



The nightingale had heard of the Emperor's sickness and came to sing of hope and trust. As she sang, the Emperor's pale face flooded with color, and his breaths became stronger.

Even Death stopped to listen. "Go on, little nightingale," said Death. "Sing more." As she sang, Death soon forgot about his task, and he left.

"Sweet nightingale!" cried the Emperor, "You saved my life. How can I ever reward you?" The nightingale smiled and said, "You have already rewarded me. I shall never forget that I drew tears from your eyes the first time I sang to you. These are the jewels that rejoice a singer's heart."

The Emperor went on to live many years after that, and though he sent the little nightingale to live free in the woods, she still came to his window every day to sing for him.