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〔英〕奥斯卡·王尔德 著

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[英] 奥斯卡·王尔德 著  
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*THE HAPPY PRINCE AND OTHER TALES*

# 幸福王子童话集

*TO CORLOS BLACKER*

——献给卡洛斯·布莱克

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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 impractical, 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

# 幸福王子

在高高的城市上空，一根顶天立地的柱子上站立着幸福王子的塑像。他浑身上下贴满了一片片赤金叶子，眼睛含着两颗晶莹的蓝宝石，佩剑的剑柄上镶嵌了一颗大红宝石，闪闪发光。

他确实备受仰慕。“他像风向标一样美丽，”一位市议员发表看法说，一心想附庸风雅；“只是不怎么派得上用场啊。”他找补一句说，生怕人们会认为他不讲究实际，因为他的确是一个务实的人。

“你怎么一点儿都不像幸福王子呢？”一位明白事理的母亲对着自己无理哭闹的小孩儿说。“看看人家幸福王子从来不为芝麻点儿事又哭又闹。”

“这世上有人活得很幸福，我深感欣慰哪。”一个失望的人打量着这尊快活的塑像，喃喃自语道。

“他看上去简直就是一个天使。”一群孤儿院的孩子说；他们身穿鲜亮的大红斗篷，系着洁白的围嘴，正从大教堂往外走。

“你们怎么知道的？”刻板的校长发问道。“你们又从来没见过

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 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.

天使什么样子。”

“哦！可我们见过，我们梦见过。”孩子们回答说；刻板的校长把眉头皱起来，一脸的严肃，因为他很不赞成孩子做梦。

一天夜里，这城市飞来一只小燕子。他的朋友六个星期前都飞往埃及去了，但他拖延下来，只因他和最美丽的芦苇相爱了。他是在春天早些时候遇见她的，当时他追着一只大黄蛾子飞到了河边，一下就被她那纤纤细腰迷住了，忍不住停下来和她搭话。

“我可以爱你吗？”燕子问道，他喜欢单刀直入，有话直说。芦苇听了深深点了一下头。小燕子于是围着芦苇飞啊，飞啊，用翅膀轻触水面，激起一圈圈银色的涟漪。这就是他的求婚活动，整整持续了一个夏天。

“这真是一场可笑的恋爱，”别的燕子纷纷嘀咕说。“瞧那芦苇不趁一分钱，亲戚倒有一大群。”这倒是实情，河里长满了芦苇，一眼望不到头。随后，秋天来了，他们就都飞走了。

他们纷纷飞走后，他感到好不孤单，渐渐对他的恋人儿厌倦了。“她不懂得跟人家说说话，”他说，“我担心她根本就是一个轻佻女子，看她风一来就浑身摇晃的轻浮样儿。”一点没错，只要起风了，芦苇就风情万种地行屈膝礼。“我承认她是个固守闺房的主儿，”燕子继续说。“可我喜爱周游四方，夫唱妇随，我的妻子也应该喜爱到处旅游才是。”

“你愿意和我走吗？”他最后和她说；可是芦苇摇了摇头，她恋家恋得难分难舍呢。



"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 the moonlight that the little Swallow was filled with pity.

"Who are you?" he said.

"I am the Happy Prince."

“你原来一直在跟我玩儿调情啊。”他大声说。“我要飞往金字塔去了。再见吧！”他说走就飞走了。

他飞了整整一天，天黑时分来到了这个城市。“我到哪里去寄宿呢？”他心想，“但愿这城里事先有所准备才是。”

随后他看见了那根顶天立地的柱子上的塑像。

“我就住那儿去吧。”他惊叫道；“那是块好地儿，到处都有新鲜空气。”于是，他就落在了幸福王子的两脚之间。

“我这下住进黄金屋了。”他四下打量一番，悄悄跟自己说，然后准备睡觉；可是他正要把脑袋伸进翅膀下时，一大滴水落在了他的身上。“怪了怪了！”他惊叫道；“这天上连一丝云彩也没有，满天的星星亮得耀眼，可竟然下起雨来。这欧洲北部的天气真是吓人。芦苇一贯和雨有缘分，可那完全是出于自身的考虑。”

随后又一滴水落了下来。

“一尊大塑像连一点雨都遮挡不了，它还有啥用？”他心里说；“我只好去找一个好烟囱去躲躲了。”他决定飞走算了。

他还没有张开翅膀，第三滴水又掉了下来，他抬头一看，只见——唔！天哪，你猜他看见了什么？

幸福王子的眼睛里噙满了泪水，泪水正顺着他那金脸颊往下流呢。在月光下，他的脸美丽极了，小燕子心里油然升起怜悯之情。

“你是谁呢？”他问道。

“我是幸福王子。”

"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 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."

