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Special Report

TEN HILIGAYNON POEMS: TRANSLATIONS AND AN INTRODUCTION

Doreen G. Fernandez

My first experience of Ilongo poetry was as a child of nine or ten, during the war. In the last months of the Japanese occupation, we had moved out of town to our farm, along with my grandfather and four or five families of cousins and aunts and uncles. We lived in a row of small wooden houses originally built for the farm workers and their families. In the evenings we would gather in the open space between my grandfather's house and that of the oldest uncle, sit around on benches or on the hard beaten earth, and listen to guitars played by the farm people.

Occasionally, someone would sing a *composo*, a folk ballad more or less *extempore*, with current topics woven in to fit the traditional melodies. It usually started with a standard verse announcing the topic of the song, and ended with another apologizing for the singer's ineptitude or lack of experience. In between, it sang of love and loss, of cruel Japanese, of guerrillas hiding in the hills, of sweethearts waiting, of hunger and suffering, and of the Americans who were coming to save us.

I remember little of the exact words or melodies, but cannot forget the dim moonlit nights, the occasional *farol*, the strumming guitars to which the older cousins sometimes danced, and those *composos* that we listened to with much attention and feeling, rather like medieval audiences around a bard at fireside.

Much later, I found a sample of the standard beginning and ending of the *composo*:

The beginning:	O, manga Señores Pamati-i ninyo Ako maga-asoy Diotay nga composo, Banwa sang _____ ,
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May natabu didto
 Apat ka mag-utod
 Puro guid mestizo . . .

(O, you gentlemen,
 Listen, all of you
 For I shall sing
 A little *composo*.
 In the town of _____ ,
 Something happened there.
 Four brothers there were,
 All of them mestizo . . .)

The ending:

Pananglit may sayop
 Inyong dispensaron
 Bag-o lang mag-alam
 Sining verso nakon.

(If there be a mistake
 You must excuse it,
 For I have just learned,
 This verse of mine.)

The Language

Ilongo, or Hiligaynon, as it is properly called to distinguish it from Kinaray-a, another variety of Ilongo, is spoken in Antique, Iloilo, Capiz, Negros Occidental, Romblon and Southern Masbate. Its origin is said to have been Hiniray-a, the language of Datu Sumakwel and the ten Bornean datus who settled in Panay, then called Pulo sang Madia-as. The contact between Hiniray-a and the Madia-as tongue produced Hiligaynon and Kinaray-a, the latter spoken in Aklan and parts of Iloilo, and the language of the epic *Labaw Donggon*.

Hiligaynon has the reputation of being *malambing*, and was called by the Spanish missionaries "dulce, mimoso y acariciante" — sweet, tender and caressing. The reputation seems to me to come mainly from tone and intonation, and to a lesser degree from accent. The rise and fall of Hiligaynon is leisurely, almost sing-song, and sentences often end on a half-questioning upbeat. It is, I feel, less forceful than Tagalog, and it is from this quality that the reputation for gentleness comes. As for the accent, few

1. Quoted in Guillermo Gomez-Rivera, "The Poetry of the Ilongos," *Philippines Free Press*, January 28, 1967, p. 16. (Translation by the writer.)

words are accented *mabilís* or *maragsâ*, most being *malumay* and *malumî*, thus producing an easy, mellifluous flow. Moreover, since this results in most words being accented on the penultimate syllable, the effect is the softness achieved by feminine endings.

For the purposes of poetry, Hiligaynon is preeminently adaptable. As in Tagalog, rhymes are easy to find. Of the five vowel sounds, *u* and *e* do not often occur in word endings. That therefore leaves *a*, *o* and *i* as the most common vehicles for rhyme, and they are always at hand and well-nigh inescapable. Word structure, moreover, is malleable and flexible. There are many ways of "poeticizing" a word or bending it into rhyme, usually with a softened effect. The word *gugma*, for example, one of the several words for love, can also be written as *higugma*, in which the root is lengthened and softened by the aspirate *hi*. Or it can be written as *paghigugma*. *Damgo*, dream, can also be *dalamguhanon*, which is again softer. *Himaya*, glory or happiness, can be *himayaan*. One can see how helpful this flexibility would be to the poet in search of a rhyme, or concerned with the syllabic length of his line.

There are in Hiligaynon, moreover, many words to describe different shades of feeling. For example, the untranslatable *palangga* signifies a degree and kind of loving that includes cherishing, affection, and concern. It can be used between old and young, mother and child, friends. If used by lovers, it goes beyond *luyag* and *higugma*, and suggests that more sober, permanent stage, post-romantic love. Hiligaynon, in short, is a fairly lyrical language.

