

夜莺与玫瑰

The Nightingale and the Rose

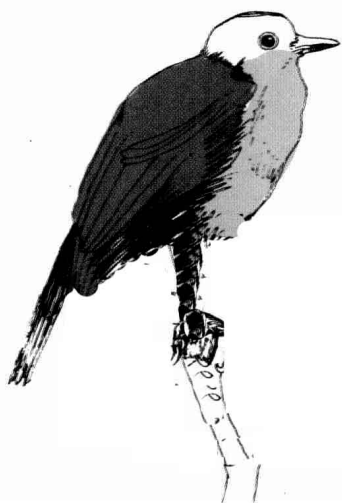
【英】王尔德 著 林徽因 译



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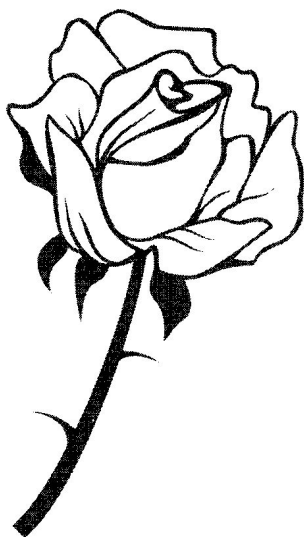
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“她说只要我为她采得一朵红玫瑰，便与我跳舞，”青年学生哭着说，“但我的花园里何曾有一朵红玫瑰？”

橡树上的夜莺在巢中听见了，从叶丛里往外望，心中诧异。

“我的园子中并没有红玫瑰，”青年学生的秀眼里满含泪珠，“唉，难道幸福就寄托在这些小东西上面吗？圣贤古书我已读完，哲学的玄奥我已领悟，然而就因为缺少一朵红玫瑰，生活就如此让我难堪吗？”

“这才是真正的有情人，”夜莺叹道，“以前我虽然不曾与他交流，但我却夜夜为他歌唱，夜夜将他的一切故事告诉星辰。如今我见着他了，他的头发黑如风信子花，嘴唇犹如他想要的玫瑰一样艳红，但是感情的折磨使他的脸色苍白如象牙，忧伤的痕迹也已悄悄爬上他的眉梢。”

青年学生又低声自语：“王子在明天的晚宴上会跳舞，我的爱人也会去那里。我若为她采得红玫瑰，她就会和我一直跳舞到天明。我若为她采得红玫瑰，将有机会把她抱在怀里。她的头，在我肩上枕着；她的手，在我掌心中握着。但花园里没有红玫瑰，我将只能寂寞地望着她，看着她从我身旁擦肩而过，她不理睬我，我的心将要粉碎。”



“She said that she would dance with me if I brought her red roses,” cried the young Student; “but in all my garden there is no red rose.”

From her nest in the holm-oak tree the Nightingale heard him, and she looked out through the leaves, and wondered.

“No red rose in all my garden!” he cried, and his beautiful eyes filled with tears. “Ah, on what little things does happiness depend! I have read all that the wise men have written, and all the secrets of philosophy are mine, yet for want of a red rose is my life made wretched.”

“Here at last is a true lover,” said the Nightingale. “Night after night have I sung of him, though I knew him not: night after night have I told his story to the stars, and now I see him. His hair is dark as the hyacinth-blossom, and his lips are red as the rose of his desire, but passion has made his face like pale ivory, and sorrow has set her seal upon his brow.”

“The Prince gives a ball tomorrow night,” murmured the young Student, “and my love will be of the company. If I bring her a red rose she will dance with me till dawn. If I bring her a red rose, I shall hold her in my arms, and she will lean her head upon my shoulder, and her hand will be clasped in mine. But there is no red rose in my garden, so I shall sit lonely and she will pass me by. She will have no heed of me, and my heart will break.”



