

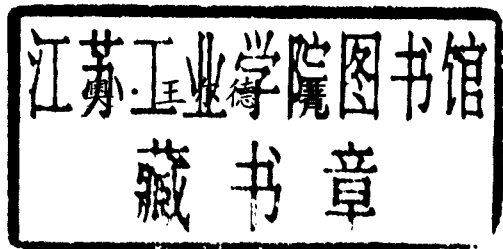
The Happy Prince

快乐王子



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INTRODUCTION

Wilde knew well how to deal with fairy-tales, reminding us of one of those professional story-tellers still to be found charming his audience in a crowded market-square of the Middle East. Certainly Wilde knew how to bewitch his readers, successfully balancing the feelings of the heart with the sense of beauty. His characters belong to different domains: they can be human beings, fantastic creatures, or animals turning into helpers of those in need. The past is his time, remotely distant from today's mornings and dusks, duly according to the rules. All the elements of his narrative are, so far, those typical of a fairy-tale, never leading, however, to the traditional happy conclusion proper of this *genre*. The heart of *The Happy Prince* breaks with a crack, while the Swallow dies beside him from the cold and his vain fatigue. The little Child in *The Selfish Giant* leaves this earth, his hands transfixed by nails, while only *The Young King's* face, after he has followed the route of utter humiliation, shines in the end as if it

导 言

王尔德深谙童话之道，是一名一流的童话作者。他的魅力影响到世界每一个角落。他也懂得如何让他的读者入迷，因为他善于在对心灵的震撼和对美好事物的描述之间进行微妙的平衡。王尔德作品中的人物来自不同的世界：有人类，有奇异的精灵，还有在危难时刻挺身而出的动物们。和其他的童话作品一样，王尔德的作品描述的也都是过去的事情，而不是现实生活的万丈红尘。他笔下所有的人物和动物都是典型的童话人物，没有什么异常之处。但是，作品的结局却常常有悖于我们对于一般童话故事以快乐而结束的印象。本书编进了王尔德的三篇脍炙人口的童话：《快乐王子》、《自私的巨人》和《年轻的国王》。在《快乐王子》中，王子的心裂成了两半，而小燕子也在寒冷与劳累中倒在了快乐王子的身旁。《自私的巨人》中，那个小孩子离开了那片地方，手指也被钉子刺穿了。只有在《年轻的国王》中，年轻的国王在经历了痛苦而且备受羞辱的旅程之后，才在故事的结尾宛若天使一样发出绚丽的光芒。在

were an Angel's. A strong sense of brave, but useless sacrifice imbues these tales, where a sterile waste only remains after the generous efforts of their protagonists.

这些童话故事中,贯穿始终的是一种极其强烈而悲壮的牺牲精神。付出这些牺牲需要很大的勇气,但是这些牺牲却往往于事无补。在主人公做出巨大的努力之后,得到的有时只不过是徒劳而已。

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 weather-cock,' 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.

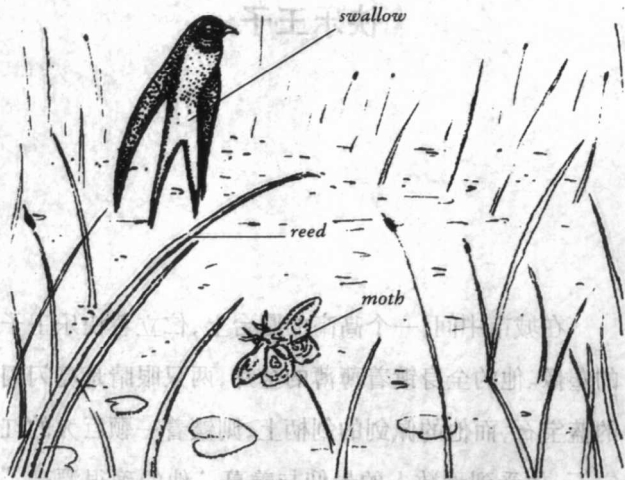
gilded = covered with a thin layer of gold – glowed = was brilliant – tastes = likings – gazed = looked fixedly

快乐王子

在城市中间，一个高高的圆台上，伫立着快乐王子的塑像。他的全身镀着薄薄的金片，两只眼睛是亮闪闪的蓝宝石，而他的佩剑的剑柄上，则镶着一颗巨大的红宝石。他受到无数人的景仰与羡慕。“他的确很漂亮，”一个市议员为了让人觉得他很有艺术品味，而这样说道：“只是不那么实用吧。”他又补充说。因为他害怕人们认为他不看中实际。事实上，他可是个很实际的人。

“为什么你不能像快乐王子一样呢？”一个聪明的母亲对她那个哭着要月亮的小男孩说。“快乐王子连梦里都没有哭着要过东西。”

