

Mi Último Adiós
Dr. José P. Rizal (1861 – 1896) - Philippine National Hero

My Last Farewell
Contemporary English Translation By Marilyn Castillo Proctor

Dr. Jose Rizal finished writing this poem the eve of his execution by the Spanish army on December 30, 1896. His execution was believed to be the catalyst to the Philippine revolution against Spanish rule.

<p>Farewell, beloved homeland, dear land of the sun, Pearl of the eastern sea, our lost Eden! With gladness I give you my life; sad and gray, That it be more brilliant, renewed, and colorful, To you, I offer, and give for your glory.</p> <p>On the battlefields, a furious fight, Others give their lives, no doubts, no regrets, The place matters not: cypress, laurel, or lily; Gallows or open field, combat or cruel martyrdom, They all answer the cries of my home and country.</p> <p>I die as I see the early hues of the sky As finally the day breaks after a gloomy night; If you desire a crimson colored dawn, Pour my blood, spread it in time For a bronze reflection in your rising light.</p> <p>The dreams of my adolescence, The dreams of my youth filled with vigor, Were to see you, jewel of the eastern sea, Dry dark eyes, soft glowing temple, No frown, no wrinkles, no blemish.</p> <p>Dream of my life; my burning desire to live, Hurrah to you! Cries my soul that soon departs! Hurrah! Oh, how sweet it is to fall so you can fly; To die so you can live, to die under your sky, And to sleep eternally in your enchanted land</p> <p>If over my tomb someday you should see sprout, Amid the thick grass a simple humble flower, Raise it to your lips and kiss my soul, That under the cold tomb, my temple may feel Your gentle essence, your warm breath.</p> <p>Let the moon illuminate me with tranquil soft light, Let the dawn send forth its fleeting glow, Let the wind cry with its grave murmur, And should a bird descend and perch upon my cross, Let it intone a song of peace.</p>	<p>Let the sun burn, the rain evaporate, And the heaven become pure, with my cry in pursuit; Let a friend grieve my untimely death And on quiet afternoons when one prays for me, Pray too, oh, my country, that I may rest with God.</p> <p>Pray for all the ill-fated dead, For those who suffered disparate pain, For our poor mothers who cry out with bitterness; For orphans and widows, for tortured prisoners And pray too for your final redemption.</p> <p>And when the dark night envelops the cemetery Where only the dead keep watch, Disturb not their repose, disturb not the mystery, If you hear the chords of a guitar or a harp, It is I, beloved homeland, who sings to you.</p> <p>And when my tomb is forgotten No cross nor headstone to mark its place Let a man plow it, scatter it with a spade And before my ashes are no more Let them turn to dust to cover the earth.</p> <p>Then it matters not that you should forget me. In your skies, mountains, valleys, I shall remain. Vibrant and clear melody, I am to your ears, Repeating constantly the essence of my faith: Aroma, light, colors, whisper, song, laments.</p> <p>My beloved country, pain of my sorrows, Dear Philippines, hear my last farewell. I leave you all: my parents, my loved ones. I go where there are no slaves, executioners nor tyrants, Where faith does not kill, where God reigns.</p> <p>Farewell, parents and brothers, fragments of my soul, Childhood friends of my lost home, Give thanks, I shall rest from a tiring day; Farewell, sweet foreigner, my friend, my joy, Farewell, my loved ones; death is a sweet repose</p>
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