**姓名：赵璐**

**The Young King**

By Oscar Wilde

[To Margaret Lady Brooke--the Ranee of Sarawak]

It was the night before the day fixed for his **coronation[[1]](#footnote-1)**, and the young King was sitting alone in his beautiful chamber. His courtiers had all taken their leave of him, bowing their heads to the ground, according to the ceremonious usage of the day, and had retired to the Great Hall of the Palace, to receive a few last lessons from **the** **Professor of Etiquette[[2]](#footnote-2)**; there being some of them who had still quite natural manners, which in a courtier is, I need hardly say, a very grave offence.

The lad--for he was only a lad, being but sixteen years of age-- was not sorry at their departure, and had flung himself back with a deep sigh of relief on the soft cushions of his **embroidered[[3]](#footnote-3)** couch, lying there, wild-eyed and open-mouthed, like a brown woodland **Faun[[4]](#footnote-4)**, or some young animal of the forest newly snared by the hunters.

And, indeed, it was the hunters who had found him, coming upon him almost by chance as, **bare-limbed[[5]](#footnote-5)** and pipe in hand, he was following the flock of the poor goatherd who had brought him up, and whose son he had always fancied himself to be. The child of the old King's only daughter by a secret marriage with one much beneath her in **station[[6]](#footnote-6)**--a stranger, some said, who, by the wonderful magic of his **lute-playing[[7]](#footnote-7)**, had made the young Princess love him; while others spoke of an artist from **Rimini[[8]](#footnote-8)**, to whom the Princess had shown much, perhaps too much honour, and who had suddenly disappeared from the city, leaving his work in the Cathedral unfinished--he had been, when but a week old, stolen away from his mother's side, as she slept, and given into the charge of a common peasant and his wife, who were without children of their own, and lived in a remote part of the forest, more than a day's ride from the town. Grief, or the plague, as the court physician stated, or, as some suggested, **a swift Italian poison administered in a cup of spiced wine, slew, within an hour of her wakening, the white girl who had given him birth[[9]](#footnote-9)**, and as the trusty messenger who bare the child across his **saddle-bow[[10]](#footnote-10)** stooped from his weary horse and knocked at the rude door of the goatherd's hut, **the body of the Princess was being lowered into an open grave that had been dug in a deserted churchyard[[11]](#footnote-11)**, beyond the city gates, a grave where it was said that another body was also lying, that of a young man of marvellous and foreign beauty, whose hands were tied behind him with a knotted cord, and whose breast was stabbed with many red wounds.

Such, at least, was the story that men whispered to each other. Certain it was that the old King, when on his deathbed, whether moved by remorse for his great sin, or merely desiring that the kingdom should not pass away from his line, **had had the lad sent for[[12]](#footnote-12)**, and, in the presence of the Council, had acknowledged him as his heir.

And it seems that from the very first moment of his recognition he had shown signs of that strange passion for beauty that was destined to have so great an influence over his life. Those who accompanied him to the suite of rooms set apart for his service, often spoke of **the cry of pleasure that broke from his lips[[13]](#footnote-13)** when he saw the delicate raiment and rich jewels that had been prepared for him, and of the almost fierce joy with which he flung aside his rough leathern tunic and **coarse sheepskin cloak[[14]](#footnote-14)**. He missed, indeed, at times the fine freedom of his forest life, and was always apt to chafe at the tedious Court ceremonies that occupied so much of each day, but the wonderful palace—**JOYEUSE[[15]](#footnote-15)**, as they called it--of which he now found himself lord, seemed to him to be a new world fresh-fashioned for his delight; and as soon as he could escape from the **council-board[[16]](#footnote-16)** or **audience-chamber[[17]](#footnote-17)**, he would run down the great staircase, with its lions of gilt bronze and its steps of bright **porphyry[[18]](#footnote-18)**, and wander from room to room, and from corridor to corridor, like one who was seeking to find in beauty an anodyne from pain, a sort of restoration from sickness.

Upon these journeys of discovery, as he would call them--and, indeed, they were to him real voyages through a marvellous land, **he would sometimes be accompanied by the slim, fair-haired Court pages, with their floating mantles, and gay fluttering ribands[[19]](#footnote-19)**; but more often he would be alone, feeling through a certain quick instinct, which was almost a divination, **that the secrets of art are best learned in secret, and that Beauty, like Wisdom, loves the lonely worshipper[[20]](#footnote-20)**.

Many curious stories were related about him at this period. It was said that a stout **Burgo-master[[21]](#footnote-21)**, who had come to deliver a florid oratorical address on behalf of the citizens of the town, had caught sight of him kneeling in real adoration before a great picture that had just been brought from Venice, and that seemed to herald the worship of some new gods. On another occasion he had been missed for several hours, and after a lengthened search had been discovered in a little chamber in one of the northern turrets of the palace gazing, as one in a trance, at a Greek gem carved with the figure of **Adonis[[22]](#footnote-22)**. He had been seen, so the tale ran, pressing his warm lips to the marble brow of an antique statue that had been discovered in the bed of the river on the occasion of the building of the stone bridge, and was inscribed with the name of the **Bithynian[[23]](#footnote-23)**slave of **Hadrian[[24]](#footnote-24)**. He had passed a whole night in noting the effect of the moonlight on a silver image of **Endymion[[25]](#footnote-25).**

All rare and costly materials had certainly a great fascination for him, and in his eagerness to procure them he had sent away many merchants, some to traffic for amber with the rough fisher-folk of the north seas, some to Egypt to look for that curious green **turquoise[[26]](#footnote-26)** which is found only in the tombs of kings, and is said to possess magical properties, some to Persia for silken carpets and painted pottery, and others to India to buy gauze and stained ivory, **moonstones[[27]](#footnote-27)** and **bracelets of jade[[28]](#footnote-28)**, **sandal-wood[[29]](#footnote-29)** and **blue enamel[[30]](#footnote-30)** and shawls of fine wool.