The Poets

The poems translated and included in this introductory study are by some of the major names in Hiligaynon poetry from the 1920's on, even to today. The fact that they are still the major names today is both a tribute to their devotion to Hiligaynon and poetry, and an indication of the sad fact that few younger writers are venturing into the field.

The poems are taken from the collection of Fe Severino Estanislao, who in turn gathered them from private collections

and from the pages of *Hiligaynon* magazine (Liwayway Publications), and surviving copies of such defunct publications as *Yuhum*, *Ang Kabisay-an*, and *Makinaugalingon*. Liwayway Publications has a complete file of *Hiligaynon*, but little else survives. Neither the Iloilo university libraries nor the National Library has more than a few copies of the other publications.

The poems were chosen to represent the major names in Hiligaynon poetry. Flavio Zaragoza Cano, author of the Spanish *De Mactan á Tirad (Poesías)*, and recipient of the 1929 Zobel prize for poetry in Spanish, and one of the First Commonwealth Literary Contest prizes in 1940 (for *De Mactan á Tirad*), was at least twice crowned "Principe sang Maña Poeta sa Ilongo" — in 1926 and 1933 — after literary jousts among Visayan poets.

Magdalena Jalandoni, still living and writing today at the age of 82, has written *corridos*, poems, dramas, and more than 30 novels and "novelitas," including some in verse. Her work *Lucrecia Magsilak* is a verse narrative consisting of 995 eight-line stanzas in perfectly rhyming octosyllabic verse, the verse of Spanish drama and romances.

Delfin Gumban, who with Flavio Zaragoza Cano and Serapion Torre formed the "Trinidad Poetica Ilonga" of the 20's, is the son of Eriberto Gumban, an Ilongo dramatist who wrote moro-moros in the late 19th century. He was a delegate to the 1934 Constitutional Convention. Like Zaragoza Cano, he also wrote in Spanish, and is currently a Spanish instructor at the Guzman Institute of Technology.

Serapion Torre wrote novels and poetry in Spanish and Hiligaynon, and was editor of *El Sentinela*, founder of *Ang Kabisay-an*, later editor of *Aton*, and writer for *Makinaugalingon*. He died in 1941, and most of his works have been lost; but they are remembered as having been much concerned with nationalism.

Emilio R. Severino has been writing verse in Hiligaynon since he was a student in high school. He has been editor of: the English and Visayan sections of *El Noticiero de Negros*; the English section of *Nueva Luz*, a Bacolod daily; *Hayahay*, a weekly; and *Kapawa*, a weekly tabloid in Hiligaynon once published by DMHM in Manila. Mr. Severino is the founder of

Madya-as Society, and at present champions with devotion, and almost single-handedly, the preservation and propagation of Hiligaynon, and the inclusion of some of its words into the national language. A lawyer and labor leader, he is at present assistant to the president of Canlubang Sugar Estate and C. J. Yulo and Sons.

Ariston Em. Echevarria writes in Hiligaynon and English, and was a journalist in Iloilo and Bacolod for both regional and Manila newspapers. Isidro Escare Abeto, also a journalist, founded and edited such publications as *Paghiliugyon*, *Sampaga*, *Iwag*, *Mamumugon* and *Kagamayan* in Iloilo, Bacolod and Manila. He writes in Hiligaynon, English and Spanish, and was a senior translator and acting coordinator of the Major Dialect Translation Panels. He was later senior historical researcher (1957—1962) of the Rizal National Centennial Commission, at which time he translated many Rizal works. He won the first prize in an English poetry contest in Iloilo in 1928; was crowned "Prince of Balag-tasan" in Iloilo in 1929; was named "Prince of Visayan Poetry" in Iloilo in 1950; and won the first prize in a Hiligaynon short story contest in 1955.

Joaquin Sola is a lawyer from Kabankalan, Negros Occidental, who writes in Spanish, English and Hiligaynon, and who was at one time assistant provincial fiscal of Negros Occidental. Jose Magalona wrote poetry in both Spanish and Hiligaynon, and was editor of the Iloilo Spanish newspaper, *El Tiempo*. He is known to have moderated the Hiligaynon poetical joust between Delfin Gumban and Serapion Torre at Cine Lyric, Iloilo City, in 1926.

The Poetry

The ages, backgrounds, persuasions, and linguistic abilities of the poets prepare us for the heavily Spanish influence shown by their poetry. Fe Severino Estanislao, in an unpublished study of Hiligaynon literature, says that the earliest Hiligaynon poetical works are believed to be four narrative poems of pre-Spanish times: the *Hinilawod*, an oral epic containing some 18 stories, each representing three generations; the *Maragtas*, a chronicle of Panay; the *Lagda*, containing stories of good government, in-

cluding the Code of Kalantiaw; and the *Haraya*, which has rules of good conduct and stories exemplifying them. The oral tradition is said to have included riddles, invocations changed or sung during religious ceremonies, and declamations; but no examples are at hand.

