

RIZAL'S LIGHT

By FRANCISCO CARBALLO



From Fort Santiago's gloomy cell
And through Postigo's ancient gate,
A man who served his country well
With soldiers marched to meet his fate.

‡‡

His gait was firm, his mien was bright
As wistful looks he briefly cast
At scenes which were his heart's delight
When life was young in years long past.

Although his arms were firmly tied,
He smiled at friends along the way;
As throngs he passed, they sadly sighed,
And prayed for him that fateful day..

‡‡

Luneta was so fair to scan
And filled with gay December charm,
As bravely stood the sterling man
Who met his death with martyr's calm.

‡‡

Then "Viva España!" the victors cried,
As others wept in deepest gloom;
They killed to soothe their wounded pride,
And thus they sealed a kingdom's doom.

‡‡

He lived and died a patriot true,
Who joyed in deeds of truth and love;
He fought grim wrongs of every hue
For light he saw from Him above.

‡‡

They vainly tried to snuff his light
Which dazzled men of dark design,
But lo, that light still shines more bright,
For truth is light of source divine!