But what had occupied him most was the robe he was to wear at his coronation, the robe of tissued gold, and the ruby-studded crown, and the sceptre with its rows and rings of pearls. Indeed, it was of this that he was thinking to-night, as he lay back on his luxurious couch, watching the great pinewood log that was burning itself out on the open hearth. The designs, which were from the hands of the most famous artists of the time, had been submitted to him many months before, and he had given orders that the artificers were to toil night and day to carry them out, and that the whole world was to be searched for jewels that would be worthy of their work. He saw himself in fancy standing at the high altar of the cathedral in the fair raiment of a King, and a smile played and lingered about his boyish lips, and lit up with a bright lustre his dark woodland eyes.

After some time he rose from his seat, and **leaning against the carved penthouse of the chimney[[31]](#footnote-31)**, looked round at the dimly-lit room. The walls were hung with rich tapestries representing the Triumph of Beauty. A large **press[[32]](#footnote-32)**, inlaid with agate and **lapis- lazuli[[33]](#footnote-33)**, filled one corner, and facing the window stood a curiously wrought cabinet with lacquer panels of powdered and mosaiced gold, on which were placed some delicate **goblets of Venetian glass[[34]](#footnote-34)**, and a cup of **dark-veined onyx[[35]](#footnote-35)**. **Pale poppies were broidered on the silk coverlet of the bed, as though they had fallen from the tired hands of sleep, and tall reeds of fluted ivory bare up the velvet canopy, from which great tufts of ostrich plumes sprang, like white foam, to the pallid silver of the fretted ceiling[[36]](#footnote-36).** A laughing **Narcissus[[37]](#footnote-37)** in green bronze held a polished mirror above its head. On the table stood a flat bowl of **amethyst[[38]](#footnote-38)**.

Outside he could see the huge dome of the cathedral, looming like a bubble over the shadowy houses, and the weary sentinels pacing up and down on the misty terrace by the river. Far away, in an orchard, a nightingale was singing. A faint perfume of jasmine came through the open window. He brushed his brown curls back from his forehead, and taking up a lute, let his fingers stray across the cords. His heavy eyelids drooped, and a strange languor came over him. Never before had he felt so keenly, or with such exquisite joy, the magic and the mystery of beautiful things.

When midnight sounded from the clock-tower he touched a bell, and his pages entered and disrobed him with much ceremony, pouring rose-water over his hands, and strewing flowers on his pillow. A few moments after that they had left the room, he fell asleep.

And as he slept he dreamed a dream, and this was his dream.

He thought that he was standing in a long, low attic, **amidst the whir and clatter of many looms[[39]](#footnote-39)**. The meagre daylight peered in through the grated windows, and showed him the gaunt figures of the weavers bending over their cases. Pale, sickly-looking children were crouched on the huge crossbeams. As the shuttles dashed through the warp they lifted up the heavy battens, and when the shuttles stopped they let the battens fall and pressed the threads together. Their faces were pinched with famine, and their thin hands shook and trembled. Some haggard women were seated at a table sewing. A horrible odour filled the place. The air was foul and heavy, and the walls dripped and streamed with damp.

The young King went over to one of the weavers, and stood by him and watched him.

And the weaver looked at him angrily, and said, **'Why art thou watching me? Art thou a spy set on us by our master?'[[40]](#footnote-40)**

'Who is **thy[[41]](#footnote-41)** master?' asked the young King.

'Our master!' cried the weaver, bitterly. 'He is a man like myself. Indeed, there is but this difference between us--that he wears fine clothes while I go in rags, and that while I am weak from hunger he suffers not a little from overfeeding.'

'The land is free,' said the young King, 'and thou art no man's slave.'

'In war,' answered the weaver, 'the strong make slaves of the weak, and in peace the rich make slaves of the poor. We must work to live, and they give us such mean wages that we die. We toil for them all day long, and they heap up gold in their coffers, and our children fade away before their time, and the faces of those we love become hard and evil. We tread out the grapes, and another drinks the wine. We sow the corn, and our own board is empty. We have chains, though no eye beholds them; and are slaves, though men call us free.'

'Is it so with all?' he asked.

'It is so with all,' answered the weaver, 'with the young as well as with the old, with the women as well as with the men, with the little children as well as with those who are stricken in years. The merchants grind us down, and we must needs do their bidding. The priest rides by and tells his beads, and no man has care of us. **Through our sunless lanes creeps Poverty with her hungry eyes, and Sin with his sodden face follows close behind her[[42]](#footnote-42).** Misery wakes us in the morning, and Shame sits with us at night. But what are these things to **thee[[43]](#footnote-43)**? Thou art not one of us. Thy face is too happy.' And he turned away scowling, and threw the shuttle across the loom, and the young King saw that it was threaded with a thread of gold.