The written tradition seems to have started with *corridos antiguos* like *Don Juan Tiñoso*, *Carlo Magno*, and *Siete Infantes*. Guillermo Gomez-Rivera, in the study already quoted, says that "the meter of these old songs was irregular, oscillating from octosyllable to endecasyllable verse. Most of them, however, were written along the '*verso romance*', which is the octosyllable with accentuations on the third and seventh syllables, introduced by Spain."² This seems to be the point at which the Spanish influence entered. Even the *corridos modernos*, which is what Gomez-Rivera calls the *composos*, although largely oral, are said to use the six-syllable meter of the Spanish *sextas*.

Still another folk form mentioned by Gomez-Rivera is the couplet or *coplas*, this one nonasyllabic:

Si Inday nga maitum-itum
 Añgay guid sa balay nga butóng
 Kon sia ang magyuhumyuhum,
 Daw bulak sang cachubóng.

Si Inday nga mapula-pula
 Añgay guid sa casa ñga naga,
 Kon sia ang maggawagawa,
 Daw bulak sang tapulanga.

Si Inday nga maputiputi
 Añgay guid sa balay nga tapi
 Kon sia maglikiliki
 Daw bulak sang camantigui.³

The repetition in *maputiputi* and *mapulapula* has the same effect as a similar repetition would have in Tagalog. It qualifies the adjective and mutes its effect. In this case, however, it is used especially to enhance the playful spirit of the verses which, freely translated, mean:

Inday, who is dark
 Is fit to live in a bamboo house.

2. *Ibid.*, p. 16.

3. *Loc. cit.*

When she smiles
She is like the flower of cachubong.

Inday, who is rosy
Is fit to live in a *naga* house.
When she glances out the window
She is like the gumamela flower.

Inday, who is fair
Is fit to live in a wooden house.
When her hips sway,
She is like the flower of camantigue.

In the late 19th and early 20th centuries, moro-moros were written, and later zarzuelas. The 1920's and the years following are called by Gomez-Rivera "the golden era of poetry in Ilongo," probably because this is the era of the largest volume of Ilongo poetry; and because of the major poets, who up to now retain preeminence, since few follow in their footsteps or aspire to take their place. Their poetry, which is what is represented in the accompanying sampling with translations, is much influenced by Spanish metrics. *Rima perfecta* is more the rule than the exception:

Makita sa sulod ang Kristong balaan,
masubo ang dagway nga dapat tangisan.
Yara sa balangdan nga labing dumaan
kag ang nagaduaw lunsay kapispisan.

— Magdalena Jalandoni: *Ang Ermita sa Baryo*

Pugad ka sang dalamguhanon,
sang tanan — manggaranon kag timawa;
subong man sining ambahanon
nga nagbuyok sang akon kaawa.

— A. E. Echevarria: *Ambahanon sa Kagab-ihon*

Unlike Tagalog rhyme which is largely assonantal (the vowels bear the burden of the rhyme; the consonants may change), this is strict, perfect rhyming.

The dodecasyllabic line seems the most popular among these poets; and this in Spain was considered "the standard verse for elevated poetry,"⁴ and called *verso francés*. The *endecasilabo* is also said to have been popular, but I personally have not seen

4. "Romance Prosody," *The Encyclopedia of Poetry*, p. 714.

any examples of it. Gomez-Rivera says this is classified as *verso de arte mayor*, and that verse with less than nine syllables is *verso de arte menor*, as example of which he cites Zaragoza-Cano:

Sa mata may luha,
May paghinulsol;
asawang batan-on
daw sa may pagbasol.

Sa labing pagsunggod
na pilas ang dughan;
gahulat nga tamdon
kag ulo-ulohan.⁵

Gomez-Rivera further says that Ilongo verse follows the strict accent pattern of Spanish verse. One does notice in a traditional poet like Magdalena Jalandoni a strictly recurring pattern of accents maintained throughout every line of the poem. In *Ang Guitara* (included in this collection), which has sixteen-syllable lines, there is a caesura after the eighth syllable, and accents on the second, seventh, twelfth and fifteenth syllables — in every line. The effect is to increase the already mellifluous effect of the language.

The quatrain with an *abab* rhyme scheme seems to be the stanza form most frequently used. There is little unrhymed verse, and still less free verse. A glance at the poems in the *Hiligaynon* magazines of the 1960's does show a few attempts at free verse — very few compared to the preponderance of poems in the style described above, and unfortunately not too successful.

