

Opište tento text a zašlete do 29. května 2020

But the Happy Prince looked so sad that the little Swallow was sorry. It is very cold here, he said, but I will stay with you for one night and help you.

Thank you, little Swallow, said the Prince.

So the Swallow picked out the great jewel from the Prince's armour and flew away with it over the roofs of the town.

He passed by the cathedral tower, he passed by the palace and heard the sound of dancing. He passed over the river and at last he came to the poor house and looked in. The boy was turning on his bed, and the mother had fallen asleep because she was so tired. He came in and laid the great jewel on the table beside her. Then he flew gently round the bed, waving his wings in front of the boy's forehead. How cool I feel, said the boy, I must be getting better. He went to sleep.

Then the Swallow flew back to the Happy Prince, and told him what he had done. "It is interesting, he said, that I feel quite warm now, although it is so cold.

That is because you have done a good thing, said the Prince. And the little Swallow began to think, and then he fell asleep.

In the morning he flew down to the river and had a bath. How strange, said the Professor as he was walking over the bridge. A swallow in winter! And he wrote a long letter about it to the local newspaper.

Tonight I go to Egypt, said the Swallow, and he was happy when he thought about it.

When the moon rose, he flew back to the Happy Prince. Tonight I leave, he said.

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "will you not stay with me one night longer?"

My friends are waiting for me in Egypt, answered the Swallow. Tomorrow they will fly to a great throne where the God Memnon sits.

Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow, said the Prince, far away across the city I see a young man in a small room. He is sitting at a desk covered with papers. His hair is brown and he has large and dreamy eyes. He is trying to finish a play for the Director of the Theatre, but he is too cold and hungry to write any more.

I will wait with you one night longer, said the Swallow, who really had a good heart. Shall I take him another jewel?

My eyes are all that I have left. They are made of precious jewels, which were brought out of India a thousand years ago. Take one of them and bring it to him. He will sell it, buy food and wood, and finish his play.

Dear Prince, said the Swallow, I cannot do that! and he began to cry.

Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow, said the Prince, do as I command you.

So the Swallow took out the Prince's eye, and flew away to the man's little room. He got in easily through a hole in the roof. The young man had his head in his hands, so he did not hear the bird's wings. When he looked up, he found the beautiful jewel lying on the table.

This must be from a great admirer, he thought. "Now I can finish my play, and he was quite happy.

The next day the Swallow flew down to the harbour. He sat and watched the sailors. I am going to Egypt! the Swallow cried to them, but nobody noticed. When the moon rose, he flew back to the Happy Prince.

I have come to say goodbye, he cried.

Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow, said the Prince, will you not stay with me one night longer?

It is winter, answered the Swallow, and the freezing snow will soon be here. In Egypt the sun is warm and my friends are building their nests. Dear Prince, I must leave you, but I will never forget you, and next spring I will bring you back two beautiful jewels in place of those you have given away.

In the square below, said the Happy Prince, there is a little girl. She has lost all her matches and her father will beat her because she will not bring home any money. She has no shoes and no hat. Take out my other eye and give it to her, and her father will not beat her.

I will stay with you one night longer, said the Swallow, but I cannot take out your eye. You would be quite blind then.

Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow, said the Prince, do as I command you.

So he took out the Prince's other eye, and flew down with it. He put the jewel into her hand. What a lovely bit of glass," cried the little girl and she ran home, laughing.

Then the Swallow came back to the Prince. You are blind now, he said, so I will stay with you always.

No, little Swallow, said the poor Prince, you must go away to Egypt.

I will stay with you always, said the Swallow, and he slept at the Prince's feet.

All the next day he sat on the Prince's shoulder, and told him stories of all the wonderful things that he had seen in far away lands.

Dear little Swallow, said the Prince, you tell me of wonderful things, but look at the suffering of men and women. Fly over my city, little Swallow, and tell me what you see there.

So the Swallow flew over the great city, and saw the rich people in their beautiful houses, while the poor ones were sitting at the gates. He flew into dark streets, and saw the white faces of hungry children. Then he flew back and told the Prince what he had seen.

I am covered with fine gold, said the Prince, you must take it off, piece by piece, and give it to the poor. The living always think that gold can make them happy.

The Swallow picked off piece after piece of the fine gold, till the Happy Prince looked quite grey. He brought the gold to the children, and their faces grew brighter, and they laughed and played games in the street. We have bread now! they cried.

Then the snow came, and after the snow came the frost. Everybody wore warm clothes and the boys skated on the ice.

The poor little Swallow grew colder and colder, but he would not leave the Prince, he loved him so much. He picked up crumbs outside the baker's door when the baker was not looking and tried to keep himself warm by waving his wings.

But at last he knew that he was going to die. He had just strength to fly up to the Prince's shoulder once more. "Goodbye, dear Prince!" he said, "will you let me kiss your hand?"

I am glad that you are finally going to Egypt, little Swallow," said the Prince, you have stayed too long here. But you must kiss me on the lips, for I love you.

It is not to Egypt where I am going, said the Swallow. I am going to the House of Death.

And he kissed the Happy Prince on the lips, and fell down dead at his feet.

At that moment the metal heart inside of the statue broke into two pieces.

Early the next morning the Mayor was walking in the square below with the Town Councillors. They looked at the statue and cried: Look at the Happy Prince, how ugly he is! The jewels are gone and he is not golden any more. The Councillors agreed with him.

And here is actually a dead bird at his feet! continued the Mayor. "Surely birds must not die here!"

So they pulled down the statue of the Happy Prince. Because he is not beautiful, he is not useful, said the Professor at the University.

Then they melted the statue decided what to do with the metal. We must have another statue, of course, the Mayor said, and it shall be a statue of myself.

Of myself, said each of the Town Councillors, and they argued. When I last heard of them they were still arguing.

What a strange thing! said one of the workmen. This broken heart will not melt. We must throw it away. So they threw it where the dead Swallow was lying.

Bring me the two most precious things in the city, said God to one of His Angels; and the Angel brought Him the broken heart and the dead bird.

You have chosen correctly, said God, "because in my garden of Paradise this little bird shall sing for evermore, and in my city of gold the Happy Prince shall praise me.