

✧ 名著英汉对照双语版 ✧

安徒生童话 Fairy Tales of Andersen

红鞋子

The Red Shoes

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内 容 简 介

《安徒生童话》是名扬世界的童话巨著，是一部真正可以从小读到老的书，其作者安徒生被誉为“世界儿童文学的太阳”。《红鞋子》《骄傲的苹果枝》《这是毫无疑问的》《豌豆荚》等童话名篇流传百年，经久不衰，伴随了一代又一代人的美丽童年、少年直至成年。本书精选安徒生童话故事 24 篇，采用世界公认的英文译本，以英汉对照的形式出版，并辅助以英文音频。无论是作为语言学习的课本，还是作为通俗的文学读本，本书对当代中国的青少年读者都将产生积极的影响。

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前言

汉斯·克里斯蒂安·安徒生（Hans Christian Andersen, 1805—1875），丹麦19世纪著名作家、诗人，名扬世界的童话大师，被誉为“现代童话之父”“世界儿童文学的太阳”。

1805年4月2日，安徒生出生于丹麦中部菲英岛上的欧登塞小镇的一个贫苦家庭，早年在慈善学校读过书，当过学徒工。受父亲和民间口头文学影响，他自幼酷爱文学。安徒生11岁时，父亲病逝，母亲改嫁。14岁时，他只身来到丹麦首都哥本哈根，在哥本哈根皇家剧院当了一名小配角。之后，安徒生在皇家剧院的资助下进入斯拉格尔塞文法学校和赫尔辛欧学校就读，1828年进入哥本哈根大学学习。安徒生的文学创作生涯始于1822年，早期主要撰写诗歌和剧本，进入大学后，创作风格日趋成熟；曾发表游记和歌舞喜剧，出版诗集和诗剧，并于1833年出版了长篇小说《即兴诗人》，该小说奠定了他在丹麦文坛的地位。然而，使安徒生名扬天下的却是他的童话故事。

安徒生一生共计创作童话168篇。安徒生童话以深邃的思想、博大的爱心、独特的个性、高超的艺术，赢得了全世界儿童和成年人的喜爱，成为人类阅读史上的一个奇迹。他将幼稚、粗糙的民间传说与故事发展成为优美的饱含作者内心情感的文学童话，为后世作家留下经典范文。安徒生童话流传百年，经久不衰。

安徒生生前曾得到丹麦皇家的致敬，并被高度赞扬为给全欧洲的一代孩子带来了欢乐。为了纪念安徒生这位世界儿童文学巨匠，国际儿童读书联盟于1954年设立了世界儿童文学大奖——国际安徒生奖，这个奖项至今仍是世界儿童文学界最高的荣誉。2016年，我国著名儿童文学作家曹文轩成为首位获此殊荣的中国作家。我国著名的现代文学家、学者郑振铎认为，安徒生是世界上最伟大的童话作家，他的伟大在于：他以他的童心与诗才开辟了一个童话的天地，给文学以新的式样与新的珠宝。

作为经典名著，安徒生童话跨越了时间的长河，作品不可避免地带有时代的烙印，无法完全从作者自身的宗教和文化背景中剥离，读者在阅读过程中应深刻体会故事所蕴含的道德寓意，以及所传递的真、善、美的价值观。例如，《红鞋子》是一个富有象征意义的故事，它告诫我们要远离贪心和自私，珍惜内在品质和价值，学会自我控制和欲望管理，并且要坚守社会伦理和道德底线。故事提醒我们，外表和虚荣是不能代替内在的品质和价值的，真正的成功和幸福来自内心的充实和善良。

《安徒生童话》问世 100 多年来，至今被译成世界上 150 多种文字，受到全世界一代又一代青少年乃至成年读者的热烈欢迎。在中国，《安徒生童话》是青少年读者最熟悉、最喜爱的外国文学名著之一，并被列为语文新课标课外阅读推荐读物。基于以上原因，我们决定引进本书，并采用英汉双语的形式出版。为了便于携带和阅读，我们精选其中 118 则故事分 7 册出版。我们相信，该经典著作的引进对加强当代中国读者，特别是青少年读者的人文修养非常有帮助。