And a great terror seized upon him, and he said to the weaver, 'What robe is this that thou art weaving?'

'It is the robe for the coronation of the young King,' he answered; 'what is that to thee?'

And the young King gave a loud cry and woke, and lo! he was in his own chamber, and through the window he saw the great **honey-coloured[[44]](#footnote-44)** moon hanging in the dusky air.

And he fell asleep again and dreamed, and this was his dream.

He thought that he was lying on the deck of a huge galley that was being rowed by a hundred slaves. On a carpet by his side the master of the galley was seated. He was black as **ebony[[45]](#footnote-45)**, and his turban was of crimson silk. Great earrings of silver dragged down the thick lobes of his ears, and in his hands he had a pair of ivory scales.

The slaves were naked, but for a ragged loin-cloth, and each man was chained to his neighbour. The hot sun beat brightly upon them, and the negroes ran up and down the gangway and lashed them with whips of hide. They stretched out their lean arms and pulled the heavy oars through the water. The salt spray flew from the blades.

At last they reached a little bay, and began to take soundings. A light wind blew from the shore, and covered the deck and **the great lateen sail[[46]](#footnote-46)** with a fine red dust. Three Arabs mounted on wild asses rode out and threw spears at them. The master of the galley took a painted bow in his hand and shot one of them in the throat. He fell heavily into the surf, and his companions galloped away. A woman wrapped in a yellow veil followed slowly on a camel, looking back now and then at the dead body.

**As soon as they had cast anchor and hauled down the sail, the negroes went into the hold and brought up a long rope-ladder, heavily weighted with lead.[[47]](#footnote-47)** **The master of the galley threw it over the side, making the ends fast to two iron stanchions[[48]](#footnote-48).** Then the negroes seized the youngest of the slaves and knocked his gyves off, and filled his nostrils and his ears with wax, and tied a big stone round his waist. He crept wearily down the ladder, and disappeared into the sea. A few bubbles rose where he sank. Some of the other slaves peered curiously over the side. At the prow of the galley sat a **shark-charmer[[49]](#footnote-49)**, beating **monotonously[[50]](#footnote-50)** upon a drum.

After some time the diver rose up out of the water, and clung panting to the ladder with a pearl in his right hand. The negroes seized it from him, and thrust him back. The slaves fell asleep over their oars.

Again and again he came up, and each time that he did so he brought with him a beautiful pearl. The master of the galley weighed them, and put them into a little bag of green leather.

The young King tried to speak, but his tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of his mouth, and his lips refused to move. The negroes chattered to each other, and began to quarrel over a string of bright beads. Two cranes flew round and round the vessel.

Then the diver came up for the last time, and the pearl that he brought with him was fairer than all the pearls of **Ormuz[[51]](#footnote-51)**, for it was shaped like the full moon, and whiter than the morning star. But his face was strangely pale, and as he fell upon the deck the blood gushed from his ears and nostrils. He quivered for a little, and then he was still. The negroes shrugged their shoulders, and threw the body overboard.

And the master of the galley laughed, and, reaching out, he took the pearl, and when he saw it he pressed it to his forehead and bowed. 'It shall be,' he said, 'for the sceptre of the young King,' and he made a sign to the negroes to draw up the anchor.

And when the young King heard this he gave a great cry, and woke, and through the window **he saw the long grey fingers of the dawn clutching at the fading stars[[52]](#footnote-52)**.

And he fell asleep again, and dreamed, and this was his dream.

He thought that he was wandering through a dim wood, hung with strange fruits and with beautiful poisonous flowers. The adders hissed at him as he went by, and the bright parrots flew screaming from branch to branch. Huge tortoises lay asleep upon the hot mud. The trees were full of apes and peacocks.

On and on he went, till he reached the outskirts of the wood, and there he saw an immense multitude of men toiling in the bed of a dried-up river. They swarmed up the crag like ants. They dug deep pits in the ground and went down into them. Some of them cleft the rocks with great axes; others grabbled in the sand.

They tore up the **cactus[[53]](#footnote-53)** by its roots, and trampled on the scarlet blossoms. They hurried about, calling to each other, and no man was idle.

From the darkness of a cavern Death and Avarice watched them, and Death said, 'I am weary; give me a third of them and let me go.' But Avarice shook her head. 'They are my servants,' she answered.

And Death said to her**, 'What hast thou in thy hand?'[[54]](#footnote-54)**

'I have three grains of corn,' she answered; 'what is that to thee?'

'Give me one of them,' cried Death, 'to plant in my garden; only one of them, and I will go away.'

'I will not give thee anything,' said Avarice, and she hid her hand in the fold of her raiment.

And Death laughed, and took a cup, and dipped it into a pool of water, and out of the cup rose Ague. She passed through the great multitude, and a third of them lay dead. A cold mist followed her, and the water-snakes ran by her side.

And when Avarice saw that a third of the multitude was dead she beat her breast and wept. She beat her barren bosom, and cried aloud. 'Thou hast slain a third of my servants,' she cried, 'get thee gone. There is war in the mountains of **Tartary[[55]](#footnote-55)**, and the kings of each side are calling to thee. The Afghans have slain the black ox, and are marching to battle. They have beaten upon their shields with their spears, and have put on their helmets of iron. **What is my valley to thee, that thou shouldst tarry in it? Get thee gone, and come here no more.'[[56]](#footnote-56)**

**'Nay,'[[57]](#footnote-57)** answered Death, 'but till thou hast given me a grain of corn I will not go.'

But Avarice shut her hand, and clenched her teeth. 'I will not give thee anything,' she muttered.

