CANTARES MEXICANOS

Songs of the Aztecs

Translated from the Nahuatl, with an Introduction and Commentary, by JOHN BIERHORST
CANTARES MEXICANOS

Songs of the Aztecs

Translated from the Nahuatl,
with an Introduction and Commentary,

by JOHN BIERHORST

STANFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

Stanford, California 1985
Preface

It would be too much to claim that a text so elusive as the Cantares mexicanos, having resisted translation for four hundred years, had suddenly been captured in English. The most that can be said is that the outward appearance of a translation has been achieved and is now ready for the appraisal of historians, linguists, anthropologists, and students of literature. To assist in the process, the bilingual text is accompanied by a General Introduction describing the basic interpretive approach, and a detailed, somewhat more adventurous Commentary treating each of the ninety-one songs, or "cantares." For the convenience of linguists, an additional volume is being published simultaneously, entitled A Nahuatl-English Dictionary and Concordance to the 'Cantares Mexicanos.' This companion work includes an analytic transcription, which serves as the critical text, and a skeleton grammar.

The entire project has been supported by a grant from the Translations Program of the National Endowment for the Humanities, with supplementary aid from the Center for Inter-American Relations, the Columbia Translation Center, and the National Endowment for the Arts. This funding is gratefully acknowledged.

In addition I thank the following individuals and institutions:

Una Canger, John Ceely, Karen Dakin, Willard Gingerich, Richard Haly, Frances Karttunen, James Lockhart, David P. McAllester, and Elsa Ziehm, for sharing unpublished materials including their own research.

The University of Texas Library, Austin, the Bancroft Library, University of California at Berkeley, and the John Carter Brown Library, Brown University, for facsimiles of books and manuscripts in their collections.

Rosalie Burgher, Christine Crouch, Dolores Tillou, Muried Verdibello, Charlotte Wright, and the Inter-Library Loan Division of the Mid-Hudson Libraries, Poughkeepsie, N.Y., for conveying research materials.

Haig Meshejian, for the use of his personal library.
Preface

Allan Back, Louise M. Burkhart, Charles Gibson, Howard Law, and the late Thelma Sullivan, for their correspondence.

Arthur J. O. Anderson, Gordon Brotherston, Charles Dibble, Norman McQuown, and again John Cecly and James Lockhart, for reading portions of the manuscript at various stages.

West Shokan, N.Y. J. B.

vi
Contents

A Note on Orthography xi

Part One General Introduction

Prologue 3
1 The Manuscript 7
2 The Ghost-Song Ritual 16
3 Ghost-Song Vocabulary 35
4 Poetics 42
5 Metaphysics 48
6 Aztec History 51
7 Revitalization 60
8 Ghost Songs in Performance 70
9 Ghost Songs Outside the Cantares 83
10 The Classification of Ghost Songs 92
11 Authorship 97
12 Dating the Songs 106
13 The Study of Aztec Poetry 110

Part Two The Text in Nahuatl and English

Guide to the Transcription 125
Guide to the Translation 128
Contents of the Cantares 131

The Text in Nahuatl and English 134–425

Part Three Commentary 429

Appendix: Native Rulers of Mexico and Allied Towns 515
Notes to the General Introduction 521
Bibliography 537
Index 555

vii
Illustrations

FIGURES

1. Contents page, MS 1628 bis 6
2. Page from the "Hand A" Cantares 10
3. Page from the "Bastard Script" Cantares 11
4. Volador, pre-Conquest 67
5. Volador, post-Conquest 68
6. Aztec Musicians (Códice florentino) 73
7. Some Two-Tone Drum Cadences 75
8. Three Drum Cadences from the Rabinal achi 77
9. Excerpt from a Cora Milote Song 77
10. Ziehm's Reconstructions of Two Cantares Cadences 78
11. Reconstructed Two-Tone Cadences with Vocal Cues 79
12. Page from the Cantares Misread by Torquemada? 113

MAPS

Area of Aztec Influence 54
Valley of Mexico 55

TABLES

Classification of Ghost-Song Titles 95
Variants of Cantares Songs 100
A Note on Orthography

Although Classical Nahuatl lacks a standard orthography, there has been a tendency in this century to prefer what may be called a modernized Franciscan method, eliminating most or all glottal stops and ignoring the lengthened vowel. (The glottal stops that are customarily retained are those that fall between like vowels, as in ehecatl or ahahuiya, with the stop represented by the letter h.) In order to adjust the spelling to modern Spanish, the old-style ç becomes z, ua or oa (pronounced wa as in the English word “watt”) becomes hua, ve and ui become hue and hui, and qua (as in “quad”) becomes qua. Single consonants have approximately the same values as in English except that x is pronounced sh, and z has the sound of the s in “simple.” The combination tl, whether at the beginning or end of a syllable, is pronounced with a single sound approximately like the tl in the English word “atlas” (not like the tle in “battle”). Vowels, roughly speaking, have the usual continental sounds (ah, eh, ee, oh, oo)—but the old Franciscan u has been discarded in favor of an allophonic o, which may have either a sound close to oh or a sound approaching oo. This, in brief, is the method that has here been used whenever Nahuatl words are introduced casually or given without reference to a specific text.

The early Franciscans did record a number of glottal stops and even an occasional long vowel. But such hints were insufficient to permit an orthography in which these features are systematically recognized. The first to suggest that a system might be possible was the Jesuit grammarian Antonio Rincón, author of the Arte mexicana, published in 1595. Rincón proposed that all unmarked vowels be regarded as short, with certain diacritical marks to signal the presence of long vowels, “medium” vowels, and glottal stops. Although he laid down rules and gave various examples, his system was not elaborated until the Arte de la lengua mexicana of 1645, prepared by another Jesuit, Horacio Carochi. In attempting to apply Rincón’s ideas to a broad range of textual material, Carochi found it necessary
A Note on Orthography

to make certain changes and to introduce a symbol for the short vowel, leaving a residue of unmarked vowels that remain ambiguous. In this work, any system based on Rincón or Carochi will be referred to as Jesuit orthography.

The phonological work of Rincón and Carochi was halfheartedly kept alive through the eighteenth century by the Jesuit writers Francisco Javier Clavijero and Ignacio Paredes. All but defunct, it enjoyed a revival in 1975 in the Nahuatl-English grammar of J. Richard Andrews, who, harking back to Rincón, took the bold step of treating Jesuit orthography as an unambiguous system in which all vowels become either long or short and all glottal stops are presumably accounted for. To fill in the gaps, Andrews borrowed phonological data from modern Nahuatl dialects. His example, without the borrowing, was followed in a subsequent Nahuatl-French grammar written by Michel Launey and, with considerable borrowing, is followed again in Frances Karttunen’s Analytical Dictionary of Nahuatl.

In the present work, wherever Jesuit orthography is used, only those long vowels that are attested in sources written no later than the mid-1600’s have been marked, and it is given as a general rule that unmarked vowels (though most are in fact believed to be short) carry no information with regard to length. Likewise, many debatable glottal stops have been omitted, especially in frequentatives and in loanwords from Spanish.

With the understanding that it is neither unambiguous nor infallible, Jesuit orthography is here used merely as a diagnostic tool; and in the particular adaptation described immediately above, it will be called modernized Jesuit to distinguish it from other, similar orthographies. For details regarding the ambiguity of Jesuit orthography, see sections 1.1, 1.5, 1.6–1.8, 2.1, and 9.2 of the Grammatical Notes in Bierhorst, A Nahuatl-English Dictionary.

When quoting old texts it is best to avoid making editorial changes, regardless of inconsistencies, obscurities, and even outright errors. Hence most quotations will be given in unmodified, or paleographic, orthography.

When taking live texts from the lips of native informants, it is possible to use a phonemic orthography, which more or less accurately conveys the sounds of the spoken language. Some Nahuatl students, especially those who have worked with modern Nahuatl, believe that the Jesuit system mentioned above can be reduced to phonemic orthography, which in turn can be applied to sixteenth-century texts. To a large extent this is no doubt true. Nevertheless, phonemic orthography will here be used only on the rarest occasions.

Evidently the Cantares mexicanos is a Jesuit copy of a Franciscan original, or originals, now lost. In the process of copying, the scribe appears to have partially converted the old Franciscan spellings to the newer method. The
A Note on Orthography

result, though beautifully penned, is an orthographic mélange that requires careful study if textual nuances are not to be overlooked.

In the following pages, wherever Nahuatl appears, it will usually be clear which orthographic system is being used. If it is not clear, the system will be mentioned by name. Further particulars regarding Nahuatl pronunciation, orthography, and paleography will be found in the works by Andrews, Laucen, Langacker, and Newman cited in the Bibliography. The entire subject, however, awaits careful monographic treatment.
General Introduction
Prologue

Since its rediscovery in the mid-nineteenth century, the codex Cantares Mexicanos has come to be recognized as the chief source of Aztec poetry and one of the monuments of American Indian literature. Ideas about what it might contain have been disseminated in several languages, even popularized, and during the past hundred years no less than three serious attempts have been made at decipherment. Although two of these efforts were to have resulted in complete editions, in each case the investigator died before the work could be finished. The edition in hand, therefore, is the first to offer a translation of the entire manuscript.

Over the years a tradition has gradually been established that views the Cantares as a poets' miscellany, studded with lyrics composed by famous kings. Such a tradition appears to have antecedents in the sixteenth- and seventeenth-century writings of two Aztec commentators, the anonymous Cantares glossator and the historian Fernando de Alva Ixtlixochitl. Since the present study breaks with this tradition, it may be useful to summarize its principal findings at the outset. These points will be elaborated in the thirteen chapters that follow, with the demonstration saved for the Translation and its Commentary, supported as far as possible by the Dictionary-Concordance (published separately). The findings in brief are these:

The ninety-one songs in the Cantares, without exception, belong to a single genre, which flourished during the third quarter of the sixteenth century. Netotitliztli (or dance associated with worldly entertainment) is the native name that appears to have been applied to the genre in its entirety. But for lack of certainty on this point, and for the sake of convenience, I have chosen to designate it by the term "ghost songs."

Basically, the Aztec ghost song may be described as a musical performance in which warrior-singers summon the ghosts of ancestors in order to swell their ranks and overwhelm their enemies. In the more elaborate
examples the full ritual seems to have assumed the proportions of a mock battle, where singing, dancing, and drumming were equated with martial deeds. In response to the music, ghost warriors from paradise, led by ancestor kings, supposedly came “scattering,” “training,” “flying,” or “whirling” to earth in the form of flowers or birds, reminiscent of the well-known volador, or “flier,” dance, still being reported from various parts of Mexico and Guatemala. Indeed, comparison with this acrobatic ritual, in which the participants literally whirl to earth dressed as birds, to the accompaniment of music, suggests that the mysterious volador may be explained by reference to the Cantares, and that songs of the Cantares type may be intellectualized manifestations of a once-widespread ghost cult.

The Cantares itself, however, is limited to songs belonging to the city-state of Mexico, or to Mexico and its close ally, Azcapotzalco. In many of the songs, Mexico’s traditional enemies, especially Tlaxcala, Huexotzinco, and Chalcó, are humiliated, giving rise to such subgenres as Tlaxcaltecayotl (Tlaxcalan pieces), Huexotzincaclayotl (Huexotzinca pieces), and Chalcoatcayotl (Chalcan pieces). Songs of this type often commemorate real battles.

Although it is possible that a few of the songs in the Cantares manuscript were composed before the Conquest, by far the greater number belong to the post-Conquest period. These deal mainly with the Conquest itself or its aftermath, preserving all the old imagery now adapted to the crisis at hand. Waves of incoming Mexican revenants, it is hoped, will establish a paradise on earth in which Mexicans, while embracing Christianity, will enjoy superiority over Spanish colonists or at least rise to equal status. The principal scapegoats turn out to be the Tlaxcalans, the Huexotzincons, and the Chalcans, who joined with Cortés in the siege of Mexico and in fact made victory possible for the Spaniards. We are thus confronted with the evidence for a Mexican revitalization movement not otherwise documented in sixteenth-century writings.

The content of this movement was hidden from missionaries and even from younger, acculturated Aztecs—just as it has been hidden from modern investigators—by virtue of its having been coded in a diction accessible only to Indian conservatives. This special language is neither hermetic nor spontaneous, but rigidly technical, calculated to unfold a series of coercive imprecations in some cases, and to work an argument through to its solution in others. When the Aztec poet sings, “From heaven, ah, come good flowers, good songs,” he is not indulging in mere whimsy. Ghost warriors are being summoned by means of music, and as the singer intones their praises, they themselves, metonymically speaking, become the songs, or “flowers,” emanating from the sky—which, if I have read native theory correctly, is the source of music. Simply put, the meaning is “Ghost warriors are descending from heaven.”
Prologue

Unfortunately, for us, the Cantares is doubly obscured: first, by the remoteness of Classical Nahuatl, which still eludes mastery even for the best specialists; and second, by the poetic diction mentioned above. Like other esoteric idioms, however, the language of the Cantares is susceptible of decipherment, assuming that enough texts are available. Initially tentative, based on a sampling, the decipherment becomes presentable if it can be applied to further texts and yield a coherent reading. This, in sum, is the method that has been applied; and the texts provided by the Cantares have been found more than ample.

Because there is so much here that is novel, even if some of it might have been predicted, I have chosen to arrange the thirteen chapters of this General Introduction in the form of an argument, rather than try to organize the findings into a straightforward history of the Cantares movement. The sequence begins, therefore, with an examination of the manuscript (Chapter One), followed by an attempt to show how it should be read (Chapters Two–Five). By Chapter Six, the material is ready to be placed in historical context and treated as evidence of a sociological phenomenon (Chapter Seven). The crucial question of dating the songs (Chapter Twelve) is saved until yet further aspects of the argument have been adduced. Finally, Chapter Thirteen surveys the four hundred years of Aztec poetry study, stripping away, one hopes, whatever myths and scholarly encrustations might remain to prevent the Cantares from yielding a meaningful translation. It must be made clear, however, that the result is no more than a theory that I believe to be consistent with the data. Future work in Nahuatl linguistics, continued historical research, and more study of the Cantares itself will undoubtedly make for improvements.
Fig. 1. Contents page, MS 1628 bis.
The Cantares mexicanos occurs as entry no. 1 in a bound volume of miscellaneous Nahuatl and Spanish manuscript items now preserved as MS 1628 bis at the Biblioteca Nacional in Mexico City. The book opens with a contents page carrying this inscription in a penman’s cartouche:

Este Libro
Contiene
1. Cantares Mexic.
2. Kalendó Mejicano
3. Arte Divinatoria de los Mexicanos.
4. Exem. de la SS. Eucaristía
   en Mejicano
5. Un Sermon sobre aquello
   ac Estote Sancti . . .
6. Memoria de la Muerte.
7. Vida de S. Bartolo-
8. Fabulas de Esopo
9. Hist. de la Pasion

Despite the Spanish titles, almost all the material in MS 1628 bis, including the Cantares mexicanos, is in “Mexican,” or Nahuatl, the language of the Aztecs.

Dating the Manuscript

Two of the above-listed items, the Kalendario and the Arte divinatoria, have been convincingly attributed to the Franciscan linguist-ethnographer Bernardino de Sahagún (1499?–1590), but there has been some confusion whether the MS 1628-bis texts are those prepared under the supervision
of Sahagún himself or merely contemporary copies, or perhaps even seventeenth-century copies.¹

As a first step toward dating the manuscript, it should be noted that the entire book, with the exception of a few pages, is in a single hand, more fluent in the Spanish than in the Nahuatl, usually meticulous, sometimes hasty, but invariably Italian and distinguished by numerous peculiarities. Although several scribes may have been involved, the overall uniformity suggests a single project in a single setting. I will refer to this script as hand A (see Fig. 2). And since the Prologue to the Arte divinatoria (old folio 101, hand A) mentions “este [año] de 1585,” the book as a whole must be dated no earlier.²

The Cántares, which occupies folios 1–85r, is in hand A up through 79v, with its remaining six folios in a bastard script that awkwardly imitates hand A (see Fig. 3). These additional folios begin with the heading D97 ANOS, presumably a truncated hybrid of MDXCVII and 1597.³ The folios in question are clearly an insertion, not a continuation of the preceding material. As such, they would appear to postdate hand A, indicating that hand A is earlier, or at least no later, than 1597.

Aside from the contents page, the only other significant deviation from hand A occurs in the middle of the Arte divinatoria, where for two folios the hand-A scribe was spelled by an equally competent colleague, whose Italian script leans slightly toward the style known as cortesana.

That the project was carried out in a Jesuit milieu is implied by occasional agudo and saltillo markings, as prescribed by the Jesuit grammarian Antonio del Rincón, and by the presence of Jesuit parables in the discourse on the Eucharist.⁴ If, as one investigator has suggested, the Sahagüínteine Kalendario shows signs of tampering,⁵ then it may be surmised that the Kalendario archetype, along with other materials no doubt, passed into Jesuit hands after Sahagún’s death. Thus the early or mid-1590’s would appear to be the most likely time for the labors of the hand-A scribe, or scribes, whose gracefully executed copies were finally assembled, perhaps, in 1597.

As mentioned above, the contents page is in yet a different script, as are the folic numbers in the upper right-hand corners. Whether these were added in 1597 or at some later date is a question that must here remain unanswered. It should also be noted that the slightly divergent script of the Historia de la pasión might conceivably have been penned at a different time; and it is curious that the Historia switches from the Rincónian saltillo marker to the grave accent usually associated with post-Rincónian orthography. Such problems do not necessarily discredit the dating scheme offered above, but they do suggest—at least—that the final portion of MS 1628 bis could be later than 1597.
The Lost Originals

On close inspection the Cantares appears to wear its Jesuit orthography rather loosely, with traces of earlier Franciscan methods still showing through. At various points the scribe makes the transition obvious by writing a word or a character in the new style, while preserving the old reading directly above it or off to one side. Clearly the Cantares is a copy of earlier material now lost.

Although the formative history of the collection cannot be reconstructed with certainty, the manuscript as it survives is rich in clues: evidently the songs were taken from the lips of native informants during the 1550's, 1560's, and 1570's (with one or two songs as late as the 1580's); some appear to have been collected singly, and others in batches; the collector was an acculturated Indian, probably in the service of Sahagún; over the years he may have recopied at least some of the texts, adding explanatory headings and occasional glosses; some of the work seems to have been done in Azcapotzalco, the rest in Mexico City; possibly the collector was the well-known Indian writer and political leader Antonio Valeriano; or, just as likely, several collectors were involved, including Valeriano.

The dating of the songs will be discussed in Chapter Twelve. As for the collection having been made piecemeal (and never really organized), this is apparent from the numerous stops and starts in the manuscript. The phrase nican pehua ("Here begins"), a usual formula for starting a manuscript, occurs on folios 7, 15, 16v, 26v, 31v, 37v, 39v, 41, 46, and 62v. A terminal "IHS" appears on folio 7; folios 52v and 82v each have a "Finis"; and folio 78v has a "Finis Laus Deo."

On folio 6 the collector includes this interesting comment of his own (in Spanish):

Old songs of the Otomi Indians, which they used to sing at feasts and marriages, translated into the Mexican language, metaphorical images that they used to utter always capturing the substance and soul of song, as Your Reverence will understand and better than I with my meager talent, and such that they proceeded with considerable style and elegance, for Your Reverence to use and insert at the convenience of your leisure, being so good an expert as Your Reverence is.

Leaving till later the question whether these songs are Otomi, we may note the obsequious tone and the grammatical error (ellas for ellos), and infer that the writer is a bilingual Indian in the service of a white master. That the master might have been Sahagún is suggested by the imputation of expertise in the NahuaTl language and an interest in "metaphorical images."* If Sahagún is meant, and if he did not "use and insert" these songs in his Historia general, it could well be that he doubted their antiquity. The Historia general was not designed to include post-Conquest ethnography.
Fig. 3. Page from the “bastard script” Cantores (fol. 80)
But in his *Psalmodia christiana* Sahagún did insert phrases from native songs, using specific vocabulary items found in the *Cantares mexicanos* and in no other surviving source. Further evidence that these “cantares” were prepared for Sahagún is supplied by the numbered scholia on folios 60, 60v, and 73, identical in style to Sahagún’s *Memoriales con escolios.*

On folio 46, with reference to an obviously post-Conquest song, the scribe writes (in Nahuatl): “Here begins a children song, or little-children song, that used to be sung there in Mexico at the feast of San Francisco. It was composed in our lifetime when we were living there at the church and as yet we were little children.” One is reminded of the Franciscan practice of removing Indian children from their families and educating them in church schools. In a colorful relación appended to Book Ten, Chapter Twenty-Seven, of the *Historia general*, Sahagún describes the method in some detail, noting that the children were encouraged to spy on their parents. (If the parents were caught backsliding, they were captured, tied up, and carried to the monastery for a session of castigation and catechism.) Of these schools the largest was the one founded by Fray Pedro de Gante in the late 1520s at the monastery of San Francisco in Mexico City.

Whether or not the “children song” was performed at San Francisco, it would be reasonable to assume that the scribe was educated there. Elsewhere, on folio 42v, he uses the phrase “here in Azcapotzalco,” indicating that at this point, at least, he is not in Mexico City. If the writer was in fact an assistant to Sahagún, then it may be conjectured that he was none other than Antonio Valeriano, the most valued of Sahagún’s Indian helpers and the only one known to have been a resident of Azcapotzalco. The conjecture is strengthened by the entirely gratuitous nature of this insertion on folio 41: “At that time [1565] the gobernador of Azcapotzalco was Don Antonio Valeriano.” For an Indian writer to refer to himself in the third person was by no means unusual.

From various sources we know that in 1573 Valeriano moved to Mexico City (just eight kilometers southeast of his native Azcapotzalco), where he served as gobernador of Tenochtitlan until 1596, when he became “old, feeble, and deaf” and had to yield his duties, if not his title, to a teniente named Juan Martín; he finally died in 1605. During the period 1550–85 Valeriano would thus have had ample opportunity to collect “cantares” in both Mexico and Azcapotzalco. The overall stylistic uniformity of the transcripts suggests that they could have been made by a single collector, presumably Valeriano. On the other hand, the mere abundance of the material, its numerous minor discrepancies, and especially, the presence of near-duplicates within the collection argue for a loosely coordinated team effort (of which Valeriano may well have been a part).

The additional six folios in bastard script, mentioned above, appear to derive from the same sources. The hand-A copyists may have overlooked
them in the mass of Franciscan materials available after Sahagún’s death, leaving the pleasure of discovery to the scribe of 1597.

Errors of the *Cantares* Glossator

By now it should be apparent that the *Cantares* manuscript contains more than song texts. In fact it contains three types of material: song texts, reportage, and commentary. Undoubtedly the song texts and the reportage are ethnic or at least ethnographic. But what of the commentary inserted by the scribe (or scribes) responsible for the *Cantares* originals? Although I have postulated his identity, it will be safer to refer to this (perhaps composite) person as the *Cantares* glossator. There can be little question that he is an Indian, but this fact alone does not qualify him as an informant.

We may begin by noting one or two simple errors. For example, in the song concerning King Axayacatl’s Matlatzincan campaign there is a reference to his conquest of Toluca and of Tlacotepec (folio 53v). Toluca is certainly within Matlatzincan territory. But where is Tlacotepec? In a marginal note the puzzled glossator writes, “Actually it is said to lie with the Chalcans.” And indeed there is a Tlacotepec fifty kilometers south of the old Chalcan capital of Tlalmanalco, far from any military activity recorded for Axayacatl. Unbeknownst to the glossator there is also a Tlacotepec just ten kilometers south of Toluca, well within the Matlatzincan area.

Another apparent misunderstanding turns up in the commentary for the *huéhué auxicatl* (old man song) on folio 73v. The song opens with the line *Techtlahuancanotzque in Michhuacan in Camacoyahuac*, “They’ve summoned us to be drunkards in Michhuacan, the gaping maw.” But in his accompanying gloss the scribe notes that Camacoyahuac is the king of Michhuacan. “[That’s the] name of the king there,” he writes, as if interpreting the text to mean “Gaping Maw has summoned us to be drunkards in Michhuacan,” or “They and Gaping Maw have summoned us to be drunkards in Michhuacan.” To arrive at such a reading one would have to throw away the plural suffix -*que* or postulate a grammatical rule permitting an unnamed subject to share a third-person verb.

The further glosses on folios 53v and 73v, if not in error, are dubious and groping. The interested reader may consult them in their place. From these the glossator begins to emerge as a mere scholar, bemused by the lore of his own race. Fortunately, he treats the texts themselves with respect. One of the very few indications of tampering occurs at 67: 10, where the words *ye oPíxpo* have been stricken, either by the glossator and again by the Jesuit copyist, or by the copyist at his own whim. Or perhaps by an even later hand. Another occurs at 5v: 26, where a heavy cancellation blots what appear to be the words in *Santa Maria*. Various explanations might be offered, and since the examples are isolated they need not detain us.
GENERAL INTRODUCTION

Song headings are not treated with the same reverence, however. The manner in which the glossator works a personal comment into the children-song heading has already been noted. To demonstrate further, let me present three exhibits drawn from the manuscript, using italics to indicate what may or may not be commentary. In so doing I take a conservative view, admitting as reportage only composers' names, song dates, and simple, native-style titles of the kind mentioned by Sahagún, Tzozotómoc, and other chroniclers.

A. Chalcan female song. A composition of the Chalcaus, with which they came to entertain the ruler Axayacatl, for he had conquered them as though they had been mere women. (Folio 72)

B. Song of Nezahualcoyotl of Acocihuanac coming to visit the elder Montezuma of Mexico when he was sick. (Folio 66v)

C. Female apparition song, in which the holy word is set in order. It was sung at the feast of Espíritu Santo. The singer Cristóbal de Rosario Xiuhtlamin put it together in August of the year 1550. (Folio 18v)

In exhibit A we have a rather well-developed descriptive summary, every iota of which is traceable to a (hasty) reading of the song itself. Years later the historian Chimalpáin, having evidently stumbled on this description, used it as reportage, embroidering it with additional conjectures. (The matter is discussed at length in the commentary for song 84.) In general the glossator's technique is to read the song himself, then give us the highlights in a preliminary capsule.

With exhibit B we move from the unlikely to the preposterous. No chronicler, to the best of my knowledge, has left any record of bedside visiting among the warrior kings of Mexico.

In exhibit C, by contrast, we are given extra information that is at least partly harmless ("the holy word is set in order") and may include valid reportage ("sung at the feast of Espíritu Santo"). On the other hand, it is possible the glossator decided on his own, after a quick reading of the song, that Pentecost would be a good time to sing this piece. But why would someone in August be finishing up a song for Pentecost?

In short, everything outside the song texts themselves must be viewed with suspicion—much as in the case of the dubious annotations that accompany the Madrid Codex transcripts of the Sahagúinúne "demons' songs."12

History of the Manuscript

Although the Kalendario and the Arte divinatoria (or copies of them) were evidently borrowed by Fray Martín de León for his Camino de cielo, published in 1611,13 and Torquemada, Ixtlilxóchitl, Chimalpáin, Carochi, and Lasso de la Vega all appear to have used the Cantares mexicanos (or a copy)
during the period 1600–1650, there is no explicit documentation of the existence of MS 1628 bis until the second half of the nineteenth century. During these later years it was housed at the library of the University of Mexico, was reported missing for a while, then reappeared at the Biblioteca Nacional, where it has remained since at least 1886. The Cantares facsimile published by Peñafiel in 1904 shows that the manuscript had been severely trimmed at some point during its prior history. Though still legible, the writing on folios 16v, 27v, and 80 falls away at the edges. A microfilm copy made in 1973 reveals that other changes occurred after 1904: the stamped legend BIBLIOTECA NACIONAL, MEXICO, now appears on several folios, and the entire manuscript book has been given a new consecutive foliation at the foot. Although the leaves appear to be more tightly bound than they were in Peñafiel's day, there seems to have been no further trimming, the page size remaining approximately 150 mm x 195 mm. The book's new catalogue number, 1628 bis, was assigned by Roberto Moreno in 1966. Although the manuscript itself remains the optimum source, the facsimile of 1904 improves the reading in those few spots that have deteriorated over the past three-quarters of a century.
Aztec songs of the *Cantares mexicanos* type are composed in a special vocabulary that relies heavily on such terms as bird, flower, song, comrade, heart, hand, and prince in relationship with verbs that express coming, coming to life, blossoming, greening, arriving, descending, scattering, whirling, weeping, seeking, awaiting, carrying, craving, departing, and dying—connected with two principal locales, earth and heaven, and interlarded with the names of kings and heroes.

Although most if not all of these vocabulary items are to be found in other Aztec sources, no other texts present the same concatenation of elements. The *Cantares mexicanos* and its congeners comprise a closed system, unintelligible to those who have not been initiated, even if they are fluent speakers of Nahuatl. Neither the standard dictionaries of Molina and Siméon nor the voluminous *Florentine Codex* can provide the lexical information needed to comprehend this highly figurative and complex idiom. True to the nature of esoteric idioms and jargons generally, it must be studied from within.

The sixteenth-century ethnographer Fray Diego Durán, alone among his contemporaries, claimed to have broken the barrier. His clumsy but interesting statement bears repeating, even if it has been quoted many times before:

> All their *cantares* are composed by means of certain metaphors so obscure that there is scarcely anyone who understands them unless they are studied and discussed very intently in order to understand their meaning. I myself, intently, have set about to listen very closely to what they sing and among the words and terms of the metaphor, and it seems nonsensical to me, and afterward, with discussion and conference, they're admirable sentences, whether in the sacred matter that they compose nowadays or in the worldly *cantares* that they compose.¹

But if Durán did penetrate the “*cantares*,” he left no proof of his success. His comments on Aztec songs, though not incorrect, are superficial and
naïve. Sahagún, whose awareness of native songs was at least as keen as Durán’s, writes more pessimistically:

They sing the old cantares that they used to perform in the time of their idolatry, not all, but many, and no one understands what they say, because their cantares are very obscure; and if they perform some cantares that they’ve composed since their conversion, treating the things of God and his saints, these are cloaked in many errors and heresies.\(^5\)

And again:

For the most part they sing of idolatrous things in a style so obscure that there is no one who really understands them—except themselves alone.\(^3\)

The sentiment is echoed by Pomar, who writes, “para entenderlos es menester ser gran lengua,” and by Las Casas, who speaks of “chanzonetas y cantares y saltos de placer que no se podría explicar.”\(^4\) Against this unpromising background the present study attempts to make headway nonetheless.

The ubiquitous figures of speech built on the words xochitl (flower) and cuicatl (song) will serve as a convenient point of entry. Since the two terms are constantly coupled and used interchangeably in a variety of stock phrases, we detect without difficulty that though they are dissimilar they are nevertheless synonyms. “I utter songs,” reads the text. Elsewhere it reads, “I utter flowers.” Or it says, “Let there be flowers, let there be songs.” Thus the word flower has the meaning “song.” But it may have other meanings as well.

When dissimilar terms are used together they sometimes reinforce each other, yielding a new, unexpected meaning. The process occurs in English (cloak and dagger means intrigue) but is much more common in Nahuatl. In the well-known guide to metaphors in Book Six, Chapter Forty-Three, of the Florentine Codex, we discover that heart and blood means cacao; chaff and straw means falsehood; stone and wood means misery; and so forth. In passing it should be noted that these definitions are not exclusive. Stone and wood can mean fame—and also idolatry.\(^5\)

In recent years the xochitl/cuicatl of the Cantares mexicanos has been repeatedly defined as poem or poetry. But the definition appears to have been invented by the late Angel M. Garibay and, so far as I am aware, has no other authority. Although it is entirely proper from a modern point of view to speak of the Cantares as poetry and to regard the old singERS as poets, the definition “xochitl/cuicatl = poetry” is a flaccid concept at best and at worst a misnomer.

As we look more closely at the text, we encounter xochitl and cuicatl in phrases such as these (identified by folio and line number):

I am a song (31: 19)

From heaven, ah, come good flowers, good songs (10: 6)

Once again as a song? Ay! Let us create You (45: 25)
God has formed you, has given you birth as a flower. He paints you as a song (27: 24)
As a song you're born, O Montezuma: as a flower you come to bloom on earth (63: 7)
This flower of beauty, this lord Axayacatl (80: 31)
My songs are marching forth (28: 3)
These shrilling flowers (69: 2)

The reader who wishes to check the translation is invited to do so. Although the Cantares is rife with ambiguity, it will be found, I think, that these particular examples are quite unambiguous. That is, they do not permit more than one linguistic analysis (though other writers might choose to word them differently). From such material it should be clear that songs, or flowers, are persons. The idea is strange, perhaps, but it is certainly in keeping with Aztec thought. Among the disparate terms that may be used to denote persons, as listed in Fray Andrés de Olmos' Arte para aprender la lengua mexicana, are jade (chalchiuhtli), plumc (quetzallli), city (alhtepetl), silk-cotton tree (puchutil), cypress (aueltli), flute (tlopitzalli), gold necklace (teucuicuicuatzicatl), and many others equally distant from modern sensibility.6

In addition to noting that songs may be persons—more correctly, deceased persons, or spirits7—we learn from the above phraseology that songs are revenant kings, such as Montezuma and Axayacatl. They descend from the sky world, moreover, and are brought to life on earth through the joint efforts of the singer and his god. These, in brief, are the essential points. Having grasped them, the reader will find that they are reinforced in varying degrees throughout the manuscript.

Fleshed out with innumerable details, the phenomenon in the aggregate assumes the proportions of a ritual. We do not know what it was called, if indeed it had a name. But for the purposes of discussion it will here be styled the ghost-song ritual; and henceforth, instead of referring to songs of the Cantares mexicanos type, I will resort to the more convenient, if synthetic, ghost songs. The paragraphs that follow attempt to catalogue the main elements of the so-called ritual, reserving the fine points of vocabulary and rhetoric for later chapters. As will be apparent, no single ghost song contains every element.

The Song Trip

Since songs proceed from the other world, the singer sometimes speaks of traveling there. He says he will go gather these songs, or flowers, and bring them back to earth. The process is reminiscent of the shamanistic trance journey, and in fact the singer may say, "In my dream I went to the dead land" (song 86, stanza 18).

The first item in the manuscript (folio 1 and 1v) is almost exclusively
devoted to the description of a song trip. Unfortunately the diction of this piece appears to be Westernized.

Views of the Other World

Whether or not the singer claims to have made a song trip, he is regularly in touch with the other world, coercing, beseeching, or seducing the spirits that live there and waiting for signs of their approach. According to Sahagún, the Aztec hereafter was divided into three separate realms: an Eden-like paradise inhabited by those who had died of drowning or other water-related mishaps, a celestial paradise reserved for slain warriors and sacrificial victims, and an underground limbo that served as a catch-all for everyone else. Ghost songs, generally speaking, do not violate this classification. But although the ancestor spirits are regarded as warriors who dwell in the heavens, their realm may be envisioned in a variety of ways; and just as modern vulgarisms permit the dead to be “pushing up daisies” while they are supposed to be in “heaven,” Aztecs could speak of the deceased as gone to the sky and gone to the underworld all in the same breath.9

The celestial battlefield. The ghost-song view of paradise as a place of battle accords with Sahagún, who has it that the dead warriors armed themselves each morning, greeted the sun with whoops and skirmishing, and escorted it to the zenith. In the Cantares, ixtlahuatl (field) and yahualiuhecan (circle) are among the code words that denote “battlefield.” When the singer says, “I come from the circle on high” (song 86, stanza 24), he means that he is arriving from paradise.

The flowery paradise. In the Prologue to his Arte divinatoria Sahagún writes, “They used to say that in the sky where the sun dwells there are many flowers, many fruits, and many delights . . . and also they said that four years after death the souls of these defunct [warriors] turned into various kinds of rich-plumed and fine-colored birds, and they went along sucking all the flowers both in the sky and here on earth, as hummingbirds do.”10 And the Cantares mexicanos does not disagree (even if it fails to confirm that the transformation of warriors to birds takes four years). Sahagún’s description of the flowery paradise is lavishly expanded in songs 1 and 2 of the Cantares, and ghost warriors descending to earth as birds are to be encountered throughout the manuscript (see especially canto F of song 90, the “Bird Song”).

Where songs originate. A myth preserved in two sixteenth-century sources relates that music was formerly kept in the house of the sun.11 Similarly, the Cantares speaks of “sky songs” (song 4, stanza 3) and of songs descending (song 64, stanza 4). The manner in which the singer causes these songs
to descend from the heavens involves a subtle but well-attested doctrine of
ciprocity, discussed below in the section entitled “Bringing Down the
Songs.”

The eastern shore. In the eyes of Mexicans and other residents of the cen-
tral highlands, the sun’s house might be reached by passing through the
countries that lay along the Gulf Coast. Off on a song trip, the singer
might say, “I’ve arrived in Panotlan” (song 80, stanza 24). Cuexhtlan and
Acallan were similarly regarded as stations en route to the house of the
sun, variously called “dawn’s house” (itlaunizcalli) or “the place of painted
water” (all icuilihyan).

The dead land. In Aztec lore the term mitlan (dead land) often denotes
the underworld. Missionaries used it to translate inferno. But it can also
refer to the heavens, even the warriors’ paradise specifically, without the
slightest connotation of gloom or evil. These various shades of meaning
are all present in the Cantares.

A place of tears. If ghost warriors are feeling impatient to return to earth,
they may be miserable in paradise. “Are they still in the dead land?” reads
one of the songs. And the answer is yes, “in precious snares they’re weep-
ing at the sacred shore” (song 83, stanza 1). In the opening stanza of song
8, the singer recalls the dead princes “who lie enslaved in the place where
all are born, who were lords, who were kings on earth.”

“Tlalocan.” The Eden-like terrestrial paradise, home of those who die
by drowning, is properly called Tlalocan, place of the itlaloque, or water
gods. Because it is usually spoken of as a place of flowers, fruits, and de-
lights, it is easy to imagine that it might be confused with the flowery
paradise of the sun; and in fact there is evidence in the Cantares that this is
so, although the term itlaloque is never used and the itlaloque are never in-
voked. According to the Florentine Codex, the itlaloque are denizens of caves
and mountains, and in the Cantares we read that the flowery paradise lies
in a “valley,” literally “mountain-within” (song 1, stanza 4). Yet another,
similar paradise is the delightful Tamoanchan, where the “tree of flowers”
stands. In the Cantares Tamoanchan seems to be regarded as the place of
human creation (song 18, stanzas 50–51), also called xoxtalapan, or “flower
land,” one of the names for the flowery paradise of the sun (compare song
57, stanza 28, and song 1, stanza 6). Evidently the warriors’ paradise of the
Cantares partakes of at least some of the features of both Tlalocan and
Tamoanchan.

The Cave. In the Florentine Codex the dead are said to reside “in the
water, in the cave, in the dead land.” Evidently this refers to the under-
world limbo, but in the Cantares it is possible that the “cave” (oztoltl) or the
“cavern house” (oztocalli) may sometimes refer to the hereafter in general
The Ghost-Song Ritual

or even the warriors' paradise of flowers. In song 19, stanza 11, the singer asks invitingly, "Who'll go see, who'll go gazing in the cavern house of flowers?" But when the hereafter is spoken of as "the city of the dwellers-among-the-nine" (song 54-B, stanza 5) and the sun is called cave dweller (54-C, stanza 6), it is clear that the underworld is meant. In this case the sun is perhaps making its nocturnal journey from west to east beneath the earth's surface.16

Bringing Down the Songs

Songs are obtained from paradise by securing their release from divine power, by "recalling" them, by weeping for them, or by physically gathering them and carrying them off. Though disparate, these imaginary techniques are not mutually exclusive. The singer may be thinking in terms of two or more of them at any given moment. The important thing to bear in mind is that songs, or flowers, may be persons—as set forth in the opening paragraphs of this chapter. When the ghost singer says he is uttering, or bringing down, "songs" he usually means that he is producing ghost warriors.

Reciprocity. Song making is an act of cooperation between the mortal singer and his other-worldly source. The singer "begins," or "strikes up," the song, but the heavens must give the "answer," or the "echo." The singer "lifts up" songs, but the songs themselves descend from the sky. Thus song 70 opens with these words: "I strike it up. I beat the flower drum of Life Giver, and his paintings fall: these flowers." Likewise song 4 reads: "In this place of scattering flowers I lift them up before the Ever Present, the Ever Near. Delicious are the root-songs, as I, the parrot corn-tassel bird, lift them through a conch of gold, the sky songs passing through my lips." The notion of reciprocity, moreover, is not limited to ghost songs. The fact that it is described in the myth of the origin of song, as preserved in both Mendieta's Historia and the "Histoyre du Mechique,"19 suggests that it was a general feature of Aztec music theory. According to the "Histoyre du Mechique," music was taken from the sun by Ehecatl, the god of wind:

Seeing him approach, the sun said to his musicians, "No one must answer him, for whoever answers him must go with him." These musicians were dressed in four colors: white, red, yellow, and green. And now, having arrived, the wind god called to them with a song [les appela en chantant], and one of them immediately answered it and went off with him, carrying the music that they perform to this day in their dances in honor of their gods.

In Mendieta's version the song is answered by several of the sky musicians, who are then brought to earth along with the drum (huehuetl) and the two-toned teponaztili.
The role of the muse. Related to the theory of reciprocity is the performer's avowed conviction that he sings with a voice other than his own. "They're the very ones who fill our throats," says the singer, referring to the birds that dwell in the flowery paradise (song 1, stanza 2). But we have already observed—and it is confirmed by Sahagún—that these birds are ghost warriors. As we discover in virtually all the old chronicles, the warriors par excellence were the *tlatoani*, or kings. Thus it is not surprising to find specific kings invoked as muses in the *Cantares*. The process is set forth in song 36, which deserves to be quoted at length:

Strike it up! And sing before the face of our father, God Life Giver? How but uselessly could I? I am poor.

Let a singer come, and he can pleasure you, O Life Giver. He's smelting songs, he's drilling them as turquoise beads. But I, I am poor.

I wish I could pleasure you. Let me somehow grieve, I, a singer, sighing before your face, bereft, lifting flowers of bereavement, music of bereavement, for you, O Noble One, O Only Spirit, O Life Giver.

Where are you? You're being entertained, O Life Giver. Everywhere, throughout the world you're served. Flowers of bereavement, music of bereavement, do I lift for you, O Noble One, O Only Spirit, O Life Giver.

And now I sing! So let there be flowers! So let there be songs!

I drill my songs as though they were jades. I smell them as gold. I mount these songs of mine as though they were jades.

O God! Though poor, I say that I pleasure you, I, Totoquihuatzli! Let the singer come. He can pleasure you. Let the singer come. He'll set free your songs.

How excellent this noble one! He burnishes songs as though they were turquoise. As though they were plumes he twists them, he, Totoquihuatzli. Let the singer come. Let the singer come.

Here the muse is Totoquihuatzli, king of Tlacopan, a city-state closely allied with Mexico through the fifteenth century and up until the Spanish Conquest. It matters little whether Totoquihuatzli the elder (d. ca. 1470) or Totoquihuatzli the younger (d. 1519) is meant; the content of the song is ritualistic, not historical. Significantly, the singer refers to his muse both in the third person (stanza 8) and in the first person (stanza 7), acknowledging that he is both summoning Totoquihuatzli and speaking with his voice. Notice that Totoquihuatzli comes to earth, producing songs, or "flowers" (i.e., revenants). Thus, as in many ghost songs, we have the revenant who produces further revenants.

Among numerous other muses encountered in ghost songs are Nezahualcoyotl, king of Texcoco (another important ally of Mexico), and Montezuma (the name of two kings of Mexico). In song 72 Nezahualcoyotl is the muse that produces Montezuma. But though the muse is usually an important king, it may sometimes be a hero, like Tlacahuepan
The Ghost-Song Ritual

(who in fact was a lesser king), or a god, like Macuilxochitl (song 65), or the supreme spirit himself, or even the sun. See song 54-B with its invocation, “Sing, red sun!” Although it appears that the traditional muse is always a deceased king or hero, or a god, it is possible that Christian saints may be substituted; and it is even possible that Fray Pedro de Gante, the Indians’ own singing master, served as the muse in songs composed during his lifetime.

Crying for songs. Singing is equated with weeping. When singers “weep” or “grieve,” as in the third stanza of the song quoted above, they are not necessarily expressing sorrow for a specific cause. In fact the phrase “I weep” has become an almost empty formula in many ghost songs. Similarly, the texts are filled with automatic interjections and quasi-lexical vocables, often untranslatable, that seem to mean “alas” or “woe.” Possibly the phenomenon stems from feelings of loss,22 or perhaps it involves a ritualized tenet of native music theory. Whatever the cause, the persistent weeping produces “flowers,” or ghost warriors. Says the singer to the ghost: “And how are you created, my pet? By being wept for, my precious pet” (song 57, stanza 11). Or again: “For what are we song-sighing?” (song 59, stanza 18). While still in paradise, the ghosts are said to be “tears” (song 37, stanza 2) or “they that wish to be tears” (song 68, stanzas 79–81). As they arrive on earth the singer may exclaim: “Flower tears are sprinkling down at the flower drum, at the singing place” (song 86, stanza 31). On the other hand, when the singer says, “I grieve, earth is no one’s home” (song 46, stanza 16), he is expressing a particular sorrow.

Recalling songs. Songs, or flowers, are frequently “recalled.” In other words, the ghost warriors are brought to earth by an act of remembrance. Hence the injunction: “Create him! Weep! Recall Lord Totecztin!” (song 51, stanza 29). The second stanza of song 41, a typical example, reads as follows: “Before you died you established your fame, O prince, O Tlacahuapan. So people are busy, it seems. People are appealing to Life Giver; there will be a coming-forth, a coming-to-life on earth.” To sing a dead warrior’s praises is to do more than perpetuate his memory—it is literally to bring his spirit to earth.

Enticement. The ghosts are “pleasured” or “entertained” with music in order to coax them to earth. For example: “Hear the song I’m about to sing; I’ve come to pleasure Montezuma” (song 72, stanza 2). More substantial enticements, namely food and sex, are sometimes offered in a playful mood. Roasted cherry seeds (a delicacy) are promised in song 88. Tortillas are mentioned in song 84, stanza 24. In song 84, stanza 7, the singer (impersonating a woman) makes this explicit proposition: “Boy, dear boy! Little king! O Axayacatl! Here, let yourself be summoned, man! You don’t have a horn on? Stick it in my chimney. Hurry! And put out the fire.”
The Songs Arrive

Descending from the sky, the personified songs reach earth as incorporeal ghosts, or souls: "Your soul has drizzled down as a jewel dew, O Lord Tomás" (song 63, stanza 50). Or they may be envisioned as "warm and weighty" (song 18, stanza 47). "Singers, and weighty ones, are these, my flowers," boasts the singer as he presents them to his comrades (song 44, stanza 16). Often the ghosts are noisy—shrilling, roaring, or ringing with the sound of ankle bells. Sometimes an entire nation or city descends (as in song 29). An eyewitness account by Durán suggests that in at least a few cases the ghosts were portrayed by costumed pantomimists. Durán's testimony is quoted later, in Chapter Eight.

Huehuetitlan. Ghost songs are performed huehuetitlan (beside the drum). Inviting his comrades, the singer says, "Let them come and hear the flower dawn songs drizzling down incessantly beside the drum" (song 12, stanza 1). But the locale has many other names as well. With the arrival of ghost warriors, it assumes the character of a miniature paradise and may be called the flower house, the flower court, the cavern house, the mixcoacalli (house of cloud comrades?), or the home of God.

The rain of songs. Songs are "stroven" or "scattered" from paradise. Frequently they come drizzling or fall as mist, dew, or rain. Accordingly, the place "beside the drum" may be called the "place of rain" (quiappan), as in song 26, stanza 2.

The garden. Songs, or "flowers," come "blossoming" or "burgeoning." Sometimes they are "leafy." In a particularly explicit passage (from song 14) the Mexican singer, summoning Mexican warriors, observes:

By making us aware of his creations, God Life Giver torments us, causes us to crave his garden of song flowers.
Already in a springtime, in a springtime we are walking here, upon this field. A green-swan downpour is breaking over us in Water Plain.
Lightning strikes from the four directions. Golden flowers are reviving.
There, the Mexican princes are alive.

The word xopan, literally "green location," denotes the growing season and is usually translated "spring" or "summer." In ghost songs it refers to the greening of spirits newly arrived from paradise—or it may refer to paradise itself or to huehuetitlan. With some misgiving I have translated it variously as "spring" or "green places," according to the context. But the "greening" ghost warriors are not always flowers. They may be "milk corn" (xilotl) or "baby maize ears" (cacammil). Horticultural imagery involving both flowers and food plants is especially prevalent in song 17. Sometimes the ghosts are "flower trees" (song 57, stanza 22). But in other
The Ghost-Song Ritual

passages the flowering “trees” are fixtures of huehuetitlan, and the ghosts, arriving as birds, are said to perch among the branches (song 17, stanzas 34 and 48). According to Durán, such scenes were contrived with actual stage props and costumed mimes.23

Songs as babies. “Jades are scattered: flowers—your songs—are born,” says the singer to his muse (song 33, stanza 6). Or, “as a song you’re born, O Montezuma: as a flower you come to bloom on earth” (song 70, stanza 7). In various passages the songs are “new,” or they “come to life.” One is reminded of the promise made to the mythic Quetzalcoatl as he journeyed toward his death: “and when you return, you shall have again been made a child.”24 In the Cantares, ghost warriors are frequently addressed as children or infants. Thus we have “baby Montezuma,” Moteuczomapil (song 19, stanza 6); “baby Axayacatl,” Axayacaton (song 84, stanza 5); and “little Don Diego,” don Tiegoton (song 59, stanza 17). Revenants in general are our “flesh” (our children) or God’s “flesh.” Certainly the most elaborate treatment of this theme is the “cradlesong” addressed to King Ahuitzotl (song 57). Song 61, called “children song, or little-children song,” also deserves mention here.

Whirling songs. Arriving on earth as babies, the songs have actually been “born” in Tamoanchan, or paradise.25 Sometimes they proceed from a kind of natal tree: “The flower tree stands blossoming at Origin, God’s home, the place of tassel plumes. The toupiual comes. The turquoise swan, the marvelous, the quetzal, arrives” (song 22, stanza 1). In addition they may be “spun,” or “whirled,”26 as in song 18, stanzas 50–51:

The flower tree stands in Tamoanchan, God’s home. There! we’re created, we who’ve been summoned! Our Spirit, Ipaltinemi, whirs us as lord songs.

What I’m melting is as gold: I’m carving our good songs as jades. Four times and as turquoise! Tamo, God, Life Giver whirls us four times in Tamoanchan. Hey! Be pleased! Hey! Green places are here, in this house of green places!

Note the identification of paradise (green places) with huehuetitlan (this house of green places). In numerous other passages the songs are said to come “spinning,” or “whirling.” With reference to his muse, the singer says, “It’s Montezuma, whirling holy songs” (song 83, stanza 1). In song 65, stanza 4, the ghost himself is the “whirled one.”

Songs as a distribution of Life Giver. The personified songs are actually a parceling out, or distribution, of the supreme spirit. As the singer states explicitly: “You are the one that is being created, O Only Spirit, O God” (song 70, stanza 4). Or again: “All your riches, your favors, are alive, O Life Giver, World Owner! You shake yourself, you scatter yourself here” (song 18, stanza 52).
Often the ghost warrior will be identified both as an ancestot and as a manifestation of Life Giver, all in the same stanza: “Flowers have arrived. He’s here; it’s God Life Giver. Ah, I weep, recalling Nezahualcoyotl” (song 46, stanza 7). And just as the singer is said to be “pleasuring” the ghosts, in many cases he explains that he is pleasing, or “entertaining,” Life Giver. See song 31, stanza 9, for an interesting example that includes reciprocity.

The legion of the dead. The dead are numerous. They are “the multitude” (nepapan tlaca; song 68, stanzas 20 and 40), or “the sundry birds” (nepapan totoll), or “all the flowers” (nepapan xochitl). The ubiquitous term nepapan is best rendered “divers,” “sundry,” “multitudinous,” “all”—not “various,” as many translators have it. In other words, the emphasis is on quantity, not variety.37 In a Christianized ghost song, where the ghosts are identified as angels, the multitude is said to be centzonxiquipilli, “four hundred times eight thousand” (song 19, stanza 10).

Sodality and reunion. Mortals are eager for reunion with the approaching ghosts. The companionship of lost “friends” (icniuhyoitl)—or “comrades” (coayotl)—appears to be extremely meaningful. As he summons the ghost warriors, the singer says, “Let there be a mutual embracing of eagles, of jaguars, O princes” (song 24, stanza 1). The muse Tecayehuatzin cries out with pleasure, “I have comrades here in Huexotzineo, I, King Tecayehuatzin. I’m assembling jades, emeralds, princes. I flower-spin these nobles, ah!” (song 17, stanza 8). Just as in the mundane councils of war described by Durán and Tezozomoc,28 ghost singers are constantly addressing each other by kinship terms, such as brother, uncle, and nephew. The vocative nephew! or dear nephew!, used to summon ghost warriors, becomes a litany in certain songs.

Intoxication. The singer “desires” or even “craves” the approaching songs. They are “delicious,” they “make hearts drunk with fragrance.” “With these sundry flower songs we lose our senses,” the singer says (song 3, stanza 2). Or he may say, “With narcotic fumes my heart is pleased” (song 4, stanza 6). Often it is unclear whether the singer is referring mainly to the joy of reunion with dead forebears or to the narcotic power of the music as such. If the latter, then the effect on the singer and his comrades may be to make them more reckless, more daring in combat. The texts themselves offer no proof that the singers used artificial stimulants, nor do the reports prepared by Motolína, Hernández, and others. However, in what seems to be an eyewitness account, dating from about 1560, the academician Francisco Cervantes de Salazar writes: “First they make themselves drunk, in order, so they say, to sing with more devotion. . . . They bow the head, bend the body, carry the right arm raised with some sort of insignia in the hand; in their style of dancing they seem like men who stagger drunkenly.” Judging from the remainder of Cervantes’ description (“in
The Ghost-Song Ritual

dances, besides praising the devil, they sing the great deeds of their ancestors, bewailing their deaths”), it would appear that ghost songs are indicated. As for the actual stimulant, it is possible that cuauhnanacatl (tree mushroom) was used, since this is mentioned in connection with a pre-Conquest musical performance described in the lost Nahuaatl chronicle translated by Tezozomoc.

Unwanted songs. By and large the singer summons warriors of his own tribe. If he also summons enemies, it is for the purpose of having them deflected. But as with all magic, the process of ghost summoning can be dangerous. It may backfire. “Oh no, not those youngsters who want to make offerings! Oh please, not those!” cries the singer, caught off guard by the approach of enemy ghosts (song 85, stanza 6). Or again: “Unwanted child!” (song 60, stanza 33). Confident that he has control over the performance, the singer may taunt his enemies: “That warrior, King Vulture, won’t be seen again, nor will his warlike songs be heard, for we alone create them” (song 83, stanza 20).

Marching to War

The ghosts descend from heaven fully armed. Typically they are “belli-cose” (song 46, stanza 18) and will “never tire” (song 24, stanza 4). Newly arrived, the ghost warrior announces, “I come to guard the city” (song 48, stanza 1; compare song 86, stanza 37). Or: “I’m a Mexican, saying: let me be pleased in marching forth to Tecuantepec” (song 46, stanza 17).

The divine reproach. Sometimes the ghosts are scornful of their mortal comrades, accusing them of cowardice and prodding them into war. The singer himself is not immune to their taunts. Feeling the reproach, he says, “My grandchild laughs at me, insults me”; but recognizing its divine origin he continues: “Let him appear! May he speak the scurrile words of Him. Let my grandchild please Him!” (song 19, stanza 13). Acknowledging the contradiction between the joy of reunion and the sting of reproach, the singer may say, “Friends, we’ve come to see each other and to know each other’s lovely words—and yet they’re scurrile” (song 82, stanza 14). Similarly, the spirit “pricks us as he warbles” (song 53, stanza 5); or, as muse, he may reproach his fellow ghosts, even those that he is in the process of producing: “It’s time! Be pleased! And they shall appear! I wound their hearts. I’m lifting songs, I’ve arrived. I appear, I, the singer” (song 43, stanza 2). The expression to wound one’s heart (iyolle nicocod) has here been rendered etymologically. The semantic, and perhaps better, translation would be to offend or insult someone. Occasionally, the singer himself reproaches either his fellow mortals or the incoming ghosts. Song 12 in its entirety is devoted to the reproach theme.

’ 27 ’
Transformation. The connection between war and music is well attested in sixteenth-century writings. When men went to battle, they behaved as musicians. “While they fight, they sing and dance,” reports the Conquistador anónimo. Conversely, when men made music, they behaved as warriors. According to the same reporter, they carried special shields in their “fests and dances.” And when they sang the canto chichimeca, they all had shields and “swords” (macanas). From such accounts, explicit as they are, we cannot be sure whether the warriors in battle actually thought of themselves as music makers or whether they were merely animating the troops with martial sound effects, as Motolinía suggested. But in the Cantares, it is clear that a transformation, so to speak, takes place on the dance floor. In other words, the musical performance is regarded as an act of war. And dancing becomes synonymous with combat (song 15, stanza 15). Summoning ghosts, the singer cries: “A shield-roaring blaze-smoke rises up. Ah, and rising up as bell dust it’s equated with your flowers, Yaotl. In the distance shrills a multitude of eagles, jaguars” (song 69, stanza 26).

The name Yaotl (Enemy) denotes the supreme spirit. In this case we have an example of reciprocity, in which the singer’s war deeds (actually music) will be received by Yaotl and returned in the form of flowers, or revenants—whom we already hear “shrilling” in the distance. Conversely, a warrior in actual combat is said to be engaged in music making, or “song-weeping”: “And where do I hear him? Ah, the noble lord goes song-weeping at Ocotepec. They’ve seized him in the scuffle, at the gorge” (song 89, stanza 7).

Yet in numerous song texts the theory of transformation is challenged or cautiously rejected. Fearing death, the singer may attempt to produce ghost warriors by means of music that is not being transformed into war deeds. In a few cases one suspects the influence of Christian morality (as in song 7, stanzas 2 and 4). But generally speaking, these evasions appear to be unaculturated, as in the following example, where the singer is ashamed to admit that he is not a warrior, even while attempting to produce ghosts with pure music:

It’s in music, only music, that I do my grieving. Isn’t that the way I sing my songs? Don’t let your hearts be wounded! I’m a warrior, really!

But his comrades are only partly convinced:

Is he taking a stand? Well, he’s lifting good songs. Well, he’s getting flowers. He has his rattle.

At last the singer confesses:

I flower-grieve. But ah, my songs are nothing, I scatter squirrels. (Song 83, stanzas 22–24)
Needless to say, it is safer to be a singer than a warrior. But unless the singer is also a warrior his music is unproductive.

The battlefield. The dance floor itself becomes the field of combat, and often a specific battleground is designated. “Things are getting under way here in Tziuhcoac,” announces the singer (song 86, stanza 25). Or the stage may be set by a word from the incoming revenants: “They’ve summoned us to be drunkards in Michhuacan” (song 85, stanza 1).

Drunkards. Whether or not a soldier’s courage was ever bolstered by alcohol is a question that does not appear to be answered in the available ethnography. In the Cantares, however, a singer remembering pre-Conquest times says, “It was thus in the old days... He’d give you chalk wine and make you enter the place of danger” (song 7). “Alas,” says the singer, “Life Giver makes us drunk” (song 69, stanza 17). But it is possible that the texts refer to a figurative drunkenness, perhaps induced by the narcotic power of music. In certain ghost songs known as Cuextecayotl (Huaxtec pieces) singers refer to themselves constantly as drunkards, evidently because the inhabitants of Cuexťlan had a reputation for drunkenness. But in these pieces the singers appear to mean that they are drunk with war lust. Those wishing to explore the matter might turn first to song 77.

Identification with the enemy. The word for battlefield is yopan (enemy place). War itself is yaoyotl (enemy business) and the supreme spirit, as noted above, may be addressed as Yaotl (Enemy). It would not seem out of keeping, therefore, if warriors occasionally identified themselves with their enemies. In fact this is the case. In song 12, for example, Mexicans presumably on the warpath to Tlilhuqui Tepetl (Black Mountain) become “our Black Mountain friends.” The motive can only be guessed, but it is probable that the warrior is identifying with the ferocity, or savagery, of the foe. Among common epithets for the Mexican soldier, found not only in ghost songs but in many other sources, are Otomotl and Chichimecatl, both of which denote actual tribes that were less civilized than the Aztecs and proverbially savage in the eyes of Mexica, or Mexicans. In the Cantares the Mexican soldier is also called pinotl (stranger or savage). Likewise several of the songs in the manuscript are Otonecuatl (Otomí songs) or Chichimecatl (Chichimec business or Chichimec pieces). Befuddled by such titles, the glossator, on folio 6, supposes that the Otonecuatl are “old songs of the Otomi Indians”—a hasty remark that has been the source of much confusion.

But the subtlest and perhaps most significant case in point is the identification of the Mexica with their on-again, off-again enemies the Huexotzinca. Outside the Cantares there do not appear to be any documented instances of Huexotzincaophilia among Mexicans. But the inhabitants of
Cuauhtitlan, who at the time were in league with Mexico, are said to have indulged in it copiously, "calling each other Huexotzincans." Similarly, when the ghost singer says, "I am a Huexotzinca," he need not mean that he is a Huexotzinca as such. In song 71 it is clear that Huexotzinco is a synonym for Mexico. On the other hand, the Huexotzincans of song 66, stanza 1, are indeed Huexotzincans. Consequently, the reader must scrutinize all references to Huexotzinco and Huexotzincans, allowing for the possibility that Mexico is meant—and not ruling out an occasional double entendre.

Rich and poor. The good warrior-singer is rich, the unskilled and the coward are poor. For illustrative passages see song 15, stanzas 6 and 12; song 36, stanza 1; song 42, stanza 3. The arrival of songs, or ghosts, makes one rich. In song 38, stanza 5, the singer speculates that if all the ghosts in paradise return to earth, then the supreme spirit himself will be poor.

The Payment

One of the avowed purposes of Aztec warfare was to provide human blood for the nourishment of the gods, especially the sun. During the morning hours the sun needed food for its journey to the zenith. People worried that it might weaken. In the Cantares, the singer calls out in fear: "Easily, in a moment might you slacken, O father" (song 31, stanza 14). Urging his comrades to produce ghosts, i.e., make war, the singer (in a Christianized passage) says: "Let us have these good ones. Who will toil for the shield mat, the javelin throne of God? Create them, recall them, you princes! Who'll scatter them on this city, this Tenochtitlan? Who'll push up the prop of heaven?" (Song 27, stanzas 6–7.)

Here again we have reciprocity. Just as the singer offers his music in exchange for the sun's music, so must the warrior offer victims in exchange for ghosts. In song 69, stanza 28, Montezuma is said to be "bartering with sun-chalk" (i.e., with chalk-whitened victims). In song 84, stanza 21, the ghosts "come to trade." "Alas," laments the singer in song 83, stanza 5, "we have no payment." In many if not most songs the doctrine of exchange is an essential underlying element. If ghosts are arriving, then a payment must be made. Conversely, if war is being waged, ghosts will automatically arrive (in exchange for the war deaths). Sometimes the ghosts themselves, marching immediately to war, serve as their own payment. At other times the singer and his fellow mortals volunteer their lives. In several songs the moment of exchange is signified by such expressions as "this earth is shaking" (tlalli olin; song 50, stanza 1), "the earth is rolling over" (tlalli moquepa, song 15, stanza 20), or "the earth rolls over, the sky shakes" (tlalli moquepa ihuicatl olini; song 51, stanza 33).
The Ghost-Song Ritual

Heart sacrifice. If an Aztec warrior was captured alive, he was saved for the ceremonial death that modern writers have labeled heart sacrifice, in which the live victim was stretched over a convex stone so that his rib cage protruded tautly as a priest cut out the heart with an obsidian blade. In the Cantares there are occasional references to the taking of captives, and the warrior in general is often called “banner” (amatl) or “chalk and feathers” (tizatl ihuitl), suggesting sacrifice. Although the concise, symbolic language of ghost songs does not permit a clear distinction between death on the battlefield and heart sacrifice at the temple, there are a few passages (song 41, stanza 5, or song 67, stanza 14) that seem to allude more to the latter than to the former. In song 16, stanzas 5–6, however, the terms war death (yaomiuztli) and knife death (itzimiquiztli) are used interchangeably.

Gladiatorial sacrifice. In certain cases the captive might be tied by a short rope to a special stone called temalacatl, or “round-stone,” and obliged to defend himself with an inferior weapon. In this uneven combat the captive stood little chance of survival. As soon as he was defeated he was thrown across the stone and subjected to heart sacrifice. In the Cantares there are no actual descriptions of gladiatorial combat, but a temalacatl is mentioned in song 67, stanza 19.

Cannibalism. After the victim’s heart had been extracted by the temple priests, the carcass was returned to the captor, who took it home to be prepared as an entertainment for his kinsmen, reserving a thigh for the king. Ghost songs seldom allude to this practice, yet it is evidently the subject of the horrific song 19.

Transference. During the annual feast called toxcatl, described by both Sahagún and Durán, a young man would be sacrificed who “represented” or “impersonated” the supreme god, Tezcatlipoca. In Durán’s account the young man is actually called Tezcatlipoca, implying a transference of identity from god to victim. Similarly, in ghost songs there is evidence that a hallowed identity—not of a god, however, but of an ancestor—may be transferred to a victim. The case is not inarguable, but it appears that the ancestor Tlacahuepan, in several passages in the Cantares, is lending his identity to a slain warrior or a sacrificial victim. See especially song 69, stanzas 30–31. In song 80, canto E, the muse appears to be a surrogate for King Tezozomoc. In song 89, stanzas 2 and 5, the victim Juan Nelpiloni is a surrogate for Nezahualcoyotl.

The Return to Paradise

As “payment” is made, the descent from paradise described in earlier paragraphs takes place in reverse. Victims “depart,” “pass away,” or are “taken
to the Place Unknown” (song 16, stanza 1). Or a victim may go “drifting as a feather into Spirit Land” (song 69, stanza 32).

The dawn scene. The departing soul is thought to be greeted by the rising sun in a highly conventionalized scene that includes singing birds. The tableau is by no means limited to ghost songs. A newly deceased ruler, it is said, was customarily addressed in these words: “Awake! It has reddened, dawn has appeared. Red cocks[?], red swallows are singing. Red butterflies are flying.”43 Women who died in childbirth were addressed in the same manner.46 And in ghost songs, victims are offered promises such as this: “Sky-dawn is rising up. The multitude, the birds, are shrilling. Precious swans are being created. Turquoise troupals are being created” (song 76, stanza 7). In a curious telescoping of the entire process, ghost warriors destined for combat are said to arrive on earth in order to “watch for the dawn” (song 17, stanza 12).

Purpose

The arrival of allied and enemy ghosts permits the reenactment of historical battles or, if necessary, the manipulation of remembered events so that the singer and his comrades will emerge victorious. Such is the scenario of many ghost songs; and if any of these were performed in pre-Conquest times, as some perhaps were, it can be safely guessed that at least one purpose was to heighten the prestige of Mexico. Presumably the performance served as an expression of Mexican solidarity or as a taunt to embassies from hostile nations.47

But the desirability of victory must be weighed against the desirability of death on the battlefield. Sometimes it almost appears as though the enemy enjoys the happier outcome.

Most songs, however, do not allude to any specific battle. In these schematized compositions the singer produces ghosts of his own tribe or allied tribes, seemingly for the purpose of creating a state of bliss on earth. In exchange, he and his fellow mortals may volunteer their own lives, thus achieving bliss in the other world. It may be said that Mexico “rises to the sky” (song 71, stanza 3). Meanwhile the spirits who have been left behind create a paradisiacal Mexico on earth: “They’re loosening their songs: they’re entertaining God, bringing down a multitude of flowers. And with these the city, Mexico, is spreading fragrance. Here!” (song 79, stanza 10).

The ideal, perhaps, is to set up a situation in which the dead and the living can be permanently united on earth: “‘Let no one’s heart flow out, O princes, O Chichimeces, let no one be below or up above’ is what God says on earth right here—in this His home” (song 51, stanza 10). But the dream in this case, expressed by a Chalcan muse, is frustrated by the arrival of hostile Mexican ghosts. A Mexican muse, on the other hand, is
The Ghost-Song Ritual

able to achieve the desired goal by utilizing the doctrine of transformation (as discussed above): “May no one walking forth be captured! That which rises shall be your sadness, O Montezuma, O Tochoquihuazti! Who provides slaves for Life Giver? Indeed, they come to support the sky, the earth. These uttered words of theirs, it seems, are stirring as a blaze” (song 35, stanzas 5–6). In other words, the payment is made in music as though it were “blaze,” i.e., war deeds. Hence the happy conclusion: “[They are] giving Tenochtitlan City its place within the dawn. . . . How else is Tenochtitlan City to endure? What sings our God, even here?” (Stanzas 6–7).

Whether or not the many surviving songs of the paradise-on-earth type could have been composed before the Conquest is a question that will be considered in later chapters.

Christian Influence

In the numerous ghost songs that show Christian influence the ghosts themselves are likely to be called angels. Descending as revenants, they may be “rosary beads” (cuentaxtili) or, again, “angels.” Jesucristo, not surprisingly, is the ideal revenant. But Christ is also identified with the supreme spirit, called God (Dios) or Espíritu Santo. The occasional identification of Santa María with Dios recalls the pre-Conquest appellation “our mother, our father, the sun and the earth lord.”48 Usually, however, the Virgin is regarded as “our intercessor” (totepantlatoctauh).

The muse, often God himself, may be called bishop (obispo), or, in isolated cases, Saint Cecilia (the patron of music), Gabriel (the archangel), or Fray Pedro (the singing master at San Francisco de México).

The sky world becomes the place “where life is infinite, where things never end” (song 3, stanza 5), the “place unsmirched” (song 59, stanza 11), or simply “heaven” (ilhuicatlilti). In one passage the singer describes the heavenly scene in terms of the ninefold angelic hierarchy of Dionysius Arcopagiticus, with seraphim, cherubim, and all the rest.49

Huichuetitlán, the place “beside the drum,” becomes the “church” (iglesia), where in fact ghost songs were often performed in the sixteenth century. For an interesting Aztec re-creation of a Franciscan prayer, see song 61, stanzas 40–41.

Scattered throughout the Cantoares manuscript, Christian allusions are especially heavy in folios 37v–48v. Three of the songs in this section are based on stories from the Bible: song 55, Jewel song (the Three Kings); song 56, Female apparition song (Pentecost, the Annunciation); and song 58, Bringing-out song (Creation, Expulsion, Flood, Incarnation, Resurrection). At least two songs, 59 and 61, were composed for Christian holidays (Easter and the feast of Saint Francis of Assisi); and in four songs we catch fleeting glimpses of saints’ legends: Saint Philip (song 58, canto F);
Saint John the Divine (song 60, stanza 13); Saint Francis of Assisi (song 61, stanzas 17 and 26); and Saint Christopher (song 61, canto J).

What we evidently find in this section of the manuscript—to state the matter laboriously—are Aztec adaptations of Christian adaptations of Aztec ghost songs. The Christian adaptations were composed by Fray Pedro de Gante, the singing master mentioned above, and by his fellow Franciscan Fray Bernardino de Sahagún, who replaced the militaristic subject matter with Bible stories and saints’ lives in the hope that these might supplant the idolatrous ghost ritual. Gante’s efforts in this genre have not survived, but Sahagún’s are available in his Psalmodia christiana, which will be discussed in Chapter Nine. In the Aztec re-workings preserved in the Cantares the ghost ritual returns in full force, and we have Saint Christopher (the Christ carrier) playing muse to Christ’s revenant, and the three kings, as warlords, killed on the battlefields of Bethlehem. This, no doubt, is what Sahagún sensed when he complained of the many “errors and heresies” in the “cantares that they’ve composed since their conversion.”
CHAPTER 3

Ghost-Song Vocabulary

The twin Nahuatl tendencies to speak in metaphor and to pile up synonyms are nowhere more luxuriantly displayed than in ghost songs. Such lavish expenditures of rhetoric presumably belong to the tecpillatoll (noble speech), as distinguished from the macehuallatoli (speech of vassals). Spirits and fellow mortals, though they may be macehualtin (vassals) before God, are otherwise invariably tetenctin (lords) and pipiltin (princes) in the Cantares mexicanos. Evidently such songs were not addressed to the macehualtin as such, and if commoners found the idiom inescrutable this could only have increased its value as elite lore. By happenstance it also prevented Nahuatl-speaking missionaries from catching the seditious innuendos found in a number of these compositions.

Some of the vocabulary has been treated in the preceding chapter. A large number of special nouns, however, are yet to be noted. The lists that follow, though hardly exhaustive, will serve as a general guide, which the reader may wish to refer to from time to time. (In each category an attempt has been made to order the terms so that the list proceeds from the most to the least familiar. All Nahuatl words can be located in the Dictionary-Concordance in the companion volume to this work; if necessary, the term is here reprinted in the orthography of the Dictionary, flagged by the abbreviation DICT.)

The Warrior

A few unexceptional terms that denote the warrior not only in ghost songs but in oratory and in reportage should be mentioned at the outset:

cage, cuauhtli
jaguar, ocelot

brave, oquichiti
warrior, yaqui (DICT: yahqui)
valiant, cuachiti

Attempts to sort such terms according to rank or grade would appear
futile, at least so far as ghost songs are concerned. The same is true of the following, which evidently connote daring, savagery, or protectiveness:

- Otomi, Otomitl: firebrand, *tlecaxtli*
- Chichimec, Chichimecatl: bulwark, *tenamitl*
- savage, *pinotl*

Certain kinship terms, used in direct address, are no doubt more expressive of male camaraderie than of warfare specifically:

- nephew, *machtl*
- uncle, *tlatl*

  (DICT: *tlahtli*)
- father, *tatl* (DICT: *tahtli*)
- (elder) brother, *achcauhltl*
- (younger) brother, *iaccauhltl*

Fellowship terms may be used: comrade (or friend), *icinnuhtl;* comrade (or companion), *ccoatl.*

A variety of metonyms, derived from the warrior’s equipment, denote the warrior himself:

- shield, *chimalli*
- buckle, *tehuehuellel*
- bell, *coyoll *
- bell, *oyohualli*

The names of weaponlike plants may also denote the warrior:

- rush, *tolin*
- reed, *acatl*
- spine, *tuizhualti*

Accordingly, the warrior as captor may be called rush hunter, *tolamaz;* reed picker, *acapepena* (DICT: *acapepenatzin*).

The warrior as potential captive or victim may be known by a variety of terms related to human sacrifice, sacrificial procedures (flaying, feathering, painting the victim with chalk or stripes), sacrificial emblems (banners), or sacrificial implements (receptacles for blood):

- captive, *maltli*
- loved one, *tlazoitl*

  (DICT: *tlazohtli*)
- hide, *ehuatl*
- chalk and feathers, *itzatl ihuitl*
- stripe, *huahuantli*

The warrior as potential victim may be signified by parts of the human body (recalling the necklace of hands and hearts worn by the great statue of Coatlicue in the Museo de Antropologia, Mexico City):

- hand, *matl*
- heart, *volotl*
- head, *cuatl*

Warriors are equated with jewels and other precious goods:

- turquoise, *xihuitl*
- jade, *chalchihuitl*

- bracelet, *maquiztil*
- bracelet gem, *maquiztetl*
Ghost-Song Vocabulary

redstone, tlapalchalchihuitl  feather, ihuitl (DICT: ihhuitl)
gold, tecuiatl  (quetzal) plume, quetzalli
The ghost warrior, whether dwelling in heaven or descending as a revenant, is recognized by various epithets denoting “ancestor”:
forcefather, colli  root, nethuatli
ancestor(?), huicololli  garland, mecatl (lit., rope or link)
mother, nantli
Any of the terms in the foregoing lists may be applied to the warrior as revenant. But the revenant in particular is:
ghost, nahualli  shoot, yacatl
apparition(?), ixnextli  new-minted one, tlapitzalli
picture, amoxli  sadness, tlaocoli
painting, tlacuillollli (DICT:  
tlahcuilollli)  tears, choquiztli
whirled one, ilacatziuh  water (i.c., rain?), atl
creation, yecolli  joy, tehuetzquitl
created one, tlayocollli  heart pleaser, teyolquima

Revenants are denoted as flowers and by flower names:
flower, xochitl  popcorn flower, izquixochitl
flower tree, xochicuahuitl  cacao flower, cacahuaxochitl
corn silk flower, xilocochitl

By animal names that suggest flying or darting:
  butterfly, papalotl
  bird, totol
  fish, michin

And by countless generic and specific bird names,
  parrot, toztli  cotinga, xiuhidototl
  “swan,” quechol (see p. 129)  trogon, tzinitzcan
troupial, zacuan  hummingbird, huitzilin

Bird names and other faunal names usually denote the revenant. But they may also be applied to the slain warrior, newly arrived as a ghost in paradise. Less so the following terms, which seem to be reserved mainly for revenants:
  drum, huehuetl  fan, ecacchuaztli (DICT:  
  log drum, teponatzli  ehcaēhuaztl)
  song, cuicatl  crook, chicuacoll
  word, tlatoalli (DICT: tlahtōlli)  arbor, petlacotl
  rattle, ayaachitl

Most names in the above lists may be combined to form neologisms reminiscent of Old English and Norse kennings:
  shield flower, chimalxochitl  gold picture, tecuiitlaamoxtli
  shield wall, chimaltenamitl  jade painting, chalchiuhatlacuillollli
  bracelet swan, maquizquechol  knife cape, itzquemitl
GENERAL INTRODUCTION

Sometimes these compounds coincide with specific plant or animal names, which, in ghost songs, nevertheless denote the warrior:
- heart flower, yolloxochitl (Talauma mexicana)
- jaguar flower, oceloxochitl (Tigrida pavonia)
- hand flower, macpalxochitl (Chiranthodendron pentadactylon)
- butterfly fish, papalomalchin (Sparus sp.?)

The Supreme Spirit

“Supreme spirit,” as here used, is a term of convenience, not meant to imply that Aztec religion was monotheistic in the Hebraic sense. Sometimes the god Tezcatlipoca was preeminent in Aztec cultic activities, sometimes the sun; and in the city of Mexico the tribal god Huizilopochtli was often recognized as first among equals. In pre-Conquest ghost songs any of these three, and others as well, could have been acknowledged as the dispenser of divine favor. Or so it would seem from the evidence. But by the middle of the sixteenth century, although the names of the old gods survived, the concept of the divine dispenser had become at least partially assimilated to the Christian “God” (Dios), with an occasional nod to the son (Jesucristo) or the Holy Ghost (Espíritu Santo).

The name Tezcatlipoca does not appear in surviving ghost-song texts. Yet a number of the epithets that are applied to this god in the prayers preserved in Book Six of the Florentine Codex recur unchanged in the Cantares Mexicanos:

- Life Giver, Ipahuemohuani
- Master, Tlacatl
- Mocker, Moquequeleo
- Spirit, Teotl
- World Owner, Tlalticpaoque

Yet other epithets are merely similar, not identical, to names used in the Florentine Codex prayers:
- Life Giver, Ipaltinemi
- Ever Near, Nahuaque
- Necoc (“on both sides”), Necoc

A few names that might possibly have referred to Tezcatlipoca have no counterparts in the Florentine Codex prayers:
- Master(?), Chane
- Heart of Heaven, Ilhuicatl

... Looking back over the above lists, one feels that such terms as Mocker and Warrior are unassimilable to the Christian concept of God. But most of the others, though they may once have meant Tezcatlipoca, clearly meant God in the sixteenth century—as did the following:
**Ghost-Song Vocabulary**

Only Spirit, Icelteotl
Everlasting, Cemiac Chane (see DICT: cemiac)
Clerical titles may also denote God: Bishop Lord, Obispo Teuctli; Padre(?), Pale. Obviously borrowed from Spanish, such epithets are perhaps merely an extension of the indigenous concept whereby the supreme spirit was identified with mundane authority. Here are a few unacculturated examples:

Lord, Teuctli
Lord, Tlatoani (DICT: tlahtoani)
Lord Arbiter, Tlailotlac
Teuctli

In certain ghost songs the supreme spirit is evidently the sun:

Sun, Tonatiuh
Eagle, Cuauhtli
White Eagle, Cuauhtli
Iztac
Ascending Eagle, Cuauhtlehuani

He may also be a bird:

quetzal, quetzaltonotl
trogon, tzinitzcan
guacamaya, xiuhototl

Or he may be identified with Huitzilopochtli: Blue Sky, Ilhuicaxoxohuic; Blue Javelin, Xoxohuic Tlacochtl.

In at least one case the name of another Aztec god appears either as the muse or as the supreme spirit: Macuilxochitl (song 65, stanza 1).

Finally, the supreme spirit may be the queen of heaven or the celestial judge: Santa Maria (song 36, canto A); San Francisco (song 87, stanza 9).

**The Two Locations**

Stationed beside the drum, the ghost singer reshapes the world around him and envisions the world beyond. The latter, seen only in the mind’s eye, may be referred to as:

heaven, ilhuicalitlic
place of good song, yeclti cuiacatlan
land of flowers, xochitlalpan
land of plenty, tonacatlanalpan
Life Giver’s home, ichan Ipalmehuani

the shore, atempan
the eternal shore, cemanahuac
Nonoalco, Nonoalco
water’s midst, atlitic (DICT: atlihtic)
in the plume water, quetzalatlitic
green places, xopan
our home, tochan
our place, topan
our palace, totlatocan (see
DICT: tlahtohcan)
dawn (or dawn’s house),
tlahuizcalli
Tlapallan, Tlapallan
house of colors, tlapopacalli
land of fire, tlaltayan
land of smoke, postlan
land of spirit becoming,
teotihuacan
spirit land, teopan
land of green places, xopantlapan
(place of) origin, nelhuayocan
our coming-out place, toquizayan
place of tassel plumes,
quetzalmiyahuayocan
Tamoanchan, Tamoanchan
place of no death, amicohuayan
(DICT: ahmicohuayân)
trouphial house, zacuancalco
hummingbird mountain,
huizilttepelt
golden mat, teocuitlapetlatl

The preceding list is only a sampling of the many names that suggest brilliance, pleasure, or transcendental life. Other, fewer names are more somber:

dead land, mitlan
place where all are shorn, ximohuayan
place unknown, quenonamian

Certain names actually denote the underworld:

dead land ("going-down
place"), temohuayan
city of the dwellers-among-the-nine, chinencauhtecatepelt
rattlesnake place, chiappan

As ghosts arrive from the other world, the place beside the drum becomes a replica of paradise. Hence the large number of terms that may refer either to paradise or to the dance floor:

mat, petlatl
picture mat, amoxpetlapan
place of rain, quiappan
jade house, chatchiuhtcalli
cavern house, oztocalli
plume house, quetzalcalli

Names applied especially to the dance floor include:

beside the drum, huehuetitlan
mixcoacalli, mixcoacalli
place of song, cuicatlan
flower court, xochithualli
flower mat, xochipepetlatl
cagele patio, cuauhithualli
flower house, xochicalli

Often the dance floor is synonymous with the (Venice-like) city of Mexico, called:

Mexico, Mexico
Huexotzinco, Huexotzinco
Tenochtitlan, Tenochtitlan
dark-water place, tlilapan
water’s navel, altixiquitc
place of the water weed, amocho
water’s midst, altitic (DICT:
átlihtic)
Barge Streets, acapecochan

Or the entire country:

Anahuac, Anahuac
the new land (i.e., America), yancuic tlalli
Ghost-Song Vocabulary

Or the earth:

- earth, tlalticpac
- the ground, tlahpan
- the world, cemanahuac

As a symbolic battlefield the dance floor may be called by one of the following terms, at least some of which may be used to denote that other symbolic battlefield, the warriors’ paradise:

- battlefield, yaopan
- blaze land, tlachinoltepec
- flood’s edge, atl itempan
- jaguar meadow, ocelozacatl
  ipan
- the field, ixtlahuatl
- the circle, yahualiuhecan
- place of fear, mahuizpan
- place of danger, ohuican (DICT: ohuicán)
- the gorge, atlauhiti
- reed’s edge, acatempan
- among bulwark plumes, quetzal
  tenanticpa.
There is no reliable evidence that Aztec “poetry” was ever recited apart from music or ever committed to writing for the enjoyment of the silent reader. Sahagún’s informants speak of “a kind of book” (amoxxoitl) that the singers used to “follow” and mention “song sheets” (cuicamanatl) owned by their remote ancestors, but these could only have been mnemonic aids, not actual texts. Sixteenth-century manuscripts like the Cantares mexicanas preserve not the writings of poets, but the transcripts of ethnographers who recorded what they heard. The term poetics, therefore, must be understood as referring to the craft of the singer, or chanter.

Structure

The basic unit of every ghost song is the more or less connected string of phrases that I have tentatively labeled the stanza. In the Cantares manuscript and in the closely related Romances de los señores de la Nueva España, this unit almost always begins at the margin of the page, with the runover evenly indented beneath. The modern eye sees what appears to be a rather long “line” of poetry, as might be found in certain pieces by Walt Whitman. But with a little study the typical unit can be broken into three clearly defined parts: verse, refrain, and litany.

Often, but by no means always, stanzas occur in pairs, in which case the second member of the pair has a new verse followed by the same refrain and litany as in the first. Two or more pairs typically constitute what I have called a canto, and one or more cantos make up the song. Within a canto each stanza has the same litany. Thus a hypothetical song of two cantos, each with four stanzas, would have the form:

```
Canto 1  verse1, refrain1, litany1
        verse2, refrain1, litany1
        verse3, refrain1, litany1
        verse4, refrain2, litany1

Canto 2  verse5, refrain1, litany2
        verse6, refrain2, litany2
        verse7, refrain4, litany2
        verse8, refrain4, litany2
```
Poetics

As one would expect, the thread of the argument is carried mainly in the verses. The refrain, which has lyric value, may be unnecessary or even interrumpptive so far as the argument is concerned, especially the second time around. The litany amounts to no more than a short phrase or two, invariably interrumpptive, and almost always reduced to a meaningless vocable or group of vocables such as *ohuaya* or *yehuaya huee*. (These do not appear in the English translation.)

But the stanza as I have described it—verse, refrain, litany—is typical only in the abstract. Many stanzas have no refrain at all; and without the refrain there can be no pairing. The ideal song form, perhaps, is the canto of eight stanzas, all arranged in pairs. But often a canto will have four, five, six, nine, or more stanzas, some paired, some not. In fact, very few cantos are completely lacking in unpaired stanzas. The gargantuan songs 17 and 18 have more than fifty stanzas each, undivided into cantos and with many stanzas unpaired.

In short, ghost songs are heteromorphic. Partly adapted to the dance, they continue to be strongly shaped by the irregular patterns of speech. To students of American Indian music this should come as no surprise. Yet to certain Mexicanists, who have been inclined to measure Aztec lore against European rather than American norms, the *Cantares mexicanos* has seemed a potpourri of fragments, badly preserved and in need of reconstruction. Whatever the merit of this view in particular instances, it is by and large unnecessary if not mistaken.

For a perfect example of “typical” stanzas paired fourfold to make a one-canto song of eight stanzas, see song 26. Here the litany, untranslatable, is merely the doubled vocable *ohuaya ohuaya*, so common in ghost songs that it is frequently indicated in the manuscript by an “et cetera.” The et cetera may, in addition, subsume a repeated refrain.

