**THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE ROSE**

**夜莺与蔷薇**

*from The Happy Prince and Other Tales by Oscar Wilde first published by David Nutt 1888*

*选自《快乐王子》[英]奥斯卡·王尔德著;林徽因译,《晨报五周年纪念增刊》,1923.12.01*

"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."

“她说过只要我送给她一些红玫瑰，她就愿意与我跳舞，”一位年轻的学生大声说道，“可是在我的花园里，连一朵红玫瑰也没有。”

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

这番话给在圣栎树上自己巢中的夜莺听见了，她从绿叶丛中探出头来，四处张望着。

"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."

“我的花园里哪儿都找不到红玫瑰，”他哭着说，一双美丽的眼睛充满了泪水。“唉，难道幸福竟依赖于这么细小的东西！我读过智者们写的所有文章，知识的一切奥秘也都装在我的头脑中，然而就因缺少一朵红玫瑰我却要过痛苦的生活。”

"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."

“这儿总算有一位真正的恋人了，”夜莺对自己说，“虽然我不认识他，但我会每夜每夜地为他歌唱，我还会每夜每夜地把他的故事讲给星星听。现在我总算看见他了，他的头发黑得像风信子花，他的嘴唇就像他想要的玫瑰那样红；但是感情的折磨使他脸色苍白如象牙，忧伤的印迹也爬上了他的眉梢。”

"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."

“王子明天晚上要开舞会，”年轻学生喃喃自语地说，“我所爱的人将要前往。假如我送她一朵红玫瑰，她就会同我跳舞到天明；假如我送她一朵红玫瑰，我就能搂着她的腰，她也会把头靠在我的肩上，她的手将捏在我的手心里。可是我的花园里却没有红玫瑰，我只能孤零零地坐在那边，看着她从身旁经过。她不会注意到我，我的心会碎的。”

"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."

“这的确是位真正的恋人，”夜莺说，“我所为之歌唱的正是他遭受的痛苦，我所为之快乐的东西，对他却是痛苦。爱情真是一件奇妙无比的事情，它比绿宝石更珍贵，比猫眼石更稀奇。用珍珠和石榴都换不来，是市场上买不到的，是从商人那儿购不来的，更无法用黄金来称出它的重量。”

"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.

“乐师们会坐在他们的廊厅中，”年轻的学生说，“弹奏起他们的弦乐器。我心爱的人将在竖琴和小提琴的音乐声中翩翩起舞。她跳得那么轻松欢快，连脚跟都不蹭地板似的。那些身着华丽服装的臣仆们将她围在中间。然而她就是不会同我跳舞，因为我没有红色的玫瑰献给她。”于是他扑倒在草地上，双手捂着脸放声痛哭起来。