And Death laughed, and took up a black stone, and threw it into the forest, and out of **a thicket of wild hemlock[[58]](#footnote-58)** came Fever in a robe of flame. She passed through the multitude, and touched them, and each man that she touched died. The grass withered beneath her feet as she walked.

And Avarice shuddered, and put ashes on her head. 'Thou art cruel,' she cried; 'thou art cruel. There is famine in the walled cities of India, and the cisterns of Samarcand have run dry. There is famine in the walled cities of Egypt, and the locusts have come up from the desert. The Nile has not overflowed its banks, and the priests have cursed **Isis[[59]](#footnote-59)** and **Osiris[[60]](#footnote-60)**. Get thee gone to those who need thee, and leave me my servants.'

'Nay,' answered Death, 'but till thou hast given me a grain of corn I will not go.'

'I will not give thee anything,' said Avarice.

And Death laughed again, and he whistled through his fingers, and a woman came flying through the air. Plague was written upon her forehead, and a crowd of lean vultures wheeled round her. She covered the valley with her wings, and no man was left alive.

And Avarice fled shrieking through the forest, and Death leaped upon his red horse and **galloped[[61]](#footnote-61)** away, and his galloping was faster than the wind.

**And out of the slime at the bottom of the valley crept dragons and horrible things with scales, and the jackals came trotting along the sand, sniffing up the air with their nostrils.[[62]](#footnote-62)**

And the young King wept, and said: 'Who were these men, and for what were they seeking?'

'For rubies for a king's crown,' answered one who stood behind him.

And the young King **started[[63]](#footnote-63)**, and, turning round, he saw a man habited as a **pilgrim[[64]](#footnote-64)** and holding in his hand a mirror of silver.

And he grew pale, and said: 'For what king?'

And the pilgrim answered: 'Look in this mirror, and thou **shalt[[65]](#footnote-65)** see him.'

And he looked in the mirror, and, seeing his own face, he gave a great cry and woke, and the bright sunlight was streaming into the room, and from the trees of the garden and pleasaunce the birds were singing.

And the **Chamberlain[[66]](#footnote-66)** and the high officers of State came in and made obeisance to him, and the pages brought him the robe of tissued gold, and set the crown and the sceptre before him.

And the young King looked at them, and they were beautiful. More beautiful were they than aught that he had ever seen. But he remembered his dreams, and he said to his lords: 'Take these things away, for I will not wear them.'

And the courtiers were amazed, and some of them laughed, for they thought that he was jesting.

But he **spake[[67]](#footnote-67)** sternly to them again, and said: 'Take these things away, and hide them from me. Though it be the day of my coronation, I will not wear them. For on the loom of Sorrow, and by the white hands of Pain, has this my robe been woven. There is Blood in the heart of the ruby, and Death in the heart of the pearl.' And he told them his three dreams.

And when the courtiers heard them they looked at each other and whispered, saying: 'Surely he is mad; for what is a dream but a dream, and a vision but a vision? They are not real things that one should heed them. And what have we to do with the lives of those who toil for us? Shall a man not eat bread till he has seen the sower, nor drink wine till he has talked with the **vinedresser[[68]](#footnote-68)**?'

And the Chamberlain spake to the young King, and said, 'My lord, I pray thee set aside these black thoughts of **thine[[69]](#footnote-69)**, and put on this fair robe, and set this crown upon thy head. For how shall the people know that thou art a king, if thou hast not a king's raiment?'

And the young King looked at him. 'Is it so, indeed?' he questioned. 'Will they not know me for a king if I have not a king's raiment?'

'They will not know thee, my lord,' cried the Chamberlain.

'I had thought that there had been men who were kinglike,' he answered, 'but it may be as thou **sayest[[70]](#footnote-70)**. And yet I will not wear this robe, nor will I be crowned with this crown, but even as I came to the palace so will I go forth from it.'

And he bade them all leave him, save one page whom he kept as his companion, a lad a year younger than himself. Him he kept for his service, and when he had bathed himself in clear water, he opened a great painted chest, and from it he took the leathern tunic and rough sheepskin cloak that he had worn when he had watched on the hillside the shaggy goats of the goatherd. These he put on, and in his hand he took his rude **shepherd's staff[[71]](#footnote-71)**.

And the little page opened his big blue eyes in wonder, and said smiling to him, 'My lord, I see thy robe and thy sceptre, but where is thy crown?'

And the young King plucked a spray of wild **briar[[72]](#footnote-72)** that was climbing over the balcony, and bent it, and made a circlet of it, and set it on his own head.

'This shall he my crown,' he answered.

And thus attired he passed out of his chamber into the Great Hall, where the nobles were waiting for him.

And the nobles **made merry[[73]](#footnote-73)**, and some of them cried out to him, 'My lord, the people wait for their king, and thou **showest[[74]](#footnote-74)** them a beggar,' and others were wroth and said, 'He brings shame upon our state, and is unworthy to be our master.' But he answered them not a word, but passed on, and went down the bright porphyry staircase, and out through the gates of bronze, and mounted upon his horse, and rode towards the cathedral, the little page running beside him.