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“这的确是一个真正的情人，”夜莺又说，“我所歌唱的，正是他的痛苦；我所快乐的，正是他的悲伤。‘爱’果然是非常奇妙的东西，比翡翠还珍重，比玛瑙更宝贵。珍珠、宝石买不到它，黄金买不到它，因为它不是在市场上出售的，也不是商人贩卖的东西。”

青年学生说：“乐师将在舞会上弹弄丝竹，我那爱人也将随着弦琴的音乐声翩翩起舞，神采飞扬，风华绝代，莲步都不曾着地似的。穿着华服的少年公子都会艳羡地围着她，但她不会跟我跳舞，因为我没有为她采得红玫瑰。”他扑倒在草地上，双手掩着脸哭泣。

“他为什么哭泣呀？”绿色的小壁虎，竖起尾巴从他身前跑过。

蝴蝶正追着阳光飞舞，也问道：“是呀，他为什么哭泣？”

金盏花也向她的邻居低声探问：“是呀，他到底为什么哭泣？”

夜莺说：“他在为一朵红玫瑰哭泣。”

“为一朵红玫瑰吗？真是笑话！”他们叫了起来，那小壁虎本就刻薄，更是大声冷笑。

然而夜莺了解那青年学生烦恼的秘密，她静坐在橡树枝上，细想着“爱情”的玄妙。忽然，她张开棕色的双翼，穿过那如同影子一般的树林，如同影子一般地飞出花园。

青青的草地中站着一棵艳美的玫瑰树，夜莺看见了，向前飞

“Here indeed is the true lover,” said the Nightingale. “What I sing of, he suffers: what is joy to me, to him is pain. Surely Love is a wonderful thing. It is more precious than emeralds, and dearer than fine opals. Pearls and pomegranates cannot buy it, nor is it set forth in the market-place. It may not be purchased of the merchants, nor can it be weighed out in the balance for gold.”

“The musicians will sit in their gallery,” said the young Student, “and play upon their stringed instruments, and my love will dance to the sound of the harp and the violin. She will dance so lightly that her feet will not touch the floor, and the courtiers in their gay dresses will throng round her. But with me she will not dance, for I have no red rose to give her.” And he flung himself down on the grass, and buried his face in his hands, and wept.

“Why is he weeping?” asked a little Green Lizard, as he ran past him with his tail in the air.

“Why indeed?” said a Butterfly, who was fluttering about after a sunbeam.

“Why, indeed?” whispered a Daisy to his neighbour, in a soft, low voice.

“He is weeping for a red rose,” said the Nightingale.

“For a red rose?” they cried, “how very ridiculous!” and the little Lizard, who was something of a cynic, laughed outright.

But the Nightingale understood the secret of the Student’s sorrow, and she sat silent in the oak-tree, and thought about the mystery of Love.

Suddenly she spread her brown wings for flight, and soared



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去，歇在一根小小的枝条上。

她对玫瑰树说：“能给我一朵鲜红的玫瑰吗？我为你唱我最婉转的歌。”

那玫瑰树摇摇头。

“我的玫瑰是白色的，”那玫瑰树回答她，“白如海涛的泡沫，白如山巅上的积雪，请你到日晷^①旁找我兄弟，或许他能答应你的要求。”

夜莺飞到日晷旁边那棵玫瑰树上。

她又叫道：“能给我一朵鲜红的玫瑰吗？我为你唱我最醉人的歌。”

那玫瑰树摇摇头。

“我的玫瑰是黄色的，”他回答她，“黄如琥珀座上美人鱼的头发，黄如盛开在草地未被割除的水仙，请你到那个青年学生的窗下找我兄弟，或许他能答应你的要求。”

夜莺飞到青年学生窗下那棵玫瑰树上。

她仍旧叫道：“能给我一朵鲜红的玫瑰吗？我为你唱我最甜美的歌。”

那玫瑰树摇摇头。



① 日晷，又称“日规”，古代利用日影观测时间的一种计时仪器。

into the air. She passed through the grove like a shadow, and like a shadow she sailed across the garden.

In the centre of the grass-plot was standing a beautiful Rose-tree, and when she saw it she flew over to it, and lit upon a spray.

“Give me a red rose,” she cried, “and I will sing you my sweetest song.”

But the Tree shook its head.

“My roses are white,” it answered, “as white as the foam of the sea, and whiter than the snow upon the mountain. But go to my brother who grows round the old sun-dial, and perhaps he will give you what you want.”

So the Nightingale flew over to the Rose-tree that was growing round the old sun-dial.

“Give me a red rose,” she cried, “and I will sing you my sweetest song.”

But the Tree shook its head.

“My roses are yellow,” it answered, “as yellow as the hair of the mermaiden who sits upon an amber throne, and yellower than the daffodil that blooms in the meadow before the mower comes with his scythe. But go to my brother who grows beneath the Student’s window, and perhaps he will give you what you want.”

So the Nightingale flew over to the Rose-tree that was growing beneath the Student’s window.