The subject matter of Hiligaynon poetry is that of traditional Tagalog poetry and, for that matter, of the Spanish poetry of Campoamor and Becquer: romantic love and especially its loss; nature in its more romantic aspects (flowers, birds, night); and life in the country. The imagery is mostly drawn from nature, and the vision is sentimental, governed by feeling, with little intellection. There are a few poems on nationalism, but none on urban life or related subjects. Curiosity in this respect made me call the present editor of *Hiligaynon* magazine. I asked him if, in the 70's, the subject matter of Hiligaynon poetry had changed, if

5. Gomez-Rivera, *op. cit.*, p. 54.

there were any verse of social consciousness or concern. None at all, he said; the subject matter had remained the same.

And that indicates the present and future of Hiligaynon poetry. It has hardly changed since the 1920's in form or content. In spite of this, Gomez-Rivera is seen to complain that "the younger generation of poets are predominantly influenced by English-American poetry, from inspiration to form; and with the advent of free verse in Hiligaynon, by virtue of the new culture's influence, the quality, from form to context, of the poetry . . . has become very poor. The same thing is happening to poetry in the other vernaculars, including Tagalog." He suggests that "our new vernacular poets, be they Hiligaynon or Tagalog, should master the Spanish meter, and, if possible, the Spanish language."⁶

I do not know how widespread this feeling is, this desire to keep Hiligaynon poetry in the shape cast by the 1920's and historical development before that. But I cannot agree that this is the way to revitalize Ilongo poetry. A poetry must be shaped to its times, to the events that determine the quality of life; to the needs and the sensibility that seek expression then. How can poetry today — if it is to be alive, — remain untouched by the city, the machine, and the events of the 70's?

In any case, there seems to me little future for Hiligaynon poetry. Although many younger writers still have proficiency of language, the sole surviving outlet for their work is *Hiligaynon* magazine. Although it circulates in Western Visayas, parts of Mindanao, and to a limited extent in Guam and Hawaii, it does not circulate among the educated, and therefore ideas and vital issues are hardly discussed. The stories and articles are for mass entertainment, not development or enlightenment. The poetry functions mainly as a space-filler, and there is precious little of it since, as the present editor pointed out, the magazine pays only ten pesos for a poem, which is much less than the rate for stories and feature articles.

This very tentative study has left many questions that, it is hoped, other students will help answer: questions about the his-

torical development of Ilongo poetry; about the details of its debt to Spanish poetry; about other influences if any; about the qualities that may be said to be indigenous to it. Much work needs to be done: research in and the recording of oral folk forms; a study of the various written forms; a survey of the publications that proliferated and died; a closer look at the "golden era," its people (some of whom still live) and its products; a more detailed assessment of the future and its direction.

This is a very small beginning; I hope others may see it through to an ending.

The Ten Poems

Editor's note: Permission to reprint all ten poems has been sought and granted. Abeto's "Nagligad nga Dag-on" (poem 2 in this report) is from *Hiligaynon* of 14 December 1951; Echevarria's "Dahon sang Kawayan" (poem 4), from *Hiligaynon* of 18 September 1957; Magalona's "Alilaon Ta" (poem 5), also from *Hiligaynon*; Severino's "Kari Ka sa Akon Inday" (poem 6), from *Makinaugalingon* of 22 May 1935; Sola's "Bulak nga Sampaga" (poem 7), from *Hiligaynon* of 7 December 1963; Cano's "Kailong Pugad" (poem 8), from *Makinaugalingon* of 24 July 1928; and Torre's "Sa Akon Hayhay" (poem 9), from *Makinaugalingon* of 25 June 1926. The poems begin on the following page, laid out in parallel English-Hiligaynon text.

1: THE GUITAR

Magdalena G. Jalandoni

Its slender strings that are bright as gold
Sing tenderly as a wild dove.
In the night hours, its elect voice
Is like the plaint of a precious feeling,
Like the slow sigh of a soul in tears.

The winding streets are kissed and brightened
By the waxing, torch-like moon;
With the stir of the wind, hardly heard,
The guitar joins the faint weeping
In its telling of a pain once felt.

From plains and mountains by the moon illumined,
From the small hut left open by design,
Listen, for the old guitar is playing,
Listen, for its hallowed strings are speaking
Of the anguish caused by loneliness and love.

In the night hours, when nothing is stirring
The dulcet guitar is frequently heard,
Like a bird that rests not at even
Along the streets the guitar wanders
As it sings of the love that it mourns.

For perhaps in the heart of the strummer
Lies a deep sorrow that cannot be undone,
No one can help but listen, enchanted,
No one can help but feel the strong grieving.