And the people laughed and said, 'It is the King's fool who is riding by,' and they mocked him.

And he drew rein and said, 'Nay, but I am the King.' And he told them his three dreams.

And a man came out of the crowd and spake bitterly to him, and said, **'Sir, knowest thou not that out of the luxury of the rich cometh the life of the poor?[[75]](#footnote-75)** By your pomp we are nurtured, and your vices give us bread. To toil for a hard master is bitter, but to have no master to toil for is more bitter still. **Thinkest thou that the ravens will feed us? And what cure hast thou for these things? Wilt thou say to the buyer, "Thou shalt buy for so much," and to the seller, "Thou shalt sell at this price"? I trow not. Therefore go back to thy Palace and put on thy purple and fine linen. What hast thou to do with us, and what we suffer?'[[76]](#footnote-76)**

'Are not the rich and the poor brothers?' asked the young King.

'Ay,' answered the man, 'and the name of the rich brother is **Cain[[77]](#footnote-77)**.'

And the young King's eyes filled with tears, and he rode on through the murmurs of the people, and the little page grew afraid and left him.

And when he reached the great portal of the cathedral, the soldiers thrust their **halberts[[78]](#footnote-78)** out and said, 'What dost thou seek here? None enters by this door but the King.'

And his face flushed with anger, and he said to them, 'I am the King,' and waved their halberts aside and passed in.

And when the old **Bishop[[79]](#footnote-79)** saw him coming in his goatherd's dress, he rose up in wonder from his throne, and went to meet him, and said to him, 'My son, is this a king's apparel? And with what crown shall I crown thee, and what sceptre shall I place in thy hand? Surely this should be to thee a day of joy, and not a day of abasement.'

**'Shall Joy wear what Grief has fashioned?'[[80]](#footnote-80)** said the young King. And he told him his three dreams.

And when the Bishop had heard them he knit his brows, and said, 'My son, I am an old man, and in the winter of my days, and I know that many evil things are done in the wide world. The fierce robbers come down from the mountains, and carry off the little children, and sell them to the **Moors[[81]](#footnote-81)**. The lions lie in wait for the **caravans[[82]](#footnote-82)**, and leap upon the camels. The wild boar roots up the corn in the valley, and the foxes gnaw the vines upon the hill. The pirates **lay waste[[83]](#footnote-83)** the sea-coast and burn the ships of the fishermen, and take their nets from them. In the **salt-marshes[[84]](#footnote-84)** live the lepers; they have houses of wattled reeds, and none may come nigh them. The beggars wander through the cities, and eat their food with the dogs. **Canst[[85]](#footnote-85)** thou make these things not to be? Wilt thou take the leper for thy bedfellow, and set the beggar at thy board? Shall the lion do thy bidding, and the wild boar obey thee? **Is not He who made misery wiser than thou art? [[86]](#footnote-86)**Wherefore I praise thee not for this that thou hast done, but I bid thee ride back to the Palace and make thy face glad, and put on the raiment that beseemeth a king, and with the crown of gold I will crown thee, and the sceptre of pearl will I place in thy hand. And as for thy dreams, think no more of them. The burden of this world is too great for one man to bear, and the world's sorrow too heavy for one heart to suffer.'

**'Sayest thou that in this house?'[[87]](#footnote-87)** said the young King, and he strode past the Bishop, and climbed up the steps of the altar, and stood before the image of Christ.

He stood before the image of Christ, and on his right hand and on his left were the marvellous vessels of gold, the **chalice[[88]](#footnote-88)** with the yellow wine, and the vial with the holy oil. He knelt before the image of Christ, and the great candles burned brightly by the jewelled shrine, **and the smoke of the incense curled in thin blue wreaths through the dome[[89]](#footnote-89)**. He bowed his head in prayer, and the priests in their stiff copes crept away from the altar.

**And suddenly a wild tumult came from the street outside, and in entered the nobles with drawn swords and nodding plumes, and shields of polished steel[[90]](#footnote-90).** 'Where is this dreamer of dreams?' they cried. 'Where is this King who is apparelled like a beggar--this boy who brings shame upon our state? Surely we will slay him, for he is unworthy to rule over us.'

And the young King bowed his head again, and prayed, and when he had finished his prayer he rose up, and turning round he looked at them sadly.

And lo! **through the painted windows came the sunlight streaming upon him, and the sun-beams wove round him a tissued robe that was fairer than the robe that had been fashioned for his pleasure[[91]](#footnote-91).** The dead staff blossomed, and bare lilies that were whiter than pearls. The dry thorn blossomed, and bare roses that were redder than rubies. Whiter than fine pearls were the lilies, and their stems were of bright silver. Redder than male rubies were the roses, and their leaves were of beaten gold.

**He stood there in the raiment of a king, and the gates of the jewelled shrine flew open, and from the crystal of the many-rayed monstrance shone a marvellous and mystical light.[[92]](#footnote-92)**He stood there in a king's raiment, and the Glory of God filled the place, and the saints in their carven niches seemed to move. In the fair raiment of a king he stood before them, and the organ pealed out its music, and the **trumpeters[[93]](#footnote-93)** blew upon their trumpets, and the singing boys sang.

And the people fell upon their knees in awe, and the nobles sheathed their swords and did homage, and the Bishop's face grew pale, and his hands trembled. 'A greater than I hath crowned thee,' he cried, and he knelt before him.