For unusually well-developed, but not perfect, examples of litany, see the heteromorphic songs 66 and 68. Examples of heteromorphy, generally speaking, can be located at random.

Prosody

Ghost songs appear to be heterometric. That is, they have no regularly recurring rhythm, at least not in the form in which they have been preserved. Theoretically it is possible that the melodic lines (which were never recorded) exhibited some kind of repeated pattern, such as 4/4 or 6/8, to which the Nahuatl words were artificially fitted as in modern ditties. For example, note how the heterogeneous “Happy birthday, dear Mrs. A.” becomes a perfectly metrical 3/4 when squeezed into the familiar tune—with the help of a lightning-quick triplet on “dear Mrs.” Today, Mexican folk music exhibits just this kind of regularity, even in remote Indian communities. It is not to be taken for granted, however, that the
same process would have been applied to a sixteenth-century Nahuatl text as richly verbal as the *Cantares*, or to any richly verbal Amerind text.

Except for the settings of relatively simple texts, including many that are made up exclusively of vocables, the general rule in native American music is heterogeneity. In Western music nothing quite like it survives. But rough approximations are to be found in operatic recitative (which is actually metrical) and in the plainchant of the church (which is nonmetrical). Interestingly, the word plainchant (*canto llano*) was translated into sixteenth-century Nahuatl by the term *melahuac cuicatl* (plain, straight, or direct song), which mysteriously appears in several of the song headings in the *Cantares*. Was this a generic term, applicable to any ghost song? The question will be asked again, and discussed further, in Chapter Ten. In addition, we have the testimony of Francisco Hernández, who states flatly that the songs were in "prose." With greater subtlety, Motolinía speaks of the old-style composers as putting the songs "into meter in their own way" *(a su modo en metro)*, or "a kind of meter in their own way" *(a su modo a manera de metro)*.

Frequent vocable affixes and infixed, not to mention the numerous free-standing vocables, produce obvious and presumably pleasing rhythmic distortions in ghost-song texts, no doubt contributing to the effect observed by Motolinía. But again, to imagine that these texts could have been artificially crammed or stretched into metric melodic lines, though by no means impossible, is at least unnecessary, given the scanty information that has come down to us. Even more dubious is the notion that Aztec songs exhibit naturally occurring meter as defined by the rules of Greek and Latin prosody. Yet, strange as it seems, this is precisely the line of inquiry that Mexicanists have been pursuing since the first half of the eighteenth century. "Sus versos observaban el metro y la cadencia," wrote Clavijero, and Boturini actually saw iambics. A hundred years after Clavijero, Brinton found iambics again and other "feet" as well. By 1930, J. H. Cornyn could apparently see nothing but trochee. However, a generation later, Garibay was finding trochee, caesura, and dactyly.

Though not without interest, such conjectures must be made in a near total void, since the chants themselves can no longer be heard. But one point, perhaps, deserves special mention. As we examine the *Cantares* manuscript we find that at least some of the songs may be accompanied by a drum cadence that was almost certainly metrical. Is it possible to sing a heterometric chant while beating out an unrelated regular accompaniment? Listeners attuned to Western music might think not. Yet this very phenomenon—provided the cadence is relatively simple, and especially if it is a mere metronomic tapping—has been recorded again and again by ethnomusicologists working with American Indian materials. In performance the chant has a recitative-like quality, to which the metrical drum-
Poetics

beat gives an accompanying texture, not a counterpoint. If we absolutely must set up a working hypothesis on what Aztec music sounded like, then this, I believe, is where we might start. (As will be discussed in Chapter Eight, the more complicated Aztec cadences were probably beaten out not by the singer himself but by an accompanist.)

Eventually we might conclude—at least—that the texts were fitted to a steady beat. It must be understood, however, that there is no surviving notation for even so much as a single phrase of Aztec vocal music, and though there may be good reason for locating it within the mainstream of North American song, there can be little hope of bringing it back to life.

Diction

Paired terms were illustrated in the opening paragraphs of Chapter Two; and in Chapter Three, some Aztec “kennings” were listed. Further space might be given to similes, zeugmas, parataxis, litotes, and other European rhetorical devices that seem to occur in Nahuatl. But the following few paragraphs, rather than attempting a catalogue of available curiosities, will concentrate on only so much as is necessary in order to get the modern reader of ghost songs from one sentence to the next without losing the thread of the argument.

The dramatic monologue. I here refer not to the dramatic monologue of the poet Browning, which is merely a one-sided conversation, but to a two- or even three-way conversation, sometimes interspersed with bits of soliloquy and an occasional aside to the audience—all recited by a single chanter. The technique is common in American Indian storytelling and equally common in song texts. Here, for example, is the translated text of a wheat-cutting song from Santo Domingo Pueblo, New Mexico:

(Explanatory:) The wheat is getting excited.
(The wheat speaks:) There they come.
(Explanatory:) The heads move from side to side. The men say, “It looks like the water in the tide.” No man will ever miss one head of wheat.
(The wheat speaks:) We are glad to go from this Mother Earth.
(Explanatory:) This song is very wonderful. These are sacred songs, as we know.
(The spirits speak:) They pray to us and they work hard, etc."

The following lines, also performed by a single (male) singer, are from a modern Nahuatl song collected in Amatlan de los Reyes, Veracruz:

```
Kampa tonyoh malintsen
Nepa nonyoh notienda
Tlen tikonkwiten motienda
Nikonkwiten moliston
```

“Where are you going, Malintzin?”
“T’m going over to my shop.”
“What are you going to get in your shop?”
“T’m going to get a string.”

*45*
tlen tikonchiwiles noliston  "What will you do with the string?"
nikonkichipes nomiston  "Tie my cat by the neck."
tlen okonchih momiston  "What did your cat do?"
okoonmimiloh nchokolatl  "Spilled the chocolate."

For similar passages in the Cantares, see song 66, canto A, and song 86, canto B—to mention only two. The reason for quoting the above examples is to demonstrate that dramatic diction need not imply theater. Certain forms of protodrama resembling European masque probably did exist in pre-Conquest Mexico, and it is no doubt true that at least the satirical pieces in the Cantares were accompanied by mime. But one need not assume that different actors played the different roles called for in the texts.

Ejaculation. Short imperative or optative phrases, interjections, and vocatives are highly characteristic of ghost-song diction. Even the indicative mode may carry optative force. In a sense, ghost songs are prayers, uttered for the purpose of producing revenants.

Rhetorical questions. Declarations are often phrased in the form of a question. Because the "obvious" answer is not always obvious to the modern reader, this feature of Aztec diction may cause confusion. Some examples: "Will we destroy pleasure when we die?" (song 38, stanza 12); "Can Rush-Capes—can the gorge—be here, be Chalco?" (song 51, stanza 11); "Could our babes then perish?" (song 68, stanza 48). The answers to these three questions would appear to be no, yes, and no, respectively.

Mixed metaphors. It has already been pointed out that ghost warriors, figuratively speaking, may be flowers, birds, or musical instruments. When two or more such images are mixed in a single sentence, the effect may be jarring to the modern ear. Note the following example from song 82, stanza 26: "This multitude stands leafing out as eagles. They're the trogon-sprouting drums—of yours, O God—with which our princes give you pleasure."

Decomposition. Ancestral figures mentioned in ghost songs tend to be abstract entities, which may be decomposed into two or more related personalities. Thus the hero Tlacahuepan is often replaced by one of his brothers, especially Ixtlilcuéchahuac or Matlaccuátzin. Or two of them may be coupled in a single phrase (see below). If an editor were to strike out these couplings and replacements and insert the name Tlacahuepan, the meaning would perhaps be unchanged—and might be much clearer for the modern reader.

Coupling and tripling. The tendency toward paired and tripled phrasing, highly developed in Aztec oratory, is less pronounced in Aztec songs—which nevertheless exhibit such pairs as "I crave your flowers, I crave your songs" or "O Nezahualcoyotl! O Montezuma!," or an occasional triplet
like “fame, glory, kings!” (song 56, stanza 7). Pairs and triplets in the Mayan literatures often appear to create a verse form of themselves. Consider, for example, this excerpt from a Kekchi Maya prayer:

Now I will sleep beneath your feet,  
beneath your hands,  
O lord of the mountains  
and valleys,  
O lord of the trees,  
O lord of the creeping vines;  
Again tomorrow there will be day,  
Again tomorrow there will be light;  
I know not where I will be.

But in the case of Aztec ghost songs, at least, it is doubtful that pairs and triplets should be viewed as elements of versification. In any event, the poetic form is determined by other means, as discussed above in the section entitled “Structure.”

Missionary Nahuatl. I propose the term missionary Nahuatl to cover the various sixteenth-century writings that translate into Spanish (or English) with suspicious ease. Several of the songs in the first six folios of the Cantares manuscript fall into this category, specifically songs 1–4, 6–9, and 12–13. Though evidently correct, the diction is not noticeably idiomatic. The subject matter is in keeping with other ghost songs, but is somewhat deritualized, betraying a superficial understanding of the genre. One suspects that these pieces were composed by a bilingual Indian, whose repertoire was filled out with three songs (5, 10, and 11) that he had picked up from unacculturated singers. His model for his own compositions might have been Sahagún, whose Psalmatoria has the same texture. Certainly these songs were not taken from the Otomi, as the glossator seems to be saying on folio 6.

Hypertrophism. Florid polynomials, absent from other texts, are one of the notable features of the Cantares mexicanos. Jawbreakers like tiquetzalza-cuanxihquecholihuihicomacan (“let’s make troupial-and-turquoise-swan plumes twirl” or “let’s make plume-troupials and turquoise-swan swans twirl!” or “let’s make plume-troupial-turquoise-swan swans twirl”) create such problems for the translator and give the unwary reader such a keen sense of what is surely the height of poesy, that it is easy to nod in agreement when the seventeenth-century grammarian Caroqui claims an “ancient” origin for this sort of rhetoric. But its exclusive occurrence in texts either probably or definitely composed between 1550 and 1585 suggests that we are dealing with what ought to become a textbook case of hypertrophism—classic Aztec diction in a last wild burst of energy.

.47.
The singer who produces ghost warriors is conscious that his creations are merely borrowed from the other world. “Blazing flower-words . . . are but a moment and a day” (song 66, stanza 8). “On earth they are loaned: the delicious flowers are loaned” (song 45, stanza 4). Already on the war-path, the “flowers” will be returning to paradise after what seems to be no more than a moment on earth (song 30). Their departure so soon after arrival is keenly felt; it frustrates the desire for reunion.

Alternatively, the singer may feel that he and his fellow mortals will themselves be required to make the “payment,” in which case the ghosts will be left behind (song 45, stanzas 14 and 16). Either way, the reunion will be too brief.

As the blissful moment rushes by, the singer urges his listeners to take advantage of it: “Be joyful! Be pleased! These are not forever here: we must go to His home” (song 45, stanza 4). Or again: “Let me take this multitude of flowers as my necklace. Let me have them in my hand. Let them be my flower crown. We’re to go away and leave them here on earth. We merely borrow them, and we’re off to His home” (song 82, stanza 19).

Struck by the brevity of life on earth, ghost singers utter such typical, even formulaic expressions as: “Who knows today if we’ll be here tomorrow or the next day?” (song 38, stanza 14); “not forever on earth” (song 39, stanza 2); “not twice” (song 20, stanza 9). In a similar vein the anonymous Nahuatl chronicle paraphrased by Durán in his Historia has it that the councilor Tlacaelel summoned King Tizoc to dance with fellow nobles on the day after his coronation, advising him that “his days were few and he should wish to spend them in contentment and gladness, since in the other world there was neither dancing nor singing nor enjoyment of roses and smokes [tobacco-filled smoking tubes], and that lords who had passed away were deprived of these things.”

· 48 ·
Metaphysics

Thus far, the material appears to be indigenous. But as we proceed in this vein it would be well to keep in mind the possibility of missionary influence.

“No one can remain”

As noted above, ghost songs present equally painful alternatives. Either ghost warriors must depart, leaving mortals behind, or mortals must depart, leaving ghosts behind. As if to solve the dilemma, the singer may insist that “no one’s home is earth. No one can remain” (song 82, stanza 22). The question then becomes: Will we be together in the other world, or will we merely be destroyed?

The answer is sometimes a skeptical “Ah, who here knows where we’re to go or where His home is? It’s only here on earth that we’re alive” (song 40, stanza 4). More receptive to conversion is the singer who worries: “Earth is but a moment. Is the Place Unknown the same? Is there happiness and friendship? Is it not just here on earth that acquaintances are made?” (Song 17, stanza 16.)

In song 3, stanza 5, we learn that life does continue: “Where are we to go? Indeed, we only came to be born, indeed, our home is beyond, where all are shorn, where life is infinite, where things never end.” Song 68, stanza 94, mentions “everlasting joy,” and in song 58, stanza 20, the listener is provided with an unmistakable explanation: “Through Santa Maria he came to take his precious incarnation. Through his precious death he came to save us, and he gave us everlasting life.”

There can be no doubt that we have passed into the realm of Christian thought. But at precisely what point did we cross the boundary? Because of the parallels between Aztec religion and Christianity, the question is difficult to answer. Although from a somewhat different angle, the problem has already been approached in Chapter Two (section entitled “Purpose”). The subject will be taken up again in Chapter Seven.

“We merely come to dream”

Closely related to the mysteries of death and afterlife is the distinction between the “dream” (temieltli) and that which is “real” (nelli). In a passage of undeniable charm, the singer says, “We merely come to stand sleeping, we merely come to dream. It is not true, not true that we come to live on earth” (song 18, stanza 39). And elsewhere: “But can what I say be real, O Life Giver? We merely sleep, we were merely born to dream, and though I say it here on earth it falls on no one’s ears” (song 11, stanza 8; compare song 18, stanza 13).
This interesting topic, unfortunately, is not well enough developed to permit an interpretation. Readers tempted to make connections are warned that the néant of Sartre and even the Calderonian sueño are no more relevant, perhaps less so, than the irreality doctrine of the nineteenth-century Pawnee Lance Society. It might be inferred that the singer is deliberately placing a low value on earthly life in order to strengthen the warrior ethic. If so, this would steer speculation away from comparisons with Western philosophy.
Ghost songs by their very nature re-create the past. Sometimes only a single king will be invoked, sometimes an entire episode, bristling with details. As preparation the reader should have at least an informal acquaintance with pre-Conquest history, familiarity with the bare outlines of the Spanish Conquest itself, and, in addition, some awareness of the post-Conquest status of the old Aztec kingdoms.

The Early Period

Sixteenth-century chroniclers, working with ancient picture books now mostly lost, have established a remarkably rich, if varied, record of Aztec and pre-Aztec events reaching back to A.D. 1000 and earlier. As the record approaches the year 1400, apocryphal elements become less troubling; and the virtual agreement of many sources concerning such dates as the downfall of Azcapotzalco (ca. 1428) or the death of Nezahualcoyotl (ca. 1472) produces an aura of reliability satisfying to the modern historian. The earlier material, however, is shrouded in myth.

A few of the sources mention a place called Aztlán, far to the north, whose people, the Azteca, or Aztecs, migrated south and changed their name to Mexica. 6 It is not clear that this Aztlán actually existed. Perhaps it was merely the invention of later Mexica historians. In any case, it seems unlikely that the Mexica who greeted Cortés in 1519 identified themselves as Aztecs. The term cannot be found in the Cantares mexicanos or in most of the other sixteenth-century writings. Not until the nineteenth century did it become entrenched as a name for the Mexica. Still later, in the early twentieth century, some (but not all) writers took it to mean the language spoken by the Mexica and their neighbors, and some even used it as a name for the Aztec- or Nahuatl-speaking peoples themselves. Aztec will
here be used in this broad sense, saving the term Mexican for the Mexica only.

Returning to our chronicles, we find that various Aztec peoples shared a common legend about their origin, telling of an ancestral home in the deserts of the north, migration southward to the opulent city of Tollan, and a subsequent dispersal and settlement either in the Valley of Mexico or the Tlaxcala-Puebla region just over the mountains to the east. As a result of the Tollan stopover, Aztecs could claim descent from the highly civilized Toltecs while still boasting of their warlike Chichimec (or barbarian) heritage associated with the northern wastes. A single song in the Cantares (44) recalls the long-vanished grandeur of Tollan and the flight of its last ruler, known variously as Nacxitl, Topiltzin, or Quetzalcoatl. But the southward migration, at least of the Mexicans and especially with regard to their encampment at Chapultepec shortly before the founding of Mexico City, figures prominently in several songs, notably 54-D, 54-E, 68, and 69.

Mexico, the youngest of the Aztec capitals, appears to have been established no later than 1370. By this time Aztec culture and Aztec settlement patterns had solidified, with Tepanecs holding the western slopes of the great valley, Acolhuans the eastern slopes, and the fledgling metropolis, Mexico, perched on its island in the middle of the lake. Just south of Mexico lay Colhuacan and its dependencies; and beyond, to the south and east, the Chalca towns, shadowed by Mount Iztaccihuatl still farther to the east. On the opposite side of Iztaccihuatl lay Hueyotzinco and, to the north of Hueyotzinco, the four cities of Tlaxcala. This, in brief, was the Aztec world. And this, as we shall see, is the territory encompassed by the Cantares mexicanos.

National Histories

Amid the perpetual warfare and shifting allegiances of the Aztec nations two phenomena emerge: (1) the formation of a three-nation league, or "triple alliance," between the Mexicans, the Acolhuans, and the Tepanecs; and (2) the rapid rise of Mexico to a position of dominance throughout the Aztec world. When the ghost singer cries, "O Montezuma, O Nezahualcoyotl, O Totoquihuaztlitl" (as in song 29), he is in effect reviving the triple alliance in the persons of its most famous triumvirate. Note that Montezuma, king of Mexico, is named first.

The Mexicans. The rough tribesmen who founded the twin communities of Tlatelolco and Tenochtitlan were obliged to import their first rulers from Tepanec territory (in the case of Tlatelolco) and Colhuacan (in the case of Tenochtitlan). Although the two Mexican governments managed to cooperate through the first half of the fifteenth century, the grow-
ing superiority of Tenochtitlan and the proud resistance of Tlatelolco eventually led to civil war and the total submission of Tlatelolco in about 1473. By this time the triple alliance, already forty years old, was entering the period of Mexican dominance under the leadership of the king of Tenochtitlan (who even from the beginning had spoken for both parts of Mexico). When we speak of the Mexican succession, therefore, we mean the kings of Tenochtitlan.

Under the first of these rulers—Acamapichtli, Huitzilihuitl, and Chimalpopoca—the empire grew fitfully if at all. Not until the fourth ruler, Itzcoatl, did the tide of events turn decisively in Mexico's favor—with the submission of the powerful Tepanecs in 1428 and the subsequent founding of the triple alliance. Under the fifth ruler, Montezuma I (1440–68), Mexico embarked on an era of glorious expansion. The reign of Axayacatl (1468–81), though shorter, was nonetheless memorable, counting among its triumphs the great Matlatzincan campaign, celebrated in song 65. Notable for his victories, Axayacatl must also be credited with having sired one of Mexico's favorite heroes, the exemplary warrior Tlacahuepan, who together with his brother Ixtlilxochitl, is frequently summoned by ghost singers. The sixth ruler, Tizoc (1481–86), is never mentioned in ghost songs, possibly because, as Durán reports, "his custom was to remain in seclusion, without demonstrating any verve, but much pusillanimity and cowardice." The sixth, Ahuitzotl (1486–1502), is fondly remembered; and of course the seventh, Montezuma II (1502–20), who capitulated to Cortés. The eighth, Cuitlahuac, resisted the Spanish intrusion but ruled for only three months; it was his successor, Cuauhtemoc, who commanded Mexico during the decisive siege of 1521. Both Cuitlahuac and Cuauhtemoc are mentioned in ghost songs. Yet for reasons not entirely clear it is "Montezuma" who became—and remains—the most familiar symbol of native Mexico.

The Colhuans. When Cortés arrived in the Valley of Mexico he found that the countryside in the immediate vicinity of Mexico, including Mexico itself, was known as the Colhua region. It will be recalled that Tenochtitlan had imported its first ruler from Colhuacan in the fourteenth century—this after suffering a generation of hardship under Colhua tyranny (see song 69). By 1400 Colhuacan had been conquered and brought firmly under Mexican control. Yet Mexican rulers, down through Montezuma II, continued to style themselves kings of Mexico and the Colhuans; and in the Cántares, Mexicans are occasionally called Colhuans.

The Acolhuans. From their capital, Texcoco, the fourteenth-century Acolhuans exercised direct control over all towns in the northeastern part of the valley and exacted varying degrees of fealty from Mexicans and

53
Tepanecs as well. In about 1419, however, rebellious Tepanecs under the leadership of King Tezozomoc, with the military support of the Mexicans, crushed Acolhuacan, assassinated its king, Ixtlixohchtli, and sent its heir apparent, young Nezahualcoyotl, into exile. Some ten years later, in a complete reversal, the Tepanecs were brought to their knees, and Neza-
nuhualcoyotl was formally installed as king of the Acolhuans and principal chief in the newly formed triple alliance.

As glimpsed in the old chronicles, especially in the writings of Fernando de Alva Ixtlixochitl, Nezahualcoyotl strikes the Western eye as a kind of Cyrus or Alexander, with the added qualities of a Lorenzo the Magnifi-
GENERAL INTRODUCTION

cent. Distorted as the picture may be, there is little doubt that his forty-one-year reign was an exalted one. In the Cantares he is invoked more frequently than any other king except the ubiquitous Montezuma. This is not altogether surprising, since Nezahualcoyotl could be claimed by Mexicans as well as Acolhuans. He and Montezuma I were first cousins, and during his years of exile he resided in a specially constructed palace in Tenochtitlan. Nezahualcoyotl’s son and successor, Nezahualpilli, is also remembered in Mexican ghost songs—but with less affection. Following his death in 1515, Mexico took advantage of Acolhuacan’s waning influence and dictated the succession. The result was an Acolhuian split into pro- and anti-Mexican factions, which was to have unhappy consequences for Mexico upon the arrival of Cortés.

The Tepanecs. Tepanec glory reached its apogee under King Tezozomoc I of Azcapotzalco. Following his death and the subsequent defeat of the Tepanecs, in 1428, Tepanec power (somewhat reduced) shifted from Azcapotzalco to Tlacopan. Totoquihuatzli I, king of Tlacopan in the time of Nezahualcoyotl and Montezuma I, is frequently invoked in the Cantares—as is Tezozomoc I, whose bloodlines find their way into the royal houses of both Tlacopan and Tlatelolco. An interesting treatment of Tezozomoc’s role in the overthrow of Acolhuacan is to be found in song 15.

The Chalcans. The pre-Conquest political geography of Chalco may be tentatively reconstructed from the annals of Chimalpain. According to this source, it appears that the province, or nation, of Chalco was dominated by two principal cities, Tlatmanalco and Amaqueounceran. Within the city of Tlatmanalco were at least two boroughs, Acxotlan and Itzcahuacan, while beyond in the countryside were several dependent cities, including Opophuacan, also known as Chalco Atencio (site of the modern town called simply Chalco). Amaqueounceran, likewise, had its intracity boroughs and outlying dependencies. All Chalco, apparently, looked to the borough of Acxotlan as the seat of its national government. During the reign of Acxotlan’s best-known king, Toteotzin (r. 1400–1465), the Chalcans were defeated by Mexico, and Toteotzin himself taken prisoner; occasionally rebellious thereafter, Chalco remained under Mexican control until the arrival of Cortés. The war in which Toteotzin was captured is recalled in song 51 of the Cantares.

The Tlaxcalans. Though neither rich nor exceptionally powerful, Tlaxcala succeeded in remaining independent up to the time of Cortés. The triple alliance might easily have crushed Tlaxcala but preferred to keep it as an active foe, so it is said, in order to have a field of combat close at hand. Thus Mexico and Tlaxcala engaged in periodic tournaments, or “flower wars,” for the purpose of exchanging captives to feed their gods. Decentralized, the government of Tlaxcala was shared among four principal
Aztec History
towns: Tepetpecac, Ocotololco, Quiahuixtlan, and Tizatlan (none of which corresponds to the modern town called Tlaxcala). A Xayacamachan, ostensibly of Tizatlan, is mentioned in song 17 of the Cantares. But since Mexican ghost singers seem to have confused Tlaxcalan and Huexotzinca genealogies, extreme caution must be exercised in identifying any specific Tlaxcalan ghost.

The Huexotzinca. Huexotzinca references in the Cantares are perplexing, partly because the political structure of this nation was as complex as that of Tlaxcala or perhaps even Chalco and partly because there is no surviving Huexotzinca chronicle against which to check the data. The singers’ tendency to confuse Huexotzinco with Tlaxcala, on the one hand, and to identify Huexotzinco with Mexico, on the other, only serves to compound the problem. In my opinion there are no ghost songs that treat pre-Conquest Huexotzinca or Tlaxcalan events. The various songs that name these nations and summon the ghosts of their kings do so in order to chasten them for their collaboration with Cortés in the siege of Mexico. The Cantares glossator supposed that song 45 had to do with the Huexotzinca embassy to Montezuma (ca. 1515); and he imagined that song 67 re-created Nezahualpilli’s pre-1515 campaign against the Huexotzinca king Huehuetzin. But these conjectures, I believe, are incorrect. The glossator’s suggestion that songs 14–18 were lauds for the rulers of Huexotzinco is misleading to say the least.

The Spanish Conquest
Cortés landed at the site of present-day Veracruz on April 21, 1519. Lured by tales of Mexican opulence, he began his march inland in mid-August, reaching Tlaxcala after about two weeks. At first hostile, the Tlaxcalans joined ranks with the Spaniards when it became evident that a victory over Mexico might be achieved. Huexotzinco followed suit, with the result that Cortés was accompanied by an impressive contingent of Indian allies when he finally arrived in Mexico on November 8.

Amid curious protestations of friendship on both sides, Montezuma was quietly taken captive almost immediately and used as a mouthpiece by the Spaniards as they attempted to dictate Mexican policy. During the uneasy months that followed, several Aztec leaders were executed. Then suddenly, on May 21, 1520, hundreds of Aztecs were killed during a religious exercise in the main plaza of the city. No longer heeding the commands of the immobilized Montezuma, Mexicans mustered their forces and ejected the Spaniards on the now-famous night—the noche triste—of June 30.

By this time Montezuma himself had been killed, and the Mexicans promptly elected his brother, Cuítlahuac, to fill his place. When Cuítlahuac died of smallpox just three months later, he was succeeded by Cuauh-
temoc, another member of the royal family. Meanwhile the Spaniards, who had retreated to Tlaxcala, were on the watch for signs of additional support. When they finally commenced the actual siege of Mexico, on May 31, 1521, their ranks had been swollen not only by Tlaxcalans and Huexotzincans, but by Chalcans and even Acolhuans. After a desperate battle lasting seventy-four days, Cuauhtemoc surrendered and was taken prisoner. Four and a half years later, Cortés hanged Cuauhtemoc and other Aztec leaders on charges of plotting an insurrection.

Turning now to the Cantares, we find the events of 1519–21 abundantly recalled in the great “Water-pouring song” (68), the longest piece in the manuscript. The siege of Mexico and its aftermath form the subject of songs 13 and 66; on the hanging of Cuauhtemoc, see song 60, canto B. Other songs, such as 69 and 83, contain obvious references to the Conquest; and some, such as 15, 17, and 67, may be read as veiled threats to the Indian nations that collaborated with Cortés, mainly Tlaxcala and Huexotzinco, but even Acolhuacan.

Post-Conquest Developments

An important point to keep in mind is that Aztec settlement patterns and the outward forms of Aztec government survived the Conquest more or less intact. Allowing for considerable attrition due to plagues of European origin, the old cities retained their native populations and, with occasional deference to a patron saint, their native names. Thus Tlatelolco became Santiago Tlatelolco or simply Santiago. As for the native rulers, they were permitted for many years to style themselves king (tlatoani), to succeed one another, and to preserve a modicum of pomp. Since the tlatoani were able to collect tribute from their subjects and command labor with an effectiveness that no Spaniard could hope to excel, their services were valued. However, their authority was limited to that of an overseer class. In fact they were native governors, not kings, and the title gobernador was applied with increasing frequency.

As the century progressed, Spanish authorities attempted to sever the lines of dynastic succession, eventually replacing tlatoani with nonnoble gobernadores.13 Indians, noble and nonnoble alike, came to be known by their baptismal names. Indian names fell into disuse; and though the Spanish title don might properly have been reserved for tlatoani, it was applied to nondynastic gobernadores as well.14 Even if the nobility held on longer in the smaller towns, such was the situation in Mexico and in other important centers.

For the singer of 1550 or 1575 the recollection of now-deceased tlatoani of the first few decades of the colonial period might be cherished as readily as the memory of older kings. The ghosts of post-Conquest rulers are in
Aztec History

fact summoned in songs 56, 59, 60, and 61, and in various other pieces in the second half of the Cantares manuscript. The only nonnoble gobernador summoned in any surviving ghost song is Andrés de Tapia Motelchiuh, owing, presumably, to his heroic role in the siege of 1521. But the singers pointedly deny him the title don, even when he is coupled with his predecessor, “Don Juan [Velázquez Tlacotzin].” 15

Rapidly losing what little authority had been left to it, jealous of every mark of status, the Aztec princely class at mid-century had reached a turning point. The manner in which it responded, or appears to have responded, is the subject of the next chapter.
As a result of the plagues of 1520, 1531, and especially 1545–48, the Aztec population by mid-century had fallen to half what it had been at the time of Cortés’ arrival. Faced with general disintegration and past the point of insurrection, Aztec society was ripe for what modern anthropological theory has termed nativism, the crisis cult, or the revitalization movement. That no such activity has heretofore been identified owes much to the fact that it was so compatible with Spanish Catholicism, on the one hand, and so covert, on the other, that local authorities either failed to perceive its significance or were not threatened enough to insist on sanctions. Sahagún, who probably understood the native cultures better than any other European in New Spain and who has been called the first New World anthropologist, proved to be the only articulate objector to both these phenomena: the emergence of syncretic cults, such as the worship of the Virgin of Guadalupe, to which several of the most important Hispanic authors do not even allude, and the Cantares activity as revealed in the manuscript under discussion. In both cases the earliest reliable documentation must be dated between 1550 and 1555.

For our purposes, revitalization may be defined as the process wherein a culture in danger of being supplanted asserts itself in a modified form, challenging its oppressor insofar as it dares. Ecstatic rituals, the anticipated return of ancestors, and the promise of a mystical deliverance are among the recurring—though not universal—elements. Tamer aspects include adaptation to the culture of the oppressor and an emphasis on personal, rather than tribal, salvation; self-blame may be part of the doctrine. Examples most frequently cited are the Melanesian cargo cults and the Ghost Dance of the North American Plains Indians, both of which stress the imminent return of the dead and the creation of a paradise on earth. But such diverse movements as Irish nationalism, the Native American Peyote Reli-
gion, the Maya Cult of the Speaking Cross, or the revival of Islamic fundamentalism may also fit the general scheme.

During the early 1560’s, when the Cantares activity in Mexico was still at its height, a similar crisis cult, known as the Taqui Onqoy, was gathering momentum among the Indians of Peru. Inspired by the belief that the Spanish Dios had been conquered by the old Inca gods, lately resurrected, adherents of the Taqui Onqoy envisioned the death of all Spaniards and an era of prosperity for Indians. Ecstatic singing and dancing were important features of the movement, and it was even held that the old gods, or huacas, were entering the bodies of the faithful and speaking with their voices. A fundamental difference is that the Taqui Onqoy was a popular groundswell, whereas the Cantares activity was an expression of the native elite.

The Guadalupe Cult

Although the cult of the Virgin of Guadalupe—the best known of the syncretic shrine cults—was undoubtedly orchestrated by Hispanics and quickly gained both Spanish and creole adherents, its significance for native Mexicans was that it breathed new life into the worship of the old earth goddess, Tonantzin. Thus Guadalupe contributed to what Sahagún recognized as a general, mid-sixteenth-century revival of native custom. According to the famous legend published in 1649 by Luis Lasso de la Vega, the Virgin had appeared to a poor Indian named Juan Diego in December of 1531, informing him that she had cured his uncle of the plague and mysteriously providing him with a portrait of herself to hang in the church that was to be built in her honor. Although composed in Nahuatl, the account is clearly the invention of a European mind and may even have been put together by Lasso de la Vega himself. Yet the underlying cult had been well established by the mid-1550’s and can be traced in both clerical and native writings. The church itself was erected in 1555 or 1556, at which time the Virgin’s portrait and her reputation for cures became a matter of record. Her identification with the old Aztec goddess Tonantzin (Our Mother) was recognized by Sahagún, who denounced the cult in 1576, pointing out, ominously, that the shrine at Tepeyacac, just north of Mexico City, was attracting Indian pilgrims from as far away as “more than twenty leagues.” A cryptic phrase in the Nahuatl Anales de Juan Bautista, a manuscript completed no earlier than 1582, states merely that the Virgin of Guadalupe “appeared” in 1555. This probably harks back to the building of the church, and could mean either that some sort of apparition was believed to have occurred or simply that an image of the Virgin had been carried in a procession. In the same manner, the native historian Chimalpahin records that the Virgin “appeared” in 1556.
Although the story presented by Lasso de la Vega, in which the miracle takes place in 1531, can hardly be treated as historical evidence, it is not impossible that a chapel of the Virgin at this particular spot had been set up by enterprising missionaries as early as the 1530's in order to preempt a long-established shrine of Tonantzin. During the second half of the century, Guadalupe became the focus of a religious movement of unstoppable power, which continued to gather momentum through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Interestingly, there have been repeated attempts to connect Guadalupe with the Cantares mexicanos. One senses a link, even if none can be established. Lasso de la Vega himself may have drawn from the Cantares in his description of the Virgin's flowery surroundings filled with bird music, and folk observances associated with the cult tend to reinforce certain elements in the Cantares imagery. The following account, written by a traveler as late as 1841, comes from Tacuba:

From the steeple of the church to the top of the gateway, five ropes were stretched, and a large flower made of silk, in the shape of a pomegranate, was ascending and descending on each of them, drawn up and let down by men stationed on the azotea of the edifice. Among these flowers was an image of Juan Diego... jerked up and down on the rope by the Indians, who varied their task by an occasional pull at the bells... The huge flowers... were pulled open by a secret spring, and a shower of rose leaves fell from them over the passing priests and images. Juan Diego's knees were bent by some equally secret machinery, and he continued on his slack-rope pilgrimage through the air.

However, one looks in vain for a sixteenth-century ghost song in which the humble Juan Diego is produced as a descending “flower,” or revenant. Nor is it likely that the Santa María of the Cantares mexicanos is meant to represent the guadalupana. That ghost songs were performed at the church of Guadalupe in the third quarter of the sixteenth century is almost certain. But the ghost-song ritual and the cult of Santa María/Tonantzin, though they share a peculiarly Aztec symbology, are best considered parallel, not integrated, phenomena.

The Cantares Activity

The numerous reports of dangerous musical activity, usually referred to as “cantares” or “areitos,” or especially “areitos de noche,” are perplexing inasmuch as it is impossible to tell what exactly is meant. In some cases, the reports probably have reference to pre-Conquest festival chants that were being secretly perpetuated behind closed doors at night. But ghost songs could also be indicated, for though they were openly performed in plazas and in churches, even public performances of this sort were regarded with
Revitalization

suspicion, and the songs had to be "reviewed and examined" before they could be staged.29

Censors were eager to proscribe sacrilege and "indecency." The possibility of political subversion, recognized by Sahagún,21 was no doubt equally troubling. What the censors were looking for is in fact to be found in the Cantares, yet in such subtle doses and couched in such arcane language that few, if any, could have been expected to uncover it. As discussed earlier, the Cantares is by and large devoted to the elaboration of a ghost cult, emphasizing the return of ancestor kings, the glorious revival of the warrior ethic, and the re-creation of a paradisial Mexico. Censors and other Hispanic observers uncritically accepted this material as a fossil bed of pre-Conquest lauds and chanted histories. As preserved in the Cantares, however, the material appears to be nativistic, not merely native. It is not certain that any of it was composed before the Conquest, and it is most likely indeed that it is political in content even where it least appears so. Certainly, ghost songs were not fabricated out of whole cloth in the 1550's; they were built on a long-established tradition. To what extent this tradition was reshaped and in what form it existed prior to 1519 are questions to be discussed in later chapters. At least a few of the songs, such as 65, may well be fossils. But even these, restaged during the post-Conquest period, could have taken on a nativistic significance without changing a single phrase.

Many ghost songs, in other words, are passively subversive. They merely predict a state of bliss without alluding to culprits or injustices. In many of these, if not most, the supreme spirit is identified with the Christian Dios; and in a few there are outward signs of accommodation, not only with Christian doctrine, but with Hispanic authority. Some, on the other hand, are pointedly, if cautiously, seditious. Since these are of particular interest, they will be noted first.

Elements of Rebellion

The arrival of armed Mexican ghost warriors is in itself threatening to Mexico's enemies. But actual hostility, if expressed at all, is usually directed against the Tlaxcalans, the Hucuxtizcans, or one of the other nations that sided with Cortés in the Conquest. Song 66, canto C, however, has the Spaniards themselves under attack in a surprisingly bold (and fantastic) re-creation of the siege of 1521:

It seems he's come to take a lance from the Spaniards. It seems this lord lays hold of dried-up egret-plume flower shields, lays hold of withered stripers, here before your eyes, Tlaxcalans. Hey! Hucuxtizcans, hey! Motochuiuh is the one who thrusts his shield, and it's a time of lords! Yes
even so he sallies forth, having appeared. And when they've captured the conquistadores’ guns, then Rabbit says, “Let there be dancing!”

Tlaxcalans, hey! Hueyotzincans, hey!

Observe that the “dried-up,” “withered” captives are “stripers” (painted for sacrifice). A milder suggestion along the same lines is implicit in song 90, canto E, in which the Marquis (i.e., Cortés), Archbishop Montúfar, and even Fray Pedro de Gante are bid farewell; they are allowed to die natural deaths, and they receive praise, but one has the impression, nevertheless, that they serve as payment for the Aztec revenants who come jubilantly to earth in canto F.

It will be recalled that Cuauhtemoc and other Aztec leaders were hanged by Cortés in 1525. The scene is conjured up in song 60, stanza 9. In song 63, however, we find the daring, if decidedly ambiguous, intimation that Cortés himself deserves hanging.

Expressions of disenchantment regarding labor and tribute can be read in song 68, cantos C and D. Song 9 seems concerned with the unequal status of the Indian generally speaking. A plea for Aztec traditions, coupled with a glancing attack on Jesus, comes in canto D of song 83, and the song ends with a vision of a bia racial New Spain that may be construed as a call for political equality—foreshadowing the overtly expressed dream of the twentieth-century Republic.

Accommodation

One of the more poignant themes in ghost songs derives from the willingness of the singer to give his own life in exchange for ghost warriors. The accompanying attitude is poetically expressed in the final phrases of the “Fish song,” song 60, and may be paraphrased as follows: our lives shall be hard, but our race shall be immortal. In song 1, stanza 6, guilt is suggested as a justification for the hardship; and in song 58 the theme of original sin is fully developed. Compensation lies in the knowledge that Mexico will endure, on the one hand, and in the promise of personal salvation on the other:

How can I not weep here on earth? Ah, beyond is the place where we live! I deceive myself in saying “Perhaps things come to an end here on earth, and the soul dies.” O Ever Present, O Ever Near, please let this be: Oh let me sing for you in company with your sky dwellers. My heart arises. There beyond, near you and in your presence, I see! O Life Giver! (Song 2, stanza 5)

We have here traced only one of several similar lines of argument to be found in ghost songs. This one, obviously, has more European than Aztec essence, and though it provides for a continuation of Mexico, it accepts the palliative of a Christian afterlife.
Revitalization

A more serious, perhaps complete break with native tradition is urged by the composer of song 3, who discredits the warlike ghost-song ritual and counsels peaceful union with God. Song 7 does the same, branding the war cult old-fashioned and ruinous. Yet song 12, probably by the same composer, attempts to reconcile the war cult with the cult of Dios. Clearly we have an Aztec-Christian conflict, which may have penetrated more than a few songs in the Cantares. Did pre-Conquest warriors have doubts about making war? If not, then we must look for an even heavier European influence than would at first seem apparent in such songs as 17 and 18.

A bizarre accommodation to the Spanish idea of racial superiority forms the subject of song 66, canto E. In these stanzas the Mexican singer taunts his Tlaxcalan enemies by making a virtue out of the misfortune of the Mexican warriors, whose wives become the mistresses of Cortés and his men. The point is that the blood of the overlords has been mingled with the blood of Mexicans, not Tlaxcalans.

The Unbeliever

Strict allegiance to the doctrine is not easily obtained in most revitalization movements. Often the doctrine remains in flux, absorbing the criticism of new and potential adherents. At times it may be more caught up in refuting the doubter than in affirming its professed goals. In the Cantares, where the voice of the unbeliever intrudes on more than a few occasions, especially in the first twenty-six folios of the manuscript, such problems are sufficiently important to deserve notice.

On examination, the Cantares skeptic emerges as a post-Conquest Indian male no longer inspired by the war ethic and as yet uncertain of Christian salvation. The ghost singer seeks to convince him that death on the battlefield will produce ghost warriors as in the old days, while guaranteeing immortality in God’s heaven. This fusion of Aztec and Christian beliefs is achieved, partly, in song 12 after a series of pieces that actually denigrate Aztec values. The details are worked out in two great harangues, songs 17 and 18, in which the unbeliever’s questions are gradually resolved in favor of the doctrine. Note that both song 30 and song 31 have pro and anti cantos.

A typical protest, put in the mouth of a fretful Huexotzincoan ghost, runs as follows:

Though my heart desires shield flowers, Life Giver’s flowers, what might happen to this heart of mine? Alas, it’s for nothing that we’ve come to be born here on earth. I’m to pass away like a ruined flower. My fame will be nothing, my renown here on earth will be nothing. There may be flowers, there may be songs,

·65·
but what might happen to this heart of mine? Alas, it's for nothing that we've come to be born here on earth. (Song 17, stanzas 13–14)

The stanza that comes next, in which the unhappy ghost doubts the existence of heaven, has already been quoted in Chapter Five, in the section entitled “No one can remain.” But in the song's final stanza (56), the Mexican singer assures his audience that the doubters have been converted.

That such arguments as these could have been formulated in pre-Conquest times and rehashed in mid-sixteenth-century ghost songs seems improbable. No such bickering is to be found in the unacculturated ethnography. From the vantage point now reached, the material presented in Chapter Five should be reexamined for traces of sixteenth-century ferment.

Of particular interest in this connection is the verb _meltoa_ (to believe), adapted by Christian missionaries for their own purposes but used in the _Cantares_ to signify adherence to the ghost-song doctrine. See especially the closing stanza of song 17.

The Dance of the _Voladores_

Any discussion of Aztec revitalization should be kept within narrow bounds until certain documents, still untranslated, can be made available to scholarship. But the few remarks here offered would not be complete without at least a brief description of the mysterious _volador_ dance, popular in the sixteenth century and still being reported from various parts of Mexico and Guatemala. Allowing for minor variations and despite the fact that present-day practitioners seem to have forgotten its original meaning, the dance remains essentially unchanged and remarkably uniform throughout the vast area of its distribution.

Wearing bird costumes, the _voladores_, or “fliers,” cluster on a small platform near the top of a pole. Ropes wound around the pole pass through grooves in the platform and are tied to the dancers’ bodies. On signal they fling themselves backward into the air, and the platform begins to rotate. As the ropes unwind, the dancers come whirling downward in continually widening circles until they reach the ground (Figs. 4 and 5). In some cases they hang upside down and spread their arms. While the “birds” are in flight, a performer standing at the top of the pole plays a trumpet or some other instrument.

Readers acquainted with the _Cantares_ will not fail to be reminded of phrases such as the following (identified by folio and line number):

- I blow my conch for turquoise swans (26: 19)
- And they shall appear (26: 21)
- Let's have these turquoise-swanlike flowers! These are trogons that are spinning (25: 17)
- For a moment they come whirling, they the eagles (65: 6)
- Roscete swans, cornsilk flowers, are whirling (70: 31)
Revitalization

Montezuma spreads his arms! (15v: 12)
These princes are bright as trogens. They’re flying along like cotingas
(82v: 15)
And they come, come, and come dancing (47v: 20)
A quetzal has descended, a cotinga arrives (39: 11)
God’s creation has descended to earth (37v: 15)

Fig. 4. Volador, pre-Conquest (after Peñaefiel. Códice Fernández Leal, plate 5)
In fact, the connection between ghost songs and volador dances is reasonably well attested. According to the *Anales de Juan Bautista*, a “water flower—people piece” (*axochitlacayotl*) was sung and danced in 1566 in a refectory in Mexico City and repeated outdoors with a *volador*. Chimalpáin reports that a “fish song” (*micheucical*) was performed in 1593 in the Plaza del Volador, and the chronicler Pérez de Ribas notes that the *volador*, or *volatines*, was performed together with the *tocontín*, a seventeenth-century successor to the ghost-song ritual.

In a much-quoted passage borrowed from Sahagún, the historian Torquemada attempts to explain the *volador* as a calendrical ritual in which the unwinding of the ropes produces exactly fifty-two revolutions, representing the fifty-two years of the Aztec calendar round. But whether or not this was a feature of certain sixteenth-century *volador* performances, it hardly serves as a sufficient explanation. More encompassing is the early-twentieth-century analysis of Walter Krickeberg, who (without any reference to or apparent study of the *Cantares mexicanos*) saw the descending *voladores* as ghosts returning to earth from their celestial paradise.

Evidently of pre-Columbian origin, the *volador* survived the Conquest as a bravura piece that required no further justification in the eyes of Spanish officials. Some, perhaps, were satisfied by the innocuous calendri-
Revitalization

cal explanation passed along by Sahagún and Torquemada. But from time to time suspicions were aroused, and on more than one occasion the volador was actually banned. Whatever the dance's political or cultural significance before the Conquest, we may reasonably surmise that during the sixteenth century it became an instrument of revitalization.

Whether any surviving ghost-song text has the flier dance as its program or indeed whether ghost songs were performed simultaneously with such dances is not known. More likely the two rituals were performed in sequence, as suggested by Pérez de Ribas. Despite this connection, it is hardly surprising that the intricately cerebral song recitals died out, while the athletic volador still flourishes in scattered locations throughout the length and breadth of the old empire—from Mexico City east to Veracruz and south to Guatemala. Probably these provincial voladores were never accompanied by texts even remotely resembling the Cantares. In fact, they appear to stem from a much older prototype in which the descending ghosts were destined for sacrifice as part of an agrarian ritual. In the Cantares, nevertheless, we have the supreme literary expression of a far-flung ghost cult, which, though its symbolism may have varied over the centuries, continues to serve as a reminder of Mexico's past and as at least one means of keeping alive, if not revitalizing, its native heritage.
Ghost Songs in Performance

jingles (coyolli, oyohualli, tzitzilin) are among the instruments mentioned in the song texts, but it cannot be assumed that all of these were actually used in ghost-song performances. The fan (eacahuaztli, DICT: chcacahuaztli) and the crook (chicuaolli) were evidently carried as ornaments. The only non-Aztec musical instrument mentioned in any of the songs is the mecahuauhtli (guitar or harp).

According to Motolinía's famous description in Part Two, Chapter Twenty-Six of his Memoriales (which may or may not be applicable to ghost songs), the costumed performers would emerge from behind the walls of the house or palace. As the drumming began and the dancers got into position, two "choir directors" would lead off the singing. Then "three or four Indians" would whistle sharply, signaling the start of the dance, in this case evidently a round dance joined by an enormous number of performers and continuing for many hours.6

In the Cantares texts such phrases as "I, the singer, begin" or "I strike up the song" seemingly allude to such preliminaries. Note the introductory stanza to song 32: "At flower plaza, where the flower court lies, the singer shouts, he sounds the dance cry [of the round dancer]." But if the singer is actually sounding a dance cry (or whistle call?) and a conventional round dance is actually about to begin, then the text seems supererogatory. In fact the singer is summoning ghost warriors, and we must allow for the possibility that he is standing in church, not in an old-style plaza. Moreover, the "singer" is not the singer himself, at least not in the usual sense, but rather his muse. (The muse, or sky singer, is similarly summoned in the opening phrase of song 17: "Where are you, singer?")

What we have, therefore, is a dance within a dance, or a dance fantasy about dancing. Further evidence, provided by Durán, strengthens the impression that ghost songs were representational:

The dance they enjoyed most was the one they did with adornments of roses, with which they crowned themselves and encircled themselves. For this dance they made a house of roses at the principal altar [monoztli] at the temple of their great god Huiztilopochtli, and they made artificial trees, all filled with fragrant flowers, and there they made the goddess Xochiquetzal sit. While they danced, some boys descended dressed as birds and others [dressed] as butterflies, well adorned with rich plumes, green and blue and red and yellow. They climbed up in these trees and went from branch to branch sucking the dew of those roses.

Then the gods came out, each in their costumes, the way they were in the altars—Indians, dressed up in the same way. And with their blowguns in hand they went and shot at the make-believe birds that were moving around in the trees, whereupon the goddess of roses, who was Xochiquetzal, came out to receive them and took them by the hand and made them sit beside her, paying them much honor and respect, as such gods were due. There she gave them roses and smokes and made her representatives come and entertain them. This was the most impressive dance that this nation had, and occasionally nowadays I see it danced anew, though very seldom.7

*71*
Tovar's version, seemingly from the same (unidentified) source, reads as follows:

They also mimicked many butterflies and birds of various colors, bringing out the temple boys, dressed in these guises, who climbed up in a grove of trees that they planted there; and the temple priests shot at them with blowguns, whereupon there were witty words in favor of some and against others, with which they greatly entertained the onlookers, followed by a great mitote, or dance, of all these personages, which concluded the fiesta, and this they used to do in all the important fiestas.\(^9\)

No song in the Cantares has precisely this combination of elements as its program, but the birds, the butterflies, the descending, the artificial trees, the sucking, the combat, the witty words, and the dancing amply suggest that Durán and Tovar were describing one type of ghost song or proto-ghost song.

**Drumming**

Two drums were used: the horizontal log drum, or teponaztli, and the all-important huehueta, an upright skin drum played with bare hands, capable of producing two tones a fifth apart, depending on whether the head was struck in the center or near the rim.\(^9\) Beaten with rubber-tipped mallets on the tongues of an H-shaped slit, the teponaztli also produced two tones, yielding a fifth, a fourth, or some smaller interval, according to the individual instrument. Copious references to the huehueta in the Cantares suggest that this instrument may have been used by itself to accompany the typical ghost song.\(^10\) The fact that a few pieces are specifically designated teponbecuicatl (teponaztli songs) implies that the log drum was either used exclusively in these cases or added to the huehueta. In any event, as we learn from sixteenth-century reports, the two drums were played together at most Aztec musical events (see Fig. 6). Acosta believes that they were "both tuned to harmonize with each other."\(^11\) But whereas the huehueta was evidently tuned by varying the tension in the head,\(^12\) it would not appear that the log drum could be easily adjusted, if at all. Motolinía states that the huehueta served as the tenor and the teponaztli as the bass (con-trabajo). If so, the teponaztli he had in mind must have been somewhat larger than today's museum specimens, which are in the alto and soprano range.\(^13\)

Alone among sixteenth-century documents, the Cantares gives extensive notation for two-tone drumming and even some hints of how the drumming fits in with the singing. Attempts to read this notation have not met with much acceptance, however.\(^14\) And it must be granted that no entirely satisfactory analysis is likely to be invented. What follows, therefore, must be taken as tentative.
Fig. 6. Aztec musicians: (a) top left, huehuetl and teponaztli players at a feast for a newborn child; (b) top right, youths dancing at the warriors’ academy; (c) bottom left, dancing at a merchant’s banquet; (d) middle right, musicians with instruments and regalia; (e) bottom right, war dance. After Sahagún, Códice florentino: (a) Book 4, fol. 70, vol. 1; (b) Book 8, fol. 28, vol. 2; (c) Book 9, fol. 30v, vol. 2; (d) Book 8, fol. 30, vol. 2; (e) Book 8, fol. 41, vol. 2.
As is well known, the *Cantares* drum notation is made up of four different syllables—*ti*, *to*, *qui*, and *co*—with typical groupings like these:

toto tiquiti tiquiti (song 46, canto D)
tocotico tocotico (song 46, canto E)

Presumably such items are cadences, meant to be reiterated, as implied by an occasional "et cetera" in the text: "titocotico tocotico etc." (song 48).

But it is sometimes unclear whether the whole figure is to be repeated or only the last part. Rarely a syllable will be topped off by a glottal stop, *h*, or a nasal indicator, *n*: "toco toco toco tìhti" (song 86, canto D); "tocotico" (song 89, canto A). Since *h* and *n* appear as intrusive characters throughout the *Cantares* manuscript, there is no reason to assume that they indicate anything other than minor differences in orthography or, at most, pronunciation. As such, they have no bearing on the drummer's cadence, and I have not retained them in the translation.

For the purpose of solving the notation, two propositions may be set forth as axiomatic: (1) the syllables *ti, to, co*, and *qui* form a kind of solfège, or vocalise, that corresponds to the cadence of the drum; and (2) this vocalise must account for both pitch and rhythm. Since the chronicler Pérez de Ribas explicitly states that the syllables correspond to the notes of the two-toned teponaztli, it may be postulated that the vowels *i* and *o* represent these two pitches. Hence the consonants are available to convey, or help convey, the rhythm.

As a hypothesis to be tested, let us suppose that the rhythm is indicated by a system akin to the familiar single-, double-, and triple-tonguing used by modern woodwind players. In other words, reiteration in moderate tempo is denoted by a succession of *t*- sounds, regardless of the intervening vowel; alternation of *t*- and *k*- denotes quick tempo in multiples of two; triplets are *t-k-t*; *k* is a weak beat only; and *k-k* is disallowed. Let us suppose, in addition, that an introductory weak beat, or upbeat, is signified by the *k*- sound. This departs from actual woodwind practice (since players prefer to attack with a *t*).

For convenience, let it be imagined that the vowel *i* denotes the higher tone, *o* the lower. Intuition, and perhaps science, favor this choice, but should it turn out to be the other way around, the analysis would be altered in this respect only. Accordingly, the first of the examples given above could be adapted to modern notation in one of at least three ways, as shown in Figure 7a. One way of writing the second example is given in 7b.

Cadences like the following, which begins with a weak beat, are much less common: "tìtocotico tìtocotico tìtocotico" (song 87, canto C). This obviously complex rhythm could be analyzed in several ways other than the one shown in Figure 7c—using triplets, for example, or with ad-
ghost songs in performance

a. song 46, canto d

toto ti qui - ti ti qui - ti toto ti qui - ti ti qui - ti toto ti qui - ti ti qui - ti

b. song 46, canto e

toco - toco toco - ti

c. song 87, canto c

coco - coco coco - coco tico co - ti ti - tico toco - ti

d. Tocati cadence

(1) ti - toco ti - toco ti - toco ti - toco ti - toco ti

(2) toco - toco - ti toco - ti toco - ti etc.

fig. 7. Some two-tone drum cadences in vocalise syllables, with suggested musical notation

ditional rests in order to get rid of the heterometry. But the juxtaposed coco must always be kept in separate phrases. For example, the notation cannot be rewritten “coto coco toco etc.,” which would violate the rules of tonguing. Fortunately, the manuscript makes the phrasing perfectly acceptable in this regard—and except for a “tico coto” in canto D of song 90, there are no other examples of juxtaposed coco (or co qui, or qui qui, or qui co) anywhere in the Cantares. The total absence of k-k- within the single phrase is a strong argument in favor of the tonguing hypothesis, especially since every other possible linkage (coti, titi, quiti, etc.) is represented.

In Figure 7c, note that the rhythm of the first four phrases has nothing in
common with the last two. Probably the rhythms were not meant to be connected, as can be seen clearly in these constructions given elsewhere in the manuscript: “Tico tico ticoti tico ticoti. And when the song ends: totoco tocoto” (song 45, canto B); “Titocoti tocoti tocoti etc. Titocoti titocoti when it ends” (song 48); “Toco toco titi/Tico tico toco toco” (song 90, canto B). In the example shown in Figure 7c, the transcriber is probably giving two cadences, one for the beginning of the “song,” or stanza, the other for the ending.

Evidently the phrasing can be varied without changing the character of the rhythm. An isolated example from the codex Romances de los señores is especially helpful in this regard, because it applies to a song that is duplicated in the Cantares manuscript, which likewise gives the drum cadence. This is the famous tocotín, or tocotín, cadence already seen in an example from song 48 and mentioned by several seventeenth- and eighteenth-century chroniclers. Figure 7d.1 shows the cadence as given in the Romances (fol. 6v, lines 19–20) and 7d.2 the same cadence as given in the Cantares (fol. 30, line 22). Of course, the manuscripts give only the vocalise in alphabetic script. (Observe that the Spanish accent on the final syllable of the word tocotín accords with the tongue hypotheses.)

The reader who studies the manuscript may glean further particulars. It should be kept in mind, however, that the copyist does not always preserve the cadence boundary or the phrase boundaries within the cadence. Sometimes the syllables are all run together, sometimes they are broken off—as in “coto coto co” (song 54–C), which must be read as “coto cotoco.”

In conclusion, it seems clear that the method as outlined above could work satisfactorily in oral transmission. Yet in notation, it would convey only relative pitches, certain relative durational values, and most aspects of the accentual scheme. Absolute pitches and absolute durational values, as well as tempo, would have to be guessed. The notation is simply not rich enough to permit greater particulars—unless various conventions, such as the prohibition of triplets, were taken for granted. The vagueness of the system may be appreciated if we take two-tone cadences preserved in modern notation and attempt to rewrite them in Cantares style. The examples I have in mind are for the large Mayan log drum, or tun, as it was used in the 1850’s to accompany the Quiche dance-drama Rabinal achi. These were published in 1862 by Brasseur de Bourbourg in his Grammaire de la langue quichée and are the earliest that I have been able to discover.19 Three of the fourteen cadences in this score (which includes parts for first and second trumpets) are excerpted in Figure 8. The first of these would be “ti toco ti.” But the second would also be “ti toco ti.” The third would be “tiquiti tocotoco,” but observe that the distinction between eighths and sixteenths is not retained.
The Work of Elsa Ziehm

To test the validity of the drum cadence readings, it could be helpful to search the archival collections of Mexican Indian folk music for clues about what the vocables ti, to, qui, and co might mean to modern performers. I have not attempted the task; but as this book was nearly in press I did learn of a Cora song tape-recorded in 1968 by Fernando Benítez, in which the four syllables are sung in patterns like those preserved in the Cantares.

The song in question was transcribed by Elsa Ziehm, of Berlin, who has been editing the Nahautl texts collected in southern Durango by the late Konrad Theodor Preuss. Benítez’ collection was made sixty kilometers farther south in the Cora-speaking village of Jesús María, just over the Nayarit border. Normally performed (with instrumental accompaniment?) during one of the all-night maize ceremonies called mitotes, the excerpt reproduced in Figure 9, given to me in transcript by Ziehm, was obtained live by Benítez from a single male singer.

Fig. 9. Excerpt from a Cora mitote song (Elsa Ziehm’s No. 28, Benítez Cora collection of 1968)

Familiar with Schultze Jena’s edition of the Cantares mexicanos, and evidently inspired by the Cora example, Ziehm has also provided me with her reconstructions of the two-tone teponaztli cadences from Cantares folio 26v (Fig. 10). Based on her extensive acquaintance with music of the Nayarit-Durango region, she conjectures that the Cantares interval may have been a fourth, as shown. Except for this feature, her readings—developed independently, using a quite different approach—agree with mine.
Patient scrutiny will show that the necessary ideas for these reconstructions are presented in Ziehm's 1976 essay, "Ein Wort über die Tonsilben in aztekischen Handschriften," which I had overlooked until recently.\(^{20}\)

**Ensemble**

As for the manner in which the drumming fits in with the singing, little or nothing can be stated with confidence. The *only* contemporary description, found on folio 7 of the *Cantares*, seemingly refers to a performance in which the singer accompanies himself—probably not a typical occurrence, at least not in full-dress public recitals. It would certainly be difficult, if not impossible, to sing a heterorhythmic chant while beating out one of the metrical cadences described in the preceding sections. It would, however, be possible for the singer to accompany himself with a simple metronome-like tapping, as Indian singers frequently do. And in fact, this is what seems to have occurred in the case at hand. The description reads as follows:

> And the drum is beaten thus: when a stanza ends and another stanza is to follow, it's three-beat. And when it actually begins, it's one-beat. But as it comes back in, then the drum falls beneath it, and the hand just keeps on going. But when it is in the middle, again the voice of the drum emerges. This, however, must be seen from the hand of the singer who knows how it is beaten. And newly, again, this music was in the bome of Don Diego de Léon, gobernador of Azcapotzalco. Don Francisco Plácido beat it out in the year 1551 of the resurrection of our lord Jesucristo.

The "three-beat" is perhaps one of the triple-beat cadences such as "tocoti" or "tiquiti." The "middle" of the stanza, if it is a natural division, would have to be either the point where the verse gives way to the refrain, or the refrain gives way to the litany. If "one-beat" is the metronomic tapping, then a hypothetical score for a two-stanza solo performance, arbitrarily based on a "tocoti" cadence and not neglecting the prescribed dynamics, might read as shown in Figure 11a.

But of the drumming instructions connected with actual songs in the manuscript, none can be safely recommended for self-accompaniment. The typical case appears to be represented by the cadences for song 59, canto B: "Tocoto tocoto tocoto tocoto. Comes the middle of the song, then it finishes: tiquiti ticoti tiquiti tocoto." If "song" refers to the stanza, the score for the first two stanzas might be as shown in Figure 11b.

Many stanzas, however, do not have a refrain, and the litanies are
frequently not written out in the manuscript. In such cases the point of change for the cadence would remain in even greater doubt than in the examples reconstructed here. Note that in several songs, including 19, only a single cadence is given. Often, though, what appears to be a single, complex cadence is really two cadences run together by the copyist. Occasionally, as in song 44, canto B, and song 45, canto A, a pair of cadences run together will be followed by the instruction “just thus it will come back in,” evidently referring to the return of the chant after the break between stanzas. If this is a general rule, it suggests that my reconstruction in Figure 8b is wrong in presuming the return of the first cadence before the recommencement of the chant. The “just thus it will come back in” implies that it is the second cadence, not the first, that fills the gap between stanzas.
Musical Style

Of the various sixteenth-century writers on Aztec culture, only Motolinía shows signs of having had musical training. On the basis of his *Memoriales* description, supplemented by stray details in other sources, including the *Cantares*, it is possible to sketch a tentative outline of Aztec musical traits, which may then be compared with the more secure descriptions of Pueblo, Plains, Yuman, Navajo, and other North American styles as presented by such musicologists as George Herzog and Bruno Nettl. The results, though inconclusive, tend to show that the sixteenth-century Aztec style had much in common with the music of the North American Southwest.

Two jarring features, distinctly non-North American, may be mentioned at once: the playing of the huchuetl with bare hands (an Aztec and Mayan feature, as opposed to the North American use of drumsticks) and the presence of the teponaztli (a characteristically South American instrument). Otherwise the style appears to belong with the Northern half of the hemisphere, particularly the Southwest, though it must not be assumed that any of the features to be mentioned below are necessarily absent from the much more poorly known Central and South American cultures.

The essentially vocal nature of Aztec music, the use of percussive accompaniment, the presumed absence of polyphony, and the heavy reliance on vocables, or meaningless syllables, are among the more immediately apparent traits. Microtonic deviations from the twelve-tone scale (so-called blue notes) are implicit in Motolinía’s observation that the singers were “desentonados.” Reading between the lines in the well-known description of the “good” singer in Sahagún’s *Historia*, Robert Stevenson has suggested, shrewdly, that Aztec melodies were much too narrow in range for European tastes, which would imply hexatonic, pentatonic, or even more limited scales. As noted in Chapter Four, the *Cantares* texts appear to be heterometric and heterorhythmic. Such characteristics—all of them—are typical of American Indian music in general.

In addition we learn from Motolinía that the Aztecs had “thin” voices, not “robust” and “mellow” like the Spaniards’, because, as he says, they went about barefoot and with their chests half uncovered. Las Casas too blames this trait on nakedness, explaining that the Indians fell prey to “humidity.” Only the boy sopranos, he claims, had pleasant voices. Evidently what we have is a reaction to the tight, throat-based tones typical of Plains and Pueblo singing, which contrast markedly with the relaxed head tones used by modern European singers. Throaty singing is somewhat less pronounced among Eastern, Northwestern, Eskimo, and, notably, Great Basin and Yuman groups. To find at least a measure of it in Aztec territory would be in line with the general rule. Again according to Motolinía, bass
Ghost Songs in Performance

(contrabajo) was the preferred vocal range. Similarly Pueblo singers, especially in kachina songs, cultivate the bass range.24

Extensive verbal development, found in Eskimo, Northwest Coast, Navajo, and Pueblo music, is of course the sine qua non of the Cantares. To some extent there is a correlation between verbal development and microtonic, highly heterorhythmic recitative—in other words, music that closely approaches speech. Yet certain formal features in the Cantares, namely the paired stanzas, the tag litany, and the possible occurrence of the “rise” (see below), suggest that ghost songs could not have exhibited a completely unchecked recitative.

Paired stanzas are common in music of the Southwest. Litany, perhaps, is a pan-Indian feature. In the so-called rise, typical of Yuman music and found also in the Pueblo area, melodies of narrow range jump a few half-tones higher for one or two phrases, then return to the original, slightly lower melodic line. During this rise the percussive accompaniment is altered. Rattling, for instance, changes from a rhythmic beat to a tremolo. According to one report, the dancers raise and shake their fists during the “rise.”25 In the problematical description on folio 7 of the Cantares, a change in the percussive accompaniment is said to occur in the middle of a stanza. Whether a rise is indicated remains a matter of pure conjecture. With reference to the dancing of young people (mazor), Durán writes that “the dance was not only governed by the music [“no solamente se rige por el son”] but also by the highs and lows [“los altos y bajos”] that the song makes, singing and dancing together.”26 Possibly the rise is meant. But it is doubtful that the dances of these “young people” were ghost dances.

Another feature Motolinía describes is the rise in pitch and the increase in tempo from one song to the next when a song cycle is performed. Thus each new song is a little higher and a little faster than the preceding one. Although the trait is said to be lacking in the Yuman area, it is not uncommon elsewhere in North America.27 Working with an informant from Santo Domingo Pueblo, Frances Densmore found the rise in pitch to be a half-tone at each juncture, which would accord with Motolinía, who observed that the opening passages were “como bemolados” (as if lowered a half-tone). Densmore also recorded the “rise” among the Santo Domingo, but this, as we have seen, is an entirely different feature, not to be confused with the progressive pitch elevation in song cycles. As it happens, Densmore states that the “rise” occurs in Aztec music; but her source is a garbled fifthhand account that can be traced back through a writer named Gabriel Saldivar to Torquemada to Mendieta and ultimately to Motolinía, who in fact was describing progressive elevation.28

Among musical instruments the Aztec skin drum, turtle drum, container rattle, rasp, sistrum, conch horn, whistle, and flageolet (or block-
flute) are all represented north of the border; and the rasp, the sistrum, and the conch horn are associated with the Southwest in particular.

The huehuete and the teponatzli provided continuous accompaniment for the singing Motolinía witnessed, with help "at times" from "trumpets" and flageolets (which were "out of tune") and also from bone whistles (huesezuelos). Evidently this does not qualify as orchestral music in the modern sense. Nor are orchestras to be found farther north, not even among the Northwest Coast and Pueblo tribes, which exhibit the most complex musical styles north of Mexico.

Part-singing is less easy to rule out. Although Torquemada, writing very late, asserts unequivocally that the natives sang only in unison (en voces iguales), neither Motolinía nor Mendieta is quite so specific. The fact that the friars taught the Indians canto llano (plainchant) and canto de órgano (organum) does not mean that the native tradition was lacking in rough equivalents. Actually the organum mentioned by Motolinía and other sixteenth-century writers is not the organum of medieval music, which was merely a chordal homophony, but modern four-part harmony. That the Aztecs may have had primitive organum, as found for example among the tribes of the Northwest Coast, is suggested by the remarkable ease with which they learned harmony and by Motolinía's tantalizing observation that in the strictly Aztec performances the addition of boy sopranos "much adorned the song." If the sopranos were added at intervals of an octave, or, especially, a fifth, tenth, or twelfth, as in Northwest Coast examples, the result would be chordal. This seems a likely conjecture—and it seems equally safe to assume that polyphony in the modern sense was absent.

The very hazy portrait of Aztec music that emerges from such clues appears to place it comfortably within the Amerind context, perhaps with special Southwestern affinities. No doubt it had less in common with Southwest music than with the music of the Mixtecs, the Tarascans, the Totonacs, or the Mayans. Scenes of Mayan music making preserved in the Bonampak and Santa Rita murals, for example, are strongly reminiscent of the usual Aztec paraphernalia, including the turtle drum and even the huehuete. But the actual music of these cultures is not known to have survived in its pure form beyond the 1500's, and since none was recorded, the desired comparisons cannot be made.
A look at ghost songs preserved in other sources will help to establish that the Cantares mexicanos has pre-Conquest roots, that it was influenced by Spanish models, and that the ghost-song genre, if no longer viable, may still be detected in modern folkloric remnants. One must be careful, however, to distinguish between ghost songs and other genres. The short songs in the Anales de Cuauhtitlan,1 for example, are typical American Indian storyteller’s songs, performed as part of a myth recital or the telling of a traditional history. Similar pieces are to be found in the Historia Tolteca-Chichimeca and the Códice Aubin.2 The numerous conjuros preserved by Hernando Ruiz de Alarcón are not songs at all, but spoken formulas belonging to a widespread Indian genre well represented in Maya and Cherokee collections.3 To compare such material with the Cantares would be of limited value.

The twenty “demons’ songs” recorded by Sahagún are a different case. A few of these appear to be festival chants, performed in honor of particular gods. But at least three of them are evidently ghost songs, or proto-ghost songs, and will be discussed below. In view of the undisputed pre-Conquest provenience of these twenty pieces, they hold special interest.

A number of ghost songs recorded in alphabetic script and preserved into the seventeenth century are now apparently lost. Caroqui, in his Arte of 1645, quotes five examples of the “poetic language” of the “anceints,” only two of which can be traced to the Cantares. The other three, though obviously excerpted from ghost songs, cannot be located in either the Cantares or the closely related Romances. Two excerpts quoted by the historian Ixtlixochitl are likewise from ghost songs now missing. Other songs described or partially quoted by Ixtlixochitl, Torquemada, and Muñoz Camargo suggest the onetime existence of important compilations, the nature of which can only be guessed.4
The Florentine Codex

Sahagún's great work includes one easily recognizable ghost song—rather a pair of ghost-song stanzas—tucked into one of the *huehuetlatolli* orations that were said to have been used by fathers when advising their sons: ⁵

O cloud companion [or ghost warrior]! You will succeed in being born as a song on earth. You will live beside the drum in Huexotzinco [i.e., Mexico], you that will pleasure the princes, you whose friends will see you.

Your heart is a turquoise bead, and you give it to the one who comes shining [the sun]. Again you will sprout, again you will burgeon on earth. You will live beside the drum in Huexotzinco, you that will please the princes, you whose friends will see you.

Inserted with a clumsy and almost certainly erroneous explanation that breaks the *huehuetlatolli* style, this little exhibit raises a serious question: is it plausible that song texts, with or without exegesis, were quoted by *huehuetlatolli* orators? More than likely we are dealing with intrusive material added by one of Sahagún's bilingual glossators. As such, the two stanzas may even be post-Conquest, despite the fact that the *huehuetlatolli* are presented as "ancient" oratory.

But the twenty "demons' songs" recorded in an appendix to Book Two of the same work have all the earmarks of pre-Conquest ethnicity. And among these we have what appear to be ghost songs, though stylistically they are slightly different from the *Cantares mexicanos*. The seventh of these, the "Song of cloud companions," will serve as a sample: ⁶

They've departed from Chicomoztoc! Where do they bloom? Where, where, these prickers?⁸
They've departed from Spine Land! Where—ah!—do they bloom? Where, where, these prickers?
I've descended, I've descended, I've descended with my arrow spines, descended with my arrow spines.
I've descended, I've descended, I've descended with my pack basket.
I take them in my hands, I take them in my hands. I take them in my hands, my hands.

The ancestral revenants (or "cloud companions") are returning from the dead land (called Chicomoztoc and Spine Land) in response to the muse's call for warriors ("prickers," "arrow spines"), whom he seeks on a song trip, bringing them down in his pack basket, picking them up in his hands (like flowers).

The eleventh and twelfth songs in the same series may also be ghost songs and possibly the fourteenth as well. Further study of this material is much needed.
The *Anales de Tlatelolco*

Two rather lengthy songs in the "manuscript of 1528," also known as the *Anales de Tlatelolco*, appear at first sight to be storyteller's songs. But one of these is a variant of *Cantares* song 54-E, and evidently a ghost song. The opening phrases of the piece (which awaits critical study) read as follows in English: "The earth gapes, and marvels are upon us: the sky has opened over us. Life Giver has descended!" The remainder incorporates numerous phrases from 54-E yet is clearly an independent composition.

The absence of post-Conquest allusions and the possibility that the material was recorded as early as 1528 argue strongly for a pre-Cortésian origin.

The *Romances de los señores*

The quaintly entitled *Romances de los señores de la Nueva España* (Ballads of the Lords of New Spain) comprises thirty-six ghost songs, ranging in length from two to sixteen stanzas each. Messily written in a fast copyist's script known as procesal, this all but illegible manuscript is partly clarified by the fact that its contents are identical in style to the *Cantares* and duplicate more than a few *Cantares* passages (e.g., songs 43, 48, and 69, canto C). However, the *Romances* contains none of the more difficult songs, none that are lengthy, no satire, no ribaldry, and no songs that deal overtly with Conquest or post-Conquest themes. Despite an occasional "Dios" or "Santa María," which could be explained as later additions, the *Romances* material, like many pieces in the *Cantares*, gives the (misleading?) appearance of having been composed prior to the Conquest.

Although the manuscript has been assigned to the seventeenth century, it is no doubt a copy of songs recorded in the 1500's. The fact that it is preserved with the *Relación* of the sixteenth-century Texcocan mestizo writer Juan Bautista Pomar suggests that it may have been compiled by Pomar, and that the songs themselves may be Texcocan. Strong affinities with the *Cantares*, however, give reason for thinking that these pieces were collected by members of Sahagún's circle. As for the Texcocan connection, the texts fail to establish it. But like the *Cantares*, the *Romances* has its glossator, who in this case seems to have a particular interest in Texcocan matters. He has taken the song beginning on folio 26, for example, and labeled it "de quauaquhtzin R[e]y de tepexpan"—in other words, song of Cuauauhtzin, king of Tepechpan (an Acolhua town subordinate to Texcoco). But it is more likely that the song itself refers to Cuauauhtzin, the first king of Tlatelolco, rather than to the relatively obscure Cuauauhtzin of Tepechpan. This and the glossator's preoccupation with Nezahualco-
yotl, not to mention other quirks, lead one to suspect that he may have been an associate or an informant of the Texcocan historian Fernando de Alva Ixtlixochitl. The subject will be taken up again in Chapter Thirteen.

Sahagún’s Psalmodia

The *Psalmodia christiana* is an extensive collection of ersatz ghost songs, composed in Nahuatl by Sahagún for the use of his Indian charges. Devoted to Biblical themes and the retelling of saints’ lives, these mainly catechistic pieces were intended to replace the dangerously idolatrous cantares. Composed between 1551 and 1566, the *Psalmodia* has the distinction of being the only one of Sahagún’s works published in his lifetime (1583).

Internal evidence suggests that the Cantares influenced—and was influenced by—the Psalmodia. This is plausible since both works grew by accretion during approximately the same period. The effect of the Cantares on the Psalmodia has already been mentioned in Chapter One. Although the case is not unmistakable, note this stanza composed by Sahagún: “Ma oalmoquetza ñeucuitlauetl, in chalchiuhteponaztli, in tecuchitl, ma netimalolo, ma nechichiualo” (*Psalmodia christiana*, folio 62). And compare the similar phrases in the Cantares: “maya hualmoquetza xoichihuehuetl” (9v: 7), “teocuitlahuehuetl” (33v: 24), “nochalchiuhteponaz” (26: 19), “teucxochitl” (27v: 7), “netimalolo in tepilhuà” (1v: 17), and “xirnochichihuan” (73v: 5). Neither the Romances nor any other known source could have supplied Sahagún with this distinctive vocabulary, though of course it might have been derived from oral sources or from transcripts now lost.

Somewhat less distinctive are the song headings *taocotlecualt* (sadness song) and *xochiucualt* (flower song), both of which appear in the Cantares and in the Psalmodia. Moreover, Sahagún has composed his “psalms,” or cantos, in groups exactly like the longer pieces in the Cantares. The life of Saint Francis, for example, is told in ten cantos of eight or ten stanzas each. Elsewhere, as in the Cantares, Sahagún does not insist on an even number of stanzas and permits himself to write cantos with four, five, six, or seven stanzas apiece. The extent to which he caters to Indian tastes can be judged by such “psalms” as the following, meant to be performed at Pentecost:

Let our gold drum appear, let it resound, let all be pleased by it. Let our jade log-drums resonate in blessedness. Let there be dancing, let there be happiness.

Our lord God has shown his very great love for us people on earth, today at Pentecost.

Let our gold bells shrill, let them ring. Let our shining turquoise flutes resound. Let our jade gongs be spread everywhere, let them be heard throughout the world.
Today they're recalled, indeed today they come forth upon us—on this holiday, this feast of the Holy Spirit—such that holy self-esteem, consolation, becomes the blessing of us humans.

Let there be pleasure. Let our raven flowers be spread everywhere, reviving, greening. Let our raven flowers bloom, our holy popcorn flowers. The Holy Spirit has come in order to make a great wonder here on earth.

Everywhere words come to teach the apostles. Let our flower jewels go radiating dawn light, let them go shining in this gold mist. Let the red bone-flowers be scattered on our hands. Let all be happy, let all be rich, you princes, O!

Let our turquoise bracelets be praised, let them go radiating green. Let our gold bracelets go shine, O princes. Let the blossoming red bone-flowers be scattered on our hands. Let all be happy, let all be rich.16

The ghost-song imagery, here used merely for decorative effect, can hardly be missed. It is to be wondered that Sahagún would flirt so openly with native doctrine. On the other hand, we cannot be sure that he fully knew what he was doing. In any event, songs of this type are rare in the Psalmodia. The usual text looks more like the following:

Well now, they entered the building. And so these kings who had seen the star, who stirred no more, who traveled no more, did know him, for he was there. Then they entered the stable, and there they saw the child Jesus and his precious mother, Saint Mary.

They fell prostrate and adored the child. It was indeed as believers that these great kings knelt before him and adored him, for indeed they recognized this child, for he is God, he is king, he is all powerful, he is sky owner, he is earth owner.

They opened their coffers, their chests. Then they laid things before their lord, presenting things to the child. The offering that they made was gold, myrrh, and incense.

In sleep they were commanded to go away. Well then, for a few more days they remained at the child’s side, and many marvels did they see. Then they saw him in sleep, dreamed him, and indeed our lord sent them home.17

Thus the sixth canto of an eight-canto song for Epiphany relating the story of the three magi from the second chapter of Matthew.

In the magi song in the Cantares (song 55), the native singer is mainly interested in getting the three (warrior) kings killed on the presumed battlefield of Bethlehem so that he can produce them as revenants; then, by analogy, he moves promptly to the business of producing ancestral Aztecs. Though the scenario is wildly different, the basic idea of a ghost song about the magi appears to have come from Sahagún or from one of the other friars who composed material similar to the Psalmodia.

Sahagún’s texts have few intercalated vocables and no litany (as defined in Chapter Four). But as Motolinía explains, it was up to the native “maestros” to adapt them in their own way to a “kind of meter” that would “correspond and be sung with the sound of their ancient cantares.”18
GENERAL INTRODUCTION

Whether the “maestros” were supposed to repeat final phrases in order to create refrains is another question. Notice, however, that the dissertational style is precisely what we find in the first few songs in the Cantares manuscript, those that I earlier described as having been composed in “missionary Nahuahtl.”

Survivals

Since no existing ghost-song text mentions anyone who died after 1583, it is possible that the genre was beginning to die out at this time. As we saw earlier, by 1645 Carochi could speak of ghost-song phraseology as though it were quite antiquated. Yet in the same year the Jesuit historian Andrés Pérez de Ribas published an eyewitness account of a tocotin, which bears an undeniable resemblance to the ghost-song ritual:

And because the mitote dance that they name after the emperor Motecuzuma, the one that the seminarians of San Gregorio [el Magno, Mexico City,] would celebrate during their festivals, is most especially pleasing to behold and new to Spain as well as to other nations, and on account of the importance of this dance [sanar], which was formerly dedicated to pagan custom and now dedicated to the honor of him who is king of kings, our lord Jesus Christ, and now a Christian festival, I will here describe it even though it makes a bit of a digression.

Its most singular feature, when the festival is celebrated in full, is that the company of dancers comes out in the costume and adornment of the ancient Mexican princes. The mantles, or cloaks, are of two fabrics, the outer one transparent, so that the embroidery and beautiful flowers of the inner one can show through; and these they wear hanging from the shoulders in the manner of the Roman emperors, with the ends tied at the right shoulder in an attractive rosette. On their heads they wear diadems that rise high above the forehead in the manner of a pyramid, giving a beautiful effect, and this is adorned with the richest gems and gold that they could obtain—and such was the style of the crowns worn by the Mexican emperors. As the left arm moves [there is] a rich bracelet, which carries an upright wand [penacho] of the most attractive plumage of green feathers, which were used formerly and are still much appreciated. And in the left hand another wand that they move and vibrate to the beat of the dance. In the right hand they carry an instrument called oyotzinalli, composed of certain little rattles that they use, made of gilded gourds with pebbles inside the head, which are also shaken with the beat and rhythm, adorning elegance. The remainder of the bodily adornment consists of skirts and blouses much embroidered and long breeches of double fabric like the cloak; and for the feet, sandals, upon which they also lavish their riches and finery.

The dais prepared for this fiesta is strewn with flowers; and at the head of it is placed the seat of the emperor Motecuzoma. This was a kind of low stool, gilded. To one side of the stage a table is placed and on it a little drum called tepozonaltli that guided all the music and dancing, quite different from those used in Europe. It is made of madera preciosa or some other red wood and has two separated slats facing each other, which enclose it, leaving it hollow, and
Ghost Songs Outside the Cantares

which when beaten by those who play them, using mallets tipped with little balls of rubber gum, guide the dance with their sound, and this sound rhythmically accompanies the little rattles that the dancers carry in their hands. To these the Spaniards have added their own instruments: harp, cornet, and bassoon.

The Mexican elders and principales took their place around the drum, and they were the ones who entoned the song that always accompanied the Mexican dances, and there they danced a grave step without much movement. There were usually fourteen in the dance, or sarao, not including the emperor, who came in at the end. The latter went forth with a noteworthy display of majesty and in the same costume as the other principales, though more richly dressed and adorned. Behind him came a little boy with a large fan of rich feathers, dancing in step with the others, making shade and providing a canopy for the emperor. Two other boys, richly dressed, came along at either side and a step ahead, sweeping the emperor's path with feather wands and intermittently strewing flowers at his feet.

As the dance went forth from the interior palace, it was summoned by the music and the song, in Spanish style, already Christian, which went as follows: “Go forth, Mexicans! Dance the Tocontín, for here we have the king of glory!” [Salid mexicanos, bailad Tocontín, que al rey de la gloria tenemos aquí.] Those three syllables in the word Tocontín are like pitches [puntos], which imitate the sound of the little drum, and therefore some call the dance by this name. The dancers go forth in two files in the manner of the Spanish hacha. The movement is subdued and grave, executed in rhythm, not only with the feet but with the arms and hands. They shake the rattles, waving and swishing the feather wands, which are very long and slender and gold-colored, or, sometimes instead, a fragrant tree branch, and they go taking their places until the arrival of the emperor, who comes afterward with much majesty. He takes his seat at the head, and just prior to the quickening of the dance (which, with its subdued movement, never stops), all in unison, turned toward their prince, make such a reverence with wands and rattles, and with their heads, that it seems as though they would like to place themselves beneath his feet. Having made this obeisance, they quicken their dance steps before the emperor. (Today it has been changed, and this entire obeisance is made to the Blessed Sacrament on the altar.)

After the members of the sarao have danced a short while, the emperor gets up to dance alone with the three little boys who, as I have said, accompany him, sweeping the ground for him and strewing flowers at his feet, and the one with the parasol making a canopy and shading him, and their footwork so perfectly in step with their prince that they seem to move as one. Meanwhile all the others remain stationary in their positions, bowing down to the ground. And as he passes between the two files, each one in turn, as a sign of humility, applies to his feet the instrument that he holds in his hands, all the apuatziles ceaselessly keeping up their rhythm for him.

And having completed his tour, the emperor resumes his seat, and the two choruses continue with new dance steps; and although these are not very different from the others, all of them are very pleasing and not tiresome. The vocal music, which does not stop, corresponds to that which is played on the teponazti, with another choir that answers it and is hidden behind a curtain or blind, as though [the music] were of two choruses.

And finally the whole dance with its novelty, adornments, gestures, and
song is so agreeable that it has provided great pleasure, entertainment, and celebration for important persons, lords, and archbishops who have come from Spain. Today the young Mexican natives who are students at San Gregorio continue to celebrate this dance. For while the ordinary miltates are performed by the others, who are called commoners [macuñales] or vassals, they lack the apparatus and the pomp of these children, who often resemble the sons of Spanish lords.

And if I have tarried long in telling about it, I may be forgiven, inasmuch as this dance is used in the service and recognition of the one who is king of kings, our sacramental lord Jesus Christ; and this is why I was moved to describe it. And it cannot fail to be pleasing to faithful Catholics to see the ancient Mexican nobility vanquished at the feet of their redeemer, whom they did not know formerly and now adore and recognize with every demonstration of joy that they can put forth. To which they add a kind of volatines, who come flying through the air. And when the Blessed Sacrament is carried through the plaza, they fly down in a special way, tied to cords on a high mast, like a ship's mast, some of them playing rattles and other instruments.  

The texts of six additional tocontines, reported over the period 1620–51, show the form to have been derived from the Spanish copla, a ballad of one to four stanzas, each stanza composed of four lines, with rhyme or assonance in the even lines. Perhaps these tocontines, or coplas, were originally composed in Nahuatl—as are coplas today. Whether they were or not, the following example, reported in 1651, is certainly reminiscent of the old ghost-song themes:

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Al bayle, Caziques,} & \quad \text{To the gala dance,} \\
\text{de gala ocurrid,} & \quad \text{Caziques, come!} \\
\text{que todos los Culhuas} & \quad \text{For I've summoned} \\
\text{mandé prevenir.} & \quad \text{All the Colhuans.} \\
\text{con mantas vistosas} & \quad \text{Go forth with plumes} \\
\text{y plumas salió,} & \quad \text{And gay mantles!} \\
\text{pues todos los nobles} & \quad \text{For all the nobles} \\
\text{deven concurrir . . . etc.} & \quad \text{Are to be convened.}
\end{align*}
\]

It is tempting to take Pérez de Ribas' description as a guide to sixteenth-century ghost-song performance. When it comes to answering the questions we would like to have answered, Pérez de Ribas does a better job than Durán; and what he describes seems to fit the Cantares mexicanos much more closely than Motolinía's teeming round-dance marathon. But to what extent the performance style had changed since the 1570's can only be surmised. Obviously the texts are much deteriorated. As to the subsequent history of this particular dance form, Clavijero was able to report as late as the 1770's: "To this day the Mexicans preserve an ancient dance popularly called tocotin, which is quite beautiful and so decent and sober that the Indians are permitted to have it in the churches."  