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1. The Old House

A very old house stood once in a street with several that were quite new and clean. The date of its erection had been carved on one of the beams, and surrounded by scrolls formed of tulips and hop-tendrils; by this date it could be seen that the old house was nearly three hundred years old. Verses too were written over the windows in old-fashioned letters, and grotesque faces, curiously carved, grinned at you from under the cornices. One story projected a long way over the other, and under the roof ran a leaden gutter, with a dragon's head at the end. The rain was intended to pour out at the dragon's mouth, but it ran out of his body instead, for there was a hole in the gutter. The other houses in the street were new and well built, with large window panes and smooth walls. Anyone could see they had nothing to do with the old house. Perhaps they thought, "How long will that heap of rubbish remain here to be a disgrace to the whole street. The parapet projects so far forward that no one can see out of our windows what is going on in that direction. The stairs are as broad as the staircase of a castle, and as steep as if they led to a church-tower. The iron railing looks like the gate of a cemetery, and there are brass knobs upon it. It is really too ridiculous."



◆ ◆ ◆ 1. 老 房 子 ◆ ◆ ◆

街上有一幢很古老的房子，旁边有好几幢又新又干净的房子。这幢房子的悠久历史可以从房子的大梁上看出来，上面刻着郁金香和啤酒花的花纹。不难发现，这幢房子已经有差不多三百年的历史了。窗户上面有很多用古老的字体刻写的诗句，每一扇窗户的横条上都有露出讥笑表情的脸谱。第二层要比第一层突出很多，屋檐下面有刻着龙头的水槽。雨水原本应该从龙的嘴巴里面流出来，但是现在却从龙的肚子里面冒出来了，因为水槽的中间有一个洞。街上其他的房子都是崭新而整齐的，墙壁很光亮，窗户也很宽大，人们可以看出，它们和老房子没有半点关联。那些房子或许在想：“那个丢人的老东西站在街上的日子还有多久呢？它的窗户伸出街道那么远，人们都不能从我们的窗户这边看到另外一边发生的事情。它的楼梯像宫殿里的楼梯一样宽，陡峭得仿佛要通往教堂的高塔里。它的铁栏杆就像墓穴的大门，上面还装着黄铜做的小球。这可真是太可笑了。”

Opposite to the old house were more nice new houses, which had just the same opinion as their neighbors.

At the window of one of them sat a little boy with fresh rosy cheeks, and clear sparkling eyes, who was very fond of the old house, in sunshine or in moonlight. He would sit and look at the wall from which the plaster had in some places fallen off, and fancy all sorts of scenes which had been in former times. How the street must have looked when the houses had all gable roofs, open staircases, and gutters with dragons at the spout. He could even see soldiers walking about with halberds. Certainly it was a very good house to look at for amusement.

An old man lived in it, who wore knee-breeches, a coat with large brass buttons, and a wig, which any one could see was a real wig. Every morning an old man came to clean the rooms, and to wait upon him, otherwise the old man in the knee-breeches would have been quite alone in the house. Sometimes he came to one of the windows and looked out; then the little boy nodded to him, and the old man nodded back again, till they became acquainted, and were friends, although they had never spoken to each other; but that was of no consequence.

老房子的对面则是一排崭新的房子，对于这幢老房子，它们也有着和邻居们相同的看法。

其中一幢新房子的窗户边坐着一个小男孩，他的脸蛋红润，眼睛也很明亮。他特别喜欢对面的老房子，无论是在阳光下还是在月光下。他常常坐着，望着墙壁上几处泥灰已经脱落的地方，幻想着旧时的各种情景：当所有的房子都有山墙屋顶、敞开的楼梯和刻着龙头的水槽时，这条街是什么样子。他甚至能够看到那些手握长戟的士兵在街上走来走去。这确实是一幢不同寻常的房子。