And the young King came down from the high altar, and passed home through the midst of the people. But no man dared look upon his face, for it was like the face of an angel.

**赏析**

故事的主角是一位从小生活在森林中的少年，他来自大自然，天性活泼敏锐，纯洁无暇，爱好美好的食物，然而命运注定他是王室的继承人。刚开始，他看到富丽堂皇的宫殿、恭敬的侍从、华丽的龙袍、镶嵌着红宝石的王冠、挂着珍珠的权杖时，被迷惑了眼睛。然而，在加冕的前夜，少年做了三个奇怪的梦：他看到织工们为他的龙袍忍饥挨饿，看到奴隶们为了寻找可以匹配上他权杖的珍珠惨烈地死去，看到他的百姓因为他的贪婪而病死、战死。少年被噩梦惊醒，在加冕时却拒绝穿龙袍、戴王冠、握权杖，他换下在森林时穿的破旧衣服逃出王宫，却被人们当成乞丐小丑。他进入教堂，老主教劝告他回王宫按照王室礼仪加冕王位，而少年早已觉悟：不应该把自己的快乐建立到穷人的痛苦之上。于是，他在神像前虔诚地祈祷，正当一些贵族手拿长剑要杀掉他时，奇迹发生了，阳光、百合花、玫瑰等属于大自然的东西为少年国王织出了最耀眼、最圣洁的王袍。最后，少年的面庞如同天使一样，所有人都跪在他面前行李，而此时，少年国王得到了神灵的庇佑，也完成了上帝给予他的加冕礼。

《少年国王》是奥斯卡·王尔德最著名的童话之一，与《公主的生日》、《渔夫和他的灵魂》和《星孩》4部童话一同收录于《石榴之家》中（1892年）。奥斯卡•王尔德，英国唯美主义艺术运动的倡导者，英国著名的作家、诗人、戏剧家、艺术家、童话家。《典雅》杂志将他和安徒生相提并论。他一生只有九篇童话作品，但每篇都是经典。而王尔德也因为他的个人事迹，被人们铭记，尤其是今天为同性恋争取权益的人们所津津乐道。 19世纪末的维多利亚女王时代，英国上流社会新旧风尚的冲突激烈。王尔德的自由作风和大胆的政治作风很快使他成为了这场冲突的牺牲品。1895年，昆斯贝理侯爵（Marquess of Queensberry）因儿子阿尔弗莱德·道格拉斯（Lord Alfred Douglas； 别名“波西（Bosie）”）与王尔德交往而导致父子不和，并公然斥责王尔德是一个好男色者（当时尚未诞生“同性恋”这个名词）。王尔德作为唯美主义的倡导者和实践者，无论是他的主张还是他的个性或者作品都是充满魅力的。王尔德醉心于艺术形式美的追寻，其断言只有风格才能使艺术不朽。王尔德不仅在服饰、装饰、语言的表达以及行为举止等人生的各方面创造了绚烂多彩的审美形式，并成功折射到他的作品中去。例如在本文中，辞藻华美的句子有很多，抒情意味很浓，表达的是王尔德一贯的唯美风格，可就是这样唯美的文章带着一些对现实的批判，使这篇文章读起来“美丽而忧伤”。他巧妙地运用了童话故事诉说人间的不平和苦难，表达自己对资本主义制度下丑恶的社会现实的控诉以及对下层社会的苦难民众和弱小人物的同情，这就是王尔德童话的重要主题。（1066字）

