



THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE ROSE

中小學生必讀書

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英汉双语 彩色插图版

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# 夜莺与玫瑰

[英] 奥斯卡·王尔德◎著 林徽因◎译

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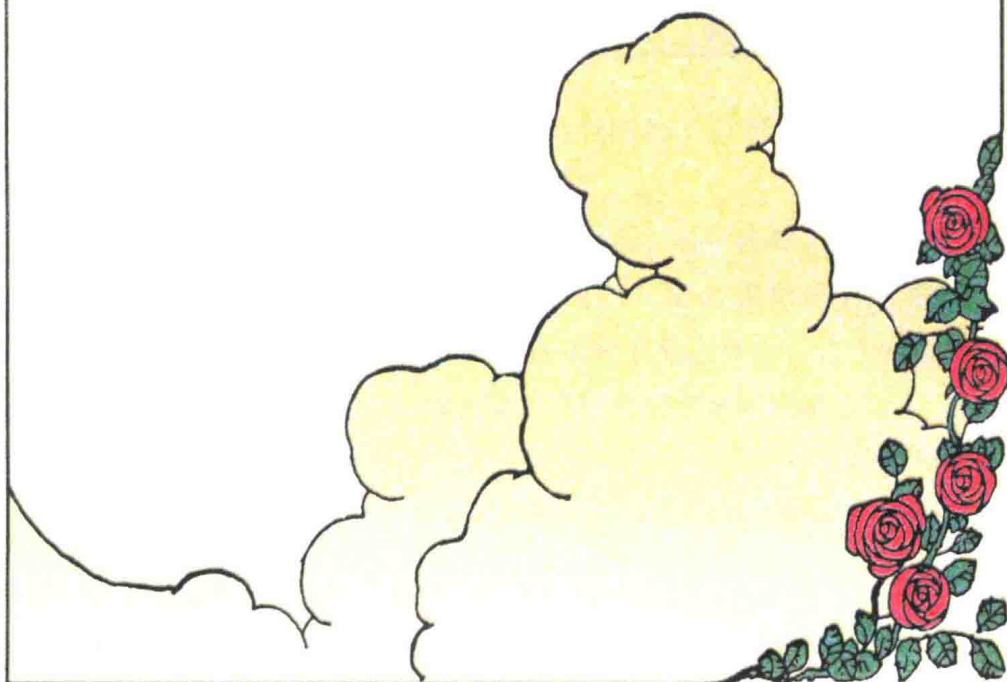
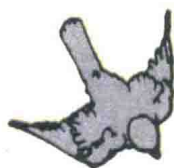
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THE NIGHTINGALE  
AND THE ROSE

夜莺与玫瑰



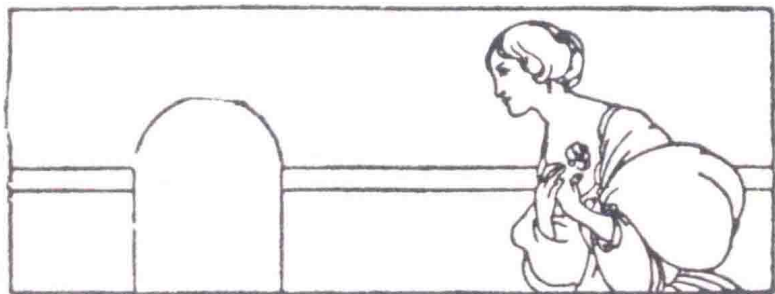
“这真是个真情人。”夜莺又说着，“我所歌唱，是他尝受的苦楚：在我是乐的，在他却是悲痛。‘爱’果然是件非常的东西。比翡翠还珍重，比玛瑙更宝贵。珍珠、榴石买不得他，黄金亦不能作他的代价，因为他不是在市上出卖，也不是商人贩卖的东西。”

“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.”



“她说我若为她采得红玫瑰，便与我跳舞。”青年学生哭着说，“但我全园里何曾有一朵红玫瑰？”

夜莺在橡树上巢中听见，从叶丛里望外看，心中诧异。

青年哭道：“我园中并没有红玫瑰！”他秀眼里满含着泪珠。

“呀！幸福倒靠着这些区区小东西！古圣贤书我已读完，哲学的玄秘我已彻悟，然而因为求一朵红玫瑰不得，我的生活便这样难堪。”

夜莺叹道：“真情人竟在这里。以前我虽不曾认识，我却夜夜地歌唱他：我夜夜将他的一桩桩事告诉星辰，如今我见着他了。他的头发黑如风信子花，嘴唇红比他所切盼的玫瑰，但是挚情已使他脸色憔悴，烦恼已在他眉端引着痕迹。”

“The Prince gives a ball to-morrow 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.”

