOODCUTTER'S COTTAGE
- 第二章** 在仙女的家里 / 031
AT THE FAIRY'S
- 第三章** 怀念国 / 049
THE LAND OF MEMORY
- 第四章** 夜 宫 / 067
THE PALACE OF NIGHT
- 第五章** 未来国 / 093
THE KINGDOM OF THE FUTURE
- 第六章** 在光神的庙宇里 / 125
IN THE TEMPLE OF LIGHT
- 第七章** 墓 地 / 133
THE GRAVEYARD
- 第八章** 在森林里 / 147
THE FOREST
- 第九章** 离别时刻 / 171
THE LEAVE-TAKING
- 第十章** 觉 醒 / 185
THE AWAKENING



第二章

伐木人的小屋

THE WOODCUTTER'S COTTAGE







ONCE upon a time, a woodcutter and his wife lived in their cottage on the edge of a large and ancient forest. They had two dear little children who met with a most wonderful adventure.

But, before telling you all about it, I must describe the children to you and let you know something of their characters; for, if they had not been so sweet and brave and plucky, the curious story which you are about to hear would never have happened at all.

Tyltyl — that was our hero's name — was ten years old; and Mytyl, his little sister, was only six.

Tyltyl was a fine, tall little fellow, stout and well-setup, with curly black hair which was often in a tangle, for he was fond of a romp. He was a great favorite because of his smiling and good-tempered face and the bright look in his eyes; but, best of all, he had the ways of a bold and fearless little man, which showed the noble qualities of his heart. When, early in the morning, he trotted along the forest-road by the side of his daddy Tyl, the woodcutter, for all his shabby clothes he looked so proud and gallant that every beautiful thing on the earth and in the sky seemed to lie in wait for him to smile upon him as he passed.

His little sister was very different, but looked ever so sweet and pretty in her long frock, which Mummy Tyl kept neatly patched for her. She was as fair as her brother was dark; and her large timid eyes were blue as the forget-me-nots in the fields. Anything was enough to frighten her and she would cry at the least thing; but her little child's soul already held the highest womanly qualities: she was loving and gentle and so fondly devoted to her brother that, rather than abandon him, she did not hesitate to undertake a long and dangerous journey in his company.

What happened and how our little hero and heroine went off into the world one night in search of happiness: that is the subject of my story.

Daddy Tyl's cottage was the poorest of the countryside; and it seemed even more wretched because it stood opposite a splendid hall in which rich children

lived. From the windows of the cottage you could see what went on inside the Hall when the dining-room and drawing-rooms were lit up in the evening. And, in the daytime, you saw the little children playing on the terraces, in the gardens and in the hot-houses which people came all the way from town to visit because they were always filled with the rarest flowers.

Now, one evening which was not like other evenings, for it was Christmas Eve, Mummy Tyl put her little ones into bed and kissed them even more lovingly than usual. She felt a little sad, because owing to the stormy weather, Daddy Tyl was not able to go to work in the forest; and so she had no money to buy presents with which to fill Tyltyl and Mytyl's stockings. The Children soon fell asleep, everything was still and silent and not a sound was heard but the purring of the cat, the snoring of the dog and the ticking of the great grandfather's clock. But suddenly a light as bright as day crept through the shutters, the lamp upon the table lit again of itself and the two Children awoke, yawned, rubbed their eyes, stretched out their arms in bed and Tyltyl, in a cautious voice called:

"Mytyl?"

"Yes, Tyltyl?" was the answer, "Are you asleep?"

"Are you?"

"No," said Tyltyl. "How can I be asleep, when I'm talking to you?"

"I say, is this Christmas Day?" asked his sister.

"Not yet; not till tomorrow. But Father Christmas won't bring us anything this year."

"Why not?"

"I heard Mummy say that she couldn't go to town to tell him. But he will come next year."

"Is next year far off?"

"A good long while," said the boy. "But he will come to the rich children tonight."

"Really?"

"Hullo! "cried Tyltyl of a sudden. "Mummy's forgotten to put out the lamp! ... I've an idea! "

"What?"

"Let's get up."

"But we mustn't," said Mytyl, who always remembered.

"Why, there's no one about! ... Do you see the shutters?"

"Oh, how bright they are! "...

"It's the lights of the party," said Tytyl.

"What party?"

"The rich children opposite. It's the Christmas-tree. Let's open the shutters..."

"Can we?" asked Mytyl, timidly.

"Of course we can; there's no one to stop us... Do you hear the music? ... Let us get up."