1. coronation n.加冕礼 [↑](#footnote-ref-1)
2. the Professor of Etiquette 礼节教师 [↑](#footnote-ref-2)
3. embroidered adj.绣花的 [↑](#footnote-ref-3)
4. faun n. （古罗马传说中）半人半羊的农牧神 [↑](#footnote-ref-4)
5. bar e-limbed 光着脚的. [↑](#footnote-ref-5)
6. station 地位 [↑](#footnote-ref-6)
7. lute-playing 笛子演奏 [↑](#footnote-ref-7)
8. Rimini里米尼（意大利东北部港市） [↑](#footnote-ref-8)
9. a swift Italian poison administered in a cup of spiced wine, slew, within an hour of her wakening, the white girl who had given him birth 大量的意大利急性毒药加入了香料酒中，那个给予这个孩子生命的苍白女孩不到一个小时时间内就去世了 [↑](#footnote-ref-9)
10. saddle-bow10 马鞍 [↑](#footnote-ref-10)
11. the body of the Princess was being lowered into an open grave that had been dug in a deserted churchyard 公主的尸体正在下葬于一个打开的墓穴中，这个墓穴就挖在一个荒凉的教堂墓地中 [↑](#footnote-ref-11)
12. had had the lad sent for就派人去找那个少年 [↑](#footnote-ref-12)
13. the cry of pleasure thatbroke from his lips 兴奋地大叫起来 [↑](#footnote-ref-13)
14. coarse sheepskin cloak 粗羊皮外套 [↑](#footnote-ref-14)
15. JOYEUSE 逍遥宫（宫殿名字） [↑](#footnote-ref-15)
16. council-board议会厅 [↑](#footnote-ref-16)
17. audience-chamber 会见室 [↑](#footnote-ref-17)
18. porphyry 斑岩石 [↑](#footnote-ref-18)
19. he would sometimes be accompanied by the slim, fair-haired Court pages, with their floating mantles, and gay fluttering ribands 有时候会有几位身着披风飘着艳丽丝带的宫廷侍卫陪伴着 [↑](#footnote-ref-19)
20. that the secrets of art are best learned in secret, and that Beauty, like Wisdom, loves the lonely worshipper20 把握艺术的秘密最好在秘密中求得，况且美丽如同智慧一样，钟爱的是孤独的崇拜者 [↑](#footnote-ref-20)
21. Burgo-master 市政长官 [↑](#footnote-ref-21)
22. Adonis 阿多尼斯是希腊神话中的美男子，Adonis原为近东地区的自然之神，是植物凋零和复苏的象征 [↑](#footnote-ref-22)
23. Bithynia n. 比提尼亚 （古代小亚细亚西北部古王国，在今土耳其） [↑](#footnote-ref-23)
24. Hadrian n. 哈德良（罗马皇帝） [↑](#footnote-ref-24)
25. Endymion. **N.**【希腊神话】恩底弥翁(月神塞勒涅所爱恋的英俊青年牧羊人) [↑](#footnote-ref-25)
26. turquoise n. 绿松石 [↑](#footnote-ref-26)
27. moonstones n. [宝] 月长石 [↑](#footnote-ref-27)
28. bracelets of jade 翡翠手镯 [↑](#footnote-ref-28)
29. sandal-wood 檀香 [↑](#footnote-ref-29)
30. blue enamel 蓝色珐琅 [↑](#footnote-ref-30)
31. leaning against the carved penthouse of the chimney 靠在壁炉顶部雕花的庇檐上 [↑](#footnote-ref-31)
32. press n.衣橱 [↑](#footnote-ref-32)
33. lapis- lazuli n.琉璃 [↑](#footnote-ref-33)
34. goblets of Venetian glass 威尼斯玻璃高脚酒杯 [↑](#footnote-ref-34)
35. dark-veined onyx 黑纹玛瑙 [↑](#footnote-ref-35)
36. Pale poppies were broidered on the silk coverlet of the bed, as though they had fallen from the tired hands of sleep, and tall reeds of fluted ivory bare up the velvet canopy, from which great tufts of ostrich plumes sprang, like white foam, to the pallid silver of the fretted ceiling. 刻有条形凹槽的高大象牙柱撑起天鹅绒的华盖，华盖上面大簇的鸵鸟毛像白色泡沫一样地向上伸展，一直到达银白色的回文装饰屋顶上 [↑](#footnote-ref-36)
37. Narcissus那喀索斯(Narcissus)是希腊神话中著名的美丽少年,因深深被自己的美貌所打动,竟把泉中自己的倩影误认为仙女而投入水中,最后淹死在那里 [↑](#footnote-ref-37)
38. amethyst n.紫水晶 [↑](#footnote-ref-38)
39. amidst the whir and clatter of many looms 四周是一片织布机的转动声和敲击声 [↑](#footnote-ref-39)
40. Why art thou watching me? Art thou a spy set on us by our master?' 古代英语，相当于Why are you you watching me? Are you a spy set on us by our master? 下文中还有类似的古语 [↑](#footnote-ref-40)
41. thy 相当于the [↑](#footnote-ref-41)
42. Through our sunless lanes creeps Poverty with her hungry eyes, and Sin with his sodden face follows close behind her. 穷困张着她饥饿的双眼爬过阴暗的小巷，罪恶带着他的酒精面孔紧随其后。 [↑](#footnote-ref-42)
43. thee pron. 你（古英语thou的宾格） [↑](#footnote-ref-43)
44. honey-coloured 蜜色的 [↑](#footnote-ref-44)
45. ebony n.乌木 [↑](#footnote-ref-45)
46. the great lateen sail 大三角帆 [↑](#footnote-ref-46)
47. As soon as they had cast anchor and hauled down the sail, the negroes went into the hold and brought up a long rope-ladder, heavily weighted with lead. 黑人们抛了锚，降下了帆，纷纷来到了舱底下，拿出一根长长的吊梯来，梯下绑着吊锤。 [↑](#footnote-ref-47)
48. The master of the galley threw it over the side, making the ends fast to two iron stanchions. 船长把绳梯从船侧扔下去，把梯的两端系在两根铁柱上。 [↑](#footnote-ref-48)
49. shark-charmer 驱赶鲨鱼的人 [↑](#footnote-ref-49)
