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Musicians will sit in their gallery, said the young student, and play stringed instruments, and my love will dance to the sounds of harp and violin. She will dance so easily that her feet will not touch the floor, and courtiers in their gay dresses will crowd around her. But with me she would not dance because I did not have a red rose to give her, and he rushed to the grass, and buried his face in his hands, and cried. Why is he crying? Asked the little green lizard as he ran past him with his tail in the air. Why, really? Said the butterfly, which fluttered after the sunbeam. Why, really? Daisy whispered to her neighbor, in a soft, low voice. He cries for a red rose, Nightingale said. For the red rose! They exclaimed; How very funny! And the little lizard, which was something of a cynic, laughed straight. But Nightingale understood the secret of the Student's sorrow, and she fell silent in the oak and thought about the secret of Love. Suddenly she spread her brown wings for the flight, and flew into the air. She passed through the grove like a shadow, and as a shadow she swam through the garden. There was a beautiful rosewood in the center of the grass, and when she saw it, she flew up to him and lit a spray. Give me a red rose, she exclaimed, and I'll get you my sweet song. But the tree shook his head. My roses are white, he answered; as white as the foam of the sea, and whiter than the snow on the mountain. But go to my brother who grows around the old solar dial, and maybe he'll give you what you want. The nightingale flew up to the pink tree, which grew around the old solar dial. Give me a red rose, she exclaimed, and I'll get you my sweet song. But the tree shook his head. My roses are yellow, he replied; as yellow as the mermaid's hair that sits on the amber throne, and yellower than the daffodil that blooms on the meadow before the mower comes with a scythe. But go to my brother who grows under the student's window, and maybe he'll give you what you want. The nightingale flew up to the pink tree, which grew under the student's window. Give me a red rose, she exclaimed, and I'll get you my sweet song. But the tree shook his head. My roses are red, he replied, red as the feet of a pigeon, and redder than the great coral lovers who wave and wave into the ocean cave. But winter cooled my veins, and the frost cut off my kidneys, and the storm broke my branches, and this year I will have no roses at all. One red rose is all I want, exclaimed Nightingale, just one red rose! Is there a way I can get it? There is a way, Wood replied. but it's so awful, I I dare't say it to you. Tell me, said Nightingale: I'm not afraid. If you want a red rose, said Wood, you must build it out of music in the moonlight, and stain it with blood of the heart. You have to sing my breasts against the background of the thorn. All night long you must sing to me, and the thorn must pierce your heart, and your life blood must flow into my veins, and become mine. Death is a big price for a red rose, Nightingale exclaimed, and life is very dear to all. It's nice to sit in the green forest, and watch the Sun in a gold chariot, and the moon in her chariot of pearls. The sweet smell of hawthorn, and the sweet bells that hide in the valley, and the heather that blows on the hill. But Love is better than life, and what is the heart of a bird compared to a human heart? So she spread her brown wings for the flight, and flew into the air. She swept across the garden like a shadow, and as a shadow she swam through the grove. The young student was still lying on the grass where she had left him, and the tears had not yet dried up in his beautiful eyes.