1: ANG GUITARA

Magdalena G. Jalandoni

Ang nahut niyang magagmay nga daw bulawan kasili
Malulu kon mag-ambahan nga di sa punay magdulag . . .
Sa takna sang kagab-ihon, ang tunog niyang hamili
Daw taghoy nga ginatuaw sang balatyagon nga pili,
Daw hinay nga hibubun-ot sang nagtangis nga kalag.

Ang baw-ing nga mga dalan kon hadkan kag pasilion
Sang bulan nga nagaugsad kag nangin angay sa sulu,
Upod sa kulas sang hangin nga halus gani bation,
Ang gitara nagbuylog sa hinay nga hilibion
Sa pagsugid sang kasakit nga una niyang ginmulu.

Halin sa patag kag bukid nga sang bulan napawaan,
Halin sa payag nga diutay nga daw ginbuksan sing hungod,
Pamatii kay galanton ang gitara nga dumaan,
Pamatii kay gatuaw ang nahut niyang balaan
Sang panaghoy nga sa gugma kag sa kamingaw natungod.

Sa takna sang kagab-ihon nga walay nanguyongkuyong,
Ang gitara nga matam-is masunson nga mabatian,
Subong sang pispis sa gab-i nga wala pagpahimuyong,
Sa higad sang kadalanan ang gitara nagluyong
Sa pag-ambahan sang gugma nga iya ginahibian.

Kag ayhan sa kasingkasing sang gakuskos nga tag-iya
May unay nga kasulub-on nga dili didto makakas,
Kay samtang nga naglanton ang taga ka nahut niya
Wala sing dili mawili sa pagpamati sa iya,
Wala sing dili bumatyag sing kasulub-on nga lakas.

2: THE YEAR THAT IS PAST

Isidro Escare Abeto

A tree that is withered and leafless
Is the symbol of the year that is past;
It is sad to look at in mid-morning,
Forsaken as it is by all birds.

When it drooped with the weight of foliage,
This same tree was full of joy;
For there nested mayas and tulabonga,*
All living their calm and fruitful lives.

When a meadow is green and luxuriant,
The animals come to feed and to graze;
When it is barren, with nothing to give,
All the beasts then stay away.

When a tree rots and begins to crumble,
It joins the dust, no longer to be seen;
But from its dying there still will grow
Glorious new shoots, to live life anew.

In meadow and tree, there will once more thicken
The lush greenery that had been effaced;
Animals and herons will once again cluster
Where they no longer had been seen.

All that was lost, each thing we counted,
All will return, in the likeness of old;
All who had left will once again gather
To reach happiness, still and again.

It is important never to forget,
Ever to remember the year that is past;
Pure thanksgiving is what we must offer
To what once gave us security and strength.

*the carabao heron or egret

2: ANG NAGLIGAD NGA DAG-ON

Isidro Escare Abeto

Laya na nga kahoy kag wala sing dahon
Amo'ng halimbawa sang dag-on nga daan;
Mamingaw tulukon sa tunga'ng kaagahon
Kay sang kapispisan sia na'ng binayaan.

Sadto sang magapa, sing dahon madahong,
Ang amo nga kahoy puno sing himaya;
Kay dira pumogad maya kag tulabong
Nga nagpangabuhì sing mahamungaya . . . !

Kon puno sing gamhon, malunhaw ang patag,
Dira mahalab mga kahayopan;
Kon lamgud na gani nga wala'y mahatag
Sang tanan nga hayog 'di na pagdugokan!

Kong gabok na'ng kahoy mamudmod sing dayon,
Masimpon sa yab-ok nga 'di na kitaon;
Apang magatubo sa iyang' kamatayon
Bag-o nga salingsing nga mahimayaan.

Sa patag kag kahoy uli magadabong
Ang lunhaw nga gamhon nga sadto napala;
Kag magadulugok hayop kag tulabong
Nga sa panan-awan sang una nawala . . . !

Yadto'ng nagkadula, kon isip-isipon,
Tanan magabalik sa dagway nga daan;
Yadto'ng nagbiliya liwan magatipon
Pag-agum gihapon sang kahimayaan!

Dapat gid kuntani 'di pagkalimotan
Dumdumon gihapon nagligad nga dag-on;
Sing putli nga halad aton nga dulotan
Yadto'ng nakahatag sa aton sing kapag-on!

3: NIGHT SONG

Ariston Em. Echevarria

The whole world
listens to your message;
you are the cathedral of oblivion,
wide-winged and unseen.

Your dark mantle
is ever untouchable;
you shadow sunshine;
you are a marvel of creation.

You are the delight of lovers;
you enshroud them in quiet,
and with the stars of the prophets
you crown them all.