“那你还哭什么？”燕子问道，“你快把我浇透了。”

“我活着时，曾有一颗常人的心。”塑像回答说。“我那时不知道泪水是什么，因为我生在逍遥宫里，忧愁是没法进那里的。白天我和我的小伙伴儿在花园里玩耍，晚上我在大厅里领头跳舞。花园周围修筑了很高很高的墙，可是我对高墙外是什么景象漠不关心，我身边的一切都美妙极了，无可挑剔啊。我的臣子都叫我‘幸福王子’，而且我也的确是幸福，如果快活就是幸福的话。我就是这样生活了一辈子，又这样死去了。我死后，他们把我安置在这顶天立地的地儿，我一下看见了这城里的一切丑陋和苦难；虽然我的心眼下是铅做的，可我还是忍不住哭泣啊。”

“天哪！难道他不是一尊实心金塑像吗？”燕子自己思忖道。他可真是彬彬有礼，连说说个人意见都细声软语的。”

“在远处，”塑像接着低声软语地说，“在远处一条小街上，有一所穷人住的房子。房子的一扇窗户开着，我从窗子看见一个女人坐在桌子前面。她的脸又瘦又憔悴，一双手红红的，很粗糙，被针扎得到处是针眼儿，因为她是做针线的女工。她在往一件缎子外衣上绣西番莲，让女王最可爱的宫女穿上参加下一次宫廷舞会呢。在屋子角落的床上，她的小孩儿躺着生病。小孩儿在发烧，口口声声要桔子吃。可他母亲只能给他白开水喝，于是他就委屈得哭啊哭啊。燕子啊，燕子啊，小燕子啊，你能把我剑柄端上的红宝石銜上送给她吗？我的两只脚固定在这底座上了，我不能动啊。”

"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 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

“有人在埃及等我呢，”燕子说。“我的朋友正在尼罗河上飞来飞去，跟大荷花说话呢。他们不久就要到那个了不起的国王的墓里去睡觉。那个国王自己就在那里，躺在他的油漆棺材里。他被黄亚麻布裹得紧紧的，用各种香料涂过以防止腐烂。他脖子上挂着一条链子，上面坠着一块浅绿色宝石，他的手干枯得像黄枯的树叶。”

“燕子，燕子，小燕子啊，”王子说，“你愿意和我呆上一个夜晚，给我当当送信人吗？那个孩子渴坏了，可他的母亲干着急没办法啊。”

“我想我不会喜欢小男孩儿，”燕子回答说。“去年夏天，我在河边呆着时，两个野男孩儿，就是磨坊主的儿子，总是用石头砍我。当然，他们永远别想砸到我；我们燕子飞得快着呢，躲躲石头是小事一桩；再说啦，谁都知道我们家的人身手矫捷；不过话说回来，用石头砍人总是不光彩的。”

但是，幸福王子看上去难过极了，小燕子觉得很过意不去。“这里好冷啊，”他说：“不过我会跟你呆上一个夜晚，给你当送信的人。”

“谢谢你，小燕子，”王子说。

于是，燕子啄起王子剑柄上的那颗大红宝石，用嘴衔着飞过了城市屋顶的上空。

他飞过白色的大理石上刻满天使的大教堂塔楼；他飞过了宫殿上空，听见了舞会的声音。一个美丽的姑娘和她的情人儿来到外面的阳台上。“星星有多美啊，”他对她说，“爱情的力量又是多么美妙啊！”

“我多希望能穿上新衣服参加这次盛大舞会啊。”她附和说，

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, "but 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. "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.

"To-night 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

“我说定往衣服上绣西番莲的；可是那个女裁缝懒死了。”

他飞过河的上空，看见灯笼挂在船的桅杆上。他飞过犹太居民区，看见那些上年纪的犹太人在互相讨价还价，用铜秤称钱呢。最后他飞到了那户穷人家，朝里看去。那男孩儿在床上烧得来回翻身，他妈妈累得支撑不住，已经睡着了。他一蹦一跳进去，把嘴里的大红宝石放在了那个女人的顶针旁边。然后他轻轻地绕着床飞，用翅膀往小男孩儿的脑门儿上扇风。“我觉得好凉快，”男孩子说，“我一定好多了。”他很快进入了甜蜜的梦乡。

后来，燕子飞回到了幸福王子身边，跟幸福王子讲了他做过的事。“真是奇怪，”他说，“天气虽然这么冷，我现在却觉得暖和得很呢。”

“这是因为你干了一件好事啊，”王子说。小燕子开始用心琢磨，很快就入睡了。他一想事就要睡觉。

天色大亮时，他飞到河边洗了一个澡。“多么奇怪的现象，”鸟类学教授走过桥时说。“大冬天还有燕子！”他写了一封长信寄给当地报纸，专谈这件怪事。大家都引用那封信里的话，因为里面尽是人们不明白的词儿。

“今天夜里我要飞往埃及，”燕子说，为飞走一事兴奋不已。他飞遍了公共场合所有的古迹，在教堂陡直的屋顶上呆了很长时间。他无论飞到哪里都听见麻雀叽叽喳喳在叫，互相交谈说：“好



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. "To-morrow 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 wait 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