“Give me a red rose,” she cried, “and I will sing you my sweetest song.”

But the Tree shook its head.



他回答她说：“我的玫瑰是红色的，红如白鸽的脚趾，红如海底岩石下蠕动的珊瑚。只是严冬已冰冻我的血脉，寒霜已啮伤我的萌芽，暴风已打断我的枝干，今年我不能再次盛开了。”

夜莺央告说：“一朵红玫瑰就够了，我只要一朵红玫瑰呀，难道没有其他法子了？”

那玫瑰树答道：“有一个法子，只有一个，但是太可怕了，我不敢告诉你。”

“告诉我吧，”夜莺勇敢地说，“我不怕！”

“方法很简单，”那玫瑰树说，“你需要的红玫瑰，只有在月色里用歌声才能使她诞生；只有用你的鲜血对她进行浸染，才能让她变红。你要在你的胸口插一根尖刺，为我歌唱，整夜地为我歌唱，那刺插入你的心窝，你生命的血液将流进我的心房。”

夜莺叹道：“用死来买一朵红玫瑰，代价真不小，谁的生命不是宝贵的？坐在青郁的森林里，看那驾着金马车的太阳、月亮，在幽深的夜空驰骋，是多么的快乐呀！山楂花的味儿真香，山谷里的桔梗和山坡上的野草真美，然而‘爱’比生命更可贵，一只小鸟的心又怎能和人的心相比呢？”

忽然她张开棕色的双翼，穿过那如同影子一般的花园，从树林里激射而出，冲天飞去。

那青年学生仍旧僵卧在方才她离去的草地上，一双美丽的眼

“My roses are red,” it answered, “as red as the feet of the dove, and redder than the great fans of coral that wave and wave in the ocean-cavern. But the winter has chilled my veins, and the frost has nipped my buds, and the storm has broken my branches, and I shall have no roses at all this year.”

“One red rose is all I want,” cried the Nightingale, “only one red rose! Is there no way by which I can get it?”

“There is a way, ” answered the Tree, “but it is so terrible that I dare not tell it to you.”

“Tell it to me,” said the Nightingale. “I am not afraid.”

“If you want a red rose,” said the Tree, “you must build it out of music by moonlight, and stain it with your own heart’s-blood. You must sing to me with your breast against a thorn. All night long you must sing to me, and the thorn must pierce your heart, and your life-blood must flow into my veins, and become mine.”

“Death is a great price to pay for a red rose,” cried the Nightingale, “and Life is very dear to all. It is pleasant to sit in the green wood, and to watch the Sun in his chariot of gold, and the Moon in her chariot of pearl. Sweet is the scent of the hawthorn, and sweet are the bluebells that hide in the valley, and the heather that blows on the hill. Yet Love is better than Life, and what is the heart of a bird compared to the heart of a man?”

So she spread her brown wings for flight, and soared into the air. She swept over the garden like a shadow, and like a shadow she sailed through the grove.

The young Student was still lying on the grass, where she had



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睛里，泪珠还没有干。

“高兴吧，快乐吧，”夜莺喊道，“你将要采到那朵红玫瑰了。我将在月光中用歌声来使她诞生，我向你索取的报酬，仅是要你做一个忠实的情人。因为哲理虽智，爱却比她更慧；权力虽雄，爱却比她更伟。焰光的色彩是爱的双翅，烈火的颜色是爱的躯干，她的唇甜如蜜，她的气息香如乳。”

青年学生在草丛里抬头侧耳静听，但是他不懂夜莺所说的话，只知道书上所写的东西。

那橡树却是明白了，悲伤蔓延在他的心头，他非常怜爱在树枝上结巢的小夜莺。他轻声说：“唱一首最后的歌给我听吧，你离去后，我将会感到无限的寂寞。”

于是夜莺为橡树歌唱，婉转的音调就像银瓶里涌溢的水浪一般清越。

唱罢过后，那青年学生站起身来，从衣袋里掏出一本日记簿和一支笔，一边往树林外走，一边自语道：“那夜莺的样子生得确实很漂亮，这是不可否认的，但是她有感情吗？我怕没有！她其实就像许多美术家一般，尽是表面的形式，没有诚心的内涵，肯定不会为别人而牺牲。她所想的无非是音乐，可是谁不知道艺术是自私的。虽然，我们总须承认她有醉人的歌喉，可惜那种歌声是毫无意义的，一点也不实用。”

left him, and the tears were no yet dry in his beautiful eyes.