You are the cradle of dreams
for all — the wealthy and the poor,
and also for this song,
shape of my compassion.

4: BAMBOO LEAVES

Ariston Em. Echevarria

Bamboo leaves,
Are you the fingers of dreams
That grope in the night
While people sleep?

3: AMBAHANON SA KAGAB-IHON

Ariston Em. Echevarria

Ang bug-os nga kalibutan
nagalingig sang imo balita,
simbahan ka sang kalimutan
pakpakan ka nga dili makita.

Ang kumbong nimong masagil-om
dili nga mas-a mauyatan,
sang kapawa ikaw makapagal-om
isa ka sang tanhaga sa mga binuhatan.

Himaya ka sang magkahagugma
sa kalinong imo sila ginakumbongan,
sang mga bituon sang manunogma
imo sila tanan ginapurongan.

Pugad ka sang dalamguhanon,
sang tanan — manggaranon kag timawa;
subong man sining ambahanon
nga nagbuyok sang akon kaawa.

4: DAHON SANG KAWAYAN

Ariston Em. Echevarria

Dahon sang kawayan,
Kamo bala ang mga tudlo sang damgo
Nga nagapanghikap sa kagab-ihon
Kon nagakalatulog ang mga tao?

When the breeze blows soft
And the moon glows,
Are you the heavenly hands
That beckon to children?

They say that the first man
Was born of a bamboo . . .
Can you tell me
If that is true?

It cannot be denied; there is a secret
That you treasure . . . The world
Would be wiser, if this
You would reveal, oh leaves of bamboo!

5: LET US CHERISH IT

Jose B. Magalona

Just as the seedling not yet in its prime,
Lacking in lifeblood, and sparse in its growth
Is cared for and watered
That it may sprout and flourish,

So should we nurture our sweet language,
This tongue inherited from the ancients,
So that it may grow in vividness,
And its beauty may increase.

All strength, labor and hardship
We should offer without stint
For the perfection of this tongue to which we wakened,

For if this fond hope is reached,
Its brilliance will be worthy
Of the splendor of our precious freedom.

Kon nagadupoydupoy ang hangin
Kag masanag ang bulan
Kamo bala ang mga kamot nga langitnon
Nga naga paypay sa mga kabataan?

Siling nila, ang una nga tao
Ginbun-ag sang pusog . . .
Masugiran ninyo ako
Kon bala yadto matuod?

Dili gid malilong, may likom
Kamong' ginahuptan . . . Ang kalibutan
Madugangan sing kaalam kon yadto
Inyo mapahayag, dahon sang kawayan!

5: ALILAON TA

Jose B. Magalona

Subong nga ang talamnon nga wala kalambo
Nga wala sing duga, kag kulang sing sanga,
Agud nga manglumbay kag agud manambo,
Dapat nga alilaon kag pagbunyagan ta;

Dapat nga alilaon hambal tang mayumyum,
Hambal tang' ginsubli sa katigulangan,
Agud nga magdugang ang iya katuyum,
Ang iya kagayon agud madugangan.

Kusug kag kabudlay, mga kalalat-an,
Agud nga maglantip hambal tang' ginmat-an,
Dapat tang' ihalad sa walay kahalak . . . !

Agud kon madangat handum tang' hamili
Sarang makag-angay ang iya kasili
Sang kaluwasan bilidhon nga silak . . . !

6: COME TO ME, INDAY

Emilio R. Severino

Come to me, Inday, whom I cherish,
And this my lowly life enslave;
Allow me to caress that loveliness,
And in exchange take all my soul.

Come to me, Inday, and I shall lead you
Through the tangled trails of all this wildness.
You I shall care for; you I shall gladden
Until we both achieve its ending.

Among the snares past which we must wander,
There will be thickets and thorns.
You shall not be grazed or wounded
For your feet in my kisses shall be shod.

Should there be a river for our crossing,
River of tears, and current swift,
You shall cross in my arms, away from pain,
Held safe with the whole of my strength.

In storms and tempests I shall be with you,
You need never fear neglect;
And since with my life you will be sheltered,
The weeds of pain into flowers will turn.

No wealth have I to offer you,
Impoverished am I, in jewels and gold;
But once our fates and fortunes are wedded,
Of the honey of love you shall have your fill.

Come to me, Inday, my beloved,
Our souls and lives together let us meld;
In the heaven of bliss that none can fathom,
The life of lives we shall attain.

6: KARI KA SA AKON INDAY

Emilio R. Severino

Kari ka sa akon, Inday kong pinalangga,
Ining' kubus ko nga kabuhi olipuna;
Inang' kagayunan sa akon ipaangga,
Kag sa baylo ining kalag ko batuna.