Nineteenth- and twentieth-century accounts of folkloric ritual are increasingly removed from Mexico City and other principal centers. Pre-
sumed remnants of a ghost cult, as suggested by the Juan Diego remembrance at Tacuba and the various rural volador dances, have already been mentioned. Another dance, the huehuenches, reported from points south, west, and east of the capital, is evidently a survival of the huehue cuicatl (old man song), to be described in Chapter Ten. Two old-man song texts collected in the state of Veracruz in 1957 and 1965 show marked similarities to the Cantares mexicanos. Yet another kind of remnant, reported in 1939, comes from the village of Xico in the Sierra de Puebla, where a secretly guarded teponaztli makes an annual appearance on Saint John’s Day in an “obsolescent pagan festival held at a place called the Tower of Xochipilli.” On this occasion an “Aztec hymn” is chanted to a “text so incomplete and corrupt that even those who chant it have no clear idea of its sense”.

Xochipile, Xochipile
Nochan, nochan,
Otihualla capitán.
Chimali xoched ticaucas
Ae xon tenama (?)
Chimeco, chimeco.

O Xochipilli, O Xochipilli!
To my house, to my house
You have come, O captain.
You are to sing shield flowers.
Who indeed will capture the ramparts?
The Chichimec! The Chichimec!

Accoding to the keeper of the teponaztli, the song bears “some relation to fighting with the Indians of Tlaxcala.” As I read it, the god Xochipilli (also called “captain”) is being summoned as muse for the purpose of bringing down allied ghost warriors (or Chichimecs), who will reenact a battle (the siege of Mexico?), capturing (Tlaxcalan?) warriors (whom the singer calls ramparts). Another possibility is that the second and third lines refer to Cortés, not Xochipilli. One is reminded of the Conquest songs in the Cantares mexicanos that express vengeance against Tlaxcala for the defeat of Mexico.
Chapter 10

The Classification of Ghost Songs

Just as ghost songs should be kept separate from storyteller’s songs and conjurations, they should not be grouped with the funeral songs briefly described by Mendieta,¹ the work songs that might at one time have existed,² or any of the other genres that could be adduced from fleeting references in the ethnography. Yet this is not to imply that ghost songs occupied a mere niche. We do not know how important they were originally or to what extent the genre changed after the Conquest. But it is reasonably clear that by the mid-1500’s the ghost song had become the principal form of public entertainment, at least in the capital and in the houses of the tlatoani, serving the princely classes, if not the populace at large, as a vehicle for cultural reaffirmation.

Motolinía, evidently speaking of only the most elevated kinds of native music, identifies two basic genres: the macehualitzli, or dance associated with service to the gods, and the netoilititzli, or dance associated with worldly entertainment.³ Presumably the Cantares mexicanos derives from the second of these categories, since the numerous Cantares-style songs described by Hernández are grouped under the rubric netoilititzli;⁴ and the verb macehúa (to dance) is used only once in the Cantares manuscript, whereas the verb itotía (to dance) recurs constantly.

The pervasiveness of the genre is attested by its sheer multiplicity of forms. We have flower songs, female songs, teponaztli songs, old man songs, Chalcan pieces, Huexotzinca pieces, and Huaxtec pieces, to mention only a few of the numerous apparent subgenres, all of which cannot be discussed in this brief chapter. As a short cut, let it be proposed that the many headings fall into just four categories: (1) stylistic, (2) instrumental, (3) national, and (4) thematic. The abundant evidence in the Cantares, unmatched in any other document, suggests that this is so. Were we speaking of Western music, examples of the four categories might be: aria, con cembalo, al zingaro, and canzone d’amore, any two (or all four) of which

·92·
could refer to the same composition. Thus we might have an *aria con cembalo*, or a *canzone d’amore al zingaro*. Similarly, in the *Cantares*, we have a Chalcan female song (84), a plain song of green places (82-A), a Mexican song of green places (10), and so forth. The following discussion, it is hoped, will clarify these usages.

**Stylistic and Instrumental Titles**

The puzzling term *melahuac cuicatl* (plain song) appears in the headings of four pieces in the first few folios of the *Cantares* and, by implication, applies to two other songs in the same portion of the manuscript (4 and 11); it also applies to songs 20-43, 51-53, and 82A-C. As noted in Chapter Four, the early missionaries used the term *melahuac cuicatl* to mean the plainsong of the church, and it could well be imagined that this was a neologism, especially since the first several songs in the *Cantares* show missionary influence. However, the term is used by the chronicler Tezozomoc in describing a pre-Conquest musical program. Is it possible, then, that the missionaries adapted an existing term to designate their plainchant? If so, there must have been a similarity between the Aztec and Hispanic usages.

Because of the high degree of verbal development in *Cantares* texts it is likely that they were performed in an Amerind recitative; that is, a heterometric “talking song,” or chant, which would correspond with the Old World plainchant. It may be conjectured, therefore, that *melahuac cuicatl* designates the vocal style of every ghost song—as opposed, let us say, to very simple dance tunes, cradlesongs, and perhaps work songs.

A dance style is indicated by the title *nenahuaizcuicatl* (embracing song), mentioned by Hernández. The title appears in no other source, not even the *Cantares*. But exactly the same kind of dancing is alluded to in *Cantares* songs 83, 86, and 87, and these and other erotic pieces could plausibly be designated *nenahuaizcuicatl*.

As for instrumentation, no clues are supplied by ghost-song titles—except the term *teponazcuicatl* (log-drum song), used to designate several pieces in the *Cantares* on folios 26v–31v. Undoubtedly these songs were accompanied by that instrument. But whether the remaining songs were not accompanied by the teponaztli is open to question. Possibly this designation, like *melahuac cuicatl*, applies to the genre as a whole.

**National Titles**

Sahagún’s informants explain national pieces as follows:

If the song was to be sung as a Huexotzinca piece, then they made themselves Huexotzincans and spoke accordingly: they were imitated in song and
in dress and equipment. Likewise, if it was to be sung as an Anahuacan piece, the speech of the Anahuacans was imitated, also their dress and equipment. Likewise, if the song was to be sung as a Huaxtec piece, their speech was imitated.7

If the report is true, the Cantares mexicanos with its numerous national pieces ought to be a prime source for the study of regional dialects. Unfortunately, though the Cantares does include dialect words, they are not confined to the national pieces in which they ought to be heard.8 In a gloss to song 84, “Chalcan female song,” the glossator states that he has located a “Chalcan expression,” but his suggestion is not convincing. Among the national and ethnic pieces in the Cantares we have one or more examples of each of these types: Chalcan piece (Chalcayotl), Huexotzinca piece (Huexotzincaotl), Matlatzinca piece (Matlatzincaotl), and Tlaxcalan piece (Tlaxcaltecaotl). It should be noted that these are songs, or pieces, in which battles are reenacted between Mexico and the indicated nation. Observe that song 85, a Chalcan piece, seems to include instructions for performance on two sides of the dance floor, a Mexican side and a Chalcan side.9

The Cuetzcatl, or Huaxtec pieces, belong in a special subcategory. In these the Mexican dancers seem to be emulating the proverbial drunkenness of the Huaxtec,10 thereby imbuing themselves with war lust and rashness. These pieces do not recall battles with the Huaxtec nation.

Songs in which an alien nation is not named or in which alien warriors play an incidental role may be called Mexicayotl (Mexican pieces) or Chichimecaotl (Chichimec pieces). The exact meaning of Chichimec in this context is not easy to establish. In Chapter Two I suggested that the term is used generically, to refer to Aztec warriors emulating the ferocity of the relatively uncivilized tribes to the north. But it might also refer to the Chichimec ancestry of the Aztecs themselves. In any case it was a prideful designation, with which all Aztec warriors and rulers might wish to identify.11

Thematic Titles

The most frequent thematic headings and evidently the most basic are those that call attention to a particular feature of ghost-song ritual or ghost-song imagery. Especially common are xochicuicatl (flower song), inocuicatl (bereavement song), and xopamecuicatl (song of green places or spring song). For some of the other, less widely used titles, all of which pertain to either the ghost or the ghost-summoning process, see the accompanying table.

A second type of thematic title involves the warrior function. Examples are Otonuicatl (Otomi song or warrior song), and yaocuicatl (war song). And, in a third and final type, the song titles connote satire and mimicry.
The Classification of Ghost Songs

Classification of Ghost-Song Titles

**STYLISTIC AND INSTRUMENTAL**
- melanucucuicatl, plain song
- nenahnaizicuicatl, embracing song
- tepozaucuicatl, log-drum song

**NATIONAL**
- Chalcayotl, Chalcan piece
- Chichimcayotl, Chichimec piece
- Cuexccayotl, Huastec piece
- Huexorzincayotl, Huexorzincan piece
- Matlatzinccayotl, Matlatzinca piece
- Mexicayotl, Mexican piece
- Tlaxcaltecayotl, Tlaxcalan piece

**THEMATIC**
- Pertaining to ghost-song ritual
  - atequezicuicatl, water-pouring song
  - cozacuicatl, peeper song
  - cozacuicatl, jewel song
  - cuacuicatl, eagle song
  - tezcuicatl, bereavement song
  - nichicuicatl, fish song
  - tequixtitlicuicatl, bringing-out song
  - tecuicatl, lord song
  - totoquicuicatl, bird song
  - xoquicuicatl, flower song
  - xopanuicuicatl, song of green places or spring song

- Pertaining to war
  - Otocuicatl, Otomi song
  - yaucuicatl, war song

- Pertaining to satire and mimicry
  - citlauacuicatl, female song
  - cocuicatl, dove song
  - cuicuicatl, rihuid song
  - huehue cuicatl, old man song
  - tochicuicatl, wanton song

**NOTE:** These lists are not meant to be complete.

This category has various subtypes, at least two of which are well defined: the *huehue cuicatl* (old man song), in which the performers evidently imitate old men; and the *citlauacuicatl* (female song), performed by men in women's dress.

Two examples of old man songs are found in the *Cantares*, song 19 and song 85. The second, as we have seen, is also a Chalcan piece, though not labeled as such.

Female songs, more often than not, were calculated for comic effect, as song 84 amply demonstrates. But the “female” song 59 has nothing comic about it. Presumably this entire subtype is based on the idea that women, owing to their procreative powers, might produce revenants more effectively than men. Song 57 (a so-called cradlesong that is evidently a takeoff rather than a true cradlesong) seems to express the same notion.

Within the “female” group a category of lesbian songs may be readily recognized, though it does not appear to have a name of its own. The idea here is that the “women,” fearful of the warlike male revenants whom they are producing, seek refuge in lesbianism. The best example is song 86 (especially canto B), to which canto C of song 57, canto C of song 84, and canto E of song 87 may be added. Such pieces are patently comic, yet not without an undercurrent of poignant rumination on the subject of death.
In this connection, it may be mentioned that the manuscript also includes a male homosexual song (88, untitled). It should also be pointed out that the “Female apparition song” (58, cihuaixnexeuciatl) is not a female song as defined here, but a song in which a female spirit is produced (i.e., Saint Mary).

Generally speaking, females are not summoned in ghost songs, nor is there evidence that any song in the Cantares was either composed or sung by a real woman. So far as ghosts and muses are concerned, we have the Virgin, of course, also Atotoztli, the mother of the first king of Mexico, Acamapichtli (song 54-D, stanza 6). But these are exceptions. Among composers, women are mentioned in only one source, the writings of Ixtlilxochitl, but his descriptions of musical activity are not to be trusted, deriving apparently from his own misreadings of song texts. Women performers, as opposed to composers, are reliably reported in accounts of pre-Conquest rituals and entertainments. Of particular interest is the brief description of Cervantes de Salazar, who mentions “graceful and lovely” female dancing, adding that the women dance “very rarely and in private, out of a sense of modesty.” Montezuma, he reports, had women dancers, but their dancing was for the king’s eyes only.

Other satirical pieces, which might properly form separate subtypes, include the cuecuecuicatl (ribald songs) and the cococuicatl (dove songs, or girl songs), both of which, whatever else they may be, also happen to be transvestite, or female, songs. Sahagún mentions several additional subtypes, but none of them appears to be represented in the Cantares, except possibly his tochocuicatl (rabbit, or wanton, song), which seems implicit in the title of song 87, tochoxocuicatl (Wanton dove song).

As the term “wanton dove song” indicates, the various classes of thematic titles are not mutually exclusive. Other such combinations are “ribald flower song” (xochicuicatl cuecuetl) and “war flower song” (yaocuicatl). Moreover, since only the first of the various classes of thematic titles discussed in this section clearly refers to ghost songs, there might conceivably be “plain songs,” “log-drum songs,” “Chalcan pieces,” or “ribald songs” that are not ghost songs. Thus when Teozomoc or Sahagún speaks of titles such as these we cannot be absolutely certain that ghost songs are indicated.

Significantly, the titles that perforce denote ghost songs are precisely those that are never mentioned in the more reliable accounts of pre-Conquest music programs. It would be only with grave misgiving, therefore, that any ienocuicatl, xochicuicatl, xopancuicatl, and so forth, could be accepted as a pre-Conquest composition. Possibly the entire genre as we know it today represents a sixteenth-century amalgam of previous genres, held together by the revitalistic ghost-song ritual.
Chapter II

Authorship

If the Cantares glossator had not been so curious, and if later commentators, notably Itzilxochitl, had not made an issue out of it, the subject of authorship would not have claimed a chapter in this book, and it might merely have been mentioned in passing that Aztec music, like American Indian music in general, appears to have de-emphasized authorship in favor of tradition. This is not to say that everyone had the ability to compose songs or that composers were not recognized. According to the sixteenth-century chronicler Pomar:

Nobles and even plebeians, if they were not warriors, in order to be worthy and to be known, made an effort to compose songs in which, by means of history, they introduced many events successful and adverse, and notable deeds of kings and illustrious and worthy persons: and he who achieved this skill was esteemed and much respected, because it was as though with these songs he were eternalizing the memory and fame of the things that they [the singers] put in them, and therefore he was rewarded not only by the king but by all the rest of the nobles.¹

But the fact remains that no Aztec composer is ever mentioned by name in any of the early ethnographies, including those of Sahagún, Motolinía, and Durán. Nor can any specific information concerning singers or composers be found in the codex Romances (of which, more below). Yet the Cantares contains seven items of astonishingly specific data. We have encountered some of them before, but for the purposes of discussion, let me quote all seven here:

And newly, again, this music was in the home of Don Diego de León, gobernador of Azcapotzalco. Don Francisco Plácido beat it out in the year 1551. (Folio 7)

Here begins a jewel song concerning the nativity of our lord Jesucristo. Don Francisco Plácido put it together in the year 1553. (Folio 37v)

Female apparition song. . . . The singer Cristóbal de Rosario Xiuhtlamin put it together in August of the year 1550. (Folio 38v)
Here begins what is called a cradlesong. . . . It's a composition of Nonohoniantzin of Nextenco, who was a singer and a lord. (Folio 39v)

Here begins a bringing-out song. . . . Thus was celebrated the feast of San Felipe, when His Majesty's gift arrived from Spain—the coat of arms that he presented to the city of Azcapotzalco Tepanecapan in the year 1564. The one who composed it was Don Francisco Plácido, gobernador of Xiquipilco, and the year in which it was sung was 1565. (Folio 41)

Female Song . . . composed by Don Baltasar Toquezcuauhco, itatoani of Colhuacan, who in the year 1536 gave succor to our poor sought one, Don Diego de León, who was itatoani at Azcapotzalco Tepanecapan. (Folio 42v)

Song of Nezahualpilli. . . . A Huaxtec piece, composed by the singer Teccecepouhqui. (Folio 55v)

These insertions by the Cantares glossator are presumably trustworthy. In weeding out the glossator's errors, the criterion I have used has been to see whether his "data" could have been gleaned from a mere reading of the song texts. He is thus accused of misinterpretation, not falsehood. Accordingly, the above reportage rings true. And yet we may ask whether the information was volunteered by the native informants or whether it was pried loose, and perhaps distorted, by someone who had a European pre-occupation with authorship.

So far as I have been able to discover, the only other recorded names of Aztec singers (not necessarily composers) are those entered in the Anales de Juan Bautista in the description of what appears to have been a ghost-song performance held in Mexico City in 1567: Francisco Quetzalayatl, Francisco Matlalacaca, Andrés Motecpillitohua, Juan Totococ, Juan Martín.2

In both cases, the musicians named were relatively obscure men. None except Plácido is mentioned in any of the major chronicles, and it is most unlikely that any further meaningful information about them will be turned up in other documents.3

As it happens, the first six Cantares exhibits are all associated with texts probably collected in Azcapotzalco. Of these, only the fourth could refer to a pre-Conquest figure. But the odd etymology of the name Nonohoniantzin of Nextenco (Mr. Everywhere of Hearthside), coupled with my inability to locate a geographical Hearthside, suggests to me that the informant could have been indulging his sense of humor.4 The seventh Cantares exhibit might conceivably refer to a pre-Conquest singer; but a careful examination of the song in question indicates that this is probably a later composition. We are thus left with no feeling of certainty that we have the name of any pre-Conquest musician.

From internal evidence in the Cantares and in the Romances it seems quite possible that except for the very few pieces belonging to Azcapotzalco (Cantares, songs 55, 56, 58, and 59), all surviving ghost songs belong to the city of Mexico, including some purportedly "Texcocan" songs quoted in part by Ixtlixochitl and Torquemada (to be discussed in Chapter Thir-
Authorship

teen). The constantly recurring phrase "here in Mexico" and the numerous pieces in which Mexico's enemies are trounced suggest that this is so. Songs that honor the triple alliance and its various ancestral kings, including Tezozomoc and Nezahualcoyotl, are certainly within the Mexican sphere of interest. Songs that do not specify a locale or a lineage might of course be assigned to Texcoco or even Tlaxcala—were there any solid evidence that an independent school of ghost songs flourished in those centers during the sixteenth century. Texcoco, the most likely candidate, has no surviving ghost song devoted exclusively to its praise. As for Azcapotzalco, its proximity to the capital, both spiritually and geographically, could explain the existence of an offshoot there, attracting singers from nearby towns. What all this seems to indicate is that the ghost-song activity of the mid-1300's was primarily a Mexican phenomenon, drawing on the resources of composers in or near the capital and for whom the capital itself had become a cult object.

Borrowing and Reshaping

Nearly 10 percent of the Cantares consists of material that is duplicated within the manuscript, though always with minor variations. In addition, as the accompanying table shows, several passages have variants in the Romances. The number and nature of the variations make it implausible that the same text has been thoughtlessly entered twice by an overworked copyist or that the same singer has repeated himself for the benefit of a fresh song collector. Evidently we have material that passed from mouth to mouth and was frequently reworked in the process.

Sometimes stanzas are dropped, added, or transposed, as in the case of song 43, an eight-stanza song, which reappears in the Romances with its fifth and sixth stanzas moved to the top. In either case the song makes sense, and it is arguable which is the more artistic arrangement. But song 5, a degenerate variant of song 40, is quite a different matter. Here the singer has dropped stanzas and botched his model, which he may not have understood to begin with.

Misunderstanding, however, should not be confused with mishearing or misremembering. For example the "xiuh quiyamoya" of folio 55v, line 26, becomes "iuuhquin oya iuuhquin oya" at 66: 4. Though phonically similar, the two readings are entirely different in meaning. And yet in context each makes sense. Similarly, the "amihuhiuinti" of 5v: 10 becomes "amihuhiuinti" at 62: 21; and the "ye ichan" of 61v: 5 becomes "ye iuhca" (i.e., "ye iuhcan") at Romances 12: 14. Or perhaps the latter becomes the former, since priority is usually impossible to establish.

In some cases an entire, lengthy song will be reproduced almost perfectly, as with song 62, which appears earlier as songs 41–43. The composer of song 79, by contrast, borrows heavily from two different songs.
GENERAL INTRODUCTION

Variants of ‘Cantares’ Songs

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Song</th>
<th>Variant</th>
<th>Song</th>
<th>Variant</th>
<th>Song</th>
<th>Variant</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>40</td>
<td>48</td>
<td>RSNE(7-8)</td>
<td>69(canto E)</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5(1-2)</td>
<td>RSNE(32v: 6-15)</td>
<td>51(33)</td>
<td>RSNE(15: 3-9)</td>
<td>69(canto F)</td>
<td>RSNE (19v-21)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>69(canto E)</td>
<td>53(7-10)</td>
<td>11(1-4)</td>
<td>69(38-39)</td>
<td>30(15-16)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10(4)</td>
<td>30(15)</td>
<td>53(22-23)</td>
<td>64(12-12a)</td>
<td>72</td>
<td>79(1-8)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11(1-4)</td>
<td>53(7-10)</td>
<td>54E(3-8)</td>
<td>UAH(233-39 pos)</td>
<td>73</td>
<td>82(canto D); RSNE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18(17-22)</td>
<td>RSNE(21-22v)</td>
<td>62(1-24)</td>
<td>41,42,43</td>
<td>(22v-23v)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td>RSNE(2v-3v)</td>
<td>64(9-11)</td>
<td>RSNE(23v-25)</td>
<td>75</td>
<td>81(1-4,6)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25(3-4)</td>
<td>81(4a-5)</td>
<td>64(12-12a)</td>
<td>53(22-23)</td>
<td>77</td>
<td>Sec 67</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30(15)</td>
<td>10(4)</td>
<td>64(13-18)</td>
<td>79(9-14)</td>
<td>78</td>
<td>31(1-8)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30(15-16)</td>
<td>69(38-39)</td>
<td>66</td>
<td>91</td>
<td>79(1-8)</td>
<td>72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>31(1-8)</td>
<td>78</td>
<td>67(7-8, 77(12-12a, 16-16a)</td>
<td>79(9-14)</td>
<td>64(13-18)</td>
<td>81(1-4,6)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>31(9,12)</td>
<td>36(4)</td>
<td>9-10, 16-16a</td>
<td>81(4a-5)</td>
<td>25(3-4); RSNE</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>36(4)</td>
<td>31(9,12)</td>
<td>11-12, 14-15, 18-19, 4-5</td>
<td>82(canto C)</td>
<td>RSNE(27v-29)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>40</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>68(34-35)</td>
<td>68(47-48)</td>
<td>82(canto D)</td>
<td>73; RSNE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>40(1-3)</td>
<td>RSNE(32v)</td>
<td>62(1-16)</td>
<td>69(canto C)</td>
<td>RSNE(11v-12v)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>41-42</td>
<td>62(1-16)</td>
<td>69(canto C)</td>
<td>RSNE(11v-12v)</td>
<td>82(canto D)</td>
<td>RSNE (22v-23v)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>43</td>
<td>62(17-24); RSNE</td>
<td>69(canto D)</td>
<td>RSNE(31-32v)</td>
<td>91</td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

NOTE: Cantares songs are cited by number and stanza, Romances (RSNE) by folio (and lines where applicable), and Mengin, “Unos annales históricos de la nación mexicana” (UAH), by section.

(64 and 72), changing key phrases and adding material of his own invention. Given such a tradition, it is possible that many of the songs composed in the mid-1500’s incorporate phrases or even whole cantos dating from before the Conquest.

Evidently the native singers did not make a fetish of authorship. Indeed, Sahagún makes it clear that “composing,” or “creating,” was merely one of the singer’s functions. Whether the singer performed his compositions as solo pieces or in concert with other singers is a related problem that unfortunately cannot be solved with certainty. Although the description on folio 7 of the Cantares seems to imply a solo effort by Francisco Plácido, as mentioned in Chapter Eight, or at least a demonstration in which Plácido both sang and played the drum, perhaps as a makeshift, no sixteenth-century report actually specifies solo work in regular performances. Even the Cantares glossator begs the question (witness the seven exhibits above).

According to Motolinia, as we have seen, the singing was led by two “choir directors.” Yet the Cantares texts, with their frequent use of the first person singular (less frequently the first person plural), imply solo work. One possibility is that the verse is recited by a leader (or two leaders?), while the chorus comes in on the litany (and perhaps also the refrain, where present).
The “I am” Formula

Occasionally the singer will say “I am Totoquihuazti” or “I am Nezahualcoyotl” or “I am Ahuitzotl,” in which case he speaks with the voice of the king named, either recognizing the king’s spirit as his muse or merely filling in a needed portion of the dramatic monologue. This seems entirely clear; yet it needs emphasizing, since the “I am” formula is presumably the source of one of the most hallowed—and most destructive—misconceptions about Aztec poetry.

The notion that surviving ghost songs were composed by great kings can be traced to Ixtlixochitl and his circle, which implies a date of approximately 1600; and, with less certainty, to Muñoz Camargo’s Historia de Tlaxcala, which must have been completed in the 1590’s. Although the idea was championed by Ixtlixochitl, it need not have originated with him and may in fact have been current among the numerous antiquarians, both Hispanic and mestizo, who were busily salvaging and attempting to interpret the mass of written records that had accumulated by the end of the century. As for the no doubt earlier jottings of the Cantares glossator, these do not support the kingly attribution theory, though they have often been cited for that purpose, nor do the similar entries made by the Romances glossator. Indeed these commentators made errors, but fabricated attributions were not among them.

In the Cantares, for example, we have descriptive headings that read “Ycuic necañahualcoyotzin” (song of Nezahualcoyotl), “Ycuic don her-nan]do de guzman” (song of Don Hernando de Guzmán), and “Ycuic necañahualpilli” (song of Nezahualpilli), to mention a few. But there is no indication that the semantic operator is authorship, any more than in such familiar headings as Song of Hiawatha or Chanson de Roland. In fact the ambiguity in Nahuatl is precisely the same as in English or French. Accordingly, there is no need to presume authorship, though it might be argued that in the minds of the native audience it was truly Nezahualcoyotl who spoke through the mouth of the singer, just as it might be supposed that native audiences believed they were hearing the gods Huitzilopochtli or Tlaloc during performances of the festival chants known as “Vitzilobuchtl icuic” (Song of Huitzilopochtli) and “Tlalloch icuic” (Song of Tlaloc). But never does the Cantares glossator use the term “composed by” when mentioning the deceased kings; and indeed, in the seventh exhibit, quoted above, he makes it completely clear that the “Song of Nezahualpilli” was “composed by the singer Tecccecpouhqui.” As a double check, one looks in vain for any such locution as “I am Tecccecpouhqui.” Nor do any of the identified singers ever utter their own names. (Interestingly, the signature within the work, though possible as a comic device or in the exercise of
intensely personal magic, it seems to be generally tabooed in world poetry.)

In the same manner the Romances glossator, using Spanish rather than Nahuatl, labels several songs “de Nezahualcoyotzin” (of Nezahualcoyotl), “de Motecacuzmatzin” (of Montezuma), “de Atlixco” (of Atlixco), and so forth. In the last example there can be no question of authorship, since Atlixco is a geographical, not a personal, name. Obviously the glossator’s “de” means “pertaining to,” not “authored by.”

To digress for a moment, let us recall the element of ejaculation ascribed to the Cantares texts in Chapter Four, and compare a few of the conjuros, or incantations, that have been recorded in the Aztec-Maya area. Three of the fullest collections are the late-colonial Yucatec Ritual of the Bacabs, the Aztec conjuros published by Ruiz de Alarcón in 1629, and the modern-day chants of the Mazatec “wise woman” María Sabina. In all three collections the “I am” formula is used as a means of identifying with supernatural power. “I am your mother, I am your father, I consign you to the evils of Metnal [the underworld],” exclaims the Yucatec ritualist. Similarly, Ruiz de Alarcón’s informants use such phrases as “ni Quetzalcoatl” (I am Quetzalcoatl) and “ninoyolitoatzin” (I am the one called shadows). In cases like these the speaker, in a combative mood, is attempting to gain control over a disease or an enemy. In the decidedly peacable, if ecstatic, chants of María Sabina, the formulas “I am the Morning Star woman . . . I am the Moon woman” help to put the speaker into a hypnotic state. Without straining the comparison, it may be suggested that the Cantares singer who identifies with King Montezuma or King Nezahualcoyotl is relying on an incantatory technique extending well beyond sixteenth-century ghost songs.

Such arguments are not meant to imply that kings of every description were excluded from the ranks of composers. The Cantares glossator asserts unequivocally that the composer Don Baltasar Toquezucahuyo was tlatoani (king) of Colhuacan, and there is reason to believe that the information is accurate. On the other hand, the tlatoani of so unimportant a place as Colhuacan, especially after 1521, need not have been a prominent member of the nobility. It has already been shown that ghost songs belonged to the noble classes, and it is not surprising therefore to find two “dons,” a “lord” (pilli), and a “king” (tlatoani) among the singers identified in the Cantares glosses. But it would be news indeed if the tlatoani of Tenochtitlan, or even Tlacopan or Coyohuacan, were included as well.

We do know that the old kings of Tenochtitlan danced and sang. According to Sahagún, they might “try a song” or “learn a new song”; but the professional singers were the ones who “prepared” the material. In sum, there is no reason to believe that these kings were the authors of the surviving song texts, and no real evidence that they composed any songs whatsoever.
Ixtlixochitl’s Nezahualcoyotl

Easily the most celebrated of the historian Fernando de Alva Ixtlixochitl’s discoveries is the so-called poet-king of Texcoco, Nezahualcoyotl (1402–72), from whom Ixtlixochitl proudly claimed descent through Nezahualpilli (d. 1515), Hernando Cortés Ixtlixochitl (d. 1531?), Ana Cortés Ixtlixochitl (married 1540), Francisca Cristina Verdugo Ixtlixochitl (married 1561), and Ana Cortés Ixtlixochitl (married 1577?). The historian is thus the great-great-great-grandson of Nezahualcoyotl. His own dates are 1578?–1650.14

Let us start by noting that the dated songs in the Cantares were recorded when Ixtlixochitl’s grandmother was a girl. Except for the one or two pieces that must have been composed in the 1580’s, there is no reason to believe that any of the surviving material was recorded during the historian’s lifetime. Thus the ghost-song manuscripts circulating at the turn of the century, assuming that no new material had been added, were already quite old. The unconvincing efforts of Ixtlixochitl and his contemporaries as translators of these texts will be discussed in Chapter Thirteen. For now, it need only be mentioned that nowhere in sixteenth-century ethnography, nowhere in all the chronicles prepared during the days of Ixtlixochitl’s predecessors, is it ever stated that Nezahualcoyotl had been a poet. Sahagún, perhaps, would not have been interested in discovering kings who were also poets, but Durán would have loved the information, and Pomar would surely have included it.

It must be conceded, however, that the mestizo chronicler Pomar, writing in 1582, might even at this early date be imagining Nezahualcoyotl to have been a composer. As he puts it:

What certain nobles and lords felt about their idols and gods is that even though they worshipped them and made sacrifices to them, nevertheless they doubted that they really were gods, rather that it was a delusion to believe that some statues of wood and stone, made by human hands, were gods, especially Nezahualcoyotzin, who is the one that vacillated the most, seeking where to obtain the light that would give proof of the true God and creator of all things; and as Our Lord God in his secret judgment did not deign to enlighten him, he returned to the worship of his ancestors, and of this there is testimony in many ancient songs that today are known in fragments, for in these there are many honorific names and epithets of God, as in the saying that there was one alone and that this was the maker of sky and earth, and by himself he supported everything that is made and created, and that he dwelled where he had no rival, in a place beyond nine levels, and that he was never seen in human form or flesh, nor in any other shape, and that after death the souls of the virtuous went to the place where he dwelled, and that those who were evil went to another place, of torment and horrible suffering; and never, although they had many idols representing different gods, when they ad-
dressed all of them in general rather than each one in particular; did they ever do otherwise than say in their language in 'Tlote in Nahuaque [O Ever Present! O Ever Near!], which means lord of the sky and the earth: an obvious sign that they held for certain there was no more than one; and this not only among the most prudent and wise, but even the common people said it that way, so the people of greater intellect and understanding, who were the nobles, understood this, as can be gathered from the inquiries they made about it and in particular from the songs, which is where the most light is obtained; and truly in these there is great information about their antiquities, in the form of chronicle and history; but in order to understand them it is necessary to be a great linguist [gran lengua], and so, with regard to their gods, some of them understood that they were living a delusion, and from this it follows that they also attained knowledge of the immortality of the soul.\textsuperscript{15}

Although Pomar modestly hints that he is not the requisite gran lengua, he allows himself to draw startling conclusions from the "ancient songs," possibly referring to the codex Romances, which has been preserved together with Pomar's relación. Here, evidently, is the origin of the dubious report that Nezahualcoyotl was a monotheist;\textsuperscript{16} and here too, perhaps, we have the first hint of Nezahualcoyotl the poet. Some of Pomar's ideas, considerably toned down and without any mention of songs, seem to have been picked up by Mendiera,\textsuperscript{17} whose Historia was completed in 1596.

Yet not until Torquemada's Monarquía indiana, published in 1615, do we find the first reference to a "cantar" that Nezahualcoyotl "himself had composed.\textsuperscript{18} The text quoted by Torquemada is obviously a ghost song, mistranslated, and the source is most likely Ixtlilxochitl or an informant whom both historians were using at that time.\textsuperscript{19} Ixtlilxochitl's own historical works, as is well known, are filled with references to the poetic abilities of his ancestor.\textsuperscript{20} His most influential piece of literary criticism, however, is to be found not in his histories, but in a little paper copied repeatedly during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and now usually known as the Cantares de Nezahualcoyotl.\textsuperscript{21} This work contains the Spanish texts of four heavily Westernized poems, the first three of which purport to be songs composed by the Texcocan king. Taken at face value through the end of the nineteenth century, the three songs have more recently been regarded as adaptations. Though these pieces are not to be found in either the Cantares or the Romances, the badly mangled sources, without any question, were ghost songs. Exhibiting the "I am" formula, as well as invocations in both the second and the third person, these pieces are not likely to have been composed by any of the kings whose names they advertise.

By the eighteenth century, owing largely to the Cantares de Nezahualcoyotl, the fame of the supposed poet had become a necessary topic for most writers on Mexican antiquities, and the name Nezahualcoyotl was now virtually synonymous with old Nahua poetry. As if to help meet the demand for fresh examples (since the Cantares and Romances manuscripts re-
Authorship

mained in limbo), a most curious “Nezahualcoyotl” piece appeared in 1778 in a work by J. J. Granados y Gálvez entitled Tardes americanas. This is the now-notorious elegy that includes the phrases “All things on earth have their term. . . . All the round world is but a sepulchre,” in William H. Prescott’s translation, and that opens with the stanza (in D. G. Brinton’s even more seductive version): “The fleeting pomp of the world are like the green willow trees, which, aspiring to permanence, are consumed by a fire, fall before the axe, are upturned by the wind, or are scarred and saddened by age.”

By the middle of the twentieth century so apparent a forgery could no longer be taken seriously even by scholars who continued to believe that Nezahualcoyotl had been a poet. But it remained for the British Americanist Gordon Brotherston to demonstrate—in an ingenious and convincing piece of scholarship—that the song was based on a possibly genuine Otomi folk poem to which Granados y Gálvez had added heavy applications of fraudulent material. The folk poem, as reconstructed by Brotherston, is by no means a ghost song.

These, then, would be the main points in a full-dress case against Nezahualcoyotl attributions, which in addition ought properly to dissect the Historia chichimeca of Ixtlixochitl, treating various peripheral issues along the way. This is an extremely serious matter, which strikes at the heart of Aztec culture study. The skeletal arguments offered in this chapter, before they can be accepted, will require careful checking, debate, and no doubt adjustment.
Guided by only a few clear signposts, the dating of the individual songs in the *Cantares mexicanos* must depend largely on internal evidence and the weighing of probabilities. Obviously several of the songs were composed in the mid-1500's. The central question is whether any of the *Cantares* pieces could have been composed before the Conquest. And if so, which ones?

Previous chapters have attempted to show that the entire compilation consists of ghost songs; in other words, songs that summon the ghosts of ancestors or that treat some aspect of the ghost-song ritual. In theory at least, this presumed ritual qualifies as a millenarian revitalistic activity as defined in Chapter Seven. If this much is correct, the entire genre, including the music and the poetic structure, could be new—just as the songs of the Plains Ghost-Dance religion with their distinctive couplet structure and Great Basin melodies were new; and just as the songs of the North American Peyote Cult, with their special vocabularies and nervous drumming, are new. This of course does not mean that antecedents cannot be found. But let us turn once more to the pre-Conquest ghost song, or proto-ghost song, entitled “Song of cloud companions,” quoted on p. 84, and note the unusual brevity, the extreme parataxis (or jerkiness), the frontal pairing of stanzas three and four, and the complete lack of introspection. These features tend to separate it from the *Cantares*, though in vocabulary and subject matter it qualifies as a ghost song. If the “Song of cloud companions” is truly an antecedent, the genre has changed.

On the other hand, there must have been more than one kind of antecedent. As suggested in Chapter Ten, the *Cantares* appears to be an amalgam of earlier genres. If so, it would be reasonable to allow for the possibility that some parts date from before the Conquest, even if the entire corpus was used for revitalistic purposes during the mid-sixteenth century.
The Newer Songs

Three songs in the manuscript, 55, 56, and 58, can be dated with a fair degree of certainty, since the glossator has assigned them to the years 1553, 1550, and 1564, respectively. Although he appears to have inserted these dates in a single sitting, which leads one to question the accuracy of his memory, there is no reason to suppose that he is far from the mark. In fact there is evidence that he is just two years off for both 1553 and 1564, which probably should be 1555 and 1562. (See the Commentary, songs 55 and 58.) However, a fourth song in the same group, 59, carries the date 1536, which is almost certainly a serious mistake. Because the date lies so far removed from the others, Garibay conjectures that a copyist may have transposed the last two digits; the year 1563 would be acceptable. If, as the glossator explains, the composer was giving “succor to our poor sought one, Don Diego de León,” the song could hardly be dated before 1555, the year in which Don Diego died. A “sought one” is a spirit whom the singer is attempting to produce as a revenant.

A further date, 1551, appears on folio 7 in an unconnected gloss—quoted in part in Chapter Eleven—having to do with a performance by Francisco Plácido. Seemingly the date applies to the several songs that immediately follow it, though this is by no means certain. In any event, the music in question is spoken of as though it were being revived after a period of silence (“And newly, again, this music”). Since the earliest of all the presumably genuine dates in the manuscript is 1550, or circa 1550, as noted above, and since this roughly coincides with the “newly again” date of 1551, it may be postulated that the ghost-song movement was getting under way at about this time. I do not believe the gloss on folio 7 should be taken to mean that old texts are being sung verbatim, because none of the songs in this portion of the manuscript seem free of post-Conquest influences.

In addition to the dated songs, a number of others, though undated, obviously belong to the post-Conquest period in that they overtly describe Conquest or post-Conquest events, name latter-day personalities, or extensively treat Christian doctrine. These are songs 13, 50, 61, 63, 66, 68, 83, and 89–91, which, if 55, 56, 58, and 59 are added, account for approximately 32 percent of the manuscript. To this group may be added the pieces composed in “missionary Nahuatl” (songs 1–4, 6–9, and 12), representing just 4 percent of the Cantares.

We may now turn to the remarkably homogeneous series of songs beginning with number 20 and extending through number 43. It is tempting to assign these to a single singer or at least a single school. The summoning of triple-alliance ghost kings and the mystical perpetuation of Mexico
are among the recurring themes. In every stylistic detail the twenty-four pieces are uniform. Frequent mentions of Life Giver or, more explicitly, Dios could be explained as modern growths, but the revitalistic tone makes it unlikely that these could be pre-Conquest compositions, and the apparent inclusion of Montezuma II among the summoned ghosts makes it all but impossible. According to the glossator’s headnote, these twenty-four songs are to be classed as xochicuicatl, cuauhcuicatl, and icnocuicatl—thematic titles of the first type, which, as noted earlier, are never to be found in the reliable accounts of pre-Conquest music. Consequently the glossator’s assertion that these are songs that “used to be performed in the palaces of Mexico” seems to be yet another error. It could be offered in his defense, however, that either he or his informant is merely validating the new genre by stressing its undoubtedly ancient precedent. These songs account for 12 percent of the manuscript.

We now have about 50 percent of the Cantares as either certainly or almost certainly of post-Conquest composition. The tally will not be continued. But if we were to add those remaining songs that strongly resemble the homogeneous twenty-four, as well as every other piece that carries a thematic title of the first type, we would find that an overwhelming majority of the material must be post-Conquest.

As for the cutoff date, we may note that apart from Alonso Axayacatzin, who died in about 1581, no one known to have lived beyond 1572 (the death date of both Archbishop Montúfar and Fray Pedro de Gante) is mentioned in any surviving song text. In fact the great majority of post-Conquest caciques summoned as ghosts in these songs were dead well before 1560. One is left with the impression that though an occasional song was still being composed, or revised, as late as the mid-1580’s, the genre was already becoming moribund by 1570. A very late notice of what may have been a ghost-song performance appears in Chimalpahin’s journal, which mentions a micheucatl (fish song) among the noteworthy events of the year 1593.³

To summarize, it is clear that ghost songs were being composed during a period that began as early as 1550 and continued until at least 1581, though perhaps only sporadically by this late date. Though some of the songs, to be mentioned below, may have been survivals from an earlier era, it would be difficult to say that the sixteenth-century ghost-song activity as revealed by the Cantares could be much extended in either direction beyond the limits indicated.⁴

The Older Songs

To assume that the ghost-song activity did not coalesce until 1550 is not to say that native singers had been silent since 1521. Early missionary ac-
counts make it clear that singing was an Indian passion. From the ecclesiastical writ of 1539 it appears that the Church would have liked to ban native singing altogether had it been practical to do so. On the other hand, both secular and clerical officials were fascinated by the colorful native performances and even welcomed them on certain occasions. But what texts were used during the 1520's, 1530's, and 1540's can only be guessed. Possibly old chants were recited verbatim, or possibly the ghost-song genre as preserved in the Cantares was already beginning to develop.

In the Cantares the illusion of antiquity is perhaps most deceptively conveyed in songs 14–19, especially in the gargantuan and overwrought 17 and 18 and in the monstrous 19. The Commentary, together with a close reading of the Translation, should help to make it clear that these difficult pieces are new compositions, not pre-Conquest relics. One is reminded of the hypertrophic potlatch activity among the Kwakiutl of British Columbia during the late nineteenth century. Under stress the culture appeared to be expressing itself more flamboyantly than in precontact times. Similarly, a piece like Cantares song 19 is more egregiously Aztec, more shocking to Western sensibilities, than any of the pre-Conquest “demons’ songs” recorded in Sahagún’s Historia general.

There is no way to be sure that any song in the Cantares is an unadulterated pre-Conquest composition. Yet the obvious borrowing of phraseology from the Anales de Tlatelolco, as noted in Chapter Nine, suggests that at least one piece, song 54-E, has a pre-Conquest origin. Similar pieces, especially songs 54-A, 54-B, 54-C, 54-D, and 65 may be tentatively placed in the same category. In addition, it would be hard to insist that certain satirical pieces, such as songs 57 (the “cradlesong”), 84 (“Chalcan female song”), 85 (“Old man song”), and 88 (the untitled homosexual song), were composed in the 1550's or 1560's—even though they might have been.

If the ghost-song ritual were in some sense new or reascent at the beginning of the 1550's, it would still be possible for pre-Conquest material to be making a reappearance. Men trained as professional singers before the arrival of Cortés would still be as young as forty-five or fifty years old. The fact that the genre seems to have died out after 1585 implies that it may even have been dependent on these older singers, who, during the third quarter of the century, would have had ample opportunity to display the phraseology, if not the song forms, that they had learned in their youth.
CHAPTER 13

The Study of Aztec Poetry

After an initial few decades of discovery and collection, the study of Aztec poetry passed into a developmental period, roughly 1590–1650, which saw the first, tentative translations. A third, relatively unproductive era lasted until about 1850, during which time the principal texts appear to have been mislaid or forgotten. With the rediscovery of the Cantares mexicanos in the second half of the nineteenth century, texts of importance became available once again, and the pioneering editions of D. G. Brinton and Antonio Peñañuel, followed by the mid-twentieth-century studies of Angel Garibay and Leonhard Schultze Jena, brought the subject to the attention of an increasingly appreciative, and increasingly sophisticated, audience.

1523–1590: The Missionary-Ethnographers

Interest in the poetry, or song texts, of the Indians of New Spain can presumably be dated from the arrival of Fray Pedro de Gante just two years after the Conquest. Although Gante seems to have written nothing for publication on the subject of native songs, it was he who first recognized the importance of Indian music and saw it as a potential aid in the great work of conversion. The idea was to prepare Christian texts in Nahuatl for performance in the native mode. In a letter to Philip II, dated 1558, Gante admits to having composed at least one such text, and it is likely that he prepared others.¹ According to Motolinía, these special texts were the work of “the friars,” whom Motolinía does not name.² But in addition to Gante, at least Fray Bernardino de Sahagún must be included, since the only surviving examples of this work are the specimens that he devised and had published in his Psalmodia christiana. It might be conjectured that some of Gante’s pieces were taken over by Sahagún and are thus preserved.

110
incognito in the Psalmodia; but Garibay's notion that Gante could have been the author of the Cantares' children song (pietistica; song 61) is not supported by either external or internal evidence.4

Though Gante evidently tolerated native songs and no doubt introduced Christian songs in the native style, his principal activity as a singing master had to do with instructing the Indians in the art of European-style church music. The peculiar references in the Cantares to “Fray Pedro” as muse appear to stem from this fact. In other words, the Indian singers wished to stamp their native-style performances with the imprimatur of European authority. Whether this was done for political reasons or whether it actually implies stylistic influence can only be guessed.

Gante does not appear to have had any direct involvement in the compilation of the Cantares mexicanos. As explained in Chapter One, the Cantares seems to have been Sahagún’s project. But if it had not been for the idea of imitating native songs, both the Cantares and the highly similar Romances might never have come into existence. The Psalmodia reveals that Sahagún had made it his business to study these songs carefully, probably in manuscript. Yet he did not include them in his Historia general.

There is a remote possibility that Fray Diego de Durán also collected native songs now lost.5 His interest in the subject was mentioned at the beginning of Chapter Two, where it was hinted that he had no real understanding of the material. That hint can now be amplified by a further quotation from Durán, in which we may read between the lines and infer that he heard songs addressing such ghosts as Montezuma and figuratively referring to the ghost multitude as “riches”:

Dances were often held in the temples, though on solemn occasions, and even more often in the palaces of the lords, for they all had their singers who composed songs about the glories of their ancestors and of themselves. Especially to Morecuizoma, the lord of whom most notice is taken, along with Nezahualpilliintli of Tecocoyotl, they had songs composed during their reigns, concerning their glories and their victories and conquests and genealogies and their extraordinary riches, which songs I have heard sung many times in public dances, which, though they commemorated their lords, gave me much contentment to hear such lauds and glories.6

Durán seems to think he was hearing pre-Conquest songs of praise. Instead, he was probably hearing songs like those preserved in the Cantares, perhaps the very same songs.

Francisco Hernández, who spent the years 1571–77 in New Spain, included a chapter on Aztec music in his De antiquitatibus, partially describing twenty-one kinds of songs, two of which, the cocooicacal (dove song) and the Tlaxcaltecaxtl (Tlaxcalan piece), are also named in the Cantares and in no other source. But there is no clear evidence that Hernández saw the texts of these songs, much less that he had an opportunity to translate

* III *


them. With the death of Gante in 1572, of Durán in 1588, and of Sahagún in 1590, the great era of song collecting came to a close, leaving a mass of inscrutable texts virtually unglossed.

The few glosses that were attempted came not from the missionary-ethnographers, apparently, but from their acculturated Indian assistants, who had neither the scholarly standards of the friars nor the insight of the old-style singers. As noted in earlier chapters, the Cantares manuscript includes various glosses of this sort, largely erroneous. Similarly unhelpful annotations are to be found in the Romances, perhaps in Codex Vaticanus 3739 (see Commentary, song 44), perhaps in Pomar’s Relación (see Commentary, song 45), and, most notoriously, in the Madrid Codex transcripts of the twenty “demons’ songs.” As if aware of their deficiency, Sahagún omitted the “demons’ songs” glosses in the Florentine Codex. Yet he did not omit the two glossed ghost-song stanzas in Book Six of that work. These have been briefly noted, unfavorably, in Chapter Nine. We thus reach the year 1590 with the work of translation as yet unbegun.

1590–1650: The Latter-Day Historians

Around the turn of the sixteenth century the Cantares and other, similar manuscripts were inherited by a new generation of writers that included Torquemada, Chimalpain, and Ixtlilxochitl. Cautious enough to use song texts sparingly, these authors nevertheless made paraphrases and even put forth interpretations. Their endeavors for the most part were historical, but in the so-called Cantares de Nezahualcoyotl, attributed to Ixtlilxochitl, the ghost-song genre made its debut as European-style literature, and in the grammar of Horacio Carochi, published in 1645, ghost-song phrasingology received its first careful, if brief, linguistic analysis.

Juan de Torquemada. For Torquemada the “ancient” songs provided historical source materials of “exactitude and veracity” even though they had been composed “without regard to the years” in which the described events had occurred. “I have examined them with the greatest of particularity,” he asserts, “and with the utmost care.” But with less assurance he writes:

Of the first who arrived at the founding of this city there were four who were very notable: one called Aatcin, Ahueyotl, Tenuch, and Oquelopan. This I found in some very ancient cantares that treat of the founding of this city, and I can’t say whether they were among the nine chiefs, or captains, that headed the nine families that reached the first site at Chapultepec or sons and descendants of those, because the confusion of the ancient histories sheds no more light.9

Torquemada is almost certainly referring to the Cantares mexicanos, song 69, stanza 8, in which the four founders are named as “Aatlon, Ahuexotion, ain Tenoch ynocelopani.” In the manuscript (see Fig. 12) the “I” in

-112-
“Aatlon” is curled at the top and the “o” is abnormally compressed, allowing the word to be read as “Aatcin.” The “x” in “Ahuexotlon” resembles a diminutive “y”; the terminal “on,” merely a vocable, could have been read by Torquemada as a demonstrative particle; and so forth. Thus it seems that Torquemada, or his copyist, was acquainted with MS 1628 bis. Note, also, that the sequence “aatl ahuecotl tenoch occepohan” occurs in no other surviving text, musical, historical, or otherwise. Actually it is a play on words, which can be translated either as founders’ names or as symbols that stand for the city itself (“the waters, the willows, the tuna, the jaguar throne”). Far from being “very ancient,” as Torquemada supposed, the song in question appears to be a post-Conquest xopancuicatl. Elsewhere he writes:

And [Nezahualcoyotl] ordered his singers to sing a song that he himself had composed, which began thus: Xochitl mamani in huchuetiillan etc., which means: Among the cypress and the cypress there are fresh and fragrant flowers. And continuing on, it says that although for a while they are fresh and attractive, they reach a time when they wither and dry up. It goes on to say that all who are present must end and cannot come rule again, and that all their grandeur must finish and their treasure must be owned by others, and they are not to return and enjoy it once they have left it behind.  

Although this passage is evidently from a ghost song, it is not one that has survived in either the Cantares or the Romances. On what authority the piece is attributed to Nezahualcoyotl, Torquemada does not say. As for the translation, huchuetl (drum) has been confused with ahuehuete (cypress), and the first line should read, “Flowers lie [or extend] beside the drum.” For lack of any further text the remainder cannot be judged.

To his credit, Torquemada in yet another passage confesses that a certain song having to do with Tlaxcala was for the most part “written” as “poetry and must be counted as fiction, as were the heroic deeds that were written by the Greek and Latin poets.” This song, or a paraphrase of it, seems to derive from the Historia de Tlaxcala of Muñoz Camargo.

Diego Muñoz Camargo. Muñoz Camargo’s Historia de Tlaxcala, written in the 1590’s, includes a description of an ancient battle between Tlaxcala and Huexotzinco, said to have been memorialized in a song composed by a certain Tecuauhtzinco. Unfortunately, the account is not clear enough to reveal the nature of the song text or even whether it was a ghost song. Torquemada, in adapting the information for his own book, distorted the phraseology that had been used by Muñoz and perhaps overemphasized Muñoz’ reliance on the song.

Francisco de San Antón Muñoz Chimalpain Cuauhtlehuaniitzin. The history of the Chalcacan region would be largely unknown were it not for the Relaciones of the Chalcacan writer called Chimalpain. Chimalpain’s main sources
are old chronicles no longer extant. But there are at least two passages that he himself seems to have invented, with help from the Cantares glossator, drawing on hints in two of the Cantares' Chalcan pieces, songs 84 and 85. (References are given in the commentaries for these songs; and the interesting, complicated case of song 84 is described at some length.) If it is true, as has been said, that Chimalpahin once had a copy of a song by Francisco Plácido in honor of the Virgin of Guadalupe, then the Cantares would be the most likely source (viz., song 55), and Chimalpahin may be blamed for having started the rumor that Plácido was a composer of Guadalupe songs.

Fernando de Alva Ixtlixochitl. Like Torquemada and Chimalpahin, Ixtlixochitl evidently knew the Cantares (his misreading of song 67 is discussed in the Commentary). He might also have known the Romances, since he and the Romances glossator display similar interests and use some of the same expressions. Both writers, for example, refer to the triple alliance as the "tres cabezas." Both refer to Ipalmemohua as the "creador" (creator). Both have a Texcocan orientation, and the glossator's labeling of no fewer than five songs as "de Nezahualcoyotl" prefigures the sweeping claims made by Ixtlixochitl on behalf of the "poet"-king. When Ixtlixochitl writes as follows, it is conceivable that he is thinking of the Romances:

And so [Nezahualcoyotl] left the city of Tetzcoco and went to his woodland at Tetzcotzinco, where he fasted forty days, making orations to the unknown Dios, creator of all things and the originator of all of them, in whose praise he composed sixty and some songs that are preserved to this day, of great morality and wisdom and with very sublime names and epithets peculiar to Him.

It would require a certain stretching of the imagination to describe the Romances in these terms, but Ixtlixochitl seems capable of it. Moreover, his phraseology is suspiciously similar to that of Pomar, whose presumed description of the Romances has been quoted in Chapter Eleven. As for the "sixty and some" songs, since I myself count only thirty-six in the Romances against Garibay's sixty, why should Ixtlixochitl not get sixty and some? But perhaps a less tenuous connection with the Romances manuscript is supplied by Ixtlixochitl's tale of Cuaucauhitzin, king of Tepechpan, who is said to have composed a piteous lament after Nezahualcoyotl had sentenced him to die. Likely as not the song is the one that appears in the Romances, folios 26–27, labeled by the glossator "pertaining to Cuaucauhitzin, king of Tepechpan." The same song appears in the Cantares (43), but without the suggestive gloss. In any event the two songs for which Ixtlixochitl actually gives Nahuatl text in his Historia chichimeca are to be found in neither the Romances nor the Cantares, making it apparent that he either had access to other manuscripts since disappeared or gleaned material directly from oral sources, or perhaps both. He mentions in his
Relaciones that “the natives to this very day have some fragments of the
[old songs],” without saying whether the “fragments” are oral or written.
Of the two songs that Ixtlilxochitl actually quotes, the first is treated
as follows:

An ancient song called Xopancuicatli . . which goes thus: “canonicuilote-
huaque on intlactipac conmahuicotlithuaya a Tliantépetl Mexico nican Acoli-
huacan Nezahualcoyotzin Moteczumatzin, Tlacopan on in Totoquiuhuatzin
Yeneli ai con-piaco inipetlèpial intêol a Ipalmemoani, etcétera,” which sig-
nifies according to its true meaning: “They left a memory in the world, did
they who glorified the empire of Mexico and here in Acolhuacan, the kings
Nezahualcoyotzin, Moteczumatzin, and, in Tlacopan, Totoquiuhuatzin:
your memory will truly be imprinted, eternalized (on account of the good
that you adjudged and ruled) at the throne and tribunal of god the creator of
all things, etc.”

The Nahuatl text, garbled by Ixtlilxochitl, has been convincingly recon-
structed by Garibay, and I reproduce it here (in modernized Franciscan
orthography) with minor emendations:

Zan conicuilotehuaque on in tlalticpac. Conmahuizotitihui-a atl-o yan
tepetl Mexico nican Acolhuacan Nezahualcoyotzin, Moteczumatzin,
Tlacopan on in Totoquiuhuatzin. Ye nelli a in comiyaco in ipetl icpal in
tetl-o Ipalmemoanui, etc.

They went away having painted oh! this earth. They went away having
worshipped this city of Mexico, they, Acolhuacan’s Nezahualcoyotl,
Montezuma, and Totoquiuhuatli of oh! Tlacopan. Truly they came to
guard the mat and throne of the spirit Life Giver, etc.

The most interesting error in Ixtlilxochitl’s translation is the “here in Aco-
lihuacan,” implying that the song was composed in his native Texcoco (or
Acolhuacan). Though this reading is linguistically feasible, it is unidioma-
ic. In fact the singer is “here in Mexico” or in “this city of Mexico” (atl
tepetl Mexico nican).

Turning now to the other song quoted with Nahuatl text, we find that it
appears not only in the Historia chichimeca, but again in the Cantares de Ne-
zahualcoyotl; and this, too, is said to be xopancuicatli. In the Historia it reads:

Tlacxooncaquiccan hani Nezahualcoyotzin etcétera, which translated into our
Castillian vernacular in accordance with its proper and true sense means:
“Hear ye what the king Nezahualcoyotzin says in his lamentations on the cal-
amities and persecutions that his realms and kingdoms are to suffer.” When
you are gone from this present life to another, O King Yoyontzin, there shall
come a time that your vassals will be undone and destroyed, leaving all that is
yours in the shades of oblivion: thus truly the kingdom shall not be in your
hands but in those of Dios.

In the Cantares de Nezahualcoyotl the same passage forms merely the first
two stanzas of a seven-stanza song:

• 116 •
The Study of Aztec Poetry

Hear attentively the lamentations that I, King Nezahualcoyotl, make upon empire, speaking with myself and setting an example for others.

O uneasy and impermanent king, when that time arrives after your death that your vassals find themselves destroyed and undone, and dark confusion [arrives], then the order and dominion of the empire will not be in your hands but in those of Dios, Creator and All Powerful.\textsuperscript{22}

The second translation is preferable in that it more correctly renders the opening line, “Hear ye what I, Nezahualcoyotl” (\textit{Tla xoconcaquic-an niNezahualcoyotzin}). Yet in other respects it appears to be freer. The invented phrase “uneasy and impermanent” (bullicioso y poco estable) has been substituted for the term Yoyontzin, a well-known epithet of Nezahualcoyotl, now generally treated as an agentive noun derived from the verb \textit{yom}, which apparently means “to penetrate” in the sexual sense. In both versions Ixtlixochitl is attempting to show that Nezahualcoyotl predicted the Conquest.

The history of the \textit{Cantares de Nezahualcoyotl} has been discussed in Chapter Eleven. As for the unreliability of Ixtlixochitl, this has been an item of suspicion among Mexicanists for more than a hundred years. Surely not all his tales are false. But if one were to establish a hierarchy of probable truth, those tales and comments that admittedly derive from “ancient songs” should be placed in the very lowest rank.

\textbf{Horacio Carochi.} In his \textit{Arte de la lengua mexicana}, published in 1645, the Jesuit grammarian Carochi gives five phrases, with glosses, from the “poetic language” of the “ancients”:\textsuperscript{23}

1. Tlauhquéchollaztaléhualtötónatoc.
2. Ayauhcoçamalotónaméyótimani.
3. Xiuhcóyóltzitzilica in teóctlahuahuél.
4. Xiuhlapalláciuálóamoxtli manca.
5. Nic chálchiuhcozcameca quenmach tótóma innocuic.

1. Está relumbrando con color encarnado como el paxaro \textit{tlauhquehol}.
2. Y está resplandeciendo a manera del arco Iris.
3. El atambor de plata suena como caceateles de turquesa.
4. Aúa un libro de anales, escrito, y pintado con colores.
5. Voi de mil maneras desatando mi canto, como sarta de piedras preciosas.

Of these the second, third, and fifth are not known from other sources, but the first and fourth are from the \textit{Cantares}, appearing at folios 37v: 27, and 39: 16, respectively. Each occurs only once. Hence it appears that Carochi knew the \textit{Cantares} or at least had copies from it. The fifth example, reminiscent of \textit{Cantares} 57v: 24, seems especially valuable because it diagnoses an odd use of the adverb \textit{quenmach}, not explained by any other author so far as I have been able to discover. But the gloss for \textit{manca} (“there was” or “there used to be”), given in the fourth example, does not hold up in context:
The quarrel is with "there was," which derives from an unambiguous palaeographic error. Whether "crimson" is to be preferred over "color" is a matter of interpretation. As for "book of annals," the reading is linguistically defensible in the narrow context of the passage at hand, which might be construed: "where year-colored book of writing lies, where mat of bracelet jewels rests, that's where you dwell, O prince." But viewed in the context of the entire ghost-song repertoire and its recurring attestations of amoxtli (literally "book," according to Molina's dictionary), Carochoi's "book of annals" must be rejected as unidiomatic. One is reminded that amoxcalli ("picture house" in ghost-song usage) is glossed "bookstore" by Molina. It is to be regretted, nevertheless, that Carochoi—the most perceptive, the most thorough of all the old grammarians—did not pursue his poetry studies further.

1650–1850: An Interim Period

A persistent interest in Aztec poetry is revealed in the writings of Carlos de Sigüenza y Góngora (1645–1700), Lorenzo Boturini de Benaduci (1702–55), Francisco Javier Clavijero (1731–87), Alexander von Humboldt (1769–1859), and others who were contemporary with them. But sixteenth-century source materials, notably the Cantares, do not appear to have been in circulation during these years. Instead, the old poetry was known only through fragmentary and perhaps very poor copies and, mainly, through the writings of Torquemada and lxtilxochitl. Granados y Gálvez, in forging his celebrated Nezahualcoyotl piece, even gave it the title Xochitlmanii, which he had no doubt borrowed from Torquemada. The popularization of the Cantares de Nezahualcoyotl through the English versions included in Prescott's Conquest of Mexico, published in 1843, seems to have been the most influential accomplishment of the entire two centuries.

1850–1980: The Rediscovery of the Cantares

Among the numerous manuscripts found in the collection of J. F. Ramírez upon his death in 1871 was a copy of the Cantares mexicanos made by the nineteenth-century Mexicanist Faustino Galicia Chimalpopoca. Another, partial copy, taken by Brasseur de Bourbourg possibly as early as 1848, passed into the hands of the Philadelphian D. G. Brinton and formed the basis for his groundbreaking edition of 1887. Thereafter, antiquarian liter-
The Study of Aztec Poetry

ary studies lost status north of Mexico as a new generation of Americanists, now calling themselves anthropologists, turned their attention to fieldwork. At this time the study of Aztec poetry, so provocatively initiated by Brinton, found shelter among Germans and Mexicans. By the 1950's the mood had changed in the United States, and the publication of the Florentine Codex, prepared by Arthur Anderson and Charles Dibble, was ushering in a new era of productive research in the field of Aztec literature. French and British contributions, though not lacking, remained marginal. By 1967 the significant work of the Mexican scholar Angel Garibay had been completed, and the poetry of the Aztecs, now more accessible than before, entered a period of revaluation and heightened linguistic scrutiny.

Daniel Garrison Brinton. Brinton's Ancient Nahuatl Poetry, comprising the text, with English translation, of folios 1–10v and 26v–28v of the Cantares mexicanos, marks the beginning of the modern study of Aztec songs. Unfortunately, the text, obtained from Brasseur, is faulty, and the English versions even more so. Yet these are palatable from a belletristic point of view, and the still-useful introduction includes tasteful English renderings of the Cantares de Nezahualcóyotl and the Granados y Gálvez poem. Other North American writers who attempted to follow in Brinton's footsteps, notably Benjamin Lee Whorf and John Hubert Cornyn, fell far below the level of taste that Brinton had established, without improving on his scholarship. The anthropologist Herbert Spinden, who should have known better, reprinted Brinton's version of the Granados y Gálvez piece in an influential essay of 1933, praising it as "a most splendid Thanatopsis... exemplifying the highest paganism." In addition to Ancient Nahuatl Poetry, Brinton prepared an edition of the twenty "demons' songs" from Sahagún, curiously entitled Rig Veda Americanus (1890), but this had less impact than the earlier work.

Antonio Peñafiel. Within a dozen years of Brinton's two publications, the Mexican scholar Antonio Peñafiel brought out a transcription of the complete Cantares, which was followed in 1904 by a photographic facsimile of the manuscript. The transcription, dated 1899, is marred by errors. But the facsimile remains indispensable, even rivaling the since-deteriorated codex itself as the optimum source. As if stunned by the sight of so inscrutable a text, Mexican scholarship paused for three decades, producing no translations of importance until the 1930's.

Leonhard Schultze Jena. The German school of Mexicanists traces its origin to Eduard Seler, whose studies of old texts and pictographs, begun in the 1880's, are still cited today. Seler himself, though he prepared a detailed monograph on the twenty "demons' songs," completely avoided the Cantares mexicanos. On his seventieth birthday, his student Walter Leh-
mann presented him with a voluminous study of the so-called Toltec lament (Cantares, song 44, canto A); but it remained for another disciple, Leonhard Schultze Jena, to mount a full-scale assault on the Cantares. At Schultze Jena’s death in 1955 the work was finished only up to folio 58. Thus incomplete (and unrevised), it was brought out two years later by still another Seler disciple, Gerdt Kutscher, who added an index. The transcription, though less inaccurate than Brinton’s or Peñaflí’s, does little to advance the study of an unusually legible manuscript that had already been published in facsimile. The translation, useful in spots, is on the whole unacceptable and has been widely ignored. In his sparse commentary Schultze Jena relies exclusively on German scholarship and is even unaware of the translations that had already been published by Garibay.

Angel María Garibay Kintana. Garibay’s *La poesía lírica azteca* (1934), followed by Rubén Campos’ *La producción literaria de los aztecas* (1936), signaled the reawakening of the Mexican school. A further, more significant work by Garibay, *Poesía indígena de la altiplanicie* (1940), clearly established him as the more important scholar. Extensive commentary on Aztec poetry appeared in Garibay’s two-volume *Historia de la literatura náhuatl* (1953–54), followed by his monograph on the twenty “demons’ songs” (1958), which included the first translations from the codex *Romances*. Then came a diminutive popular anthology entitled *Xochimapicli* (1959). Two other popular works, *Panorama literario* (1963) and *La literatura de los aztecas* (1964) were immediately followed by Garibay’s major study of Aztec poetry, the three-volume *Poesía náhuatl* (1964–68), which included Nahuatl and Spanish texts for the entire *Romances* and roughly 50 percent of the Cantares. Further volumes were planned, but Garibay died in 1967, and the work remained unfinished.31

Though better prepared than Schultze Jena, Garibay did not produce coherent translations. To compensate, he advanced the theory that many if not most of the songs in the old manuscripts were accretions of tiny imagist–like lyrics that could be detached and presented as whole poems. He supposed, moreover, that the Nahuatl texts had been indifferently preserved and were in need of editorial retouching. He presented recensions, therefore, not transcriptions; and these, though always stimulating, cannot be relied upon for careful work. As an interpreter of the entire genre, he overemphasized its antiquity, openly discarding Spanish loanwords or sometimes concealing them, perhaps unwittingly. For example, he gives, for *Cantares* 79: 25, “Ohuallaque in pipiltin ye Huexotzinco in tonxihuan in nelpiloni,” which he translates as “Vinieron los capitanes, nuestros nietos del colgajo.”32 No doubt he meant to write: “Vinieron los capitanes de Huexotzinco, nuestros nietos del colgajo.” (Came the captains of Huexotzinco, our grands ons of the hanged man.) But “our grandsons” would
have to be tixhuihuan or toxhuihuan, not tonxiuhan; and nelpiloni, whatever its etymology, is a proper name used among the ruling classes of Huexotzinco. In fact the text is "Ohuallaque in Pipiltin ye huexotzinco y Ton Xihuá y nelpiloni." Or in the modernized Franciscan orthography that Garibay preferred: "Ohuallaque in pipiltin ye Huexotzinco i ton Xihuan i Nelpiloni." (The princes have come. Huexotzinco's Don Juan Nelpiloni ...). The reference is not to ancient doings, but to a post-Conquest cacique of Huexotzinco.

Another example, "timomiquili in itech in coloz,"33 is translated as "has muerto y quedas desviado" (you've died and have been deflected). Although the lexical construction "you've died and will have been bent with regard to it" is remotely possible, the correct reading should have been obvious: "You died on the cross."

Such errors, though isolated, are typical of the overall tendency to pre-columbianize sixteenth-century texts; and of this the most unfortunate manifestation is Garibay's wholesale attribution of ghost-song poetry to Nezahualcoyotl, Nezahualpilli, and other pre-Conquest kings. Schultze Jena, for all his linguistic faults, had resisted this impulse, and even Brinton had viewed the matter with suspicion.34 Thus the study of Aztec poetry under Garibay both lost and gained ground. Among the gains were the rediscovery of the codex Romances; the debunking of certain misconceptions, notably the supposed Guadalupan influence in the Cantares and the long-held validity of the Granados y Gálvez poem;35 Garibay's successful effort to bring the entire subject of Aztec literature under bibliographic control; and, last but not least, the disarming sincerity and sheer bulk of his oeuvre, which brought Aztec poetry to the attention of an international audience.

In the wake of Garibay's studies, numerous scholars, translators, and poets have paid homage to his work, summarizing, refining, or expanding on his readings without attempting to challenge his basic assumptions. Best known among such scholars has been Garibay's disciple Miguel León-Portilla, whose Los antiguos mexicanos a través de sus crónicas y cantares, Aztec Thought and Culture, Native Mesoamerican Spirituality, Nezahualcoyotl, Pre-Columbian Literatures of Mexico, and Trece poetas del mundo azteca may be mentioned. Two works of summarization and paraphrase by Birgitta Leander will be found in the Bibliography, as well as Arias-Larreta's Literaturas aborígenes and José Alcina Franch's Floresta literaria de la América indígena and Poesía americana precolumbina. Volume Two of Michel Launey's Introduction and my own treatment of Cantares song 44 in Four Masterworks of American Indian Literature may be included in this company. Of particular interest are Georges Baudot's Les Lettres précolombiennes, Gordon Brotherston's Image of the New World, Willard Gingrich's "La comprensión del mundo a través de la poética náhuatl," and Karttunen and Lock-
hart's “La estructura de la poesía náhuatl vista por sus variantes.” Outside
the mainstream is R. Gordon Wasson's The Wondrous Mushroom, in which
the author relates Garibay's readings of Aztec poetry to his own research in
ethnomycology.

Translators who have brought Garibay's readings into English include
Toni de Gerez, Rafael González, Irene Nicholson, G. T. Smisor, Willard
Trask, and Andrew Wigel. Among poets who have contributed English
versions, often with personal touches, are Stephen Berg, John Ceely,
Frank M. Chapman, Ed Dorn (in collaboration with Gordon Brothers-
ton), Edward Kissam, Jerome Rothenberg, and William Carlos Williams.
Especially inventive is Ernesto Cardenal's Homenaje a los indios americanos,
which includes pieces entitled “Cantares de mexicanos (I),” “Cantares de
mexicanos (II),” and “Netzahualcóyotl.”

Meanwhile, a quiet revolution in Aztec linguistics began to be felt in the
mid- and late 1970's with the publication of J. Richard Andrews' Introduc-
tion to Classical Nahuatl (1975), Karttunen and Lockhart's Nahuatl in the
Middle Years (1976), and the first volume of Michel Launey's Introduction à
la langue et à la littérature aztèques (1979). The new urgency to put Nahuatl
on a more secure footing may in large part be traced to the Florentine Co-
dex of Anderson and Dibble, which has made voluminous and high-
quality texts widely available. But Garibay's Poesía náhuatl, with its equally
tantalizing raw material, is no doubt a contributing factor. What the new
grammarians are attempting to do is, first, to regain the level of under-
standing achieved by Horacio Caroqui in the early seventeenth century,
and then to push it a step beyond. Whether the effort will carry Aztec lan-
guage research to the point of meaningful agreement within a community
of scholars remains to be seen. At the very least it should help to bring the
major works of Aztec literature, including the Cantares mexicanos, a little
farther into the light.
The Text in Nahuatl and English
The Transcription presented below is paleographic, rather than critical, in that it merely attempts to reproduce the Cantares manuscript in type. Although word spacing, often ambiguous in the original, has been normalized, orthographic oddities, bad punctuation, and presumed copyist's errors remain uncorrected and unnoted. Readers who desire a critical text are referred to the analytic transcription in Bierhorst, A Nahuatl-English Dictionary and Concordance to the Cantares Mexicanos, which also includes notes on paleography (Grammar sec. 4). A few points, however, may be clarified at this juncture.

Capitalization. The scribe has made an obvious effort to capitalize the first word of each stanza and, with less regularity, each proper noun. But between his majuscules and his minuscules are so many in-between sizes that it is often impossible to know his intention. In many cases the majuscules appear to be mere calligraphic mannerisms, as frequently with the m, the t, or the mid-word c, where capitalization is clearly not meant. In preparing the transcription the following rule has been observed: when in doubt, a character is made a capital if it begins a stanza or a proper noun; otherwise it is reproduced in lower case. If the capital is unmistakable and evidently not meant as a mere decoration, it is preserved no matter where it occurs, even in mid-word.

The descending h. All calligraphic variants have been normalized in this transcription, except for the peculiar descending h, which resembles a g or a q and appears to have caused trouble even among the compilers of the Cantares. Since it is potentially controversial, it has here been given a special symbol, ṭ. Relatively rare, it occurs twenty-nine times on folio 84v, but only thirty times in the rest of the manuscript (2v: 2, 14: 25, 17v: 20, etc.).
Calligraphic flourishes. Penman's loops, scrolls, and ligature strokes are not preserved in the Transcription. In the case of half-formed ligature strokes, especially over vowels, it is sometimes tempting to see a symbol where a flourish is intended. All such cases have been resolved one way or the other in the Transcription, usually with confidence. Particularly vexing examples are discussed at various points in the companion volume (as in Grammar sec. 1.3).

Cancellations. If they are of interest and if they are not illegible, characters, words, and occasionally whole phrases that have been cancelled by pen scratches are restored in the Transcription—but with a single line drawn through, as at 15v: 30, 53v: 5, and 67: 11.

Copyist's glosses. If the copyist disagrees with his source or wishes to clarify it, he sometimes adds marginal glosses, here reproduced in juxtaposition with the words they seem meant to amplify (as on folio 53v). If necessary, subscript and superscript glosses are reproduced in context with material that I myself have added (in square brackets) to show where the gloss falls. Thus at 51: 31 the subscript qui, which relates to the word toncalalizque, is written [toncal]qui[zque] to mean that the scribe has placed his qui directly beneath the li of toncalalizque, suggesting that the copyist's source should have had toncalaquizque (as no doubt it should). In the example at 63: 32 the copyist has most probably done just the reverse: preserved the old reading in his gloss while incorporating his editorial change in the main text.

Terminal vocables. Aside from the fact that terminal vocables, typically -ya or -i, are often written without a space after the preceding word, the scribe in a few cases actually signals a rupture if the word falls at the end of a line and the vocable is carried over to the next. Or, if the word ends in a hard e, he changes the spelling to qu before adding the vocable i. These cases present no problem for the paleographer. But if the scribe has neglected to convert a hard e, I have left a space in the Transcription before printing the i, which otherwise would suggest a soft e. And in a few instances where an apocopated verb has a vocable suffix, I have detached the suffix in order to facilitate reading, as at 22: 26 and 24: 11.

Copyist's numerals. A sequence of interlinear numerals in a light scrawl that may or may not have been penned by the principal copyist begins to appear on folio 33v and continues through 55v. Evidently the enumerator is keeping a count of the cantos, either carried over from an earlier manuscript or started fresh for some purpose of his own. Whatever the reason for their existence, these particular numerals bear no relation to the text itself.
Guide to the Transcription

Line numbers. To preserve the relationship between the original manuscript and the text as printed here, manuscript line numbers have been assigned. These appear in the left-hand margins of the printed text, but only at the beginning of each stanza and each heading. The numbers recur in the left-hand margins of the facing pages in English and in the analytic transcription mentioned above (which is fully numbered, line by line). Note that a one-line heading numbered "1" may here be followed by a line numbered "3." This reflects the fact that the heading takes two lines in the original manuscript, though only one line in print.
Guide to the Translation

The Translation is an undoctored English rendering of the *Cantares mexicanos*, ruthlessly preserving the sequence of matter, including erroneous scholia, headings, and asides inserted by the *Cantares* glossator. It is intended as a neutral instrument, which the reader may use in formulating his own interpretations.

Because of the inherent ambiguity of written Nahuatl, heightened in this case by erratic punctuation, it is often possible to render a given passage in several different ways, any of which might be judged correct from a linguistic point of view. An unusual feature of the present translation is that it attempts to coordinate similar passages throughout the manuscript in order to arrive at readings that are plausible not only linguistically but contextually.

For the sake of clarity and sense, I have sacrificed certain peculiarities of the Nahuatl. Anticlimactic word order, for example, has sometimes been reversed (as at 1: 20). The generic singular has occasionally been translated as a plural (as at 3: 10 and 3v: 7). Qualifying elements attached to verbs have in many cases been suppressed, for example, the directional prefix on-, which may merely signify that the person or thing being talked about is at some remove from the speaker. Conversely, noun qualifiers have often been added; for example, when the Nahuatl singer, heard lexically, says, “I cut flower,” his utterance must be given in English as “I cut a flower,” or “I cut this flower,” or “I cut flowers,” or “I cut some flowers,” or “I cut these flowers,” and so forth. The lack of qualification is an optional feature of the Nahuatl idiom which the English necessarily destroys.

The following points should be especially noted:

*The use of italics.* Two types of noncontextual material have been italicized throughout the translation: (1) words added in order to complete the meaning for readers of English, and (2) unwritten refrains usually indicated by an “et cetera” in the Nahuatl text.

· 128 ·
Guide to the Translation

Proper nouns. Names of individuals are not translated. Hence Huitzilohuiztli, not Hummingbird Feather. But if the name is fictitious, used to typify a class of individuals, it is translated. Thus Yaopaquaquintzin becomes Glad-in-Battle. Names that play, or pun, on proper names are also translated. Place names are treated in the same manner.

Capitalization. Nouns and pronouns referring to the supreme deity have been capitalized only as needed to guide the reader through a sometimes confusing maze of free-floating pronouns and exotic synonyms. The same is true of words and phrases that serve as names for the other world.

Gentile names. Names denoting tribes or nationalities have been Anglicized. Thus Mexican (for Mexicatl) and Mexicans (Mexico), Tlaxcalan (Tlaxcaltecatl) and Tlaxcalans (Tlaxcalteca), Acolhuans (Acolhua) and Acolhuaque, Amaquenie (Amaquenecatl) and Amaquemes (Amaquemeque). Note that “Mexicans” are natives of the city of Mexico only, not of the territory known in colonial times as New Spain, which included Mexico, Acolhuacan, Tlaxcala, and many other former Indian nations and city-states.

Vocables and interjections. Meaningless song-syllables, or vocables, have not been preserved in the Translation, except in rare cases where they seem needed in order to complete a phrase or convey a special kind of affectation, for example “Let’s have a ‘tili!’” (66v: 13). The simpler interjections, for example, o, a, have likewise been omitted in most cases.

Key words. In an attempt to make the Translation consistent from one end of the manuscript to the other, certain Nahuatl words are regularly converted to the same English term wherever they occur. Thus calli is almost always given as “house,” not “home” or “room.” Chimalli is “shield,” tehuehuelli is “buckler.” Sometimes these “key words” are less satisfactory than one would wish. Chalchihuitl, for example, is given as “jade,” though a full report on the Nahuatl term might show that its range is broader than “jade.” Similarly, the untranslatable quechol is given as “swan,” not in the sense of Cygnus, but merely to designate avian creatures of rare beauty, as in such English expressions as “sweet swan of Avon” or “swan knight,” which furthermore connote musicianship or passage to the other world—as does the “red swan” of the mythology of the Upper Mississippi Valley tribes or the mystical “swan people” of the Beaver Indians of western Canada. A careful reading of the Cantares will show the justification for this choice, though it is admittedly not a perfect fit.

Song numbers. For ease of reference, I have assigned each song a number, sometimes arbitrarily, as in the case of song 31, which might just as well be called two songs. If a song is divided into recognizable cantos, these are
indicated by letters. In the case of songs 54 and 82, where the divisions are treated as full-fledged songs in the manuscript, though I strongly suspect they are merely cantos, my enumeration reflects this ambiguity.

Stanza numbers. Stanzas have been numbered consecutively within each song, and the numbers are here printed in the right-hand margins. Whenever it appears that the compiler has accidentally run two stanzas together, the two have been separated but not renumbered. Thus, in the Transcription, stanza 1 of song 60 has an unnumbered stanza beneath it, which remains unseparated in the Transcription. (Elsewhere in this work, when referring to such a pair, I call them stanza 1 and stanza 1a.) Conversely, stanzas in canto A of song 68 have been grouped in the Translation, where the compiler has seemingly done too much separating.
Contents of the *Cantares*

I  Beginning of the songs (folio 1)  135
II  A song of green places . . . (folio 2)  137
III Another to the same tone . . . (folio 3)  139
IV  Mexican Otomi song (folio 3)  139
V  Another Mexican plain song (folio 3v)  141
VI Another, a Chalcanc piece . . . (folio 3v)  141
VII Another (folio 4)  143
VIII Another, sung by a ruler . . . (folio 4v)  145
IX  Another sad Otomi song (folio 4v)  145
X  A Mexican song of green places . . . (folio 5)  147
XI Another (folio 5v)  149

Old songs of the Otomi Indians . . . (folio 6)

XII A song of green places, a song for admonishing . . . (folio 6)  149
XIII Huexotzincan piece (folio 6v)  151

IHS

Here begin songs known as plain Huexotzincan pieces . . . (folio 7)

XIV (folio 7v)  155
XV How Tezozomoc was anointed lord (folio 7v)  155
XVI (folio 9)  159
XVII Flower song (folio 9v)  161
XVIII Bereavement song (folio 12)  169
XIX Here begins an old man song . . . (folio 15)  179

Here begin the so-called plain songs that used to be performed in . . . Mexico, Acolhuacan, and the Dry Lands . . . (folio 16v)

XX (folio 16v)  183  XXVIII (folio 19v)  195  XXXVI (folio 23)  207
XXI (folio 17)  185  XXIX (folio 20)  197  XXXVII (folio 23v)  209
XXII (folio 17v)  187  XXX (folio 20v)  197  XXXVIII (folio 24)  209
XXIII (folio 18)  187  XXXI (folio 21)  199  XXXIX (folio 24v)  211
XXIV (folio 18)  189  XXXII (folio 21v)  201  XL (folio 25)  213
XXV (folio 18v)  191  XXXIII (folio 22)  203  XLI (folio 25v)  215
XXVI (folio 19)  191  XXXIV (folio 22v)  205  XLII (folio 25v)  217
XXVII (folio 19v)  193  XXXV (folio 22v)  205  XLIII (folio 26)  217
THE TEXT IN NAHUATL AND ENGLISH

Here begin log-drum songs (folio 26v)

XLIV (folio 26v) 219
XLV [A Huexotzinca piece . . . ] (folio 27v) 223
XLVI Song of Nezahualcoyotl (folio 28v) 225
XLVII Song of Axayacatl Itzcoatl . . . (folio 29v) 229
XLVIII Song of Tlaltecatzin of Cuauhchilanco (folio 30) 231
XLIX King Totoquihuatzli of Tlacopan's to-to song (folio 30v) 233
L Log-drum song (folio 31) 233

Here begin Chalcan pieces . . . (folio 31v)

LI War song (folio 31v) 235
LII Flower song (folio 33v) 241
LIII Bereavement song (folio 35) 247
LIV-A Multicolored Huaxtec piece (folio 36) 249
LIV-B Eagle-master piece (folio 36) 249
LIV-C (folio 36v) 251
LIV-D (folio 36v) 253
LIV-E Mexican piece (folio 37) 253
LV Here begins a jewel song . . . (folio 37v) 255
LVI Female apparition song . . . (folio 38v) 259
LVII Here begins what is called a cradlesong . . . (folio 39v) 263
LVIII Here begins a bringing-out song . . . (folio 41) 269
LIX Female song, concerning the resurrection of our lord (folio 42v) 273
LX Fish song . . . (folio 43) 277
LXI Here begins a children song . . . (folio 46) 287
LXII Bereavement song . . . (folio 48v) 297
LXIII Song of Don Hernando de Guzmán, a peeper song (folio 50) 301

Finis.

LXIV A song of green places (folio 52v) 313
LXV Matlatzinca piece (folio 53v) 317
LXVI Tlaxcalan piece (folio 54) 319
LXVII Song of Nezahualpilli . . . (folio 55v) 325
LXVIII Water-pouring song (folio 56) 327
LXIX A song of green places (folio 60) 343
LXX Here begins a plain lord song (folio 62v) 351
LXXI Lord song (folio 63) 353
LXXII A second lord song (folio 63v) 355
LXXIII War song (folio 64) 357
LXXIV War-flower song (folio 64) 357
LXXV Flower song (folio 64v) 359
Contents of the Cantares

LXXVI  War song, a song of Montezuma (folio 65)  361
LXXVII This one's a Huaxtec war song (folio 65)  361
LXXVIII Another musical call to arms (folio 66)  365
LXXIX  Song of Nezahualcoyotl of Acocluacan . . . (folio 66v)  367
LXXX Ribald flower song (folio 67)  369
LXXXI  A song of green places (folio 68)  373
LXXXII-A A plain song of green places (folio 68v)  373
LXXXII-B A second plain song of green places (folio 68v)  375
LXXXII-C A third (folio 69)  375
LXXXII-D (folio 69v)  377
LXXXIII Chichimec piece (folio 69v)  377
LXXXIV Chalcan female song (folio 72)  385
LXXXV  Old man song (folio 73v)  391
LXXXVI  Dove song (folio 74v)  395
LXXXVII Wanton dove song (folio 77)  403

Finis. Laus Deo.

LXXXVIII (folio 79)  409
LXXXIX  Huexotzincan song (folio 79)  411

The year 1597 (folio 80)

XC  Bird song (folio 80)  413

Finis.

IHS

XCI  Tlaxcalan piece (folio 83)  419

Finis.

133
Cuicapeuhcayotl.


Tlaçaço nican nemi; ye nicaqui in ixchicuicatzin iuhqui tepetl quinnahnauquil, tlacaço itlan in meya quetzaltatl, xiuxtotoameyalli oncen mocuicamomotla, mocuicananauquil; in centzentlatolto’ quinnananquilia in coyoltotol, ayacachihuacatimani in nepapan tlacocuicanitome oncen quiyenteczehua in taltecpaueuel teel terezcateemicue.

Nic ichtoati nitaloocoltatzia; ma namechelleltli ytalchohuane, niman cactimotlalique niman huallato in quetzalhuitzitziltzin, aqquin tictemohua cui-canitzine? nimã niqunnauquil niqumilhui? campa catqui in yectli ahuiac xochitl ic niqumelelquixtiz in amohuampohuitzitzinhuan? niman onechicahuatzque. ca nican tla timitziititi ticuiican aco nelli ic tiquemelelquixtiz in toquichpohuan in teteucitin.