“Be happy,” cried the Nightingale, “be happy; you shall have your red rose. I will build it out of music by moonlight, and stain it with my own heart’s-blood. All that I ask of you in return is that you will be a true lover, for Love is wiser than Philosophy, though she is wise, and mightier than Power, though he is mighty. Flame-coloured are his wings, and coloured like flame is his body. His lips are sweet as honey, and his breath is like frankincense.”

The Student looked up from the grass, and listened, but he could not understand what the Nightingale was saying to him, for he only knew the things that are written down in books.

But the Oak-tree understood, and felt sad, for he was very fond of the little Nightingale who had built her nest in his branches.

“Sing me one last song,” he whispered; “I shall feel very lonely when you are gone.”

So the Nightingale sang to the Oak-tree, and her voice was like water bubbling from a silver jar.

When she had finished her song the Student got up, and pulled a note-book and a lead-pencil out of his pocket.

“She has form,” he said to himself, as he walked away through the grove— “that cannot be denied to her; but has she got feeling? I am afraid not. In fact, she is like most artists; she is all style, without any sincerity. She would not sacrifice herself for others. She thinks merely of music, and everybody knows that the arts are selfish. Still, it must be admitted that she has some beautiful notes in her voice. What a pity it is that they do not mean anything, or do any practical



他回到自己房间，躺在小草垫上，继续想念他的爱人，过了片刻就熟睡过去。

待月亮升上天空，月光洒向宁静的大地，夜莺就飞到那棵玫瑰树上，将胸口压向尖刺。疼痛顿时传遍她的身躯，鲜红的血液从体内流了出来。她张开双唇，开始整夜地歌唱起来，那夜空中晶莹的月亮，也倚在云边静静地聆听。

她整夜地歌唱，那刺越插越深，生命的血液渐渐溢去。

她最先歌唱的，是少男少女心里纯真的爱情，唱着唱着，玫瑰枝上开始生长一苞卓绝的玫瑰蕾，歌儿一首接着一首地唱，花瓣一片跟着一片地开。起先那花瓣是黯淡的，如同河上笼罩的薄雾，如同晨曦交际的天色，那枝上的玫瑰蕾，就像映在银镜里的玫瑰花影子，映照在池塘的玫瑰倒影。

但是那玫瑰树依然催迫着夜莺往自己的身子紧插那根刺。

“靠紧一些，小夜莺呀，”那树连声叫唤，“不然，玫瑰还没盛开，黎明就要来临了！”

夜莺赶紧把尖刺插得更深，悠扬的歌声更加响亮。她这回所歌颂的是成年男女心中热烈如火的爱情，唱着唱着，玫瑰瓣上生长出一层娇嫩的红晕，如同初吻新娘时新郎的绛颊。只是那刺还未插到夜莺的心房，玫瑰花的花心尚留着白色，只有夜莺的心血才可以把玫瑰的花心彻底染红。

那树又催迫着夜莺往自己的胸口紧插那根刺。

good.” And he went into his room, and lay down on his little pallet-bed, and began to think of his love; and, after a time, he fell asleep.

And when the Moon shone in the heavens the Nightingale flew to the Rose-tree, and set her breast against the thorn. All night long she sang with her breast against the thorn, and the cold crystal Moon leaned down and listened. All night long she sang, and the thorn went deeper and deeper into her breast, and her life-blood ebbed away from her.

She sang first of the birth of love in the heart of a boy and a girl. And on the top-most spray of the Rose-tree there blossomed a marvellous rose, petal following petal, as song followed song. Pale was it, at first, as the mist that hangs over the river—pale as the feet of the morning, and silver as the wings of the dawn. As the shadow of a rose in a mirror of silver, as the shadow of a rose in a water-pool, so was the rose that blossomed on the topmost spray of the Tree.

But the Tree cried to the Nightingale to press closer against the thorn. “Press closer, little Nightingale,” cried the Tree, “or the Day will come before the rose is finished.”

So the Nightingale pressed closer against the thorn, and louder and louder grew her song, for she sang of the birth of passion in the soul of a man and a maid.

And a delicate flush of pink came into the leaves of the rose, like the flush in the face of the bridegroom when he kisses the lips of the bride. But the thorn had not yet reached her heart, so the rose’s heart remained white, for only a Nightingale’s heart’s-blood can crimson the heart of a rose.