“我很高兴世界上有人真的很快乐，”一个失望的人盯着这尊杰出的雕像，喃喃自语。



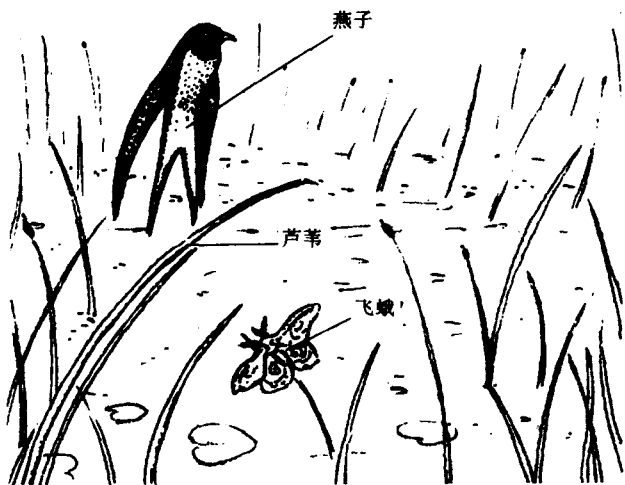
'He looks just like an angel,' said the Charity Children as they came out of the cathedral in their bright scarlet cloaks, and their clean white pinafores.

'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

Charity Children = Little Orphans supported by public provision



一群孤儿院里的孤儿穿着大红长袍，围着干净的白围裙，从教堂里走出来。“他看起来就像个天使，”这些孩子说。

“你们怎么会知道呢？”数学老师对他们说，“你们连一个天使都没有见过。”

“啊，可是我们在梦里见过呢，”孩子们回答道；数学老师皱了皱眉头，看起来很严肃，他可不赞成孩子们做梦。

有一天晚上，一只小燕子飞过这座城市。他的伙伴们六个星期前就飞往埃及了。但是他却落在了后头，因

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 **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.

ripple = little wave

为他爱上了那里最美丽的芦苇。初春的一天，他随着一只大黄飞蛾沿着河飞，结果遇见了那支芦苇。他被芦苇纤细的腰肢深深吸引住了，于是他就停了下来和她说说话。

“我可以爱你吗？”小燕子问道，因为他是个喜欢开门见山的人。芦苇给他深深鞠了一躬。于是小燕子绕着芦苇一圈又一圈地飞，用翅膀在水面上轻轻点一点，激起一个个银色的波纹。这就是他求爱的方式，而这件事持续了整个的夏天。

“真是可笑的一对呀，”其他燕子叽叽喳喳的说，“她又没有钱，再说亲属也太多了。”的确，河里有很多的芦苇。当秋天来临的时候，燕子们都飞走了。

同伴们都走了之后，那只小燕子觉得有点孤单了，也开始厌烦他的爱人了。“她不会同我说话，”他说，“而且我觉得她是个水性扬花的女人，因为她总是随风摇摆。”事实确实如此，只要有微风吹过，芦苇就会做出最优雅的屈膝礼。“我承认她是个喜欢呆在家里的人，”他继续说道，“可是我喜欢旅行，那自然地，我的妻子也应该喜欢旅行。”

“你愿意和我一起走吗？”他最终还是问她了；但是芦苇摇了摇头，她是如此依恋她的家。

'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.

have been trifling (the present perfect contin. shows the duration of the action in time) = have been toying - am off = I am leaving for - put up = accommodate for the night - alighted = got off, landed - dreadful = horrible - keep the rain off = protect from the rain

“你玩弄了我的感情，”他哭道，“我要飞到金字塔那儿去了。再见吧！”说完他振翅飞走了。

他飞了一整天，在晚上就来到了这座城市。“我应该在哪里休息呢？”他说，“我希望这座城市已经为我准备好了。”

于是他看见了伫立在高台上的塑像。“我就在那里睡觉吧，”他叫道；“这个地方不错，空气清新。”于是他就飞落到了快乐王子的两脚之间。

“我有了一张金床，”他一边环顾四周，一边对自己轻声地说。接着他就准备睡觉了。可是正当他想把头枕在翅膀上时，一大滴水掉在了他身上。“多奇怪啊，”他叫道，“天上一丝云彩也没有，星星清晰而灿烂，可是却下雨了。北欧的天气真是太糟糕了。芦苇总是喜欢下雨，可这只不过是她自私的想法罢了。”

这时又有一滴水掉了下来。

“如果一尊塑像不能挡雨，那它又有什么用？”他说；“我得找一个好点的烟囱躲躲雨，”说着他就想拍拍翅膀飞走。

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 of **lead** yet I cannot choose but weep.’

are you weeping = are you crying – palace of Sans-Souci = a fairy-tale palace where kings, princes and courtiers retired to enjoy themselves – lofty = high – cared to = was interested in, minded to – cannot choose but weep = can only weep