Tepetitl tonacatlalpa, xochitlalpa nechalquaquioen oncã onahuachtotonameyotimani, oncen niquistac aya in

ncpapan tlacoahuiac xochitl tlacoahuilic xochitl aahuachqueuentoc, ayauhcozamalotonameyotimani oncen nechilhuia xixochtiteque, in catlehuatl toconnequiz ma melet quiça in ticuiican, tiquminacactiz in toci-nhiuan in teteuctin in queleluxitzique in taltecpaueuel.

Auh niconocuecxantia in nepapan ahuiac xochitl, in teel teyol quima in teel tetlamachi, nic yhtoaya manoco aca tohan tihiualcalauqui, ma cenca miec in tiemamani auh ca tel ye onimatico nitlanonotzhacih imixpan in tocinhuä nican mochipa tiqualtetequezique in tlaconepapan ahuiac xochitl yhuan ticuiiquihui in nepapan yeclti yan cuicat ic tiquimelelquixtizique in toci-nhiuan in taltecpac tlaca in tepihuan quauhtliya ocelotl.

Ca moch nicuitoay in nicuiican ic niqumiecaxochiti in tepihuan inci niquimalpan in can innmac niquinten nimã niqumehuay yectli ya cuicat ic netimolol in tepihui ixpan in tloque in nahuache, auh in ahtley ymahcchuallo: can quicui? can quittaz in hueclic xochitl auh cuix nobuan acaic aya in xochitlalpan in tonacatlalpan yn ahtley ymahcchuallo in nentlamati, in tlaytlacohua in tlipic ca can quitemahchualtia in tloque in nahuache in
I Beginning of the songs

I wonder where I can get some good sweet flowers. Who will I ask? Let me ask the quetzal hummingbird, the jade hummingbird. Let me ask the troupial butterfly. They’re the ones who know: they know where the good sweet flowers bloom. Let me wander through this needle grove where the trogons are, let me wander through this flower grove of roseate swans. That’s where they’re bending with sunstruck dew. That’s where they blossom in beauty. Perhaps I’ll find them there. If they showed them to me, I’d gather a cloakful, and with these I’d greet the princes, with these I’d entertain the lords.

Ah, here’s where they live! I hear their flower songs. It’s as though moun-
tains were echoing them. Ah, the plume water, the cotinga spring, is
flowing in their midst. And there the mockingbird is throbbing with
song, reverberating with song. The bellbird echoes these precious ones,
these sundry songbirds: they’re rattle-shrilling: they’re eulogizing World
Owner there. They’re the very ones who fill our throats.

I call out mournfully. I say, “O you, His precious ones, don’t let me disturb
you.” And then they fell silent. And then the quetzal hummingbird said,
“Singer, who are you looking for?” Then I answer him, saying, “Where
are good sweet flowers for me to entertain your fellows?” Then they
shrilled to me, “They’re here. Let’s go show them to you, singer. Per-
haps with these you’ll entertain our lordly fellow braves.”

They took me into a valley, a land of plenty, a land of flowers. And there
they were, laden with sunstruck dew. There I saw those sundry sweet
and precious flowers, delicious precious flowers, clothed in dew, laden
with sunstruck mistbow. And there they said to me, “Cut whatever flow-
ners you want. Entertain yourself, singer! And when you arrive you’ll
give them to our lordly comrades who’ll entertain World Owner.”

So I fill my cloak with these sundry sweet flowers, these heart pleasers,
these delight makers. I say, “I wish one of our comrades could come
here with me. I wish we could carry off a great many. But I’ve gotten
the information. And when I arrive I’ll spread the word among our
friends. We’ll always come here to cut these sundry sweet and precious
flowers, to get these sundry good ones, these songs. With these we’ll
entertain our friends on earth, the eagle-jaguar princes.”

I, the singer, went to get all of them, and I flower-crowned the princes,
adorned them, filled their hands. And then I lift these good songs in
praise of all the princes before the Ever Present, the Ever Near. But
where would he whose worth is nothing get delicious flowers? Where
would he find them? Could he whose worth is nothing, who is
wretched and who sins on earth, accompany me to flower land, the land
tłēc ye nican ic chocan noyollo noconilnamiquia in ompa onitlachiato y xochitlalpan ac niciucani.

Auh ni yhoaya tlacaño amo qualcan in tlaltiepac ye nican, tlacaño oc ecce ni huíloluayan, in oncan ca in netlamachitlil, te čānēn in tlēc tlacaño oc ecce yolidizximoayan ma ompa niauh ma ompa inhuau non-
cuicati in nepapan tlacototome ma ompa nicnotlamachit yecctli ya xochitl ahuiacaxochitl in teyol quima in čān tepacca teahuiacayhuintia in čān tepaccauiaxayhuintia.

folio 2

Xopançuicatl Ọtoncuicatl tlamelauhcayotl.

Onihualcalac niciucani nepapan xochitlalpan huel tecelqueixtican tettla-
machtic, oncan abauchtontnomeyoquiauhitmanim, oncan cuicuica in nepapan tlacototome, oncuicatlac in coyoltotot cahuantiman in inlz-
quitzin in quelllequeixtia in tloque in nahuach yehuan Dios ohuaya ohuaya

Oncan nicaquí in cuicanchuyahotl in niciucani, tlacaño ahmo que tlēc in peuh yecctli ya cuicati tlaca’co ompa in ilhuicatlytic halcaquixtzi in con-
ehua in tlacocoyotototl in quimheuil in nepapan teoquécholme čaq-
quintototl onca tlacaño quiyectnemhu in tloque in nahuaque ohuaya ohuaya.

Niyolpoxahuia in nicaquía niciucani, ahoecoica in notlalnamiquillizo, quin-
pepetlatiquica in ilhuicame, nelcihuiliz checayotiu iniqu nálquixtna in ompa ontlathenhuia in čañuahuitzitzil in ilhuicatlichuie, ohuaya

Auh nhohuimpac nictlachialtia in noyollo ahu tlacaño nelli in amo ixquich
quehua in tlacotototl, tlacaño ye oc tlapanahuia in ilhuicatlic yollo in tloque in nahuague mochiuhtlica ca in tlacarno tehuhotihui in notlalnami-
quilliz aco huel quinalqueixtixayttaz o in tlamahuicolli in ilhuicac ic papa-
qui in ilił tlacototome ixpan in tloque nahuache. ohuaya et.

Quenin ahnicocaz in tlēc. ye nican tlacaño onca nemoayā ninotlalcahuia
nic yhtoa aco čan ye ixquich in nican in tlēc. ontlamian toyolia maucue
ehuatl in tloque in nahuache ma ompa inhuau nimitznocuicati o in iliił
mochaneahuia ca noyollo ehua ompa nontlachia in monahuac in mo-
tloc tipalnemohuauia ohuaya ohuaya.

Ma xicaquín nocuic in ttnocniuìx xochihuehuetł y nictzotzonaya ylhuica-
cuicatl in nici chuaya, ic niquímelequeixtia in teteucti xochicueponi in
noyollo izquixochoitl nic-

folio 2v

tzetzelohuia ic mañtjuh in nociuicatzin ixpan in tloque in nahuaque
ihuaya et.
of plenty? It's the Ever Present, the Ever Near, who causes people to
deserve them here on earth. And so my heart is weeping. I, the singer,
recall how I went to look around in flower land:

And I say, "Ah, this earth is not a good place. Ah, it's elsewhere that one
goes, where there's happiness. What good is earth? Ah, the place of life
where all are shorn is elsewhere. Let me go there. Let me go make music
with the sundry precious birds. Let me enjoy the good flowers, the
sweet flowers, the heart pleasers, that intoxicate with joy and sweetness,
intoxicate with sweet joy.

II  A song of green places, an Otomi
song, a plain one

I, the singer, have entered the land of sundry flowers, the very place of
entertainment, the place of enjoyment. And there it's raining sunstruck
dew. There the sundry precious birds are chirping: the bellbird strikes
up the song, Jingling are the throats of those who entertain the Ever
Present, the Ever Near, who is God.

There I hear the root song, I, the singer. Ah, it's not on earth that these
good songs have begun. What the precious bellbird sings, what the
spirit swans and the troupial bird sing, sounds forth from heaven, where
ah! they eulogize the Ever Present, the Ever Near.

Hearing them, my singer's heart is softened. My thoughts rise upward and
pierce the heavens. My sighs go filled with wind, so that they penetrate
to where the troupial hummingbird is eulogizing within the sky.

Now I bid my heart look all around. And ah! truly what the dear bird sings
is not sufficient. Ah, He far exceeds it, He, the Heart of Heaven, the
Ever Present, the Ever Near, Self Maker. Let my thoughts proceed un-
smirched! Perhaps they'll be able to penetrate and see the wonders of the
sky: in these the precious sky birds are rejoicing, before the Ever Pres-
ent, the Ever Near.

How can I not weep here on earth? Ah, beyond is the place where we live!
I deceive myself in saying, "Perhaps things come to an end here on
earth, and the soul dies." O Ever Present, O Ever Near, please let this
be: let me sing for you in company with your sky dwellers. My heart
rises. There beyond, near you and in your presence, I see! O Life Giver!

Friend, hear my song! I beat the flower drum. I lift the sky songs, enter-
taining lords. My heart flower-blossoms. I scatter popcorn flowers: my
songs go whirling before the Ever Present, the Ever Near.
THE TEXT IN NAHUATL AND ENGLISH

3 Occe al mismo tono tlameluhcayotl
4 Xochicalco nihualcalaquia in niciucani oncan yec in chalchiuhuehetl oncan chialon ipalnemohuani in tectuecin xochilt tzetzeliuhitmani tolquatectitla xoyacaltitan onahuiaxtmani in xochicopaltlenamactli huel teyol quima, cahuiacayhuintia in toyollo ixpan in tloque in nahuaque
9 Yc motomac tocuc xochiahuacayhuinti in toyollo aoc tiemati ynic nepapan xochicuicatl ic ticchecherneltia in tloque nahuaque quen ahontlaclehuian tinocniuh ma nohuuehtlatl ximoquetzaya nepapan xochilt ic ximapanaya chalchiuhocoxochitl mocpac xicmanaya xic ehuayan yecilti yan cuicatl ic melelquixtia in tloque in nahuaque.
15 Tle'y mach tiqilnamiquia can mach in nemian moyollo yc timoyolecen-manaya ahuicpa tichuica timoyolopoloaya in tijc. ca mach titlachi xihualmocuepaya xiccaquin yecilti yan cuicatl ximoyolciahuaya xochiatcicaya onahuiaxtmani oncñ nic euaya in yecilti yan cuicatl niciucani ic nic ellelquixtia in tloque in nahuaque.
21 Xihuallachian tinocniuh yn oncan yhcayan xochiuhuehtl tonameyo ontotonauhtimani quetzalehcsecuacihuatlaya, onxopaleuhitmani in oncan ic chialo ic malhuiolo ic pciel yn icpcal in tloque in nahuaque, xicahuaya in mixtecomatla xihualmocuepaya rohuan xic ehua in yan cuicatl niciucani ic niequelelquixtia in tloque in dancicz inyc moyollocaltitan
28 Tle een in nicyocoyca in nitlaoacuicud inic niquimilnamiqui in tepilhuan in tlacomaquiztin, in tlacoteoxihme in quetzaltrotome in moteyotico in motleyotico in delticpac yñ ocnoiva

caquixtli in intenyo in incahuanca, campa nel tiazque? ca çan titlacatico ca ompa huel tochan in canin ximoayan yñ ocapa in yoliuhuayan. aic tlamian.

Mexicaotoncuicatl.

4 Nicchalehiuhtonameyopetlahuaya nictzinitzcanihuicaloaya niquilnamiquia nelhuayocuicatla nicaçauanhuipanaya yecilti yan cuicatl niciucani nic-chalchihuhtlaconenolo ic nichiuhuxntia in xochicupeonallotl ic nic ellelquixtia in tloque in nahuaque.
10 Çaquantaclauihuitcicay tzinitzcan llauchquechoic ic nicyaymatia nocuicatzin; tecuicuilahtzitzilic i nociuc nitozmiahuatolotl nöcuica cahuantimania ic ehuaya xochitzetzecolpa icpcal in tloque nahuaque.
14 Quall cuicanelahuayotlo, tecuicuilaquiquizcopa nic ehuaya ichicuicatl lo nitenquixtia nitozmiahuatolotl, chalchiuhtonameyotica niccueponaltia yec-

\textbf{138}
III Another to the same tone, a plain one

I am a singer, and I enter the flower house where the jade drum stands, where Life Giver—where the lords—are awaited. The flowers are drizzling down. And among these rush-head lords, among these green shoots, the flower copal, the incense, is spreading fragrance. These heart pleasers make hearts drunk with fragrance before the Ever Present, the Ever Near.

Yes, our songs are set free, our hearts are made drunk with flower fragrance, and with these sundry flower songs we lose our senses, regaling the Ever Present, the Ever Near. How can you not be desirous, friend? Stand up beside my drum! Adorn yourself with sundry flowers. Jades, pine flowers! Lay them on your head! Lift these good songs and entertain the Ever Present, the Ever Near.

What are you recalling? Where are your hearts? You scatter your heart, you carry it here and there, your heart is troubled on earth. Where can you be esteemed? Come return! Hear the good songs! Soften your heart with flower water. They’re spreading fragrance. There! I, the singer, am lifting good songs, entertaining the Ever Present, the Ever Near.

Friend, come see! Sunstruck flower drums stand beyond: they’re beaming: like a fan of quetzal plumes they’re radiating green. And there beyond, with these, the mat and throne of the Ever Present, the Ever Near, is waited upon and honored. Quit the shadows! Come return with us! Lift these songs! I, the singer, entertain the Ever Present so that light appears within your breast.

What’s the use of my creating these, I who sorrow-sing, recalling princes, precious bracelets, precious turquoise gems, quetzals who were famous, who were famed on earth, whose fame and glory still resound? Where are we to go? Indeed, we only came to be born, indeed, our home is beyond, where all are shorn, where life is infinite, where things never end.

IV Mexican Otomi song

Burnishing them as sunshot jades, mounting them as trogon feathers, I recall the root songs, I, the singer, composing good songs as troopials: I’ve scattered them as precious jades, producing a flower brilliance to entertain the Ever Present, the Ever Near.

As precious troopial feathers, as trogons, as rosecat swans, I design my songs. Gold jingles are my songs. I, a parrot corn-tassel bird, I sing, and they resound. In this place of scattering flowers I lift them up before the Ever Present, the Ever Near.

Delicious are the root songs, as I, the parrot corn-tassel bird, lift them
tlí yan cuicatló nic chuayá xochitlenamaquilticayá ic nítlahuialia nícuicani íxpán in tlóque nahuaque.
19 Teoquecholme nechnananquilia in nicuicá coyolihcahuacayá yectli ya cuicatlan, cozcapetlaticayá chachalchiuhquetzalitzontameyo xopaleuhtimania xopanxochicuicatl oníhuicaahuiatximiano xochitlenamaactli onmilintimani onayauhtonameyotimianio, xochiahuatitlán níhualcuicayá nicuicani etc.
25 Nictlapalihmatía nicxoxochineloaya yectli yan cuicatlan cozcapetlaticayá ett³
27 Nocontimaloaya nocontlammachtiao xochityeyolquima cuicatlá poyoma-poctli ic ye auyan ye noyollo, níhualyolcuechahuayá nic ihncuia ahuicacaxocomiqui in noyolia nic yñhecuia yectli ya xochitla netlamachtiloyan xochiyehuıntı noyolia.

folio 3v

otro Mexicatlamelauhcaeciyotl

1 Çanio in xochitl tonequimilol, çanio in cuicatl ic huchuetzi in tellel yn dios ye mochán et.
2 Yn mach nóca onpolihuiz y cohuyotl mach nóca onpolihuiz y ichiuhyotl in ono noya in ye iñchán, ye níoyontzin on cuicatllano ye ipalnemoñuñí
3 Ma xiuhecholxoche çan in tzintzcán malintoca can miqi huaqui xochitl çan ic tonmoquimiloa can titlatoani ya tineçahualcoyotl.
10 Ma yan moyol iuh quiMati in antepjílhuán in anquauhtin acochelo ca-
mochipan titocniñuan çan cuel achic nican timochi tonyazque o ye ichano et.
13 Cayeompolihuiiz in moteyo nopiltzin titeçocomoctli áca că ye in mocuico, ay ca níhualchocao ca níhualicnotlamati can otiya ye ichan et.
16 Anca níhuallaocoyá o nicnotlamati ayoquic o, ayoq quemarían, namechaña-ittaquih in tpheric y y ca ontia ye ichan et.

Otro chalcayotl Canto de tetlepanquetzanitzín.
18 Aua nocnihue ninentlamatía çan ninochoquilia in monahuac aya yehuan dios, quequich onmitzicnotlamachtitia momacehual cemamanahuac on tonitlanililo ynic tontlahuica tontcemilihuitlita in tlaltiepac
through a conch of gold, the sky songs passing through my lips: like
sunshot jades I make the good songs glow, lifting fumes of flower fire, a
singer making fragrance before the Ever Present, the Ever Near.

The spirit swans are echoing me as I sing, shrilling like bells from the Place
of Good Song. As jewel mats, shot with jade and emerald sunray, the
Green Place flower songs are radiating green. A flower incense, flaming
all around, spreads sky aroma, filled with sunshot mist, as I, the singer,
in this gentle rain of flowers sing before the Ever Present, the Ever Near.

As colors I devise them. I strew them as flowers in the Place of Good
Song. As jewel mats, shot with jade and emerald sunray, the Green Place
flower songs are radiating green. A flower incense, flaming all around, spreads
sky aroma, filled with sunshot mist, as I, the singer, in this gentle rain of flowers
sing before the Ever Present, the Ever Near.

I exalt him, rejoice him with heart-pleasing flowers in this place of song.
With narcotic fumes my heart is pleased. I soften my heart, inhaling
them. My soul grows dizzy with the fragrance, inhaling good flowers in
this place of enjoyment. My soul is drunk with flowers.

V  Another Mexican plain-style piece

Flowers are our only adornment. Only through songs does our pain sub-
side—within your home, O God.

Will companions be lost to me, comrades lost to me, when also I, Yoyontzin, have gone to the Singing Place, to Life Giver’s home?

Let’s have these turquoise-swanlike flowers! These are trogons, and they’re
spinning—these dead, dry flowers. You enshroud yourself with these,
O king, O Nezahualcoyotl!

Let your hearts know this, O princes, O eagles, O jaguars: not forever are
we comrades! Only for a moment here, and all will be departing for His
home.

Your fame will never be destroyed, O prince, O Tezozomoc. This would
seem to be your song. Ah! Indeed, I’m weeping here, I’m suffering.
You’ve gone to His home.

It seems I suffer, I grieve. Nevermore, never again will I come to earth and
find you. You’ve gone to His home.

VI  Another, a Chalcan piece, song
of Tetelepantzetonzitzin

Ah, friend, here beside you I am wretched and pitiable. O God! How
much compassion can your underling exact from you? Throughout the
Macaço tlcan xoconyoyocoya tinoyollo, yehua cuix ic nepohualoyan in oncan nemohua yehua, in ahtle tlahuelli in antecocola huel onyecnemiz in tlalticepac etc.

Yn quimati noyollo nichoca yehua huele ça ye nelli in titocnihuan huelle nelli nemoa in tlîc. in tonichiutlazihuiz yehuan Dios.

Xontlachiayan huiztlampayan, yquicayan in tonatih ximoyollehuayan oncan manian teotl tlachinolli, onça mocua

folio 4

in teucyo tl in tlatoctoytl yectli ya xochitl in amo çannen mocua, in quetzallalpiloni aya macquauitica chimaltica neicaloloyan in tlîc. ic momaccheuaya in yectli ya xochitl in tiquelchuia in ticnequia in tinociuñh in quitemachualtitl in quitenemactia in tloque in nahuaque.

Nen tiquelchuia in ticemoaya in tinociuñh yectli ya xochitl că ticuiz intlacamo ximicalia, melchiquiuhitca, mitonaltica y ticomachchua in yectli ya xochitla, yaochoquiztli yxayoticay in quitemachualtitl in tloque in nahuaque.

Otro.

Tlein mach oamaxqueon, in antociuñhuan in anchiapana cotomí, omach amecl ahcic: ynic oamihuintiqueo octicatl in oanquiue ic oamihuintique, xiquelcuican, in amoma in anhuheuztqoexo ximozcalico in antociuñhuan nipa tiazque in tochano, xopantlalpan ye nica nmaquiça yx amihuintilizon xitlachicano ouhcian ye anmaquiao.

Ca yeppa ihuqui in tiaoctl in tlîc. quitemacacó ouhícic ic tecalaquiao teotl tlachinolli quitoa texaxamatzao tepopoloan oncan in xaxanamino in tlaçochalchihuitl, in teoxihuítl in maquiztl tlachtotl in tepilhuan in coninio in xochitiçaoctlio cuëlcán in antociuñhuan in tonichaucau.

Ma ye tìit in xochitlalpan in tochano xochitlalctic pac ilh'paö in huelic xochiamemecayallo onahuiaxtimani, teyol quima yolilizahuach xochiti in tochano in chiapp à oncan timalolo in teucyo tl in tlatoctoytl in chimalto xoxtl tl oncuempon timi tonacatalpan.

Quemach in amo antlacuqio in antociuñhuan tohuian tohuiano xicahuacano, in tiaoctlío teotlachinoctllí ma ye tic yti yñ onma tinectilo in tochano xochiahuachoctli çan ic ahuiacayhuinti in toyollo, tetlamachtitl teyol quima tixochiachichinatihui nctlamachtitloyn in toquiçayan xochitlalpà tonacá-

*142*
world you are called upon to govern and preserve us for a little while on earth.

I wish that you, my heart, concocted nothing. Is such the fashion in the Place Where One Is Esteemed, where there is life? Ah, it is he who does not hate, whose rage is nothing, who lives the pure life here on earth.

If I cry, it is that my heart knows this: the mere and very truth that we are friends, the very truth that there is life on earth. And you would weary of your friends! O God!

Look south and east! Rouse yourself where flood and blaze are spreading, where sovereignty, empire, pure flowers, are won. A plume tassel is not obtained without cause. With sword and shield, on the battlefields of earth, you earn the pure flowers that you covet, that you want, my friend, that He enables you to earn, that Hebestows on you: He, the Ever Present, the Ever Near.

Vainly do you covet what you seek, my friend: how can you win the pure flowers if you do not give yourself to war? With your shoulders and your sweat you earn the pure flowers: the tearful war-wailing He enables you to earn: He, the Ever Present, the Ever Near.

VII Another

What's your trouble, O comrades, O Chiapanec Otomis? You're in agony because you're drunk? You took the chalk wine and made yourselves drunk? Pick up your hands, O you that lie sprawled! Sober up, comrades! We'll head for the yonder, Our Home, the land of green places. Yes, come! You're escaping your drunkenness. Look at the danger you're getting into!

It was thus in the old days. Here on earth he'd give you chalk wine and make you enter the place of danger. He'd order flood and blaze. He'd break you. He'd ruin you. And it was there that the precious jades would be broken, the turquoise gems, the bracelets, the precious stones, the princes who'd be drinking the flower chalk wine. "Comrades, it's time to shrill!"

Let's go drink the delicious flower-spring water in flower land, Our Home, that earth of flowers in the sky. The heart pleasers, the dew flowers of life, are diffusing fragrance in Our Home, in Rattlesnake Place. That's where lordship and sovereignty are glorified. Sunflowers are blooming in that land of plenty.

Friends! How can you not hear! Let's go! Let's go! Leave the chalk wine, the flood-and-blaze wine! Let's go drink the flower-dew wine in Our Home where we're made to desire it! Our hearts are fragrantly intoxi-
Otro, queuh ce tlatohuani in quimilnamiqui in tlatoque.

Tlaocolxochiyayoticaya ic nichuipana in nocuic nicuicani niqvimilnami-qui in tepilhuan, in teintoque, in tlaco’titoque in campa in ximohuaya in otcuctico yn otlatocatico in tlallia icpac in quetzaluahuac iuhtoque in chalehiuhteintoque in tepilhuan in maoc ymipan in maoc oquitani; yn ye itto in tlįc. iximachoca in tloque in nahuaque.

Yyoyahue nitiłacołcuicay in niqvimilnamiqui in tepilhuan maçan itla ninocuepa, ma niqimonana, ma niqunihualquixti in ompa in ximoayan maoc oppatihua in tlįc. maoc quimahuiçoqui in tepilhuan in ticmahuiçoa, aço huel yehuantin tlataçomahuiciququiva in ipalnemohualoni quemmach tomahecheual in tlacan iuh tiematican in ticnopillahueliloq ic choca in noyollo ninotlanamiquilizhuipana, in nicuicani choquiztica tlaocoltica nitolnamiquia.

Manoço çan niomatli in nechcaquizque intla ytlà yectli cuicati niqumeuhuili in ompa ximohuayan ma ic niquipe’ pacti ma ic niqumacotlaçà in intonez in inchichinaquiliz in tepilhuan cuix onmacihaiz? quen nel nihualnella- quahua ahquémanian ompa niqumontocaz? ahno niqunnnonotztaczí in ye iuhquin in tlalpac.

otro tlaocolcuicaotomitl.

Yn titloque in tinahuaque nimitzontlacołholonotzaya nelcihehuiliz mix- pantzinc oconiyahuaya ninentlamati in talticpac ye nican niłaté- matia, ninotolinia, in ayc onotech acic in pactli in necultanoli ye nican tle çannen naiço cahmo ymochiuhyan, tlacabço ahtle nican xotla cueponi in nentlamachtillia
cated with delight makers, with heart pleasers. We're off to imbibe flower water in the place where one knows joy, our coming-out place, the land of flowers, the land of plenty. What's your trouble? Come hear our song! We're your friends.

VIII Another, sung by a ruler who remembers rulers

I, the singer, with sad flower tears set my song in order, remembering the princes who lie shattered, who lie enslaved in the place where all are shorn, who were lords, who were kings on earth, who lie as dried plumes, who lie shattered like jades. If only this could have been before these princes' eyes: if only they could have seen what is now seen on earth, this, this knowledge of the Ever Present, the Ever Near.

Alas, I sing in sadness, remembering these princes. Would that I might return to their side, would that I might fetch them, might bring them back from the place where all are shorn. If only it were possible to live twice on earth! Would that these princes might come and be awed by that which awes us. Perhaps they would indeed be awed by the preciousness of Life Giver. If only we ingrates realized the extent of our blessing! It makes my heart weep. I set my memory in order, I, the singer. With weeping and in sadness I remember.

I wish I knew that they would hear me if in their midst I were to lift a good song for them in the place where all are shorn! Would that I might regale them! Would that I might comfort these princes' agony, their pain! Can this be known? How can I be cheerful here? Will I never be able to follow them, never be able to reach them and converse with them as on earth?

IX Another sad Otomi song

To you the Ever Present, you the Ever Near, I call in sadness: I lay my sighs before your face, I that am wretched here on earth: I wail, I that am poor, I that am never touched by joy or riches. What but vainly was I born to do? Its growing season this is not. Here indeed the wretched person sprouts or blossoms not at all and yet serenely in your presence,
tlaca'co can ihuian in motloc in monahuac Macuel ehuatl ma xicmonequilti ma monahuactzinco o cehu in inoyolia, ninixayohuatzaz in motloc monahuac tipalnehuani.

Quemach amiqueo in motimalotinemicoy in tlēc yn ayac conctenmatio in ahtlamachilizneque o tlaca'co can moztlacahuaion in amitzenmati in titloque in tinahuaque inic momatio ca mochipa tlēc nemizque nino-tlamatimotlaila noquimittao, tlaca'co mixitl tlapatl oquiqueo ic nihualnclaquahua in ninotolinia o tlaca'co ompa in ximohuayen neittotiuh, ca'co tiquenamiqueo quiniquac ye pachihuiz ye teyollo a.

Macayac quen quichihuaya in iyollo in tlēc ye nican in titlacocoxtine in tichocatinemia, ca ca cuel achic untlaniz oo, tlaca'co can tontlatocati-huio yn iuh oo tlatoquic tepihuaan ma ic ximixcuiti in tinociu in ahntonahuia in ahtihuelamati in tlēc. o maoc ye xima'pana in tlaocolxochitl choquiyxochitl xocoyimaloo xocheicicxihuiztliuo in ihuicpa tonconyahuazcon in tlque in nahuauque.

Yca ye ninapanao tlaocolxochicozcatlon nomaic omanian elcicihuilizchimalxochitlton nic ehuya in tlaocolcuicatl oo nicahlchihecoxahuicomo mana yeclti yan cuicatl nicahuachxochicalatzoa y nochahlchihehuexucu yilan' ytech niictaxilotia in nucuicatzin in ncuicani ye niquincuila yn ilic' chaneque o caquantototl quetzaltzintzantototl teoquechol in on tlatoa quechol in quicemeltia in tloq, etc.

 Mexicaxopanuicatl tlamelauhcayotl.

Tlaocoya in noyollo nicuicanitl nicnotlamatia yehuca ca ye y xochitly can ye in cuicatl, ica ntlacocoa in tlaltiepac ye nicá mané quicotan in techocolia, in techniquilani moch ompa onyayzuc cano y ichani ohuaya etc.

Y in quemani in ontocihuauc, in ontontlatziuhic tocôynayaz in

momahuizco in motenyo in tlēc. manen quicotan etc.

Yn maçan oc huel nemohua on in tlēc. maçano iuian yehuan dios quiniquac onnetemolo a in tiaque in canin ye ichan etc.

Huin in titotolinia ma iuinqui timiquican ma omochiu in man technitocan in tocniuhan y ma techonahuacan in quauhtin ya ocelotli

Maço quiyocoli macac octemachican, canan tlahuicayac yçaya amechmo-
tlatlili yn ipalnemohuani etc

Ay yayo xicnotlamatican tzczacoacatl Atecpanecatl mach nel amihuixhuinti in coztatl in chalchihuhti ma ye amonecti ma ye antlaneltocati.
by your side. Let this be soon. May you desire it. In your presence may my soul be calm. I will dry my tears beside you, in your presence, O Life Giver.

How fortunate are they who praise themselves on earth and wail to no one, reveling in arrogance? Indeed they fool themselves, they that do not wail to you the Ever Present, the Ever Near, believing they will live forever on earth. Seeing them, I begin to get hold of myself. Indeed they drink the thornapple, the jimsonweed. And poor as I am, my spirit strengthens. Indeed, one may go and be esteemed beyond, in the place where all are shorn: no matter what we are, all hearts will then be full.

Let no one's heart be troubled here on earth, though we are sad, though we are weeping. Truly, in but a moment it will end, and we will follow onward, like the princes who were rulers. Copy them, my friend, you that are discontent and joyless here on earth. Adorn yourself with sad flowers, weeping flowers: praise him. You will offer flower sighs to him the Ever Present, to him the Ever Near.

I adorn myself with sad flower jewels; sighing shield flowers lie in my hand: I raise a sad song. I offer good songs as jades, as jewels; I whirl jade drums as dewy flowers. I, the singer, support my song in heaven: indeed, I take it from the sky dwellers, the troupial bird, the precious trogon bird, the spirit swan, the singing swan who entertains the Ever Present, the Ever Near.

X  A Mexican song of green places, a plain one

“I, the singer, am sad at heart, I grieve; with songs, with flowers, I’m inflicting wounds on earth.” Let them go ahead and say it, unavailing, hating us and wishing we were dead: “Everyone goes! Off to His home!”

“If you’ve been weary and disdainful, you’ll obscure your future fame, your glory here on earth.” Let them go ahead and say it, unavailing, hating us and wishing we were dead: “Everyone goes! Off to His home!”

Let’s keep living here on earth, O Life Giver, O God, and let it be in peace that there’s a seeking out of Someone when we’ve traveled to His home.

Ah, let us die poor. Let it be done, though comrades call us down, though eagles, jaguars, reprimand us.

Let Him go ahead and do it for them! Go ahead and trust Him where He rules! And for this He’ll have done away with you, this Life Giver!

But grieve, O Executioner, O Water-Palace Lord. Are you drunk, you gems and jades? Beware of being used. Don’t be credulous.
Otro.

Nichoca ehua nienotlamati nic elnamiqui ticauhtehuazque yectli ya xochitl yectli yan cuicatl maoc tonahuiacan, maoc toncuicacan cen tiyahui tipolihui ye ichan etc.

Ach tleon ahiuh quimati in tocnihuan cocoya in noyollo qualani yehua ayoppan in tlacahiuye ayoppa piltihuaye yece ye quixoan tlaltiepac.

Qe achitzinca y tetloc ye nican tenahuacan aic yezco on aic nahuiax aic nihuelamatiz


Çan ye tocontemaca ye tocontotoma in mochalchiuh, ye onquetzalma- lintoc, çaquaniepacxochitl çan yan tiquinmacayá tepilhuão

Yn nepapan xochitl conquimilo, conihuiti ye noyollo niman nichocaya ixpan niauh in tonan. in Santa Maria—

Çan nocollhua: yapanemohua maca ximocoma, maca ximonenequin tlłc. maço tehuantin motloc tinemicany çan ca ye mochana ilhucatilitica etc.

Aço tle nello nicyaikhohua nican yapanemohua çan tontemiquiy çan toncochitlehuaç: nic ytoa in tlłc. ye ayac huelon tiquilhuia ye nicana.

folio 6

Yn manel ye chalchihuitl, man tlamatilollí, on aya maçoya ipalnemohuani ayac huel tic ilhuiia nicana.

Xopancuicatl nenonotzalcuicatl impápampa in aquique ahmo onmixtilia in yaoc.

Cantares ñestiguos de los naturales otomis que solían cätar en los com- bites y casamientos. buelto en lengua Mexicana siempre tomando el jugo y el alma del canto ynazesnes, metaforicas q ellas dedícan, como V.r. lo entndera i mejor que no yo por mi poco talento y tan yban có razonable estilo y primor para que V.r. las apueche y entremeta A sus tiempos que conumiere como buen maestro que es Vuesa reuenera.

Xopancuicatl nenonotzalcuicatl ypampa in aquique Amo onmixtilia in yaoc.

Nictzotzonan nohuheueh nicuicatlamatquetl ic niquimonixitixia ic nigwi- mitlehua in tocnihuan yn ahtle ynyollo quimati yn aic tlathui, ypan in
XI  Another

I cry. I grieve, knowing we're to go away and leave these good flowers, 
these good songs. Let's be pleased, let's sing. We're off to be destroyed 
in His home.

Our friends are ill at ease? Sick, my hearts are vexed! We're not born twice, 
we're not engendered twice. Rather we must leave this earth.

Near and in the presence of this company a moment! It can never be. I can 
ever be pleased, never be content.

Where does my heart lie? Where is my home? Where does my city lie? I 
am poor on earth.

You give a gift of jadestones, You unfold them spun as plumes: You give a 
flower crown of troupial to the princes.

And when these sundry flowers have clothed my heart, making it drunk, 
then I cry and go before our mother, Santa María.

I say to Life Giver, "Do not frown, do not be reluctant here on earth. Let 
us—us!—live beside you in your home within the sky."

But can what I say be real, O Life Giver? We merely sleep, we were merely 
born to dream, and though I say it here on earth it falls on no one's ears.

Though it be jade, though it be jewels, directed to Life Giver, even so it 
falls on no one's ears.

A song of green places, a song for admonishing 
those who seek no honor in war

Old songs of the Otomi Indians, which they used to sing at feasts and 
marrriages, translated into the Mexican language, metaphorical images that 
you used to utter always capturing the substance and soul of song, as Your 
Reverence will understand and better than I with my meager talent, and 
such that they proceeded with considerable style and elegance, for Your 
Reverence to use and insert at the convenience of your leisure, being so 
good an expert as Your Reverence is

XII  A song of green places, a song for admonishing 
those who seek no honor in war

Clever with a song, I beat my drum to wake our friends, rousing them to 
arrow deeds, whose never dawning hearts know nothing, whose hearts

'149'
inyollo yaocoehmietoquie in ipan motimaloa in mixtecomatlayohualli ahnen niquitohuay motolinia ay ma quicaquiri y xochnilathuiciacuictli vecheh tzetzctimitlana huehuctitlana ohuayia ohuai.

20 Tlahuizcalteochtli oncempontimani yin ixochiquiyaopá in tloque in nahuaque onahuachtotonameyotimani in teyol quimaa ma xiquilactacan in ahtle ipan ontlatao, čannen cuepontimano ayac mah aca quelehuiayo yin antocniuhabo amó čannena xocheh tyoliztilapalneuxochtli e.

25 Quiyolcayhuiintiay in teyolia čan oncan y ohmania čan oncan y oncuepontimania quauhtepetitlan yin yahualiuhcancopay ixtlahuatl itica oncan inemanaya oc teoatl tlachinollia oncan ynapoyauyauan in teoquauhtli oncan iquiwinacayá in ocelotl, ypixauhyan in nepan tlaçomaquiztetl, ynnemomolotzayan in nepan tlaçopilihuitl, oncan teintoko oncan xamantoque in tepilhuan.

**folio 6v**

1 Tlacuah yehuantin in tepilhuan conelehuiayo: in tlahuizcalxochtli y ina nemamalliuaoy ic tetlan'nectiao, yin ilhuicac onocan y ce olitzin yin i o tepiltzina quitzetzelotimaniio a yin tepilhuan in quauhtli yac ocelotl, in quinnemachtia y xoichicuycoponaltlon in quimihuintia yeloxochehluicchtli.

6 Ynic timomatia in tinociuh cancneyan xochehlon in tiquelchuiiaon in tlōc quen toconcuizcon quen tiyachihuaçon timotolinia in tiquimiztlacoo a yin tepilhuan xochehica cuicatico ma xihuallachiacan yin atley yca mihtichuacan oncan moch yehuantin in tepilhuan caquame teoquecholti tzinitzca tlatlauhquecholtin moyechyecpitinemio yin onmatio yin ixtlahuatytcian.

12 Chimalxochtli, quauhpiolxochtli yec oquichtlamattimani in yá tepilhuan xochozoacoxochtil ic mahpantimanian quitimaloay yeetcí yac cuicatli, yeetcí yac xocheh ymecoh ymelchiquihuipatiuh mochihuaya in quicelioan in teoatl tlachinollia y yac tocniuhabo tliluihqui tepca in tiyaoehuay huey otlipana ma huel xoconmanao yac mochimalo huel xoñicaon in teqauhtli yac ocelotl.


19 huexotzincayotl.

20 Čan tlaocolxochtli tlaocolcuicatli onmania Mexco ynic ha in tlatilolco in yece ye oncanon neiximachoyan ohuaya.

22 Yxamayo yecí in čan ca oteitechcineli ipañemohuani in ča can tipopolihuizque in timacehualta ohuaya.

*150*
lie dead asleep in war, who praise themselves in shadows, in darkness. Not in vain do I say, "They are poor." Let them come and hear the flower dawn songs drizzling down incessantly beside the drum.

Sacred flowers of the dawn are blooming in the rainy place of flowers that belongs to him the Ever Present, the Ever Near. The heart pleasers are laden with sunstruck dew. Come and see them: they blossom uselessly for those who are disdainful. Doesn't anybody crave them? O friends, not useless flowers are the life-colored honey flowers.

They that intoxicate one's soul with life lie only there, they blossom only there, within the city of the eagles, inside the circle, in the middle of the field, where flood and blaze are spreading, where the spirit eagle shines, the jaguar growls, and all the precious bracelet stones are scattered, all the precious noble lords dismembered, where the princes lie broken, lie shattered.

These princes are the ones who greatly crave the dawn flowers. So that all will enter in, he causes them to be desirous, he who lies within the sky, he, Ce Olintzin, ah! the noble one, who makes them drizzle down, giving a gift of flower brilliance to the eagle-jaguar princes, making them drunk with the flower dew of life.

If, my friend, you think the flowers are useless that you crave here on earth, how will you acquire them, how will you create them, you that are poor, you that gaze on the princes at their flowers, at their songs? Come look: do they rouse themselves to arrow deeds for nothing? There beyond, the princes, all of them, are troupials, spirit swans, trogons, roseate swans: they live in beauty, they that know the middle of the field.

With shield flowers, with eagle-trophy flowers, the princes are rejoicing in their bravery, adorned with necklaces of pine flowers. Songs of beauty, flowers of beauty, glorify their blood-and-shoulder toil. They who have accepted flood and blaze become our Black Mountain friends, with whom we rise warlike on the great road. Offer your shield, stand up, you eagle jaguar!

XIII Huexotzincan piece

Only sad flowers, sad songs, lie here in Mexico, in Tlatelolco. Beyond is the Place Where Recognition Is Achieved.

O Life Giver, it's good to know that you will favor us, and we underlings will die.
Ototlahuclitic can titotoliniah timacchualtin queçohuel tehuantî otiquittaque in cococ ye machoyan ohuaya.

Tiemomoyahua ticxoxocoyan in momacehualy in tlatilolco cococ moteca cococ ye machoyan yeic ticiahuiia ic ye titlatzihuiia ipalnemoani ohuaya

Choquiztli moteca yxayotl pixahui oncà a in tlatilolco yn atlà yahqueon o in Mexico ye cihua nel ihui ica ye huiloaon canon tihui in tocnihuan a ohuaya.

folio 7

Ynic neltic oyacahua atlo yan tepetl o in Mexo in poctli ehuatoc ayahuítl onmantoc in toconyachihuaya ipalnemoani ohuaya.

Yn annexica ma xiquinamiquican oya can topan quitemohua yellelon imahuiço yehuan can yehuan Dios yehua anquín ye oncan in coyona-caczo ohuaya.

Ça can ye oncan can quinchoquiztlapalo o anqui huiztmanatl in can ye iñh motelchiuh onya o anquín ye mochin ha in tlayotlalqui, ah in tlacotzin, ah in tlacateuctli in oquihtzin y hui hui ica çà ye conyacahuqui in tec-nochtitan ohuaya.

Yn antocnihuan ma xachocacan aya ma xoconmatica yca ye ticcauhque Mexicayotl huiya can ye y atl chichix huiya no can ye tlaqualli chichix aya can conyachihuqui in ipalnemoani ha in tlatilolco y ohuaya.

Tel ah çan yhuiian huicoquchon in Motelchiuhhtzin ha in tlacotzin çan mocuicacllaquaahuque Acachinanoco in ah iquac in tepean quixtiloto in coyohuacan ohuaya.

How unfortunate are we, we poor ones, we underlings! How favored are we? We've seen it: it's misery, yes, it is felt.

In Tlatelolco you disperse your underlings, you rout them. Misery is pouring, misery is felt, because we were weary, because we were lax. O Life Giver!

Tears are pouring, teardrops are raining there in Tlatelolco. The Mexican women have gone into the lagoon. It's truly thus. So all are going. And where to, comrades?

True it is. They forsake the city of Mexico. The smoke is rising, the haze is spreading. This is your doing, O Life Giver.

Mexicans, remember that he who sends down on us his agony, his fear, is none but God, alas, there in Coyonacazco.

There the captain, Motelchihu, addresses them tearfully, all of them, ah! the Arbiter, ah! Tlacotzin, ah! Commander Oquiztzin, alas, alas. And so he's abandoned Tenochtitlan.

Weep and be guilty, friends. You've forsaken the Mexican nation, alas. The water is bitter, also the food is bitter. This is the doing of Life Giver in Tlatelolco.

Yet peacefully were Motelchihu and Tlacotzin taken away. They fortified themselves with song in Acachinanco when they went to be delivered to the fire in Coyohuacan.

Here begin songs known as plain Huexotzinca pieces, in which the lords of Huexotzinco who were "hands" used to be spoken of as braves. They are divided into three kinds: lord songs or eagle songs, flower songs, and bereavement songs. And the drum is beaten thus: when a stanza ends and another stanza is to follow, it's three-beat. And when it actually begins, it's one-beat. But as it comes back in, then the drum falls beneath it, and the hand just keeps on going. But when it is in the middle, again the voice of the drum emerges. This, however, must be seen from the hand of the singer who knows how it is beaten. And newly, again, this music was in the home of Don Diego de León, gobernador of Azcapotzalco. Don Francisco Plácido beat it out in the year 1551 of the resurrection of our lord Jesucristo.
Çan tzinitzcan im petatl ypan ohuaye on tzinitzcan i celiztoc a oncan y çä
né ninentlamatia, in çan icnoxochicuicaticya noconytatemohua ya ohuaya
ohuaya.

Yn canin nemiya y canin in nemi toconchia ye nican huchuctitan a ayia-
huc, ye onmentlamacho, ye moça tlaocoyalo a y xopancalitec a ohuaya
ohuaya.

Ac ypiltzin? ach anca ipiltzin yehuayan Dios jesu chiro: çan quicuiloá
tlacuiloa quicuiloä cuicati a ohuaya ohuaya.

O ach anca nel ompa huiz canin iluicac yxochintlacuilol xochincalitec a
ohuaya ohuaya.

Yn ma ontlachialoya in ma ontlamahuicolo in tlapotlacali ma nican y
ypanemoca ytlayocol yehuan dios ohuaya et.

Techtolimin techtla tlancetia y yucuicaxochiamilpan in techontla’lchialtian
ypanemohua ytlayocol yehuan Dios a ohuaya et.

Ya y xopantla y xopantla tinenemi ye nican ixtlahuatl ytec y, çä xiuhque-
cholquiahuil çan topan xaxamacay ye atlixco ya ohuaya ohuaya.

Çan ye nauhcampa y ontlepelantoc, oncan onceliztoc in çocahuiz xochitl
oncä nemi in Mexica in tepihuan a ohuaya ohuaya.

Teçoçomoctli ic motécpac.

Çan çä tzihuactitan, mizquitoctlan aiyahue chicomoztocpa mochi ompa ya
huizte an tla’tohua ye nican ohuaya ohuaya.

Nican momlalnaco in colcahuahcatepillotl huiya nican milacatzoa in
colahuahcachichimecatl in toteucchini huia.

Maoc achitzinca xonotlanuecan antepihuan huiya Tlacateuhctzin hui-
tzilxuhiti aya Cihuacoatl y quauhxilotl huiya totomihua can tlanahuacatl
aya Çan çä xiuxtoton tylxochitl y Quëman tlazihuiq quimoohmoya-
huaqiuq yauh ytepeuh yehuan Dios yca ye choca teçoçomocotl ohuaya
ohuaya.

* 154 *
There's a trogon on the mat, a trogon reviving. There! As best I can I seek him in this grieving flower song.

Where is he? Where is he? We await him here beside the drum. Yes, there's grieving. On account of You there's sadness in this house of green places.

Whose child is this? Could it be the child of God? Jesucristo? For indeed He paints him, He does the painting: He paints this song.

His flower painting, is it really coming? From the flower house within the sky?

Let people see, let people marvel in a house of colors. Let God Life Giver's creations be here.

By making us aware of his creations, God Life Giver torments us, causes us to crave his garden of song flowers.

Already in a springtime, in a springtime, we are walking here, upon this field. A green-swan downpour roars upon us in Water Plain.

Lightning strikes from the four directions. Golden flowers arereviving. There, the Mexican princes are alive.

How Tezozomoc was anointed lord

From among the brambles and the mesquites, from Seven Caves they're all arriving. Ah! They're singing here!

Here come the Colhua nobles, spinning. Here the Colhua Chichimecs, our lords, are whirling.

Be borrowed for a moment, O princes. O Tlacaeuctzin, O Huitzilihuitl, O Chiuacoat, O Cuauhixiotl, O Totomhua, O Tlahnahuacatl, and even Xiuhtotol, and Ixtlixochitl. God in time shall be averse and come to break apart his realm. For this, Tezozomoc is weeping.

Now again the mesquites, now again the brambles. The Great Land is recalled! And this would seem to be the word of God.

Where do the flowers go? Where do they go, they that are called eagles and jaguars? That realm is broken up and scattered in this Great Land! This would seem to be the word of Life Giver.
Onecuiltonoloc, onctlamachtiloc, in teteuctin cemanahuac y huel çotoca huipantoca ytlato ypalnemohuani, huel quimothuitico huel quiximatico yyollo yehuan Dios huiya chalehiuitl maquitzliya tlamatelolliya tiçatla yhuital çañ xochitl quimatico ayootli a ohuaya ohuaya.

Oya in tochin y micacalcatl i acolmiztlan teuctli çan çan tocih teuctli yohuallatonoc y yehuan cuetzpaltzin iztac coyotli totomihuacan tlaxcalla ohuaye coatzi teuctli hui tlalotzin çañ xochitl quimatico ayootli a ohuaya ohuaya.

Tley anquiyocoyca anteteuctin y huexotzinca ma xontlashiakan acolihuacan in quatlapanca oncan ye huexotla ytztapallocon huia ye yohuaimani atlo yan tepetl, a ohuaya, etc.

Oncan in pochol ahuehuetl oncan icaca mizquitl ye oztotl huia tleltuquahuaquac quimatiya ypalnemohuani o yao aiyahue, ohuaya etc.

Tlacateotl nopiltzin Chichimecatl y tleon mach itla techocotlal teçoco moctli techylic itlani yehuaya at ay yahuil i quinequia yaoyoti nehcalliztlon quima acolihuacan ohuaya etc.

Tel ca tonchua ticahuiltila ypalnemohuani colihua oo Mexicatl y tlahc’teotl huia ya at a yahuil i quinequia yaoyoti necaliztl quima acolihuacan a ohuaya ohuaya.

Çan ye onecuiitonolo in tlepç. ayoppa titlano chimalli xochitl ayopp an ahuitilon ipalnemohua yeic an auia in tlalotlaqui xayacamacha huia ho ayya yi ce o ahuyaha ohuaya etc

Yn acon anquelehuia chimalli xochitl yohualxochitl tla’chinolxochitl yeic neyahpanalo antepihuan huiya quetzalmamatzin huitznahuacatl ohuaye ho hayia yi ee. oua y iaha ohuaya etc

---

[This page contains text that is not clearly legible due to the quality of the image. It seems to be a page from a book or a manuscript with a mixture of Spanish and possibly Nahuatl. The content is partially readable, but it is difficult to transcribe accurately without further context or a higher quality image.]
All lords throughout Anahuac were rich, were happy, and Life Giver's words were strung together and composed. They did indeed perceive, they knew, God's heart. Those jades and bracelets, those beads, knew chalk and plumes, knew flowers: they knew war.

Gone are Tochin, Maccacalcatl, Lord Acolmiztli, even Lord Toteotzin, Yohuallatonac, alas, and Cuetzpaltn, Iztac Coyotl of Totomihuanacan, Tlaxcala's Lord Coatzin, alas, and Tlalotzin: they knew the flowers of war.

What are you creating, you lords of Huexotzinco? Look toward Acolluacan, where skulls are broken! Look there at Huexotla, at Itzcapallocan! Those realms now lie in darkness.

There a ceiba, a cypress! There! Among the mesquite and the caves, a fire-hardened one, who knows Life Giver!

"O Tlacateotl, O my dear Chichimec prince, why does Tetzozomoc rage against us, wanting us to die? It seems he wishes combat and would spread a war in Acolluacan!

"Though we suffer, we give pleasure to Life Giver, O Colhuacan, O Mexican, O Tlacateotl! It seems he wishes combat and would spread a war in Acolluacan!"

All are rich now once again on earth. "Not twice are shields, are flowers, used. Not twice does one give pleasure to Life Giver." With this the arbiter Xayacamach is pleased.

Who does not crave the shield flowers, the darkness flowers, the blaze flowers, with which to be adorned? "O princes Quetzalmanatzin and Huitznahuacatl!"

Among the shield walls there's life, there's combat! The dove has come; it calls! There live the lordly princes Xiutzin and Xayacamach. Oh, you're giving pleasure to Life Giver.

Let there be dancing! Let there be sacrifice in war. There's happiness. Now one desires to be created. O prince! Ah, whence are these nobles obtained?

As plume banners all go forth. Life Giver is pleased on the field, the place of shards.

As a bell he rises in our midst, he shrills—he, Iztac Coyotl, the Huexotzin, the Totomihuan.

Restless, you arise in war, O you that here descend on us, you Tlaxcalans! And the realm of Huexotzinco is besieged and fired upon.

The land of Totomihuanacan shall be abandoned, shall be destroyed. Then their hearts will be tranquil. O you princes of Huexotzinco!
Mizquiltl ymancan tzihuatlctli ymancan j Ahuehueltl onicaca huixa ypalnemohua xonicnotlamati mochiel imanca huexotzinco ya canio oncan in hueh ommani tlalla ohuaya ohuaya.

Can nohuian tlaxixinia tlamomoyahua y ayocan mocehuia momáehual y hualcacoy mocuc y icelctol oc xoconyocoyacan antepilhuan a ohuaya ohuaya.

Can mocuepa ytahtol conahuilooa ypalnemohua tepayacak ohuaye ante-pilhuan a huaya ohuaya
Canel amonyaqe xoconmolhuican antlaxcalteca y tlacomihuatzin hui oc oyaux ytlachinol ya yehuan Dios a ohuaya etc.

Cozcatl yhuhiui quetzal nehuhiuia oc ço conhuipanque can chichimeca y totohuia a yztac coyotl a ohuaya ohuaya.

huexotzincoya can quiuahuzin teuctli techcocolia Mexicatlı y techcocolia a colihua o ach quennel othiua toyanzque quenonamican a ohuaya ohuaya

Ay antlayocoya anquimtoa yu amotahuan anteteuctin ayoquantzin yhuan a in tepetztic in cach a ohuaye tzihuaepopoca y ohuaya et.

ca can cactcan chalco acolihuaca huia totomihuacan yamilpá in quauhque-chollia quixixinia yu ipetl icpal yehuá Dios ohuaya ohuaya.

Tlacocoa ye nican tlall tepetl ye cocolilo ya coñic a ohuaya et

Quënel conchihuazque atl popoca ytlacoh in teuctli tlall mocuepaya mictlan onmatia Cacamati on teuctli quennel conchihuazque ohuaya ohuaya.

O nonelhelacic quexquich nicyay'ttoa antoncihuai ayiaue noconnenemitic a hoyollon tlência y, noconycuilotica a yu iuhan tinemi ahuiian yeccan a y cemelacan in tenahuac y ahunonohuicallanin quenonamican ohuaya etc.

Can nellin quimati yu hoyollol can nellin nic yttot a antoncihuia ayiahuc aquin quitlauhtia ycallctol yiollo ytlahco ca conayamacay Mach amo oncan? in tleńc mach amo oppan pilthua? ye nellin nemohua in quenonamican yluicatly ytec y canyio oncan in netlamachtilo y ohuaya etc

Oyohualli ihcahuacan teuctlin popoca ahuítalon Dios ypalnemohuan: chimalll xochnitl in cuccuepontimani in mahuiztl moteca molinian tleńc. ye nican ye xochnicohuaya in ixtlahuac itec a ohuaya ohuaya

Yaonauac ye oncan yauocuhca in ixtlahuac itec y teuctlin popoca ya mi-lacatzoa y momalacacho yaxochimiquiiztica antepilhuan in anteteuctin can chichimeca y ohuaya et.

• 158 •
Where mesquites and brambles stand, a cypress has arisen! O Life Giver, have mercy! Your shrine is Huexotzinco: and that realm lies only in the Yonder.

Your vassals everywhere are ruining things, breaking things apart, nowhere resting, for your songs are being heard, O Only Spirit. Keep composing them, you princes!

His songs are returning! Life Giver is disgracing Tepeyacac, you princes.

And where are you to go? Tell yourselves, Tlaxalans! Tlacomihuatzin has just gone forth to God’s blaze.

Like a jewel, like a plume, have these Chichimecs prepared Iztac Coyotl the Totomihuan.

And Lord Quiauhtzin of Huexotzinco: “The Mexicans rage against us, the Colhuans rage against us. What route can there be? We’re to go away to the Place Unknown.”

You are sad, O princes: you are uttering your fathers, Ayocuan and the fire-burnished one who perchance indeed is Tzihuacpopoca.

He has been in Chalco, in Acolhuacan, in the fields of Totomihuanacan. He destroys Cuauhquechollan’s mat and throne. And he is God.

He wreaks havoc here in all the land and realm. All Anahuac is raged against.

What will befall them? Atl Popoca is the Lord’s slave. The earth is rolling over. Lord Cacamatl knows the whereabouts of Mictlan. What will befall them?

**XVI**

Oh, I’m in agony! O friends, I utter so many! causing these hearts of mine to walk on earth, painting them here where we live. Yes, they’re pleased in this good place, this peaceful place, among men. Ah! I don’t want to be taken to the Place Unknown.

But my heart knows the truth, I speak truth, friends: whoever prays to the Only Spirit gives his precious heart to him. And isn’t that beyond? And on earth are we born not twice? Yes, it’s true. We live in the Place Unknown within the sky. And there alone is happiness.

The bells are shrilling, the lords are smoking. God Life Giver is pleased. The shield flowers are blossoming: the glory is strewn, it stirs here on earth. Yes, there’s flower death upon this field.

There, in battle, where war begins, upon that field, lords are smoking, whirling, twisting due to flower war death, you lords and princes! And they’re Chichimecs!
Maca mahui noyollo ye oncan ixtlahuatli ytic noconelchua in itzimiquiliztli can quinequin toyollo yaomiquiztla ohuaya etc.
O anquin ye oncan yaonahuac noconelchua in itzimiquiliztli can quinequin toyollo yaomiquiztla ohuaya ohuaya.
Mixtil ye chuatimani yehuaya moxoxopan ipalinemohuani ye oncan celiztimania in quauhtlin ocelotl ye oncan cuepo-

fölio 9v

ni oo in tepilhuan huiya in tlachinolehuaya ohuaya etc.
Yn maoc tonahuacan antocniuhue maoc xonahuacan antepilhuan in ixtlahuatl ytec y nemoaquihu ic can tictotlanehuia o a in chimalli xochitl in tlachinollemhuaya ohuaya ohuaya.

XochiCuicatl.
Can tiyanemia ticuicanitl maya hualmoquetza xochihuehuetl quetzaltica huiconticac teocuitlaxochinecapaniuhicac y ayamo aye yliamo aye hui y ohuaya ohuaya.
tiquimonaluitiz in tepilhuan tectucti o in quauhtloocelotl ayamo etc
Yn tlaca'ce otemoc aya huehuictitlan ye nemi in cuicanitl huiya can qui-quetzalintomaya quezexela o aya ycuic ipalinemoa quiyanaquilia in co-yolyantotol oncuicatinemi xochimana man aya toxocha ohuaya ohuaya.
In canon in noconcaquiytlatol aya tlaca'ce yehuati ypalnemoa quiyanaquilia in co-yolyantotol oncuicatinemi xochimana man aya etc
In chalchihuitl ohuayec onquetzalp'ixualtimania yn a motlatol huiya no iuh ye quittoo y ayoquwan yehuayan cuetzpal ohuaye anqui nelin ye quimat ypalnemoa ohuaya etc
No iuh quichihuacan teuctlon timaloa ye can quetzalmaquiztlatimatoliti-caya conahuitl yceletotl huiya ach canon aco ceyan ypalnemoa ach canon aco tlc nel in tlpc a ohuaya etc
Ma cuel achic aya maoc ixquich cahuitl niquinotlanehui in chalchiuhtin i in maquiztin i in tepilhuan aya can nicxochimalina in tecpillotl huiya can ca nica nocuic yca ya noconyla-

fölio 10

catzoa a in huehuictitlan a ohuaya ohuaya.
Oc noncohuati nican hucxotzinco y nitla'tohuani nitecachuatzin huiya

* 160 *
Songs 16–17, Folios 9–10

24 Let my heart be not afraid upon that field. I crave knife death. Our hearts want war death.
26 I seem to crave the knife death, there! in battle. Our hearts want war death.
28 Clouds are rising. These are your green places, O Life Giver. There! a jaguar, an eagle, sprouts. There! lords are blossoming: they’re rising in the blaze.
2 Let’s be pleased, friends. And princes, be pleased on this field—so that there may be a coming forth to life. We’re borrowing shield flowers: and they’re rising in the blaze.

XVII Flower song

6 Where are you, singer? Here, let the flower drums appear. They’re twirling down as plumes. They’re littered as golden flowers.
7 You’d pleasure princes, lords, eagles, jaguars.
8 Ah, he’s descended. The singer’s at the drum. He’s setting them free as plumes. He’s dispersing the songs of Life Giver. Bellbird gives him the echo, singing along, spreading flowers. Let’s have these flowers!
9 And how do I hear his songs? Ah! It’s Life Giver who gives him the echo. Bellbird gives him the echo, singing along, spreading flowers. Let’s have these flowers!
10 These jades are falling as a mist of plumes. Ah! They’re your songs. And this is how Ayocuan, yes, Cuctzpal, utters them. It would seem indeed that this one has acquaintance with Life Giver.
11 So this is how that lord, that vaunted one, comes creating them. Yes, with plumelike bracelet beads he pleasures the Only Spirit. How else would Life Giver acquiesce? How else could there be anything good on earth?
12 “Let me borrow for a moment, for a while, these jades and bracelets, these princes. I flower-spin these nobles. Here! As songs of mine I whirl them, ah! beside the drum.
13 “For a moment I have companions here in Huexotzinco, I, King Tecayé-
chaltiuhtli čan quetzaliztin y niuincenquixtia in tepilhuan aya čan nicoxchimalina in tecpillotl huia ohuaya ohuaya

A ynhiluicac itic ompa ye ya huitz in yecltl yá xočitl yecltl yan cuicatly, conspoloan tellel conspoloan totlayocoly in tlaca’co yecltl in chichimecatl teccltl in tecayhuatzin yca xoahuiacan a ohuaya ohuaya.

Moquetzalizquichintetzeloa in icniuhyotl Aztcaxtatlapiática ye onmalinticac in quetzalxilo xočitl ymapá onne’nemi conschi’chichinti-nemih in teteuctin in tepilhuan a etc

Čan teocuitlacoxtototl o huel yecltl amocuic huel yecltl in anqhua anquin ye oncan y xočitl yiahualihucan y xočitl ymapan amonoate yn amonlátla’toa yecltl huia ohu ohu ilili y yao ayyahue ho amahe ilili ahua y yao huia

O ach anca tiquechol in ipalanmoa o ach anca titlatocaun yehuá Dios huia achtto tiamehú naquitztoque tlahuizcalli amoncuicatinemí ohu ohu ilili, etc

Maciuhtia oo in quinequi noyollo čan chimalli xočitl in ixochiuh ipalnemoa, quen conschiuaaz noyollo yecltl ohen tacico tonquiçaco in tlīc a ohuaya ohuaya

Čan ca iuhquí noyaz in oompopolioh xočitlaltl antle notleyo yez in quema-nian, antle nitauca yez in tlīc. manel xočitl manel cuicatl, quen conschiuaaz noyollo yecltl ohen tacico tonquiçaco in tlīc. ohuaya ohuaya.

Man tonahuiacan anotcinhuay aya ma omecuechnahualo nican huiaa xočintlalticapac on tiyanemi ye nican ayac quitlamitehuax in xočitl in cuicatl in mania ychan ipalnemohuani y iao a ilili y iao ayahue ayoc ohuaya etc

Yn čan cuel achatzinca tlič. aya aya oc no iuhcã quéonamican i

folio 10v

cuix oc pacohua icniuhtihuay auh yn amo čanio nican totximatico in tlačíç y yao ha ilili yao etc

Nococonca on cuicatl noconcaquin tlapitzaya xochimecatl ayoquar teuctli ya ahuayie ohuayia yao yo ohu

Čan mitzyananquili omtzyananquili xochnicalteyc y in aquisuhatzin in tlacateuhli ayapancatl yahuycí etc

Čan tinemi noteouyypalnemohuaintzemonian y moa nítlaicoyan nicuicaniltl huia čan nimitzahuiliyaya ohuiano tilili yancoohuia ohuaya ohuaya

Yn čan ca izquixochitl in quetzalizquichochitl pixahuí ye nicax xopácalteyc y tlacuilocalteyc čan nimitzahuiliyaya ohu a etc

O anqui ye oncan tlaxcalla, ayahue, chalchiuhctetzi laacuicatoq in huehueticlán, ohuaye, xočinpoyon poyon ayahue xicontencatl teuctli in

· 162 ·
huatzin. I'm assembling jades, emeralds, princes. I flower-spin these nobles, ah!

6 From heaven, ah, come good flowers, good songs. They put away our cares, they put away our pain. Ah, it's the Chichimec lord, Tecaychuatztzin! Be pleased.

10 Comrades are scattering down as plumelike popcorn flowers, spinning down as white morning glories, lords, princes, moving along these branches, inhaling this plumelike cornsilk flower tree.

13 A golden bellbird! A beautiful song! You're singing a beauty. And you that are warbling are there, it would seem, on the flower-tree branches, where flowers are swelling.

17 It would seem that you're a swan for Life Giver, a singer for God, you, the first of these singers to watch for the dawn.

20 "Though my heart desires shield flowers, Life Giver's flowers, what might happen to this heart of mine? Alas, it's for nothing that we've come to be born here on earth.

23 "I'm to pass away like a ruined flower. My fame will be nothing, my renown here on earth will be nothing. There may be flowers, there may be songs, but what might happen to this heart of mine? Alas, it's for nothing that we've come to be born here on earth.

27 "Friends, be pleased! Let us put our arms around each other's shoulders here. We're living in a world of flowers here. No one when he's gone can enjoy the flowers, the songs, that lie outspread in this home of Life Giver.

31 "Earth is but a moment. Is the Place Unknown the same? Is there happiness and friendship? Is it not just here on earth that acquaintances are made?"

3 I've heard a song. I hear the fluting of the garland, Lord Ayocuan.

5 He's answered you. From within the house of flowers Aquiahuatzin has answered you. And Commander Ayapanatl.

7 "Life Giver, Spirit, where are you! I seek you time and again. For you I grieve, I, the singer. I give you pleasure.

10 "Popcorn flowers, plumelike popcorn flowers are drizzling into this house of green places, this house of paintings. I give you much pleasure."

12 It seems that there in Tlaxcala they're singing as jade gongs beside the drum. And there's a narcotic that's flower-narcotic. And Lord Xicotencatl...
tiçatlacaztin in camaxochitzin cuicatca ymelel quiça, xochitica ya onchielo yxa'tol ohuay icelcoteol ohuaya

16 O, anqui nohuiay, ye mochan ipalmehuah, xochipetlatl ye noca xochitica ontzauhticac oncan mitztlalauhtia in tepilhuah ohuaya.

18 Yn nepapan xochiquahuil onycac, aya, huchuetitlan a ayahue, cancantaica ya quetzaltica malintimani, ya, yeccochiol motzetzeloyaya ohuaya ohuaya

21 Can quetzalzalpetlacootl ycapac o, ye nemi coyoltotol cuicatinemiyia, can quinanquili teuctliya, conahuitlan quautiloocotol ohuaya ohuaya

24 Xochitl tzetzetlihuhtoc y, ma onnetotilo antocihuan huchuetitlan ac onchielo can nentlamati toyolol yehua ohuaya ohuaya.

26 Yn can ca yehuan Dios tla xic, ya, caquican ye hualtemoya o ilhuicatllic, y, cuicatlahtiyu, quinanquilia o, angelotin ontlapitztitziete aya oyahue oyia oo ohuaya ohuaya

29 Can ninentlamatia can niquauhtenco, ayahue, can tlacolctica, can ye onma'pantica toxochihuichertl huiya, cuix oc nellin tlaca y ie iuh, cayoc nellin tocuic a ohuaya ohuaya.
Song 17, Folios 10v–11

catl, and Tizatlacatzin, and Camaxochitzin are entertained with this music, awaited with these flowers—they that are songs of the Only Spirit.

16 O Life Giver, it seems your home is everywhere. The Flower Mat is here! And princes, whirled as flowers there, are making prayers to you.

18 That multitude of flower trees is standing up beside the drum. As baby maize ears, yes, as plumes, they're spun. They're scattered. They're holy flowers.

21 Bellbird is singing in the plume arbor. He echoes the lords, he delights those eagle jaguars.

24 Flowers are sprinkling down. Let there be dancing beside the drum, O friends. Whom do we await? Our hearts are grieving.

26 He's the one. It's God! Hear him! He descends from heaven, singing. Angels echo him. They come fluting.

29 "I grieve, I, Cuauhtencoztli. Our flower drums stand wrapped in sadness. Is it true? Let it not be so. Our songs are good no more."

31 But let them arise! Let them appear! We live beyond, exist beyond. You're poor, my friend. Let me take you away. Arise beyond!

33 "I'm singing, alas." O friends, whatever you utter sings here!

6 "From where the Flower Court lies comes one of the nobles. Ah, it's Co-yolchihuiqui. He comes singing through tears from the house of green places. Unhappy are the flowers, unhappy the songs. Everything created here is misery.

9 "The pain is hard. We move along in anguish. Motenchuatzin am I, and in grieving songs I plume-spin princes, lords, rulers, and Telpoloatl, Lord Tepoloatl. We're all alive in this house of green places. Unhappy the flowers, unhappy the songs. Everything created here is misery."

14 I've heard a song. I see him in Green Places, walking in Dawn's House along the flower shore, calling to turquoise swans and green-corn birds. It's the roseate swan Lord Monencauhtzin.

17 O friends, who are they that dwell within God's house of green-swan cacao flowers? Keep on tilling this plume garden. Let me, let me see them laughing like jade flutes, conversing like flower log drums. And might these lords and princes strike and resonate the turquoise-brilliant drums within this house of flowers?

23 Hear it! He's shrilling, warbling on the branches of the flower tree. He's shaking! It's the golden flower-bell, the rattle hummingbird, the swan,
caquaehtacahuastlapaltica onmoçoçouhtinemi patlantinemi xochihuehuetitla ohuaya etc
27 Pahuetz pahuetz xochitl cueponentac xochitl ixpan ypanemoani mitznanquil, o yollo ayec o yo o ioo aya ohuia ohuaya etc
29 Ytototzin yehuan Dios can ca ticemohuia, quexquich ye mocuic in ye moncuultonol tontahuitlia yoo ye olini xochitl a ohuaya.
31 Nohuian noñe’ñemi nolihuan nolntlahohua nicuicanitl huia, in

folio 11v

quetzalizquixochitl ca ye ontztezeliuhroc xochihualco yehua papalocaltec y yao ayahue ohuaya etc
3 Can moch onpa ye huitz xochitl ycaca ayahue, tecuecquipal xochitl in teyollomamalacachoay, tzo yehuan ohuaye, conmoyauhtihuitze contetzetzotihuitze in xochitla malin xochipoyon ayahue
7 Xochinpetlatl onac ayahue, cenca ye mocchan ye amoxcalitec cuica yehua ontlatao yehua xayacamach quihuiuinte yec iol cacahuaxochitl a yio ahuaya.
10 Yn huel yeectli on cuicatl ycahuaca yehua conehua ye iucic tlapalteuecitzin aya, huel ahua yxochiu tseztelihui xochitl cacahuaxochitl yio ohuia
13 Antocniuhuan namechtetemohuac ceccencuemitl nictoca ahu tz no nican ancate xonpa’pactiac xontlatlatquetztiacan can ye onihualacic y namocniuh namocniuhu ohuaya etc
16 Yn cuix itla xochitl can niqualcalauqa yin tzitziquixochitl moçoquilxochitl cuix iuhiquin cuix mayohui nitoelolinia yin antocniuhuan ohuaya ohua,
19 Aquin nesua nipapatlantinemi yehuaya nohtlatlalia nixochincucic cuicapalotl aya, ma ncelli quiça ma noyol quimati ohuaya.
21 A y topa nihuitz oya, nitemoc in nixoapanqueholy, tlapan nacicotti ninoçoçohua xochihuehueteitla nocuic ehualo tlapan onquiça yohuaya.
24 O, anqui can no ne nixochiopahuia cuicatl ytlan nonquiuiça y no can tlatlahuia noquetzalhuicolol teocuitlamecaticac nic ylpia namocniocniuhi ahuaya ohuaya.
27 Can nixotlatlapia namocniuhtzin huia, xochintlapalyzhuatica nocotzoma ninoxochintlapixacaltzin ynic nompactica ye cuecuentla yehuan dios ma xonahuiacan ohuaya.
30 tlaoc cenca xonpacta xochincocozcapatziene tel ca yehuatl teuctli cuix occepa ye tonmemiquiuy yn iuqu quimati moyol hui can cem tinemico ohuaya ohuaya.

folio 12

1 Oya, nihualacic xochinquahuitl ymapan ayahue nixochihuitzil ninoayacahuilitca ynic nompactica tzopelic huelic notè ohuaya.

*166*
Song 17, Folios 11-12

Lord Monencauhrtzin. Like a gorgeous troupial fan he spreads his wings and soars beside the flower drum.

They've reached the top. Flowers have reached the top. The flowers are blooming in the presence of Life Giver. And He's given you the echo. Oh, heart!

You've brought down precious birds of God. Your songs, your riches, are plentiful. You're giving pleasure. Flowers are stirring.

“A singer am I, and everywhere I walk, everywhere I speak, the plume-like popcorn flowers sprinkle down on this flower court, this house of butterflies.

“From Flower Place come all the whirling flowers that make hearts spin. They themselves come scattering, come strewing flowers, whirled ones, narcotic flowers.”

They’ve entered upon the Flower Mat. And he who sings abundantly, who warbles in this home of yours, this picture house, is Xayacamach. Cacao flowers intoxicate his heart.

There’s a beautiful song. And the one who shrills, who lifts his song, is Tlapaltcucitzin. Great is his pleasure. His flowers are sifting down. And the flowers are cacao flowers.

O friends, I seek you, running through all these gardens. And here you are. Pass away in gladness, pass away producing songs. I've arrived, I, your comrade, your comrade.

Among these flowers am I introducing tzitzi-weed flowers, mozo-weed flowers? Is that the way it is? Am I simple? Am I poor? O friends!


I come from Home. I've descended, I, a swan of Green Places, arriving on earth. I spread my wings beside the flower drum. My songs are lifted. They're born on earth.

It seems that I myself am cultivating songs, keeping company with those who work the soil. I, your humble comrade, am snaring my plumelike ancestors as golden garlands.

I'm on guard in the flower fields, I, your poor little friend. With gorgeous flower fronds I thatch my troopers' flower tents, rejoicing in these fields of God. Be pleased!

Pass away rejoicing greatly, you flower jewels, for He is Lord. Will you live again? Ah, your heart knows that you live forever.

I've arrived in the branches of the flower tree, I, Flower Hummingbird, delighting in the aroma, rejoicing. Sweet, fragrant, are my words.
Yehuan Dios ypalnemoani ye xochitica tötlatlauhtiloya, ye tonotopechtoca can timitzonahuiltia xochihuahuéctlan atecpácatl teutla, ohuaya etc
Onpialo huehuettl onpialo ye oncan xopancalitec mitzonchia ye mocni-huan yaomanatzin in micohuatzin, yn ayoquauhtzi ye xochitica onelci-hui in teetucin ohuaya et.
Hualixtococ hualcocoliloya yn atl, in tepetl, huexotzinco tzihuactlan tzac-qualotoc in tlacochahuayotoc in huexotzinco ya ohuaya.
Tetzilacacl ayotl cahuantoc aya amocal inmanica huexotzinco ya yn oncan ontlapia in tccayehuatzin quechuahtl teuctli ontlapitza oncuica can ca ye ichan ye huexotzinco ya ohuaya.
Yaya papa ilili xontlaaquicacan ye hualtemoya in tota Dios cä ca ye ichan ocelocahuehuetl comontoc aya, in tetzilacacuicatl oncahuantoc ye oncan ohuaya ohuaya.
Ach in iuhca a ayahue, xochitl can çanitl i quetzalliia, quemitl huilátoc ayahue, amoxcalitec ynic onpialo tlalo yä, tepetl ynic onpialo yn icelteotl a ohuaya etc ayayo.
Xochimitlötchuatoc mochalchiuhcancacatl notcocuitlaoamoxcacal anca ye mochan yn icelteotl.
Auh tocnihuan tla xoconcaquicacan yn itlatol temictli ayahue, xoxopantla technemitla in teocuitlaxitlotechonzyuitia tlauhchëcholelotl techoncoz-catia in ticmatl ye ohuaya ye ontlanetocato yiollö tocnihuan ohuaya ohuaya.

Ynocuicatl.
Can yehuan Dios yn ipalnemohua can tonnem yehuá ye mitzonchixto-que in mocnoicniuhuá ye cuicaticoa onnentlamatoğ ye xochitica-

folio 12v
yan can quitemohua mellel tlacyoltia mitzonyaytlanilíia moyollio in tleytol mahuizytoti aya ohua:
3 Can niquitooa onon niquilnamiqui ye anta ye iuhqui a icnopillotl te yca cehuiz in noyollo te yca polihuiz in notlayocol nahuexotzincaatl mach oc onca ye nota, mach oc onca ye nona oc nechonnechixtieq oc nechonyol-loccuhuiz ahu yn amo niccntlamitinemiz a yenopillotl ohuaya.
8 Nontcyhua paquihua aahuiclo nican tocnihuan onca ye inquach ycozqui ahu in nehua ninotolinia antle ic nonpactaz antle ic nauhixtchezua tenahuac ye nican ohuaya
11 Momalinan teucytl momalinán iquiyhotl in tecpillotl aya ca ócan ca ompa huallaz noconnequi noconelchuia in tlön antle ic nonpactaz antle. et
With flowers you are prayed to, O God, O Life Giver. We bow down, we 49
pleasure you beside the flower drum, O Water-Palace Lord.
The drums are kept: they’re kept beyond in the house of green places. 50
Your comrades War Declarer, Arrow Snake, and Rattle Eagle are await-
ing You. These lords are sighing in flowers.
“This city of Huexotzinco has been coveted: it’s hated: it lies encased with
spines, hristling with javelins, this Huexotzinco.”
Gongs, rattles, are ringing at your home in Huexotzinco. Tecayhuatzin, 52
Lord Quecchuatl, stands guard there, fluting, singing in his home, in
Huexotzinco.
Listen! God the father is descending. Jaguar eagle drums are ringing in his
home. Gong music is ringing.
It would seem to be so. Ah, these flowers are plumes—yes, a trailing cape 54
of plumes. It’s in a house of pictures that the realm is held in safety, that
the Only Spirit is held in veneration.
Your city in the Jade Land is ascending on an arrow fire of flowers. My city
of the golden pictures is your home, O Only Spirit.
Friends, hear the words of a dream: the golden milk corn sustains us in
summer, the rosace-swan green corn gives us life, and it bejewels us to
know that friends’ hearts have been converted to the faith.

XVIII Bereavement song

Where, O God? O Life Giver, where are you? Your grieving friends are 1
waiting for you. They’re suffering in songs, in flowers, seeking out your
agonies: they’re covetous. These hearts of yours are asking you for gran-
der, for glory.
I say and think that nothing can compare to this bereavement. How can
my heart be eased? How can I, a Huexotzincan, put aside this sadness?
Do I have a father? Do I have a mother? Is he waiting for me? Will he
case my heart? And can’t I put an end to this bereavement?
I make dispatch, and all the friends are glad: they’re pleased here: they
have their vestments, their jewels. But I, I’m poor. I’m not to pass away
in pleasure, not to go away contented in this company.
Lords are spinning. Friends, nobles, are spinning. Yonder, from the Yon-
der they’ll be coming in, and I desire them, I crave them here on earth.
I’m not to pass away in pleasure, not to go away contented in this company.
Titloque tinhuauque timitzahuiltia nican antle mocnopilhui na monahuac ypalnemohua can ihui xochitl ypa titechmatia can toncueltlaihui timoc-nihuan.

Yn can no iuhqui quetzaliztli tiicaxamania can no iuhquin tlacuilollol ti-cpopoloa ixquich ompa yahu i can no ye mictla can tocepanpohuyan
tle ypan titechmati ycelteotl yhuin tiyolli yhuin ye topolihiuan can tonpo-polihuitlaihui timacehualti cannelpa tonyazque.

Can yeic nichocayan ynic tontlatzihui ypalnemohuani chalchihuitl tlapani quetzalli poztequi timoquequeleo o antaque antle ypan titechmati tech-tlatia titechpopolohuia nicana.

Anca monyeocol tiomanaya motzual motlual yu ipalnemoani ayac can quittoa monahuac ycnopillotica tontlatlanilo.

Chalchihuitzmolintoc onquetzalcuepontoc achin moyollo ypalnemwa ayac can quittoa monahuac ycnopilitica.

Achin oncan yeac tinemi xoahauiacá y can cuel achic cohuatihui in can ixquich cahuitl ommahuihuihui y tlaca ayac nelli mocniih in can cuel achic onnetlanehuihui y ictli moxochuih can cocahuic xochitl.

folios 13

Yxquich in cueponi moyetlapan mopey ypan in tecpilloh tiyahuatl ytec in teucyotl tlacayotl ye ic malintiac in moyoxochiuh can cocahuic xochitl.

Ye antle nel o tie ytohua nican ypalnemohuana can iuhqui temictli ca toncochitlehua in tiquitoa tlpec. ayac nellin tiquihuiyia nican.

Tlanel ye chalchihuitl tlamentolollol timaco ypalnemohuani xochicozcatica ton-tlatlanilo tonitlanililo ach in tecpilloh in quauhoyotl oceloyotl ach ayac nellin tiquihuihua nican.

Yoyahuie ypalnemohuani moquequeleoac ca temictli y toctoa y tocniuh onlantecotca toyotol y nellin moqueleo yehui Dios.

Tla tonicoahuaiac xopancalitc tlacuilollapan in technemitia ypalnemo-huani ye quimita ye conitoa ynic timiqui timacehualtin ayac ayac ayac, nel on tinemi ye nican.

Onen nontlacat onen noquiquaco anqui ye nicah in tlapc ninotolinia in manel nonquiz in manel nontlacat niquittoo tle naiz onohuacon tepilhuan Ma teixco ninen in quc huel xinimatia ye noyehuatz yeyantli nohuihual can ninotolinia toncohua ca noyolli tomcinuih yu axacani in tlpec ye nican.

quenin nemoa in tenahuac mach ilihuiz tinemi an tehuit teixco ninemi can ihuihuan can yecel nelli y can nñopechiteca ca noontoloninemi y tenthuiac.

Maca xiciotlamati noyollo macaoc tle xiecoyoca yu nelli axacca ycnop-pilithua in tlpec yu nelli cococ ye ontimalihuiz yu motloc monahuac ypalnemohua.

i 70.
O Ever Present, O Ever Near! It's here on earth that we pleasure you. There's no reward at your side, O Life Giver. You treat us as flowers. We, your friends, wither away.

You break us all as emerald jades, you ruin us all as paintings. And off to Mictlan, where we're all destroyed.

How do you treat us, O Only Spirit? This is how we're born, this is how we vassals die and pass away! Oh, where are we to go?

For this I weep. Because you slacken, O Life Giver, jades shatter, plumes splinter. O Moquequeola! We're nothing! You treat us as nothing, you put us away, you destroy us here.

It seems we offer you a sacrifice, your shrine, your food. O Life Giver, none can say that you are grievously beseeched in your presence!

Your hearts are freshening as jades, blossoming as plumes somewhat. O Life Giver, none can say that you are grievingly beseeched in your presence!

We're briefly in that good place. Enjoy! We're with companions just a moment. And that glory is for but a while. Ah, no one really is Your friend! But briefly are Your good flowers, those golden flowers, borrowed.

All the nobles, lords and rulers, are blossoming upon Your mat and throne, upon that field. Now Your war flowers, those golden flowers, are spinning.

Nothing we say here is real, O Life Giver. What we say on earth is only a dream, as if we stood sleeping. We really utter it to no one.

Let there be jades, beads! You're given these, O Life Giver. You're beseeched, beseeched with these flower jewels. But are there nobles? Eagles? Jaguars? Do we really utter them to no one?

Alas, Life Giver, Moquequeola! What we say is in a dream. O Friend, our hearts are credulous, it's true. O Moquequeola! O God!

As bereaved ones let us go be pleased in the house of green places, where the paintings are.” Life Giver, who gives us life, contrives and says it so that we will die, we underlings. “Not one, not one, not one of us really lives here.”

I'm born in vain, come forth in vain. It seems that here on earth I'm poor. Let me not come forth! Let me not be born! I say, what will befall me? All the princes have come to be assembled. Let me give no offense. Take care! Oh yes, I'm to go away ascending to the seat I deserve, being poor. But my heart would suffer. Friend, this earth is a hardship.

How does one live in company? We're inconsiderate of others, and I give offense. Just gently! That's the only truth. I just bend down, I just go bowing in the presence of others.

O my heart, don’t grieve! Make nothing! True, there's hardship, there's bereavement on earth. And true, this wound would suppurate near you and in your presence, O Life Giver.

* 171 *
Can niquintemohua niquimilnamiqui in tocnihuá cuix occepa huitze y cuix oc nemiquihui ca cen tipolihui ca çe ye nican in tlēc maac cocoya yiollo ytlloc yNahuac Ypalnemohua.

Can yeica nichoca nienotlamati nonicnocahualoc in tenahuac in tlēc que connequi moyollo ypalnemohuani maac ncell elonqui yecnopilotl maoc ontimalihui monahuac titcotel yehuan Dios an tinechmiquiltani.

Aço amo tipactinemi tlēc anca can titocnihuá ynic hualpaquihua tlēc.

folio 13v

anca noch ihuin titotolinia anca noch ihuin teopohui tenahuac ye nican.

Can ca ilhuicatlytec oncan ticyocoyna modatol can ychuá Dios çñin tocon-nequiz Mach titdazihuihu ye nicä tie ynayaz in motëyo in monahuicu tlēc ye nican quem toconnequiz.

Ayac huel iñiuh ypalnemohuani antocnihuá anquatha amoceloltl cannelpa toyazquen titlacocohua ye nicä antepilhui.

Yn ma onnentlatami techcocolia in techmictiani ximotlapalocä moch onpa toyazqu quenonarnican

Ma mixco ninen can ninotolinintenimi yn iñpä ypalnemoan ychuá Dios can techoncuilia çan chonquyuanilía yn itleyo ymahuiço tlēc ye nican oc xömecématicañ namchichoucuhuaz yn antocnihuá yn antepilhui

Yn tlaça ayac huel iñpa yn ipalnemohuá çä yhuian Dios çä techoncuilia çä techonquyuanilía yn itleyo ymahuiço tlēc ye nican oc xomocenmatican.

Yn çä ticcac ticocohuá moyollo huel xitechonithuá xitechonitztlaco yhuin tinemi nican iñpan ypalnemohuá maac ximiqui ma cemicac nican xinemi tlēc.

Auh y nelhua niquittoo a can achica can iuhquin eloexchitl ypan titomatico in tlēc can toncueltahuico antocnihuá maoc ompolihui yecnopilotl maoc amelel quiza ye nican.

Tleyn tiquazque antocnihuá tle yca tahuiazoqu canon i yoli tocuiie canin tlacati tohuchueuh ninentlamatia tlēc. caní nemia ma malintimaniz yn iñiuhyotl ma malintimaniz in cohuyotl huehuetitlan mach oc niquiçuii meng oc niquehuauquiy y cuicati ahu in çanio nican yn ataca ye nica can ayahuilitl çan yacahuilotl ninomanaz ma tondlantocan noyollo cuix nicä tochan tlēc çann i tolincan y teopohueca tinemi çä noconcuitiuñ can niquitlanitii cuix iuhqui xochitl ma ocepca nicpipox, cuix tonacayotl ocepa niicotcaz in nota in nonä cuix oc

folio 14

xilotiz oncamamatiuquih, in tlēc. yca nichoca ayacon teca techicnocauhque tlēc. can yheca yn ohtli mitlan y temoyá ca ximohuayan, cuix oc
Song 18, Folios 13–14

I seek comrades, I recall them. But do they come again? Do they come to life again? We die forever and utterly here on earth. Let no one's heart be wounded near and in the presence of Life Giver.