Be happy, exclaimed Nightingale, be happy: You have to have a red rose. I'm going to build it out of music in the moonlight, and tarnish it with the blood of my own heart. All I ask you in return is that you will be a true lover, for Love is wiser than philosophy, though it is wiser, and stronger than power, though it is mighty. Flames color his wings, and colored like the flames of his body. His lips are as sweet as honey, and his breath is like incense. The student looked up from the grass and listened, but he could not understand what Nightingale was saying to him, because he knew only what was written in the books. But Oak understood, and sadly, because he loved the little Nightingale, who built his nest in his branches. Sing me the last song, he whispered. I'll feel very lonely when you're gone. Nightingale sang to the Oak Tree, and her voice was like water boiling from a silver can. When she finished her song the student got lips, and pulled a note and a lead-pencil out of her pocket. She has a uniform, he said to himself as he walked out of the grove, that she could not be denied; But does she have a feeling? I'm afraid not. In fact, she is like most artists; she has all the style, without any sincerity. She didn't sacrifice herself for others. She thinks only about music, and everyone knows that art is selfish. However, it must be admitted that she has beautiful notes in her voice. It is a pity that they mean nothing, or do any practical good. And he went into his room, and lay down on his little pallet-bed, and began to think of his love; and, after a while, he fell asleep. And when the Moon was shining in heaven, Nightingale flew to the Rose Tree and pinned her chest to the thorn. All night long she sang with her chest against the thorn, and the cold crystal moon bent down and listened. All night long she sang, and the thorn went deeper and deeper into her chest, and her lifeblood of blood receded from her. She sang the first of love in the heart of a boy and a girl. And at the very top splash of the rose tree blossomed a wonderful rose, petal after petal, as the song followed the song. Yale was it, first, like the mist that hangs over the river - pale as the feet of the morning, and silver as the wings of dawn. Like the shadow of a rose in a silver mirror, like a shadow of a rose in a pool, so was a rose that blossomed on the top of a spray tree. But Wood shouted nightingale to push closer against the thorn. Push closer, little Nightingale, exclaimed The Tree, or the day will come before the rose is finished. So Nightingale clung closer to the thorn, and her song grew louder and louder, because she sang about the birth of passion in the soul of a man and a maid. And a subtle flush of pink came in the leaves of the rose, like a flush in the groom's face as he kisses the bride's lips. But the thorn has not yet reached her heart, so the heart of the rose is left white, because only the heart of Nightingale can crimson heart roses. And Wood shouted to Nightingale to push closer against the thorn. Push closer, little Nightingale, exclaimed The Tree, or the day will come before the rose is finished. So Nightingale pressed closer to the thorn, and the thorn touched her heart, and the fierce pain shot through her. Bitter, bitter was pain, and wild and wild grew her songs, because she sang about love, which is perfected by death, love that dies not in the grave. And the wonderful rose became crimson, like a rose of the eastern sky. Crimson was a belt of petals, and crimson as ruby was the heart. But Nightingale's voice became weaker, and her little wings began to beat, and the film came before her eyes. Fainter and weaker grew her song, and she felt something smothering her throat. Then she gave the last splash of music. The White Moon heard it, and she forgot the dawn, and lingered in the sky. The red rose heard him, and he trembled all over with ecstasy, and opened his petals on the cold morning air. Echo gave birth to his purple cave in the mountains, and woke the sleeping shepherds from their dreams. He swam through the reeds of the river, and they carried his message into the sea. Look, look! The tree exclaimed, the rose is finished now, but Nightingale did not answer, for she lay dead in the long grass, with a thorn in her heart. And at noon the student opened the window and looked out. Why, what a wonderful piece of luck! he cried; Here's the red rose! I've never seen a rose like this in my entire life. It's so beautiful that I'm sure it has a long Latin name and it bent over and ripped it off. He then put on his hat and ran up to the professor's house with a rose in his hand. The professor's daughter sat in the doorway of the winding blue silk on the coil, while her little dog lay at her feet. You said you'd dance with me if I You are a red rose, exclaimed the student. Here's the reddest rose in the world. You will wear it tonight next to your heart, and as we dance together it will tell you how much I love you. But the girl frowned. I'm afraid he won't go with my dress,' she replied, and she, besides, Chamberlain's nephew sent me real jewelry, and everyone knows that jewelry is much more expensive than flowers. Well, in my word, you are very ungrateful, said the student angrily; and he threw the rose into the street, where it fell into a ditch, and the wheel went over it. Ungrateful! The girl said. I tell you that you are very rude; and, after all, who are you? Just a student. Why, I don't believe you even got a silver buckle on your shoes like Chamberlain's nephew, and she got up from her chair and went into the house. What a stupid love, said the student as he left. It's not half as useful as logic because it proves nothing and it always says one of the things that won't happen and make you believe that things that aren't true. In fact, it is totally impractical, and as in our time to be practical is everything, I will return to philosophy and study metaphysics. So he went back to his room and pulled out a big dusty book, and began to read. Read.

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