老房子里住着一位老人，他穿着一条及膝的马裤和一件有着黄铜扣子的大衣，还戴着一顶假发，所有人一眼就看得出来这是一顶真正的假发。每天早上都有一位老人来为他打扫房间，服侍他。除此之外，这幢老房子里就只有这位穿着及膝马裤的孤独老人了。他偶尔来到窗户面前，朝着窗外看一眼，这时候小男孩就会对着他点点头作为回应，然后老人也会点点头。他们就这样变成了朋友，尽管两人从来没有说过一句话，但这已经无关紧要了。



孩子坐在窗前欣赏着对面的老房子

The little boy one day heard his parents say: "The old man opposite is very well off, but is terribly lonely." The next Sunday morning the little boy wrapped something in a piece of paper and took it to the door of the old house, and said to the attendant who waited upon the old man, "Will you please give this from me to the gentleman who lives here; I have two tin soldiers, and this is one of them, and he shall have it, because I know he is terribly lonely."

And the old attendant nodded and looked very pleased, and then he carried the tin soldier into the house.

Afterwards he was sent over to ask the little boy if he would not like to pay a visit himself. His parents gave him permission, and so it was that he gained admission to the old house.

The brassy knobs on the railings shone more brightly than ever, as if they had been polished on account of his visit; and on the door were carved trumpeters standing in tulips, and it seemed as if they were blowing with all their might, their cheeks were so puffed out. "Tanta-ra-ra, the little boy is coming; Tanta-ra-ra, the little boy is coming."

Then the door opened. All round the hall hung old portraits of knights in armor, and ladies in silk gowns; and the armor rattled, and the silk dresses rustled. Then came a staircase which went up a long way, and then came down a little way and led to a balcony, which was in a very ruinous state. There were large holes and long cracks, out of which grew grass and leaves, indeed the whole balcony, the courtyard, and the walls were so overgrown with green that they looked like a garden. In the balcony stood flower-pots, on which were heads having asses' ears, but the flowers in them grew just as they pleased. In one pot pinks were growing all over the sides, at least the green leaves were shooting forth stalk and stem, and saying as plainly as they

有一天，小男孩听他的父母说：“那位老人很富裕，但是却十分孤独。”又一个星期天的早上，小男孩用纸包了一个东西，然后来到了那幢老房子的门口，对老仆人说：“请您帮我把这个东西送给住在这儿的老人家，可以吗？我有两个锡兵（译者注：用锡做成的玩具士兵），这是其中之一，我打算送给这位先生，我知道他很寂寞。”

老仆人点了点头，看上去很欣慰，然后就把锡兵带了进去。

随后，老仆人又走了出来，询问小男孩愿不愿意亲自进去拜访一下老人，得到父母的准许后，小男孩就上门拜访这位老人了。

台阶栏杆上的那些铜球看上去比平时亮得多，好像专门为他的到来而擦拭了一遍。大门上雕刻的小号手站在郁金香的花丛里，都在使劲吹着喇叭，两颊都鼓了出来，仿佛在说：“哒哒——啦啦，小男孩来啦！哒哒——啦啦，小男孩来啦！”

大门打开了。大厅四周挂着古老的画像，有穿着铠甲的骑士，还有身穿丝绸长袍的女子，铠甲哗哗作响，而女子身上的丝绸也在风中飘动。然后是一段很长的楼梯，又向下一小段路，通向一个阳台。阳台破败不堪，到处都是裂缝和大洞，里面长出了很多的青草和树叶。阳台上、院子里和墙壁上都长满了植物，看上去就像一个花园。阳台上放着很多花盆，每一个都有着驴耳朵一样的造型。花朵在盆里随意生长，其中一个花盆里

could speak, “The air has fanned me, the sun has kissed me, and I am promised a little flower for next Sunday—really for next Sunday.”

Then they entered a room in which the walls were covered with leather, and the leather had golden flowers stamped upon it.

“Gilding will fade in damp weather, To endure, there is nothing like leather,” said the walls.