The two Children jumped out of bed, ran to the window, climbed on the stool in front of it and threw back the shutters. A bright light filled the room; and the Children looked out eagerly:

"We can see everything! " said Tytyl.

"I can't," said poor little Mytyl, who could hardly find room on the stool.

"It's snowing! " said Tytyl. "There are two carriages, with six horses each! "

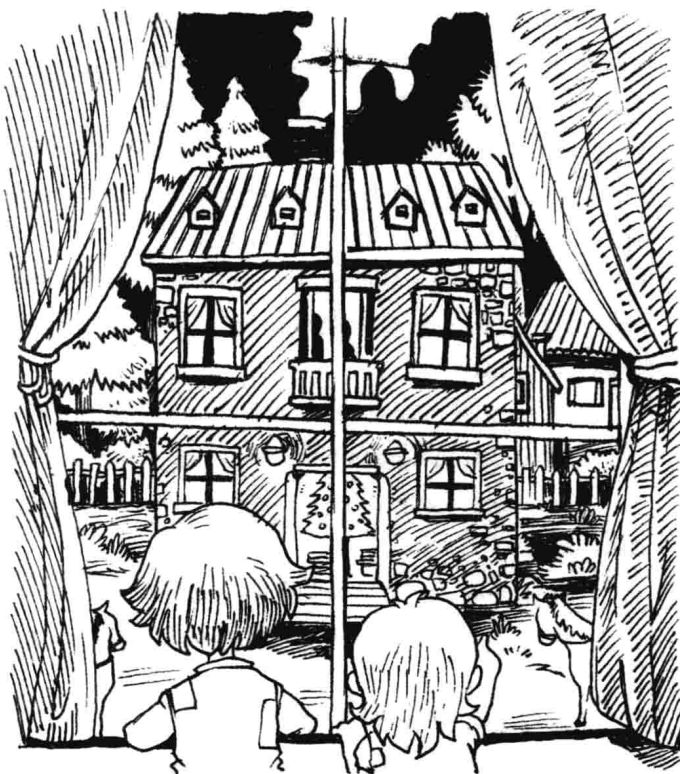
"There are twelve little boys getting out! " said Mytyl, who was doing her best to peep out of the window.

"Don't be silly! ... They're little girls..."

"They've got knickerbockers on..." ,

"Do be quiet! ... And look! ..."

"What are those gold things there, hanging from the



branches?"

"Why, toys, to be sure! " said Tytyl. "Swords, guns, soldiers, cannons..."

"And what's that, all round the table?"

"Cakes and fruit and cream-tarts."

"Oh, how pretty the children are! " cried Mytyl, clapping her hands.

"And how they're laughing and laughing! " answered Tytyl, rapturously.

"And the little ones are dancing! "

"Yes, yes; let's dance too! " shouted Tytyl.

And the two Children began to stamp their feet for joy on the stool

"Oh, what fun! " said Mytyl.

"They're getting the cakes! " cried Tytyl. "They can touch them! ... They're eating, they're eating, they're eating! ... Oh, how lovely, how lovely! ..."

Mytyl began to count imaginary cakes:

"I have twelve! "

"And I four times twelve! " said Tytyl. "But I'll give you some... "

And our little friends, dancing, laughing and shrieking with delight, rejoiced so prettily in the other children's happiness that they forgot their own poverty and want. They were soon to have their reward. Suddenly, there came a loud knocking at the door. The startled Children ceased their romp and dared not move a limb. Then the big wooden latch lifted of itself, with a loud creak; the door opened slowly; and in crept a little old woman, dressed all in green, with a red hood over her head. She was hump-backed and lame and had only one eye; her nose and chin almost touched; and she walked leaning on a stick. She was obviously a fairy.

She hobbled up to the Children and asked, in a snuffling voice:

"Have you the grass here that sings or the bird that is blue?"

"We have some grass," replied Tytyl, trembling all over his body, "but it can't sing! "

"Tytyl has a bird," said Mytyl.

"But I can't give it away, because it's mine," the little fellow added, quickly.

Now wasn't that a capital reason?

The Fairy put on her big, round glasses and looked at the bird:

"He's not blue enough," she exclaimed. "I must absolutely have the Blue Bird. It's for my little girl, who is very ill... Do you know what the Blue Bird stands for? No? I thought you didn't; and, as you are good children, I will tell you."

The Fairy raised her crooked finger to her long, pointed nose, and whispered, in a mysterious tone:

"The Blue Bird stands for happiness; and I want you to understand that my little girl must be happy in order to get well. That is why I now command you to go out into the world and find the Blue Bird for her. You will have to start at once. Do you know who I am?"