For this I weep. I grieve. I'm bereft in this company here on earth. What does your heart require, O Life Giver? Be entertained! Let bereavement suppurate near you, O Spirit! O God, you want me dead!

Aren't we happy on earth? It seems we're each other's friends. So there is happiness on earth. It seems to be that way with all of us who are poor. It seems to be that way with every sufferer here in this company.

Oh, God! You're creating those songs of yours in heaven. And what would you require? Would you slacken? Conceal your grandeur and your glory here on earth? What would you require?

O friends, O eagles, O jaguars, no one really is Life Giver's friend. Where are we to go, we spoilers here? O princes!

Let Him grieve. He hates us, He's always killing us. Hail! We're off to the Place Unknown, all of us.

Don't let me offend you. I live poorly in the presence of Life-Giver God. He removes, withdraws from us, his grandeur and his glory here on earth. Take care of yourselves, O friends, O princes! I'm going to die and leave you.

Ah! No one can be with Life Giver—who is as God. He removes, withdraws from us, his grandeur and his glory here on earth. Take care of yourselves, O friends, O princes! I'm going to die and leave you.

"You've heard your hearts and you're wounding them. Look at us! Gaze at us! This is how you live here—with Life Giver. May you never die. May you live forever here on earth."

But I, I say listen! On earth we're known but briefly, like the magnolia. We only wither, O friends. Let bereavement be destroyed! Be entertained here!

What will we eat, friends? How will we be pleased? Where do our songs come alive? Where are our drums born? I grieve on earth: where are they? Let comrades be whirled, let companions be whirled, beside the drum! And will I come forth again, come lifting songs again? "Well, only here. But you're absent here!" I'll be deposited as mist, as a budding dove. "Don't be credulous, my heart!" Can this earth be home? We're living in a place of poverty and torment. Where can I go get corn? Where can I go look for it? Will I resow it like a flower? Will I replant it? Will my father, will my mother, be an ear of milk corn, a baby ear of corn, on earth? For this I weep: no one has regard for people: they've left us in bereavement here on earth, where the road to Mictlan lies, the place of going down, the place where all are shorn. Do we really live again in the Place Unknown? Can our hearts have faith? In a coffer, in a wickerwork, Life Giver hides us: he shrouds us. Will I see my mother, my father? Will I look at their faces? Will they give me what I seek: their
nelli nemohua quenonamie cauix ontlanelteca toyollo can topco petla-calco ontetlatia ontequimiloa ypalnemohua cauix onca niquimitaz ymixon nontlachiaz nonan nota in cauix nechalmacazque incue intlatol nocontemohua ayacan teca tehimenocauhque
9 Yecoc xochitl man nequimilololo man neculiltonolo antepilhuan huelixti-huizt cuecueyontihuizt canyo xopá nomaci'catihuizt cempohualxochitl yecoc xochitl tepetitech.
12 Yn ca xiuhcalitl noncuica maquizcalitc niontlatoa ca nicuicanilt
14 Oc xocooyocoyacá xiquilnamiquicá quenonamie cauixompá ye ichá aya nelli ye toyauih ymompá ximoa can timaceluait anca toyolía ixpan ye onyaz quiximatzic cauix yehuá Dios.
17 Tecotl anquiyocoyacá tleins anquilnamiquic anotecnihuá ma catle xicyocoyacá totech onquica in yeclli xochitl can iuhui yelle in ipalnemohua ca mochi ticyocoyacá mochi tiqulnamiquic tienotlamiy ca nicá
20 Mohchiu in tepilhuá mochihu in cococ teopouhctica nezcaltilo yehuá Dios. Ma xihiuálin tinocihuá tleins ticyocoyacá tleins tiqulnamiquic mochipá tlepc canio nican maca xitlaaco yscnopilotl in ye niciamati cococ yca teopouhctica titonemitaic nochipan tlepc.
24 Oacico ye nican in yelel ytlaco ypalnemooa ca ytic onnemía ma onnecho-quililo in quauhtli ocelotl ca nican can tipoliquiquic ayac mocahuaz.
26 Xicyocoyacá antepilhuá ahuexotzincan manel ye chalchihuít manel teocuitlatl no ye ompá yaz in canin ximohuá quinamican ayac mohuaz.
28 Nichoca nihualicnotlamati y niquinamiquic chalchihuít tlaçoxihuítl yn otictlenc in otiquimiloc ycelteotl ach tle yca Cuix in toyollo tle yca polihuiz in totlayo cál canin tlelucohuih yin tlanel moxochiuih yin tlanel yecllitin a mocuih can mocuexaquiyic in ayquatzin cuix occepa niquittaz cuix occepa nicnotzaz in xuehuetlalan.

folio 14v
1 Ye tocui xochiuih tic chua yeucic ycelteotl ye onnoquechnahuatiu in iehuhyolt y matitech mátiuh in cohuayolt in nicototeteuc in tochihiutzin in conitotehcac in coyolchihuqui ca tocotchildhuaco ca tontemiquico ahnelli ahnelli tinemic in tlepc.
5 Xoxopan xihuitl ypan tochihiuaco hualcecelha hualitzinolocin in toyollo xochitl in tonacayo cequi cueponi oncueltlahu in conitotehcac yin tochihuitzin
8 Can itlatol can iciehiuiz ontalauih in toca moquechuelo techahahuilo huac nica ayac huelo ayac hueylon quilhuiz yin itlatol ypalnemoomi.
10 Yn tel ca ço huemac in timalo teçogomo tlueltli tlaçatecolotl y coyauh in cuetzpal oçotamlin tlueltli tlaçquihiuítl can ontemo huchuyotian tlepc ayac huelo ayac hueло.
songs, their words? *For this I weep:* no one has regard for people: they've left us in bereavement *here on earth.*

9 The flowers have arrived. Let all be adorned. Let all be rich, O princes! Deliciously they come. Gleaming they come. In these green places only, on their own and in perfection, come marigolds. These flowers have arrived in this city.

12 I'm singing in a house of turquoises, chanting in a house of bracelets, I, the singer.

14 Compose them! Recall them! To the Place Unknown, Beyond, and to His home, it's true, we pass away, Beyond, to the place where all are shorn, we underlings. It seems our souls are in His presence. He who passes on will know God's face.

17 What are you composing? What are you recalling? O friends, compose the ones that make us drunk, the good ones, the flowers of Life Giver's pain. We're all composing them, we're all recalling them. We're grieving here.

20 Wrought are the princes, wrought is the misery. On account of this suffering there's a proliferation—and ah! it's God! Come, friend, what are you composing, what are you recalling? Forever on earth! And only here! Don't be sad. This bereavement is what I savor. On account of misery and suffering, we'll be sustained forever *here on earth.*

24 Life Giver's pain, his sadness, has arrived: he lives within it! Let all the jaguars, the eagles, be wept for. We're to be destroyed. None will be left.

26 Create them, you princes, you Huexotzincahs! And though they're jades, and though they're gold, they'll pass away to the place where all are shorn, the Place Unknown. None will be left.

28 I weep, I grieve, recalling the jades, the precious turquoise stones you've hidden, that you've shrouded, O Only Spirit. With what? Our hearts? With what can our sadness be destroyed? I've been grieving; let us have your flowers, your good songs. Will Ayocuan come again? Will I see him again? Will I call to him again beside the drum?

1 We lift our songs, our flowers, these songs of the Only Spirit. Then friends embrace, the companions in each other's arms. *Here's* what Tochihuitzin will have said before he dies, what Coyolchihuiqui will have said before he dies: "We merely come to stand sleeping, we merely come to dream. It is not true, not true that we come to live on earth.

5 "We merely come to do as herbs in spring: our hearts come sprouting, come green, the many flowers of our flesh that open wither away." So Tochihuitzin will have said before he dies.

8 His songs and labors will be shedding light? He mocks us, He shames us here! To no one, to no one does Life Giver tell His songs.

10 Even vaunted Huemac, or big Lord Tezozomoc sorcerer, or Cuetzpall, or Lord Ozomatli, or Tlacuichbuatl goes down, grows old on earth. To no one, to no one *does Life Giver tell His songs.*
Ma hucl manin tlalli ma hucl ica tcepctl quihualitoca ayōquā çan yehuan cuetzpalitzin.

Tlaxcallan hucxotzinco in a izquixochitl cacahuaxochitl ma onnemahmaco ma hucl mani tlalla

Nihuinti nichoca niciotlamati niemati niquitroa nic īñamiquī macaic nimiquī Macaic nipōlihui

Yn çan ahmicohua in çan ontepethuá y ma oncā niaui macaic nimiquī Macaic nipōlihui.

Anmonecuiltoñol amonmoquintiloro antepilhuan quauctli iztac in petlacalcatl ma yanquitlatzihiuitli chimalli xochitl, ic totonquia ic etic mochihuhtoc xayacamachan.

Anca iñopillotl ontitiimaluihtaz quenonamicā āca ayaznequi ātepilhuan amontlachiaznequi yn ompa nemohua amachcahuā. Ĉan ca yellel ytdao-coly ixochiuh ye icic ma ic tonahuicah petlacalcatl in quauctli iztac quenman tlacahuaz yn icelteotl yn ipaltinemī ye nican

Teicnohuica teicnocemihuitlītlīa yn ipaltinemī yehuā dios anqui ỳcocoauih ontemocnihtlia yperlapā quenmā tlacahuaz yn icelteotl in ipaltinemī ye nican.

---

**folio 15**

1. Xochinquahuitl onicac in tamoan yehan dios yecha, oncan tiyocoloc tinahuatiłloque tecuetlatoltica techyacatzoa in çā yehuan totocuh yn ipaltinemī.

4. Yhui yn tecuiciatl in nicpitza nicchalchiuhteqi yeclti tocuic yhuin teoxihuitl icni nappa, techilacatzohua nappa tamo, tamoa yehan yehuā Dios ypalnemohuani e xonahuia e nicā xopanian xopancalitie

8. Ye monecuiltonol motecielil huelon nemohua ypalnemohuani tlalpēque timohuihixoa y timotzetzeloa nican moqu i nochant moqu i nocat ymanca quemon in tlēc ynic ye nemohua mopetlapan momahuiçocā ayac çan quitroa monahuac tonteicnoyitza tontemopepēnia

13. Ycā monoma in tehual toteicnoyitza mochiel ymāca mocah ymāca cā mitзонtlaipiela ypalnemoai xiuhzin in coyolchiuhqui xihuitl popoca moquilhuitzayn ayac çan quitroa monahuac totecnoyitza

17. Cuicatl ayolque xochitl ançueponque antepilhuāN i çαcatimalitzin in tochihuitzin ompa ye huitze xochimecatl

19. Ça ye colinia yhuhebueuh yayacac ypalnemohuani amoxicuiuiluhtoc am- mocuic anquiçocāa a huehueztlan motenehuatzin moquauhtzetzeloa xochiyayotica conahuultia ycelteotl.
"May the realm endure! May the nation endure!" sings forth Ayocuan, ah. Cuetzpaltzin.

"May all Tlaxcala and Huexotzinco be granted popcorn flowers, cacao flowers! May the realm endure!"

I'm drunk, I weep, I grieve. I savor them, I utter them, I recall them. May I never die. May I never be destroyed.

Let me go where there's no dying, where there's a place to live. May I never die. May I never be destroyed.

These are your riches. You adorn yourselves, O princes, O Cuauhtliztac, O Petlacalcatl! Don't be averse to shield flowers. With these Xayacamach grows warm and weighty.

It seems that these bereaved ones are to pass away in glory to the Place Unknown. It seems you want to go, O princes: you want to see where there's life, O chiefs. Let's be pleased in this pain of His, this sadness, these flowers, these songs, this Petlacalcatl, this Cuauhtliztac. The Only Spirit, Ipaltinemi, will eventually show mercy here.

God Ipaltinemi governs with compassion. With compassion he allows a little life. There would seem to be some food of his. He befriends us in this realm of his. The Only Spirit, Ipaltinemi, will eventually show mercy here.

The flower tree stands in Tamoanchan, God's home. There! we've been summoned! Our Spirit, Ipaltinemi, whirls us as lord songs.

What I'm smelting is as gold: I'm carving our good songs as jades. Four times and as turquoise! Tamo, God, Life Giver whirls us four times in Tamoanchan. Hey! Be pleased! Hey! Green Places are here, in this house of green places!

All your riches, your favors, are alive, O Life Giver, World Owner! You shake yourself, you scatter yourself here. Because of you my home, because of you my house eventually will lie upon this earth, with everyone alive upon your mat and in your place of honor. None can say that in your presence you're compassionate, you choose people.

Of your own accord you have compassion, O Life Giver, here in your shrine, your house, where these are standing guard: this Xiuhztzin, this Coyolchihuqui, this Xihuitl Popoca, this Moquihuitzin. None can say that in your presence you're compassionate, you choose people.

As songs you've come alive, as flowers you've blossomed, O princes, O Zacatimaltzin, O Tochihuitzin. These flower garlands are coming from beyond.

Life Giver resonates these drums of his, these rattles. The songs that You unfold are painted as pictures beside the drum. Motenehuatzin is strewn as an eagle. He pleasures the Only Spirit with a war of flowers.
Nican ompehua Huehue cuicatl ynnepapaquilizcuic tlatoque Titico titico titico.

Yehuan tlacatl obispon cuica oztocaltic mimilintoc inteponaz xoichuehuetl comontiac
Quenonmach in quehua can tiquittaz tictemoa xoichimecatica quihuihui con y cuix nepanuih yayatac yeuic yıc anmococol Moteucçoma.
Xochiuthuallin niepoxahuacön amocohol xochiytuallin niepoxahuacon amocohol xiuhehiuacoltica ye nitlacockatihuitz tzonco cahuilti

\textit{folio 15v}

\begin{verbatim}
A ca nacochtica xochicozecatica nietzetzeloa tlahuilli xochitl nietzetzeloa tlahuilli xochitl xiuhchiuacoltica ye nitlacakatihuitz.
At tiquatali in nipa ticac at tiquatali in nechcapa ticac tlacuel tla xictotoma xoichimecatica nauhcampa ca cenca huel xihxittomonilpitica noyollo noyollo quen anquiChihuazque.
Toco toco toti.
Aquin tlacatl oye’coe oztocaltic xoichitl tzetzeliuhtoc tlacaço yehuatl in tlatoani yayaticacapil tlantlayochialhuaZcatlacatinem ci an ca omicuciul-totopochpill yeuítlapa tetzefilacacuicco Dios yehan tzontli ymapil canahuacan quatl’a tlahuayo tetehilacaclipil mamacohua moteucçomapil.
An nocahuan an tlacuel xompuehuacă tlacuel xoncuicacă nocócacuicco ycuicayu moteucçomapil xyonzechncuil xoquechtla tziquauhcaxpil tzintepopnil can iuhqui tapizmiqui xillancapitz yolloyacatz omicuiuitlecui-cuipil y yacachiquacolchicolpil ah annellin iuh toncatcapil ah ancllin iuh toccatcapil.
Çan tlapitzalcoapa mizhualahua in huehuetque moteucçomapil in quatla-tlaqucoplip quaxochimecahuhiucon ticatcapil ah anel iuh tocatcapil
Coto coto coto.
Niciucaicitl tihuehuetque ac yehuatl ye copoaz ytlatal ycelteotl yn iamox yn itlacuilol in cuicatl huehuehtl teponaztl ayacachi-tetzilacatl ayotl ye chicahuaztli cueponqui coçahuic xochitl cahuilla xochitl tlpc can tonyaz
\end{verbatim}
XIX  Here begins an old man song,  
a rulers’ glorying song

A

titico titico titico  

It’s the Master, the Bishop, who’s singing in this cavern house! His log 
drums are stirring. Flower drums are thumping.  

How He sings them! And indeed you’ll see the ones you seek. He’s twirled 
them as flower garlands. Are they strewn? These songs of His are swaying. 
Thus your agony is Montezuma!

“To the flower court I come, softening your pain. To the flower court I 
come, softening your pain. I come rushing, as a turquoise crook. It has 
pleasured Him on high.

“As earrings, as flower jewels, I sprinkle brilliant flowers, sprinkle brilliant 
flowers. I come rushing as a turquoise crook. It has pleased Him on 
high.”

Are you vexed that you stand away? Vexed that you stand apart? Come!  
Set them free! Do indeed stand up and noose these hearts of mine as 
flower garlands from the four directions. And O my hearts, what would 
befall you?

B

toco toco toti  

What master has arrived in this cavern house? Flowers are sprinkling. Ah, 
it’s a ruler. A swaying baby’s leg bones are clattering like gourd rattles. 
Indeed, his back’s a baby rib roast. Hair and his finger, temple and head-
nerve, all are singing, like gongs, in God’s home; and he’s a baby 
whirler! This baby Montezuma spreads his arms!

Ah, grandsires. Ah, strike it up. Sing! I’d hear the song flesh of this baby 
Montezuma, his twisted feet, his ankles, his baby hip and tail bone—for 
we’re dying of hunger. O womb-forged creature, O whirling heart, O 
baby painted ribs, O baby crooklike hook nose! Ah, it’s true, is it not, 
that you’re a baby-being twice this way? Ah, it’s true, is it not, that 
you’re a baby-being twice this way?

Old men are pricking you as a new-minted one, O baby Montezuma. The 
baby hardhead’s twirled as an eagle flower garland! O baby creature, ah! 
It’s true, is it not, that you’re a baby-being twice this way?

C

coto coto coto  

I’m the singer, and we're the old ones. Who'll recite the words of the Only 
Spirit, his pictures, his paintings, these songs, these drums, these log 
drums, these rattles, these gongs, these turtles, yes, these rattlers? Golden 
flowers are blossoming, flowers are pleasuring the earth. Where will you
Ximotlalican noxhuihuane xōmotlalicā noxhuihuane ma iuhq obispo

(adjacent gloss:) obispo

can ca centzonxiquipilli cuix huimolintoc momamalintoc xincuc mo-liuhtimani yn ñtlatol i yehua yiollo.

Ac onmottiz ac ontlachiaz xochozotocalco axomxtlacuilocalitic can ticac tlaltolahquetl ahnechuelitoa chicottonque chicotlatoq manē quittocan ye cópoaz ye conchihuaz noxhuiuhtzin.

1 Cano Dios nechiuhca, cano Dios nechyoceca xochoquimiliuhticac xoch-
petlaylactatz huimoliuhtoc momamalintoc ye onquetzalpachiuhticac
nitic noyollo nicuicanitl

4 San franț o ontlatoa fray pedro ye nechahuatia nicuicanitl čan ye očan
oztocalitic yehuan Dios ytlatal nic yhtoa ca ya yca čan noca huetzca
nechpinahuia noxhuiuhtzin ma ye hualmoquetza ma quitt o ychicotlatal
ma ye ic cahahuitli noxhuiuhtzin.

8 A conmatizz no huel quittaz noyollo nicuicanitl at aiuhqui nic chuaz nic
ytoz ca ya icac čan noca huetzca nechpinahuia noxhuiuhtzin ma ye
hualmoque.

toco toco toti.

12 Nocaltic nohuehue ma mitztlatlaní ac ipatiuh neçahualpilli elteponazcuex-
cueliuh ye xochoxuehuei ye atlacneuilpil ceceyaca netlatlalolo in ixo-
pilhuan cequi aonuçaci cequi aontaciz.

15 A c h anca yehuatl in tlatoani neçahualpilli quacozpił quaxacaliuantecluicuil
ylactzcepil in quappacemixtlapalcueuilpil. No nimitzahuia in tlatoani in
taxayaca in quamimilp in quauhuitzoctepol ixocotzohualcacatzacete-
pol tenzonzochpol mahuchueyacapol ac ço mach iuhquin tlacatl.

20 Ça ye tiquineuh in mā tocotzotl xiyen in ma tlatacheuil ciò ca yehuatl
acacolotl mitztlatzecelhui quechuehuyacapol, ye tenpitzaepol ypan tetepo
cecen maapol in tocniuhuan ie yecho xicaqică

Coto Coto coto.

23 Nihuelcuicaya ma mitoti totoquihuaz in tennopaltitlac ahmo tlahhua
pehualpol in yacalapitzateucicoyopol ye iuhqui in tan

26 Xochhuehueteque nichualitta a’mon iuh totoquihuazpol elmoçoquillaca-
catzacopol ixquatolehexoquimilpol ac ço mach iuhquin tlacatl.
Song 19, Folios 15v–16

go? What will you reach? Where will you live?
Be seated, my grandchildren! Be seated, my grandchildren! May the Bishop be four hundred times eight thousand! Are they stirring, spinning? Hey! These songs, these hearts of His are stirring!
Who’ll go see, who’ll go gazing in the cavern house of flowers? In this house of picture paintings, where the warbler rises, he reproaches me. And may the scurrile-tongued, the scurrile-speaking, fail to utter what my grandchild would recount, would make!
Where God had made me, where God had formed me, now ensconced in flowers are the whirling flower mats. And ah! they’re stirring, spinning. Yes, my singer’s heart within me is feasting on these plumes.
San Francisco speaks! And Fray Pedro commands me as I sing. Beyond, within the cavern house, I speak the word of God. And he arises! My grandchild laughs at me, insults me. Let him appear! May he speak the scurrile words of Him! Let my grandchild pleasure Him!
Ah, my singer’s heart would know him, would esteem him. Isn’t that the way I’d utter him, intone him? And he arises! My grandchild laughs at me, insults me. Let him appear!

D
toco toco toti

My stooped ones, old men of mine, let Nezahualpilli ask you who his payment is. It’s he whom log drums have twisted off at the belly, a trunkless baby, twisted off by flower drums. Each and every one is running: and of all His baby foot soldiers, few do not take captives, few do not take captives.
This one could be the ruler Nezahualpilli—a baby canvasback, a painted thatchhead thing, a baby whirling thing, a baby brown twisted fagot. And I prick even you, O ruler, O Axayacatl, old pillar, old log, old addled black man, old curly beard, old drum nose. Who in the world could thus be human?
You departed from heaven though you were tar, though you were dirt, for the water crow himself had blotched you, old drum nose, old long lips! And all old hands are on their feet—or at the tree (of flowers). Comrades, they do arrive! Hear them!

E
coto coto coto

I make a pleasurable music: I wish he’d dance, he, Totoquihuaztli, whose lips are fat as opuntia joints, who does no pricking, an old captive, a fulvous old conch, this new-minted bud. This is the way he ends.
O elders of the flowers! I see him here. Isn’t it old Totoquihuaztli, old black man with a belly full of greens, old eyelids like a sack of beans? Who in the world could thus be human?

\cdot 181 \cdot
Ca xoilacaxochiquahuitl nel ueponticac oncă ycac y y yehua xohuicollin teçoçomocton quetzepoloco texoloxomolli quē cahuitica in tenochtitan tzincapitz eloizquipa patzaepil teçoçomocton.

folio 16v

ypan mochiuhiltlhiitz yn axoquenpil xotle xixilhuazpil tanquaoholmapil quetchtepologolomitic uitzpil teçoçomocpil.

4 Nican omphehua in motenehua Melahuac cuicatl yn mehuaya tecpan Mexico Acolhuacan tlalhuacap ynic ymelel quiçaya tlahtoque.

[marginal gloss:] yexcă quiça
xochicuicatl
[q]uaubhcica
[t] losnocui
[c]atl că neliuhtoc

7 Xiahuilomphehua xiahuiloncuican ticuicantl huiya ma xonahuiacany, onelqixtilon ypalnemohuani yyeo ayahui ohuaya etc.

9 Ma xonahuaicaney techenquiimolol ypalnemohuay ye xochimaquitzica netotilo ye nehuihuio aya moxochiu a ohuaya, yao yao ho ama y ye-

huaya ahuayyao aye ohuaya ohuaya, ye momamana ye momana yă
tocuic maquizeaytec y can teocuìtlacahico moyahuă xochinquaheitl oo

ye mohui-

[marginal gloss:] hui

xohua y can ye motzetzeloa man tlachichina quetzaltototl man tlachi-

chima ya caquian quecholan ohuaya etc.

15 Xochinquahuiti timochiuh timaxelihui tihuitolihui oyatimoquerzaco in

yehuan Dios y xipan timomati tehua nipapan xochitla ohuaya ohuaya

18 Maoc xoyaticay oc xoncuapontica yn tijec y timolinia tepehui xochi-
timotzetzeloa yohuaya ohuaya, ahtlamiz noxochiuh ahtlamiz nocuic yn

noconyayehuaya can nicuanitl huiya xexelihuiya moyahuă yaho co-

cahuaya xochitl ca ye oncalaquilo caquian calitica ohuaya ohuaya

25 Yn cacalo xoicityl ma ye xochitl aya ohuaya ticamoya ticayatzetzeloa

xochincahtaytec a ohuaya ohuaya

28 Yxco nontlatlachia nepapan quauhtlin oceotl ye no nic yximatli chalchiuh-
tliya in maquitzliya ohuaye

30 Chalchiuhla Matilolmaquitzli y popoca yeehuaya y âmoyolloya
And yet indeed the leg implanted like a flower tree stands blossoming. Beyond it stands, the leg in its pot, it is he, poor little Tezozomoc—where the femur-head resides, where the pestle has its groove. And in what condition is he left in Tenochtitlan, this new-forged creature, this half-eaten baby popcorn ear, this little Tezozomoc? And baby Axoquentzin comes doing likewise—as one who has a leg, this baby who’s been speared, this baby “hand” whose knees are flexing, this baby thorn within the flexing neck bone, this baby Tezozomoc.

Here begin the so-called plain songs that used to be performed in the palaces of Mexico, Acolhuacan, and the Dry Lands in order to entertain the rulers.¹

XX

Strike it up in pleasure, singer! Sing in pleasure. May you all be pleased. Life Giver is entertained.

Be pleased. Life Giver adorns us. All are dancing as flower bracelets. They’re Your flowers! They’re strewn: our songs are strewn within this house of bracelets, scattered in this house of gold. The flower tree is quaking; it shakes. Let the quetzal inhale. Let troupiels, let swans, inhale.

You’ve become a flower tree, you scatter, bending down: you’ve appeared! You dwell before God’s face, you, a multitude of flowers!

Live and blossom here on earth. As you move, shaking, flowers fall. Eternal are the flowers, eternal the songs that I, the singer, lift. Parceled out, dispersing, they turn to gold: the troupiel enters this house.

Let there be flowers, raven flowers. You’re scattering them, you’re shaking them down in this house of flowers.

Alas, I am rich, I, Prince Nezabulcoyotl: I’ve assembled jewels, broad plumes, and I recognize their faces: these are jades, these are princes.

I gaze at the faces of all these eagles, these jaguars, and I recognize their faces: these are jades, these are bracelets.

These jades, these bracelet beads are shimmering—these, your hearts, your

¹ Marginal gloss: They are of three kinds: flower songs, eagle songs, and bereavement songs, all run together.
in amotlato'ol anteteuetin y neçahualcoyoxtzin moteuucçomatzin anquicnocahuaquete in quêmano ahmomacchualu. ohuaya etc.

3 oc xonmocuiltonocan ytloc ynahuc y Dios aya ypalnemohuani ayoppa tecuclhualo a in tlbè. yc anquicnocahuaquete in quêmano amomacchualu ohuaya ohuaya.

6 oc xonmocuiltono y yeehuaya oc xomquimilo en titepilizin neçahualcoyoxtzin xoconmotlacui yn ixochiui yin ipaltinem nonciahuitali ontlatzihiuithi yu nican in quêmanian coninayaz yn itleyo yu imahuiço çan cuel achic onnetlancliuilo antepilhuan ohuaya etc.

10 oc xonmocuiltono i yeehuaya, oc xomquimilo en titepilizin etc Maoe yu xicyocoya y neçahualcoyoxtzin anca huel ichan Dios aya ypalnemoan çanitlan conantinem yin ipetl yu icpall y çan coyamahmatinemi yin tlbè. yu ilhuicatl aayahue çan ie huclamazit ompa ye conmanatiu yin inecuiltonol ohuaya ohuaya.

15 Tiazque yehua xonahuicacan niquittoo a nineçahualcoyoxtli huia cuix oc nelle nemohua o a in tlbè y u hu ohuaye

17 Annochip a tlbè. çan achica ye nican ohuaye ohuaye, Tel ca chalchiuital no xamani no tecuclitl in tlapani oo quetzali poztequi yahuit ohuaye. ãnochip a tlbè. çan achica ye nican ohuaye etc.

---

Yan cuecue pontimonan yeehuaya a in icniuxochinquahuital y cohauyotl ynehnelhuayo mochihuhtoc ya in tecpillotl a ica mahman yu nican. etc

Çan niquitzzat quauyhoyotl mahuiçotl oceloyotl in ninotolinia yu nican huiia in çan ico yotol yca mahman yu nican ohuay ohuaya.

24 Man quauhitotol yeehuaya çan tlacochtlin totoel tiapatlantihuitz ypalnemoa o aya timoquetzacon mochial ymca motzaqual ymca timopohpoya çan timotzetzeloya huehuettlan yu nicá etc*

27 Çan tepehuin ticatl yu ilhuital çan ca quetzalzatatl timopopoyahuá timotzetzeloya etc

29 Yc òxiuhcuiliuhto in quauhpetatl aayahue a ocelicpall ipá amoncate yu xopancaiitic in motueuucçomatzin in totoquihuatzin. etc*

---

que quittoo ypalnemoa aoc achitzinea yu ipetlapan in yehuá Dios huiian a in oncan amechyecnocauhtehuac chichimecatl neçahualpilla ohuaya ohuaya

4 Yaoxochitl y moyahu yeehuayo cequi cuepon iexiuch oncuetlahuia
words, O princes, O Nezahualcoyotl, O Montezuma. You're to leave your vassals grieving.

3 For a moment be rich, near and in the presence of God Life Giver. Not twice does one become a lord on earth. You're to leave your vassals grieving.

6 For a moment be rich, be adorned, O prince, O Nezahualcoyotl. Borrow the flowers of Ipaltinemi. He'll be growing tired and weary here in time: He'll conceal His fame, His glory. The borrowing is brief, O princes.

10 For a moment be rich, be adorned, O prince, O Nezahualcoyotl. Borrow the flowers of Ipaltinemi. He'll be growing tired and weary here in time: He'll conceal His fame, His glory. The borrowing is brief, O princes.

Compose them, O Nezahualcoyotl! It would seem that God Life Giver takes this mat and seat to his home and goes on ruling earth and sky. And he shall be content, spreading out his riches there beyond.

15 We're to pass away. I say, "Be pleased!"—I that am Nezahualcoyotl. Ah, do we truly live on earth?


XXI

20 The flower tree of comrades blooms, becomes a source of companions. The nobles, then, are standing here.

22 In my misery here I'll see the eagles, the glorious ones, the jaguars. The comrades, then, are standing here.

24 Oh for an eagle! And as a javelin bird you come winging, O Life Giver! You've appeared at your shrine, your temple, O esteemed one. Here you shake yourself beside the drum.

27 Chalk and feathers are sifting down. You, the Quetzal Egret, shine. Here you shake yourself beside the drum.

29 This eagle mat, this jaguar seat, is painted then in turquoise gems. And you're upon it, in this house of green places, O Montezuma, O Totoqui-huaztli.

1 What says Life Giver? Not a moment longer on this mat of God. Ah! The Chichimec Nezahualpilli has left you in bereavement here.

4 They that scatter are war flowers: many open, all wither. Yet as many ca-
quahuhotl ocelotl huia quezquich oyay quezquich oc nemiquihu mołoc monahuac y y yehuan Dios huia y yece ye öcan a ohuaya ohuaya
8 Ohualoac quenonamitcan huiya in tlactahuapantzin in tlatohuaniya ixtli-cuechahuac ye ocuel achi onnemico ixpan in yehuá Dios huiya ixtla-huacan yece ye oncan ohuaya. etc

11 Xochinquahuitl y nelhuayocan a ychan in Dios oncá cueponticae y quetz-almitiahuayocan hualacion caquan ye’co xiuhquechol mahuiquin quetzal-tototl a ohuaya etc
14 Yn moch ompa áhuite i ye nonohualco ya yn cemanahuac y yn ami-quecholhuan ipalnemoani yn amitlachihuahlu huahui ciuquitl ocauan yeco xiuhquechol mahuiquin quetzal etc
17 Xiuhquecholxochinpetlactotl oncay mania xiuhamoxcalico oncá ya onoc y yehuan Dios y laluiquihualtzi quitzoco mitzonyaixitla in moque-cholhuan can ca xiuhhtotol tlathuian tzatzian ohuaya etc
20 Onchachalaca moquechol mitzonyaixitialitz.getOwnPropertyDescriptor();

22 Yn tamoan icha xochiti ye icaca ompa ye yahuitze yantoteuchua huiya timoteucçöçomatzin, in yotquihiuan tzitzicoque ye nicá xochim-lhuallli ymácá huel anconehua y yectlín ámocui yapa yata tililinin tlacui-cuilolcaliticpan ahuitze ohuaya ohuaya
26 O anca amehuan yn ancoholinia ámoxochihuehucuh moyochayacachy yn ame’coque ye nican xochithualli manca huel áconehua etc
28 Yllincohui ylíhuácano tolco in quittoa a in quechol yehuá Dios y huitzilini ylíhuancano ye ontlachichina ma yahuia ye i yolcueponyia xochitla etc.

Can ye huitz ye huitz in papalotl huia ye omplatláhiuitz ye moçoçouhti-
huitz xochitlicpac nemia ye ontlachichina ma yahuia ic y yolcueponia xochitla ohuaya. etc

Chalchiuhcal imanica huiya in quetzalcal imanica huiya a oncan in tontla’toa

7 Tel a onca mocococauih aya tel a onca motlama’cehual y ixpan in tichoca
gles, jaguars, as have gone away will come to life again near you and in your presence, O God. There beyond!

All have gone to the Place Unknown: Tlacahuepan and the ruler Ixtlileuechahuauc: they came briefly to life before God’s face and on that field. There beyond!

XXII

The flower tree stands blossoming at Origin, God’s home, the place of tassel plumes. The troupiel comes. The turquoise swan, the marvelous, the quetzal, arrives.

All of you are coming in from Nonoalco, the eternal shore, you that are the swans of Life Giver, you that are his creatures. The troupiel comes. The turquoise swan, the marvelous, the quetzal, arrives.

That arbor of turquoise-swan flowers lies beyond in Turquoise Picture House: it rests beyond: it’s God. Your swans have come to watch for the dawn. They waken You. The Turquoise Bird! It dawns, it shouts.

Your cackling swan awakens You. The trogon, the roscate swan, cries out for You. The Turquoise Bird! It dawns, it shouts.

From Tamoanchan, where flowers stand, from there beyond, you come, O lords, O Montezuma, O Totoquihuatli. You’ve arrived in this court of flowers. You lift your good songs: Yapa-yatan-tillilit. You come from the House of Paintings.

It seems that you’re the ones who resonate these flower drums of yours, these flower rattles. You’ve arrived in this court of flowers. You lift your good songs: Yapa-yatan-tillilit. You come from the House of Paintings.

What says the God Swan, the Hummingbird? He inhales! Let Him be pleased. A flower is opening its heart.

He comes, He comes: the Butterfly comes flying, comes winging. He lights on a flower. He inhales! Let Him be pleased. A flower is opening its heart.

XXIII

You’re singing Yonder in the jade house, in the plume house, Montezuma. You’ve obtained it. Your glory lives in memory here.

But your sustenance and your reward is Yonder. You weep before the face
THE TEXT IN NAHUATL AND ENGLISH

yehua a in s' maria onca mitzixima ycelteotl in yehuá Dios a ohuaya ohuaya.

On tlacochyucuiluhyan ohuaye chimalyucuilihuican in tenochtitlan y oncan ya mania in cacahuaxochitl yolloxoehitly in cueponticac y yxochiuh yn ipalnemoani cemanahuac y ye onkichinalo in tepilhuan ayyo ayyaha ohuaya ohuaya.

Ontlamahuizmahmania in a Colhuacan xiuhtlacuilolliya amoxcalaitect y oncan ya mania in cacahuaxochitl yolloxoehitl etc.

A yn ilhucatlitic onca tonoc o in Dios in tetatzin nepapan xochitl to-contimaloa ayanca hui yaha yya yyaha ohuaya etc

Çan mocchuallotitlan çan çan ye ioccontlan y onneyacalhuiiloto aya antepilhuan huiya çan ye te' momahuiço y te' motleyo yehuá yca piltiuhua y yca mahuizihua y ayanca hui yaha yya yya yaha etc

Çan quetzalpetlatl ipani ye momalintoc y in amotlatol aye antepilhüa hui yaha in cacahuatzin huiya chimalpopocatzin o aayahui ho ayyaha etc

O anca ye oncan ancoiyaya oncan ye ipetl ycpal y yehuan dios aya ycelteotl ipalnemoa y ohuaya ohuaya

Quauhlyotica oceloyotica ma onnequechnahualo antepilhuan ycahcahuaca yn chimallin cohua ma'limani oo yya o ayyaha ohuaya ohuaya.

Çan topan moyahuaya topan tzetzehuiua ne'calizxochitli yahuilitloca in ycelteotl Dios tetatzin ycahcahuaca y chimallin etc.

folio 18v

1 Yn poconiya ye onca ca miliniya ý tlachinolliya nemahuizcotitloya nechimaltocayotillo a oyohualpá teuhtlam motecaya ohuaya e

3 O ahquenman ontlatziuhui yaxochitl mani yechuaya ato ya tempa in on cuepontimanique oceloxochitlin chimalli xochitli a oyohualpá teuhtlá motecaya. ett

A oceloncacahuaxochitlaya onca ya maniya çan ca y tzetzehuihua yn ixtlahuatl ytiqui çan topan ahuiaxticac oo acon anquinequi on anca ye timallotl ý mahuiotl ohuay etc

8 O acemele xochitl hacemelle ahuia mochiuhticaqui yolloxoehitli a yxtlahuac à yaonahuac onca quiçaya a ý tepilhuan ohuy o anca ye timallotl etc*

10 Yn quauhtehuehueltica ocelopantli nepanihui yeehuaya quetzallin chimaltica ye onnemamanao çuapanpantli huitolihun poçonia ye oncano hualchuayu yn chalcatl oo Amaqueme oo ayohuilo yhcahuauca yaooyotl ohuaya ohuaya ohuaya.

188
of Santa María. And the Only Spirit, God, has recognized you Yonder.

This Tenochtitlan’s lying Yonder where the javelins are painted, where the shields are painted. These heart flowers are cacao flowers, Life Giver’s blooming flowers. These princes are inhaled at the eternal shore.

All endure with honor in the place of forebears. Yonder in the house of pictures lie turquoise paintings. These heart flowers are cacao flowers, Life Giver’s blooming flowers. These princes are inhaled at the eternal shore.

O God, O father in heaven, you glorify this multitude of flowers.

Only in Your shadow, yonder only, can there be shelter. O princes! Only in your glory, in your fame, can there be birth, can there be glory.

And on this mat of plumes your songs are spinning, O princes, O Cahualtzin, O Chimalpopoca.

Yonder it would seem you’re paying honor to the mat and seat of God, the Only Spirit, Life Giver.

---

**XXIV**

Let there be a mutual embracing of eagles, of jaguars, O princes. Shields, companions, are shrilling. Let them stand upon this flood.

They’re scattering down on us, sprinkling down on us: they’re combat flowers, giving pleasure to the Only Spirit, God the father. Shields, companions, are shrilling. Let them stand upon this flood.

There! The blaze is seething, stirring. Honor is won, shield fame is won. Lords are strewn at the place of the bells.

They’ll never tire, these war flowers. They’re massing ah! at the flood’s edge. These jaguar flowers, these shield flowers, are blossoming. Lords are strewn at the place of the bells.

There! Jaguar cacao flowers are massed at the place of the sprinkling down, the field! They’re diffusing fragrance in our midst. Who does not desire them? They’re praise. They’re honor.

Restless are the flowers. Restless ones are pleased. Heart flowers are created. There! On the field of battle princes are born. Ah! They’re praise. They’re honor.

Jaguar banners are strewn as eagle bucklers, spread as plume shields. There! Troupial banners are bending, swelling. Chalcans, Amaquemes, are fleeing. War is fanned. It shrills.
Nhualacic ye nica ye niyohyontzi huia çan nixochiechelehuia yechuaya inxochintla’tlapanacoyan tlēc ye nica nocoyatlapan in cacahuaxochtli, nocoyatlapan ycnuihxochitli ye tehua monacayon tetepiltzin neçahualcoyotl teuctli yohyontzini yya ohuili yya ayyo yao ayyaha yohuiala.

Can nicyatemohuitlhuitz mociuc in yecitl yhuan nicyatemohuia titocnihuian aya ma onpapacohua yechua icniuhtlamachoya yya ohuili etc

Achin yc nonahuiyao achin ye ompahpactinemi noyollo yn tlēcquiy ye niyohyōtzin nixochiechelehuia oo nixochincuichucatinemiya ohuaya etc

Nicnehnequi nic chequehuia yn icniuhyotl in tēcpiotl nixochiechelehuia oo nixochin etc

O anca iuhquin chalchiuitl ohuaya çan ca yuhquin cozcatl in quetzallin patlahuac ypan ye nicmatia yecitl ye mociuc aya tota Dios ypalnemoani yca nonahui yca nonnitotiy huehuetzitlano xopancalaitiqi ye niyohyontzin huiala ha noyol quimati ohuaya ohuaya

folio 19

Ma xicyahuelintzotzona moxochihuehuehuih ticuicanitl i yechuaya ma izquixochitl man cacahuaxochtli, ma ōmoyahuaya ma ontzetzelihui ye nica huehuetzitlano man tahuiyacani ohuaya ohuaya.

Ya çan ca xiuhaschoch tlazintzcan tlauhuquechol oncan oncuican tla’tohuaya y xoächitl a y paqui hoo a ylīlio a ylīlilincohui yao ayyaha ohuaya ohuaya.

Auca ycaquī y xoächiquahuitl y huehuetzitl a ayahue ča ye ytecht onnemiya in quetzalinitzochol ŭ tototl ypan mochiuhitinemi, ŭ neçahualcoyotzin o xochicuicatinemiyo xoichickitl a yc paqui hoo a ylīlio a ylīlilincohui yao etc

Nehco nehcoya yapapa yapapa ompa ye nihuizt huiya yn ilhö aytyico atl icuiłuhyua tlahuizcalla in yehua oani ntitlapal huancano in ncuicanitl huiya xoáchitl in noyoloya nicmana ncuica ohuaya ohuaya.

Can nhualacico in quiyapan ohuaya çan nicahahuiltico yehuā Dios ŭ ncuicanitl huiya xoáchitl in noyoloya etc.
Spars are broken, blades are shattered. Shield dust spreads upon us. Chal-
cans, Amaquemes, are fleeing. War is fanned. It shrills.

XXV

“I’ve arrived, I, Yoyontzin, craving flowers, breaking flowers here on
earth, breaking cacao flowers, breaking comrade flowers.” And they’re
your flesh, O prince, O Lord Nezahualcoyotl, O Yoyontzin.

“I come bringing your good songs. I bring them down. We’re friends.
May all be glad, may all know comrades.

“On earth I’m briefly pleased with these hearts of mine. With these I
briefly live in happiness, I, Yoyontzin, craving flowers, flower-chirping.

“I’m desiring, craving, comrades, princes. I’m craving flowers, flower-
chirping.

“I value these good songs of yours as jades, as jewels, as broad plumes, O
father, O God, O Life Giver. With these I’m pleased. With these I
dance beside the drum in this house of green places, I, Yoyontzin. My
heart enjoys them.”

Beat your flower drum beautifully, singer. Let there be popcorn flowers,
cacao flowers. Let them scatter, let them sprinkle down beside the drum.
Let’s be pleased.

There! The turquoise swan, the trogon, the roseate swan is singing, war-
bling, happy with these flowers.

There! A flower tree stands beside the drum. The plume swan is in it. It’s
Nezahualcoyotl. He’s like a bird, flower-chirping, happy with these
flowers.

XXVI

I arrive, I arrive, yapapa yapapa, come from within the sky, from the
painted waters at Dawn House, I, His bloom, I, a singer, my heart a
flower: I lay out my songs.

Here I’ve reached the place of rain, come to pleasure him who is God, I, a
singer, my heart a flower: I lay out my songs.
16 Ala yyan que ac machon machon hue tehua on tilhuicatcootl in yehuā Diosi quexquich moxochiuh quexquich mocuic yecayan nonteahuîtiyay in coyapano y nicuicanitl ohuaya etc
19 Yn mocch oncan nimacooc ync nehcacehuaz huia y noquetzalinpoyomay ye nochipacol y namaxochihui ync amoxcalla ymanca tlauhcaltl imancani quexquich moxochiuh etc.
22 Ho ama yye yao aye yao aye Nihualahcic ayahuhu xinechaitacan in nicui-canitl huia in nicahuîltico nicuehuetzquitia yehuā Dios huia in nicuicanitl ohuaya ohuaya.
25 Yn cacahuaxochitlo nienocozcati nepapā xoçhitl y nōahuia nōnittotia coçahuic xoçhitl y quetzalxochio in ye nochipacol y ne’cacehuaz huia in nicahuîltico nicuehuetzquitia etc.
28 O a’cemelecacan in nihualacic ayahuhu moquiappāo yehuā totatzin y yehuan dios huia in nimiitzcicemeltitihuitz aya in noconpolothiuitz in notlal-yocol y ahua yhuhu yyaho yyaoo ao yatatantilili nihue-

folio 19v

lincuica ay yohuia.
2 Çan nicpopoxahuayá quauhithualli yehuaya nocőehcapehuia o xoçithualli manica huia ohu ayao yyaoo etc

4 Ye itzmolintimani xotlancueponcimianan çan ca inchoquis y nitla’toayay in acolmitztliy a techontlatatzini in acolihuacāy in tenochtli manca, in Acamapich in tlahuacapay in teçoçomotli yehua yccocauh intlatol noçan onnnia ohuaya etc
8 Yn quauhpetlapan ocelopetlapa ontatlauhtiloya a in s’” Maria ohuaya etc
9 Çan chimaltemo yehuā ypalñemoan ooyohuatemoc Mexicoya ticał yhuitl moyahuahuitz tlalpan ahci ye nican ohuaya etc
11 Ammonahuatil ammonecuitonol anteteucin in quatlecohuatl in cahual- tziny oancontlaneuhque ymahuici o yn ipalñemoa chimaltemoc nicā a in Mex” ya ohuaya ohuaya
14 Çan ye tcnovtima atlon yan tepetl a in tenochtital y’ve ca mahuiçohuia ayac quimacaci yectlín miquiztl ātepilhuā huia iuuh amechnahuatli ycelteotl y yehuan Dios ync amipilhuā a ohuaya e
17 Y yectlim ma yhui ac nel quicichui y chimalypetlatly ya ytlacochicpal y yehuan Dios ohuaya. etc
19 Ye xicyocoyacan xiquelnamiquicac antepilhuā huia ac quimoyahuaz atlo yan tepetla in tenochtitali aqui’ quitopexhuaz yntlaxillo y yilh’ a ohuaya

*I92*
Songs 26–27, Folios 19–19v

16 Ala iya hue. Who, oh who, alas, are you, O sky spirit, O God? How plentiful your flowers, how plentiful your songs! With these I give pleasure, I, a singer.

19 There Beyond I received them all: my fans, my poyon plumes, my crooks, my flower banners, there at the house of pictures, at Red House. How plentiful your flowers, how plentiful your songs! With these I give pleasure, I, a singer.

22 I've reached the earth. See me! I'm a singer, come to pleasure Him. I'm a singer, and I make God laugh.

25 Cacao flowers, a multitude of flowers, are my necklace. I'm pleased, I dance. Golden flowers, plume flowers, are these crooks of mine, these fans. I've come to pleasure Him. I'm a singer, and I make God laugh.

28 Here I've reached the place of no repose, your place of rain, O father, O God, come to entertain you, come to end my pain. I make a skillful music.

2 In this eagle court I soften Him, fanning Him—where this court of flowers lies. I make a skillful music.

XXVII

4 They're sprouting: in this greenery they're blossoming: I sing the chant of Acohuacan's Acolmiztli and Techotlalatzin, of Tenochtitlan's Acamapichtli, and Tezozomoc of the Dry Lands. They arise. Their sustenance, their songs, are yet alive.

5 Santa María is prayed to on this eagle mat, this jaguar mat.

9 And Life Giver descends on Mexico as shields, descends as bells. Chalk and plumes come scattering to earth. Here! They arrive.

11 These are your charges, your wealth, O Princes Cuatlecoatl and Cahualtzin: you've borrowed the glory of Life Giver. Here! He's descended on this Mexico as shields.

14 This city of Tenochtitlan is famed, it's glorious. None fear the good death, O princes. O you that are His princes, the Only Spirit, God, has summoned you.

17 Let us have these good ones. Who will toil for the shield mat, the javelin throne of God?

19 Create them, recall them, you princes! Who'll scatter them on this city, this Tenochtitlan? Who'll push up the prop of heaven?

* 193 *
21 Yn maoc hucl omaniya atlo yan tcpetla in tenochtita y maoc can ihuiyan techmotlatilin ipalmemohuani ohua yya yye ohuaye ninentlamatia maquintoh nica in queni tamamaniz a ohuaya.

24 Niyanuquetzaoyxochiithualaiticayahuemamoxtlincueponiyenohuehuehuhiuyuicuicatlnotlatolaya xochnitlin notlayocol in nocoayachihuayanocoyachina nica yehuá Dios aya auh nohuiian chialó tléc. ye nican ohuaya ohuaya

28 Can noconyatemolia ohuaye a yn itlatol huiya cuix yelley cuix no

folio 20

ytlayocol in noconitlanilian teteuctin anepihui y anquauht amocelo can ninentlamatia nimotecucomay ohuaya. etc

3 Can tiyaye’ec ye nican toncuica amoxtlacuilohihtiuizx huiya ycelteotl ye’huan dios xochitihuall imanica ohuaya.

5 Timoxiuhquecholtetzcloa ypalnemoa a ohualacico in caquá papatolatl calitic ayahuexochie’cachuaztconchcapchuia in moteucócomatzin can cá ye nican xochinpetlapá o ohuaya ohuaya.

8 Can tlalxitlolt oncuepötihihihtiuia ic ómalintihihihtzi quetzalizquixochitl can nichualaxtia xochithuall imanica ohuaya.

10 Nepapan tlacuilol noyollo yehuá nociuc ay yechuaya cá noconahuilto nicemeltian ypalnemoani can cá ye nican xochinpetlapá o ohuaya etc

12 Yoayan ohuaye xiuhtotocalyheulihuica toncuica yehuá timoteucomatzin chimalianmaquiztonaticac y xictzozotona moxochihuehuel ohuaya etc

14 Xiuhcuiiluihtimani quauhpetatl onoc y xochitihuall imanica toconceniqxtian ypalnemoani nepapan xochitica yehuán, tzetzeliuhtimaniya ohuaya.

16 Tonaca xochinquahuilta onicac aya a oncan ye moch auhui onahuachtzetzeliutiac aya cuicitacay ocecelizticac onquetzalmiyahuayoticac aya Mecox nican aya ohuaya etc

19 can ye itech onnemia tecuicuiloyantotol oncuicay tlatohua Moteucoco may onquetzalmiahuyoticac aya etc

21 Y xochiayahuil onquiztoc yan ye oncano a oncan ya icac y xochinquahuilta aya a oncan ya nemian quetzalantotolt moçouhtinemia in tlac’ço yehuáin moteucócomatzin xochialuactica yan aya moyectitinemia a ohuaya ohuaya

25 Can ye oncano ohuaye yxochinquapian yehuá dios huiya ytlacuilolocalitec oncá ya icac y xochitla olinticata ohuaya ohuaya.
May the city of Tenochtitlan endure! Let Life Giver put us away in serenity. I grieve. Oh, let it be here. How will things be?

XXVIII

“I appear in this flower court. Pictures blossom: they’re my drums. My words are songs. Flowers are the misery I create. I wait for God, and he’s awaited everywhere on earth.

“I seek his words. Do I ask him for his pain, his misery? O lords, princes, eagles, jaguars! I grieve, I, Montezuma.”

Here! You’ve arrived, you sing. God, the Only Spirit, comes picture painting to this flower court.

You scatter yourself as a turquoise swan, O Life Giver. A troupeal butterfly has reached this house. Montezuma with a flower-fan fans Him on this flower mat.

“Crimson milk-corn ears come blossoming. Plumelike popcorn flowers come spinning. I bring them to this flower court.

“My hearts, ah! my songs, are a multitude of paintings. I’ve come to pleasure, to entertain, Life Giver on this flower mat.”

You’re singing in Cotinga House, the painted place, O Montezuma. Shield bracelets are shining down. Beat your flower drum.

They’re painted turquoise on this eagle mat, in this flower court. You’re assembling them, O Life Giver. They’re sprinkling down as a multitude of flowers.

There! It stands. The flower tree of sustenance. And all are pleased. Yes, it’s sprinkling dew, it’s sprouting songs, it’s covered in tassel plumes. Here! In Mexico!

A golden bellbird’s in it, singing, warbling. It’s Montezuma. It’s covered in tassel plumes. Here! In Mexico!

There! A flower mist is emanating. There! It stands. The flower tree. A quetzal is in it, spreading its wings. Ah! It’s Montezuma. As flower dew he moves along in beauty.

There! In God’s house of flower rain, His house of paintings, flowers stand. They’re swaying.
Moteuçcomatzin neçahualcoyotzin totoquihuatzi, anquimalinaco anquilacatzoay in tecpillootl a ohuaya ohuaya.

Maoc cuel achic xocontlanehuican amauh amotepeuh ypan amonoque a in teteuctin a ohuaya etc.

---

Quauhuimania Ocelomania manian huin ca'calihuca huin yn atlo yant tepetly in Mexico ya ohuaya etc.

Yhcahuaca yohui yyo ohuili yectli yaohaye nepapan xoíchitl çan quitzetze-loaya hucl a huey ain qui a mani ohuaya etc.

Quauhtli oncà tlcacati ocelotl yc tla'toa ye oncà in Mex° y ye oncà ton-tla'toa yehua timoteucçomay ohuaya etc.

Ca ye oncà ye onnc'totilo ye oncà ye onmomamalina in quauhyotl ye ómixinmatis oceloyotl a ohuaya etc

Quauhuixochimectica oye a'antoc y in atlon yan tepetl oceloxochitl in onmomalintoque in tépilhuian y Moteuçcomatzin ya in cahualtzin y yya yya ohuao ayeo ayeohuaya ohuaya.

A yn totoquihuatzi yehua yooyontzin y tomiuh ycayá tochimal yca yca mani atlo yan tepetl yhiya yya xo etc.

Ma moquetza huehuetl antepilhuá y yece ye niçan xonahahuiacá yn ipan ypalmemohuani y yohuiya

Choquitzli moteca yxayotl pipixauhtimani huehuetitlan ye nica yn ixpan ypalnemoa y yohuiya

Moquauntsetzeloa moocelohuihiuxohua in tepiltzin in Moteuçcomatzin tequimiloayá xiyaontlamatican yxtlahuatl ytec ay yohuiya

Yn nepapan quauctli in nepapan ocelotl huiya nepapá tepilhuá quimełla- quahua in moteuçcomatzin tequimiloaya etc.

Teyolmelaúh in tiçaxochitl a yn yhuixochitl in teyxollon quimac a yechuaya a in quauctchitl a yca ye hui yehua chicimeca o in tepilhuá a etc.

Yn Motlatocaçomatzin yn chahuacuyey in cuceytzi yehua ihuitzi hui huia aya nellin anquittaquco a y xaltemucoajn aya nellin amechyxima teuctlon quihmatzin y tziuxacpopocatzin ohuaya etc

Çan achicán tlazihuiz oncuelahuian chimalli xoçhitl ançomotlanehuia antepilhuán yya o ayahá ohuaya ohuaya
XXIX

27 O Montezuma, O Nezahualcoyotl, O Totoquihuazti, you’ve come to spin, to whirl, these nobles.
29 Borrow this city of yours for a moment. You’re in it, O princes!
1 It settles as eagles, settles as jaguars—it settles! And ah! this city of Mexico is fired upon.
3 He shrills, sprinkling good flowers, a multitude. He that settles is the Great One.
5 There! Eagles come alive. Jaguars warble. There! In Mexico! You’re warbling, O Montezuma!
7 There! All are dancing. There! Eagles are spun, jaguars are recognized.
9 With eagle flower garlands the city goes hunting: what’s spun are jaguar flowers, the princes Montezuma and Cahualtzin.
12 O Totoquihuazti, O Yoyontzin, with our arrows, our shields—with these—the city endures.

XXX

14 Let drums appear, you princes! Be pleased in the presence of Life Giver.
16 Cries are flowing, tears fall in a raining mist beside the drum and in the presence of Life Giver.
18 Prince Montezuma scatters eagles, shakes jaguars: he adorns us. Be off to the field!
20 A multitude of eagles, jaguars, princes: Montezuma cheers them on. He adorns us. Be off to the field!
22 These are rectifiers of the heart, these chalk-and-feather flowers, these heart prompters—these Chichimecs, these princes: as eagle flowers they go forth, they depart.
24 Motlatocozoma, Chahuacue, Cucyatzin, and Ihuitzin all go forth, alas. No more have you seen Xaltemoectzin. And Lord Quinatzin. And Tzihuac-popoca—no more has he known your face.
27 Soon enough they slacken, wither, these, the shield flowers that you borrow, O princes.
O ayac contlamittaz ica toyzque in quenonamicā ōnetlalcahuilón tlēc. ye nican ancomotlanchuia antepihuan yyao etc.

*folio 21*

1 ohuaye o ayyce xichoca oon Chimalpopocatzin tacolmitzin oo titiça-
   huatzin y xiquetzan tohuchueuh ma telel quiça ma iuhtiaa totoacrocy
   yyo ohuia a o amaha iyaha ohuaya ohuaya.
4 Ý catlian cuicaniltl oon macuel contzontzonan tohuchueuh ma telel quiça ma
   iuhtia in totoacrocy y yyoho huia ha etc
6 Chimalehcamalacotl momalacacho in teuhtlin popoca y mapipiztla yca-
   huaca in tenochtitlan in Mex" ye nican ohuaya etc
8 Ĉan chimalcalala ymanca tla'chinolcalico quauhpeticatl onoc in occlopeticatl
   ymancā y oncan quimamali yaoyotl quipitzan tlachinol yokchiuh aya
   chimalpopocatzin tel ahnelli oon tel ahnelli o ayc cehuiz y ayc polihuiz
   yya ohuia
12 Yca xichoca in chichimecatl y can tlaixtoctzcin huia a y huia an yectli
   yokchiuh Dios ypalnemohuia yca tiquncocohua, cocoya yyollo in te-
   pilhuani y quēncel conchihuazque ohuaya etc.†
15 Ý yaxochictl oncuepontimani chimalizquixochitl aya nomac in mania no
   quipaqui xochiuh occlooxochitl y quauhxilloxochitl čan ye quicocohua
   quēncel conchihuazque ohuaya.
18 Huin titotolinia ma iuhqui timiquican ma omochiuh huia in må techon-
   ihtocan in tocnihuani yn man techona'huacā quauhtin yn ocelotini a
   ohuaya etc
20 Quē huel xoconchihua quen huel xoconcuiili yokchiuh aya ypalnemo-
   ani nēcuihuay a'cuihuaya ohuican mahuiizcan mahuiizpā ixtlahuacā a
   ohuaya etc. †

Çan nompehua ye nicano in nicuicanitl huia noyollo ytech in cu-
poni xochitl y yeclton cuicatl y ycyā noconcachepuhiun ypalnemoa
ohuaya etc.
24 Yye nonnitotia nicanaan o in nicuicanitl huia noyollo ytech in cueponi
xochitl. etc.†
26 Onguahuicelil ahuaye oceloitzmolini in tecpilotl in tlatoceyotl a in
Mex.° y Mitica chimalticā yehuaya ontlatoa tcuctli in ahuitzotl a ohuaya
etc°
28 In tlaca aya cuihuax moxochiuh o ypalnemoanu tocubtlin popoca y ixtlahuatl
ytec y oncan tiquncozcatl o in tla'chinolxochitl ic tiquima'pā čan chinalli
xochitly yn acolihuacā necahualpillo in totoquihuatzit mitica etc°
Oh, no one when he’s gone can enjoy them. Thus we’re off to the Place Unknown. It’s here on earth that people are abandoned. You borrow them, O princes.

Weep, Chimalpopoca, and you, Acolmiztli, and you, Tizihuatzin. Let our drums appear. Let our cares be put aside, our sadness likewise.

Where’s the singer? Let him beat our drum. Let our cares be put aside, our sadness likewise.

Shield whirlwinds are whirling, dust is smoking, whistle calls are shrilling here in Tenochtitlan, in Mexico.

And in this house of shields, this house of blaze, upon this eagle mat, this jaguar mat, the war ignites, the blaze inflames these flowers of Chimalpopoca. Yet it isn’t true, oh no, it isn’t true that they will never be extinguished, will never die.

So weep, O Chichimec, O Tlaixtoctzin. With God Life Giver’s holy flowers you aggrieve these princes: you wound their hearts. What will befall them?

War flowers are blossoming. Shield popcorn flowers lie in my hand: and He enjoys them, these, His flowers. Jaguar flowers, eagle cornsilk flowers, are aggrieving them. What will befall them?

Ah, let us die poor. Let it be done, though comrades call us down, though eagles, jaguars, reprimand us.

“You must produce them! You must get flowers from Life Giver!” On the field of fear, of fear and danger, they’re scarcely obtained, they’re not obtained at all.

---

I strike it up—here!—I, the singer. Flowers, good songs, are blooming in my heart. With these I fan Life Giver.

I’m dancing—here!—I, the singer. Flowers, good songs, are blooming in my heart. With these I fan Life Giver.

Nobles and kings are sprouting as eagles, greening as jaguars, in Mexico: Lord Ahuitzotl is singing arrows, singing shields.

Life Giver, let your flowers not be gathered! Dust and lords are smoking on the field. You’ve given necklaces to Totoquihuaztl and Acolhuacan’s Nezahualpilli. You’ve adorned them in blaze flowers, shield flowers. Lord Ahuitzotl is singing arrows, singing shields.

---

XXXI
Ye nicnotlamatia nichoca yahuaya quēmach aŋi oo yeic moma’mantiu̯ih in chimalli xochniti̯i ye tlé’cahuilo̯ya huixahue can niç ittzat quinequi noyol a ouhua can, etc.

\textit{folio 21v}

1 O a’tle iuhuí yaomiquiztli a’tle iuhuí xochnimi̯iquiztli quitlaço̯tlaç o ypal-nemohu̯an huixahuca etc.
2 Yn canó y huitzaya yeclton cuicatly noconi̯até̯moa hui huec ninotolinia manen noçuica ouhua ouhua.
3 Can niç ittzat o in moxocho̯i aya ypalnemohua hui huec ninotolinia etc.
4 Caṇ̣ ti̯enemiya tonele̯lqui̯xti̯on ipalanemoani a oncạ tichielọ ti moxii̯uhque-cholicạl ypan y xochiti̯cạy tona’ce̯melt³ilo o xocticu̯i̯liuhtoc ç can ye mocuic in nimitze’ehui̯ilia nico̯icanitl huecheu̯tli̯o̯o ouhua ouhua.
5 Çannimá y niç an y ye tona’ahuiltilon ipalanemoani o xocticu̯i̯liuhtoc çan can ye mocuic etc.
6 Dios aya in mopalanemoani canin ya tìenemiya ilh.' in ti̯enemi tlé̯ctli̯n tocon-yanapalo̯a yehua Anahuatl in momac onmanici ouhua etc.
7 Nohuian tichialo cnée y in tonztazililoyi in toni̯htlanili,lo̯o can tötömoli̯o in momahujo motley o iluici̯ac in ti̯enemi Anahuatl in momac onma-ni̯ya etc.
8 Ach anca chalchihuitl maquipiti̯la ya mahuiztli yao in tlàco̯tilo in tlàc̣ò̯tilo moyol³o tota dios ypalnemohau̯ni quexquitza in niquittoa o Wh in motloc in monahuac y nitotoquihuatzin can tixahuiti̯i̯uh? can titlatzi̯huixti̯ih? ouhua etc.
9 Yn can ayohui in can cuel achi̯ac yontlatzi̯huiz yehua tota dios etc.
10 Quihuiṇia ye noyol xochihuiner o y ye notech onquiça à in tlè̯c y ic ni̯huiṇti xaoxo̯chitl y yohuiya etc.
11 Mochin conittiti in ycnoyo̯otly in ica nemohuá tlè̯c o ye nica ontlamati yehua in iluicatlytic y ic ni̯huiṇ ti xaoxo̯chitl y yohuiya.

24 Xochinquiahuac y xochitxulli manica oncan ontzatztl tlayapapa’huiyao an cuicani̯tli̯t ahuiya yahuyc yya ayuy ayye ouhauye ahuuyao huiyao.
25 Oye’coque hue ohualaci in nepapà tototl xoxohuic in tòto̯tl coça̯hui̯ic in tototl teocticutlo xochokeitotótl niman ye tlau̯hquehol ye hueloncuico ye ichan y yehuan Dios y yyaoy etc.
26 Maquipiti̯li tlamaecololli y can quetzalchalchihuitl çan can teoeucitlatl y huel in tlapi̯talli çà ca yeuhao in ipan nicmatia yečti̯ ye mocuï̯tli yectli ya moxocho̯i̯uh.
I grieve, I weep. What good is this? The shield flowers are carried away, they’re sent aloft. Ah, where can I find what my heart desires?

Incomparable war death! Incomparable flower death! Life Giver has blessed it. Ah, where can I find what my heart desires?

I seek the good songs whence they come—and I am poor. Let me not sing.

Where am I to find your flowers, Life Giver? Alas, I am poor. Let me not sing.

Where are you? You’re entertained, O Life Giver! Yonder you’re served at your turquoise-swan throne! You’re regaled with flowers: these songs that I, the singer, lift for you beside the drum are painted as flowers.

It’s here that you’re pleased, O Life Giver. These songs that I, the singer, lift for you beside the drum are painted as flowers.

God! Life Giver! Where are you? You’re in the sky. You cradle the earth: the world lies in your arms.

You’re served everywhere. People cry out to you all over the world. You’re asked, you’re petitioned, for your splendor, your glory. You’re in the sky: and the world lies in your arms.

Perhaps these glorious jades and bracelets are your hearts and loved ones, O father. God! Life Giver! So many do I utter near you and in your presence—I that am Totoquihuatzli. How could you run weary? How could you run slack?

Easily, in a moment might you slacken, O father. God! Life Giver! So many do I utter near you and in your presence—I that am Totoquihuatzli. How could you run weary? How could you run slack?

They make my heart drunk: they flower, they intoxicate me here on earth: I am drunk with war flowers.

He shows mercy to everyone. Thus people are alive on earth. Heaven comes here! And I am drunk with war flowers.

XXXII

At flower plaza, where the flower court lies, the singer shouts, he sounds the dance cry.

They’ve arrived, they’ve reached us here: all kinds of birds, green birds, yellow birds, golden flower birds. And all the roscate swans are beautifully singing in this home of God.

As bracelet beads, as plume jades, as minted gold, your good songs, your flowers seem to me, O God.
o yehuan Dios y yyaq aye etc'
2 chalchiuhtl ololihuico in quetzallin patlahuac y huitolihuic can ca teocuitlatl y huel in tlapitzalli etc'.
4 Cuicaihuicolli xochintlacuilolli quitosontihuitz qui-ocouhtihuitz yehua in S'na Maria in mochipa ichpochtli tlaoc xiyacaquic an yíli ohuayao etc'.
6 Papalocalitic y ye amoxcalitic ychán Dios y tlauhcalitic y oncan ócuica y heco a yehuan S'na Maria etc'.
8 Tlahuimomoztetepo ohuaye onca ya ihac yxochih y yehuá Dios huuya can quixochintetzeloq ycuic ma ahuili yeehuaya ayya ayyaha oo a yli ayancohui yacohuia ohuaya ohuaya.
11 Xochihuicatipozolotoc y a ychán Dios hi onca onchialo S'na Maria óahuiltilotoc quihuiscope-ning tuco tocamocholin y a onnetlamachtito ya aya ayyaha oo. etc'.
14 Xochitzapocalco Amalacoxochi o timania ye xochitzapoipalli ipan aya tiya onca totaztin yehuan Dios aya ycelteotl a ohuaya etc.
16 Titlapalizquichotli aya ticueponticac in Mexco nica huuya motec tlachichina in quetzalianpapalotl a y ti'ic. y motec tlachichina in quauhtlian tototol in patlatinienia ohuaya ohuaya
19 Teocuitlatonaticac y motzinitzcantzapocal in chalchiuhamalacoyoticac mochen yehuan tlacopilli Jesu X. Anahuac in tontlatoa yehua ohuaya etc'.
21 Xochitl chayahuaticac ohuaye coyollaihcahuacaticac in ye mohuheueh huuya tlacopilli Jesu chho. etc'.
23 Titlapalyxochitl aya ticueponticac y Mexco nica huuya tonahuiaxtanimi cemanahuac, y tepan motecaya ohuaya etc
25 chalchiuhtlin chayahuac ye xoxtl y tlacati ye mocoic can toconyaehuaya Mexco nica moxochiu tonatiman a etc'.
27 Oyoquallá ihcahuaca itxlahuatl itic y oncan ye cahualoc Tlacahuagpátzin coçahuic xochitica ona'huiaxia quenonamican y ohuaya ohuaya.
29 Çan ye tonmotlatia in chicomoztoc mizquitl y'aca quauhtlin tzatzia occlotl chocac y titlauhquecholín ye tonpatlatinemia itxlahuatl ytic in quenöa- mican ohuaya ohuaya.
As orblets of jade, as broad, bending quetzal plumes, as minted gold, your good songs, your flowers seem to me, O God.

Santa Maria the ever virgin comes loosening, comes unfolding, song marvels, flower paintings. Hear them!

In Butterfly House, House of Pictures, God's home, in Roseate House she sings, she arrives, she, Santa Maria the ever virgin. Hear it!

At Roseate Altar stand flowers of God: as flowers he shakes down songs. Let them be pleased.

There's flower-fluting in God's home, Beyond, where he is waited upon, where Santa Maria is pleased. There's snail-horn music, there's joy.

XXXIII

In the flower house of sapodilla you remain a flower, a water whorl—at the flower throne of sapodilla—gone beyond to our father, God, the Only Spirit.

And You're the tinctured popcorn tree blooming here in Mexico: within you quetzal butterflies imbibe, here on earth: within You eagle birds imbibe: they're flying.

Gold is shining in your sapodilla house of trogons. Your home abounds in jade water whorls, O prince, O Jesucristo. You're singing in Anahuac.

Flowers are scattered. Your drums are shrilling with the sound of jingles. O prince, O Jesucristo, you're singing in Anahuac.

You're the red feather tree, blooming here in Mexico, diffusing fragrance, spreading over us throughout Anahuac.

Jades are scattered: flowers—your songs—are born. You lift them here in Mexico, your flowers: they're shining.

Jingles shrill in the midst of the field. Beyond is Tlacahuepan, carried off, diffusing the fragrance of yellow flowers, moving on to the Place Unknown.

You're hidden away at Seven Caves, where the mesquite grows. The eagle cries, the jaguar whines: you, in the midst of the field—a roseate swan—fly onward, in the Place Unknown.
Xochiithualco ninemi xochiithualco niquehua nocoitl nicoicanitl huiya tantili yao yyaoo oyayc ay yohuiya.

Čaniya hualacico ixpan in Dios yehuá totatzin huiya noquetcalezahcehuaz nohua'calcozqui čan noxiuhquecholpoyomáxochiüh y čan nicyatzetzeloá čan nic ehua cuicatl y yatantili etc.

Ohualacico in tocuic ohualacico toxochiüh ohuaye in nicuicanitl huiya á ilhil'ticpa ye huitz čan nictemohui in tocuic nictemohui toxochiüh a ylili ohuuya

Cacahuaxochitl y quetzalizquipuxichimecatica ninahpantihuitz aya y nicui-canitl huiya a ilhuicatlvticpa ye huitz et

Čan teocuictecoatlacochincozcapetlatl o ipan tiya onca huiya timopiltzin o can titlilateuctli cá timoquihuitzincilili obama ayyo huiya etc

Čan tocntimaloa yxiuhquecholycpax ytlahuquecholpetl yehuá Diosy ti-lili et

Čan quetzallin patlahuac y ye huitolihuic ipan ye momatia yectli nocui huiya nicuicanitl nahahuia nic ita xochitl o nic ehua nocoic ma ica xonahuia cancantemophiu ay yohuiya etc

O a ichan itquihuan i xochi o a ychans temohuilon cuicatl at aiuh quimatia anmoyol antepilhuá ay yohuiya.

Čan mochi nicyoyoacoy yehuaya ninenentlatamaticcon tltéc y nimoquihuitzi nic ecallaquin ahuiilotl in papauquiyotl aya cuix tictlamitazque yehuah ohuay

Čan nouchian nōne'ñemi yehuaya nouchian nontlaotl yehuaya xochitl yucempoçuy cuicatl yyahualihuc aya in onca nemia noyolotl yehuaya cuix tictlamitazque.

Chalchimmacayotimacin Atlo yan tepetl huiya čan quetzaltonameyotima Mexöö nican huiya itlan neyacalhuilote in tectuñin y xochiayahuitl in tepan motecaya ohuay etc

O anca ye mochán á ipalnemoñani o anca ye nican ý tontla'tohua yehuá totatzin aya yecleotl y anahuac in hualcaco mucuiic in tepa motecaya etc.

yztac huexotlaya yztac tolín y ye imanica Mexöö nica huiya timatlalaztatototl tipatlantihtuitz tehuá tjteotl spû söö ohuaya etc

O anca ye tehuatl aya ypan ticçohuaya ypan ticyectia in ye mocuitlapil ý ye
XXXIV

"I'm in Flower Court, I, the singer. I lift my songs in Flower Court.

"My plume fans, my pack-basket jewels, arrive in the presence of God, our father. Lifting my music, I shake down narcotic flowers, turquoise swans.

"I, the singer! Our songs have arrived, our flowers arrive, come from within the sky: I bring down our songs, I bring down our flowers.

"These are cacao flowers. I come adorned with plumelike popcorn-flower garlands, I, the singer. They come from the sky: I bring down our songs, I bring down our flowers."

You've been to the Jewel Mat of Golden Flowers, beyond, O my prince, Commander Moquihuitzin.

You glorify this turquoise swan seat, this roscate swan mat of him who is God.

"My songs are valued as broad, bending plumes. I am a singer and greatly pleased. Finding flowers, I lift my songs. With these be pleased, O princes.

"From His home the flowers are carried, from His home the songs are brought down. In your hearts can you find them amiss, O princes?

"Composing them all, I've come down to earth in order to song-grieve, I, Moquihuitzin, recalling pleasure, bliss. Can we enjoy them when we're gone?

"Wherever I walk, wherever I sing, is a blooming of flowers, a swelling of song, and there my heart is alive. Can we enjoy them when we're gone?"

XXXV

He spreads a crown of jade upon the city, He abounds in plume light here in Mexico. Beneath Him lords are shaded: a flower mist spreads over all.

This would seem to be your home, O Life Giver. Here, it seems, is where you sing, O father, O Only Spirit. Your song is heard beside the waters, spreading over all.

To the white willows, where white rushes grow, to Mexico, you, Blue Egret Bird, come flying, you, O spirit, O Espíritu Santo!

Perhaps you open out, unfurl, your tail and wing upon your vassals in this world. You’re singing here in Mexico.
matlapal aya ŋ momacchual y cënc in çan tonlatoa yehua Mexico nica huuya ohuaya.

6 Macac anoya huia nenemi yehua anmotlaocol aya Moteuccçomatzin in to-toquiuhuatzñ ac nel quitlaacohtiz ŋn ipalnemoa ca quitzitzquico in ihuicatl aya in tlec ohuaya et.

9 O anca tlachinolmilin intlatol ye coyaihtoa y nauhcampa yyaoo quitla-huizcallotla in atlo yan tepetl y tenochtitan y Moteuccçomatzin Necahualpillin acolihuacñ a ohuaya ohuaya.

12 Can quetzalehecehuaztiqua oncyacalhuilotoc y elcicihuin tlacooyñ ohuaye quñe onmanico yn atlo yan tepetl in tenochtitan y quñe quitoañ dios a y yece ye nican ohuaya e

15 Tle ñanñe nompehua noncuic ixpán in totatzín yehuá Dios ypalnemoa huuya çan ninotolinia o aye o aye ohuaye.
17 Ma cuincan a huitz ñ yuelin mitzahuiltz ypalnemoa xiuxtlanatlolticñ quipitza quinamalin cuicatl auh in nehuá ninotolinia o aye o etc
19 Tla nimitzonahuiltla çan çan nincllamatia çan nicuicanihtl huia icnopillotica nclcicihui mixpan y çan icnoxochtial y çan icnucicatl y nimitzonahuilian tlacatl in icelteotl ypalnemoa ohuaya ohuaya.
22 Canin tincemian tonclelquixtilon ipalnemoani nohuian tichialo cemanahua yñ çan icnoxochtial yñ çan icnocucatl etc³
24 Yan noncuicayan y on man ic y xocticl on man ic y cuicatl ahua yya yya ayio huuya etc³
26 Nicchachiuhamamali teocuitlatl nicpitza ye nociuc chachichuitl nicçaloa ye nociuc o ayio aya ayio huuya
28 Dios aya ninotolinia nimitzonahuilta nic ihtoa yeehuaya nitotoquihuatzñ ma' cuincan huitz huelin mitzahuiltz ma' cuincan huitz huelin quitomaz mocuciu ohuaya ohuaya.

folio 23v

1 Quëmach ami tlacatl ye xiuhte ye quichiquin cuicatl quetzalte huehuelin quicuecucyahua in totoquiuhuatzñ ma cuica huitz ma cuica huitz etc
3 Tzinitzcan quechol xiuhtototl ypan timomatiy ypalnemoa moyol abuia i yeehuaya coyachichinaya tlacuiloxochitl ihcuiihuin cuicatl a et³
5 Can moquetzalatlapal o çan timoçcoa tzinitzcanhuhtica timilacatzoa in tayopalquechol xontlachichina nican aya y ye xochtîl in tlapan aci ye nica ohuaya ohuaya.
Songs 35–36, Folios 23–23v

May no one walking forth be captured! That which rises shall be your sadness, O Montezuma, O Totoquihuaztli! Who provides slaves for Life Giver? Indeed, they come to support the sky, the earth.

These uttered words of theirs, it seems, are stirring as a blaze and from the four directions, giving Tenochtitlan City its place within the dawn. They are Montezuma and Acolhuacan’s Nezahualpilli!

And it is shaded by this fan of plumes, as he is sighing, grieving. How else is Tenochtitlan City to endure? What sings our God, even here?

XXXVI

Strike it up! And sing before the face of our father, God Life Giver? How but uselessly could I? I am poor.

Let a singer come, and he can pleasure you, O Life Giver. He’s smelting songs, he’s drilling them as turquoise beads. But I, I am poor.

I wish I could pleasure you. Let me somehow grieve, I, a singer, sighing before your face, bereft, lifting flowers of bereavement, music of bereavement, for you, O Noble One, O Only Spirit, O Life Giver.

Where are you? You’re being entertained, O Life Giver. Everywhere, throughout the world you’re served. Flowers of bereavement, music of bereavement, do I lift for you, O Noble One, O Only Spirit, O Life Giver.

And now I sing! So let there be flowers! So let there be songs!

I drill my songs as though they were jades. I smelt them as gold. I mount these songs of mine as though they were jades.

O God! Though poor, I say that I pleasure you, I, Totoquihuaztli! Let the singer come. He can pleasure you. Let the singer come. He’ll set free your songs.

How excellent this noble one! He burnishes songs as though they were turquoise. As though they were plumes he twists them, he, Totoqui-huaztli. Let the singer come. Let the singer come.

Life Giver! As a trogon, as a swan, a cotinga, you seem. Your heart is pleased, it imbibes the painted flowers. Songs are painted!

You’ve opened out your plumelike wings. You’re whirled as trogon feathers, O Auburn Swan. Drink here! Here! Flowers reach the earth.
Macan nimitznoztza totatzin o ypalnemoani in ninentlamati aya maçan titocniuh a ma tocontollhuanic y yectli motlatol ma toconytoca yca nitlaocoya yeehuaya noconytatemoa moxochiahuiliz o in mocuicapquiz y ye monecuiltonol huiya o aiyahue yao aiyahue oyuaha ouyahuaya.

Çan quittoa y yeccá ilhuicatlytec y nemoá pacoa o onicac in huehuetl ma-nian cuicatly yi ca çan nell ouyaye çan ye tochoquizi çan ye totlaocoly, ye nemia ychany ma iuh quimat amoyoll antepilhuáy o ayahue.

Yan ticchimalyucloa tocontlacochiuciloa a in tecpilloh o in tlatxinollitya niman ye oncá timopotonia ticaticca in ye timoxconoa ha in tlacahupea huiya yca toyao quenonamica huiya ahua yhua ya ouyahuaya aye abua yio yahuieb.

O anca ye tlnapitiuh in teteuctin a in tlacahupea huiya in camacpa tonltlatoa yeehuaya mitzoyananquilia quahuinanquechol in totol yehuá maceuhquiya mapipihtzo aya o onca quenonamican huiya ahua yhuay yhoo etc.

Occlolihuicuiluhqui a mociuc quahuintetzelteliuhotec moxochiuh aya in tino-piltzin yehuan maceuhquiya chimalcocom ayc moxuhuehue ticahuelintzotona ahua yhuay.

Çan ticquahuixochiclatzoca yeehuayan tecpilloh in icniuhuyotl yehuá maceuhquiya cacahuacoltliya ontehipuitia ontequimiloa ye yehuá incic ye yehuá yxochiuh ye ómochiuhtia quenonamican y mach eehua in Mexi-cay ahuayyaya etc.

Moyolic çan timahui noyolol ahtonmotlahpaloa ye ócan ahuiltlon Dios ouyahuaya aye huiy.

Çanel a toyaz in ompa ximoa ye oncá aya xómiquiani ye ócá ahuitiló Dios ette! ñe.

folio 24

Niccecemeltia noyollon ypalnemoa nicmana moxochiu hu nic ehuia mociuc aya maocuel achiq nimitzonahuilitsi quénmanian tonltlatzihiuiz yquac ti-nechonmotlatiliqiquac nonmiqiquac yhuay.

Yn cuix aoc yolotl moyollon ypalnemoa nicmana moxochiuh etc\*a
Çan tieneneloa ahticienquixtia ycelctcotl ypalnemoani çan onnemin paqui çan onnemin huelamatin tís. ye nicá yca nichoca nicnotlamatia ouyahuaya ouyahuay.
Çan mochin quittoa noyolol mochin quinamiqui ixquich ahtahuia' ay a'tihuelamatih ica nichoca nicnotlamatia ett\*b
XXXVII

In grieving may I call to you, O father, O Life Giver. Be a friend to us, and let us tell your good words to each other, let us say the ones by which I suffer, I who seek your flower pleasure, your song joy, your riches.

He says that in the good place in the sky there’s life, there’s joy, stand drums, tie songs that are real, our tears, our suffering, alive within His home. Believe it, O princes!

With shields you paint, with javelins you paint nobility and blaze. And then at once, beyond, you are feathered. As chalk you’re threshed, O Tlacahuepan, you that will have thus departed for the Place Unknown.

It seems that you’re a payment for the lords, O Tlacahuepan—singing with your mouth! He answers you, he the Eagle Swan, the Bird, the Dancer, the Whistle Caller, there beyond, it seems, in the Place Unknown.

Your songs are painted as jaguars, your flowers shaken down as eagles, O my prince, O dancer! The drum you beat so well is roaring with the sound of shields.

As eagles you flower-whirl these noble comrades, O dancer. This cacao wine makes drunk, bedecking all. Their songs arise, their flowers rise: with these they’ve gone away, created, to the Place Unknown, and they that rise are Mexicans.

You are hesitant and fearful, O my hearts. You dare not go where God is pleased.

And where are you to go? Where all are shorn! Yes, there beyond. Move on beyond, where God is pleased!

XXXVIII

I gratify my heart, O Life Giver: I spread your flowers, lift your songs. For but a moment longer let me pleasure you: in time you will weary. Then you will hide me, then I will die.

O Life Giver, will your hearts return no more? I spread your flowers, lift your songs. For but a moment longer let me pleasure you: in time you will weary. Then you will hide me, then I will die.

You strewed them, you scatter them, O Only Spirit, O Life Giver. They’re rejoicing, they’re content here on earth. And so I weep, I grieve.

My heart utters them all, recalls them all. None of us are pleased, none content. And so I weep, I grieve.
Mach neyocolo in tlīc. y dies ytlatol huelon nemoay timotolinia tinechcocolian cā xinrentlamat a ouhua yahuaya

Čan nohuian temolo ouhuay cā nohuian notzalo ontatzililo ya temolo ytlatol huelon nemoa y timotolinia ett

Quenin tiquittoya aiceleotl ypalnemoani aya oc cemihuitl y motloc monahuac y in cuix aoc nello ninotolinia yyyo yyahue ouhuaya et'

Y canel oc nomatia monamiquiz y xopāxochitl yya in canel oc notmanat cupeoniz y ye xoehirly y cempoalxochiitl yyyo yyahue ouhuaya et'

Tamoannempoyon in quechol huia noconehuaya ye tamoā ychyan y moyolamox y yehuā dies ye mocoic ouhuaya ouhuaya

Çan ca tehuatl huel ticmati inic onmehuaya yca onmitoa yehua ic ton teyhuiloa ic tontenonotza ye nican y moyohualamox y etc'

Anca çan totlaocol y yehuaya icayay ommoralina in tlaçopilli yehuan dies ye mocoic ouhuaya ouhuaya

Ahuilloolt y mach ticpolotehuazque otiaqe ye nica huiya icihnihtiuahuaquiqui toxochipapacyec icnihuanii ma tonahuiaca ouhuaya ett

Yn maoc ompapaquin toyollo yehuaya antocnihuay tiazeque yehuaya ouhuaya ouhuaya

Ac quimatin Axcan moztlan huipita y a'caçoc taque y ma tellel onquica ma tiqilnamiquican cuix nellin tyanemico ouhuaya et'

Titloque tinahuace Diosoe ticoniunhtlatziuhiz ton'hahuiliztlatziuhiz tlīc. aya tic ehua mocoic aya iuh quimatin toyol a ouhuaya et

*folio 24v*

Ycelleotl ypalnemoani ticichuiz vontlatziuhiz titechonmotlatiliz aya yuh quimatin toyol a ouhuaya ouhuaya

Čan ticpictinemico in tlīc y tontiximatico in huehuetitlā y itocniuahuiya y ça actle yc yaz y ça actle ic ompolihuiz a in tlalricpac a ouhuaya ouhuaya

Ayac tlacahuac ayac tlacotli conayachihua ypalnemoani quauctlin patlan tiuh yyollo in tepetl ocelotl y no tlacoti no yauh in nica ouhuaya ouhuaya

Čan coçahuic ocelotl y ye chocti'caca yahue a iztac quauctli ya mapipitzoa ye iche xihuitl popoca y tlacaço yehuan in huoxotlalpāy in tepilhua huiya chichimecatl teuctli a in coxanatzí nopolitzin o tlamayotzin teuctla ouhuaya et.