Chairs handsomely carved, with elbows on each side, and with very high backs, stood in the room, and as they creaked they seemed to say, “Sit down. Oh dear, how I am creaking. I shall certainly have the gout like the old cupboard. Gout in my back, ugh.”

And then the little boy entered the room where the old man sat.

“Thank you for the tin soldier my little friend,” said the old man, “and thank you also for coming to see me.”

“Thanks, thanks,” or “Creak, creak,” said all the furniture. There was so much that the pieces of furniture stood in each other’s way to get a sight of the little boy.

On the wall near the center of the room hung the picture of a beautiful lady, young and gay, dressed in the fashion of the olden times, with powdered hair, and a full, stiff skirt. She said neither “thanks” nor “creak,” but she looked down upon the little boy with her mild eyes; and then he said to the old man,

“Where did you get that picture?”

长满了石竹花，绿叶茂盛，还有很多嫩芽抽出来，轻松自在欢唱着：“空气抚慰着我，太阳亲吻着我，让我能够在下个星期天开一朵小花！下个星期天就要开花啦！”

小男孩走进了一个房间，房间的墙壁上全部包裹着皮革，皮革上还印着金色的花朵。

墙壁仿佛在说：“镀金会随着岁月流逝，但是皮革却能够永存。”

房间里摆放着雕刻精美的椅子，两边都有扶手，有着高高的靠背，当它们咔咔作响时仿佛在说：“坐下吧，亲爱的，我的身体就要裂开了。就像那个老碗柜一样，我一定是得了痛风，天啊！”

小男孩走进客厅，那位老人就坐在里面呢。

“谢谢你的锡兵，我的小朋友，”老人说，“谢谢你来看望我。”

“谢谢”的声音和“咔咔”的声音此起彼伏，好像房间里的家具都在凑过来打量这位小男孩。

靠近房子中央的墙壁上挂着一幅美丽女子的画像，她看上去是那么年轻、快乐，身上穿着古代的时尚衣服，头发上扑了粉，裙子宽大而且僵硬。她既没有说“谢谢”，也没有说“咔咔”，只是用温和的眼神看着这个小男孩。小男孩询问老人：

“您是从哪里找到的这张画像？”

“From the shop opposite,” he replied. “Many portraits hang there that none seem to trouble themselves about. The persons they represent have been dead and buried long since. But I knew this lady many years ago, and she has been dead nearly half a century.”

Under a glass beneath the picture hung a nosegay of withered flowers, which were no doubt half a century old too, at least they appeared so.

And the pendulum of the old clock went to and fro, and the hands turned round; and as time passed on, everything in the room grew older, but no one seemed to notice it.

“They say at home,” said the little boy, “that you are very lonely.”

“Oh,” replied the old man, “I have pleasant thoughts of all that has passed, recalled by memory; and now you are come to visit me, and that is very pleasant.”

Then he took from the book-case, a book full of pictures representing long processions of wonderful coaches, such as are never seen at the present time. Soldiers like the knave of clubs, and citizens with waving banners. The tailors had a flag with a pair of scissors supported by two lions, and on the shoemakers' flag there were not boots, but an eagle with two heads, for the shoemakers must have everything arranged so that they can say, “This is a pair.” What a picture-book it was; and then the old man went into another room to fetch apples and nuts. It was very pleasant, certainly, to be in that old house.

“从对门的商人那里。”老人回答，“那儿挂着很多画像，没有人赏识，也没有人愿意去打理。因为画像中的人都已经死去，而且埋葬了很久。我认识这位女士，不过她已经死去差不多半个世纪了。”

这幅画下方的镜子下挂着一束枯萎的花，毫无疑问，这也是半个世纪以前的物品，至少看上去已经很有些年头了。

老钟的钟摆一刻不停地摇摆着，指针也在转动；房间里的每一件东西都变得越来越古老，似乎没有人注意到这一点。

“他们都说，”小男孩开口道，“您十分孤单。”

“哦！”老人说，“对过往的回忆让我感到非常愉快，现在你也来看望我了，这让我很开心。”