“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 marketplace. 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



青年又低声自语：“王子今晚宴会跳舞，我的爱人也将与会。我若为她采得红玫瑰，她就和我跳舞直到天明。我若为她采得红玫瑰，我将把她抱在怀里。她的头，在我肩上枕着；她的手，在我手中握着。但我园里没有红玫瑰，我只能寂寞地坐着，看她从我跟前走过。她不理睬我，我的心将要粉碎了。”

“这真是个真情人。”夜莺又说着，“我所歌唱，是他尝受的苦楚：在我是乐的，在他却是悲痛。‘爱’果然是件非常的东西。比翡翠还珍重，比玛瑙更宝贵。珍珠、榴石买不得他，黄金亦不能作他的代价，因为他不是在市上出卖，也不是商人贩卖的东西。”

青年说：“乐师们将在乐坛上弹弄丝竹，我那爱人也将按着弦琴的





但我园里没有红玫瑰，我只能寂寞地坐着，看她从我跟前走过。她不理睬我，我的心将要粉碎了。

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.

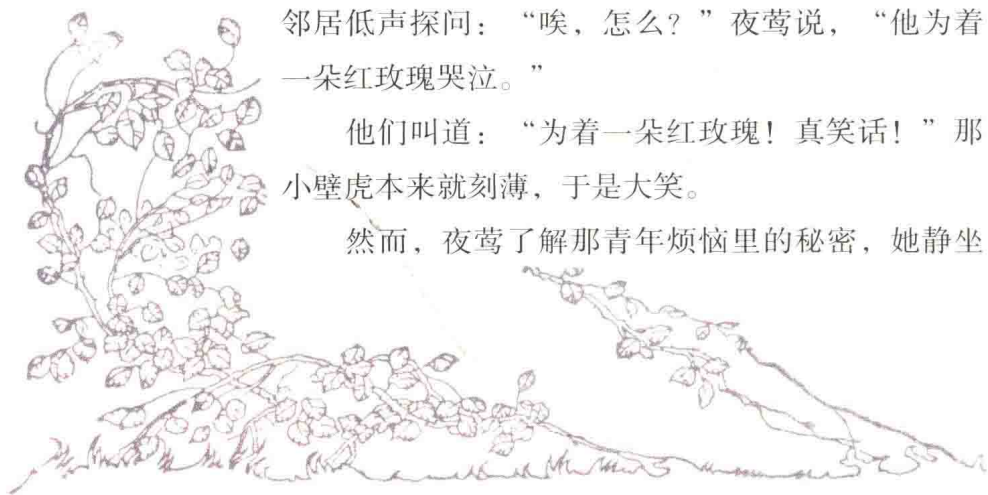
音节舞蹈。她舞得那么翩翩，莲步都不着地，华服的少年们就会艳羡地围着她。但她不同我跳舞，因我没有为她采到红玫瑰。”于是，他扑倒在草里，两手掩着脸哭泣。

绿色的小壁虎说，“他为什么哭泣？”说完就竖起尾巴从他跟前跑过。

蝴蝶正追着阳光飞舞，他亦问说：“唉，怎么？”金盏花亦向她的邻居低声探问：“唉，怎么？”夜莺说，“他为着一朵红玫瑰哭泣。”

他们叫道：“为着一朵红玫瑰！真笑话！”那小壁虎本来就刻薄，于是大笑。

然而，夜莺了解那青年烦恼里的秘密，她静坐



Suddenly she spread her brown wings for flight, and soared 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.”

在橡树枝上细想“爱”的玄妙。

忽然，她张起棕色的双翼，冲天地飞去。她穿过那树林如同影子一般，如同影子一般的，她飞出了花园。

草地当中站着一株艳美的玫瑰树，她看见那树，向前飞去落在一枝枝头上。

她叫道：“给我一朵鲜红玫瑰，我为你唱我最婉转的歌。”

可是那树摇头。

“我的玫瑰是白的，”那树回答她，“白如海涛的泡沫，白过山巅上的积雪。请你到古日晷旁找我兄弟，或者他能应你所求。”

于是，夜莺飞到日晷旁边那丛玫瑰上。

她又叫道：“给我一朵鲜红玫瑰，我为你唱最醉人的歌。”







因为哲理虽智，爱比她更慧；权力虽雄，爱比她更伟。焰光的色彩是爱的双翅，烈火的颜色是爱的躯干。她又如蜜的口唇，若兰的吐气。

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.

“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

可是那树摇头。

“我的玫瑰是黄的，”那树回答她，“黄如琥珀座上人鱼神的头发，黄过割草人未割以前的金水仙。请你到那边青年窗下找我兄弟，或者他能应你所求。”

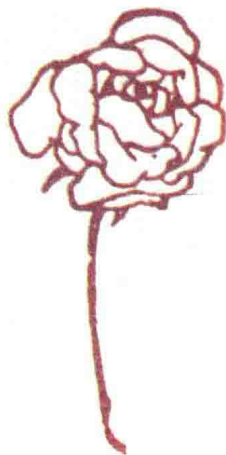
于是，夜莺飞到青年窗下那丛玫瑰上。

她仍旧叫道：“给我一朵鲜红玫瑰，我为你唱最甜美的歌。”

可是那树摇头。

那树回答她道：“我的玫瑰是红的，红如白鸽的脚趾，红如海底岩下扇动的珊瑚。但是严冬已冻僵了我的血脉，寒霜已啮伤了我的萌芽，暴风已打断了我的枝干，今年我不能再开了。”

夜莺央告说：“一朵红玫瑰就够了。只要一朵





the storm has broken my branches, and I shall have no roses at all this year.”