The Children exchanged puzzled glances. The fact was that they had never seen a fairy before; and they felt a little scared in her presence. However, Tytyl soon said politely:

"You are rather like our neighbor, Madame Berlingot..."

Tytyl thought that, in saying this, he was paying the Fairy a compliment; for Madame Berlingot's shop, which was next door to their cottage, was a very pleasant place. It was stocked with sweets, marbles, chocolate cigars and sugar cocks-and-hens; and, at fair-time, there were big gingerbread dolls covered all over with gilt paper. Goody Berlingot had a nose that was quite as ugly as the Fairy's; she was old also; and, like the Fairy, she walked doubled up in two; but she was very kind and she had a dear little girl who used to play on Sundays with the woodcutter's Children. Unfortunately, the poor little pretty, fair-haired thing was always suffering from some unknown complaint, which often kept her in bed. When this happened, she used to beg and pray for Tytyl's dove to play with; but Tytyl was so fond of the bird that he would not give it to her. All this, thought the little boy, was very like that what the Fairy told him; and that was why he called her Berlingot.

Much to his surprise, the Fairy turned crimson with rage. It was a hobby of hers to be like nobody, because she was a fairy and able to change her appearance, from one moment to the next, as she pleased. That evening, she happened to be ugly and old and hump-backed; she had lost one of her eyes; and two lean wisps of grey hair hung over her shoulders.

"What do I look like?" she asked Tytyl. "Am I pretty or ugly? Old or young?"

Her reason for asking these questions was to try the kindness of the little

boy. He turned away his head and dared not say what he thought of her looks. Then she cried: "I am the Fairy Berylune! "

"Oh, that's all right! " answered Tytyl, who, by this time, was shaking in every limb.

This mollified the Fairy; and, as the Children were still in their night-shirts, she told them to get dressed. She herself helped Mytyl and, while she did so, asked:

"Where are your Father and Mother?"

"In there," said Tytyl, pointing to the door on the right. "They're asleep."

"And your Grandad and Granny?"

"They're dead ..."

"And your little brothers and sisters... Have you any?"

"Oh, yes, three little brothers! " said Tytyl. "And four little sisters," added Mytyl.

"Where are they?" asked the Fairy.

"They are dead, too," answered Tytyl.

"Would you like to see them again?"

"Oh, yes! ... At once! ... Show them to us! ..."

"I haven't got them in my pocket," said the Fairy. "But this is very lucky; you will see them when you go through the Land of Memory. It's on the way to the Blue Bird, just on the left, past the third turning... What were you doing when I knocked?"

"We were playing at eating cakes," said Tytyl.

"Have you any cakes? ... Where are they?"

"In the house of the rich children... Come and look, it's so lovely! "

And Tytyl dragged the Fairy to the window.

"But it's the others who are eating them! " said she.

"Yes, but we can see them eat," said Tytyl.

"Aren't you cross with them?"

"What's for?"

"For eating all the cakes. I think it's very wrong of them not to give you any."

"Not at all; they're rich! ... I say, isn't it beautiful over there?"

"It's just the same here, only you can't see..."

"Yes, I can," said Tytyl. "I have very good eyes. I can see the time on the church clock; and Daddy can't! "

The Fairy suddenly grew angry:

"I tell you that you can't see! " she said.

And she grew angrier and angrier. As though it mattered about seeing the time on the church clock!

Of course, the little boy was not blind; but, as he was kind-hearted and deserved to be happy, she wanted to teach him to see what is good and beautiful in all things. It was not an easy task, for she well knew that most people live and die without enjoying the happiness that lies all around them. Still, as she was a fairy, she was all-powerful; and so she decided to give him a little hat adorned with a magic diamond that would possess the extraordinary property of always showing him the truth, which would help him to see the inside of Things and thus reach him that each of them has a life and an existence of its own, created to match and gladden ours.

The Fairy took the little hat from a great bag hanging by her side. It was green and had a white cockade, with the big diamond shining in the middle of it. Tytyl was beside himself with delight. The Fairy explained to him how the diamond worked. By pressing the top, you saw the soul of Things; if you gave it a little turn to the right, you discovered the Past; and, when you turned it to the left, you beheld the Future.

Tytyl beamed all over his face and danced for joy; and then he at once became afraid of losing the little hat: "Daddy will take it from me! " he cried.

"No," said the Fairy, "for no one can see it as long as it's on your head... Will you try it?"