他从书架上取下了一本画册，上面画着很多华丽的马车阵列，都是这会儿看不到的。那些士兵打扮得就像扑克牌上的爵士，周围还有挥舞着旗帜的市民。裁缝手里的旗子上画着一把由两只狮子抬着的巨大剪刀，鞋匠手里的旗子上则是一只双头鹰，而非靴子，因为鞋匠必须把所有的东西都安排得让人觉得这是一双什么东西。没错，就是这样的一本画册。老人到另外一个房间去拿了一些苹果和坚果。在这个房间里，一切都是那么可爱。

“I cannot endure it,” said the tin soldier, who stood on a shelf, “it is so lonely and dull here. I have been accustomed to live in a family, and I cannot get used to this life. I cannot bear it. The whole day is long enough, but the evening is longer. It is not here like it was in your house opposite, when your father and mother talked so cheerfully together, while you and all the dear children made such a delightful noise. No, it is all lonely in the old man’s house. Do you think he gets any kisses? Do you think he ever has friendly looks, or a Christmas tree? He will have nothing now but the grave. Oh, I cannot bear it.”



“You must not look only on the sorrowful side,” said the little boy; “I think everything in this house is beautiful, and all the old pleasant thoughts come back here to pay visits.”

“Ah, but I never see any, and I don’t know them,” said the tin soldier, “and I cannot bear it.”

“You must bear it,” said the little boy. Then the old man came back with a pleasant face; and brought with him beautiful preserved fruits, as well as apples and nuts; and the little boy thought no more of the tin soldier. How happy and delighted the little boy was; and after he returned home, and while days and weeks passed, a great deal of nodding took place from one house to the other, and then the little boy went to pay another visit. The carved trumpeters blew “Tanta-ra-ra. There is the little boy. Tanta-ra-ra.” The swords and armor on the old knight’s pictures rattled. The silk dresses rustled, the leather repeated its rhyme, and the old chairs had the gout in their backs, and cried, “Creak;” it was all exactly like the first time; for in that house,

“我再也受不了啦！”站在架子上的锡兵忍不住喊出了声，“这儿是那么寂寞，那么无聊。我早已习惯了热闹的家庭氛围，怎么也习惯不了这儿的生活。白天已经如此漫长，可是夜晚更加漫长。这儿的情形和你家里简直是大相径庭。你的爸爸妈妈总是在愉快地聊天，你和其他可爱的孩子发出愉悦的欢笑声，而这位老人的家里却是那么冷清。你以为他会得到谁的吻吗？你以为会有人温柔地看他一眼吗？你以为他会有一棵圣诞树吗？他什么都没有，等待他的只有死亡。我再也受不了啦！”

“你不能总是从悲观的角度来看问题！”小男孩说，“我觉得这儿的一切都是那么可爱，它们给老人带来许多愉快的回忆。”

“啊！但是我从来不曾看到它们，也不曾认识它们！”锡兵说，“我再也受不了啦！”

“你一定要坚持！”小男孩说。这时候老人带着愉悦的表情，手里拿着蜜饯、苹果和坚果回来了，于是小男孩就把锡兵抛到脑后了。小男孩快乐地回了家！过了好多个星期，房子们之间也互相致意了很多次，小男孩又一次上门拜访了。那些小号手又一次吹起了“哒哒——啦啦，小男孩又来啦！哒哒——啦啦”的响声，接着那些骑士身上的铠甲又一次响了起来，那些丝绸衣服也轻轻地晃动，那些皮革重复着它的韵律，那些老椅子的脊背又犯了痛风。哦！这和第一次简直一模一样。因为这儿的每一刻都和之前一