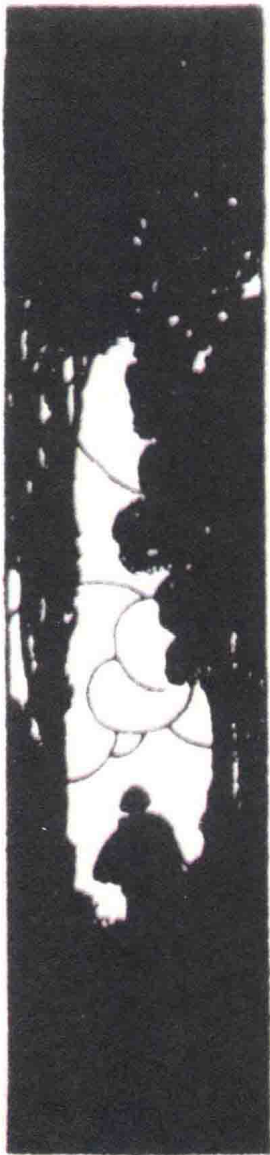
“One red rose is all I want,” cried the Nightingale, “only one red rose! Is there no way by which I can get it?”

“There is away,” 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



红玫瑰！请问有甚法子没有？”

那树答道：“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。”

那树说道：“你若要一朵红玫瑰，你需在月色里用音乐制成，然后用你自己的心血染她。你须将胸口顶着一根尖刺，为我歌唱。你须整夜地为我歌唱，那刺须刺入你的心头，你生命的血液得流到我的心房里变成我的。”

夜莺叹道：“拿死来买一朵红玫瑰，代价真不小。谁的生命不是宝贵的，坐在青郁的森林里，看太阳在黄金车里，月亮在白珠辇内驰骋，真是一桩乐事。山楂花的味儿真香，山谷里的吊钟花和山坡上的野草真美。然而‘爱’比生命更可贵，一只鸟的心又怎

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 left him, and the tears were not yet dry in his beautiful eyes.

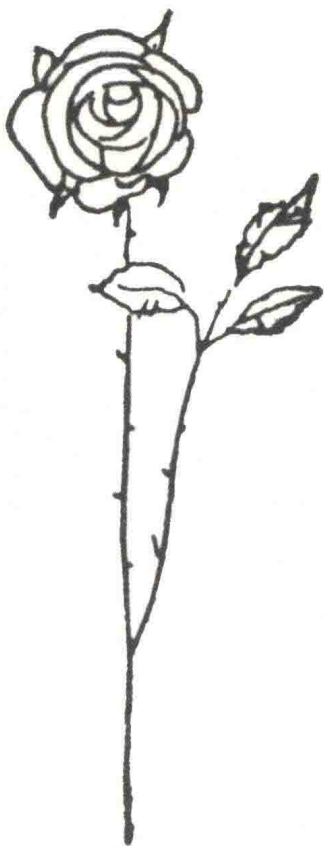
"Be happy," cried the Nightingale, "be happy; you shall have your red rose. I will build it out of music by moonlight, and stain it with my own heart's-blood. All that I ask of you in return is that you will be a true lover, for Love is wiser than Philosophy, though she is wise, and mightier than Power,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

能 and 人的心比?"

忽然，她张起棕色的双翼，冲天的飞去。她穿过那花园如同影子一般，她荡出了那树林子。

那青年仍旧僵卧在草地上方才她离去的地方，他那双秀眼里的泪珠还没有干。

夜莺喊道：“高兴吧，快乐吧，你将要采到你那朵红玫瑰了，我将用月下的歌音制成她。我向你所求的报酬，仅是要你做一个真挚的情人。因为哲理虽智，爱比她更慧；权力虽雄，爱比她更伟。焰光的色彩是爱的双翅，烈火的颜色是爱的躯干。她又如蜜的口唇，若兰的吐气。”



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,

青年从草里抬头侧耳静听，但是他不懂夜莺对他所说的话，因他只晓得书上所讲的一切。

那橡树却是懂得，他觉得悲伤，因为他极爱怜那枝上结巢的小夜莺。

他轻声说道：“唱一首最后的歌给我听罢。你离去后，我要感到无限的寂寥了。”

于是，夜莺为橡树歌唱，她恋别的音调就像在银瓶里涌溢的水浪一般的清越。

她唱罢时，那青年站起身来，从衣袋里抽出一本日记簿和一支笔。

他一面走出那树林，一面自语道：“那夜莺的确有些姿态。这是人





那树叫道：“看，这玫瑰已制成了。”然而，夜莺并不回答，她已躺在乱草里死去，那刺还插在心头。