Kari ka Inday kay akon ka agubayon
Sa masiot nga banas sini nga talunan;
Akon ka alilaon, akon ka lipayon,
Tuhtub nga aton madangat ang dulunan.

Sa kalatian nga aton pagalatasan,
Madamu ang mga suyak kag tumik;
Dili ka imo mabagras kag mapilasan,
Kay putson ko'ng mga tiil mo sa haluk.

Kon may subang talabukon, pananglitan,
Suba sang luha nga labing masulug;
Usungon ta, ilayu sa kasakitan,
Sapnagun ka sang bug-os ko nga kusug.

Sa bagyo kag unós akon ka unungan;
Di ka mahadlok nga ikaw mapahamakan,
Kay kon sining kabuhi ko ikaw payungan,
Gamhon sang kasakit mangin kabulakan.

Wa'y ako sing manggad nga sa imo ikahalad;
Imol gid ako sa wagas kag bulawan;
Apang kon magkaisa kita sing palad,
Sa dugus sang gugma akon ka paayawan.

Kari sa akon, Inday kong hinigugma,
Kalag ta kag kabuhi aton nga ilumon
Sa langit sang himayang' dili matugma,
Kabuhi sang kabuhi aton nga agumon.

7: THE SAMPAGA FLOWER

Joaquin Sola

If ever the wind
Be harsh to the sampaga,
The maiden's neck
Will be wanting in garlands.

The exquisite gift
To adorn her breast
No one would gather
Once plucked by a gale.

Oh, how difficult to understand
The pure harmony
Between pain and the tears
That trickle sadly.

The sampaga flowers
Resembling plaits
Of morning light,
Are twin to desire.

When harm comes
To the tossed calyx
Death comes to both
Desire and the flower.

If the hand threatens
To pluck the flower
Both woeful and wasted
Is blighted desire.

To the maiden is offered
The flower that is filled
With the pure loveliness
Of tear-drenched earth.

7: ANG BULAK NGA SAMPAGA

Joaquin Sola

Kon abi magpamintas
Ang hangin sa sampaga,
Mawad-an sing kolintas
Ang liog sang dalaga.

Ang matahom nga dulot
Nga napuni sa dughan,
Wala sang nagapulot
Kon sang unos mabughan.

Ay! Malisod makuha
Ang ulay nga pagbagay,
Sang kagha kag sang luha
Nga masubo sing agay.

Sang handom bilang kapid
Ang bulak nga sampaga,
Nga daw ginasalapid
Nga kaputi sang aga.

Gali kon mahalitan
Ang gukop nga natulak,
Patay ang kasanglitan
Sang handom kag sang bulak.

Kon sang kamot pahugon
Kag pupuon ang bulak,
Kailo kag kanugon
Sang handom nga napulak.

Sa lin-ay ginatanyag
Ang bulak nga nabuta,
Sing putli nga kaanyag
Sang luhaan nga duta.

8: POOR NEST

Flavio Zaragoza Cano

The bird of love had hung its nest
On the crooked branches of sorrow;
The stinging, heart-aching wind blew,
The poor nest to the ground was toppled.

Of my love is this then the parable;
This sad nest on the branches of pain.
When the wind of your treachery blew,
The nest fell, to be washed away by tears.

If you care at all that the nest might founder,
Rescue it then from the river bank;
For if saved by your help and caring,
On your pure bosom it will then come to rest.

9: TO MY FLAG

Serapion C. Torre

Trimmed-down bit of cloth,
Hallowed by the blood of forebears;
Treasure made more precious
By the pure love to it pledged.

In times of stress and trouble,
You were the coolness that sheltered
The chosen bodies, heat-afflicted,
Of the wounded in anguish moaning.

8: KAILONG PUGAD

Flavio Zaragoza Cano

Ang pispis sang gugma sing pugad sumab-it.
Sa sanga sang kagha nga lunsay salait;
Humuyup ang hangin nga labing mangitngit,
Kailo nga pugad sa duta nawigit . . .

Sang akon gugma amo'ng halimbawa
Ang kailong pugad sa sanga sang kagha;
Humuyup ang hangin sang imo pagdaya
Ang pugad nahulog, inanud sang luha . . .

Kon ikaw mangilin nga ang pugad malugdang,
Sagupa man anay sa higad sang pangpang,
Kay kon mapatakas sang imong pagtabang
Sa dughan mong puti masang-at na lamang.

9: SA AKON HAYAHAY

Serapion C. Torre

Ginikas nga panapton nga sang dugu
sang mga ginikanan ginhalaran,
bahandi nga labing ginpakadaku
kag san putli nga gugma ginsaaran.