Y ma onnetlanchuilo y yehuahua čan cocomocaticac y teocuitlahuehuetl tzitzilicaticac o mixcohuancalitec ayyahue a'nochipe teuctihuay ye nica
Are all God's words being made on earth? Indeed they're all alive. And
You hate me. You're poor. Grieve!

He is sought everywhere, called and cried for everywhere: yes, His words
are sought. They're all alive! And You hate me. You're poor. Grieve!

What do you say, O Only Spirit, O Life Giver? Another day near you and
in your presence? Is it true that I am not yet poor?

Yes, I know where your nearness is. The Green Place flowers? Yes, I know
where flowers, where marigolds, will bloom.

I lift the swans, Tamo's live narcotics, your living pictures in Tamo's
home, O God! Your songs!

Only you know how they're lifted, how they're uttered, these we paint
with, play with, these your darkness pictures, O God, your songs!

These would seem to be our suffering. And so they're whirled, O prince,
O God. Your songs!

Will we destroy pleasure when we die? When we are gone, there'll be a
coming-in of comradeship! O flowerlike, joyful, and good comrades!
Let us all be pleased!

Comrades, let our hearts be joyful! We must go away!

Who knows today if we'll be here tomorrow or the next day? May our
agonies come forth! May we recall them! Is it true that we were born to
live on earth?

O Ever Present, O Ever Near, O God, you will weary of comrades, of
pleasure on earth. We lift our songs. And of this we're aware.

O Only Spirit, O Life Giver, you will tire, you will weary, you will hide
us. Of this we're aware.

We who've come to know each other here beside the drum have come to
cost to keep on giving form to those that will not go away, to those that
will not be destroyed on earth.

No one durable, no one precious, does Life Giver make. The eagle flies off
to the Heart of the Nation. Also the jaguar becomes a slave, departs
from this earth.

XXXIX

A yellow jaguar is roaring, a white eagle screams in the home of Xihuitl
Popoca. And ah, they're princes of Huexotlalpan: the Chichimec lord
Coxanatzin and my prince, Lord Tlamayotzin!

Let them all be borrowed! Gold drums are roaring, pealing, in this mix-
coacalli! Not forever on earth can a man be a lord. Lordship, honor, and
huia a’nochipa teucytol mahuicutl da’tocayotl o antepilhuán y ca a chic oo can cuel a chic a yn tinemi ye nicá ohuaya ohuaya.

Tiçayo yn amohuehucuh o antepilhuá y anMexica yechuaya an oncá ya icac y ixtlahuatl itic ye oncá a yn itzquemeca huiya in quahuixochitica malintiac y at ac conquee ohuaye quauchtin oceotol ohuaya e can ca nima ye yehua contzotzonque o a in tepilhuá ni ceecipaticzin in tezcatzin huiya in quahuixochitica malintiac y at ac conquequi etc

Quauhtli nechihuailoc huiya oceotol ye necuepaloc a in tepilhuá y nepopoyahualoc nequauhtzetzeloro in ixtlahuatl y tec y can aca ac conquequi yehua in itlacelil yehuan dious ipalmemoami aquin conhuelmatian cuel a chic y a ca y concominhiatma ontlaneltocoyu ohuaya ohuaya

Oceloxochitl oncuepontoc ye onca huiya iztiziquihuchochitl huehuelixtiximan i a ixtlahuatl yetc y a in at ixcoya ohuaya etc

Çan mixcuhuacalitec a yecuahaya amapanalco mocuicati a ye hualmotzatzilia in tlacahuapantzi ixtllicuechahaua cuicanahuatilo ye onahuatilo yn icniuhuyotl aya yhuá nahuatiyo yn tecpillotl a ohuaya etc

folio 25

1 Quen huel xoconchihuá que huel xocóyanecuequi yn ixochiuh in Dios a mopalmemoami mopal tiyanemico y tlíc y timacuehualte quequich onmania moquahuixochincuiltonol a noyollo mamahui que nonaciz a ohuaya ohuaya

5 O achi ye iuhca ixtlahuaca tlachinolitic y chimalteuhtli yehuaya chimalcocomocaya tlacochtli pixahuin tzetzelihiyi yehuaya noyollo ma’mahui quen nonaciz a ohuaya ohuaya.

8 Çanyo in xochitl in tonequimiol çanyo in cuicatl ic huehuetzin telet a in tlíc a ohuaya ohuaya.

10 Ý mach noca ompolihuiz in cohuyotl mach noca ompolihuiz yn icniuhuyotl yn onoya yehua niyoyontzin ohuaye on cuicatillanó yn ipalmemoami ohuaya ohuaya

13 Tineçahualecoytzzin Moteucçomatzin maoc xonahahuicac xocóahuiltecic Dios ypalnemoami ohuaya ohuaya.

15 A yeç ac onmatia ompa tonyazque o ye ichano çanio o ye nicá in tinemico tlalticac a ohuaya ohuaya.

17 Ma xiuilihquecholoxchitla o çan tzinitzcic in malintoc oo in mocpaxochiuh ça ye tonnoquimiloa çan titlatoaniya tineçahualecoytol a ohuaya.

19 Yn ma ya moyol iuh quimati antepilhuá o anquauht amocelo a’mochi-

²12"
Songs 39–40, Folios 24v–25

nobility are not forever, O princes. Briefly, briefly do we live on earth.

17 These drums of yours are charked, you Mexican princes! They’re standing yonder in the middle of the field, among the knife capes. They’re spun as eagle flowers. And who desires these eagles, these jaguars?

20 The princes Cecepaticatzin and Tezcatzin are the ones who’ve sounded them. They’re spun as eagle flowers. And who desires these eagles, these jaguars?

22 All these princes have been erected as eagles, returned as jaguars: they’re shining, they’re strewn as eagles on the field. Where is he who desires these favored ones of God Life Giver? Who enjoys them? Briefly does He take them as His comrades. May all have faith!

26 Jaguar flowers are opening, knife-death flowers are becoming delicious upon the field, upon the flood.

28 From the Mixcoacalli, his resting place, the House of Paper Flags, he sings, shouts forth, and he is Tlacahuepan, and he is Ixtlilucuechahuac. Comrades are summoned, nobles are summoned, summoned by the music.

1 Do create, do desire God’s flowers. And yet—O You by whom all live, O You by whom we vassals come to live on earth—how long do your eagle-flower riches last? My heart fears greatly. What will become of me?

5 This field in blaze. Where shield dust rises roaring with the sound of shields. And javelins sprinkle, a raining mist. My heart fears greatly. What will become of me?

XL

8 Flowers are our only adornment. Only through songs does our pain on earth subside.

10 “Will companions be lost to me, comrades lost to me, when I, Yoyontzin, have gone to the Singing Place and to Life Giver?”

13 O Nezahualcoyotl, O Montezuma, be pleased! Give pleasure to God Life Giver!

15 “Ah, who here knows where we’re to go or where His home is? It’s only here on earth that we’re alive.”

17 Let’s have these turquoise-swanlike flowers! These are trogons that are spinning—your crown of flowers! You array yourself, O king, O Nezahualcoyotl!

19 “Let your hearts know this, O princes, O eagles, O jaguars: not forever

· 213 ·
pá titocnišquant a can cuel achic nican timochi toçazque o y ye ichan o ohuaya

21 Nitlayocoyay niciotlmatiya că nitepiltzin ninecahualcoyotl huiya xochitica yechuá cuicatica niquimilnanüqui tepilhuao a yn oyaque yehua teçocoçomocztino yehuiu qua'quauhtzin a ohuaya ohuaya

24 Oc nellin nemoan quenonamican ma ya niquintoca inin tepilhuá huiya ma ya niquimonitquili toxochíuh aya ma ic ytecht nonaci yectli yan cuicatli teçocoçomocztin etc

27 O ayc ompolihuiz in moteyo nopiltzin titeçocoçomocztzin anca ça ye in mociuc òa yca nihualchoca y çan nihualcinotlamati conon tiya chua ohuaya ohuaya

30 Çan nihualayocoya o niciotlmatia ayouqic oo ayoc quêmanian

_folio 25v_

titechyaitaqiuhi uin tlaç'c y canon tiya yehua ohuaya ohuaya

2 Tlanel nichoca in yehuaya tla niciotlmatia yehuaya tlanel cenca qué quihualnequian noyollo yehuaya cuix nella noyaz çononamican huiya oyahuyó ahuayya ohuia. Tl'c. ahuaya ohuaye quittoa toyollo macaic timiquini antocniuhuan huiya çan a'micohuayá cuix ompa nonyaz huiya cuix ompa nemi nota quenonamican huiya huixhihuayé yolollo çanel ahnipolihuiz ninotolinia ayahueyo ahuayya ohuia

9 Tietlateluhuac in moteyo tehua titepiltzin a in tlacahuepantzín anca çan ica ontlacotihua y anca çan ye ixpani onnequetzalo ypalnemohuani quixihuaquiuhiu nemoaquiqui ayn ti'c a ohuaya ohuaya

13 Yn çan çuecl achitzinc onnetlancheuilo ymahuiçó o ypalnemoani quixihuaquiquiuh nemoaquiqui uhct'

15 Pantli nenelihiu yehuaya ixtlahualt itec y itimiziquixochitl nenepaniuhticac y in ticalyhuityl tzetzelizehtiac y onca ye nimia in tlacahuepantzín otic ytaco quinequía moyollo yehua in itimiquiztla ohuaya.

18 Motecocuitlachauah chalchiuhtzetzeliuhtoc ye tómoquimiloa ye tomotlamaçxtia a yxtlahuatl ytec y otic ytaco etct'

20 Ocêntlan in tömiqiz otiotloque y tiçacatecay onquicçan toteyo çá toca o huellamatín ypalnemooaní y chimaltepeltl xyanpo ohuaye ye ilhuicolo-huan ycelteotl ayiao yahaya ohuaya ohuaya ohuaya

23 Tlali moçuepayá milacatzoa tlacochquiahuiu y teuhtli motecay yn chi-maltepeltl ixpan ohuaye etct'

*214*
are we comrades. Only for a moment here, and all will be departing for His home.

21 “I suffer and grieve, I, Prince Nezahualcoyotl. With flowers, with songs, I recall the departed Princes Tezozomoc and Cuauhauhtzin.

24 “Do we truly live in the Place Unknown? Let me follow these princes. Let me bring them our flowers. With good songs let me touch this Tezozomoc, this Cuauhauhtzin.

27 “Your fame will never be destroyed, O prince, O Tezozomoc. This would seem to be your song. And so I’m weeping, suffering. Where have you gone?

30 “I suffer. I grieve. You’ll come to earth and find us nevermore, never again. Where have you gone?”

\[XLI\]

2 Let me weep, let me grieve, and greatly. What do my incoming hearts desire? Is it true? Must I depart for the Place Unknown?

On earth the hearts are saying, “May we never die, O friends.” Where is the place of no death? Will I go there? Is my father alive in the Place Unknown? O my heart! But truly, I that am poor will not be destroyed.

9 Before you died, you established your fame, O prince, O Tlacahuepan. So people are busy, it seems. People are appealing to Life Giver; there will be a coming-forth, a coming-to-life on earth.

13 Briefly is Life Giver’s glory borrowed: there will be a coming-forth, a coming-to-life on earth.

15 Banners are scattering on the bosom of the field, knifelike mesquite flowers are littered: chalk and plumes are sprinkling down. There! Tlacahuepan lives! You’ve come for knife death, and your hearts desire it.

18 Your golden hides are sprinkling down as jades, and you array yourself, and you are happy in the bosom of the field. You’ve come for knife death, and your hearts desire it.

20 “Death for us has ended: we Zacatecs are spoken of! Our fame is born! Because of us Life Giver is content.” The Only Spirit makes marvels in Shield Town.

23 The earth rolls over, turns over. It’s raining javelins: these lords are pouring down. The Only Spirit makes marvels in Shield Town.
Oyanocoic y nanacaocli ya noyol in choca nicnotlamatin tlēc oo, čan
ninotolinia yahueya yliyayie ohuaya ohuaya
Čan nichualenmiqui y hannahuia hahuelamatin tlēc. oo čā ni-
notolinia ohuaya ohuaya.

Nicxiquitta miqquitzli čā ninotolinia quēnel nocōchihuaz ayamo ya nelli a
yantlayocoy a y quahquahlan tiyohuiya

Yn manel quetzalteuuh in nehuá in ye tōmaní ohuayec manel ye cozcatelues
nehuá ye yv toncate ohuaya ayamo ya nelli et
Nocniuh nocniuh ye yaqo nellin nocniuh čan itlatoltzin čan ic yontonequi
y yehueya ye icano noconelnamiqii o mā iuhtan ma polihui a yz čan
tozychiu a ohuaya ohuaya
Maca cocoya amyonollo ychuay in amotlatoltzin antocniuhua huya no iuhtqui
nicmati no iuhtecu nquimatı ohuayec yia ynehueya ceppa yec yauh in tō-
ncemiz ohuaya ohuaya

Cemihuitl on tiyahui ceyohual o ximoa nica huiya čan tōtximatico čan
tictlanhecui o ye nian o in tlēc. y ma yhuia may cemelle y man
tonnemican xihuallamā tōahahuianča man conchiuhtinemi in quaquahquati
lantinemiyan tlatahuieya nican huiya Ma cemucac onnemia macaic
onmiqia ohuaya ohuaya

Yn tele tzo onnemian techtlatlatzintemi techoniztlaoco nicā huia in tele tzo
motolinia ma onnentlamati ma cemicac onnemia

Nochalchiuhteponaz noxihuquecholinquiñici nocoypaitzaya ča ye ni-
quahquauhtzih huiya onihualacic a ononiquetzacoy nicuicanitl ayio
huia
Cuelca xonahuiaca y ma ya hualmoquetza ay yollo niccocoa čan nic ehuā
cuicail y onihualacic etc
Ma ya moyollo motomay ma ya moyollo huallacintemi tinechcocolia
tinechmiqitlan in onoya yehua in onompoliuh y anca ča yoquic oo
noca tihualychocaz noca tihualycnotlamatiz čan tinociuh o ča ye niauh
o ča ye niauh yehua ohuaya e
Čan quitoa noyollo ayoc ceppa ye nihuitz aya ayoc ceppa niquiqāquih in
huel yecccac in tlahicpac o ča ye niauh e ča ye niauh etc
Quinehnequi xochitl ča noyollo yehueya čan noncuicanetlamati o čan
noncuioycyecoa in tlēc y ye quauahuantzi huiya noconnequi

216
XLII

25 I’ve drunk a fungus wine. My heart is weeping, and I grieve on earth. I am poor.
27 I think on this: I have no pleasure, no contentment on earth. I am poor.
2 Disdaining death, I am poor. And what befalls me then?—that it be true
that you’re no longer sad or vexed!
4 As plumes may we endure together, as jewels may we exist together! No
longer is it true that you are sad and vexed!
6 O friend, my friend, it may be true, O friend, that we are needed only for
His precious words, these that I’m remembering for His sake. Let it be
so. Let them be destroyed. Here they are: our flowers.
9 May your hearts not suffer! This, friends, is your precious song, and this I
know, and this you also know: life passes once.
12 In but a day we’re gone, in but a night we’re shorn on earth. And as for
having come to know each other, this we merely borrow here on earth.
May we live in gentleness, in peace! Come! Let us be intensely plea-
sured! May the Shining One keep on creating him that lives in anger
here. May He live forever. May He never die!
17 Indeed, on high He lives. Shining on, He keeps His watch on us, He gazes
on us here. And yet, on high He is poor. May He grieve! And may He
live forever!

XLIII

19 O precious log drums! I blow my conch for turquoise swans, 1, Cuacuauhtz
zin. I’ve arrived, I appear, 1, the singer.
21 It’s time! Be pleased! And they shall appear! I wound their hearts. I’m
lifting songs, I’ve arrived, I appear, 1, the singer.
23 “Let your hearts be set free, let your hearts come forth. You loathe me, and
you want me dead. When I’ve gone and perished, then perhaps you’ll
weep for me, you’ll grieve for me, O friend. I go, I go.
27 “My heart says never again do I come, never again will I be born in the
good place, earth. I go, I go.”
29 My heart is greatly wanting flowers. Yes, I song-grieve, making songs on
xochitl ma nomac ommaniqui ninentlamatia yo haye yho ohua ihya
houaya
3 Cannelpa tonyzque yn aic timiquizque huiya maça nichalchihuitl in teo-
cuitlatl o ca ye no nipitzaloz pimaliihuaz in tlatillan o ca noyoliy o ca ye
niquaquauhtzin ninotolinia yho etc
6 Cannê tequitly xonahuiaca xoa'ahuiaca antocnihuat amonahuiezque at
ahuelamatzique tocnihuan ohuaye ca nicuiz in yectli xochitl y yectli yan
cuicatl y huhuaya o huhuaya yiaa ohuaya ohuaya
10 Ayquin o xopan in quichihua ye nicay ninotolinia ca ye niquaquauhtzin
huiya at amonahuiezque ahuelamatzque tocnihuan o ohuaye can
nicuiz in yectli xochitl etc

Nican ompichua Teponazcuicatl.
14 Tico, tico, toco toto, auh ic ontliantiuh cuicatl
Tiquiti titito titi.
16 Tollanaya hualapcalli manca noçá in mahmani coatlaquetzalli ya quyacauht-
ethuac Naccitl topiltzin on quiquiztica ye choquilo in topilhua ahuy
ye yauh in polihuitiuh necça talapallá ho ay.
19 Nechayan cholloan oncan tonguçiçaya poyauhtecatitlan in quyapanah-
huiya y acallan on quiquiztica ye choquillon etc
21 Nonohualco ye nihuitz ye nihuiquemochi nimamali teuctla nienotlamatia
oyahquín notec ye ihuitimali nechyaicnocauhyan i ma'ltlaxochitl ayao
ayao o ayoa yya ay ao ay.
24 In tepelt huitomi ca niyaychoca ayalihquecuhca

[marginal:] yehuaya
nicnotlamatiyia oyaquin notec ett

folio 27

1 Yn talpallan aya mochicoloca monahuatiloca ye chochiztl o anca caçanco
ayao ayao et.
3 Çan tiyaolin ca ye noteuc ye ihuitimali tinahuatlóya ye xicalanco o anca
caçanco Et
5 Ayxyanco ayyanco ayam o ayhuiya ayamco ayxyanco ayam o ayhuiya
que ye manamiz mocha mowquiapan o què ye mahmaniz moteuicalla
ctyaycnocauhqui nican tollan nonohualco ya yya yyo ay.
9 Ynte quin tichocaya tuetlton timalon que ye màmaniz mochanc et.
10 Ynte tetl in quahuitl oon timicuilotehuac nachcã tollany yn óca in otontla-
earth, I, Cuacuauhtzin, wanting flowers. May they come and lie upon my hand! I grieve.

"Where might we go, so as never to die? Though I be jade, or gold, I'll be smelted, or drilled on the mound." Ah! I'm born, I, Cuacuauhtzin, and I'm poor.

Be pleased, greatly pleased, oh but scarcely, friends! And will you go be pleased and content, O friends? Indeed, I'll pluck these holy flowers, these holy songs.

These never make Green Places here, and I am poor, I, Cuacuauhtzin. Will you go be pleased and content, O friends? Indeed, I'll pluck these holy flowers, these holy songs.

Here begin log-drum songs

XLIV

A

Tico tico toco toto. And when the song ends: tiquiti titito titi.

In Tollan stood a house of beams. Still standing are the serpent columns. Nacxitl Topiltzin left it when he went away. Now our princes are bewailed with conch horns. Now he goes to his destruction yonder in Tlapallan.

Yonder you are passing through Cholollan. The land of Poyauhtecatl he traverses, and Acallan. Now our princes are bewailed with conch horns. Now he goes to his destruction yonder in Tlapallan.

I come from Nonoalco, I, Feather Swan, I, Lord Whhler, and I grieve. Gone is my lord Ihuitimal. Matlacoxchitl has left me in bereavement.

That the mountain collapses, I weep. That the sands have risen, I grieve. Gone is my lord Ihuitimal. Matlacoxchitl has left me in bereavement.

Tlapallan is the place where you are awaited, where you are summoned: and Cochitzlan, and perhaps Zacanco.

You've stirred, my lord, O Ihuitimal! You're summoned, yes, to Xicalanco and perhaps Zacanco.

Alas, oh nevermore, oh nevermore. What of your home, your place of rain? What of this lordly realm of yours that you abandoned here, this Tollan Nonoalco?

Alas we weep, O lord, O praised one! What of your home, your place of rain? What of this lordly realm of yours that you abandoned here, this Tollan Nonoalco?

You were painted in stone and wood before you went away, yonder in
toco Naxitl topiltziny ayc polihuiz ye motoca yeic ye chicaz in momacahkan ayyo.

13 Čan can xiuhcalliya cohuacallla ya ya oticmátehuac nachcà Tollany in oncán yn otontlateco Naxitl topiltzin Ėt.

Tico Toco Toco tiquitiquiti quiti quito. Can ic mocueptiuh.

16 Ý tlapalxochiventli niyol aya nepápá tonacaxochitl moyahuaya oncuepontimoquetzacoyan aya aya yekeoya ixpan ton a Sánta María ayyo.

19 Atl ya ya cuicaya can quetzalaxihuitl tomolihuiyan aya ye nitlachihual ycelteotl y ye dios aya niytlayocol a oya yehcocya Ėt.

21 Čan ca tlacuilolpá nemia moyollo amoxpetatl ypan toncuicaya tiqimironyai totia tetecuit aya in obispoya cã ca totatzin aya oncá titlatoa atl temptá ayyo.

24 yehuan Dios mitzyooc aya xochitl Ya mitztlcatiliyan cuicatl mitzicuiloa Santa María in obispoya etc

26 Tolteca ihcuilihuia ahaa yaha ontantoc amoxtiya moyollo ya onaya moch onahcticitac oo toltecyootl a ycaya ninemiz ye nicá ayyo.

28 Ac ya nechcuizic ac ye nohuan oyaz onicaz a anníhuichiyan ayayan cuicanitl y yehetly noxochiuh nociucahyuitequii on teixpá ayyo.

folio 27v

1 Hueyn tetl nictequin Tomahuac quahuitl níc ycuiloa yá cuicatl ytech aya oncán no mitoz in quemás in can niyaz nocuicamachio nicyacauhtiax in tlçi. y onnemiz noyol can ca ye nican ya hualla yyancoya nołnamioca nemiz ye noteyo ayyo.

5 Nichocaya niquittooaya nicnotza noyollo ma niquittá cuicanelhuayotl aya ma nicyatlalaquiya ma icay tlçi quimmat mochihuia onnenemiz noyol Ėt

7 Čan ca teucoxchitl ahuiacay'potocaticac mocepanoa ya toxochiuh ayye ayao huiyoncan quiusa itzmolini ye nociuc celia hontlatollaquillo ohua in toxochiuh ycacr y quiapani ayao

10 Tel cacahuaxochitl ahuiac xelihuhiuhitz a ihpotocaya in ahuiyac poyma'tlin pixahuia oncán nine'ne'nemi nicuicanitl yye ayao ohuiyonca quiusa itzmolini ye nociuc celia Ėt.
Song 44, Folios 27–27v

Tollan where you came to rule. O Nacxitl Topiltzin, your name will never be destroyed, because your vassals will be weeping.

Before you went away you built a turquoise house, a serpent house, yonder in Tollan where you came to rule. O Nacxitl Topiltzin, your name will never be destroyed, because your vassals will be weeping.

B

Tico toco toco tiquitiquiti quito quito.
Just thus it will come back in.

“As a varicolored ear of flower corn I come to life.” A multitude of maize flowers, spilling forth, come blooming: they arrive before the face of our mother, Santa María.

Plume-water turquoise gems are singing in these waters: they’re sprouting.

“I am a creature of the Only Spirit, God. I am his creation.” They’ve arrived!

Your hearts are alive in this place of paintings. Upon this mat of pictures You are singing, that the lords may dance. O Bishop, Our Father, You warble yonder at the Shore.

God has formed you, has given you birth as a flower. He paints you as a song. O Santa María, O Bishop, Our Father, You warble yonder at the Shore.

Painted are the Toltecs, completed are the pictures: all Your hearts are arriving. “Here, through art, I’ll live.”

Who’ll take them from me? Who’ll go with me and be arisen, O younger brothers? Singers, and weighty ones, are these, my flowers, song plumes that I pick before this company.

In song I cut great stones, paint massive beams, that this, in future time when I’m gone, shall be uttered, this my song-sign that I leave behind on earth. My hearts will be alive here: they’ll have come, a remembrance of me. And my fame will live.

I weep, saying as I call to my hearts, let me see the root songs, let me plant them. Let them stand on earth. In time these hearts of mine are made! They’ll walk abroad!

Indeed, the lordlike flowers are spreading fragrance. These flowers of ours are assembled. There! My songs are greening. My word-fruit sprouts. Our flowers are arisen in this place of rain.

Well! Cacao flowers, fragrant ones, come scattering down, spreading perfume: fragrant poyomati drizzles down. “There! I walk abroad, I, the singer.” There! My songs are greening. My word-fruit sprouts. Our flowers are arisen in this place of rain.
Toco ticoto Cotoco tititico çan ic mocuceptiuh.

Tlacuiloltetzeltzichikac moyoliol timoteuccionmatzi nichuicatihiuizt nietze-
tzelothihiutz o huetzcani xochinquetzalpapalotl moquetzaliçiouhtlihiutz
nocöihtotia chalchihuhatlauiquizicopa niyahueloncuica chalchihuhuila-
capitlztli niotecuicuicapitza yahou a ylaua ohaye ohuichile amiyacale

Ohuaya yeon niic eelahuia moxochiuh aya ypalnemoani yahuayá Dios aya
ilihuacan ahuiiche nietzetzeloay a noncuicatilo yahuoh.

Tozmilini xochitl in noyolyol ayanhuic tozmilini xochitl noteponzaz ayanco
ayancayome oncana yahue nixochiamoxtoziminmanayatlatol ayanco
ayancayome ho.

Xompaqiku xonahuia a’nochipa nican tiyazque ye ichano nohuyotzitz teuc-
tlichoteuccionmatzi totlaneluh tltíc. totlanueh velic xochitl o ayáco Et.

Tlachinoltepec yu ahucacopa tiyochitonameyotimoquetzaco y yehuá Dios
a oceloçacatl ypan quaucti choca y mopopoyauhtoc yyanco yliyancay-
yahue a yli yyaalcalco yya yeeho çà çà yahue

The Text in Nahuatl and English

[marginal gloss:] huexotzincautl
[v]iniendo los de hue
[x]otzingo a pedir socorro
[a] moteuccoma o tlaxcalla.

Ohuaya yeon nic eelahuia moxochiuh aya ypalnemoani yahuayá Dios aya
ilihuacan ahuiiche nietzetzeloay a noncuicatilo yahuoh.

Tozmilini xochitl in noyolyol ayanhuic tozmilini xochitl noteponzaz ayanco
ayancayome oncana yahue nixochiamoxtoziminmanayatlatol ayanco
ayancayome ho.

Xompaqiku xonahuia a’nochipa nican tiyazque ye ichano nohuyotzitz teuc-
tlichoteuccionmatzi totlaneluh tltíc. totlanueh velic xochitl o ayáco Et.

Tlachinoltepec yu ahucacopa tiyochitonameyotimoquetzaco y yehuá Dios
a oceloçacatl ypan quaucti choca y mopopoyauhtoc yyanco yliyancay-
yahue a yli yyaalcalco yya yeeho çà çà yahue

folio 28

Ohuaya yeon nicpaltatinemia ixpan dios a ninoçoçoahuay a tlauhquechol çac-
quan quetzalintlayahualolpapalotl mopilihiuiztetzelo ay topixana xochia-
tlaquiuzicopa ohtlatoca ye nocoic yyancoilih Et

Nehcoya ompa ye nihuitz huiya xoxouhqui huey atla ymácä aya çanimá
olini poçoni tetcuica ye nipatlania çà niqutzalintotol xiuquecholto-
tol nochuihihiutz y niyahui nacia huexotzinco atzalan ayome

Çan niquintocaz aya niqvixmixmatitiu nohuyotzitzinhuá chalchihueque-
chol çà çan ca xiuquechol in teucuicuicopalotl in coxcatoxitl ontxlapia ye
onca huexotzinco atzalan ayome.

Xochiatzalaen teucuicuicatl chalchihuatl yncpanihiyá y tlaroay a in quetzal-
canuhtli quetzal no cuicaptilli cuceyahuay yliya yliya yahu a yli yahou
aye huichile aincalce

Huecapan nihcay niucuicatil huiya çacuan petia tolin imanica ye ninemia
nicvuyeyectian cuicatla in nicxochiotita ya yahu yahi.

Tico tico ticoti tico tico ticoti
auh ye ontlatiu in cuicatl totoco tocoto.

Xichocayan niucuicatil nic itta noxochiuh çà nomac òmania çà quihuintia
Song 45, Folios 27v–28

XLV²

A

13 Toco ticoto cotoco tititico tititico.
   Just thus it will come back in.

14 Your hearts are shaken down as paintings, O Montezuma. "I come bringing forth, come shaking down, these laughing ones. The quetzal-butterfly flowers come winging like plumes: I cause them to dance, making skillful music with a jade-water conch horn, blowing [or smelting] jade flutes as though gold.

18 "I crave your flowers, O Life Giver, O God. Shaking them down, I'm provided with songs.

20 "These flowers, these hearts of mine are stirring as parrots. These flowers, these log drums of mine are stirring as parrots. As flowers, as pictures, as parrots I spread out His words."

23 Be joyful. Be pleased. These are not forever here: we must go to His home, my brave, my lord, O Montezuma. On earth they are loaned: the delicious flowers are loaned.

25 In blaze land, fragrantly, you come filled with sunray and as flowers, O God. Ah, He that shines among the jaguar blades, He, the eagle, screams. Ah, He is in His place.

1 "I soar along, winging, in God's presence. And the roseate swans, the troupials, the plumelike captive butterflies, are shaken down as noble lords in the presence of all. By means of a flower-water conch horn my songs are marching forth.

4 "I arrive, come from where the green Great Water lies. Most definitely does it stir, seethe: it roars. I fly, a quetzal. I become a turquoise swan and go to be amid the flood in Huexotzinco."

7 I'll follow along and get to know these braves, these jade swans, turquoise swans, these golden butterflies, jewel-like birds that stand guard amid the flood in Huexotzinco.

9 Amid flower water, where water of gold and water of jades are pouring, sings the Plume Duck: plume and tail are whirling.

13 I, the singer, stand aloft. Where the Troupial shines, where the rushes are, I'm unfurling these songs, I who provide Him with flowers.

B

15 Tico tico ticoti tico tico ticti.
   And when the song ends: totoco totoco.

17 Weep. I'm a singer, beholding my flowers: they lie in my hand, these

² Marginal gloss: A Huexotzinca piece, those of Huexotzinca coming to ask Montezuma for aid against Tlaxcala.

. 223 .
ye noyol in cuicatl aya nohuian nemia çan ca ye noyollo notlayocola in cayo.

20 Xiuhtlamatelolla quetzalchalchiuhtla ipan ye nicmatia nocuic aya ma yeclta xochitly çan nomac ommania et
22 Yn quetzalchalchiuhtla ipan ye nicmatia yecilti ye nocuic yecilti noxochiuh j annicuihuan tepilhuanaya xonahuiaçan a ayac onnmiz o in tlalticpac ayo.
25 O anniquitquiz ye niaz yecilti nocuic yecilti noxochiuhui annicuihuan tepilhuan aya.
27 Ohuayanco o nichocaya ahuayanco o cahua yyahue nietzetzelo xochitl ayyo.
29 Mach nohuan tonyaz quenonamica o ahnic itquiz xochitl çā niciuicanitl huiya ma ya xonahuiya can toyanemia ticaquí ye nocuic ahuayye et'

folios 28v

1 A yca nichocaya niciuicanitl y aychaa huicaloyan cuicatl hamicctlá temohui- loya yecilti ya xochitl onca ya onca yya ohuayançaya ylacatziuh ancana yyo Ñt.
4 Amonequimilool amonecuiltonol antepilhuani aychaa ohuicaloyan cuicatl.

Ycuic neçahualcoyotzin.

7 Totoco totoco tico totoco toto no ontlantiuh tico titico titico tico.
8 Nicayaquetzacó tohuchueuh a o niquimototia quauhtlocelo yn ca tiya yhcac in cuicaxochitl nictemooan cuicatl ye tonequimilol ayyo.
10 Tinopilzti o tineçahualcoyotl otiya mictla quenonamica y yeccen i yoncā ayyo.
12 Quiyon quiyoncaya nichocaya a niNecahualcoyotl huiya queni ye noyaz oya nipolihuiz oya miquitlai ye nimitzcuhau noteouh ypalnemoo tinech-nahuatia ye niaz nipolihuiz ayyo.
15 Quen onmaniz tlallin acolihuacā huiya cuic oc quēman oo tiemohmoyahuaz in momacehuali ye nimitzcuhau noteouh.
17 Canyio cuicatl tonequimilol quipoloya a in totlacuiloli tepilhúu oo ma ya'huilihua Nican aya ayac ychān tlīξc oo ticyacenuahuazque huclic ye xochitl ayyio
20 O ayae quitlamitaz monecuiltonol ypalnemoa a'noyol quimati cuel achiic otictlanhueico neçahualcoyotzin ayoppatiuhuā nicā an aya ychā tlīξc. oon
songs, and they make my heart drunk. My hearts, my creations, are everywhere.

I regard my songs as turquoise beads, as plume jades. Let these good flowers lie in my hand, these songs, they make my heart drunk. My hearts, my creations, are everywhere.

I regard these good songs of mine, these good flowers, as plume jades, O brothers, O princes. Be pleased. No one is to live on earth.

I that am to go away am not to carry off these good songs, these, my good flowers, O brothers, O princes.

I weep. I’ve shaken down the flowers.

Will you go with me to the Place Unknown? Ah, I am not to carry off these flowers, singer that I am. Be pleased. You’re hearing my songs.

Ah, singer that I am, I weep that the songs are not taken to His home, the good flowers not carried down to Mictlan, there, ah there, beyond, alas, the whirled ones, ah.

These are your raiment and your wealth, O princes. Oh not to His home are they taken, these songs. Not to Mictlan are the good flowers carried down, there, ah there, beyond, alas, the whirled ones, ah.

**XLVI** Song of Nezahualcoyotl

A

Totoco totoco tico totoco totoco. When it ends:

tico titico titico tico.

I come to set up our drum, prompting eagle jaguars to dance. Now that you’ve departed, song flowers arise. I am seeking songs to adorn us.

O prince, O Nezahualcoyotl, you’ve departed for the Dead Land, the Place Unknown, beyond.

“I, Nezahualcoyotl, weep. Alas, how is it that I go to my destruction in the Dead Land? O Spirit that I leave behind me, O Life Giver, by your command I go to my destruction.

“How will it endure, this land of Acolhuacan? Will you in time disperse your vassals, O Spirit that I leave behind me?

“Songs alone are our adornment, and He destroys them, our paintings, the princes. Oh, let there be pleasure here! Earth is no one’s home. We must leave these delicious flowers.”

No one when he’s gone can enjoy your riches, O Life Giver. Is my heart unaware that you came to borrow them just briefly, O Nezahualcoyotl? Here there is no second time. And if on earth there is no second
yn ayoppatihua in tltecui, cá nicuicanitl ayaho on nichocaya niquelna-
miqui neçahualcoyotl ayoyo.

Xo acico ye nican in Dios aya ypalnemoa ayaho on nichocaya a niquelni-
miqui neçahualcoyotl ayo.

Quititi quititi quiti tocoto tocoti tocototocoti
can ic mocuextiu

Ma xochicuicoy a ma iho in nichuahue ayyahue teyhuinti xochitl aoyano
yehcoc ye nica poyomaxahuallan timaliuhtihuiz ayoyo.

Ma xochitl oyecoc ye nican ayyahue cantlalhuixochitla moyahuaya mo-
tzetzeloa anca ço yehuatl in nepapa xochitl ayo. Can comoni huehuetl
ma ya nehotitlo et.

Yn quetzalpoyomatla ye yheuilihuic noyol nicuicanitl in xochitl ayan tze-
tzelhui yyan cuel in cuiya ma xonahuiac ayo can noyolutic ontlapa-
nion cuicaxochitl nicyamoyahua y xochitlta Et.

Cuicatl ya ninoquimilotchua in queamnia xochineneluihtiaz noyollo
yehuan tepilhuo oon teteuctin in cayio

Tico toco tocoto ic ontlantiutl ticate toco.

Teclo yan quechol nipatlantinemia in tlalla icpac oquihuinti ye noyol
ahuayyai

Niquetzaltototl niyecoya yeiquiapá yceleotl y xochitipac nihueloncuica
oo nicuicahto paqui ye noyol ahuyay etc

Xochialti in poçontimania yin tlalla icpac oquihuinti ye noyol ahua Et.

Ninochoquilta niquinotlamati ayac inchan on tlalli cpac ahua Et.

Can niquittooaya ye nMexicatl ma niyahuiya nohtlatoca tequantepec ni-
yahui polihuin chilepehua aya ye choca in tequantepehua ohuate Et.

Maca qualania nohueyo yehua Mexico ti polihuin chil Et.

Citlalin in popocaya ipan ye moteca y ça ye polihuia can ye xochitecatl
ohuate Et.

Can ye chocaya Amaxtecatl aya ca ye chocaya tequantepehua.

Toto tiquiti tiquiti ic ontlantiuh, toctico tocoti
tototitiqui tototitiqui

Oyamoquetetz huehuetl oon ma onnetotil teteuctin aya ma onetlanehui-
huilo chalchihuitl on quetzal i patlahuac ayac yhan tltec. ayo ça noamac
onmania ooo yxochiu aya idpalnemoa ma onetlanehuilo chalchihuitl.

· 226 ·
Song 46, Folios 28v–29

time, earth is no longer His home. I’m a singer, and I weep, recalling Nezahualcoyotl.
24 Flowers have arrived. He’s here: it’s God Life Giver. Ah, I weep, recalling Nezahualcoyotl.

B

Quititi quititi quititi tocoto tocoti tocototocoti.
Just thus it will come back in.
26 Let there be flower songs. Let my younger brothers sing. Intoxicating
flowers have arrived. Narcotic adornments, they come in glory.
27 Let there be flowers. They’ve arrived. Pleasure flowers are dispersed,
they’re shaken down, surely a multitude of flowers. The drum resounds.
Let there be dancing.
28 I’m a singer, and my heart is painted with a plumelike narcotic. Flowers
shaken down are promptly taken up. Be pleased. Song flowers are
bursting in my heart, and I disperse these flowers.
29 In songs I’ll dress myself before I go. Sometime my heart will scatter as
flowers, princes, lords.
30 And so I weep sometimes. I say: I’ll make my flower fame, my song re-
nown, before I go. Sometime my heart will scatter as flowers, princes,
lords.

C

Tico toco tocoto. When it ends: ticoto ticoto.
12 As a parrot, as a swan, I fly along on earth. My heart is wine-drunk.
13 I’m a quetzal, arriving in the Only Spirit’s place of rain, beautifully singing
above the flowers. I utter songs, and my hearts rejoice.
14 A flower flood foams over the earth: my hearts are wine-drunk.
15 Pitiablé, I grieve, earth is no one’s home.
16 I’m a Mexican, saying: let me be pleased in marching forth to Tecuan-
tepex. I go in order that the Chiltepecans may be destroyed, the Tecuan-
tepexans may weep.
19 “I wish these braves of mine, these Mexicans, were not so bellicose.” De-
stroyed are the Chiltepecans, weeping are the Tecuantepexans.
21 A comet showers down upon them and they perish—they the Xochitecas.
22 Weeping are the Amaxtecas, weeping the Tecuantepexans.
23

D

Toto tiquiti tiquiti. When it ends: tocotico tocoti
tototitiqui tototitiquiti.
25 Drums have appeared. Let there be dancing, O lords! Let jades, broad
plumes, be borrowed! “Earth is no one’s home.” A flower of Life Giver
lies within my hands. Let jades be borrowed!
26
oyohualin colinia oon in icelteotl ipalnemoa anahuac o onnemia noyol ayio
3  Y yancuica oncan quixima ipalnemoani ca ye nonoalco ahuilizapani in teuctli yehua neçahualpilli y yece ye onçá aya in tlacochtenápa atlixco ayio.
6  Çan momac otitcemic motlahuá čomal a ica ticahuilta ycelteotl in teuctli yehua Ët
8  Yycho aye icnotlamati noyollo çan ninonoalcatl çan că nicolintotol o nocamapan aya Mexicatl in cayio
10  Onquetzalpipixauhtoc motlachimolxochiuh yin ipalnemoa çan ca nicoli Ët
12  Toco toco tiqui tiqui ic ontlantiuic tocotico tocotii
16  Ma ya pehualoya nicihuua in ma ya oncuico ye nicaan aya oya ye'oc yehuan dios in cayio y ma yçaay a onahuilihu tepilhü a aya mocuic oya yehuan dios oncan titemoc yehuan dios a onçá huelin oncan tlacat y ye Jesu chío. in cayio
18  Yn òcan tlahuizcalli milintimani mochani aya moxochiuh aya dios ayachalchiuhueponi maquiztetzelihui in netlamachtitoy in cayio yin onçá yao nepapan izhuayo moxochiuh aya dios à Ët
19  Çan ye xochitl moyahua oo çan ca ytlatol yin ipalnemoani oon tepan ye moteca anahuac oo yca ticylvelmama atlon yan tepeti ayio
21  Çan te momac mania cemtl in nína ye tehuitl toconyaittoaya ypalnemoani

Ycuic Axayacatzin Ytzcoatl Mexico tlatohuani.

Coto tocotit tocotot coto tocotot coto tocotot Ët.

Çan nican ttemoc y xochimiquiztli talpan aci yehua ye nican in tlapalla quichihuan tonahuac onoque ouhuaa cayyanca yio
choquiztlu hualtiuh ayahu yece ye onçá nepá netlaçalo ylh'ytic i cuicachoica huiloan quenonamican ouhuaa Ët

folios 30

çan tonilhucolon teotlatollin ticchiuah aya çan can timomiquili in itech in coloz tetlayocolti ticnotlamachtic ticchiuah ayyio
3  o ach anca oquitto in tlacatl aya in mahmana tlazihui ayac quiyocoyan ipalnemoa choquizihuiu in yehuaya yxayoihuitl aya huallacoaya mo-yolloo tehuatl a in Santa Maria ouhuaa Ët

228
He shakes jingles, he, the Only Spirit, he, Life Giver. In Anahuac my hearts are alive.

There beyond in Nonoalco, at Pleasure Waters, Life Giver shears him anew, him Lord Nezahualpilli, there beyond, amid javelin walls, on the breast of the flood.

Your hands are filled with your throwing-spear, with Nezahualpilli the lord. With him you give the Only Spirit pleasure, there beyond, amid javelin walls, on the breast of the flood.

I'm a Nonoalcatl, and my heart is grieving. I'm a quail bird, and Mexicans are at my lips.

They fall as plumes in a raining mist, these, your blaze flowers, O Life Giver. I am a quail bird—and Mexicans are at my lips.

Toco toco tiqui tiqui. When it ends: tocotico tocoti.

O brothers, now let it begin. Now let there be music. Aya! Oya! God has arrived. Now let there be pleasure because of these princes, your songs, O God. From beyond you've descended, O God. Jesucristo's been born beyond, in the very Beyond.

In your home beyond, in dawn's house, O God, your flowers are stirring, they're blooming as jades, they're shaken down as bracelets from the place where one knows joy, from beyond—your leafy multitude, your flowers, O God.

The flowers, Life Giver's words, are dispersed: they shower down on Anahuac. With these you cause the city to endure.

The world is in Your hands. It is really You who utter them, O Life Giver.

XLVII  Song of Axayacatl Itzcoatl, ruler of Mexico

coto tocoti tocoti cototi coto tocoti coto tocoti etc.

Flower mortals have descended. Our comrades who create them in Tlapallan are arriving here on earth.

A cry goes rising up. Alas, all are thrown to the skies. There is songweeping in that all depart for the Place Unknown.

You made marvels. You made holy words. You died on the cross and caused sadness and grieving.

Does he who has uttered them, the Master, the Enduring One, grow weary? None indeed does he create, he, Life Giver. A time of weeping is it, in that they depart, a time of tears: your heart is saddened, O Santa María.
Cannelocpa huitze teteucin a ohuaye çä niqimonilnamiqui in itzcocatl notlayocol o ohuaye itech acia noyol ayyo.

O ach anca ciahuia ontlazihuihuin Dios yehuä chane yn ipalnemoani o ayac tlauhauac quichihuan tlįsc. ayan cannelpa tonyazque notlayocol ohuaye itech acia noyol Et.

Ye onetocoto ohuiloaca in tepilihuan in tlatoanime Teteucin aya techyiaicnoocauhtehuaque mayan tlayocoxti o antepilhui áyio.

Mach oc hualquinchuaya mach oc hualilotahuayan can ompa ximoa in cuix oc techmatiquiuh in Motecuccomatzin in neçahualcoyotzi Totoquiuhuatzi techyiaicnoocauhtehuaque mayan Et

Canon in nemia noyollo yN axayaca o çä niqiyatemoa in techcahuaco in teçocomoctli notlayocol a noconayaihtoa yancayio.

O anca innmahcehual atlo yan tepetl huiya a in oquitchico in teteucin in concauhhtehuaque o ach acoc necehuih och acoc huitz nechonmatiquiuh notlayocol aya Et.

Ycuic Tlatecatzin Quauhchinanco.

Titocoti tocoti tocoti Et. titocoti titocoti ic tlantiuh.

Nicpiecon tepetl cana nitoloyan xochintlahcuiloaya ipalnemoani in cohuayotl toncauhuililoc ye mochaan titlattecatzi tonayatlatoayä cayio oo ohuiyya

Çan ye ihuan noncuica yehuan noteouhi in Diosi in töayahatlatoayan.

Y ie xochincacahuatl in pocontimania xochiociitli nocoyaye oo noyol quimati quihuinti ye noyol ayioo hui yōca ancaya a noyol quimati Et.

Çan ca tlahuechechol eciya poçontimania moquipacxochiuh

\[superscript gloss:] [mo]c[pacxochiuh]

tinaan oo huelica cihuatl cacahuaiziquixochilt çan tonnetlanehuilo ticaahuoloz tiyaz o ximaz nican ayio.

\*folio 30v\*

Can tiyc’coc ye nican imixpano Teteucin aya timahuiztlachihualla moncquetzc a Noxiuhtoz quetzalpetlapan toniheca çan tonnetlanehuilo ticaahuoloz tiyaz o xiomaz Et.

Çan ça ninentlamata níc yitoayan aya maca niyahui a ompa ximoayan tlacotl noyollon nehua nehua çä nicuicanitl tecuitlayo an noxochiuh anca ye oo oh yaiya, çan niqiyacahuaya niqitta nocha xochimamania mach veyn chalchiutil o quetzallin patlahuac Mach nopatiuh oo ica ninoquixtiz quemaniya anca ça niaz nipolihuitiuh ayioo ohuiyya.
Whence come the lords? I simply recall them! “O Blade Companion!” And my sadness overtakes my hearts.

Does he weary? Does he tire, this God, this Master, this Life Giver? Ah, no one durable does he conceive on earth. Then where are we to go? Ah, this sadness overtakes my hearts.

One follows another, and all depart. Princes, rulers, lords, have gone away and left us in bereavement. Let there be created ones, O princes!

Will he return—can one come back from the place where all are shorn—will he, Montezuma, and he, Nezahualcoyotl, and he, Totoquihuatzli, come back and be acquainted with us? They have gone away and left us in bereavement. Let there be created ones, O princes!

Where is my heart Axayacatl? I am seeking Tezozomoc, who came and left us. He is my creation: I utter him.

Will the city be what they deserve, they, these lords who came to rule it and who went away and left it? Will he console me? Will he come and be acquainted with me? He is my creation: I utter him.

XLVIII  Song of Tlaltecatzin of Cuauhchinanco

Titocoti tocoti tocoti etc. Titocoti titocoti when it ends.

“I come to guard the city, in that somewhere I am uttered.” With flowers he is making paintings, he, Life Giver, and these are companions! You’ve been left in your haven, O Tlaltecatzin, and you are warbling.

Together with him I sing—he is my Spirit, he is God—for you are warbling.

This flower wine I’ve drunk is a flower cacao foaming abroad. My heart is savoring it. It has made my heart drunk. There alas! It seems my heart is savoring it.

Now the rosetate swan is reviving. Flowers of your crown, O mother, O fragrant woman, are foaming abroad. O narcotic popcorn flowers! You are merely borrowed. You will be forsaken, you will pass away, for all that are here will be shorn.

You’ve arrived among the princes, O honored creation. You’ve made your appearance, O turquoise parrot. You’re standing on this plume mat. And yet you are borrowed: you will be forsaken, you will pass away, for all that are here will be shorn.

I grieve, saying: Don’t let me pass to the place beyond, where all are shorn. My singer’s hearts are precious. My flowers are gold. Alas, it seems I leave this home of mine I see that lies in flowers. Are they great, these jades, these broad plumes? Could they be my payment? It is thus that I’d be born in future time! It seems I go to my destruction.
A oya ninocahuaya noteouy en ipalnemoani nie yhtoa ma niauh y ma ya
ninouimil noicuanitli ma ya ihui ma ya aca tete'l mach aca caciz ye
noyol ayio.

Çan ca iuh noyaz xochihuiconticac ye noyolol onchalthiuenelihui ma-
quiztli ya tlaçotli yectla mochiihtoca ahcan machiotoca tlalpac y y huiba
ho ahuiyanayo.

Ytotocuic Totoquihuatzin Tlacopá tla'otoani

Tiquiti tiquiti tiquiti.

Nictzotzonayan tohuchueuh xahuiaca annicuihua ma ihtohuaya aya tototo
tiquiti tiquiti xochitl y huicic o ma ihtoa ichan yn tetoquihuatz
i totiquiti toti totocto Et tiquiti tiquiti tl'bc ma ahuihuihua ohua yye ayaoo
totiquiti toti man tahuicac ayio x'ya tiquiti

Chalchihiutli noyollo toto T teco uitlal noxochiuh yca ninapanaya in ne-
papá xochitl i noxochiuh a niquitequitehuaz quenmanian yye totiquiti
totitlon cuicatl yyo touching tiquiti. Et

Çan oc moyoolic a xoncuicaya toto Et nican icmanaya poyomaxochitla
amoxtlacuilota totiquiti totin ie Et.

folio 31

Teponazcuicati titoco titoco titocoti.

Tlalla olina quitzintia ycuic Mexicatlan yca quinhtotia quauhtli ocelotl
iayio.

Ma huallacha nica o huexoltzincatl y quauhpetacl a onayatlacoa in
Mexicatl ye teh tie ytoa yaancay.

chiqiuhtecpetlan ayiahue ticxochitla temacoya in quauhtecpetl xipan aya
oo chimalyahuitl ça hualmoteca ayio

Oyohualpan tepoloa in Mexicatl y chichimecatl a ayao chimalayahuitl ça
hualmoteca ayio.

A oyohualhuihua quauhtli ya ocelotl tochimalticaya tlachixticac y quetzal-
panitlan moyahuaya ypan mihcali mexicatl ayaho.

Ayaya hoyiye ma xiquitta nopan NiMexicatl y chimalcalco nonicac aya
nica aya ayac nocniuh yez in tonahuac onoq can tiyanemi catliya in
motlatol ye teoatl tlachinolli ipan nitzacatlon ça NiMexicatl ayoo.

Acolihuacan in neçahualcoyotzin moteoauh pohpoçontoc in motlachinol a
mimilintoc popocatoc ye òcan o atl in tempá aya
Ah! I am forsaken, O Spirit, O Life Giver. And I say: Ah, let me pass away and be arrayed, singer that I am. Let it be this way: let someone be the gems. Won't someone capture my hearts?

Only thus would I pass away, my hearts as flowers twirling, scattered as jades, becoming bracelets, precious and good, beyond compare on earth.

XLIX  King Totoquihuatzli of Tlacopan's to-to song

tiquiti tiquiti tiquiti

I beat our drum. Be pleased, brothers. And let it speak: totototo tiquiti tiquiti. Let fragrant flowers speak in this haven of Totoquihuatzli: toti-tiquiti toti totototo ... tiquiti tiquiti. Let there be pleasure on earth. Totiquiti toti. Let us pleasure ourselves.

Jades are my hearts: toto ... Gold are my flowers: with these I adorn myself. A multitude of flowers are these flowers of mine that someday, departing, I'll carry with me—these totiquiti-toti songs! Tiquiti ...

Are you hesitant still? Ah, sing! Toto ... Here, I spread narcotic flowers, picture paintings. Totiquiti toti . . .

L  Log-drum song

titoco titoco titocoti

This earth is shaking. It's a Mexican who starts the song and with it causes eagles, causes jaguars to dance.

Let a Huexotzinca come and see us here. A Mexican is singing on this mat. Yes you, you're the one who utters him.

At brawn town, chalk flowers are being presented to Somecon—at eagle town. And ah, the shield mist comes rolling down.

The Mexican, this Chichimec, is conquering at jingle place. And ah, the shield mist comes rolling down.

Eagles, jaguars, are rising up as bells: as shields, as rushes, they're alive: They're scattered in this place of banner plumes where Mexicans are making war.

Look where I am! A Mexican at Shield House, standing up alive. No one here on earth shall be my friend, O comrades. Where are You? What is Your word? Already in flood and blaze I am born, just I, a Mexican.

O Nezahualcoyotl of Acolhuacan, your flood is foaming, your blaze is leaping, smoking on the shores beyond.
Titoco titoco titocoti.

Y niquetzal a xochiatototl ilhuicolmanaya ncuicatl ilhuicac anahuac o nemi aya noyollo tlacatempa a nicmoyahua ya nroxohiuhi aya ya yehua in ihuintiuhu Tepilhuan o nequimilolo yayahue yahay.

Nicnotlamatia yaye yaha ohua can nentlamati noyol nicuicaniitl chiucauanahatl yempa xochitlalpan y annicuiuhu y ma yahuiyeloya nequimiololoya onca yahuhe.

Chalchiuihtli ololihuc a nicosocecatia nicuicanitl ye nomaehua! a yyeahuaya chalchiuhtliin popoca can nictimaloa cuicatl aya quihuinti ye noyol xochintlec o nequimiloloya.

Can nociuicanentlamati in tltec. aya nicuicanitl ohuaye ca nitecpa quicaya notlayocol aya cuicatl aya quihuinti ye nol xochintlec o nequimiloloya ona yahuhe aya.

folio 31v

Toltecayotl ye mihecuiotecuahuaz nicuicanitl nocuiyo nemiz a in tltec. cuicatl iieca y nilnamicoz ohua nopinohuia niazipolihuitiuh cozcatozpetlac ninotecatiahu choctotiaz nonanahuan yxayotl pixahuialtin na notomioloxochio nitepehuico cacahuic ati tempa oha cayahuie aya ohuaya.

Ayao aya ohuaye nicnotlamatia a mopinoa yhui petlacotl nihuicaloni canin tlapalla potectahuato ompa ya noyaz niyaz nopolihuitiuh cozcatozpetlac ninotecatiahu

9

Nican omphehua y chalcaayotl Melaheuac yeccha quicax Melaheuac yaocuicatl, Melaheuac xochicuicatl yhuan ynocuicatl

Yaocuicatl.

Ca ye no yan cuican oyamoquetz huheuctl oyamoman cuicatl chaleco yemicany ixtlahuacany cocotitlan y ohuaya.

Quauhuytualaeco mitottia ye onca in teteucutin i Moteucomatzi, Nejahuanoctorzi, chimalpopocatzic anemelequica ixtlahuacay Et.

Pixahuin tzetzelihue yuitzmolinia yu iroxohiuh y in icelteotl can chichi-mecatl teuctla ohuaya.

Ayuhquen yollin tlacat tepiuhuan in mocnihuia ayahuac ocuel achic mitza-huitlicco in ayoquantzine iztac coyotl huiya cuix moçomaznequi yehuaya can pepehualtilo in ipaltinemi ohuaya.

Chalchiuhtica yan tlaphuia teocuiceyantlapanqui anca ya moxochiuh yapneymo in oncan ye omania coxcotl ixpan ye ahcan iuhqui mania moxochiuh in chimalli xochitla ohuaya.

* 234 *
titoco titoco titocoti

I am a plume, and the Bird of Flower Water spreads a marvel. I am a song! In heaven and on earth my hearts are alive on the lips of men. I scatter my flowers, and all the princes, made drunk, are adorned.

I suffer, alas. My singer's heart grieves at the Nine Waters' brink. Brothers! May all be pleased in a world of flowers. May all be adorned—beyond.

I wear these jades, these orbeats, as my jewels, singer that I am—these, my restitution. Jades are shimmering and I praise them—these songs! They intoxicate my heart. In a world of flowers, oh! may all be adorned.

A singer am I, and I song-grieve on earth. From within me emerge my creations, my sadness, these songs. They intoxicate my heart. In a world of flowers, oh! may all be adorned—beyond.

Artworks shall arise as paintings. My singer's songs shall be alive on earth. I'll be recalled in songs. O warriors, I'll go to my destruction: I'll go and be dispersed upon this mat of jewels and parrots. All my mothers will be weeping. Tears will be sprinkling—my aureate blooms. And I am scattered at the golden flood.

Warriors, I grieve. And I'm carried along like an arbor. In Tlapallan, in paradise, all are undone. And there I'll go, go to my destruction: I'll go and be dispersed upon this mat of jewels and parrots. All my mothers will be weeping. Tears will be sprinkling—my aureate blooms. And I am scattered at the golden flood.

Here begin Chalcan pieces, plain ones, of which there are three: a plain war song, a plain flower song, and a bereavement song

LI War song

A

There's a singer! Drums have appeared. Songs are spread here in Chalco, on the field in Cocotitlan.

At eagle patio the lords are dancing. There! O Montezuma, O Nezahualcoyotl, O Chimalpopoca, you're entertained on the field in Cocotitlan.

They fall in a raining mist, they sprinkle down, they freshen: they're flow- ers of the Only Spirit, Chichimec Lord.

Your comrade princes are born and brought to life in distress. Ayocuan and Iztac Coyotl come to pleasure you briefly. Is Ipaltinemi about to frown? Is he provoked?

It's raining jades. They're golden ones, these bursting ones. It seems that they're your flowers, O Life Giver. There! They lie before the Dove! They're not at peace, these flowers of Yours, these shield flowers.
Toncohuii toncohuii tepan oncoañahuia xochitl ontzetzelihui chimallian papalotl man tlachichinaya moquahuixochiuih tonatimania xelihui xelihui mochimallixochiuh yeic ye chocã teuctli yan quateotl ohuaya

folio 32

1 Ye mimilintihuitz in xochiatl in tlachinolliya oncã amonmanía antepihuã čan chichimeca y A mecatzin a ytzac coyotzin connotlancheuican anayá ymiuh ychimal yn ipalnemoa ānomac quimana tlanxochitl y yaoxochitly acen anquinequi, acõ anqucexhua o antepihuahua ohuaya.

6 Yn tele ma yhuian cahuiltia in ipalnemoani in tele ma yhuian cahuiltia in icelteotl oc onicac huexhuetl oc onmaní xochitl āmechontlancheuichichimecatl y totecoci teuctli tele quahuitapanta tecuixtlanxochimalltica conahuíltia in quauhtlehuantla ohuaya

10 Quiyamanaznequia yquin ontlatamaitiypalnemoani yauh ytepeuh o Chalco ye nican Amaqueimecã huixia ohuayentie yha icha ohuaya.

12 Ym macac omeya yollo antepihuã y chichimecauymacac celtani paniya conihuian Dios tlīc ye nicã ohuayentie yha icha aha aya.

15 Aya yia ycheuaha techtonchilin ypalnemoani antepihuã huixia can ocan tlatoa ycheuahua cuix toltecuemcan cuix atlappan y ānnican chalco ohuaya

18 O Ayc ompolihuiz in moteyo yehua in motoca yn ipalnemoani oyohullaa ymancan aaya necalixochitl y chimallí xochitl y tictla yhuílu moyahua yeuahuam Amaztall ymanca yolloxochitl in cuepontimani ānnican chalco y ohuaya.

22 Čan ye icnomani ycheuaha ye cahuítilmaní ya ytzompataptpeh huixia ayaoc quēmaní ayaoc ic yecí ycnottlamatiz y cehuiz in moyollo yehua moquequelean ypalnemoani tiquintolinnian tepihuan huixia choquiztlchtlu in momacchuala ohuaya.

26 Macaçoc techmahuhti y yauotl čan chimallí xochitl y antepihuã huixia ça ic micuiloa motocamaca tcci, tccol, huixia monanaz in tlalli icnotlmatiz y cehuiz in moyollo yehua Et.

29 Ma xachoxaca ma xicyocooyacan y antepihuã huixia anchale o in amaquemeque ye total ypan ichimal aya yahuin tlaocochquiahua ohuaya Et

folio 32v

1 Quen quitocan ypalnemoani ycelteotl huixia ye chichinahuhtmamin atly an tepetl in chalco ycheuaha ye momoyahuam momacchual y ma ixquich maon tlanquín in itlatol y ipalnemoa Ma icnotlamati ycelteotl a ohuaya.

5 Oyohualla ymanca nehcaliztla ymanca acaçl xamantoc in chalco ye nica
Flowers are becoming golden in this place of lords. These shields, these 
butterflies, are scattered. Let them imbibe. They’re Your eagle flowers: 
they’re shining, they’re parceled out. These shield flowers of Yours are 
parceled out! And for this, Lord Cuateotl is weeping. 

A flower flood, a blaze, comes stirring. And there you are, you princes! 
Let these Chichimecs borrow the garland Iztac Coyotl! Life Giver lays 
His arrows, His shields, in your hands. Blaze flowers, war flowers! Who 
doesn’t want them? Who doesn’t crave them, O princes? 

Well then, let them give Life Giver pleasure—thus! Well then, let them 
give the Only Spirit pleasure—thus! Drums are standing, flowers spread-
ing. The Chichimec lord Toteotzin borrows you. Well then, with eagle 
flags, with golden shields, he pleases the Ascending Eagle. 

With intent to spread them, Life Giver proceeds to his city, this Chalco, 
this Amaquemecan—his home. 

“Let no one’s heart flow out, O princes, O Chichimecs, let no one be 
below or up above,” is what God says on earth right here—in this, 
his home. 

Life Giver torments us, O princes, for there Beyond he warbles. Can Rush 
Capes—can the gorge—be here, be Chalco? 

Oh never will your fame and glory be destroyed, Life Giver! Scattered are 
the combat flowers—shields and flowers, chalk and feathers—where the 
jingles lie. And where white banners lie the heart flowers are blossom-
ing, even here—in Chalco! 

Bereft and orphaned lies Itztompatepec. Nevermore, no longer shall it be. 
May your heart take pity and be appeased, O Moquequeola, O Life 
Giver! You torment the princes, these, your vassals, and they’re weeping. 

Let warfare—shields and flowers—frighten us no longer, O princes! 
Through these the grandmothers and grandfathers are painted with life 
and endowed with a name. The realm shall be made to endure. May 
your heart take pity and be appeased, O Moquequeola, O Life Giver! You 
torment the princes, these, your vassals, and they’re weeping. 

Weep! Create them, O princes, O Chalcans, Amaquemes! Even now His 
shields are in our house: the javelins are raining down. 

What says Life Giver? What says the Only Spirit? The city of Chalco lies in 
ruins. Scattered are your vassals. Let there be an end, let there be a termi-
nation to Life Giver’s word! May the Only Spirit have compassion! 

Where jingles lie, where combat lies, the reeds lie broken—here in Chalco. 

· 237 ·
huiya huiya teuhtlin coçahuia y callin popocato choquiztlehuaya momacehual in chalco ye nica ohuaya.

Ayc polihuiz in ayelcahuiz y ye quichihua yn icelteotl tlaxixinia tlamo-moyahua ytzonpactepec huiya teuhtli coçahuia Et.

Tollan tontlatohuaya yechua timoteučcomatzin neçahualcoyotl huiya ticpopoloan tlalli ticixinixchotl chalco ye nica huiya maon nêtlamati moyollo yehuahua Et.

Çan tonihuiçolotl yechuahua in tlalticpac y ticpopoan tlallin Et.

Çan tonihuiçolotl Tontlalyuìloun A colihuaca Moteučcomatzin yn ocán ye tlazihuin yn ipalnampa ye tiuhicalo y çan cä ye chalco yhuapalcala ytec y in oncan ye mitznahuatiy in tlautic in quateotl a ohuaya Et

Yn tele ma ihui aic polihuiz i moteyo yechuahua anco ipan timochihui in tlacoxochitl y tonacaxochitl y pixahui yechuahua moyahua ye nica ohuaya ohuaya.

Nihualchoca nicnotlamati niquimpalamiqui in tepihua cä tinequametl huiya in Totomihuatzen in ce acatz o nel yaqe ye mitclan in tepihuan yye yehuan o inca ye micuiloa Atlon yue tepetl chalco ye nican aic polihuiz intenyo nicana ohuaya.

Çan timotolinia Tinechcocolia tinechyhuia ye mitcla chichimecatl tayoquä çan uitzac coyotl huiya tictocan cococ in teopohqui ma ihu quimati moyol huexotzincoy ohuaya.

Nachca ye onçë tlapițahuacani in con calitec tlatoz in ipalnemoani xochithuali ymanica ayahuitl ohuaya chocaya in tlautic o chalchiuhtla-tonac y ayohuaye ayao ahuyayao ohuaye ohuaya.

\[\text{folio 33}\]

Ac ye xoconcaquica in itlatot inconcualtehuac y chichicueponteuctli yaocuuhqui mach oc mitclampa y quihualitotzque ymihiyo ytlaltol in tepihuá a ohuaya ohuaya

Ne’huixuixtiuh chalchiuhtli ne’huixuixtiuh quetzalli oya ximoac quenonamic an ohuaya

Çan ye ontalamachotec a in tepihuan in pillin Tlatlcatlaya in xoquahuazti Tozmaquetzin aya ye nequametzci achinca tlacuiloa ypalnemoani ñ tla-macehualli ipan tonca aya teuctli can quateotl chalchiuhtlatonac y Et.

Ma xicyocoya xichoca xic elnamiqui in totecoci teuctli ma ya hualaquia in nahuapan itzmolini quetzalhuexotly aya tlami in itlatot in Teço-comoctli o ayia yiohiyoyio ohuaye ohuaye.

Ma xontlaçhi mahcan ohuaye yahquín tehconcha yahquín quappolocatl in quauctecomolotl huiya o ximohua in totexcuahu yahqui huetez in Camatli in tzincacahuaca ayamo ypä timochihuaz aya in chichimectly in totecoci teuctli o ayia yio ayio ohuaye ohuaye ohuaya

\[\text{• 238 •}\]
Alas. The dust that is lords grows golden as the town lies smoking. And your vassals weep here in Chalco.

Never shall creations of the Only Spirit be destroyed or be forgotten. He wreaks havoc, He promotes rout, at Itztompatpec. Alas. The dust that is lords grows golden as the town lies smoking. And your vassals weep here in Chalco.

Among the rushes you sing, O Montezuma, O Nezahualcoyotl. Alas! You destroy the realm: you ruin Chalco here on earth. Alas, may your hearts be grieving!

You make marvels on earth, and you destroy the realm: you ruin Chalco here on earth. Alas, may your hearts be grieving!

C

You make marvels, you paint the realm, O Montezuma from the place of forebears! There! Life Giver loosens his grip. And you're carried to that Chalcan house of beams. There! You're summoned by Chief Cuauhtotl.

Well then, let it be! Your fame will never be destroyed. It seems that you've become a precious flower, a maize flower, falling in a mist, ah! scattered here!

"I weep, I grieve, recalling princes. O Ncuametl! And Tottomihuatzin! And Ce Acatzin! Yes, these princes went away to Mictlan, and with these the Chalcan realm is painted—here! Their fame will never be destroyed—here!

"Hate me and you are poor, you that send me off to Mictlan." O Chichimec Ayocuan, O Iztac Coyotl, you're acquainted with misery and suffering! "May you believe it, O Huecoxztzinco!"

Life Giver warbles in Tlapitzahuacan's house. Mist is rising in that flower court. Chief Chalchiuhltlatonac weeps.

Who is it? Hear the words Lord Chichicuepon Slaín-in-War bequeaths in passing on! From Mictlan will the princes utter—here!—their breath and word?

Departing, they become as jewels. Departing, they become as plumes. All have been shorn in the Place Unknown.

All the princes are moving on. O prince, Tlaltecatl, Xocuahuatzin, Tozmaqueltein, Ncuametzin! Life Giver paints but briefly. You are at a time for restitution, Lord Cuauhtotl, O Chalchiuhltlatonac!

Create him! Weep! Recall Lord Toteotzin! Let him come and enter these ghost waters. This willow plume is greening. Eternal are the words of—Tezozomocati!

Come and see us in this place of arrows. Ah, gone are the peers and scions: they're eagle owls! Ah! All are shorn, O lords. Gone are Hueztzin, Çacamatl, and Tzincacahuaca. No longer shall their fate be yours, O Chichimec, Lord Toteotzin!

' 239'
In anchalca teteuctin ayahue ma xachocaca huiya tömotlamachtiá ypalnemoa ni tonilhuicolohuan Atlíxco y in totocci teuctli Cohuatl teuctli yehua mitzyollopola in ipalnemoa aya ayao aye ahuayao ayahui Et.

Tlaxeloan chalchiuhltli maquiztliya tienelenoa in patlahuac quetzalli choquchtlaya yxayotl in pixahuí yeehuaya çan ye önenahuatiloc aya huitzilac teohuao in toçan in teuctla ayahue Et.

Ca ye tommonealtocaya ohuaye teohua oo çan quateotl a ohuaya. Y caçó polihuiya moyollo cauhtimaniz y quauhAtl yxpá in tlalli mocuepaya ilhuicatl olinia oncan ye cahualo chichimecatl y tlacamaçatl a ohuaya ohuaya

Moneneloa y çan chalca nelihui huexotzincaçtl y çan tlalotlaqui quyieuhztzin teuctli quen ticalaquia yn amaquemey ticmoténantia in chalcatl ohuaya ye totocci teuctla ohuaya

Ach quan tiquitoaay ayac ymiuh y ayac ychimal tocoyatitlan tocoyihtoat in miccalcatl y çan tlalotlaqui quicuhtzin teuctli què ticalaquia yn amaquemey. Et.

\textit{folio 33v}

Çan ye chocan teuctli nacanaya Toteoci o Cohuatzin teuctla ohuaya. çan ye hualiçotlmati in temilotzi huiya çan oya in tózti ohuayía ohuaye moxeloan chalcatl moneloa ye oncan almoloa ayahue cequi yan quauhtli ocelotl cequiya mexicatl acolhua tepanecatl o mochihua in chalca ohuaya

\textbf{Xochicuicatl.} \textit{[copyist’s numeral:]} 8

Çannen tequitl y yca xonahuiaçä tocuic tocuic y antocnihua huiya tihuelincuiya moquezayahuheuh tecayamoyahuua tecayatzetzeloaya çochahuia xochitl ohuaye yia yeyia ohuaya

Ye no yancuic in tocuic tic ehua ye nica ye no yancuic in toxoch tomac ömaniqui, maic onahuicol antocnihua huiya ma ica ompolihuiu tellel in totlayocol yiaoq yiaoq yiahue ayia ayiaa ohuaya.

Macac tlacooya macac quelanmiqui in tlpc ayahue iz ca in toxochiu yhuan in yecatl yan tocuic maic onahuicelo ma ica ompolihuiu tellel in totlaaocol Et

Çanio nican in antocnihuá tontotlancheuoic in tlpc. y ticcauhetehuazque yecatl yan cuicAtly ticcauhetehuazque yhuá in xochitl a ohuaya

Yca nitlacooya yehuaya ye mocuic o ipalnemohuani ticcauhetehuazque yecatl yan cuicaty.
Songs 51–52, Folios 33–33v

Chalcans! Lords! Weep! And you're enriched, O Life Giver. You're making marvels on the bosom of the flood, Lord Toteotzin, Lord Coatzin! Life Giver maddens you.

You parcel out jades and bracelets, strew broad plumes. Sobs, tears, fall in a raining mist. Now all are summoned. O Lord Tozan, Huitzilac's priest!

And now you're believed, O priest, Cuacotli! No matter that your heart be destroyed: an eagle flood shall lie outspread before His face. The earth rolls over, the sky shakes. There! The Chichimec Tlacamatzli is forsaken.

Scattered are the Chalcans: scattered the Huexotzincan! O Lord Quiauh tzin tlailotlauqui! And how do you make your entry? You're using Lord Toteotzin, the Chalcan, the Amaqueme, as your wall.

What do You say? He has no arrows, no shields. You're using, you're uttering Miccalcalcatl, O Lord Quiauhztzin tlailotlauqui. And how do you make your entry? You're using Lord Toteotzin, the Chalcan, the Amaqueme, as your wall.

Lord Toteotzin and Lord Coatzin are weeping here. And Temilotzin grieves here. And Totzin has departed. Parceled out is the Chalcan, strewn where the flood flows, there! Multiple eagles and jaguars, multiple Mexicans, Acolhuans, and Tecanecs, do the Chalcans become.

LII Flower song

A

Be pleased for a moment with our songs, O friends. You sing adeptly, scattering, dispersing drum plumes, and the flowers are golden.

The songs we lift here on earth are fresh. The flowers are fresh. Let them come and lie in our hands. Let there be pleasure with these, O friends. Let our pain and sadness be destroyed with these.

Let no one be sad! Let no one recall them to earth! Ah, but here are our flowers, our good songs. Let there be pleasure with these. Let our pain and sadness be destroyed with these.

Only here on earth, O friends, do we come to do our borrowing. We go away and leave these good songs. We go away and leave these flowers.

Your songs make me sad, O Life Giver, for we're to go away and leave them, these, these good songs.
Ytzmolini xochitl, celia, mimilihui, cueponi yeehuaya mitecpa onquiça in cuicaxochitlin tepan tictzetzeloa ticyamoyahuaya ticuicanitl. Et

Ohuaya ohuaya ohuaya anahue xonahuiaaca huiya antocnihua yyeahuaya ma onnetotilo y xochincalitec y onca ye nòcuica nicuicanitl y ohuaya ohuaya.

[copyst's numeral:] 9

Nictzotzona nican mochalchiuhuehueh teocuitlahuehuetl yehuá Dios ypalnemoani in tlatoani a yecelteotl a ohuaya ohuaya

Çannican tonahuiya yehuaya imellel onquiça a in tepilhuá ayahue

**folio 34**

quauhatlapaltzin aya a in tacxoquauhtzin Tepanquizcatzin aya cohuatzi teuctli ya ohuaya.

Xiuhtehualitec y oncà amonmania a in tecpípilti ayoquatzi çan tacxo-
quauhtzi oc achica ye nica ma xonahuiaçåh ohuaya

An quauahuencluíhu oceloihuicuixihtimanique in tepilhuá ayahue maça yic-
oxochiuh onchichinalo yehua oc achica ye nica ohuaya.

O ahquéem aya ahquenmá polihuiz in ihuehueh in icuic o yn ipalnemoa xonahuia nopiltzeh tehuatzi ohuia a'nochipa tl'c. ohuaya.

Ac ticcahuazque in moztla huipitla xiquimonahuilte in quauhtlocelo ye ye
tonequimilotl çan çan ye xochitl ohuaya

Ye mochi tlaçatlty ontlanetocatinemi nican tl'c. ayahue çan achica yeclti
tixpan quiça ahuiac xochitl ohuaya.

Yn ipalnemoa catliya moxochoiuh nonceuiltonol momaxchoiuh quetzal-
izquixochitl ma onnetlanehuilon tl'c. y mach ticyaitquizque ñca ye
mochan huiya ticcahuathuezque ximoa yehua ohuaya.

Quetzalhuexotl çan çã pochotl huiya in ahuehuetl aya ipâ timochoiuhteh-
uac in teuctli yehuah in cacamat on teuctl ye itzmolinia ye totomoli-
uia mauh motepeuh aya.

Amaquemecan huiya totolimip aye ohuaya çã ye icnottlamati moyollon
ipalnemoa aço quiçaco oitzmolinico a in tepilhuá y chicimecatl teuctlin
tayqya huiya in teohua in quauhtlitztec a ohuaya.

[copyst's numeral:] 10

Toztli huilihu yehuia in quetzallacuilocallli o tanca tonmotlamachtiai in
oncan tocontemolía iklatal aya in ipalnemoa yehuá Diosy ayaho amayie
o ayahue huia a yllih ahuiyia yiaha ohuaya.

Ach anch ixxpanin ach anch imati nitlacat o i noteouh ypalnemoa yehuan
Dios y ayao amayiec Et.

Xochitl yahualihuia arnoxcalitec y papaloalitec y tlalla ycuilihuiyia moya-
hua moçuic moyahuaya motlatol çã cacahuantoc y in totatzin yecelteotl
ypalnemoani ohuaya.

Nepapan in moquechoh papalotl papaloalitec y tiyaótlatoay yatatilili

* 242 *
Song 52, Folios 33v–34

Flowers are sprouting, reviving, budding, blossoming. Song flowers flow from within you. You scatter them over us, you’re spreading them, you singer!

Be pleased, friends! Let there be dancing. In a house of flowers, there! I sing, I, the singer.

B

Here on earth I sound your drum jade, drum gold, O God, O Life Giver, O Lord, O Only Spirit.

Here on earth You’re pleased. The princes Cuauhtlapaltzin, and you, Acxocuauhtzin, and Tepanquizcatzin, and Lord Coatzin are entertained.

And there you are, in the green-stone circle, O princes, O Ayocuan, and you, Acxocuauhtzin. Be pleased here for a moment.

Ah, these princes are scattered as eagles, painted as jaguars. Flowers of His! Let them be inhaled here for a moment.

They’ll never, never be destroyed, these drums, these songs of Life Giver. Prince, lord, be pleased. This earth is not forever.

Whom are we to leave behind someday? Please these, these eagle jaguars, our adornments, these, these flowers!

Everybody has faith here on earth! Good ones for a moment pass before us, these, the fragrant ones, the flowers.

Life Giver, where are your flowers, your riches, your hand flowers, your popcorn plumes? Let them be borrowed on earth. Will we carry them off to your home? We’ll depart having left them! All are shorn!

You’ve gone to be a plume willow, a ceiba, a cypress, O lord, O Lord Cacamatl. Already your city is greening, sprouting.

In Amaquemecan, this place of the rushes, your heart is compassionate, O Life Giver. And do princes come forth, come greening? O Chichimec lord, O Ayocuan, O priest, O Cuauhtlitzac!

C

You’re painted as a parrot in a house of painted plumes. You’re happy there. You’re seeking out the songs of God Life Giver.

Before whose face and in whose knowledge was I born? That of him, my Spirit, God Life Giver.

The flowers are swelling in this house of pictures, house of butterflies. The land is painted. Scattered are your songs, scattered are your words, resounding, O father, Only Spirit, Life Giver!

Many are Your swans, these butterflies. You’re singing in a house of butterflies.
THE TEXT IN NAHUATL AND ENGLISH

folio 34v

o ayiahue huaya a ylili ohuayia iyaha ohuaya.

Çan nocótlapehpentía mocuic ohuaye nichalchiuhnpanoa yechuaya nica-
maquiznepanoan teocuítlachacallotec ica ximapana tehuayan paley ça
ye moncuciltonol y xochitl a ohuaya

Yn nehuihua quetzallin mocohuicpaa huiya tzintzcá ye tlaahuquechol aya
ica ticuiloa mohuchueu in tlépc. y can ye moncuciltonol Et.

ʔ antepopxyque man nemehltlatlan e can ompa ye huitz teyhuinti xochitl
teyhuinti cuicatl y yecllo cuicatl y ʔan ʔa ompa ye huitz yn ilcan
ohuaye ilhilłytec y ʔan ʔa ychampa ye huitz nepapá xochitl a ohuaya.

Y ye ye quitemohuia in icelteotl in ipaltinemi xiloxochitl can moyahua
yehua eloquechol huiya xochitlpetc ye tlatoa mahahuiia ca ye temachtia
y ohuaya.

Tollan chalcon Dios ichan huiya quetzaltzanatlatoa tlaahuquecholtzanatl y
chalchiuhxchalcoquitzaltemixca cuicantlatoaya çan quetzaltototl huiya aye aye
ayyanco yanco yia yechuaya onco aye ahuaya ha ohuaya.

Xochatli ymanca Chalchiuhxochicalitec quetzalpoyó aica çan tzintzcán
ye xochitlita yhuan malintoc nepaniuhotec ayiahue ytec oncuicayay ytec
ontlatoaya çan quetzaltototl huiya aye aye ayanco Et.

Tla nipehua o nicuicanitl huiya xilochinepanihiu oo nocuic yeechuaya
izquixochoiquahuitla icacan ohuaye ahuayyo ohuayia yiaha Et

Cahahuaxochichipoyon o ye mitotia huehuetitlā ye nemi ahuiaxtenemi xelihui
yehuaya Et.

A onicac in totatzin ychuah Dios huiya chalchiuhxicalco quetzalpachiuhhti-
cac y anca xihuitl maquizyheuxitlma ayc xochnipihpahuia tlacui-
localitec y ahuayyo Et.

ʔ y moec toncuicaca antepilhua huiya ʔ y moec ticahuilte yn ipalnemoa on-
quetzalycuitluchtemí iochicuicatl y ahuayyo Et.

Ono yccoc xochitl xopanixochitl totonatimani chuaya nepapan y xochitl
moyollo monacayo yehuan dios a ohuaya.

folio 35

Acon anquinequi moxochih aya in ychuah Dios ypalnemoani ymac onma-
nia miccaclcatl mimilhuin cueponi coçahuia xochitl totonatimaniye
Et.

Çan ca ychampa nihuitz niquetzaln poyon y nic ehua in cuicatl nictemaca
noxochihu a ohuaya.

In ma onchichinalo in quetzalyexochitl aya moyahua quitomaya yxochiuh
yehuan Dios huiya hui çan ca ye ichan y aya xochitlcy ca cana ohuaya Et.
I make a gathering for Him. These songs of Yours: I heap them up as jades, I heap them up as bracelets, gold and scarlet. Adorn Yourself with these, O Padre! These flowers are Your riches.

These trogons, these roseate swans, are like plumes, from You! This is how You paint Your drums on earth. These flowers are Your riches.

O priests, let me ask you something. Say! Where do they come from, these intoxicating flowers, these intoxicating songs, these good songs? They come from His home in heaven. All the flowers come from His home.

It's the Only Spirit, Life Giver, who brings them down, and they're corn-silk flowers, scattered. Ah, the Green-Corn Swan is warbling above these flowers, pleasing Himself and sermonizing.

God's home is Chalco among the rushes! As a plumelike thrush, a red-swan thrush, He warbles, warbling songs at the jade-jewel shrine. He's the Quetzal!

A plume narcotic has arrived upon this flower flood, within this jade flower house. And trogons, flower-whirled, are strewn. He sings within, He warbles here within. He's the Quetzal!

D

Let me begin. I'm the singer. Where this tree of popcorn flowers stands, my songs are scattering—as cornsilk flowers.

Narcotic cacao flowers are dancing beside the drum, diffusing fragrance, parcelled out.

Our father, God, is standing up, stands sated with plumes at the jade drinking vessel. It seems that turquoises are twirled as bracelets: flowers fall in a raining mist within this house of paintings.

Let's sing, princes. Let's pleasure Life Giver. These flower songs are painted as plumes.

The flowers have arrived: they're Green-Place flowers: they're shining: a multitude of flowers, these, your hearts, your flesh, O God.

Who doesn't desire your flowers, O God, O Life Giver? Miccaalcatl lies in His hands! The flowers are budding, blossoming, turning gold: they're shining.

I'm a narcotic plume, come from His home, lifting songs, presenting flowers.

Let them be inhaled, these plume-incense flowers. They're scattered. God sets his flowers free, then takes these flowers to his home.
Ycnocuicatl.

Pehualo nequetzalo xochitl că moquetza huehuetitla aayiahue nonahuia huancano ma ya huico yeehuaya xochitl malintimani Et.

Çan niqumahuiltilta in tocnihua aya chalchiuicalco xochinpetlapan yticpa huehuetzcan tla'tohuaya in cuicanitl ahua yyao yia yiao ayyaha ohua.

Tla çanë namechonahuiltilt in tla çanen namechoncuicati at ayoc huelicon at ayoc ahuiyac ye tocuic ohuaya ohuaya ayia yiaha Et

In cuix occeppa huitz a in pilli quauhtliya a in cacamatl aiyahue cuix occepa huallaz ayoquan oo ilhuicaminax oc yehuatl amechonahuiltiz çan oo ayoppatihuay çan cen tihiy yeehuaya ohuaya ohuaya ayia yiaha ohuaya.

Ça nihualichoa ya yooohui yahayon nihuallayocoya yn ayoquá teuctli ye nicaní yaotequihuia tichahuia tlatoa y ohuaya.

Çan ye onzimalihui ye ompopohuín tetloc ye nica in tenahuac y ayoc ymatian yoo o ayoc quihualmati nonã o ye nota yca nichocay Yoyahuia yoyahu yeehuaya cano ximoaya ohuaya.

(copyist's numeral:) 13

Nichoca yeehuah nicnotlamatia çan nic elnamiqi ticauhtehuazque yectli ya xochitl yectli yan cuicati in maoc tonahuiaçâ o ohuaye maoc tonecuicacön cen tiyahui tipolihui yeehuah oohuay Et.

Ach tleon siuh quimati in tocnihuan y cocoya yiollol qualani yeehuaya ayoppâ tlacatiuhua yeehuaya ayopan piltehua y yeec

folio 35v

ye quixihuá tlēc o ohuaya.

Maoc achitzincay tetloc ye nica tenahuac aayiahue aic ye o aic nahuiaaz aic nihuelamatz ohuaya.

Yn canon nemian noyollo yeehuaya ca hucl ye nocha ca hucl nocala maniz ca ninotolinian tlēc o ohuaya

Timotolinia noyollo yeehuah maçca xinentlamatin tlēc ye nica, O anca iuhqui notonal ohuaye quimatiy yeehuahue huixahuhe canó nicmacehui in mach iuhcan nitlacat in tlēc. Yxama yhui yeehuaya ic yectli ya hucl ihui ahcampa nemoa çan quittoo noyol a ohuaya

Quen quittoa in Dios aya nellon tinemi aya nellon tiyahucahuaco tlēc oo yiao yiaia a ayo ohuaya.

O aya nicyacahuaz yectli ya xochitl aya nicyatemohuiz quenonamica huiya O ancacihui çan achic çan ticotentlanehuia yectlon cuicatl Et

(copyist's numeral:) [1]4

Noncuticahehua nicanaya ye'coya moxochiuh ipalnemoani toxochihueh-ticyahuelintzotzona tonequimilol in tlēc. o ohuaya.
A

A beginning! An appearance! Flowers, yes, appearing at the drum! I'm pleased, ah! They're carried down, these flowers: they're whirled!