one day and one hour were just like another. "I cannot bear it any longer," said the tin soldier; "I have wept tears of tin, it is so melancholy here. Let me go to the wars, and lose an arm or a leg, that would be some change; I cannot bear it. Now I know what it is to have visits from one's old recollections, and all they bring with them. I have had visits from mine, and you may believe me it is not altogether pleasant. I was very nearly jumping from the shelf. I saw you all in your house opposite, as if you were really present. It was Sunday morning, and you children stood round the table, singing the hymn that you sing every morning. You were standing quietly, with your hands folded, and your father and mother were looking just as serious, when the door opened, and your little sister Maria, who is not two years old, was brought into the room. You know she always dances when she hears music and singing of any sort; so she began to dance immediately, although she ought not to have done so, but she could not get into the right time because the tune was so slow; so she stood first on one leg and then on the other, and bent her head very low, but it would not suit the music. You all stood looking very grave, although it was very difficult to do so, but I laughed so to myself that I fell down from the table, and got a bruise, which is there still; I know it was not right to laugh. So all this, and everything else that I have seen, keeps running in my head, and these must be the old recollections that bring so many thoughts with them. Tell me whether you still sing on Sundays, and tell me about your little sister Maria, and how my old comrade is, the other tin soldier. Ah, really he must be very happy; I cannot endure this life."

样。“我再也受不了啦！”锡兵又叫嚷了起来，“我简直要流下锡做的眼泪了。这儿可真是太沉闷了，我宁愿上战场，失去一只胳膊或一条腿，至少那样子生活还能有些变化。我实在受不了啦！现在我才明白，回忆以及和回忆相关的事情来拜访是怎样的感觉。相信我，结果一点都不愉快！我差点就从架子上跳下去了。你们在对面房间里的情形我看得一清二楚，好像你们就在我的身边。那个星期天的早晨，你们这些孩子围着桌子，唱着你们每天都要唱的圣诗。你们双手合十，严肃地站在那儿，你们的爸爸妈妈同样是那么严肃。大门被打开了，你那不到两岁的妹妹玛利亚被领了进来，你知道，不管什么时候，只要听到了音乐或歌声，她就会手舞足蹈，尽管她跳得不太好，也合不上拍子，因为拍子的速度很慢。她先是用一条腿站着，一会儿换另外一条腿，然后再把脑袋低下去，不过这个动作并不合拍。你们都站在那儿不发出笑声，我知道这是很困难的，因为我已经忍不住笑出了声，然后我就从桌上滚了下来，还摔出了一个大包。这个包现在还在。我知道发出笑声是不对的，但是这一切，还有我经历过的其他事情，一一重现在我的脑海，这大概就是回忆以及和回忆有关的事情了。告诉我，你们每个星期天仍然唱歌吗？你的妹妹玛利亚还好吗？我的老朋友，另外一个锡兵还好吗？他一定很快乐，而我不能忍受现在这样的生活。”

“You are given away,” said the little boy; “you must stay. Don’t you see that?” Then the old man came in, with a box containing many curious things to show him. Rouge-pots, scent-boxes, and old cards, so large and so richly gilded, that none are ever seen like them in these days. And there were smaller boxes to look at, and the piano was opened, and inside the lid were painted landscapes. But when the old man played, the piano sounded quite out of tune. Then he looked at the picture he had bought at the broker’s, and his eyes sparkled brightly as he nodded at it, and said, “Ah, she could sing that tune.”

“I will go to the wars! I will go to the wars!” cried the tin soldier as loud as he could, and threw himself down on the floor. Where could he have fallen? The old man searched, and the little boy searched, but he was gone, and could not be found. “I shall find him again,” said the old man, but he did not find him. The boards of the floor were open and full of holes. The tin soldier had fallen through a crack between the boards, and lay there now in an open grave. The day went by, and the little boy returned home; the week passed, and many more weeks. It was winter, and the windows were quite frozen, so the little boy was obliged to breathe on the panes, and rub a hole to peep through at the old house. Snow drifts were lying in all the scrolls and on the inscriptions, and the steps were covered with snow as if no one were at home.

