

# [To the flowers of heidelberg](https://assignbuster.com/to-the-flowers-ofheidelberg/)

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To The Flowers Of Heidelberg Go to my country, go, foreign flowers, Planted by the traveler on his way, And there beneath that sky of blue That over my beloved towers, Speak for this traveler to say What faith in his homeland he breathes to you. Go and say. . . say that when the dawn First drew your calyx open there Beside the River Neckar chill, You saw him standing by you, very still, Reflecting on the primrose flush you wear. Say that when the morning light Her toll of perfume from you wrung, While playfully she whispered, " How I love you!" He too murmured here above you Tender love songs in his native tongue. That when the rising sun the height Of Kainigsthul in early morn first spies, And with its tepid light Is pouring life in valley, wood, and grove, He greets the sun as it begins to rise, Which in his native land is blazing straight above. And tell them of that day he staid And plucked you from the border of the path, Amid the ruins of the feudal castle, By the River Neckar, and in the silvan shade. Tell them what he told you As tenderly he took Your pliant leaves and pressed them in a book, Where now its well worn pages close enfold you. Carry, carry, flowers of Rhine, Love to every love of mine, Peace to my country and her fertile loam, Virtue to her women, courage to her men, Salute those darling ones again, Who formed the sacred circle of our home. And when you reach that shore, Each kiss I press upon you now, Deposit on the pinions of the wind, And those I love and honor and adore Will feel my kisses carried to their brow. Ah, flowers, you may fare through, Conserving still, perhaps, your native hue; Yet, far from Fatherland, heroic loam To which you owe your life, The perfume will be gone from you; For aroma is your soul; it cannot roam Beyond the skies which saw it born, nor e'er forget The Last Poem of Rizal | | Farewell, my adored Land, region of the sun caressed, Pearl of the Orient Sea, our Eden lost, With gladness I give you my Life, sad and repressed; And were it more brilliant, more fresh and at its best, I would still give it to you for your welfare at most. On the fields of battle, in the fury of fight, Others give you their lives without pain or hesitancy, The place does not matter: cypress laurel, lily white, Scaffold, open field, conflict or martyrdom's site, It is the same if asked by home and Country. I die as I see tints on the sky b'gin to show And at last announce the day, after a gloomy night; If you need a hue to dye your matutinal glow, Pour my blood and at the right moment spread it so, And gild it with a reflection of your nascent light! My dreams, when scarcely a lad adolescent, My dreams when already a youth, full of vigor to attain, Were to see you, gem of the sea of the Orient, Your dark eyes dry, smooth brow held to a high plane Without frown, without wrinkles and of shame without stain. My life's fancy, my ardent, passionate desire, Hail! Cries out the soul to you, that will soon part from thee; Hail! How sweet 'tis to fall that fullness you may acquire; To die to give you life, 'neath your skies to expire, And in your mystic land to sleep through eternity! If over my tomb some day, you would see blow, A simple humble flow'r amidst thick grasses, Bring it up to your lips and kiss my soul so, And under the cold tomb, I may feel on my brow, Warmth of your breath, a whiff of your tenderness. Let the moon with soft, gentle light me descry, Let the dawn send forth its fleeting, brilliant light, In murmurs grave allow the wind to sigh, And should a bird descend on my cross and alight, Let the bird intone a song of peace o'er my site. Let the burning sun the raindrops vaporize And with my clamor behind return pure to the sky; Let a friend shed tears over my early demise; And on quiet afternoons when one prays for me on high, Pray too, oh, my Motherland, that in God may rest I. Pray thee for all the hapless who have died, For all those who unequalled torments have undergone; For our poor mothers who in bitterness have cried; For orphans, widows and captives to tortures were shied, And pray too that you may see your own redemption. And when the dark night wraps the cemet'ry And only the dead to vigil there are left alone, Don't disturb their repose, don't disturb the mystery: If you hear the sounds of cittern or psaltery, It is I, dear Country, who, a song t'you intone. And when my grave by all is no more remembered, With neither cross nor stone to mark its place, Let it be plowed by man, with spade let it be scattered And my ashes ere to nothingness are restored, Let them turn to dust to cover your earthly space. Then it doesn't matter that you should forget me: Your atmosphere, your skies, your vales I'll sweep; Vibrant and clear note to your ears I shall be: Aroma, light, hues, murmur, song, moanings deep, Constantly repeating the essence of the faith I keep. My idolized Country, for whom I most gravely pine, Dear Philippines, to my last goodbye, oh, harken There I leave all: my parents, loves of mine, I'll go where there are no slaves, tyrants or hangmen Where faith does not kill and where God alone does reign. Farewell, parents, brothers, beloved by me, Friends of my childhood, in the home distressed; Give thanks that now I rest from the wearisome day; Farewell, sweet stranger, my friend, who brightened my way; Farewell, to all I love. To die is to rest. | | | | Intimate Alliance Between Religion and Education Alike the climbing ivy That winds its way Up the tow'ring elm, Their enchantment being the meadow green, And both are embellished While together they grow; And if the compassionate elm should fail, The ivy without its joy Would see itself with sadness die; Such is the alliance close Between Religion and Education Because of her Education attains renown; And woe to him who blind rejects The teachings wise of Religion Divine, From its pure stream wickedly flees. If from the splendid vine A branch proudly grows, And its bunches sweet offers us, In the meantime that the benevolent plant To the vine shoot generous nourishment gives: Such currents crystalline Of heavenly virtue give new life To Education fulfilled, With her lights refulgent guiding her; For the sweet odor it exhales, And favors us with its savory fruits. Without Religion man's Education Is like a ship struck by the wind That loses its rudder in horrible fight At the noisy impulse and shaking Of the stormy, terrible BÃ³reas Who fiercely combats her Until submerging her with pride In the depth of th' angry sea If from the sky the dew Invigorates and nurtures the mead, And due to it, in beautiful spring, The flow'rs will bloom t' embroider the ground; So is Education fertilized By kind Religion with her principles That merrily she may walk toward the good With generous step And giving virtue's luxuriant flow'rs Their fragrance spread everywhere. They Ask Me for Verses! I They bid me strike the lyre so long now mute and broken, but not a note can I waken nor will my muse inspire! She stammers coldly and babbles when tortured by my mind; she lies when she laughs and thrills as she lies in her lamentation, for in my sad isolation my soul nor frolics nor feels. There was a time, 'tis true, but now that time has vanished when indulgent love or friendship called me a poet too. Now of that time there lingers hardly a memory, as from a celebration some mysterious refrain that haunts the ears will remain of the orchestra's actuation. A scarce-grown plant I seem, uprooted from the Orient, where perfume is the atmosphere and where life is a dream. O land that is never forgotten! And these have taught me to sing: the birds with their melody, the cataracts with their force and, on the swollen shores, the murmuring of the sea. While in my childhood days I could smile upon her sunshine, I felt in my bosom, seething, a fierce volcano ablaze. A poet was I, for I wanted with my verses, with my breath, to say to the swift wind: 'Fly and propagate her renown! Praise her from zone to zone, from the earth up to the sky!' I left her! My native hearth, a tree despoiled and shriveled, no longer repeats the echo of my old songs of mirth. I sailed across the vast ocean, craving to change my fate, not noting, in my madness, that, instead of the weal I sought, the sea around me wrought the spectre of death and sadness. The dreams of younger hours, love, enthusiasm, desire, have been left there under the skies of that fair land of flowers. Oh, do not ask of my heart that languishes, songs of love! For, as without peace I tread this desert of no surprises, I feel that my soul agonizes and that my spirit is dead.