I pleasure friends. The singer laughs aloud, he warbles from the house of jade, the flower mat.

Let me somehow give you pleasure. Let me somehow give you songs. These flowers, these songs of ours, are they not fragrant, are they not delicious?

Will he come again, this prince, this eagle, this Cacamatl? Will Ayocuan, will Ilhuicaminax, come again? Will he pleasure you again? Ah, there's no twice. We pass away forever.

I weep, alas, creating something: it's Lord Ayocuan! He's here, the war chief! He pricks us as he warbles.

Near and in the presence of this company he's glorified and much esteemed. He no longer knows, no longer calls upon my mother and my father—as I'm weeping—in the place where all are shorn.

B

I cry, I grieve, knowing we're to go away and leave these good flowers, these good songs. Let's be pleased, let's sing. We're off to our destruction.

Our friends are ill at ease? Sick, His hearts are vexed! We're not born twice, we're not engendered twice. Rather we must leave this earth.

Near and in the presence of this company a moment! It can never be. I can never be pleased, never be content.

Where does my heart live? Where is my home? Where does my mansion lie? True, I am poor on earth.

Poor as you are, my heart, don't grieve here on earth. This seems to be my lot, and my heart knows it. Where do I assign it? Is this my fate on earth? It's known to be so. And so it's good, very much so. My heart says there's no place to go.

What does God say? "We don't live, don't come to stay, on earth."

I can't carry off these good flowers, can't bring them down to the Place Unknown. It's only for a moment. We merely borrow these good ones, these songs.

C

Here I strike up a song, and your flowers arrive, O Life Giver. We beat our flower drums with pleasure: they're our adornment on earth.
O aitquihuan i xochitl o atquihuan in cuicatl quenonamic cē tiyahui ayac mocahuaz in tlēc. y ohuaya.

Maoc cemihuitl ye nica antocihia ayahue toconcauh酎eauzque toxochiuh ye tocuic ayahue ticyoancahuauzque in tlalli manic yiao.

Ma xonahuiaca antocihia ohuaye yoahuaye xonahuiacā a ohuaya.

Tlen ticyocoya tein tic elnamiq tinocihui o a tahuih ticaucu cuicatl y atic elehuia xochiuh in ipalnemoa tla xonahuia huehuetitlan xonmiquani quen quinequi moyollo o ohuaya.

Xochipapalotl tepan ahuia man tlachichinaya toxochiuh O tomacxochiuh y te'cacahuazhuia tacaieuh o ic malintimani yhuā ahuiaxtima huehuetitla o xonahuiacā a ohuaya.

Can ompa nonyaz huiya can ompa noyaz aya ome ycac yohui yehuan Dios huiya armach temochia ompa ximoaya aih'ytēc y cânican y yehua yece ximoaya in tlēc. y ohuaya Et.

---

**folio 36**

Cen tiyahui Cen tiyahui onca ye iehan huiya o ayac tecay in tlēc o acyan quittoaya in carlame ha in tocnihua xonahuiaca Et.

Ma xiułquecholxochitl in tlauhquecholxochitl in malintiac o in moyollo motlatol nopiltzin aayahue çan chichimecatl teuctli in tayoqua huiya cuel achic ye nica xoconmotlanhui in tlēç y ohuaya ohuaya aayahu ohuaya.

Ahuyāia ohuaye icc nichocaya compoloa tomiquiz, compoloa in totlayocol yectlōn cuicatlí cuel achic ye nica xoconmotlanhui Et

---

**TlapapalCuxtecayotl.**

Xiquincaquican hue in cuexcyaahuacaya in tlacahuepantzin ixtlilcuccha-
huac o ayoc nellin in cano ximoaya çayoh ye nican tlēc y yaia

---

**QuauhAcayotl.**

Tiqui tiqui tiqui tiqui, tototoo Et.

Ŷ ma xoncuica tlaubonatliuh chimale cuicani meetla tla xoncinotlamati yao ayiahuec maya huichale ocnale maco çeya huichile ecle.

Ŷ coçana ypanaya a ycaya a niqutitaya moxochiuh Dios noyoliol paquinu huançano huec yoo man chalchihiuitl nicmatia nichichimecatl yio ya ye mach a nicaa a xochitla quitquihuicitz noyolliol paquinu huançanno huec yoo yyaoo ayec aya ahu y yehua yhuyaya ya quimaoya ya quimacelo ayoo.
Ah, these flowers aren’t carried to the Place Unknown, these songs aren’t carried off. We all depart. No one will be left on earth.

Let there be another day here, friends. We’re to go away and leave our flowers, our songs. We’re to leave the enduring earth.

Be pleased, friends. Be pleased.

What are you creating, what are you recalling, friend? Ah, aren’t you pleased getting songs? Don’t you crave Life Giver’s flowers? Be pleased then beside the drum—and move beyond. What does your heart desire?

The Flower Butterfly is pleasuring on these. Let Him inhale our flowers, our hand flowers. Our fan, our reed incense—with these He’s whirléd! Also He diffuses fragrance here beside the drum. Be pleased.

Then where am I to go? Ah, where am I to go? God stands two places! Aren’t you awaited there beyond, where all are shorn? No, it’s not within the sky. The place where all are shorn is here—on earth!

We all go off, we all go off to His home beyond. No one has regard for people here on earth. Who’s to say “Where are our friends?” Be pleased!

Let there be turquoise-swan flowers, roseate-swan flowers, spinning, oh, and they’re your hearts, your words, O prince, O Chichimec Lord Ayocuan. Borrow them briefly here on earth!

Ah, for these I weep, and these destroy our death, destroy our sadness, these, the good songs. Borrow them briefly here on earth.

LIV-A Multicolored Huaxtec piece

Hear them, alas, shrilling like conch horns. Tlacahuepan and Ixtlilcuecha-huac. They’re no longer in the place where all are shorn, but here, on earth.

LIV-B Eagle-master piece

tiqui tiqui tiqui tiqui, totototo etc.

Sing, red Sun! O Master of Shields, O Singer, hey! Grieve! Yao, ayyahue!

Let’s have a “huichale ocnale”! Ah, would that He might acquiesce! “Huichile ele!”

To me your flowers, these hearts of mine, these glad ones, are as rainbows, God. I’m a Chichimec, and I want to be acquainted with jades. Are they here? Ah, these hearts of mine, these glad ones, come carrying flowers. Let their comrades shell them out, share them out.
THE TEXT IN NAHUATL AND ENGLISH

Auh in yehuá quahuaque auh y yehuá maquahueque in coquetzalmáti-
huitze contonacaxochimoyauhtihuitze aya quauhtencatl li tozquechol-
tzin yce ytonal a yao.

Chiappanoo chiappano ompa ye huitz y yeclli nomache què quihualitta
queen quihualycaqui tonahuac onoc o Et.

Nec nochaa nee nitlatao o ça ca cuilolpa chiucahuhtecepetel a ycatya
tonatiuh yaquian an o.

Ye mimiliuhiuhi y ye popoçontiuq quetzalxochitl tlachinolxochitl aya

folio 36v

in axca i ye tonahuatil mitl chimalla aya nican cholollá ye huexotzinco tla
ninoma’mana O

YN oquic niman atempani ça oquic nima ye oncaya hualolque ye chichi-
meca aya chimalcalco hualolinque ce huitze quihualto ca chiucahuhte
huatl ayiyo.

[copyist's numeral:] 16

Coto cotoco. tico ticoti ticoti ticoti.

Nicmanaya nicmanaya xochincacahuatl ma ya onihuaya ye ichtan nopiltzin
Moteuocmatzi o ancayome.

Ý yecoti ya huellaçotli ya quetzalayahualolli ma ya nic yximati ye ichtan
niauh Et.

O ayac yiol quimiti in quetzalpoyoxochitl cacahuaxochitl nicmomoyahua
nicana yhipotocaya ye huexotzinco atlia ytzalan ayo.

YN quezqui tonatiuh ayo niyecoc tepetiltlani in chooca noyolio ienotlamati
yiya ma xochitl noyollo quetzalihcuiluhstoc yyaay yehuá ichtan i yehuá
Dios icolteotl aye ohuaya ye xochitcipe aycuar tlaolotlac teuctli ayyoco
ayyahuc.

Ma xochiyhiuntihuaya Ma ilhuatlmacoy a antepilhuan man quetzalih-to-
tilo ichtan totatzin ycelteotl ye Et

YN xiuhtemampá aya tonycacaya o onca milinco in quetzaltepiltl a quan
ahuahua yya o oztomecatl huhiue yyaay aiai.

omp a nicahcitoa coaixtlahu a yxiuhchimal nicmeme nic e’cahu o

* 250 *
These eagle masters, these eagle-hand masters, come offering Forest Dweller and Parrot Swan—as plumes—come scattering them as maize flowers. This is their fate.

Where Rattlesnakes Are! Where Rattlesnakes Are! From there comes the good one, this nephew of mine. And how does he view those who dwell in our midst? What does he hear from them?

"Me! In my home! Me! I sing—in the place of paintings, at the city of the dwellers-among-the-nine, at the seat of the Sun, at the place of His entry!"

These plume-flood flowers, these blaze flowers, go budding, go swelling. Arrows and shields are now our duty here in Cholollan, in Huexotzinco. Let me offer myself.

And then Beyond, then stirring at the Shore, stirring in the House of Shields, these Chichimecs all come, come heading for Nine Fields.

LIV-C

Coto cotoco. Tico ticoti ticoti ticoti.

I offer it, I offer a flower cacao. Let it be imbibed in the home of my prince Montezuma.

These good and very precious ones, these captive plumes—let me know their faces. I'm off to His home.

Oh, everyone is drunk! I strew narcotic plume flowers, cacao flowers, that give off fragrance here in Huexotzinco amid the flood.

I've come to town for a few days. Ah, this heart of mine is weeping, grieving. I want to make my heart a flower, and as plumes it's painted in this home of God the Only Spirit. Now He sings above the flowers, He, Lord Arbiter.

Let there be flower drunkenness and festivity, O princes. Let there be plume dancing in the home of our father the Only Spirit.

And among these turquoise ramparts—ah, You're standing up! Ah, it seems He stirs in Plume Town. He's in Anahuac! It's Cave Dweller!

Ah, and there beyond I go, that I might capture the Coaixtlahuans, His turquoise shields. I've shouldered them and brought them back, and these are maize flowers!
THE TEXT IN NAHUATL AND ENGLISH

[copyist's numeral:] 17

coto coto coci tococi tococi.

23 Temohuaci temohuaci yohuaya mizquiti icpac neteco oya xoçitl temoya Moteuccomatzi tlachinoltemoya Neçahualcoyotzin Anahuatl quitoca miliniaya

24 Quauhtlin tototl ye mocchiuh ocelomixcoatl mizquiti icpac matlauacalco oya tlacatl Mixcoatl pilli neçahualcoyotzi yyoohui canihuaya oya yoohui canihua yooya.

27 Ye quimaceuhque mocoliqoa Acamapich Huitzilihuitl huey tlalli a colihuacani

fōlío 37

mitzpielte mixeohuacalli oztomecacalli Neçahualcoyotzin yoohui çanihuaya oya yoohui canihuaya yo oya Et.

3 Tzihuactitlan Nequamatla huallacixipetlatiaque yeçocalco netlaliloc huey comitl necpaltiloc nocolihuan quinatzi tlatecatzi te'chotlalatl teuctli chicomoztoc neneco oya.

6 Nichoia nichoca íncnoya noyoliol nehuayá Neçahualcoyotzi canonaya ximoaya nocolihua in quinatzi Et.

8 Cococayo in c'cohuc ica ittoc acolmiztlì hualcuica ne'nêque colhuacano atotoztli a itzmolino oya xotlac inchoquixochiuh Coxcotzin Calcocamatl huin oya xahuini

11 Ayaxcā in quittaque huey tlalli a colhuacan mizquititlan o tzihuactitla quitlalaquico inchoquixochiuh Et.

13 yo yo mihua ma ya quiça nomali ayyahui yahuiya aayahuiya ma ya quiça nomali.

Mексичотл [copyist's numeral:] 18

Toco tico tocoti tocoti tocoti tocoti Et.

16 Cohuatepec xiutlahquetzalla ymanican quetzcalli onicaca aya que ye cahualoc atl in tepetl in oncan a ye quihualmatque in mexica in huehuequet ye yecc nican chapoltepec ica tacico oo tolahuacatl ye tozcuecuex yia ohuia.

17 Ancoc yohuayan in ac ya imatia que ye cahualoc Atl yn tepetl Et

21 O amaihice ayoc nello on quitoa Mexica aya can innelhuayo in ilh' in canon in tlaota ipalnemoani huixahuec xiyachocaca cam polihuiz ymacехual? yyaohohuia.

252
LIV-D

Coto coto coti. Ticoti ticoti.

Descent is eminent! Descent is imminent! And there's a scattering on the mesquite. Montezuma descends in flowers! Nezahualcoyotl descends in blaze! He's in the world. He stirs!

And he's become an eagle bird, a jaguar cloud companion on the mesquite— in a carrying cage — this noble, this cloud companion, Prince Nezahualcoyotl!

Your forebears Acamapichtli and Huitzilihuitl have been rewarded with the great land, ah! the ancestor land. And Nezahualcoyotl has granted you guardianship over this house of cloud companions, this cave dwellers' house.

They've traveled here on foot through brambles, through agaves. And in Barrel Cactus' house of bleeding all my forebears have been established and given a seat! Quinatzin Tlatlecatzin and Techoatlatl, lord of Seven Caves! They are much desired.

I am Nezahualcoyotl, and I weep. I weep, and they take pity, these hearts of mine in the place where all are shorn, my forebears, Quinatzin Tlatlecatzin and Techoatlatl, lord of Seven Caves. They are much desired.

All our miseries have arrived. Thus Acolmiztl's been seen. Ah, those Colhuacan voyagers, and even Atototl, are singing here. Their weeping flowers have sprouted, burgeoned: they're Coxcotzin and Calcozametl.

They found it a hardship, that great land, ah! that ancestor land. And they've come to plant their weeping flowers here among the mesquite and the brambles, they, Coxcotzin and Calcozametl.

Yo! Yo! And he is dispatched! Let him go forth — or be born! He is my captive! Let him go forth — or be born! He is my captive!

LIV-E Mexican piece
toco tico tocoti tocoti tocoti tocoti etc.

At Coatepec, where the turquoise columns stand, there stood a plume house. And how was that city abandoned? The Mexicans, the old ones, coming forth, knew Chapultepec, here! And so you've arrived, O Tolnahuacatl, O Tozcueue!

Who, alas, knows how that city was abandoned? The Mexicans, the old ones, coming forth, knew Chapultepec, here! And so you've arrived, O Tolnahuacatl, O Tozcueue!

O ama iye! It isn't true that Mexicans are singing him. Their source is
Tlein quimaceuh huec tle icoconcauh a in Mexicatl Axoloa ye tiçatl imanca choca yioliol cam polihuiz ymacchual Et.

Ý chimalli cuecupaloc y ye tepantenco yyehuaya ocahualoc in colihuaca yca tolinque ye tiMexica choquiztlehua y yechuaya ye cem atl mania ymacchual yyaoh oohuiya.

Yn pipiltin rot euchuan ay yyechuaya ocahualoc Et.

Yn nicayaihtoa ye niMexicatl nocelopa quémach vel onca ay ye mo-

*folio 37v*

tlamacnuxia in teteuctin Acolnahuacatl teçoçomocchi at quémanian a in yectla intlatol yn azcapotzalca pipila yio oohuiya Et

Yquac in onia quenonamican yn anNopilhuá tecpanecatl ye y ocacihtli amopan tzopiz yaoynol topan miliniz ye tlahcinoñli o oohua yee macoc achica onlapia y ye azcapotzalco yyo oohuiya.

*copyist's numeral:* 19

**Nican ompehua Cozcacucicatl ytechpa**

yn itlacatilitzin tot° Jesu x° oquitecpan
don fran co placido ypan

xihuitl 1553. años.

Tiqui tiqui tocoto tiqui tiqui tocoto tiqui tiqui
tiquiti tiqui tiqui tiquiti

Ma ontlatlauhtiloya xitcoxiuhcozcatomatxa yn amotlayocol antepil-
huani ma chalchiuhcozcatl teocuitlacozcatl yn amocuentax y ma ycaya
ticahuitiri yn oyecoc in Belem cemanahuauqui temaquixti tla tihuiya
tlatlaquahu çane

Yn ma ontlachieloya tomachvane ticahua tlapalizquixochitl moyahu-
yehu oncan temoc yn itlayocol yehuayá Diosi cemanahuauqui.

Yn quetzcalitec hotencoya oncan ye tonca yn tichpochtli Santa M° que-
çohuel oncanc ticayatlacatlii yn Dios ypiltzin nepapan cozcatl ma ycaya
man tlatlauhtiloya.

Çan timotimaloa ynicaya iuhquin cozcatl toyahuaya ye momaczinco
moyetztica in Dios pilztintli nepapan cozcatl.

*copyist's numeral:* 20

Titoco toto titocototo titiquiti titiquiti.

Cueilá cuecian Pipilte tomachhuane yyahue tla toyayatihuia yn ixpá Tiox
Jesu xijo. teocuitlaxa'calli manca tictottilizque ticchalchiuhcuentaxcoz-
where? The sky, where Life Giver sings! Hui xahue! Weep “Where will His vassal be undone?”

And what is His gift? And what is His food? O Mexican! O Axoloa! Where the chalk flood lies, His hearts are weeping: “Where will His vassal be undone?”

The shields were reversed at Little Rocky. And as we stirred, we Mexicans, Colhuacan was abandoned. Weeping, His vassals—all!—now stand in the water.

O princes! Lords! And as we stirred, we Mexicans, Colhuacan was abandoned. Weeping, His vassals—all!—now stand in the water.

I, a Mexican, 1, Ocelopan, say: How fortunate can they be, over there, these lords Acoclahuacatl and Tezozomoc? Will their songs be good? Those princes of Azcapotzalco!

When I’ve gone away to the Place Unknown, O you princes that are mine, O dweller at the Palace, O Acacitli, then the war will end where you are, then the blaze will stir where we are! For a moment let them be on guard at Azcapotzalco!

LV Here begins a jewel song concerning the nativity of our lord Jesucristo.
Don Francisco Plácido put it together in the year 1553.

A

tiqui tiqui tocto tiqui tiqui tocto tiqui tiqui tiqui tiqui tiqui tiqui tiqui

“Let him be prayed to, princes. Let loose your creations, your turquoise jewels. Let’s have jade jewels, gold jewels—your rosaries! Let’s go with these and pleasure the savior who’s come to earth in Bethlehem. Let’s go. Come ye. Hail!

“Nephews, brothers, let there be viewing! Tinted popcorn flowers are scattering down. There! God’s creation has descended to earth.

“You’re in a plume house at the roadside, O virgin, O Santa María. And there you’ve given birth to God’s son, to many jewels. Let him arise. Let him be prayed to.

“As he spills forth like jewels, you’re glorified. He’s in your arms: he’s God the son, he’s many jewels.”

B

titoco toto titocototo titiquititi titiquititi

It’s time! It’s time! Princes! Nephews! Let’s go gently to God Jesucristo.

255
O anqui ye hucl axcqa tlaçocoçcatl quetzalliya tonilpililoque motlacoconetzti čañyio mochalchiuhmaquiz mozcocatzini mochipa ichpochtle Santa Mariani yllili yahuiya toyolio aye aye ahuiya nicaana.

Yq quetzalpetlatipan aya tonca ca ye mocha ilhuicacihuapilli yehua nepapan in maquixtoeciuhalctequi tōtlatlauhtiloyan tlapalchaliuhihihhuitl moxo-chicuentxtzin ticpouhtinemia ypā ypanaya timitztlatolcocoltemotinemiya yllili yahuiya.

[copyst's numeral:] 21

Toquiti toquiti tiqui tiquri tiquiti tocto.

Yn nepapā tototl y moquecholhuan tiox tzatzihuaya nicaa aquí hucl iuhqī tlahuizcalli patlantinemia angelorí oncuiya: gloria in excelsis déo xahuiza xopectaquica anc.

O anquiß hucl iquac topen temoc yn ilhuicac tlanextli ya nepapā xochitl moyahuaya onciuca ay in moquecholhuan Dios gloria in excelsis Et

A yn oquicaque in oriencto in teteuctini in ilh'pa onilhuiloque aya tōpē. ca omonexti temaquixtiyan tecuitoatl, copalliya, Mirta concuique ye ic onacicoya im pelem coniximatque nelli tiox nelli oquichitiya.

Yn attopaya mitziximatque tiox on cozcateuh quetzalteuh tlamatque yn tlateque aya contlatlauhtique aya yn ichpochtli Santa Maria aquí hucl yehuan conuitquitque motcuyoa nelli Dios nelli oquichitiya.

Yn tla timochi titlamahuiçocă ticahuane onca belem hucl ixpoliuhtoc quetzalli yan cozcctl chalchiuhtechs onca xamāque ṣ pipiltziizinti pa-palmaquizcozcatca a motimolotiaque yll"ytec aya yn tepilhua an a

Yn choquizcuicatl momamalintoc tlacyoloxochitica a ymeleli quica in motlachohuan Dios tlapalmaquizcozcatca Et.

[copyst's numeral:] 22

Tico toco ticoti tico toco ticoti tiquititi tocotiri.

Nonohualco ye nică in tlahuapecani conchalchiuhycuilotihuia in nonohualcatl teuctli y don diego y ye onel yao ximohuyani concahuhtechuco yn atlo yan tepetli yahoh yaho yli yahoh aye ma yca nichoca yio.

26 27

256
Song 55, Folios 37v–38

We'll gaze upon him in that golden hut, we'll give him jade rosary jewels. He gleams incarnadine like a roseate swan, it seems, yonder it seems.

26 There's singing in the House of Flutes—and we are singing! What flower is this that lies in fragrance? It gleams incarnadine like a roseate swan, it seems!

1 This very moment can it be—that we've tied on this precious necklace, this plume, this babe of yours? Yet this, this bracelet, this necklace, is yours alone, O ever virgin, O Santa Maria. And yet our hearts are pleased here.

4 You're on the Plume Mat—it's your home—O queen of heaven. And in that house of many turquoise bracelet gems there are prayers to you. And that's where we're intoning these, these redstone plumes, your rosary of flowers. That's where we are seeking you through sadness. Ah!

C
toquiti toquiti tiqui tiqui tiquiti tiquiti tocoto

9 Many birds, your swans, O God, are calling here. And who are they—soaring along as though in Dawn's House? They're the angels, singing gloria in excelsis deo. Be pleased! Be glad! Hail!

12 "The splendor of the sky descended on us at that very moment, many flowers, scattered, and your swans, O God, singing gloria in excelsis deo."

14 That's how they heard it, they, the kings of the orient. From the sky they were told: "Indeed on earth a savior has appeared." They took gold, incense, and myrrh. And when they got to Bethlehem they knew the true god, the true man.

17 They were the first to know you, God. As jewels, as plumes, the wise men, these kings, prayed to the virgin, to Santa María. And what did they do? They went away bearing your glory, True God, True Man!

21 Let's all rejoice, brothers. Yonder in Bethlehem they lie destroyed, they, the plumes, the jadeliike jewels, the princes, broken. And as multicolored bracelet jewels those princes rose in glory to the sky.

24 Weeping songs are spinning down. Your precious ones, O God, are entertained with flowers of sadness. As multicolored bracelet jewels those princes rose in glory to the sky.

D
tico toco ticoti tico toco ticoti tiquititi tocotiti

27 With jades he paints this Nonoalco here, this Dry Lands, he, the Nonoalcan lord: it's Don Diego. And it's true he's gone—to the place where all are shorn. He came to leave this realm. Ah, let me cry for him.

*257*
Teocuitlaco yohuacuca ye nocuic huiya niquiyatemoa yn cozcateca y
nohueyohuani nichalchiuhcoyoa intlatol niquimelnamiqui ye nelli ye-

huano contłalitiaque yn atlo yá tepetli yaho yaho.

Yio ahua yiaoo hohuaye yaho aye ye moxiuhtomolcozqui ypan nitlatla-
yocolcuica nicnotlamatia an cat lique y tepilhuano catliyá quauhtloclotl
ynin ca ye micuilo atlo yan tepetl onel yaque ximoaya.

[copyst's numeral:] 23

Totiqui titiquito totiquititiquiti toti toti
totoco totoco totoco totoco
totoco
totoco
totoco

Yancuica chalchiuhltli nocuic tlcati niquelahuaya nicempoaltecametla
nohueyohu ololihuic acatic cinquiztoc nichuipan ye yxpan nonquitzi-
huetzi icelcotl o anqui ye huell axca tlateteh acic yehcoç y belem yiaha
yahu yxilii hoo ahua ye nelma ometotilo nican.

On tlacotlanqui cozcapotlatipana nocoylectalia nocuic nicempohualteca-
metla nohueyohu ololihuic acatic.

Chalchiuhiziquichitl ymanca nontlachichina ya nitlaciulcozozaquetzal-
tototl nictzinitzcan Amatlapaltzetzeloa cuicayecahauido yotica can non-
pahpatlantinemi oo ahuyia oo aylili yancaya.

On nepapan in cozcaneelhuiatia nicxeloa ye oncan noncuicapehpenaya
nitlaciulcozozaquetzaltototol nictzinitzcanamatlapaltzetzeloa cuicayeh-
cahuilo yotica çan nopa' patlantinemi oo ahuyia oo

[copyst's numeral:] 24

Cihuaixinexcuicatl ypan tlatecpantli teotlatolli
yquac mehua yn ilhuizin spú santo quitecpan
Christoual de rosario xiuhltami cuicani
ypan Agosto de 1550 años.

Çan ca tlauhequecholtlapalayautimani a oncaan y ye mochani tisanta
Maria ayia yeoo ayia yeha

Y çan ca xiuhquechol nepapan tototl chachalacaya yca tontlatluhtilo yani
tisanta Maria

Y iaho yaho yiahue a ihuic temoc san gabriel ye quitemohui oo a ynic
tlatluxtildoa a y Santa M. Ave M. an o ticihuapile tlacocihuapil
yxquicxcapaya timitzontotlacoayectenchuiliya ho
My songs are shrilling like gold bells. I seek these braves of mine, these Jewel Land dwellers. I thread their songs as jades: I recall them. They're the ones who went away establishing this realm.

Among Your budding jewels of turquoise I sing my sorrows, grieving. Where are the princes? Where are those eagle jaguars? The city's been painted. Yes, they went away to the place where all are shorn.

E

totiqui titiquito totiquititiqui toti toti
totoco totoco totocoto

My songs, these jades, are born anew: and I forsake them, I, a Cempo-
hualtec. And these are my braves, orbicles, assembled beads that I've arranged—and so I promptly come alive before the Only Spirit. It seems this very moment they've arrived on earth, have come to Beth-
lehem. Ho! Let there be dancing here.

As finished treasures on this mat of jewels, in beauty I compose these songs of mine, I, a Cempohualtec, and these are my braves, orbicles, assembled beads that I've arranged—and so I promptly come alive before the Only Spirit. It seems this very moment they've arrived on earth, have come to Bethlehem. Ho! Let there be dancing here.

I inhale where jadelike popcorn flowers grow. I'm a jewel-painted quetzal, and these I strew as tinted trogon banners, made to arrive as songs, as I go soaring along the Road.

I'm shaking down that jewel-root multitude. There Beyond I'm picking songs. I'm a jewel-painted quetzal, and these I strew as tinted trogon banners, made to arrive as songs, as I go soaring along the Road.

LVI Female apparition song, in which the holy word is set in order. It was sung at the feast of Espíritu Santo. The singer Cristóbal de Rosario Xiuhtlamin put it together in August of the year 1550. A

There's a crimson mist of roscate swans there beyond in your home, Santa María.

Turquoise swans, all the birds, are cackling. And this is how you're prayed to, Santa María.

Ah, it's San Gabriel who's come down from where she is. She's sent him down so that she, Santa María, can be prayed to. Ave María! O lady, noble lady, right here we're praising you with love.
Coto coti quitiquiti ye tlātiuh quitiquiti quitiquiti quitiquiti quitiquiti coto coti coto coti.

tototicot ycitocotitico.

Maquizquecholli quetzalli ya mapecan ticaya timatlapalcohua quenonamicà
Coto coti quitiquiti. When it ends: quitiquiti quitiquiti quitiquiti quitiquiti quitiquiti coto coti coto coti. 1
A multicolored bracelet bird is shaken down: Espíritu Santo has descended on the apostles by the grace of our lord God. 4
God’s well-loved apostles died on earth as believers, by the grace of our lord God. 5
As maize flowers they’re radiating dawnlight—there where you are, God, in heaven. And these creations of yours are spilling forth as many jades: you shake them down on us. These blooming flowers, these good songs, all these fluting angels, will never end. 6
We vassals bow down to you, Only Spirit. And these creations of yours are spilling forth as many jades: you shake them down on us. These blooming flowers, these good songs, all these fluting angels, will never end. 7

toticoto ticoto titico 10
A quetzal has descended, a cotinga arrives in San Felipe, in Santiago. Good jades and thin turquoises issue from their seats beyond. 11
From lords’ and princes’ seats, it seems, come fame, glory, kings! 12
Ah yes, among these turquoise-and-crimson-painted pictures, upon this mat of bracelet jewels, you dwell, O prince, O Lord Don Diego. 13
My brave, your fame will never be forgotten: it sprouts as turquoise gems. 14
Roseate-swan flowers are opening. These jewels! They’re strewn, these, your tears, they’re taking root: you’re warbling in their presence, you, our poor sought one. 15

cotocoti quitiquiti 21
Here in this artists’ bower I strike up a song. San Felipe used to be a No- noalcan pyramid. What now of the princes? What now of the kings? 16
Where greening mesquites stand, at the tree of sustenance’s place of origin, there beyond, these lords are coming alive. What now of the princes? What now of the kings? 17
The realm lies painted in jades. In departing they painted this San Felipe, this Santiago, they that are Nonoalcans, they that are princes. Ah! 18
They’re the Chichimec princes Don Diego and Lord Don Baltasar, and this is their reward. In departing they painted it, they that are Nonoalcans, they that are princes. Ah! 19

toticototot coto titico 31
Now you dwell among the hands as a bracelet swan, as a plume, spreading 20
a y don Pilipe ocen tiya oo ocen tiya nopiltzine.
3 Oyohualli xochitla yechuaya taclhoinxochitla cuempontimaniya chichime-
capa ytech ye tonemiya tixochihuitli ocen tiya oo.
5 Can ca tlahuquecholtzin chimaliyaxochincozcatica yaa tiya mahpan tiya in
toquiztecutli cepa amonemico yn don Pilipe yaho.
7 Yn cacahuaxochipetlatl yyo0o nocaanaya anconcauhtehuaque yn tetecutini
cepan amonemico yn don Pilipe yaho.
9 Cotoco tiquiti quitii.

Yn ahua nohucyohua nacicoyah nicani y .s. Pilipe Azcapotzalco nique-
cahuico nepapan ihuitl caquau patlantihuiytz ayaiya yacaya
12 Ma onnetlanchoilo cozcatepehuaque tetecutina ya titon Baltasal titon tieco
teteucte ye axcan techtlayocoli ycelteotli yiaiyancaya.
14 Nixiuhecholpapalotl patlantihuiytzaya notoz ca nahuac oya anqui nica
anqui nicaana xincechnaquiliya tixochayacachtotol xiyanlapitzaya tocuic
toxochiuh ticyamana y san Pilipe notez ca nahuac oya anqui nica anqui
nicaana.

Nican ompehua coçolcuicatl ytoca, ye huecauh
ic coquichitoque tepaneca, in Mexico
tlatoani Ahuitzotzi ytlatlalil nextenco
nohnohuiantzi cuicani yhuā Pilli catca.
21 Tocotico tocoti. Auh ynic ontlanuicui cuicatl
toco toco tocotoc   tico tico ticoti
tico tico ticoti   toco toco tocoti.

[copyist's numeral:] 29

A yn ompeu y ye nocuico xochicalitec niinan nocomama nopillotzi
noconahuiltiz ololotzin ololo mahchua in conetl Ahuitzotó oo huiya
macac xicho a nopillotzin ñ toconitotiz y moxoichitzini yhan mocac-
calatzin oolesterol
27 Anahuatl nichuhiuxohua ye nimexical nichpotzintli ye nochimalcoçoltzin
nicmamatiuh oncan onotiih aytzi ye noyaoxochiconetztin oo huiya.
your wings in the Place Unknown, O Don Felipe. Gone forever, ah.
You’ve gone forever, my prince.

3 The bells, the flowers, the blaze flowers, are blooming in Chichimec Land,
and you dwell among these, O flower plume. You’ve gone forever, ah!

5 O roseate swan, you’ve departed as a shield-flower jewel. You’ve gone
among the hands, O Lord Oquiztzin. You came to live just once, O Don
Felipe.

7 O lords, you went away and left this cacao-flower mat. You came to live
just once, O Don Felipe.


F

cotoco tiquisi quitii

10 Ho, my braves! I’ve arrived here in San Felipe Azcapotzalco. I come bring-
ing a multitude of plumes. These troupials! They come soaring.

12 Let them all be borrowed, these jewel-like masters of the realm, these
lords. O Don Baltasar, O Don Diego, O lords! And now the Only
Spirit has taken pity on us.

14 “I’m a turquoise swan, a butterfly!” My parrot comes flying in! He’s in
Anahuac! It seems he’s here, it seems he’s here!

Answer me, you flower, you rattle bird. Flute your answer. We’re spreading
songs, flowers, in San Felipe. My parrot’s in Anahuac! It seems he’s
here, it seems he’s here!

LVII Here begins what is called a cradlesong,
with which in olden times the Tepanecs
lauded the Mexican ruler Ahuitzotl. It’s a
composition of Nonohuianztzin of Nextenco,
who was a singer and a lord.

A

Tocotico tocoti. And when the song ends:
toco toco tocoto, tico tico ticoti,
tico tico ticoti, toco toco tococi.

23 My song’s begun within that House of Flowers, and at once I carry off my
little princeling. I’ll pleasure the little jewel. He dances, this little babe,
this little Ahuitzotl.
Cry no more, my little princeling. These flowers and these bells of yours!
You’ll dance with these, O little jewel.

27 I, a Mexican girl, am rocking the world! Off I go, carrying my shield cra-
A oyohuallin cahuantihuitz y ic nôchoca aytzi ye noyaoxochiconetzí oohuiya.

Çan ca izquixochitl nochichíualtzin cacaloxochitl tontomalínque telpotzintli Ahuitzotzin in tochochian o a yllia o xochipalpaquí noyollozín y telpotzintli ahuitzoto.

Tígatli yhuítl malintihuitz choquizxicochitl chimalli xoñoltl cuécuepocatlicae teicoltl tetlanectli Atlíxco tenamitl yxpà cahuiltoyay oohuiya.

Ye noyaoxochi malintinémi ye chalcotlaca ye quíammatihiu xoñiquahuitl ye hucxoutzinco atlíxco tenamitl yxpán cahuiltiloa oohuiya.

[cópyist’s numerál:] 26
Tocotico tiqui tiqui tocotiquí tocotiquí.

A ololotzin olol mahcaco xichia in tinoconetzi tzo nimitzontecaz moxoçoltzinco huallaz ye mota Ahuitzoto mitzonhuixhoix ooy oohuiya.

Noyollo quimati nimitznochihuili yin tinoconetzi huallaz ye mota.

Nicutzi Ahuitzoto macaço cencax xitlatlayocoyaa oo in tiqilnamiquí mopíticatzin axayacato oohuiya.

Yn càyio oncan ontimalihuín tís. yin ichpochyotl in Ahuilnemilizotl macaço cencax xitlatlayocoyan

Quexco timochihua tiniuctzi in timochoqueollia tiniuctlicati necahualpilla xihualmoihuica tla nimitzonmama tla nimitzahuaxiuentli y ximocauhtzinco tiniucticati necahualpilla yaoo oohuiya.

Ohuálacc cuéponti xoñochitl toconitazque in yectli conetl Ahuitzotzin ximocauhtzinco.

Chimalli xoñochitl yca xinoxauc ximexicachihuatl nichpochtizintli tlachinolticay popocatímnin nonehcuíoltzín quechellehuíya tonahuac onoq oo oohuiya.

Yaoxochitl ypan momati nonehcuíoltzín quechellehuíya.

[cópyist’s numerál:] 27
Tocotí tocotí tocotítititi tocotítiti tocotítiti.

caña noltlatlayocotica aytzi niuctzi ticihuatzintli quecomach nō tlacatl y nocana momiquíli no, ye, coltzin in Ahuitzotl yiahuíya.

Quecmach yn oquichiu noyollozini ayoc huelin niuctzi ayoc huelin niquica huaz no, ye, coltzin in Ahuitzotl yiahuíya.
Song 57, Folio 40

dle, for there beyond is where he lies, this treasure, this little war-flower babe of mine.

And bells come ringing as I weep. O treasure, O little war-flower babe of mine!

My breasts [or my created ones] are popcorn flowers. In bed with raven blooms we've been entwined [or we've been whirled as raven blooms], O little young man, O little Ahuitzotl.

He delights in flowers, he, my darling heart, this little young man, this little Ahuitzotl.

Chalk and plumes come spinning. Weeping flowers, shields, flowers, stand up blooming, desirable and seductive. On the bosom of the flood, before the walls, they pleasure him.

My war flowers go whirling along; yes, the men of Chalco are carrying flower trees. Yes, in Huexotzinco on the bosom of the flood, before the walls, these pleasure him.

B

tocotico tiqui tiqui tocotiqui tocotiqui

Little jewel, stop crying, you little babe, I'll lay you in your cradle, little Ahuitzotl, your father will come, he will rock you.

My heart enjoys it, I've made you, my little babe, little Ahuitzotl, your father will come, he will rock you.

Little Ahuitzotl, my pet, don't overdo your grief remembering your brother Axayaatl.

For it's only there beyond on earth that women and pleasure are celebrated. Don't overdo your grief remembering your brother Axayaatl.

And how are you created, my pet? By being wept for, my precious pet, O longed-for child. Come, let me carry you. I'd pleasure you! So tarry awhile, my precious pet, O longed-for child.

Blooming flowers have arrived. We'll see them, good babe, O little Ahuitzotl. Tarry awhile, my precious pet, O longed-for child.

I've painted myself with shields, with flowers, I, a Mexican girl, and in blaze they smoke, these, my precious painted ones that our comrades are craving.

They seem to be war flowers, these, my precious painted ones that our comrades are craving.

C

tocoti tocoti tocotititi tocotititi tocotititi

I'm grieving and grieving, O treasure, my pet, O lady. What's to be done?

He, the noble one, also has met with death, he, my creation, Ahuitzotl.

What ever befell my dear heart? He's no longer my pet. Never again will I carry him off, him, my creation, Ahuitzotl.

• 265 •
Tlaca a y nicutzi tiniculticatzi tlaca monahuatiy Ahuitzoto tla xóquiça aytzi atohualla ohuiya.

folio 40v

A iz cleço hualaiç ca çan tlahueliloc ye ca mo niucztzin tla xóquiça aytzi
2 Cenca nelli cenca nelli xolotzi cenca ye nenelli in tinechcalaquiz Ahuitzoto
tlaca nelli motzi çan titlahueliloc cenca nelli itzi yiao huiya.
4 A ymma nell itzi cenca ye nelli in tinechcalaquiz Ahuitzoto.
5 toquotico tocoti tocotocotocoto ticoticoticoti
ticotico ticoti toco toco tocoti.
7 Aylliaoo cocomoca huehuelt tamoancha ye moliniya chimalli xochitl
oyohuallin cahuantihuitz ooohuiya. y xochimilintoc moteponahuaz ye
miliniya chimalli xochitl.
10 Noconcac o cuicatl y ye nichpotzintli nicnomahamaltiyi niuczi toconi-
tazque ahuitzoton çan tililili tililiy on ocueponico xochiquahuitl ooohui-
ya y xochimecalti malintihuitz quitotoma icuic ahuitzoto çan tililili
13 Nimitzilnamiqui noyecoltzini y tlatohuani Ahuitzoton quēmaceh in otic-
chiuh ye noyolotzin ohuiya.
15 Y ca no iuhqui mocuicatzini ca no yuhqui ye motlatoltzin ahçoc niquilca-
huaz quenmach.
17 Titi toco tocoto titito titito.
18 Aya ilili ololotzi ololo nopil mamaltzi Ahuitzoto tla nimitzito tiohuaciy x
xochiconetzintlo ohuiya.
20 Can quetzalxiloxochitl ye oncueponihuitz ohualaciy xochiconetzintli con-
ahuititihiuitz in neçahualpilontloni yllili yllili ahuyiaoo ohuiya.
22 Maçacoc nican caltezincio toyaya ca noyecoltzin telpotzintli Ahuitzoton
huiya.
23 Nimitznohuiquiliz totecatibui in tococihiyä xochiatlapä tamohuacha y
tenemmi xolotzin yia ooohuiya.
25 Ninheculo aytzi tinocihuhti huiya que nechytta aytzin noyecoltzi y neçah-
ualpilontli xochimecatlh y momamalintoc y nonehcuiloltzin ooohuiya
27 O anca izquiixochitl in momalintoc y ie nomatzi ye nichpotzintli yca nicna-
huatequizi noyecoltzi y neçahualpilontli yaoohuiya.
Song 57, Folios 40–40v

Ah, let him not be my pet! You, only you, are my pet! May little Ahuitzotl
not be summoned! Do issue forth, O treasure. But ah, you've not come.
Behold what the scoundrel would do here! He's no darling to me. Do issue
forth, O treasure. But ah, you've not come.

Oh it's true, too true, fellow! Too true that you'll capture me, little Ahuitzotl! Let it truly not be your beginning, you scoundrel. And yet, true enough, it is his beginning.

Ah, the time has truly come for his beginning. Too true! You will capture
me, little Ahuitzotl.

D

toquitico tocoti tocotocotocoto ticoticoticoti
ticoticoti toco toco tocototoci

The drums of Tamoanchan are roaring. The shield flowers are stirring.
The bells come ringing.

Your log drums are stirring as flowers. Yes, these shield flowers are stir-
ring. The bells come ringing.

A mere girl am I, and I've heard a song. And I take it away: it's my pet.
We'll be seeing our little Ahuitzotl. Tililili tililili.
The flower trees come blooming. The flower garlands come spinning:
little Ahuitzotl loosens his songs. Tililili tililili.

O my creation, O king, O little Ahuitzotl, I recall you. Whatever befell
you, dear heart?

As whatever befell you—your deeds—become your songs, become your
words, can't ever forget them? Whatever befell you, dear heart?

E

titi toco tocotito tititito titito

O dear little jewel colooloo, my prince, O dear little package, O little
Ahuitzotl, please let me dance with you. The dear little flower babe has
arrived!

Oh yes, the plumelike cornsilk flowers come bursting. The dear little
flower babe has arrived, and these come giving him pleasure, him, my
little longed-for child.

Oh let it be here, that abode you've gone to, O creation of mine, O young
man, O little Ahuitzotl.

I'll carry you along. We'll make our bed in flower land. In Tamoanchan we
go walking, dear fellow.

I've painted myself, O treasure, O friend. And what will he think of me,
he, this treasure, my dear creation, this longed-for child. Ah yes, these
flower garlands are whirled, and these are my painted ones.

Are popcorn flowers whirled [or wrapped around]? If so, with these, my
girlish arms [or warriors], I'll embrace [or crush] my dear creation, my
longed-for child.

· 267 ·
Nican ompehua Tequihquixtilizcuicatl ypan
tlacueptli teotlatolli yc oquiz ilhuitzin
San Philipe yquac yn oahcico spana
yatetlauhtiltzin Su mag'i in tlahuiztl
quimomaquilia altepetl Azcapotzalco
Tepanecapă ypan xiquitl 1564 yehuatl oquitecpan
.d. fran.c Placido goueror xiquipilco. auh
y xihuitl ypan omueh 1565. yquac Goueror
Yn azcapotzolco .d. Ant° Valeriano.

Tico tico tico tocotico tocotico
tocotoc tocoticotocoto
tocotoc tocoticotocoto

Ma xiquyalancaqui oo ſ nonohualcatl on tepanecatl yehuaya yācuic xihuitl
cueponiya ypan nicmati ye noyol nicuicanital y iehuaya niquehuaz oo-
huaye yn ica tzintic in ihli° yn ica manaloc in tlipc yio oohuiya.

Yn manoçocuel ma huallacaquică ſ nonohualco tonahuac onoque nique-
huaz oo oohuaye.

Yn çan ca ye oncă y xochitlalliya ypanaya ye quiyocoya o in icelteotl tot°
yehuaya omētin tlacaxinachtli ye chihualoque oohuiya

Çan ca yechuan o oohuaye in Adam, in Eua, tlapixoque ye cemanahuac
yio oohuiya

Tell anellin toca mani tlalli niqualihtoa quēmaniya yiao oohuiya tleic
onaxque in tla'tlacoque in Adan in Eua, in palayso ſ xochitlalpă ca hucl
motelchiuhque hucl intlatlacoł in cococ ycaya tiyanemi tlipc. tel a'nelli
hucl timaluhihtui oohuiya.

Çan yeihcayan choca quēmaniya in padreme in quitohuaya ca hucl motel-
chiuhque in Adam in Eua hucl intlatlacoł onelli yehuă quixinique yn
inahuatl in ihiyotzin tot° oohuiya.

Tlein conmottiliguec quilmach quimenchuilizque ye cemicac chane yn
icelteotl totecuyō o yio yiōo amopinahuiz a oohuiya

Tocoticoto coti. ye ontlātiuh tocototototocito
[copyst's numeral:] 30

Ye quitohuaya in dios quiyocoya yehuaya yacatto yehuatl in tlanteatl ya
ynic omilhuitl ye quichiuh yn ilhuicatlo oohuiya.

---

Ye eilhuitl ye cayachihuia in huey Atl yhuă in tlalli auh ye nahuilhuitl ye
quimanon tonatiuh oo yhuan metzti yhuan ixquich y citlali oohuiya

---

268
LVIII Here begins a bringing-out song, in which the holy word is translated. Thus was celebrated the feast of San Felipe, when His Majesty’s gift arrived from Spain—the coat of arms that he presented to the city of Azcapotzalco Tepanecapan in the year 1564. The one who composed it was Don Francisco Plácido, gobernador of Xiquipilco, and the year in which it was sung was 1565. At that time the gobernador of Azcapotzalco was Don Antonio Valeriano.

A

tico tico tico tocotico tocotico
tocotoco tocoticoto

O Nonoalcan, O Tepanec, come hear this heart of mine! I, the singer, treat it as a new herb blooming, lifting that which starts in heaven and is spread on earth.

Come! Let our Nonoalcan comrades listen! I’ll be lifting that which starts in heaven and is spread on earth.

Our lord, the Only Spirit, creates them there in flower land. Ah, the two progenitors were made!

And these were the ones—Adam and Eve—who sowed the world.

But time and again I say isn’t it true that the earth endures because of us? Why did Adam and Eve commit sin in paradise, in flower land? Truly they were wretched, truly they are sinners. Through this misery we’re alive on earth. And yet for certain this is not going to be praised.

Just for this, the padres sometimes weep, saying, “Adam and Eve were truly wretched, truly they are sinners. Truly they’re the ones who broke the order and the utterance of our lord.”

What did they see? It was falsely said that they were to be as the Everlasting, the Only Spirit, our lord. But he was not to be shamed.

B

Tocoticoto coti. When it ends; tocoto toti cotico.

God says it, and he creates it: first was the light. And on the second day he made the sky.

The third day he makes the ocean and also the land. And the fourth day he establishes the sun. Oh, and the moon and all the stars.
Macuililhuitl ye ipanohuaye ochihualoque y atlan chanequi niman yeehuan o nepapan tototl patlantinemi yiao ohuia.

Ye chiquacemilhuitl ye quimochihuili to', in mamaca yn ixquich yollin tlōc. yhuā yquac ye quiyocox yn achtō tlacatl huixa ma yhuī huel topoatlīl huēl tixiptla mochihuaz aya yehuatl tlatoz in tlōc yio Et

Cā yecemaxca yentlatqui mochihuaz o ye nica in notlachihual yn ixquich onoqui in tlōc yio ohuia.

Totic tototlīc.

A yn iquaco in oquiyocox tios aayyahue yn attopa tlaca nimā quimotocochihuili quimolhuilíayma ximozcalicanaya ximotlaphihuicanaya aayahue mochī ca xinēcā in tlōc yio ohuia.

Yn iz catqui ca onamechmacac nepapan in quahuīl aayiahue in motlaaquilotiyā. ceēcāc. onoqui nepapan celiztoc y xihuīl ye nicaanaya mochī ca xinemican

Cenca ḣān cuel achtīn huiya yn oquitlancuhque in ipeīl in icpal yecelēcotl dios niman ye moçoma in tlahohuani yeehuaya cenca ḣān ye quitoahuaya Adane Adane cenca huel xicaqui yehua mitonal ycaya in tincextiz in motlaquil tlōc. yio ohuia

Yhuān ye mitoay yn ica ye quixnahuatiya yehua in iquī y niqittoz in nincnique aya tlamiz yc nican moncemiliz aya canel titlalli yehuaya occep ta titlaltiz yio ohuia.

Tico tico tico. tocotico tocotico tocotocio tocotico.

Yn ye cemani yehuaya in mopixohua in tlōc tlaca ḣān no iuqui tlapihuique ncpapano o yn tlatlacolli yehuaya yeica y ca oppa omoqualanalti in dios ocapacho ye cemanuatlī yio ohuia

Yn ḣān chicuey tlacatl yn omocauhque yn ipilhuā Noc ye no yehuano yn tlacaxinachoque huel mahuiztico cuix moçomaznequin totecuiyō ḣān pepehuatlītlī ohuia.

An otlamito matlatzonxihuitl omey yeehuaya oyecnottlama yn dios ca oquihualmihualy iatlacopiltzin yn temaquixtiani yao Et

Yn ca ytechpa yehuaya oquimocuititzinoco yn iatlacanayotzi Santa Maria otecmomaquixtilico ynicaya ytlaçomiquilitzin yhuā otecmomaquilī y cemicac nemiliztlī ohuia

tocotico tocotico.

Yn ma totlamachtica ma tipahpaquica teteucti tepilhua xicaquicani tlahuizcalli moquetzaco ḣān ye iyuc oahuailmoquixti in huel nelli tonatiuh o y Jesu x⁰ topan quicenmanaco yn itlanexiloya xapotli moquetz ilhuicatlīcī yio ohuia.

Yquac tocnihuan mochiuhque ho Angelotī in tlōc titlaca oo ye ica hamo ḣannen achtopa quittac in tepetlaacaltītlī in maria magadalena yiao ohuia.

* 270 *
On the fifth day the water creatures were made, then all the birds that fly along.

The sixth day our lord made the wild beasts and all the living things on earth, and at that time he created the first man. "Ah, let it be thus. Our very likeness, Our very image shall be made. This is the one that will rule the earth.

"My creation, all that lies on earth, will be his property and his dominion."

When God had created the first people, then he blessed them. He says, "Increase, multiply! Dwell in all the earth!

"Behold, for I have given you every fruitful tree that exists in this world and every green herb that is here. Dwell in all the earth!"

For the briefest of moments did they assume the mat and throne of God the Only Spirit. And then the lord frowns and says, "Adam! O Adam, mark this well. You will get your food on earth with sweat."

And it is said that he expelled them. "When I say it and require it, then your life will finish here, for truly you are earth, and again you shall be earth."

As people on earth were scattered and sown, they multiplied. And many were the sins. Because of these, indeed a second time God grew angry. He flooded the world.

The merciful eight people who were left, the children of Noah, were the ones who reproduced. Truly they found favor. But does our lord have a mind to frown? Indeed he is provoked!

But ah! Four thousand and three years went by, and God was compassionate: he sent his precious son, the savior.

Through Santa María he came to take his precious incarnation. Through his precious death he came to save us, and he gave us everlasting life.

Lords and princes, rejoice, be glad. Hear this: dawn appeared and the true sun came out. It was Jesucristo, who came and laid his radiance upon us. A blaze of light appeared from heaven.

At that time angels befriended us men on earth. And so it was not without cause that María Magdalena was the first to see him at the sepulcher.
Quêmach vel tehuatl tonmotlamachtí cihuapillie Magdalena totē achpa mitznotz nelli Dios nellí oquichtli Jesu xó can ca ye onca ym tepetlacalli onoca Alleluya ohuiya.

Yn oquicaque Apostolome omozcalitzino cenca ma’comáque hualehuaque San Petolo San Xihuan ym onca ym tepetlacalco y xochitla ic yiollo pachihu cenca
totico toticoto.

Ompoalihuitl ontlano ye quimonahuatiliya in Apostolome in totē yeehua-
yā in nohuian cemanahuac caquitziz in Euangelio niman ye motlecahuio
yn ilh'ytic yio ohuiya

A yn iquac yē cēmani in nohuian in Apostolome ayiahuc in Sant Pilipe y
ompa ye ihualoya ytocayocan Asia, ompa coloztítech momiquilī can
ipampa yehua yn itlatoltizin in dions yia ohuiya

In ma cuel achic mocheualotitla nica huiya ma onneyacalhuilo yē San Pilipe
y in tazcapotzalca can motlalhuiztica yxtonatimani yeehuayā yē mauh in
motepeuh yē motlalhuacpanao ohuiya.

Yn totepantlatocauh ypā timochiuhtica yn ixpā in Dios ynapnemoan cuix
oc nelli achica ye nican timitztlanehuizque yeehuaya yē xiqualienomati
o in mauh in motepeuh yē tlamahuacpanao ohuiya.

folio 42v

Cihuacuicatl ytechpa ynezcalilitzâ ttē
quitlalî d. Baltasar Toquezquauhyo colhuacan
tlatohuani quitlauhti y nican Azcapotzalco
Tepanecapa tlatohuani d. Diego de leon
tocnotlatemol ypā xihuitl 1536. años.

Ticoticocitocito tocotico tocotico tocotocotocitico.

Ye ompohualli ye anchicueyética necahualo tlatemachilo ye ð tlaocoayolotoc
nentlamachotoc ye iquixcan motlachihualhuâ ye cemanahuaco ohuiya.

Cuelcâ cuelcâ tihiuan anincutzitzihuâ iochpopozitzinti ma ticyaattiti yn
omonomaizcali oyamquez ye oyayol Jesu christo ohuiya

Maquizcoyolcahuãtihuitz in mocuicatzin in ttē ma tocõehuacâ ma yca yca
pahpaquï toyolia in moquiappan .S. fran.º ma onpahpaquihua aye ota-
cico y huyc pacaca ohuiya.

On quetzaltoxilotl cuecuepontihuitz on tozmiahua o xexelihui ma tocon-
quaca ma ica . Êt.
How glad you were, Lady Magdalena, that our lord, the true God, the true man, Jesucristo, spoke first to you where the sepulcher was! Alleluia.

When the apostles San Pedro and San Juan heard that he was revived, they were very excited and came running to the sepulcher in the garden. Because of it their hearts were very glad.

Forty days passed, and our lord gave orders to the apostles that in all the world the gospel would resound. Then he ascended to the sky.

As the apostles scatter all over, San Felipe is sent to a place called Asia. There on a cross he died for God’s word.

Let it be within your shadow here, if only briefly. Let there be shelter, O San Felipe, for us who are Azcapotzalcan. On account of your coat of arms, your city, your Dry Lands, is all aglow.

You’re our intercessor in the presence of God Life Giver. Can we borrow you for a moment? Come have compassion for your city, this Dry Lands.

LIX  Female song, concerning the resurrection of our lord, composed by Don Baltasar Toquezcuauhylv, tlatoani of Colhuacan, who in the year 1536 gave succor to our poor sought one, Don Diego de León, who was tlatoani here in Azcapotzalco Tepanecapan.

For forty-eight days there’s fasting, there’s rationing. All Your creatures throughout the world are sad and afflicted.

It’s time! It’s time! Let’s go, sisters! Girls, let’s go find Jesucristo, who rebivied, rose up, and came to life.

Lord, your songs come ringing as bracelet bells. Let’s lift them up! Let them stand! Let our souls rejoice in these—in your place of rain, O San Francisco. Rejoice. Easter has come.

Plumelike parrot milk corn comes blossoming. Parrot corn tassels are parcel out. Let’s eat them. Let our souls rejoice in these—in your place of rain, O San Francisco. Rejoice. Easter has come.
THE TEXT IN NAHUATL AND ENGLISH

Tocoto tocoto tocoto tocoto ynpantla onahci in cuicatl
niman ye ontami tiquiti ticoto tiquiti tocoto.

Ma tohuihui nuicuhan oyanoquez mozcali ipiltzino can yeihuah dio y
maoyia notzalo ye ompohualo can tictochielia oyecoc nic ya oohuiya.

Ca im momecahueluelu ma ontzotzonalo ya ma icao ma tictochialic
oyecoc Et

Maoc achatpa yehuatzi ma tictatlauhtica in ichtochti Chihapilli ye to-
natzin S" M. aqo achatzi ye toplampa coyatlauhtiz in tlatlacoahui

[marginal gloss:] i[nn tlatlacoahui]me

in tt" Dios yio ayio Can totecpantlatocauh ye nello huel yehuatzi qui-
yolcehuia yn iconetzi Sancta Maria.

Tocotico tocotico tocotoc y ticotico ticoti
ticotico ticoti, tocotoc tocoti

Yn ye huey pasca techmauxti omozcali toto ma ompapacoa titlachi-
hualhui y teocuitlatica y antlachinolquatechone que noconetzxi axcamp
qualcan a ma tictotatlauhtilica ohohuiya.

Yn ma ixquich tlacatl ma quimolnamiquili inc topampa tonehualoc y Jesu
x" in anquetalne cuicle que noconetzxi axcamp cualca .Et.

Yn axcan niquitoca nito palacisco nochuapotzitzinhuahoo o o qo niquitta in
dios tetatziny in quimochihuili ye cemanahuatl ohuiya.

Yn oncl yauyc ye tonanhu an topitzitzinhuahoo aqococyan oquimot-
tilitiaq yn imac ticac in dios tetatzin Et.

folios 43

Tocotico tocotiti y tocotititi tototitin

tocotititi ye otlantiuh.

Ma ompchualo nican ma ya ncuquetzalo yaye otacico i pascauy a oya ye aoc
y teotl temauxti tlhc. nica ye nello huia.

Tlatlapacacamauxochitl tozcuicuitzetzeltzeliu moxochoitzin topa onpixahu
ma yca yca Ma neyahanalo anicuacitzinhua tlhc. nica cecentlamamthua.

Toznenexochica quanpapaloctahuatl don palacisco iz ca moxochitza ma
xomitotiya oncuca cuicantla'tla'machmoyahuac moxochiacuetz in ye
nohuipiltz ye ipanaya xiquimonoiti ye mopilahuiltzihui ichtpopotzi-
tzinti cuix mochipa ye nica ca can totlanuhtcon tlhc. nica cecentlamani-
tzihua yohuiya.

Tla xicaquican y anicuacitzinhuahoo in moztil huipitla techontlatiz yn icelctotl
toyac can ompa ximohua tichpopotzitzinti maniz in cuicatl o ic onne-
totiloz in xochitl o tlhc nican Et.
Song 59, Folios 42v–43

B

Tocoto tocoto tocoto tocoto. Comes the middle of the song,
then it finishes: tiquiti ticoti tiquiti tocoto.

Sisters, let’s go! God’s son has arisen: he’s revived. Let him be called and be
 counted. We’re gazing upon him. He’s arrived!

Strum your harp. Let him arise. Let’s gaze upon him. He’s arrived.

But the maiden, the lady, our mother, Santa María—let her be the first,
let’s pray to her. Perhaps she’ll pray a little to our lord God on behalf of
us sinners.

Our intercessor is the one who really placates that babe of hers. O Santa
María!

C

tocotico tocoti tocotoco tocoto ticotico ticoti
ticotico ticoti tocotoco tocoti

On Easter our lord saved us: he was resurrected. Let us all, all his crea-
tures, be glad. O you golden dwellers among blaze heads! O babe of
mine! It’s a good time now. Let’s pray to Him.

Let every man recall Him. For you arose on our behalf, O Jesucristo. O
plumes, O honeyed souls! O babe of mine! It’s a good time now. Let’s
pray to Him.

“Fellow women, I’m Don Francisco, and now I say I surely see God the
father, who made the world.”

Our mothers and sisters, who’ve truly gone, have gone to see Him in the
place unsmirched. “We’re in the hands of God the father, who made the
world.”

D

Tocoti tocoti tocotititi. And it’s tocotititi
tocotititi tocotititi when it ends.

Strike it up, here! Let something appear! Easter’s arrived. The spirit, the
savior, has come to earth.

Varicolored baby-maize-ear flowers scatter down as painted parrots. Your
flowers, strewn upon us! Let them arise. Let all be adorned with these,
sisters. There’s a strewing here on earth.

O parrot-flower-and-troupeial-butterfly woman! O Don Francisco, here
are your flowers. Dance! And these are singing. They’re dispersed as
musical brocades, and they’re your flower skirt, my blouse. Now dance
with these, your pleased children, these girls. Forever here? We’re
only borrowed. There’s a streewing here on earth.

Hear it, sisters. One of these days the Only Spirit will put us away. We
girls must go where all are shorn. Yet songs will endure, and with these
there’ll be dancing, these flowers here on earth.

* 275 *
titicoto tocoto tocoto titicoto ye öltläiuh.

Yn ânocihuapò’huan ye tonquetzalyecmaamâtihui o ye nican tichpopotzi-
ztìntì tocoyecozcamecaihcuixtihui o ye tocuic ye iquiappá Dios tot’tzin
aytzin ohuiya.

Aytzin icuztin Nócihuapotzi tozpopatzi titlatlapalxochitla nimitzonmama
nopilahuitlitztì tocnotlatemol don tiegotoni tla nimitzitoti iz ca moxo-
chtzin yhuuan mocuictzi tla nimitzohuili ololotzi aytzin. Et.

Tleìn ticiucaelcicihuitla ticxochiyococya tocotlatemol ma oyaq o y mo-
pilhtzitzihu ìn teteplanquetatzi ilhiucaminatzi oye ticmahuiçohuay iz ca
moxochitzi yhuuan mocuicatzi tla nimitzohuili Et

Yn on tzinitzcà tonpilihuia o ceceilitziuh toyollotzin toyolia yca teotlatolli
tocoyecozcamecaihcuixtihui Et.

Michcuicatlı.

Yn iquac omotlali yn ouih tompehualoque
yntlanepâhuil Mexica yhuuan tlåtiloca.

Ynyc oya xamoquetzaca in ye ompoaltonal ca yic onmeçahualoña, an-
tecuiciotlanepamichime anqui nelli ye axcà moquetza mozcalio Jesu
Chfo. yn ipaltinemì ñ ahua nomatzí yn a. Ó anqui çà nelîyà ye’coc yn
îlhuicauquin ymayauhcampa motzalíò yatzin in dios. Ñ ahuà nomatzí
yn a.

folio 43v

Quen huel ximimatiyoa titeocuitlзамichìni titotoliniya y je atle tocuic a yn
atlíteac a anayahuco toconelchueüi in quetzalacatzanat ontlacocoyolcahuã-
niya ye concuicatiya ycelteoctl yn ahua nomatzin yn a. Çan yeic nichoca
cì macch tomacchual ñ nixalmitzin tixohuitlzini ye toca ilhuirda ya
obispoya tel ahuecan títlachíuhualhuan in dios a yn ahua nomatzí yn a.
Nelcicihauia an a tolocaztî huîyi ñ nachcahue axolohua yehuaya tíquim-
èlehüia a in tocniühu Añaxacatzin quatecomatzin a yheahuacatimani
yectli ya inceuççã nqû monaquili a chilacachtì paní a y xoçchatzí
yn a.

Ototlachueüilitic can tinociuhützin tatetépitç zn atopinantzí huîyi cà ticyol-
îtlacoqye y yehuá Dios y ye ahriqualoni quenmac amique atonzene ya
yn acociltzi chalchiuhuhquilitli a ypâ huilóhuaticauqui a yluicatlititeca
an a

• 276 •
Titicoto tocoto tocoto titicoto when it ends.

My fellow women! Here we go spreading those good and plume-like hands.

We girls go jewel-garland-whirling these songs in our lord God's place of rain. O treasure!

Treasure! Sister! Fellow woman! O parrot locks, you multicolored flower!

I carry you, my pleased child. O poor one, our sought one, O little Don Diego! I'd have you dance! Here are your flowers and your songs. Let me lift them for you, O precious jewel, O treasure!

For what are we song-sighing? Well, with flowers we're creating our poor one, our sought one. Though your elder sisters went away, yet you're beholding Teteleanquetzalitzin, Ilhuicaminatzin! Here they are, your flowers and your songs! Let me lift them for you, O precious jewel, O treasure!

O trogon, you're becoming a child. Our hearts, our souls, go greening.

With holy words we go jewel-garland-whirling our songs.

LX Fish song

It was composed when we were conquered. It's an allegory of the Mexicans and the Tlatelolcans.

A

Rise, O all you golden fishes! For forty days there's been a fast. Today it seems that Jesucristo Ipaltinemi is risen up, is resurrected. Hail, nephew!

It seems he's really arrived—he who went to sit on the right hand of his father, God. Hail, nephew!

By all means be careful, you golden fish! We're poor, we have no songs in the water here, and we crave the reed-thrush plume who sings like a precious bell, who sings for the Only Spirit. Hail, nephew!

And so I weep. What have we done to deserve this, we sandfish, we mud-fish? The bishop celebrates a feast at our expense. Yet don't we become God's creatures that way? Hail, nephew!

I sigh, dear cob. O elder brother, O Axolohua, we crave our comrades—even Axayacatl the boat bug—who shrill, whose songs are good. It seems that he reverberates, a chili-red locust on high, he, the green frog. Ah!

Woe to us, friend water beetle, dear water bug! We've offended God: we're not good to eat. Lucky the parrot fish, the little shrimp, and the jade amaranth! They're all in heaven.

*277*
Can tichichimecamitzitzintin aayyahue titotolinia techatzatzaquia ñ tonahuac onoque a y mexico y canelpa tonyazque ñ can ca ye nicã ñ tipopoliuhuique an a.

Ma xamelaquahuacã ñ coyonacaoco ohuiloac a in tepilhuã on tlauhque-cholmichini yn oquistzi quauhxohuili a in tlacotzi a ocelomichini ñ Motelchiuhtzin yn cuix quitlehuatzazque ñ cuix inca ilhuilazi y yehuã dios yn coyohuaca an a.

Yn huititzizili michini teocuitlaamox ñan i matlatitec timahuilia oncã tiepoloro ha in motlayocol ohuioha.

Yn huel pahpaquì y ellequiça xiquittaca teocuitlaamox ñan i matlatitec timahuilia.

Acalla moçoma ypalnemoani in quetzalxomomichini matlac in ye quiçay in temilotzini ñ oonanoc tlapalxohuili ñ ton helnanto yn don Petolo in ye nelli huey pochotl ytech tecohuaque acaceuceptlan acô ah calaquiz ca timitzintzin ohuioha.

Can tlacacecatl titemilotzini tiquiyanotza mocnihua tiquelnamiqui yeic malintoc cococ ycaya mochoquiz aya yn oonanoc tlalpalxohuili.

Yn xiuhquecholi michini on tzinitzcan pepetlacatinemi teocuitlatl a chalchiuatl yn ye itecaya in quetzalacpatl cuecueyahuatoc ytlan tonquiquiztinemi ahua totatzine obispoye.

**folio 44**

Ý michçaquantzin xalmitzitzintin ampapactoque xiuhacanelhuatle ye ytlanaya in quetzalacpatl y in cuecueyahuatoc.

Ý titlapaltecucitzini quetzallian atzalan ticnocahualoc tiSan Joan otiya

*superscript gloss:* [o]niya

ilhuicatlytec ye Jerusalem

*superscript gloss:* gloria

ticmatiya yã cuix nicã tocha obispoyä y pahpacho ha ma yahuiltilo ypalnomoa ñan ca ye nicaní yn teocuitlachcalini tlapalmichini otiya

*superscript gloss:* [o]niya

ilhuicatlytec.

7

Nonpehuaya nociucaya an a xochniquiyapani noconahuilthia yehuayã dios ye xiuhquecholmichçaquantzin cuecueyocatinemi ye chalchiuhatitlan xonpaquica ahua tomachvane

· 278 ·
We poor little Chichimec fish are miserable. Our comrades surround us here in these waters, this Mexico. Where can we go, we that are conquered here?

Take heart! All the princes are fleeing to Coyonacazco—the roseate-swan fish Oquitztzin, the eagle mudfish Tlacotzin, the jaguar fish Motelchiuh. Would they roast him? Would God in Coyohuacan have a feast at their expense?

B

O hummingbird fish, O picture of gold! In the net alone are you pleased. There you destroy your sadness.

Find the One who rejoices, who is entertained, O picture of gold! In the net alone are you pleased. There you destroy your sadness.

Life Giver frowns in Acallan. The plume-duck fish Temilotzin slips out of the net, and he who’s been captured is crimson mudfish Don Hernando. And Don Pedro! It’s true. They’re in a great ceiba! We’ve bloodied ourselves on that reedy turf. And who shall enter? We little fishes!

O Commander Temilotzin, you summon your friends! As you recall them, they’re whirled into life. And this by dint of misery, for these are your tears. And he who’s been captured is crimson mudfish Don Hernando. And Don Pedro! It’s true. They’re in a great ceiba! We’ve bloodied ourselves on that reedy turf. And who shall enter? We little fishes!

The turquoise-swan fish, the trogon, runs shining through waters of gold, through waters of jade. Water-weed plumes are whirling. And You pass among them—hail, father, Bishop!

Dear darter and you, little sandishes, you’re rejoicing among the green reed roots, the whirling water-weed plumes. And You pass among them—hail, father, Bishop!

O crimson crab, O plume, amid the flood you’ve been abandoned, grieving. O San Juan, you’ve gone to Jerusalem in the sky!

This you know, O Bishop: is your home, and is rejoicing, here? Let Life Giver be pleased! Here! O golden crayfish, O fish of many colors, you’ve gone to Jerusalem in the sky.

C

I strike up a song. I pleasure God in this place of flower rain, and turquoise-swan darters run shining through jade waters. Rejoice! Hail, nephews!
Auh in nehualt nicuicanitlaya quetzalacatca tecuitlacoylotica niquimecelquixtia ticcahua ye xiuquecholmiqauatzitzi cuecveyocatinemi

Amotlan nonquitzinemi nixiuhatlatcuioloti nachcahua tecuitlayacapitzaalome can titon Jothuano titapia cuix quemanian hualaz quetzalaxo-que ameconchopiniqiuix xamelaquahuacă o anquix ya nella.

Y ye ya co nelli niccahue ma ye ompa techhuicaya a ilhuicatlytec aya a y cāno ntitzaçopilhua ca yehuayă dios o anquix ya nella.

Y nicmahuiçohuay nixalmitzin y tehuhu nechtenehuacaya ypalnemoan ti huan tonquitotitinemiya ye xiuhecoyollatoa michini in ton Jihuan Santiagoya yyanca yancaya.

Toconahuiltico ticayayehua yectliya ỹyuic can timimitzitzinti hanochipa ye nican yianca yanca.

.4.

Y ça tlahuacpăn ye techtepehua ye timimichti ye timexica cuetehtlano yctla xochilihuin tacuayame tlahinola xochialt ye topan quimana calli popoca conayachihua Santiaco oyahueyao

Yn atopene cencocopime onecuepaloc in tonahuac onoque ma ixquich o ma yacapitlan titocahauică ye tiMexica tlahinolla xochialt ye topă.

Y ye mamox ipan motlaçuiol ye inepa ylita xonxontlachialti ycelteotli y tapia ye Motelxiuh techoti tetlacoctli y nica ye yahuw ỹ Mexicayotl techmohmoyahuaxa ye timimichtin Santiaco ce'ceycava huioluacaya yeha Ayyo yahuhe

folio 44v

ya Ahua nomache niccahue ỹ tapia tidon Joano aya ma xiuhtototicaya ticayahuicaca in tlatohuani ỹ cosmosya an a.

O an niqetzalmichini atliyaytec niyanemni xalchiuhacaxochitlō ytlă onquitzinemi nicyatemoa ytlatal ye yehuan dios a

Y huallayo huallomana nceucaiilion tzintecka yn acacuayame onca tlatohua quequecxquia xochitla ymancanao.

Y ye xiuquecholatetetzon ma ytlana a tongl’a tlaocolcuicatiyacan oo ticom-noxoxxochcamne yn tapian ao.

Yn itlatal ca ticchielia oo yn tot ỹ ycelteotli yztac michime sabadoticya in tequitihuia ayio.

5.

Çan tecuitlapitzxochitica a mohuihuicomaya tocuic a yca onnimotiya ym an i mimimitzinti in quetzalatlacuilotzin ye xiuĥchopiltzina ỹ Mexico xońcuicya ahuu nomatzige nocniuhtzine ya.

O anquix ye nicaniqui quetzamiyahuaxochitl xeluiuhtimania in tlajıc aya a chal-
Now I, the singer, entertain them as plume reeds, as golden bells. They’re our younger brothers. And yes, these turquoise-swan darters run shining through jade waters. Rejoice! Hail, nephews!

“O elder brothers, I’m running with you, I, a turquoise-water-borne whirled one!” Ah, new-minted golden ones! Don Juan! And you, Tápia! Won’t the plume heron come bite you someday? Take heart! It would seem to be true.

It’s surely true, younger brother! Let him carry us into the sky, for we too are God’s beloved children. Ah, it would seem to be true.

A poor little sandfish am I—and in company! I behold him! “He sings my praise.” We’re dancing in Life Giver’s company. Oh yes, the fish Don Juan is warbling as a turquoise bell in Santiago.

“We’ve come to pleasure Him: we little fishes are lifting up His good songs. It’s not forever here!”

D

Over the dry land he scatters us fishes, us Mexicans, over the turf. Ah yes, we reed frogs are hopping. A blaze, a flower flood! He spreads it upon us, and houses are smoking. He does it! In Santiago!

The parrot fish and all the teosintes have returned. O comrades, let it be done with! Let us Mexicans be plunged in water-weed. A blaze, a flower flood! He spreads it upon us, and houses are smoking. He does it! In Santiago!

O Tápia Motelchiuh, the Only Spirit has caused you to see things in this picture place of yours, amid your paintings. And he causes weeping, causes sadness here: the Mexican nation is passing away. He scatters us fishes in Santiago, each and every one, and all are passing away.

Hail, nephew, O younger brother, Tápia, and you, Don Juan! Let’s carry him down, a cotinga, him, the tlatoani Guzmán! Ah!

I’m a plume fish, running through the waters, passing among jade reed flowers, seeking the songs of God.

And trogons are coming, appearing: they all have music. There! Where flowers lie, the reed frogs itch: they sing.

Let us poor green frogs go sadly singing among these turquoise-swan rushes. O Tápia!

With these, his songs, we wait upon our lord, the Only Spirit. O whitefishes! On Saturdays there’s a tribute!

E

Our songs are twirling as new-minted golden flowers. And ah! the little fishes are dancing with these. O plume-water whirler, O turquoise cricket, sing in Mexico! Hail, nephew, comrade!

It seems that corn-blossom plumes are strewn on earth: you flower as
Chiuhayoxochiquiltleuh tocuecuepontimianiya ytehc tontlatlachichina xiuhotomiypilipiyoltzine.

Can niquitoahuaya nichalchiuhatopinátzin campa tiazque in moztla huipitla tlanel tomatlatitlan ticalaquicá ye yaçomo nocniuhtzine y ma timella-quauacá yiahue.

Can noconihlimiqui yehuaya ça ihuqui nacociltzin yca niquiz ye yacapatitlani ye ic nonaci ye colihuacana a niMexicamichini ye yaçomo nocniuhtzine ya ma timelaquauaca.

Y xihualquiça timitzitzinti tla timochin tötihtoticani ye iquiyapa yehuayan dios ye ixpanaya tōquiçatiuhui obispon teuctli yancayio.

Ý tla mochi tlacatl onuciyaya timitzitzinti otiquetzque ye tohuchuetzi xonimitoti pala petototzi que ye miztitaz ye totatzi obispo teuctli.

6.

A ilh" a ytec ye hualmotzatzlilia ayoqá michini atetetzotlauhcatl ahua conetle a ypan ye tlapan atliyaitec chalchiuhacalliya ý tepiltzin te tochtli cozcamiñi onnecuepaloc ý quine noplitzte nomache.

Folio 45

1 Xonicnotlamati noyol huiya y nidon Joano ça ye nahuelitoc huiya cá niquitaya hualatoatl quiqi tlacaço teuctliyaha yehu cá ca motelchiu há ye nelli huelt yectli michin atexcalli ipa huel coyantozya Santa Maria in quine noplitzte nomache.

5 Ca niquitalito yehuaya ye niyetzalxiuhçayolini tococceçotlamitoca ñoyolloya a tococceçotlamitoca tlacoyotli tequiyotl tamilome ohuañla in itztec y ye cecc ce acel achic onnetotonilotocta timexicacueyame cemanca ye nelli yahu há mach oc techlmato tachcahuá ye omotecato quencamianami yah ayacazti ñ teuctli yehuaha ohualla yñ itztec y ye cecc.

10 O anca nicahuacce acatitlan tonoque má titotlaticé ye no cepa huirte amoxtli ý cuc cá nöhuíya tlaxixilíhtuirte cánelpa toyazquez ye nepapan atlan tonoque yyançayome ho ahua yyahue má xincchayyttacá y natepocatzin mayacoc nicaan onehuatoya nictlanquiquizcuicatia ahua teuctzitél Jesu xpon yñ yppalmohuaya yxqichí tiyanemi hue.

Ý ycoquitlan ye nötlacahuca'tqqui nañotoli yecocya totoma ýcuicaxochimecahu acoçilitzin ahuixuitlatzin nechoquillo ma nucucatiliya y yáccayome.

17 Cá ninotoloiniya yca nichocay Nañoltoli huiya ýma yonahuiaca man i tehúá ýma ya ynpal natli yecocya totoma ýcuicaxochimecahin acociltzi.

7.

A ý quahuah yahue ye chalchiuhatl ymanca tiquetzmichini timoyehyec-
squash-blossom jades, and within them you sip, O turquoise pollen bee.

I, a little jade marsh crab, say, "Where shall we go—tomorrow, the next day? Let us be trapped in the bulrush net! Not so, my friend? Let us be cheered!"

Indeed I recall him. It's quite as though I were a precious shrimp, come out among water-weed, reaching the forebears, I, a Mexican fish. Not so, my friend? Let us be cheered!

Ah! Come forth! Let's all dance—all us fishes—in this, God's place of rain! We're off to be born in the Bishop Lord's presence.

Let every man sing. We fishes have stood up our drums. Dance, Fray Pedro! What would our father, the Bishop Lord, think of you now?

Ah, the sky! Ah, from within it the fish Ayocuan, dweller at Gorge of the Rushes, shouts forth. Hail, babe! And he's hatched in the waters, the house of jade waters, a prince, One Rabbit! And all the jewel fish have returned. Unwanted child! O nephew!

"Grieve, my hearts! Don Juan am I—I'm Ahuelitoc! I see him, he comes, he drinks. It's Lord Motelchiuh, truly a very good fish." Indeed, at Cliff of the Waters he calls upon Santa María. Unwanted child! O nephew!

A turquoise fly-plume am I, and I'm saying it here, here on earth: "O hearts, we're ending it. Ah, we dance are ending this slavery and toll. Comes the cold, the ice. Ah, brief is the warmth.

We Mexican frogs have been scattered. Truly, alas. Do our elder brothers greet us, even the lord Axayacatl, who went to lie down in the Place Unknown? Comes the cold, the ice. Ah, brief is the warmth.

Do we lie among reeds, O younger brothers? Then let us be put away!

Once again come the pictures. Woe! They come stabbing from every side. Where can we go, we that lie crammed in the water? Alas.

Look at me! A mere tadpole am I, but let Him arise here among us, for I have a whistling song for Him! Hail, O precious lord, O Jesucristo Life Giver! We're all alive, ah!

By this I am born, I become a man, I, a mud puppy, here in the slime. They arrive, they're set free! They're the wept-for song garlands of Shrimp and Marsh Worm. Let there be music!

Poor and I weep, I, a mud puppy. Let them be pleased in this company!

Let me drink, and through them! They arrive, they're set free! They're the wept-for song garlands of Shrimp and Marsh Worm. Let there be music!

O Rain Master, ah, where the jade water lies, O Plume Fish, here in Mex-
ico you're beautified in multiples. Be pleased, O younger brothers. And look at me!
tiya oo a in Mexo nica xahuiyaca ticcahua xinechaytaca an a O anqui huel tehuatl nimitzonmahuícohua timoteocuitlaahuachtzetzelohua aya y cemanahuaqui tlaocoya noyollo xahuiyaca ticcahua xinechaytaca an a.

Teocuitlapalapatlacuilomichini tontlachichinaya ye coçametl ytequiya cuix occeppa yhuin cuicati aya mā timitzonpiquica mā timitzehuacā aya ma moça tontellaquahuaca.

Xiuhquecholmichini teocuitlatitzitzcucatinemi quetzalatlytec aya San palacisco teuctli ticosmaya.

A yuacacorno yehuaya oincā yancuicacan quiyacaqui motlatal mexicamimitziziye don Joano ye tapia teuctli ticosmaya.

Y xochimitzi patlantihuitz in Mexico nicā ani onahpetzeuecuyocaya

\textit{folio 45v}

quetzalaxilo xocharitl xelihuiya y ye icoic San palaciscoya.

Timotzinitzcantzetzelohuaya ſ cental motecaya ani onapetzceucuyocaya.

8.

Oncuicapahuaya quitzinjiyao yn obispo cemanahuac nemia ſ moteyoya quetzal tolini xelihuiya ſ motlatal chalchiuhatatapalacaxochitl ma ic xahuuyaca hoy.

Yn ahua aho aye aneteuctini ye ic pachiuhhtaz toyolliy o Wa on oti quitaq tleque yechua in dios timimitzitzinti xahuuyacan hoy.

Yn tla'tlatlacuilolamoxepanuihtoc yn amoyolia anmimitzinti chalchiuhitl yn acatic yn icā o ticuica ye coyatlautxitque dios ahua nomatzine ana-huaca michino ſ tapian ayio.

Yn tla xihualhuiyanī ſ atlā amochā in quetzaltecuhe nepapano anmimitzitzī ſ ye cuicatiloaya dios ahua nomatzine

Atlan chaneque ytlachihualhuā dios can ca michin Axolotl, Amioltl, antle ye inciuc quimocuiciatiyaxochatzin acacueyatl huehyā cuicao axaxayacatzitzin mahuititinemi aye.

O ayac ye quimmitla tlamach mani ye inciuc yxochiuich achiłin an tlapalacaxochitl tonalaxochitla yca ōmitotiya chalchiuhatlacuilolime quimocuiciatiyaxochatzin.

9.

Can ca chalchiuhAtl yayahuai ca in mexico nicani quetzallamoxtli yaa a ytlan tonquiuztintemī can tixiuhtotomichini can tidon Joano titztlo-linquia y căa dios yehani, Ma xoconcaquicani Ahuexotzinca y can ca chalchiuhettzetilacatzitzilicatico a yxochicampana San palaciscoya.

Y nicnotlamatiyani ninicexitl yehuaya chalchiuhacatitlā ninenemī ſ
Song 60, Folios 45-45v

It would seem that in truth You—You!—are the one I behold, strewing Yourself as a golden dew. Aya! On earth my heart is sad. Be pleased, then, O younger brothers. And look at me!

You as a golden butterfly fish-painting sip in the gold-juiced maguexs. Once again as a song? Aya! Let us create You. Let us lift You with our voices. Let us take heart because of You.

The turquoise-swan fish go singing along in the plume water, as gold and soft jades. Lord San Francisco! O Guzmán!

Then newly, on Sunday, little Mexican fishes are hearing Your words. Don Juan! Lord Tápia! O Guzmán!

The Flower Fish comes flying down to Mexico, shining like pearls. Plume-water corn blossoms are parcelled out: they're the songs of San Francisco.

You're scattered in the form of trogons, and they're poured out everywhere, shining like pearls. Plume-water corn blossoms are parcelled out: they're the songs of San Francisco.

H

The bishop begins, he strikes up a song, and Your glory now lives in the world. You're stirring as plumes: Your words are scattered, Your reed-flower jades, Your reed-flower pearl shells. Let us be pleased with these!

Hail, lords! Now we fishes will die content, for we will have seen the World Owner, God. Be pleased!

You're little fishes, whose souls are strewn as countless paintings, as pictures, as jades, as beads. Because of these we too are singing. These shall pray to God. Hail, nephew! O fish in the world! O Tápia!

Come, your home is in the waters, O all you little fish plumes. Now God has music. Hail, nephew! O fish in the world! O Tápia!

God's water-dwelling creatures, indeed, the mud-puppy fish and the dace, have no songs at all. They use the green frog, the reed frog, as their song, and it sings and becomes glorious. The Axayacatl [our forebears, or boat bugs] are pleased!

No one sees them! How do their songs, their flowers, exist?—these water chilis, these crimson reed flowers, these flowers of the sun that make Jade-Water paintings dance? They use the green frog, the reed frog, as their song, and it sings and becomes glorious! The Axayacatl [our forebears, or boat bugs] are pleased!

I

Via jade waters you pass among picture plumes here in Mexico, you co-tinga fish, you, Don Juan, you, Itztlolinqui, in God's home. Hear it, you Huexotzincans!—the jade-gong pealing of San Francisco's church-bell flowers!