And indeed nobody was home, for the old man was dead. In the evening, a hearse stopped at the door, and the old man in his coffin was placed in it. He was to be taken to the country to be buried there in his own grave; so they carried him away; no one followed

“你已经被送人了，”小男孩说，“所以你要安心留下来，你没有发现吗？”这时候那位老人拿着一个盒子过来了，里面有好多新奇的东西：胭脂盒子、香薰盒子、古老的扑克牌，个头都很大，还镀了金。我们现在根本看不到这样的东西。他还打开了很多更小的盒子，掀开了钢琴盖，盖子下面描绘着美丽的风景画。老人弹着钢琴，听起来有点走调。然后他看了看那幅从旧货商人那儿买来的画，点点头，老人的眼睛明亮了起来：“啊！她也会唱这首歌。”

“我要上战场！我要上战场！”锡兵用自己最大的嗓门喊道，然后他就摔到了地上。可是他掉到什么地方了呢？老人在寻找，小男孩也在寻找，但是他失去了踪迹。“我会找到他的。”老人说道，然而他并没有找到。因为地板上有好多裂缝和大洞，锡兵已经滚到其中一个裂缝里面去了。锡兵静静地躺在那儿，就像躺在一个敞开的坟墓里面。一天很快就过去了，小男孩回到了自己家里。又过去了很多个星期，冬天来了，窗户上都结了冰，小男孩需要冲着窗户上的玻璃用力地哈一口气，把玻璃上的冰融化出一个小孔来，才能够看到对面房子的动静。那些雕花和刻字上全是雪，整个台阶都被雪盖住了，好像老房子里面没有人一样。

实际上，里面的确没有人，因为那位老先生已经去世了。晚上的时候，门外停了一辆马车，老人被安放在棺材里面，抬上了马车。不久，他就要被埋进乡下的坟墓，马车

him, for all his friends were dead; and the little boy kissed his hand to the coffin as the hearse moved away with it. A few days after, there was an auction at the old house, and from his window the little boy saw the people carrying away the pictures of old knights and ladies, the flower-pots with the long ears, the old chairs, and the cup-boards. Some were taken one way, some another. Her portrait, which had been bought at the picture dealer's, went back again to his shop, and there it remained, for no one seemed to know her, or to care for the old picture. In the spring; they began to pull the house itself down; people called it complete rubbish. From the street could be seen the room in which the walls were covered with leather, ragged and torn, and the green in the balcony hung straggling over the beams; they pulled it down quickly, for it looked ready to fall, and at last it was cleared away altogether. "What a good riddance," said the neighbors' houses. Very shortly, a fine new house was built farther back from the road; it had lofty windows and smooth walls, but in front, on the spot where the old house really stood, a little garden was planted, and wild vines grew up over the neighboring walls; in front of the garden were large iron railings and a great gate, which looked very stately. People used to stop and peep through the railings. The sparrows assembled in dozens upon the wild vines, and chattered all together as loud as they could, but not about the old house; none of them could remember it.

For many years had passed by, so many indeed, that the little boy was now a man, and a really good man too, and his parents were very proud of him. He was just married, and had come, with his young wife, to reside in the new house with the garden in front of it,

正拉着他朝乡下走去。没有人来给他送葬，因为所有的朋友都已经死去。棺材被拉走的时候，只有小男孩在后面向他告别。几天之后，这幢老房子里面举行了拍卖会，小男孩在自己家的窗户里看到那些古老的骑士和女士画像，那些驴耳朵的花盆，还有古老的凳子和碗柜都被人搬走了。有些被搬到了这儿，有些被搬到了那儿。而那幅画像，从旧货商人那儿买来的画像，重新回到了旧货商店，因为没有人认识她了，所以没有人愿意收下这一幅画。到了第二年的春天，房子就被拆掉了，因为人们都说它是一堆垃圾。从街上能够看到那个墙壁被皮革包裹着的房间，那些皮革已经被扯了下来，然后被撕碎了。阳台上的那些植物也凌乱地倒在废墟里，人们已经打算把这块地方给清理干净。“这下总算好了！”周围的房子们拍手叫好。这儿很快修建起了一幢新房子，有高高的窗户和光滑的墙壁。老房子真正矗立的地方有一个小花园，周围的墙壁上长满了野生的葡萄藤，花园前面有一个铁栏杆，还有一道铁门，看上去很庄严，人们经常停下脚步，朝着铁栏杆里面张望。成群的麻雀栖息在野葡萄藤上，叽叽喳喳叫个不停，它们谈论的却不是老房子的事情，因为它们根本就不记得老房子的事情了。