50. monotonously 单调不停地 [↑](#footnote-ref-50)
51. Ormuz 忽鲁谟斯 此外，印度半岛西岸的古里，也就是今天的卡利卡特（Calicut），还有西亚的忽鲁谟斯（Ormuz ），都是郑和在印度洋上的重要据点。它们是通向麦加圣地、红海和非洲的枢纽。 [↑](#footnote-ref-51)
52. he saw the long grey fingers of the dawn clutching at the fading stars 他看见那些破晓的长手指在摘取衰弱的繁星。 [↑](#footnote-ref-52)
53. cactus 仙人掌 [↑](#footnote-ref-53)
54. 'What hast thou in thy hand?' 你手中拿的是什么东西？ [↑](#footnote-ref-54)
55. Tartary n. 鞑靼，鞑靼地方（指中世纪时受蒙古人统治的自东欧至亚洲的广大地区） [↑](#footnote-ref-55)
56. What is my valley to thee, that thou shouldst tarry in it? Get thee gone, and come here no more. 我的山谷对你有什么用，你没有必要待在这吧？你快走吧，不要再到这来了。 [↑](#footnote-ref-56)
57. Nay 相当于No [↑](#footnote-ref-57)
58. a thicket of wild hemlock 野毒芹 [↑](#footnote-ref-58)
59. Isis n. 伊希斯（古埃及的丰饶女神） [↑](#footnote-ref-59)
60. Osiris n. 司阴府之神，地狱判官（埃及神话人物名） [↑](#footnote-ref-60)
61. galloped vi. 飞驰 [↑](#footnote-ref-61)
62. And out of the slime at the bottom of the valley crept dragons and horrible things with scales, and the jackals came trotting along the sand, sniffing up the air with their nostrils. 从山谷底部的稀泥中爬出无数条龙和有鳞甲的怪兽，一群胡狼也沿着沙滩跑来，并用鼻孔贪婪着吸着空气。 [↑](#footnote-ref-62)
63. 原形start，这里表吃惊一意 [↑](#footnote-ref-63)
64. pilgrim 香客 [↑](#footnote-ref-64)
65. shalt v. 应该；将要；必须（shall的第二人称单数现在式） [↑](#footnote-ref-65)
66. Chamberlain n.宫廷大臣 [↑](#footnote-ref-66)
67. spake v. 说（speak的过去式） [↑](#footnote-ref-67)
68. vinedresser n. 葡萄园丁 [↑](#footnote-ref-68)
69. thine pron. 你的；你的东西，你的家属（或有关的人） [↑](#footnote-ref-69)
70. sayest v. 说（say的第二人称单数） [↑](#footnote-ref-70)
71. shepherd's staff 牧羊棒 [↑](#footnote-ref-71)
72. briar 荆棘 [↑](#footnote-ref-72)
73. made merry 觉得可笑 [↑](#footnote-ref-73)
74. showest 相当于showed [↑](#footnote-ref-74)
75. 'Sir, knowest thou not that out of the luxury of the rich cometh the life of the poor? 王，你不知道穷人的生活是从富人的奢侈生活中的来的吗？ [↑](#footnote-ref-75)
76. Thinkest thou that the ravens will feed us? And what cure hast thou for these things? Wilt thou say to the buyer, "Thou shalt buy for so much," and to the seller, "Thou shalt sell at this price"? I trow not. Therefore go back to thy Palace and put on thy purple and fine linen. What hast thou to do with us, and what we suffer? 你以为乌鸦会养活我们吗？对这些事你有什么办法？你会对买主说，‘你要用这么多钱来买’，又对卖主说，‘你要以这样的价格来买吗？’我敢说你不会，所以回到宫中去，穿上你的高贵紫袍吧。你和我们以及我们遭受的痛苦有什么相干的？ [↑](#footnote-ref-76)
77. Cain n. 凶手；杀兄弟者；该隐（亚当之子），即圣经中杀害弟弟的人 [↑](#footnote-ref-77)
78. halberts (复数)n. 戟（一种枪钺合一的兵器） [↑](#footnote-ref-78)
79. Bishop n 主教 [↑](#footnote-ref-79)
80. 'Shall Joy wear what Grief has fashioned?' 难道快乐要用愁苦装门面吗？ [↑](#footnote-ref-80)
81. Moors n. 摩尔人（非洲西北部阿拉伯人与柏柏尔人的混血后代，Moor的复数） [↑](#footnote-ref-81)
82. caravans n.过往的商队 [↑](#footnote-ref-82)
83. lay waste 损毁 [↑](#footnote-ref-83)
84. salt-marshes 盐泽地带 [↑](#footnote-ref-84)
85. Canst [古语]can的第二人称单数现在时陈述语气 (与thou连用) [↑](#footnote-ref-85)
86. Is not He who made misery wiser than thou art? 难道制造出这些苦难的上帝还不如你聪明吗？ [↑](#footnote-ref-86)
87. 'Sayest thou that in this house?' 你就是在这间房子说这种话的吗？ [↑](#footnote-ref-87)
88. chalice 圣餐杯 [↑](#footnote-ref-88)
89. and the smoke of the incense curled in thin blue wreaths through the dome 燃香的烟雾绕成一圆圈蓝色的轻烟飘向屋梁 [↑](#footnote-ref-89)
90. And suddenly a wild tumult came from the street outside, and in entered the nobles with drawn swords and nodding plumes, and shields of polished steel. 突然，外面的大街上传来了喧哗声，一群头戴羽缨的贵族们走了出来，他们手中握着出鞘的宝剑和闪光的铜制盾牌 [↑](#footnote-ref-90)
91. through the painted windows came the sunlight streaming upon him, and the sun-beams wove round him a tissued robe that was fairer than the robe that had been fashioned for his pleasure. 阳光透过彩色的玻璃窗照在他的身上，光线在他的四周织出一件金袍，比那件为取悦于他而编织的王袍更加美丽。 [↑](#footnote-ref-91)
92. He stood there in the raiment of a king, and the gates of the jewelled shrine flew open, and from the crystal of the many-rayed monstrance shone a marvellous and mystical light. 他身穿国王的衣服站在那里，珠宝镶嵌的神龛打开了盖子，从光芒四射的圣体匣的水晶上放出异常神奇的光。 [↑](#footnote-ref-92)
93. trumpeters 号兵 [↑](#footnote-ref-93)