Sang mga panahon sang kangitingitan
kaw amo'ng mabugnaw nga ginpayung
sa hamili nga lawas nga nainitan
sang mga lalung sa ila pag-ugayong.

Riddled were you by bullets
 From enemy cannon and gun;
 Though it was difficult we took you,
 Raised and freed you from their grasp.

Oh, beloved flag
 To us both alluring and dear;
 Swift currents of the blood of heroes
 Have gushed in streams at your feet.

Hundreds of lives, and again hundreds
 Of souls at your feet have been pledged;
 There enveloped among your folds
 Are the moans and tears of the hapless.

Even when frayed and torn,
 You remain dearer than pure gold;
 With the threads of our love, sew up
 Your rents, that you may shine again.

Should fortune run out on my life,
 And I fail to escape and live,
 It is my honour to have been promised
 That my wretchedness in you will be swathed.

And in the burial ground, in the dense night
 In midst of darkness I'll know no regret;
 For out of the crowded tangle of graves
 Your three stars will be gleaming.

Natuhuktuhuk ka sang mga bala
 sang lantaka kag luthang sang kaaway,
 bisan mabug-at, amon ka nadala,
 ginbayaw kag ginluas sa mga gaway.

O, hinigugma namon nga hayahay
 nga ginpakamahal kag ginkawilihan,
 masulug nga dugu ginpasagahay
 sa imo tiilan, sang baganihan.

Kapid-an nga kabuhi, kag kapid-an
 nga kalag ang sa tiil mo ginhalad.
 Yara naputus sa imo pinid-an
 panaghuy kag panangis sang walay palad.

Bisan ikaw gabuk na kag gisi
 mahal pa ikaw labi sa isang bulawan;
 nahut sang amon gugma ang itahi
 sa imo gisi, agud ka kasilawan.

Kon ako kabuson sing kapalaran
 nga sa pagkabuhi dili palutson,
 igahimaya ko nga ako saaran
 nga'ng kailo ko nga bangkay sa imo putson.

Kag sa patyo, sa gab-i nga mapiot
 sa tunga nga kadulum di igkahilak
 nga sa lulubngan nga masiot
 ang tatlo mong bitoon ang magsilak.

10: THE LIFE OF MAN

Delfin Gumban

Life is a river. It flows
Unceasing, and with persistence
To the high seas of death.
It is no matter of wealth or power. All are equal.
The exalted and the outcast; child, youth, and elder.
No one is more; no one less.
The deep and the shallow; the trickle and the gush,
All end in the sea.
The chieftain and the freeman, both sleep in the grave
Where all marks of rank are effaced,
Eroded, like the banks of a river.

Starting from birth
The life of man
Is not all anguish; neither pure glory.
In the beat of a bird-cry,
Of a life, a flower blooms, another withers.
There is laughter; there is weeping.
No work is done by a magic ring
On a finger.
All things are contrived and plotted
By the hallowed machine of streaming sweat.

Have consideration.
Do not bind thought
To selfish ways;
The unfortunate should come first.
Add to the wanting; skim off from the brimming.
The exalted great, the lowly forgotten,
All have their share of the world,
Being, soon after tomorrow, equal in a handful of earth.

10: ANG KABUHI SANG TAO

Delfin Gumban

Suba ang kabuhi. Nagailog
Waay langan kag padayon
Sa lawod sang kamatayon . . .
Wala sa gahum kag manggad. Mag-alangay ang binilog.
Halangdon kag pinanambi, bata, lampong ka tigulang
Wala sing kapin kag kulang.
Ang madalum kag manabaw, ang maninit kag masulog
Sa dagat tanan madulog.
Ang gamhanan kag timawa sa lulubngan magatulog
Diin ang mga tandaan sang kahimtangan mapanas.
Katulad sang mga pangpang sang suba nga nagalanas!

Sumugod sa pagkatao
Ang pangabuhì sang tao
Dili lunsay kasakitan; indi lunlon nga himaya.
Sa pitik sang ao-ao
Sang kinaugali may bulak nga gauslot, may gakalaya . . .
May pagkadlaw, may paghaya.
Wala sa mga binuhat sing may tantanan nga singsing
Nga unay sa kumalingking;
Lalang ang tanan nga bagay
Sang balaan nga dawdawan sang balhas nga ngaagay!

Gamiton ang pasunaid.
Ayaw ang isip igaid
Sa gawi nga makiiyahon;
Ang kabus sing kapalaran amo ang dapat nga unahon.
Dugangan ang nakulangan kag kalison ang nabuta;
Ang daku nga ginadayaw, ang diotay nga nalimutan,
May dulon sa kalibutan,
Apang mag-angay buasdamlag, sa isa ka pudyot nga duta!