又过去了很多年，小男孩已经长大成人，成为父母引以为傲的大人。他刚刚结婚不久，正打算陪自己的妻子搬到这幢有花园的房子里面。他的妻子正在栽培一株她觉得

and now he stood there by her side while she planted a field flower that she thought very pretty. She was planting it herself with her little hands, and pressing down the earth with her fingers. “Oh dear, what was that?” she exclaimed, as something pricked her. Out of the soft earth something was sticking up. It was—only think—it was really the tin soldier, the very same which had been lost up in the old man’s room, and had been hidden among old wood and rubbish for a long time, till it sunk into the earth, where it must have been for many years. And the young wife wiped the soldier, first with a green leaf, and then with her fine pocket-handkerchief, that smelt of such beautiful perfume. And the tin soldier felt as if he was recovering from a fainting fit. “Let me see him,” said the young man, and then he smiled and shook his head, and said, “It can scarcely be the same, but it reminds me of something that happened to one of my tin soldiers when I was a little boy.” And then he told his wife about the old house and the old man, and of the tin soldier which he had sent across, because he thought the old man was lonely; and he related the story so clearly that tears came into the eyes of the young wife for the old house and the old man. “It is very likely that this is really the same soldier,” said she, “and I will take care of him, and always remember what you have told me; but some day you must show me the old man’s grave.”

“I don’t know where it is,” he replied; “no one knows. All his friends are dead; no one took care of him, and I was only a little boy.”

“Oh, how dreadfully lonely he must have been,” said she.

“Yes, terribly lonely,” cried the tin soldier; “still it is delightful not to be forgotten.”

很美丽的野花，他就站在身边。妻子用灵巧的手指按紧野花周围的泥土，突然惊呼了一声：“哦！这是什么！”她觉得有什么东西刺了她的手。有个东西从松软的泥土里钻出来，原来是那个锡兵！就是曾经在老人房间里消失的锡兵。他在那些烂木头和垃圾堆里待了很久，然后在泥土里面沉睡了很久。年轻的妻子先用一片绿叶擦拭了锡兵，又用自己美丽芳香的手帕仔细擦拭了一遍。锡兵仿佛刚刚从昏睡中醒来。“让我看看！”这位年轻人说道，然后笑着摇摇头，说：“啊！这不可能！这让我想起了小时候和一个锡兵的一段故事。”他和妻子说起了那座老房子、那个老人和锡兵的故事。他当时看老人是那么孤单，于是就把锡兵送给了老人。他讲得那么认真，年轻的妻子忍不住为那座老房子和那个老人流下了眼泪。“这很可能就是那个锡兵！”她说，“我会好好保存的，这样我就能记住你给我讲的故事。不过，你要带我去看一看老人的坟墓！”

“我不知道他的坟墓在哪里，”他回答，“没有一个人知道，他所有的朋友都死去了，没有人照料他，而我当时只是个孩子。”

“那么他一定很孤独。”妻子说。

“是啊！可怕的孤独！”锡兵喊道，“不过这事儿居然没有被忘掉，这倒也是一件让人高兴的事情。”

“Delightful indeed.” cried a voice quite near to them; no one but the tin soldier saw that it came from a rag of the leather which hung in tatters; it had lost all its gilding, and looked like wet earth, but it had an opinion, and it spoke it thus:

“Gilding will fade in damp weather, To endure, there is nothing like leather.”

But the tin soldier did not believe any such thing.

“的确令人高兴！”他们的身边响起一个声音，除了锡兵，没有人看出那是贴在墙上的一块皮革，上面的镀金已经不见了，看上去就像潮湿的泥土，但是它仍然有自己的见解：

“镀金会随着岁月流逝，但是皮革却能够永存。”

不过锡兵对此是嗤之以鼻的。