"Yes, yes!" cried the Children, clapping their hands. The hat was no sooner on the little boy's head than a magic change came over everything. The old Fairy turned into a young and beautiful princess, dressed all in silk and covered with sparkling jewels; the walls of the cottage became transparent and gleamed like precious stones; the humble deal furniture shone like marble. The two children ran from right to left clapping their hands and shouting with delight.

"Oh, how lovely, how lovely! " exclaimed Tytyl.

And Mytyl, like the vain little thing she was, stood spellbound before the beauty of the fair princess' dress.

But further and much greater surprises were in store for them. Had not the Fairy said that the Things and the Animals would come to life, talk and behave like everybody else? Lo and behold, suddenly the door of the grandfather's clock opened, the silence was filled with the sweetest music and twelve little daintily-dressed and laughing dancers began to skip and spin all around the Children.

"They are the Hours of your life," said the Fairy.

"May I dance with them?" asked Tytyl, gazing with admiration at those pretty creatures, who seemed to skim over the floor like birds.

But just then he burst into a wild fit of laughter! Who was that funny fat fellow, all out of breath and covered with flour, who came struggling out of the bread-pan and bowing to the children. It was Bread! Bread himself, taking advantage of the reign of liberty to go for a little walk on earth! He looked like a stout, comical old gentleman; his face was puffed out with dough; and his large hands, at the end of his thick arms, were not able to meet, when he laid them on his great, round stomach. He was dressed in a tight-fitting crust-colored suit, with stripes across the chest like those on the nice buttered rolls which we have for breakfast in the morning. On his head — just think of it! — he wore an enormous bun, which made a funny sort of turban.

He had hardly tumbled out of his pan, when other loaves just like him, but smaller, followed after and began to frisk about with the Hours, without giving a thought to the flour which they scattered over those pretty ladies and which wrapped them in great white clouds.

It was a queer and charming dance; and the Children were delighted. The Hours waltzed with the loaves; the plates, joining in the fun, hopped up and down on the dresser, at the risk of falling off and smashing to pieces; the glasses in the cupboard clinked together, to drink the health of one and all. As to the forks, they chattered so loudly with the knives that you could not hear yourself speak for the noise...

There is no knowing what would have happened if the din had lasted much longer. Daddy and Mummy Tyl would certainly have woken up. Fortunately, when the romp was at its height, an enormous flame darted out of the chimney and

filled the room with a great red glow, as though the house were on fire. Everybody bolted into the corners in dismay, while Tytyl and Mytyl, sobbing with fright, hid their heads under the good Fairy's cloak.

"Don't be afraid," she said. "It's only Fire, who has come to join in your fun. He is a good sort, but you had better not touch him, for he has a nasty temper."

Peeping anxiously through the beautiful gold lace that edged the Fairy's cloak, the Children saw a tall, red fellow looking at them and laughing at their fears. He was dressed in scarlet tights and spangles; from his shoulders hung silk scarves that were just like flames when he waved them with his long arms; and his hair stood up on his head in straight, flaring locks. He started flinging out his arms and legs and jumping round the room like a madman.

Tytyl, though feeling a little easier, dared not yet leave his refuge. Then the Fairy Berylune had a capital idea: she pointed her wand at the tap; and at once there appeared a young girl who wept like a regular fountain. It was Water. She was very pretty, but she looked extremely sad; and she sang so sweetly that it was like the rippling of a spring. Her long hair, which fell to her feet, might have been made of sea-weed. She had nothing on but her bed-gown; but the water that streamed over her clothed her in shimmering colors. She hesitated at first and gave a glance around her; then, catching sight of Fire still whirling about like a great madcap, she made an angry and indignant rush at him, spraying his face, splashing and wetting him with all her might. Fire flew into a rage and began to smoke. Nevertheless, as he found himself suddenly thwarted by his hereditary enemy, he thought it wiser to retire to a corner. Water also beat a retreat; and it seemed as though peace would be restored once more.

The two Children, at last recovering from their alarm, were asking the Fairy what was going to happen next, when a startling noise of breaking crockery made them look round towards the table. What a surprise! The milk-jug lay on the floor, smashed into a thousand fragments, and from the pieces rose up a charming lady, who gave little screams of terror and clasped her hands and turned up her eyes with a beseeching glance.

Tytyl hastened to console her, for he at once knew that she was Milk; and, as he was very fond of her, he gave her a good kiss. She was as fresh and pretty as a little dairy-maid; and a delicious scent of hay came from her white frock