"I, a Mexican, grieve, as I wander among the jade reeds, I, Mud-Puppy
nachichimatzin uncana ychuyá die ychani y xamela-quahuaca ya nella
27 Yn ahua tomachvaneo otechahuatz ypalnemoa can ca ye óca coyonacazco timimitzitzi ne ya ca tlamo campa oc nen tonyazque hui xamela-quahuaca ya nella.
29 O ach aqui ychuii oo ocuel momatlauhui xictlalcahuica ne antocnihuane tocnihuane yaa otitocnquipique ye axololco timimitzitziinti can moztla huipatlii cā tematlac ce tihuertzitihu cā ihuiya tōtecohauazque y xompauquica ne.

folio 46

1 Yn atliyeitec nompehuaya nicaayahuitequi noxochihuehucuh nicuicanitl achichimatzin xōmahuiii mamaxochiicuh ycaya o ayīlililii ho aya heya.
3 Yn tlappalatlacueçona yītlan tonemiya achichimatzin xonmahuilitl ma- macaxochiicuh ycaya.
5 Yn icnotlamati noyoiolo atlya y xictli manica timexica timimitzitzi αt ymaxaliuhca oncā tiyol oncā titlacat tidon Joano titapia teocuitlaitztolin pepetlani yamanca quetzalhuexotitlan
8 Yn maoc tonahuica tímexica timimitzitzinti at ymaxaliuhica teocuitlaitztolin pepetlani a yamanca
10 Yn ye ic expa y ye monahuatili tot⁰ omc michin y quichiuh ce oquichtli nimá ye cihuati li ye quinmonahuatili amehua ye ñemizque atlyathec.
12 O ayc mocchuiz tetlayecoltiz ye iquich michini tlanel cenca quexiquich mitzanaz nomacehualhuā amehuan ye ñemizque atlyathec

18 cototico tociu tiquiti cototiquiti cototiquiti.
19 Ya man toncuicatlaocan tihuecotzica, ma toncuicapepehuacan aya xochitl totlayocul in tocōyachihuazque in tipipitzitzinti ma onahahuia- alon amoxcali manicā. Ya cuel conete ma xihuallacă Antepihuā y ma

· 286 ·
Songs 60–61, Folios 45v–46

Soldier, awaiting God’s words in this home of his. Truly, take heart!”
Hail, nephews! Yes, Life Giver has dried us out, us little fishes, there in Coyonacazco. And so the end has come. Where might we go, alas? Truly, take heart!
Ah! Whoever is His friend, it seems, has been ensnared. Forsake Him—and hail!—O friends. O friends, we little fishes are gathered together in Axomolco, and one of us—one of these days—will fall into the net, and just in this way we will bloody ourselves. Rejoice! And hail!
A singer am I, and here in the water I strike it up, I beat my flower drum. O Mud-Puppy Soldier! Be pleased with these, your flower banners!
O you that dwell among many-hued water lilics! Mud-Puppy Soldier! Be pleased with these, your flower banners!
My hearts are grieving where waters and the navel lie: “Ah, we Mexicans are little fishes!” But there! Where waters part, you’ve come to life. There! You’re born, Don Juan, and you, Tápiá! Golden scidges glisten where the waters lie, among the plumelike willows.
Let us Mexicans, us little fish, be pleased where the waters part within the lake. Golden scidges glisten where the waters lie, among the plumelike willows.
When our Lord spoke out a third time, He made two fish: a male and then a female. He charged them: “You, you are the ones who shall live in the waters.
“Oh, they never shall rest. All the fishes shall serve. Yet no matter how many shall catch you, you are my charges, you, you shall dwell in the waters.”

LXI Here begins a children song, or little-children song, that used to be sung there in Mexico at the feast of San Francisco. It was composed in our lifetime when we were living there at the church and as yet we were little children.

A
cototicoto ticoto tiquiti cototiquiti cototiquiti

Let us Huexotzincans start up a song, strike up a song. And aya! We little children will make a creation of flowers. Let many be pleased in Picture House. Yes come, babe!

· 287 ·
oncuicatlalanihua anqui ya nicá y acen y ye quichiu ih\textsuperscript{d} y tlalp\textsuperscript{c} aya o anqui ya yehuatl totatzin Dios aya ontlaneltocayoyollon tippiiltzitzinta ma onahahuialon amoxcali manicá ya cuel conetle.

25 O xiuhquecholchoocan tlatoa ye noyollo çan niquelnamiquia yn anpi-

pilztitzinte tomachhuane quehuelco tehua a ye ticmahuiçohua yn itlatol yecelteotl y ilh\textsuperscript{d} y yollol dios mochiuitoquin caiyo.

28 Yn ma ontaacoceloc tomichiihua anpiipilztitzinte tomachvane ÿ tecoquistla-
caya cecenoapochtliatlahuiczcallahuotec ye iquelesia yn oncá notzalo ontlatlauhtilo ya yllh\textsuperscript{d} yiollon dios mochiuitoquin caiyo.

\begin{footnote}
\textit{folio 46v}
\end{footnote}

1 Yye o çan ayohuica nemohoaya anayan tlatalyohualpan tlalp\textsuperscript{c} ayac huelon-
qui ynicya tiyazque tlazontequiz tot\textsuperscript{a} Dios yn ipalontinemi tocnihuanc

tocnihuane xompaquica huc.

4 Ceyohual in tlazontequin Dios ontteyttohua onteyhua ca ompa ximoa toc-
nihuane tocnihuane xompaquica huc.

6 Tocotiqui tocoti tocoti qui tocoti tiquitiquiquito
tiquitiquinquito.

7 On oechualoc .S. Pacacisco ye cuicoya tidon Jihua o ye titztlolincatoni o
ma ye tocontocaca ye totata in Pelesitente ye quitlatlauhtia yecelteotl in

10 tipipiiltziinti maoc tonahahuaaca o anqui ye nica an a.

18 Ma calacoa in tipipiiltzitzinti ye no cuel chacaz in topilahuiltil yxhuetzca-
cato maoc xoconahuitl a y haltemocto macac xichoca ma mamama
tinotecatzin o anqui ye nicá an a.

13 A onca a belem ça ye motlacatili Jesu Chēo yecelteotl y ye ceñic ontonotoc
ý motlatlanxtezi ye mitzonmotlatlauctilia a yn Angeloti huile huile huile

16 Huile huile huile uile iuile.

19 Ca yohual ixelhuhua ye temoya o yn spú santo notiJesu Chēo. On on onca
anaya y moxacal ymáca tonchcoya onihiuico Ca moxxochintlapaltototl
yn icelteotl ohua nomatzine y a

22 Tla ticmahuiçoca tiheuctzincac pipiiltzitzintine ticcahuane on cn anca aya
y moxacal ymanca\&

24 Cototiqui titiqui titoti cototiqui titiqui titoti
cerototo cototo cototo coto.

25 Ma xonpactaca tomachhuane anpiipilztitzinti maca ximochoquilitacan
oo tlaça tlaça xontlatlayoceluicacataca ayao ohuayaye ça ye ic nichocá ti-
Song 61, Folios 46–46v

Come, princes! Let Him be made to sing as many. It seems He's here! Who made sky and the earth? Our father, God, is the one. Aya! We're little children, and our hearts believe. Let many be pleased in Picture House. Yes come, babe!

25 My singing heart weeps turquoise swans: I recall them. Children! Nephews! We're blessed, for already we're seeing the words of the Only Spirit, the Heart of Heaven, God, Self-Maker.

28 Let's have this sadness. We're friends! Children! Nephews! The church is radiating a golden dawn of marigolds. There! He's worshiped, he's prayed to: the Heart of Heaven, God, Self-Maker.

Our lives are untroubled, ah! in the darkness on earth. And none are destroyed, for we shall depart. Our lord God Ipaltinemi passes judgment! Friends, friends, rejoice. Ah!

In a night God passes judgment, he decrees, he dispatches. And all are shorn beyond. Friends, friends, rejoice. Ah!

B
tocotiqui tocoti tocotiqui tocoti titiquitiquitiqui totitiquitiquitiqui

7 The music's begun. O San Francisco! There's singing. And O Don Juan! O baby Itztzolinqui! Let's follow our daddy, the presidente, who prays to the Only Spirit. Rejoice, children! It seems He's here.

Let us little children all be taken in. Then the pleased child, the baby smiler, once again will weep. Pleasure him! He's baby Sand Descender! Weep no more, but let him carry down the hands. O little brother! It seems He's here.

Ah! And in Bethlehem you're born, O Jesucristo, O Only Spirit. Your light shines on earth. The angels pray to you, ah! O Master of Doves, O Master, O Master, O Master of Doves!

10 It seems you're now beside your mother, Santa María the queen. Your light shines on earth. The angels pray to you, ah! O Master of Doves, O Master, O Master, O Master of Doves!

In the middle of the night Espíritu Santo descends. O my Jesucristo. Ah!

And in a stable you arrive. The gorgeous bird of picture flowers has produced a marvel. O Only Spirit! Hail, nephew! Ah!

Let us Huexotzincans behold him. Children, little brothers! Ah! And in a stable you arrive. The gorgeous bird of picture flowers has produced a marvel. O Only Spirit! Hail, nephew! Ah!

C
cototiqui titiqui titoti cototiqui titiqui titoti
cototo cototo cototo cototo
go rejoice, nephews, children! Don't go be mourned. Simply go and sing your grief. "Therefore do I weep, O uncle?" Yes! Perhaps you've caused
notlatlatzin yye y aco tlc tontlaquetz in y can ca iuhqui toyazque can ompa ximohua can tipipiltzitzinti yao ohuayaye.
20 Ý tlalacomixochitl y ye xocheit tlaltatzcatimania can tiqüeconquixtia oo a yca titapanca can tipipiltzitzinti o xiuhquecholccccliztoc ohuao aye.

folio 47
1 Ma xihuallacan ticahuane Ý man toconteocuitlaamatlayehuaca yn topapa-lomatl ic tellel onquiçaz ohuao aye.
2 Ý can totlayocal ypan tocacate Ý tipipiltzitzinti que toconchihuazque e Ý ma huel tiquehua yectli a ycuc Dios a yyoahue yao aye.
3 Ma xihuahuian tocnihuane y a in mä tonahuiaca ayahuye aco huel to-conpoa toconehiu oo yectli ya ycuc Dios ha yyoahue yao aye.

Co Totico toticoto tiquiti cototiquiti cototiquiti.
6 Ý mä ticucayelicicicuicany ti Mexicoapipiltzitzintini ye axca motleahui O ye totatzin.S. Palacocki yehuaya ilhuicaec ytec ho ohuili ayea.
7 Ý ma ypampan tonchoquiquicuiyacaca tonahahuicaca xochitecpa calteca ya yecoya tlaic yectloc yehuaya yluicatlyteca ho ohuili ayea
8 O a mach ya nel tomachua man tlaltlautiloya Ý ca çanio in teoti Jesu chiro Ý ca tipilhua an titlachihuialhua y ma ic xonahahuicac teute ticip tomachuan.
9 Hualchoca tocoyo toncohucxtzinca conetziynti ye in tipipiltzitzinti o anqui tomaçeual amoxihcuiluahqui ya ytlatol Jesu chiro. Ý Ca tipilhuan ti-tlachihuialhua Ý aca?
10 O ancä iuhquin quetzallin tonhuitoliuitoque o yn tipipiltzitzinti ye tóto-pecheca ye tocontlatlauhtia ao yn s1 ma jic in mohipa ichpochtli yez ayancayancaya.
11 Ý nepapan yhuan tlaltlapoultoque in toncozapacotoque ic tontopecheca ye tocontlatlauhtia oo in s1 Malia Ý mohipa ichpochtli.

Ticatico tiquiquiti tico tiquiti. aca?
12 Tihucxtzinca netle tipipiltzitzinti Ý tlac y tehlui toconcuicaxochi- cuentaxpoca yectli yan cuicatl y man tiquetzalcaquixuihuecholhuhiuhi- comacani yn ixpaä Dios nociuíc Mä netotiloya.
13 A onquetzalamoxihcuiluhticac ontlata'machnenepaniuhtoe motlatal Jesu chiro. n aya man tiquetzalcaquixuihuecholhuhiucomacani aca?
14 Tlaaltlapalipitoqui clayolcozipixahtoc Ý motlatal a amoxcalilteç Ý dios aya oncä mitznonotza mitzoyatlauhtia in Patilime ye topamä ticonme- hualhuan a.
something to appear. "Ah! It’s thus we little children would depart, indeed, for the place where all are shorn."

O crimson lilies! And these flowers now are bursting. Ah, we gather these.
And we adorn ourselves with these, we little children. Oh, these turquoise swans are sprouting.

Come, little brothers! Let us raise them up as golden banners, these, these parrot-butterfly banners. Our pain shall then depart.

We little children are in sadness. What befalls us if indeed we raise these good ones, these songs of God? Alas.

Come, friends, let’s be pleased. Shall we count and raise these good ones, these songs of God? Alas.

\[D\]

cototico toticoto tiquiti cototiquiti cototiquiti
O Mexican children, let’s sigh-sing. Today our father, San Francisco, ascended to heaven.

Let’s chirp our tears for his sake. Let’s be pleased in this flower palace, this home place. The Only Spirit is arriving on earth from heaven.

Now truly, nephews, let him be prayed to, him that alone is the Spirit, him that is Jesucristo, for we are his children, his creations. Be pleased, lords, nephews!

We’re Huexotzincans and our hearts are weeping here. O babes! As children, it would seem that we deserve these picture paintings, yes, these words of Jesucristo—for we are his children, his creations. Be pleased, lords, nephews!

We children are bending down as quetzal plumes the way we bow, the way we pray to her, and oh! she’s Santa María the ever virgin.

And as we thread these jewels, serenely are the many counted—and as colors—the way we bow, the way we pray to her, and oh! she’s Santa María the ever virgin.

\[E\]
ticotico tiquiti tiquiti tico tiquiti tiquiti etc.

We’re the Huexotzincans. Hail! We’re the little children. Let us be the ones to count out good songs with songs, with flowers, as our rosary. Let’s make troupiial-and-turquoise-swan plumes twirl before God’s face. O friend, let there be dancing.

Ah, they’re painted as plume pictures, they’re littered as brocades, and they’re your words, O Jesucristo. Let’s make troupiial-and-turquoise-swan plumes twirl before God’s face. O friend, let there be dancing.

O God, your words are tying on wings, and in this house of pictures they’re drizzling down as created ones. We’re your subjects, and there, beyond, those padres call to you, they pray to you, for our sake.
Ahua y ahua contec los hueyotzinca anpipiltzitzinti aco ye quinexti yectli nemilizcotl ahua o aye o anqui ya yehuatl totatzin. S. Palacizco iceno-

_yotica mone' nemiticon tlpe ye nica yuh neca yu tt° Jesu chio n a.

Timoquetzal yectia toncuiya teixpa timoquetzaya amoxti mahtlapal an ticocohuaya tixiuhcoyolinarapalotl y ya pelesitente çan tonuicatminen tlacuilolapani çan timozetzeloaya tlalpalcamapamilcecelia moyool yuacaya yectliya mocyuc yectliya moxochiya toztlapalhuiconticac ytlan tônencmi tonquiquitzinemi quetzalacaxochiatlita toltilahtoayan tlalpalcamapamil &c.

A o xoocapan on tinemi tlalliya ycpac tomachvan ticahuane man tocutequica ca camopalcaxtlapaxoxochoctlaya can cuer achiq önenereneoya.

A yluuan ommomalini cuerpuntini ya tolicyMaxochitl m a tocontetequica ca camopalcaxtlapala.

Coto coto tuqui toctoti coto coti quito coti cotocoto cotocoto quitiquiquitiquiquito.

Ý mocoyoltzin mocoyoltzin mocoyoltecuex ontzitzilintoe ye cemanahuac Pelisitente ma xahuiyao xahuiyao yao ayahue.

Y ma quihuitequican ýteponaz pipiltzitzintin xonmihitoti xonmhitoti &c.:

Çan nixochintlatlayocoya nihuexorzintcl ye nipiltzintli ye nitztolloniqui moczoni namiqui ce totzi oncye ye poliu atlyaytec yluivaapá xitlaneltocaca ahua tomachvane.

Ý can no iuh ye quichiu Nozcaauhtzin oo apa hualhuetz ye tenochtitlani ymaltya ye yehua Malques xitlaneltocaca ahua &c.

Xiquincaquican y xiquimotacany an teteucti ça ye huizte huizte, mittozitihuizte a in pipiltzitzinti acolihuaca yehua yoyonton i tlacopá ton Capilin in xiuchoyolla a ihchauaca amoteecuecuyotzin ayeo. ho aya yeha.

Ý ma xonmhitoti ma mellel onquicha tla yaa ontzitzilica moquaoximayatzí an tinoMatzini tonon palacizco nepan cozzcat y ylacatziuhqui mocacalatzin y ayeo ho aya yeha.

Ahua teotle xiuhotoahuachipaxhua a ý motlayocol tihuaniuiziny tiquiimilnamiqui micatztitzinhuane ye iquiapam ycelteotl y quixoxochimacato in tlatohuani yehuan pelaloz ahua tocnihuane

Tinotecatzini ye tiztoloniqui ma tihuia . S. Palacizco ma tiquttitati tolacasotatziny tococalatzin y oncá no cenquiça ý tepilhua ahua tocnihuane.
Hail! Hail, babe! And O you little Hueyotzincan children! Perhaps it’s he—who showed the good way of living. Perhaps it’s our father, San Francisco, who came to live in poverty on earth, as our lord Jesucristo did.

You open out like plumes. And risen up, you sing before this company: you spread your wings as pictures, you, you turquoise bell of a butterfly, you, presidente, singing along in this place of paintings, strewning yourself. And ah, your heart sprouts colors of tawny and brown. They’re twirling as parrot colors, these, your beautiful songs, your beautiful flowers. Among them you walk, you wander, twittering among these plume-reed flowers. Ah, your heart sprouts colors of tawny and brown.

And oh, we’re dwelling on earth as if in Green Places. O nephews! Little brothers! Let us cut these tawny morning-glory flowers. One hesitates for but a moment.

They’re whirled, they’re blossoming, they’re rush-root flowers. Let us cut these tawny morning-glory flowers. One hesitates for but a moment.

F

coto coto tiqui tocoti coto coti quitot cotocoto cotocoto quitiquitiquiquiti

Your bells, your bells, your armlet bells, are ringing in the world, O presidente. Be pleased, be pleased.

Let the children beat their log drums. Dance, dance!

And I, a Huexotzincan, a little child, I, Itztolinqui, create with flowers. I recall One Rabbit! And now he’s lost in the water, the sea. Have faith!

Hail! Nephews!

My father’s done it just for fun, and—with His knowledge—into the water at Tenochtitlan he’s toppled, he, the Marquis! Have faith! Hail! Nephews!

Hear these, see these! These are lords and they come, come, and come dancing, oh, these little children: Acolhuacan’s baby Yoyontzin! Tlacopan’s Don Gabriel! The turquoise bells are shrilling: they’re your jingles.

Dance! And be diverted. Let them peal, and these are your anointed hands. Ah, dear hand, O Don Francisco! Many jewels are whirling: they’re your precious bells.

Hail, Spirit! A cotinga mist is raining down, and ah! they’re your creations. Huanitzin! You recall them: “Little brothers!” And in this, the Only Spirit’s place of rain, they go—to give flowers to the king, the emperor. Hail, friends!

O little brother, O Itztolinqui, let’s be off to San Francisco! Let’s go find our precious father. Ah, we’ll give our bells to him. And there the princes are also gathered. Hail, friends!

* 293 *
Tiquitocotiquitoco tititi.

folio 48

Y xihuallaquican tonahuac onoque ye ilhuitl aya tiquixtiliya o anqui tozcacauhtzin. S. Palacizco ya anqui ye axcā ye itech ahcie ymahuicton dios teucytol oo anqui tlatoxotl yhuiicatlytec çaquácalco qtzalcalitec conayatlali ycelteotl y ma ycaya an netlamachtilo y tipipiltzintzi ya.

Ma ya papaquihua Ma ic momalina tlacolcua techlamacchui o anqui ye tozcacauhtzin S. Palacizcoya anqui ye axcan &c.

Ý tlacoteuctle Diose ayc tipeuh ayc tizintic ca cemicac huel moycya ilh. ytec oncā titlatoa yeccanaya in moch motlachihual yn ilhuicatl y nica maniyā tīsc. aya yca nichoca niquaoxitzin oho huio michi mohueli ya oo huio moch i mohueli yya.

Chalchihuitla quetzlayahuitla yca ontzautimani o anquin ye mochā aya. in moch motlachihual yn ilhuicatl &c.

Quétzalcoztli niememeyca tixalmelolo nomachc anca ço nellin tiquehcahuico yectli ye mocuic huico huicon tilili o aye xonahuiaaca an a.

Ý maoc onechalo yectli yan cuicatl y anca ço nell y ye ic concuico tipipiltzintzi totecuhuictzin toquauhcoyoltzin huicho huichon tilili o aye &c.

Tocoto Cotiti tocoto cotiti quit quit

Ý ma onahahuialo ticcahua o antecpilhuani ý ma hualnequetzalo ý ma ya oncenpātihua tictlatluhtitzque ycelteotl y čanio y ye oncā ytloc y nahuaque ao cecelitoqui a yn yic xochiti oncā toconhuicetzitque in tecohuahytic xochipapalotl ohaye ho aya yeha.

Tlatlapalpoati a ÿ pipiltzintzi y huecotsizcaay camohpaltic huitztecocolxochipaltic aya ixpan onquica ycelteotl y čanio y ye ócā čan tzintzinicá y celitizcaay ooy cempoalxochitl ontozyhuimomoyahuatimani ye oncany čan can xiuhecholayahtloná y mamatlallahuiczalhehutoc ytech ye oncuica tecuitchopiltzi quimonahuiltia y ye ixquich ytlacohua ye iquecholhuá Dios hoaye hoaya yha.

Ma xihualla'lacan papalome o anta'ltachichina ye onnetlamachtilo yf iquiapa x̋o ye ixquich ytlacohua. &c.
Song 61, Folios 47v–48

G

tiquitocotiquitoc tititi
1 Comrades, put the riches here! We pay him honor on this feast day, and it seems that he's our father, San Francisco. Today it seems he's reached God's glory. And the Only Spirit has established sovereignty, it seems, and lordship in the sky at Troupial House, in Plume House. Let all us little children be regaled!

6 Let there be rejoicing and resultant creatures whirled. He's allowed us to deserve them, he perhaps that is our father, San Francisco. Today it seems he's reached God's glory. And the Only Spirit has established sovereignty, it seems, and lordship in the sky at Troupial House, in Plume House. Let all us little children be regaled.

8 "O precious lord, O God without beginning or inception! Your existence is forever! In the sky you rule. In heaven! Aya! Everything is your creation, sky and the earth that here endures. And so I wail, I that am named Anointed: oh, oh, alas, O You, All Powerful! And ah! Oh, oh, alas, O You, All Powerful! And ah!

12 "And jades, this way, become enclosed in plume mist that would seem to be your home. Aya! Everything is your creation, sky and the earth that here endures. And so I wail, I that am named Anointed: oh, oh, alas, O You, All Powerful! And ah! Oh, oh, alas, O You, All Powerful! And ah!"

14 I'm shouldering a parrot plume, and oh you're filled with sand, my nephew! It would seem indeed that you come bearing good songs. They're carried! Carried! "Tilili!" Oh, be pleased! Ah!

16 Let these good songs be raised. It would seem indeed that this is how we little children come to get them, these, our jingles, our eagle bells. They're carried! Carried! "Tilili!" Oh, be pleased! Ah!

H
tocoto cotiti tocoto cotiti quiti quiti
19 Let there be pleasure, O brothers and princes. An appearance. A lining-up. We'll pray to the Only Spirit—in the presence of the Ever Near and there alone. The flower sprouts. There! We'll beat this ochred flower-butterfly.

23 Streaked with colors are the little Huexotzinca children. Tawny, color of char-thorn flowers, they emerge before the Only Spirit and there alone. These marigolds are sprouting as trogons. They're dispersed as parrot feathers. There! They're glowing as a mist of turquoise swans, radiating green dawnlight. And with them sings the golden cricket, and he gives them pleasure: all are his beloved ones, his swans, and he is God.

29 Come, you butterflies. You're imbibing. Now there's happiness in Christ's rain. All are his beloved ones, his swans, and he is God.

*295*
Ý tlápapalamaọxtli moyollon tipala petolo ý quexquich mocuic ý toconehuilia

folio 48v

xóo çan tocontlacyechcalhuí iñ .S. Palacizco ya ic nemiyo tléc a o anqui ya nella nomache.
3 Ý huei melel ahecticac tipala petolo o antle toayacach in quenin tahahuiaxque in tipipiltzitzinti can tocontlacyechcalhuíya. &c.

Totocototototo cotototitiquiti titiqui titiquito.
5 Ý ma onnetotiloy aya tomachvan anpipiltzitzinti a ontzitzinitzcaxochi- aonilaçatziuhtihui çan toxochíamoxcuic toco huilibilibili yanca yyahue.
6 Ma toconahuîltilca aya totatzin yehuayan dios ya ontzitzinitzcaxochiaonilaçatziuhtihuí &c.

Ý mectatzize ytl tohuíya ý xomilpà ycelteotí y opma tocontahuîltilzique huei tecemelti tlatlazcatl tlanmanentli ahuii xochitch xochitl hahuiac xochitl aya toconetehitequizque ý tipipiltzitzinti yanca yyahue.
10 Onitzmolintoc yxochiuh in Dios y yycetlauhquecholatlaztonpil in i pilihu- ticac quilloticac aya toconetehitequizque.

Tico tico titiquiti tiquiti &c.
15 Xochiaatepa panahuîya oo S. Quilistopal ça ye quipanahuîya o yn tla- çoteotí Jesu Quilistó xochohipapalomatlahuique
16 Xochiatempan çan mitztlacanotza y yehuan Dios S. Quilistopal ça ye iquisch oo ça ye o tienapaloa yin ilí o y cemahuahuiqui xochipapalo &c.

Xamelaquahuaca tihuexotzincopipiltzitzintine tla tontahuîltilcá ayyahue tla tonquetzlauhuitzitzilpapalomatlahuiquic tla tiquimochiácan ayyahue in tlaçaco no yehuatl in pala petolo in totlaçotatzin yquí tlataltzihuítz in tocentaucyo ya icelteótl a.
20 Tla tonhuîya tohuíya hui tipipiltzitzinti tla toconetecuic tlápapalxočitl ma ic tontitotic yyahue in tlaçaco no yehuatl

[copyst's numeral:] 33

Icnocuicatl.

26 Tlanel nichoca y iehuaya tla nictotlhamatiyá ycahuaya tlanel cenca quen quihualnequía noyołlo yyehuaya cuix nel alnoyaz quenona-

• 296 •
Multicolored pictures are your heart, Fray Pedro. How plentiful are the songs you lift for Christ! You’ve imitated San Francisco. Thus he comes to dwell on earth, it seems, and truly so. O nephew!

Your agonies arrive, Fray Pedro. Oh, we have no rattles! How are we little children to be pleased? You’ve imitated San Francisco. Thus he comes to dwell on earth, it seems, and truly so. O nephew!

I

totocoto tototo cototo titiquiti titiquiti titiquito

Let there be dancing, O nephews, O children. And they’ll be whirled as trogon flowers, these, our flower picture songs.

Let us pleasure God the father. They’ll be whirled as trogons, these, our flower picture songs.

O garlands! Let’s be off to the green fields. There we’ll pleasure the Only Spirit. Delight makers are bursting open, these, these pleasurable flowers, these fragrant flowers. Aya! We little children will cut them.

Now these are greening, these, God’s flowers, these, his roscate-swan-water stripplings, these that stand as offspring, these that stand all lush with leaves. Aya! We little children will cut them.

J

tico tico tiquiti tiquiti etc.

At Flower Shore he ferries. Oh! And he is San Cristóbal, and he ferries Him, the precious Spirit, Jesucristo. We’ve netted the flower butterflies!

At Flower Shore San Cristóbal prays to you in the flesh, O God. You cradle it all—the sky, the earth. We’ve netted the flower butterflies!

Take heart! We’re Huexoztincans. O children, let’s be pleased. Let’s net these hummingbird butterfly plumes. Let’s wait for these. Ah! And here’s Fray Pedro, our precious father. He comes shining, then, our lord forever, he, the Only Spirit, ah!

Children let’s go, let’s go, and say! Let’s cut these colored flowers. Let’s dance with these—ah! and here’s Fray Pedro, our precious father. He comes shining, then, our lord forever, he, the Only Spirit, ah!

LXII  Bereavement song

A

Let me weep, let me grieve, and greatly. What do my incoming hearts desire? Is it true? Must I not depart for the Place Unknown?
mican huiya oyahucyo ahuayya ohuiya.

2 Tlēc ahuayya ohuaye quitlohua toyollo makaic timiquini antocnihua huiya can ahmicohuaya cuix ompa noyaz huiya cuix ompa nemi nonan cuix ompa nemi notta quenonamican huiya huiyxihueya noyollo čancel ahnipolihiuzi ninołolani ohan ahuayuyo oyahucyo ohuaya Et.

6 Ticlatlitechucan in moteyo yehua titepiltzin a ñ tlacahuepantzin anca can ica ontlacotihua y anca ça yeyc ixpany onnequehquetzalo ypalnemohuani quixohuaquiuh nemohuaquiuh a yn tlēc. o ahuayya Et

9 In can cuel achitzinca onnetlancheuilo ymahuicco o ypalnemooani quixoaquiihu nemoquiquiihu a ñ tlēc. a ohuaya ohuaya.

11 Pantli nenelihui yehuaya yxtlahuatl ytic ytzimiziquichitl nenepaniuhti-cac y ñ ticatl yhuitaly tzterzelihuhticac y onca ya nemia yn tlacahuepantzin otiquittaco quinequiyia moyollo yehua ytzimiziquitia ohuaya ohuaya.

Motocuiytlayauh chalchiuhtzetzelihuhtoc ye tömoquimiloa ye tömotla-machtia a yxtlahuatl ytic y otiquittaco &c! [copia's numeral: / 34

15 Ocentlan in tomiquiz othitloquec ñ tįcacteccay onquicca teqteyo ça toca o huelamatin ypalnemohuani yn chimaltepetl yxpāo ohuaye ilhuicocolohan yecleotl ayvao yahaya ohuaya ohuaya.

20 Tlalli mocuepaya milacatzoa tlacochquahuiya in teuhli motecay in chimaltepetl yxpano ohuaye &?

22 Oyanoconic in nanacochtli ya noyoll in choca niquinotlamatin tlēc. oo can niNotolina o yahueya ylityaie ohuaya ohuaya.

24 Can niquaelnamiqui ñ hanahuia hanihucllamatin tlēc oo can ninotolina ohuaya ohuaya

26 Nicxiquitl miqutzli can ninotolina qučnel nocōchihuaz ayamo ya nelli a yantlayocoya yñ aquahualani aycohuiya.

28 In manel quetzaltineu in nehuay y ye tonmaxi ohuaye manel ye cozcacuh nehuay y ye toncate ohuaye ayamo ya nelli &.

30 Nocnuih nocnuih ye yaço nelli nocnuih can ċatlatotzin can ic ontonequiy y yehuaya ye ica noconelnamiqui oo ma iuhta mam polihui a yz can toxochiuhi a ohuaya ohuaya.

folio 49v

1 Maca cocoya amoyollo yehua ñ amotlatotzin yn antocnihua huya no iuh niciami no iuhea niquimati ohuaye yya yyechuaya ceppa ye yauh in tone-miz ohuaya ohuaya [copia's numeral: / 35

4 Cemihuitl on tiyahui ceyohual o xímohua nica huiya can tonximatico can tietlancheuico o ye nicaan o in tlēc y ma yhuia may cemelle y må tonnemicay xihuallá man tonahahuica må conchiuhtinemi a yñ onqua-
On earth the hearts are saying, “May we never die, O friends.” Where is the place of no death? Will I go there? Is my mother alive, is my father alive, in the Place Unknown? O my heart! But truly, I that am poor will not be destroyed.

Before you died, you established your fame, O prince, O Tlacahuepan. So people are busy, it seems. People are appealing to Life Giver; there will be a coming-forth, a coming-to-life on earth. Briefly is Life Giver’s glory borrowed: there will be a coming-forth, a coming-to-life on earth.

Banners are scattering on the bosom of the field, knifelike mesquite flowers are littered: chalk and plumes are sprinkling down. There! Tlacahuepan lives! You’ve come for knife death, and your hearts desire it. Your golden hides are sprinkling down as jades, and you array yourself, and you are happy in the bosom of the field. You’ve come for knife death, and your hearts desire it.

“Death for us has ended: we Zacatecs are spoken of! Our fame is born! Because of us Life Giver is content.” The Only Spirit makes marvels in Shield Town.

The earth rolls over, turns over. It’s raining javelins: these lords are pouring down. The Only Spirit makes marvels in Shield Town.

I’ve drunk a fungus wine. My heart is weeping, and I grieve on earth. I am poor.

I think on this: I have no pleasure, no contentment on earth. I am poor.

Disdaining death, I am poor. And what befalls me then?—that it be true that you’re no longer sad or vexed!

As plumes may we endure together, as jewels may we exist together! No longer is it true that you are sad and vexed!

O friend, my friend, it may be true, O friend, that we are needed only for His precious words, these that I’m remembering for His sake. Let it be so. Let them be destroyed. Here they arc: our flowers.

May your hearts not suffer! This, friends, is your precious song, and this I know, and this you also know: life passes once.

In but a day we’re gone, in but a night we’re shorn on earth. And as for having come to know each other, this we merely borrow here on earth. May we live in gentleness, in peace! Come! Let us be intensely plea-
qualantinemiyan tla’tlahueya nica huiya Ma cemihcac onnemia Macaic miquiya ohuia ohuia.
9       Yn tele tzo onnemian techtlatlatzinemin teoniztlacoa nica huiya y tele tzo motolinia ma ònlonmatli ma cemicac onnemiya Et.
11      Nochalchiuhteponaz noxiuhquecholinquiquizy nocoyapitzaya çan ye ni-
quaquauhtzin huiya onihualacic a oninoquetzacoya niciucanitl ayyo huiya.
14      Cuelcan xonahuiacan y ma ya hualmoquetza a yyollo nicocohua çá ni-
quechuan cuicatl onihualacic Et.
16      Ma ya moyollo motomay
Ma ya moyollo hualacitonemian tinechcocoliá tinechmiquitlaná yn onoya yehua yn onompoliuh y anca ça yoquic oo noca tihualychocaz noca tihuahlicnotlamatiz çan tinociuh o çan ye niauh o çan ye niauh yehua ohuaya Et
20      Çan quittohua noyollo aoc cepa ye nihuitz ayaoc cepa niquiçaquiiuh y huel yeccá in tlalticpac O çan ye niauh Et.
22      Quinehnequi xoichitl çá noyollo yehuaya çá nócucianentlamati ho çan noncuicayechcohuá in tlèc. y ye niqualquauhtzin huiya nocónequi xoichitl ma nomac onmaniqui ninentlamatiya yhoaye yho Et
25      Canelpa tonyazque in aic timiquizque huiya maçá nichalchihuitl nitociui-
tlatl o çá ye no nipitzaloz nimamalihuaz yn tlaltiin o çá noyobilico çá
cyqualaquauhtzin ninotolina yho oye yho ahuayya Et
28      Çannen tequitly xonahuiaca huiya xonahuiyaca antocihua huiya at
amonahuieque at ahuelematizque tocnihuan ohuaye can niciuz in yeccll
xoichitl y yeccll yan cuicatl y ahuayya o ahuá yyyaha ohuaya Et.
31      Ayquin o xopá in quichiuá ye nicany ninotolina ca ye niqua’quauhtzi
huia

folio 50

huia at amonahuieueque at ahuelematizque tocnihuá o ohuaye can ni-
cuiz in yeccll xoichitl. Et.

[copyist's numeral:] 36

Ycuic don yer.do de guzman. cacacuicatl
el tono. Cototiquititi tototocot.
5       Tonpapactoque in tócuicacuicuicateque a hue, titlalacueçaltzitzin a y xiuuh-

* 300 *
Songs 62–63, Folios 49v–50

sured! May the Shining One keep on creating him that lives in anger here. May He live forever. May He never die!

Indeed, on high He lives. Shining on, He keeps His watch on us, He gazes on us here. And yet, on high He is poor. May He grieve! And may He live forever!

C

O precious log drums! I blow my conch for turquoise swans, I, Cuacuauhtzin. I’ve arrived, I appear, I, the singer.

It’s time! Be pleased! And they shall appear! I wound their hearts. I’m lifting songs, I’ve arrived, I appear, I, the singer.

“Let your hearts be set free, let your hearts come forth. You loathe me, and you want me dead. When I’ve gone and perished, then perhaps you’ll weep for me, you’ll grieve for me, O friend. I go, I go.

“My heart says never again do I come, never again will I be born in the good place, earth. I go, I go.”

My heart is greatly wanting flowers. Yes, I song-grieve, making songs on earth, I, Cuacuauhtzin, wanting flowers. May they come and lie upon my hand! I grieve.

“Where might we go, so as never to die? Though I be jade, or gold, I’ll be smelted, or drilled on the mound.” Ah! I’m born, I Cuacuauhtzin, and I’m poor.

Be pleased, greatly pleased, oh but scarcely, friends! And will you go be pleased and content, O friends? Indeed, I’ll pluck these holy flowers, these holy songs.

These never make Green Places here, and I am poor, I, Cuacuauhtzin. Will you go be pleased and content, O friends? Indeed, I’ll pluck these holy flowers, these, holy songs.

LXIII  Song of Don Hernando de Guzmán, a peeper song

A

The tone: cototiquititi totocoto.

Joyfully we chirp our song, alas, we red-crowned parrots, ah, and in this
quecholcapoticpac aya anqui nel ye oncan in toconchichixtoque in huey a in Malquex yaya in tomatzin a
Tontoyectitoque hue tontlachooyolcahuantoque in xiuhquecholcapoticpac anqui nel ye oncan im in toconchichixtoque in huey a Malquex aya Et
Xochitl tlapaltotol ya cacantzatz ya tomatzin in Padre aya a ymac onicac y xochiyacoloz quitlaltlauhtia on in tiox aya xam palacizcoya maoc cemilhuil on xictlaltlauhticá can cuel achic ca ymac ye nicá tipatlantinemi y ticacatzitzin ma ya ahualoa nican tiox ixpan y ma ya necohualo cactine e
In eñec in nohuian nemiá yx cacatli mochihu yehuan tomatzin om in Padre aya ymac onicac in xochiyacoloz quitlaltlauhtia om in tiox aya Et.
Ieyca tihochacan nican tinepapantlalacuecaltzitzintint aya in huei tocolnamiqui ya tomatzin in tlacuilolototol cacatli mochihu yehuan capitan yca ye tlacat contzinitzcanlapalaqui ya icuitlapiltzin conchalchiuh a yecuilotzin yatlapaltzin teocuitlatl yentzin anqui nelli huec yectli aya tomatzin ne a.
Çan titlaocoxtoque tinepapantlalacuecaltzitzintint aya in huei tocolnamiqui a ye tomatzin tlacuilolototol cacatli mochihu yehuati capitan a.
In hue E, compaqiuqan noyollo ya in nitlaocacatzin nito helnanto mach nicyaohucac yectli ya xochitl in ma ic ninahpantiu quémamian nicá yn auh yn amo çan ninelaquahu a noconyata xochnicapolxochitl on quetzali a xeluihtica on tzintzcan yx tolaticac onchalchiuhitzmolintoc ya no cuelye no huitz quitzitzilitzin y papalotl in pipiyoltzin ixquich tlachichina nepapan xochinquahuil onnimochiuhtimani ye nica
In yeica nichoca in nitlaocacatzin nito helnanto mach ye nicyahuicac in yectli ya xochitl y ma ic ninapantiu quenonamican.

folio 50v

[copyist’s numeral:] 37

Yc Orne huehueltl. Titoco titoco titoco titiquiti, titiquiti, titiquiti
cherry tree of turquoise swans. And aya! Now it truly seems that we’re awaiting him, the great one, the Marquis, our nephew, ah!

8 We dwell in beauty, ah, resounding as beloved bells and in this cherry tree
of turquoise swans. It truly seems that we’re awaiting him, the great one, the Marquis, our nephew, ah!

10 As a flower, as a gorgeous bird, our father’s peeper-calling. A padre, with
flower crucifix in hand, is praying oh! to God, to San Francisco! Let us
have this day! Oh pray to Him! Indeed, for but a moment here we little
peepers soar among His branches. Let there be pleasure here before
God’s face! Let there be winging, you peepers! Hey!

15 Throughout the world He lives! He, the peeper, your creation, our father!
Oh! A padre, with flower crucifix in hand, is praying oh! to God, to San
Francisco! Let us have this day! Oh pray to Him! Indeed, for but a moment here
we little peepers soar among His branches. Let there be pleasure here before
God’s face! Let there be winging, you peepers! Hey!

17 For this we weep, we, this multitude of little red-crowned parrots. Aya!
We Recall our nephew, the painted bird, the peeper, your creation, ah! the
Captain! So he’s painted his tail in trogon colors: it’s been born! He’s
fashioned it as jade, this, his twirling wing! These words of his are golden
ones! It seems that he is great, that he is good! Aya! O nephew! Hey!
And ah!

19 Sad we are, this multitude of little red-crowned parrots. Aya! We recall
our nephew, the painted bird, the peeper, your creation, him! the Cap-

23 “A precious peeper am I, Don Hernando am I, and truly my heart enjoys
them. Indeed, I’ll carry down these holy ones, these flowers. And let it be
with these that I in time shall be adorned here, nor be cheerless.” I see
them! They’re cherry-tree flowers! Ah, as plumes they’re dispersed, as
trogons they’re burgeoning. They’re greening out as jades! And also
comes the Hummingbird, the Butterfly, the Honeybee, imbibing all
these many ones, these flower trees that stand created here!

29 “A precious peeper am I, Don Hernando am I, and for these I weep. In-
Indeed, I’ll carry down these holy ones, these flowers. And let it be with
these that I—in the Place Unknown—shall be adorned, nor be cheerless.”
I see them! They’re cherry-tree flowers! Ah, as plumes they stand dispersed, as
trogons burgeoning. They’re greening out as jades! And also comes the Hum-
mimgbird, the Butterfly, the Honeybee, imbibing all these many ones, these
flower trees that stand created here!

Second drum-cadence: titoco titoco titocoto
titiquiti titiquiti titiquiti

• 303 •
In niquetzaltzihuactotl oncuicayan in cacaotzin in ton helnato on-
quetzalpepetl mamatlalapaltzin yin motentzin ticetzeloayā yin ixpan-
tiox yin ipaltinemi nohueyotzine E ahua nomache.
A oncan tiannemian in xopancacatzin in Palacizco yon conquetzalpepetian
mamatlapaltzin E.
In tlaca nelli on in tlacuilolapan ninoyeyectia çan ninotzetzeoa aocac ye
nocniuh nicacatzin ſ amoxpetlatipā oncanon titlacuiloa çan niton hel-
nanto in timamānahuiltia in nohueyohuā nomache E E.
Nictlaocoltotoma yectli ya nocuic aocac ya nocniuh nicacatzin E.
Ixihiuxiquetzalhuitzitl papalotl a y Palacizco ya acacitli teuctli in tlahu-
quecholhuitzitzilin papalotl a y ton helnanto Omacatl teuctli quetzalqui-
quizcopayan quinotza quitlatlauhtia in tiox nohueyohuan nomache.
O anqui ya yehua in y amoxpetlapan occenquiztinemi in tepilquā huiyā
yn tlauhquecholhuitzitzilin papalotl ay in ton helnanto E.
In noncuicatolotica on çan nixochitlalaloxtica ymapā in chalchihca-
poltzin in nixochitlalaloçaltzin in niton helnanto ocxonahuiacā anca ča
totlancu in ticacatzitzinti nohueyohuā nomache.
Oc nontatzatzitica in nontlatetotica ymapā in chalchihcapolitzin y nixo-
chitlalaceçātzin in niton helnanto E.
Ye yey huehuetl, Toto, tiquitiquti, tiquitiquti
Chalchihcapolxochitl āya teocuitlamatzatzayantiac çan nietzetzeoayán
nixiuhquecholcacatzin in Palacizcoya.
O anqui tonequimilol quetzalciuloticac teocuitlamatzatzayāticac çan nic-
yayatzetzeloayán nixiuhquecholcacatzin in Palacizcoyaan.
Xichocacan xiquilmamiquecan yin anCatatzitzinti ahua nomachhuan E oqui-
tlati in chalchihcapolin ypaltianemian
In cuix oc tomatian in cexiuhtica yac on quexquich yxpan Ancacatzitzintin
ahua tomachhuan oc oquitlati in chalchihcapolin ypaltianyīnian
“Aie! A plume am I and a bramble bird!” The peeper Don Hernando sings, and these colored hands are glistening as plumes—these words of yours you’re scattering before God’s face. O great one, hey! Hail, nephew!

“Oh you that dwell beyond, O Peeper in Green Places, O Francisco!” And now as plumes he has them glisten, these, these colored hands—these words of yours you’re scattering before God’s face. O great one, hey! Hail, nephew!

“Let it be not truly that I’m beautified in multiples and stroll myself at Painting Place. No one is this peeper’s friend.” There! At Picture Mat you do the painting. “And I’m Don Hernando.” And you’re pleasuring the hands. O great ones. My nephew.

“In sadness I release these holy ones, my songs. No one is this peeper’s friend.” There! At Picture Mat you do the painting. “And I’m Don Hernando.” And you’re pleasuring the hands. O great ones. My nephew!

This dizzy tippler plume, this butterfly Francisco, ah! Lord Acacitii, this roseate-swan hummingbird, this butterfly Don Hernando, Lord Omacatzin, through a plume conch calls out praying to God. My braves! My nephew!

And oh it seems that this is He! And on this mat of pictures, princes are assembling. Ah! This roseate-swan hummingbird, this butterfly Don Hernando, Lord Omacatzin, through a plume conch calls out praying to God. My braves! My nephew!

“I that bow my head in song, flower-weeping from a branch of this, this jade, this cherry tree—I, a red-crowned parrot flower—I, am Don Hernando.” May you all be pleased for a while! It seems we little peepers have our borrowed ones. My braves! My nephew!

“I that for the moment screech, I that chatter from a branch of this, this jade, this cherry tree—I, a red-crowned parrot flower—I, am Don Hernando.” May you all be pleased for a while! It seems we little peepers have our borrowed ones. My braves! My nephew!

Third drum-cadence: toto tiquitiquiti tiquitiquiti.

These jades, these cherry flowers, are as golden rings! I scatter them, I, a peeper and a turquoise swan. Francisco!

Oh, they might be our adornment, these painted plumes, these golden rings. I scatter them, I, a peeper and a turquoise swan. Francisco!

Weep and recall them, you peepers! Hail! Nephews! And Life Giver has put them away—these, these cherry jades!

“Could you give us just a year? Oh, how much time may we have in His sight, you peepers?” Hail! Nephews! And Life Giver has put them away—these, these cherry jades!
In paqui noyollo noconitoayan nomatzin ton helnanto teuctli ma xochiantlapalaqui ye motlamachitlacocacatzi in tlaoct ompaqui nican niin

folio 51

1 Ý quetzalli yam ye momoyahuan ya mocuitlapil ton helnanto teuctli an moxochi an motlapal aqui ye motlamachi Et.
2 Ye nahui huehuetl. titotito totoco titiquiti tiqui titiquiti
3 copyist’s numeral: 39
4 I nahuiyaya nican E ý nitlapal Alotzin i nepapan ni yhuiyotzin nocoyectia niquetzalxiloxochiociotecpac xinechittacá ixquich in cacatli yn ahua nomache a.
5 In huel yectl niquitoyá in nitlapal Alotzin inn o nepapan i yhuiyotzin noconyectia Et.
6 Ma xonahuicacan y antepilhuá cácatitzinti oymoman yectli yan yuhquin tiox a ypaltzinco xompapiaquiacá a nomache Et
7 In xochiquecholcapolin nimanca ya oncá o yquelexia a in ton Joano an.
8 O anqui momacehual yeo olinia yn ipaltianemí icpac ontlato xoxtapa-chacacatzi in ton xoano an.
9 Teocuitlacácatzine chalchihuitl ye motentzin o quetzallim a a matlapaltzin tompapatlantinemi tontlatlatoa ye nican a
10 In huel nimitzmauhicohua nomatzine chalchihuitl ye motétzin am.
11 Ye macuilli huehuetl. Titoco titoco titocoto, titiquiti, titiquiti titiquiti
12 Çan niquittooayan canyya ic icnotlamatihua can nitelacauhtzin niton helnanto in maoc tomacon manian in tlalpaha’calxochitl on yn antepilhan in toconcahtehuazque a in quemenian yanco yacayame.
13 Y ancam icayan ma ximelaquahuacan antepilhuan ý ma onchichinalo aca-yetl om a xochitl an ya in ma ic toconpolotiecá a y totlaocol ym yya xan loixco yyanco yancayome.
14 Çan tinohueyotzin can titla[. . .], ayam taacaciti teuctli nimitzciaux-quetzaya yxquich ycami y yyo ach canelon campanel toyazque ahua pille nomache
15 Çan nimitzciauhquetza on o aye y E o anca nimohueyo çan niton helnáto ach quenelon campanel toyazque aqua pille nomache.
My heart rejoices as I utter this nephew of mine, this lord, this Don Hernando. May these works of art, your precious peepers, be painted in flower colors! Let them momentarily rejoice on earth! Aiee!

And now these plumes, your tail, are scattered, O Lord Don Hernando. These works of art, your precious peepers, are painted in your flowers, your colors! Let them momentarily rejoice on earth! Aiee!

Fourth drum-cadence: titititoco titiquiti tiquiti titiquiti

"I’m pleased here as a scarlet macaw and of colors, hey! in the Pine Tree of plumes, of cornsilk flowers, unfurling these multiple feathers. Discover me, O all you peepers!” Hail, my nephew! And ah!

"As a scarlet macaw and of colors I’m uttering these most holy ones in the Pine Tree of plumes, of cornsilk flowers, unfurling these multiple feathers. Discover me, O all you peepers!” Hail, my nephew! And ah!

Be pleased, you princes. O peepers, holy ones have been dispersed, as though it were the will of God. Be gladly pleased. Nephew!

Where cherry trees, these flower swans, are standing stands the church. Don Juan!

It seems your vassals, stirring, have arrived, warbling in the presence of Life Giver, O peeper of flowers and redshell! Don Juan!

O peeper of gold, your words are jades. Plumes are your wing, as you flutter along, as you twitter on earth. And ah!

I marvel at you! O nephew, your words are jades. Plumes are your wing, as you flutter along, as you twitter on earth. And ah!

Fifth drum-cadence: titititoco tititico titiquiti titiquiti.

"I pronounce them with ensuing anguish. Abandoned am I, Don Hernando.” Beware of being given these, these offered ones, these crimson basket flowers, O princes, for we shall have to go away, abandon them, someday.

"It would seem in that case, then, that you should cheer your hearts, O princes. Let this reed aroma, let these flowers, be inhaled! Ah!” In that case let us cast aside our cares! Ah! In San Luis!

You great one, you precious! Aya! You! Lord Acaciti! I salute you. And so it’s over. Alas! Where, oh where are we to go? Hail, prince! Nephew!

"I salute you, I, your great one, Don Hernando.” What’s to be done? Where must we go? Hail, prince! Nephew!

3["You precious" (titiazo) is a mere conjecture. The copyist began the word with titia-, then left a blank, evidently unable to read his source.—trans.]
THE TEXT IN NAHUATL AND ENGLISH

Ye chiquacen huehuetl toto tiquiti tiquiti tiquiti.

[copyist's numeral:] 41

Can temac nipapatlani nicoyoltototl ninellaquahua niteuctli yehua niton helnanto nichocayá campanel toncalalizque

[subscript gloss:] [toncala][qui[zque]
ticahuane ye tomachvan.

folio 51v

[copyist's numeral:] 46

1 I maçoc nican ye xan luixco toxochihuhiuicomacá ticauhé ye tiPalacizco ye tacacitli campanel toncalaquiquicue ticahuane ahua tomachvan

3 In ninentlamati nichocyan Neloottotl ye quauhnepantla ninoquixtia in niteuctli Ehua niton helnanto nichocyan can nicnotlamati ypalnemoa ticemihuitia in ñc. ancacatzitzintin tachcahuam.

6 Ma xiyéctzatzitzihu timaltlatotocatzin tinohucyotzin ye tacacitli ye tomacchual inyn otopan temoc Xesu quilisto tachcahuam

Ye chicome huchuel, tocotocotiti tocotiti.

8 In niquittoyam ye nicacatzin niton xelhanto at aoc tomatian in monamiccá mochihuatiuh chalchiuh Elolotl tachcahuam

11 I tzon in nochocayan nisopalehuac ya nicacatli at aoc tomatian Étc.

12 Ca titlaozol toncuicayan agua conete É, titon helhanto ca imac tipapatlani in tlatoani cozma mozta huipila quen quinequez yiollia

14 Ticxochicozcamamalina ichiuquytotl ya Xan luisco xiquintlanquequ in a mo-hueyohua ye nican chalco tépilhuan

Ye chicuey huehuetl tocoto cototo tocotoco totiç
tiquito tiquiti tiquiti tiquiti

[copyist's numeral:] 43

17 In noneuciamoxttlapal ya noconyaçocouhtinemi nixochiAlotzin nontlatoctotica in tlapuiloalcilica ca.

19 In quenmá onemiz niquitto in nontlatlatotica y tlacuiloalclitic a

20 Noquetzalayahuçocouhtiaç y nehua nicuicaAlotzin ye ompa nizy un yehan in Xesu Quilisto yayaya.

22 In niequetzalapotzcatzin teocuitlacapoltitey aya nopipilotinemi a nitlapacacatzin in oay ye oy.

24 Ninahuiltiltinemi yam teocuitlacapoltitey aya nopipilotinemin ya nitlapacacatzin oay É o ym

· 308 ·
Sixth drum-cadence: toto tiqui tiqui tiqui tiquiti.

"In the arms of the Someone I'm soaring, a bellbird, strong of heart, a lord! I'm Don Hernando." And I, I'm weeping. How are we to make our entry? Little brother, come! O nephews!

Would indeed that they were here in San Luis! Our flowers are twirling! O little brother, come! You! Francisco! You! Acacitli! How are we to make our entry? Little brothers, come! Hail! Nephews!

"Grieving, weeping, I, a green-corn bird, come forth among the trees, a lord, I, Don Hernando, weeping, grieving." O Life Giver, you spend a day on earth! "O peepers! O elder brothers!"

May you go crying as a holy one, you green bird, you peeper! You! My great one! You! Acacitli! Now this blessing has descended to us, and it's Jesucristo! "O elder brothers!"

Seventh drum-cadence: tocotocotiti tocototiti.

"A peeper am I, Don Hernando am I, saying 'Maybe our time is up, and the green-corn ears, these jades, are to pass away—that they may be created.' O elder brothers!

"A verdant peeper am I, and I'm weeping indeed: 'Oh, maybe our time is up, and the green-corn ears, these jades, are to pass away—that they may be created.' O elder brothers!"

You are truly of His making, you that sing—O babe, hail! hey, Don Hernando! And you're soaring in His arms. O Tlatoani Guzmán! Now what might His heart be requiring one of these days?

You're whirling them as flower jewels, these, these comrades. In San Luis! Borrow these, your great ones! And they're here! These Chalcan princes!

Eighth drum-cadence: tocoto cototo tocotoco totiqui tiquito tiqui tiquiti.

"I open out songlike picture colors, I, a song-flower scarlet macaw, chattering in the House of Paintings, ah!

"And these that I utter shall someday live. I'm chattering in the House of Paintings, ah!

"And the one to depart shall be I, unfolding a mist of plumes, I, a song-flower scarlet macaw, off to the home of Jesucristo.

"I, a peeper, a plume, a pearl, am picking the golden cherries, ah! [or I'm hanging in the golden cherry tree, ah!]. A peeper of colors am I, and oh!

"I, in pleasure, am picking the golden cherries, ah! [or I'm hanging in the golden cherry tree, ah!]. A peeper of colors am I, and oh!"
Tlacahuixochitl yecelja ye mocoic tocongayehua ahua nomatzin teuctle E
3 Ye cozaaahuachpixahua in manima in tomax teuctli anqui ya nelli et.
4 Ilhuicamixquiahuc oncâ tiyanemiyan quetzalli cacatzin nomatzin in Palacizco teuctli ma ye xoconcaquican o anqui am ycuic y tiox a.
6 Tiemiquizzetzeloa moxoxochitlatoltzin in Palacizco teuctli ma ye xoconcaquican Et.
8 Ye matlachuehuel tocotocotiquiti tocotocotiquiti totiti.
9 In topapaqui nomache in titon helnanto toconquetzalitztoltzetzeloa yeclti a mocoic in ixpan tiox ye timahuilia can ticacatzen a.
11 In conpoloa motlaocol nomache in titon helnanto toconquetzalitztoltzetzeloa Et.
13 O anqui a nelli ye oncan tonahahuiaze a yn ilh"ytic aya in ticacatzetzinti anomachvane tlalacoçaltzitzintinE at çânio nican maoec onnecuciuicanenonotzalo huchuetitlan naya çä tiazque y y yachan yehuaya in tiox a Ea.
17 In cuix occepa ye nican ompapatlantinemiquiyuh a yn cacatzin xihuá pelez aya annomachhuane tlalacuixaltzitzintinE at çânio yn nican Et.
20 Ahua conetle nomatzine a in palacizco motzintitzcan capolin icpac in ya nemi ym icahuaca yca ontlatohuaya ixquich in totoetl quetzalin cacatzen E.
22 Çan momacehualhuá ca an motlaocolhuá aya motzintitzcâ capolin yecpac in ya nemi E.
24 .10. Tocotocotiquiti tocotocotiquiti totiquiti totiquiti
[copyst's numeral:] 46.
25 In nican nıEoc nícacatlı a ye i quiapă yn yec ytentlapaliuhquetl in ton helnanto aya tlac xiquitacacl tlacotlamachcacatzin moçouhtinem aya

.310.
Song 63, Folios 51v–52

I

Ninth drum-cadence: titotito tocotoc totiqui
totiqui titiqui.

He opens out upon us. It would seem that He is Bracelet Peeker, Life Giver. Flower troupial plumes are strewn. Hail, nephew!

Let us pleasure Him! Oh it seems that He is Bracelet Peeker, Life Giver. Flower troupial plumes are strewn. Hail, nephew!

“I, Lord Tomás, am uttering them as a peeper.” And so it seems in truth that these, my riches, these precious feather blooms, these sprouting ones, are songs of yours—that you are singing. Hail, O nephew, O lord!

Your soul has drizzled down as a jewel dew, O Lord Tomás. And so it seems in truth that these, my riches, these precious feather blooms, these sprouting ones, are songs of yours—that you are singing. Hail, O nephew, O lord!

Sky-Cloud Plaza is where you live, O plume, O peeper, O nephew of mine, O Lord Francisco! Now hear them! For these would seem to be the songs of God. And ah!

You scatter these, your flower words, as bracelets, O Lord Francisco! Now hear them! For these would seem to be the songs of God. And ah!

J

Tenth drum-cadence: tocotocotiqui tocotocotiqui totiti.

O you that exult! O nephew! You! Don Hernando, you scatter these holy ones, these songs of yours, as knife-rush plumes before God’s face. O pleased one! You peeper! Ah!

O you that cast aside your cares! O nephew! You! Don Hernando, you scatter these holy ones, these songs of yours, as knife-rush plumes before God’s face. O pleased one! You peeper! Ah!

It seems indeed that we—we little peepers—are to be rejoiced in heaven. Ah, nephews! You red-crowned parrots! May it be only here, beside the drum, that we speak to each other in songs. We’re to pass away and to the home alas! of God.

Might the peeper Juan Pérez come soaring here again? Aya! my nephews. You red-crowned parrots! May it be only here, beside the drum, that we speak to each other in songs. We’re to pass away and to the home alas! of God.

Hail! O babe, O nephew, ah! Francisco! Your trogon’s dwelling, shrilling, in the cherry tree, and with him warble all the birds—the plumes! O peeper!

They’re your subjects, your creatures. Your trogon’s dwelling, shrilling, in the cherry tree, and with him warble all the birds—the plumes! O peeper!

K

tocotocotiqui tocotocotiqui totiqui totiqui

“A peeper am I, here arrived in the rain.” O glorious young man, O Don
moxochincamolquatlapalnemach quemach mixtlan mití y nica in ichiuh ahua conetle ahua pille xaahuiacan Netle Eá.

In xopantla tihuala pa yamil ypan totecaco in tiox aya ye acuecuentla in ton helnanto ma nicyahuacaya chalchiuhelotl xiuhqueenxolxilotl cuceponton aya man amatlapaltlitan nictecaya ma nicaxiti quetzaloyametl ymapá aya ahua conetle ahua pille xaahuiacac netle an

folio 52v

1 Maquiznelhuayoticac tzinitzcá ahua izhuayo y tlaaquillo yn ahua quahuitl ymapan momalacacho mopipiloa yam xihuinquetzalcacatzí ton helnanto ahua tzatzapotl quiquatinemia
4 Cecnipa quahuitl ymapan aya oncan ye nimian quetzalchitoctzin quauhoto-topotzin ny quahuitl ye o tiauh yn oncan quauhyehuiloa tlacaño yehuatl y acacitzin tlaqic aya Eé
7 Tlatlamantithi inic ximoa yih"yetic ticacatzin in nepapan niquittoa nican inin manel huel quetzalli niquixhualtia mach ye nitlaçoyaz ayac tla-quahuac nomache
10 Totolinico ya nican y xochitlalpan ticacatin yi nepapan niquihtohua yn Eé.

finis.

XopanCuicatl

(copyist's numeral:) 47

13 Otocontecaque in moxochnpetl ya in nē oncā onnentlamatizque in moc-noicnihuā ipalnemoa ohuaya Eé
15 Tla toconehuacan moxopancuicacatzin chalchiuhahuachchopiltzin ye timatelciuh ye tehuatl tonmatia in atlītic tehuatl tictlapoa chalchiuhozto-calli in tenochtitiā Eé
17 Tla timitzmacacan motlauhquechol xochiahuachquetzi chalchiuhahuachchopiltzin Eé
18 Chalchiuhacuilollti o in cuicaamoxtl onquetzalxīolohtoiuhtoc in yeclton cuicatl xochnipapalocalli ya ye ompa hualtemo in cuicatl ompa niccaquia

'312'
Hernando! Won't you look at this precious, this work of art, this peeper, unfolding his wings—yes, this flower of Yours, this scarlet panache, this gorgeous head, this masterpiece? How like an arrow among the clouds does this, His creation, seem on earth! Hail, babe! Hail, prince! Be pleased! Hey!

To the greenery you come and to the waters. “We’ve come to lie down in God’s garden, oh yes, in the watered fields.” O Don Hernando! Now let me carry this green-corn car, this jade, this milk-corn car, this turquoise swan, this little bud, and let me lay him down among the gorgeous banners. Let me put him on a branch of the Plume Fir. Hail, babe! Hail, prince! Be pleased! Hey! And ah!

This trogon! He’s striking root! As a bracelet! Ah, on a leafy fruit-bearing tree branch this turquoise peeper plume Don Hernando hangs turning. Ah! and he goes along eating sapotas.

Turquoise Parrot Plume, Tree Nibbler, runs on a branch of this tree. You’re moving along in this tree. In this tree they’re all moving along! [Or as eagles they’re passing away!] Look! There’s Chief Acaciti!

They go marching by squadrons, and all are shorn! In heaven! O Peeper! I utter a multitude. These! Now let me induce them to germinate, truly, these very plumes. “And then will I pass away precious?” No one is durable. Nephew, come!

“We were born to be poor, we peepers in this world of flowers.” I utter a multitude. These! Now let me induce them to germinate, truly, these very plumes. “And then will I pass away precious?” No one is durable. Nephew, come!

LXIV  A song of green places

We’ve spread your flower mat; your grieving cohorts there will do the best they can, O Life Giver.

Let us lift your green-place songs, O cricket of the drizzling jade, yes you, Motelchiuh! It’s you that know the whereabouts of waters, you that open up the grotto house of jade in Tenochtitlan.

Let us present you with a roseate swan, O you of the drizzling flowers, you that stand on toe-points, cricket of the drizzling jade, yes you, Motelchiuh! It’s you that know the whereabouts of waters, you that open up the grotto house of jade in Tenochtitlan.

Jade paintings, song pictures, are bending down as milk-corn plumes. These holy ones, these songs, are descending from the house of the flower butterfly! I, the singer, hear these words of His from heaven, from His home. And these are angels, ah!

* 313 *
nicuicanitl yehua in itlatol ilhè ye ichan angelota ha Etè can nepapa can itica yao ontzauctica ca xochipapalocalia &.

Ixochoami ilpan can ye ónemi in patlatinemia ca yehua in Tiox xiyuhtche-cholipitzin inteocuitatlalapal ica tlapehlania in huehuetitlan xopácalitic cuicatlapayahuitl mania Etè.

Ichalchiuhxaltomacozquia ça yehuan Dios ixiyuhtchecholipitzin Etè.

Tlaoc tehuan tompehuacan tlaoc tehuá toncuicacan Ma toconentlamachticá ypalnemoani at cana huei aahuitlóyan at ca huely ellequixti-loyan Etè.

Ma icnoxochitl,a, ye nicmanaya nican nictzetzeloa xopanixochitl cempohualxochitl ayc ica on aahualoya Etè.

Niquetzia in tohueluuhc niqumnechicoa in tocnihuá ymellel quiça niqun- cuicativa tiazque ye ichan ximotlamachticá ximocuiltonocá in antocni-huan ahuaya Etè.

Ma izquizochitl i ma cacahuaxochitl ma onneaquilo ma necozcatilo huehuctitlana yecc ye nicá xocheinahuatilo, yecc ye nicá in cuicanahuatilo in tlèc ximotlamachticá ximocuiltonocá yn átocni-huáh uhuaya.

Tiquetzaltototli titlahuequechol tomppapatlantinemi yin ipalnemohuah timo- huhiuixoa timotzetzeloa nican, Moicochocham moicncocal a imácan ohuaya ça ye moncuiitonol motecinelii in tlèc hucló nemoa timohuhiuixohuá &.

Xiuhquecholxochitl in tlahquecholxochitl in malinticac on in moyollo in mo-

Tlatol nopiltzin o’ in chichimecatl teuctli in tiyoqua cuel achiye ye nicá xoconmotlanchehui in tlèc ohuaya. & Yca nichoca compolohua in tomai-quiz compoloa in totlaocol yeclion cuicatl cuel achiye &

Tiquetzaltototli tipatiuh yehuan in Tiox can quetzalhuexotica chalchiuha-"ca can toconaltian atlo ya in tepetl ayahuíi can topan mani ma quiça om a yeclti xochitl ma nomac onmania onxochimalintoc amocui amo- tlalol

Moquetze’cachehuaz tic e’capahuia ye tlachia in cozcatil in ye tlachia in quetzalli y ye nemalinlo ayahuíi Etè.

Tlahuilli xochitl oconeipontimani amoxtli manca Mexicon ia ohuaya to- natimana ahuaya &

Cenc ya mamox hi cenc y tlacuilotlic onmania in atlo yan tepetl in te- nochtitlan quicoçoohuaya conyacuecuepa yehua in Pale yehua in Capitan ontltotla ye oncá ontlashia ihl’yetic ohuaya Etè.

Xiuhlaquetzalli mochiuhtlicac in S“ Malia ilhè tlaquetzalli mochihuhticac yehua in Tiox anconapaloo calli manican aconpachotimani anahuatlal a in ihhuicatl ahuaya &

314
Song 64, Folios 52v–53

The many are within, enclosed! These songs! Descending from the house of the flower butterfly! I, the singer, hear these words of His from heaven, from His home. And these are angels, ah!

22 This turquoise swan of His, God's gold-colored firefly; it's soaring along—over His meadow of flowers. And there's a glowing, then, beside the drum, and in this Green-Place house a steady gentle rain of songs.

25 These are God's jade tomatillo jewels, his turquoise swan, his gold-colored firefly. And there's a glowing, then, beside the drum, and in this Green-Place house a steady gentle rain of songs.

26 Let's strike it up, let's sing. Let's make Life Giver grieve. Is there anywhere a place of pleasure? Can there truly be a place where cares are cast aside?

28 Let there be bereavement flowers, ah! I offer these, I scatter these, these Green-Place flowers, marigold flowers. And oh! there's a place of pleasure then, with these.

30 I stand up the drum, I gather our friends, and their cares are put aside, and I give them songs. We're off to His home. Be happy. Rejoice, friends.

1 Let there be popcorn flowers, cacao flowers. May all adorn themselves and put on jewels—beside the drum. It's here that they're summoned with flowers, here on earth that they're summoned with songs. Be happy. Rejoice, friends.

4 O Quetzal, O Roseate Swan, O you that soar, O Life Giver, you shake yourself, you scatter yourself, here, in your humble home, in your humble house. All your riches, your favors, are alive on earth. You shake yourself, you scatter yourself, here, in your humble home, in your humble house.

7 Turquoise-swan flowers, roscate-swan flowers, are spinning, oh, and they're your hearts, your words. My prince! O Chichimec Lord Ayo-cuan! Borrow them briefly here on earth.

8 For these I weep, and these destroy our death, destroy our sadness, these, the good songs. Borrow them briefly here on earth.

12 You, quetzal, you, God's payment! You bathe the city in jade moisture and with willow plumes. The mist falls upon us. Let these holy flowers come forth. Let them lie in your hand. These songs, these words of yours, are whirled as flowers.

16 You're fanning your plume fans. And they look around, these jewels! They look around, these plumes, these whirled ones, this mist that lies upon us. Let these holy flowers come forth. Let them lie in your hand. These songs, these words of yours, are whirled as flowers.

18 Brilliant flowers stand blooming. And where these pictures stand, this Mexico lies shining.

20 Indeed within your pictures, these paintings, lies the city Tenochtitlan. Unfolding them, he turns them and he turns them, he the padre, he the captain, singing there beyond, looking around in heaven.

23 Turquoise columns stand created. O Santa María! The heavenly columns
Çan chalchiuhxicalli amonac ommania ñan quetzluhxotica anquiahach-pehuitoque in Atl in tepetl cãnic maoc cemihuitl ouhuya. Et'c
Yancuic tictliala in moztocal ñan titlatoani ca yehua in tiox yancuic ticman-nyaya mochalchiuhxiponaz tictzctezloa Et'
Amonytl toconitta yehuaya in Pale in moch ompa tonce in timacehualti
ilhuytic ñan tontlacaqui ompa toconnotza yehua in Tiox &

folios 53v

[copyist's numeral:] 49

Matlatzincayotl
A nonpehua noncuica nimâcuillxochitl ñan noconahuiltia o a yn ipalnemoa
ý macon netotilo ouhuya ouhuya.
Quenonamican cano ye ichant i ma itquihua in cuicatl i canio niçã y iz ca
ay moxochiuh aya mopapaloouh ic toconahuiltia in matlatzincatl in toloca
in tlacotepec in ma onnetotilo ouhuya ouhuya
Te momacehual Matlatzincatl Itzeohuatzin
[marginal gloss:] itzcoatzin
In axayacatzin ticmomoyahuaco in Altepctl in tlacotepec
[marginal gloss:] huel mitoa chalca mani
a ouhuya.
O ylacatzihuia
[marginal gloss:] ilacatzihui s. momalina.
om moxochiuh aya mopapaloouh ic toconahuiltia in matlatzincatl in
toloca in tlacotepec a ouhuya.
Ayxaca o contemaca in xochitl a ñhuital ypalnemoa ouhuya &
In quâhuichimalli in temac ye quimana ouhican cuihua yan tlachinolli itic
yxdatl itic ouhuya ouhuya
In necuñqui in tocuc necuñqui in toxochiuh ñan tiquaochpan in to-
conahuiltia ypalnemoa ouhuya ouhuya.
In quahuixochitl in momac ommania Taxayacatzin in teoxochitl in tla-
chiniolxochitl ic yxhuayotimani yca yhuintihua ya in tonahuac onoca
ouhuya ouhuya.
Topan cueponia yaoxochitl a in ehcatepec a in Mexico ye ohoye huiloya
yca yhuintihua &
Ça ye netlapalolo in tépilhuan in ácolihuauque in an tepaneca ouhuya Et'
[copyist's numeral:] 50
YN otépeuh Axayaca nohuian matlatzinco Malinalco, ocuillá, Tequaloya,
xöcotitlan, nican ohualquiçaco xiquipilco oncan oquimezhuitic ce oto-
stand created. O God, you cradle the house and all its foundation: you govern the earth and the sky.

The jade drinking bowl is in your hand, and with a willow plume you sprinkle mist on this island realm. Let us have this day!

You’re settling new ones in your grotto house, O king. O God, you’re spreading new ones, strewing log-drum jades.

You’re seeing pictures, O padre. We underlings are all appearing there. In heaven! We’re hearing things. We’re calling out to God.

LXV Matlatzincan piece

I strike up a song, I, Macuilxochitl, pleasing Life Giver. Let there be dancing.

A song! Let it be carried from where He dwells in the Place Unknown. It’s here! And here are Your flowers. Let there be dancing.

Your prize is a Matlatzincan! O Blade Companion,⁴ O Axayacatl! You’ve come to tear apart the town of Tlacotepec!⁵

And so you please him, O Matlatzincan—him, your flower, your butterfly, this whirled one⁶—in Toluca and in Tlacotepec.

With effort he’s presenting plumes and flowers—to Someone! O Life Giver!

These eagle shields he lays in Someone’s hands are won in danger on the blazing field.

Just as our songs, just as our flowers, you, you Shaven Head, are pleasing Life Giver.

With eagle flowers lying in your hands, O Axayacatl—flood-and-blaze flowers, sprouting—our comrades, all of them, are drunk.

With battle flowers blossoming upon us—as all move on to Ecatepec and to Mexico—our comrades, all of them, are drunk.

Hailed are the princes—the Acolhuans, the Tepanecs!

When Axayacatl had conquered everywhere in Matlatzinco—in Malinalco, in Ocuillan, in Tecuallayan, and in Xocotitan—he came away through Xiquipilco, where an Otomi named Tlilatl wounded him in the

¹ Marginal gloss: Itzcoatzin.
² Marginal gloss: Actually it is said to lie with the Chalcais.
³ Marginal gloss: He is whirled or he is spun.
mitl ytoca Tlilatl, ahu yn oahcico quimilhui ycihuahuá xitlacencahuacan in Maxtlatl in tilmatl El’ anquimacazque amoquichui / oquinenotzallan ma huallauh yn otomitl yn onechmetzhuiccc momauhtihtica yn otomitl quittoa anca ye nechmitcitzque quihualhuica in huepantli, in tlaxipehualli in Maçatl ic quitlapaloco in axaya momauhtitilhuitz, ahu çan oquitlauhtitique yn ichuahuá Axayaca

folio 54

Tlaxcaltecayotl

1 Otacico ye nican Tenochtitlan x yimochichahuacá antlaxcalteca ye huexotzinca quen concaquiz teuctlo xicotencatly y nelpiloniya ximochichahuaçac netlaya
2 Hualtzatzia in tachcauh in quauhtencoztli can conilhuia in capitani ya o toná ye malintzin y xacaltecoz acachinanco otacico huel ximochichahuacá netlaya.
3 Tlaoc toconchiacá ynacal capitan aya huel ye oqui hualaci yn iquachpá in tepe-

[marginal gloss:] Aztahuacan

polli çan ye ixpá aya ye ixpolihuiio in macchualtin Mexicame hue ximochichahuacan netleya.
4 Xiquipalchucan totecuiyohuan a ayahue tepoztlahuiceque quixixinía atlon yan tepetl quixixinia Mexicayotl ximochichahuacá netleya.
5 Xictzotzona in mohuehueuh xihuehuctzca ye ixtilxochitle xomittotiao in quahuquiahuec Mexico nicá mocuécalizchimalo cuecueyahuia yan temalacatitlan y ximochichahuacá netleya
6 Yaopapaquintitzin tlahuiznenequitzin ayyahuie in quachic aya yxtlixochitle xonmittotia in quahuquiahuec Mexico nicá y Mocuécalizchimalo cuecueyayan temalacatitlan y ximochichahuacan netleya.
7 In oc hualmomantihiui Ahua tomachvancyayyano in quachic aya in Anahuacatzin yn otomitl teuctli tehuetzquizi hue ximochichahuacan netleya.
8 O cuel achiha cmilhuitl o yechehua in tlachinolxochitl motlatol tiuahuetmotcetzin aya motecuitlayacoxochiui tlataluizcallahuatimaniya in mochcaxochiui quetztaltica queyahuatimani otitlamahuicio huitziltepelt ximochichahuacan netleya.
9 Quehuclco tehuatzin ’Tetoca ye’ mopan o mantiaz tahu totepeuh yeh mach oc timoxicoz çequi mopatiuh yetiuh oc motecuitlayahuatzaca ya mochcaxochiui quetzaltica cueyahuatimani otitlamahuicio huitziltepelt

[marginal gloss:] huitzilopoch

co

ximochichahuacan netleya.
Song 66, Folios 53v–54

leg. But when he got home he said to his women, “Get out the loincloth, the cape, and so forth, and give them to your man!” He summoned him, saying, “Let the Otomi come forth who wounded me in the leg.” The Otomi is fearful, saying, “Perhaps they will kill me.” He hails Axayacatl with timbers and deerskins. He comes in fear. But Axayacatl’s women just rewarded him.

LXVI  Tlaxcalan piece

A

1 You’ve arrived here in Tenochtitlan! “Be strong, Tlaxcalans! Huexotzincans!” And what will Nelpiloni be hearing from Lord Xicotencatl? “Be strong! Hail!”

2 Chief Yellow-Beak Eagle comes shouting. And Captain, or Mother Marina, says, “Yellow Beak, my lookout! You’ve arrived in Acachinanco!” Be strong! Hail!

3 “Let’s keep watch for the Captain’s boats. And ah, his banner is just coming in from Tepeopoli. Beneath it the Mexican people are ravaged.” Woe! Be strong! Hail!

4 Give aid to our lords! With iron weapons they’re wrecking the city, they’re wrecking the Mexican nation! Be strong! Hail!

5 Beat your drum and laugh loud, O Ixtlilxochitl! Dance at the Eagle Gate! Here! In Mexico! Your scarlet-plume shields are whirling at the round-stone. Be strong! Hail!

6 O Glad-in-Battle, O Craving Weapons, ah! O Valiant, O Ixtlilxochitl! Dance at the Eagle Gate! Here! In Mexico! Your scarlet-plume shields are whirling at the round-stone. Be strong! Hail!

7 Meanwhile they sally forth and offer themselves. Oh, nephews! O Valiant Anahuacatl, and you O Otomi Chief Tchuetzquitli, woe! Be strong! Hail!

8 These blazing flower words of Yours are but a moment and a day, O Eagle-Going-Down! These golden flower shoots of Yours are radiating dawnlight. These, Your cotton flowers, plume-whirl! And You’ve rejoiced at Hummingbird Mountain. Be strong! Hail!

9 How favored You are! This city of ours follows onward, transported to You! Do You still have a craving? Well then, a few of Your payments are riding along, yes these, Your golden skin-robes! These, Your cotton flowers, plume-whirl! And You’ve rejoiced at Hummingbird Mountain. Be strong! Hail!

7 Marginal gloss: Aztahuacan.
8 Marginal gloss: Huitzilepochoe.
Ye ontetl huehuetl

Tla huei xiquimottacan a yehuantin chimaltica mittotia, a, otonnxineque in telhueztzquitl yn tecoatzin tlchnoço anyezque mayecuele ma onnetotilo in tla xicuica anicahuan, Ma ecen otlipan ximochicaahuacá ticoihuayhuital in tiitzpotonqui tle'noço anyezque moacyecuele ma ónehtotilo yn tla xicuicacan anicahuan.

folio 54v

Onel ticyacauhque tla xicaquiy oc nocuic in tauh totcepih un tenochtitlā o Mexo nican in huei nelli, a, niquitoho ha niquehua yecheua ye tonacizquia inn izta nanahuca in tlatelolco ma çan tlapiç ye mochiñuh Tlaxcalteca aya yn tla xicuicacan anicahuan.

Çan nicyahtac nicmahuico ye onç Nanahuacaltueltli chimaltica y expalatica yequene quihualtocayoc in Tlaxcalteca aya in caxtilllan tlaç Atitlan quincahuato ya tacitoya ma çan tlapiç ommochiñuh Tlaxcalteca aya in tla xicuicacá anicahuan

Ye yey huehuetl

[copyist's numeral:] 53

Tlaoc xōmitoti o tooquizteuctli titlatohuaya xictzotzona in ttecutlahuehuetl xiuhtlemiahuayo concauhtehuaque' in teteucti tlatoque ahu ooy a yehuatl ye xiquimonahuilti in nepapá tlaç tonahuac onoque tlaxcalteca ñ meetlo ye huxexotzinca y meetla

Telqeyuluç aye onç Mexico ye nican cuiiñachihihuitl aya in tla'tohuani y huáyteuctli Tepixohuatziñe anqui mochtin ye micuíloque ye in chimaltitec oo nepapa tlaç tonahuac onoque tlaxcalteca yn meetlo huxexotzinca ñ meetla

Mochimaliihotoc nican aya in tlatohuani in Apopóca Mexo anqui nicā chimalaztaxochihuaque huahuapatzaqueç ye teuctlío amixpan o tlaxcalteca y meetlo ye huxexotzinca ñ meetla

Ahu aço nelli yeic onacic quimō, ya, cuili yin tepoztopillli ixpayolme anqui nican chimalaztaxochihuaque huahuapatzaqueç ye teuctli o amixpan o tlaxcalteca ñ meetlo ye huxexotzinca ñ meetlo.

Hualchimallahuyan yeahan motelchiushtzin ñ teucyhuital y telhuie onneza in onacique yn intlequiçuio in tepchuanime conitto in A toch ma onnetotilo tlaxcalteca ñ meetlo ye huxexotzinca yn meetla

Ye xixiniña ye quaahotenamitl a ocelotenamitl in teucyhuital telhuie ye onneza in a cacique yn intlequiçuo in tepchuanime quittoa in A toch ma onnetotilo tlaxcalteca ñ meetlo huxexotzinca ñ meetla.

Ye nahui huehuetl

YN huei ximotzomoco ma xōmicalita çan titlacateccatl a yn temilotzin
Second drum-cadence

See them dancing with their shields! We've cut off our hair, O Tehuetzquiti, O Tecoaizin! What else would you do? Onward! Let there be dancing! Sing, brothers!

Everybody on the road! Be strong! O Coaihuitl, O Itzpotonqui, what else would you do? Onward! Let there be dancing! Sing, brothers!

This we've abandoned—hear my songs!—this, our city, this Tenochtitlan, this Mexico-on-earth. Oh I sing them in earnest, I utter them, ah! And we would arrive. From the four directions they move toward Tlatelolco! Let it not be done in vain, Tlaxcalans! Aya! Sing, brothers!

Alone I saw Lord Anahuacatl there and marveled at him. Finally with shields and swords they come to chase him, they the Tlaxcalans, aya! and they the Castilians. Off he goes, into the water, leaving them behind. And off we go—to arrive! Let it not be done in vain, Tlaxcalans! Sing, brothers!

Third drum-cadence

Dance, Lord Oquipitzin, and you sing! Beat the golden drum that sprouted turquoise fire-tassels! Lords and rulers went away and left him. And he himself has gone away. Then pleasure these, this multitude, our comrades! Tlaxcalans, hey! Huexotzincans, hey!

Yes, even so he's appeared here in Mexico! Cuitlahchihuitl! And the tlatoani, Lord Huanitl! O Sower-of-Men, it would seem that these multiple nobles, our comrades, have all been painted in shields! Tlaxcalans, hey! Huexotzincans, hey!

The ruler Atl Popoca comes to do a shield dance here in Mexico. It seems this lord lays hold of dried-up egret-plume flower shields, lays hold of withered stripers, here before your eyes, Tlaxcalans. Hey! Huexotzincans, hey!

It seems he's come to take a lance from the Spaniards. It seems this lord lays hold of dried-up egret-plume flower shields, lays hold of withered stripers, here before your eyes, Tlaxcalans. Hey! Huexotzincans, hey!

Motelchih is the one who thrusts his shield, and it's a time of lords! Yes even so he sallies forth, having appeared. And when they've captured the conquistadores' guns, then Rabbit says, "Let there be dancing!" Tlaxcalans, hey! Huexotzincans, hey!

This eagle bulwark, this jaguar bulwark, is the one who does the wrecking—it's a time of lords! Yes even so he sallies forth, having appeared. And when they've captured the conquistadores' guns, then Rabbit says, "Let there be dancing!" Tlaxcalans, hey! Huexotzincans, hey!
THE TEXT IN NAHUATL AND ENGLISH

folio 55

ý ye oquiçaço in imacal caxtilteca chinanpä, neca yaoyahualolo in te-
nochcatlaya yaoyahualolo in tlataelolcatl.

3 Ý oc tlatzataquatoa in tlacochcalcatl in coyohuehuétzin a ye on oquiçaço
in Acolihua o in Tepeyacac o in huey otli ypan yaoyahualolo in Te-
nochcatla yaoyahualolo in Tlatelolcatla.

6 In ye huel patihoay in Tenochtitlan y ye ixpolihuio ye ipilhuă in ye çan
yehuan Tiox chalchiuhcapitan yehuan Guzma Mex™ nică yaoyahualolo
in Tenochtatl yaoyahualolo Tlatelolcatla.

9 Y xiuhhualcapoztica tlaltlahtitzin a ayahuital moteca y no conanque ya in
quahtemoctzin a yahue cém atl onmanťia ý Mexico in tepihuan aya
yaoyahualolo in Tenochtatl in Tlatelolcatla.

Ye macuilli huehuetl [copyist's numeral:] 55

12 Ma xiquilnamiugian Tlaxcalteca tomachhă yu iuhqui ticchiuhque Co-
yonacazo Neicoquihuiloc in Mexico ye cihua ye tepenepalo in tlacahua-
que ayahue.

16 A ye pachiuhtha yiollo A yxicamoctzin chimalpauquinitzin, a, yahue yu
iuhqui oticchiuhque coyonacazo neicoquihuiloc in Mexico ye cihua ye
tepenepalo y tlacahuaque ayahue.

19 Ye onetzauquac a Tlacachalco Tehuexolotzin ayahue conicihuaita yin n tla-
memeltzin ý Xicotencatl in Caxtañeta ye ma yhuí netlę ye ya ma yhuí
netle.

22 I xihualpaynaca ticahuiane in tinelpilontitzino yahue cócihiuita yin n tlac-
memeltzin ý Xicotencatl ý Caxtañeta ye ma yhuí netle ye ya ma yhuí
netle.

24 In chiucnahuiluhtica onteaxitilo in Coyohuacă in Quauhtemoctzin in Coa-
nacoch ttlepanquetzatzin ye necuilo in ånteteuctin ayoo.

26 Quimonaquaya, a, in Tlacotzin ye quimonihiua o Ahua tomachvane
xicmochhuacan aya tocociulatetopozmatica ya onilpiloque y ayahue ye
necuilo y anteteuctin ayoo.

29 I yen quihualitohua o in tlateoani o in Quauhtemoctzina, Ahua nomatzine
ca tonanaloc tontzitziquiloc ac ynhuac timoctlia Genelal Capitan
ahuaye nella toya yxapeltzina ayahuya nomachticatzine ayaya nella aye
tecuilo in teteuctin ayoo.

folio 55v

1 Nel ahsontimaliuhuiz in ttebaçuuyotla ayahuhe oncozcanchihuiah in quetzal-
enchihuiah in coyohuacani ahua nomatzine can analoc tontzitziquiloc aqü
inahuac aya timoctlia in Genelal Capitan ahuaye nella toya yxapeltzina
yahue ye necuilo in teteucti aayo ye necuilo yo teteuctin aayo.
Fourth drum-cadence

Gather your strength and go fight, O Commander, O Temilotzin. Castillians and Chinampanocs are coming in with boats. Tenochcans are surrounded, Tlatelolcans are surrounded.

Meanwhile the troop chief Coyohuehuetzin throws up barricades. Acolhuans are coming down the Tepcyacac causeway! Tenochcans are surrounded, Tlatelolcans are surrounded.

He who might serve as a payment for Tenochtitlan, he who's destroyed, is one of the children of God the jade captain: it's Guzmán, here in Mexico! Tenochcans are surrounded, Tlatelolcans are surrounded.

It thunders and thunders from out of a turquoise harquebus, and the vapor rolls. They've even seized Cuauhtemoc. All the Mexican princes go off through the water. Tenochcans are surrounded, Tlatelolcans are surrounded.

Fifth drum-cadence

My dear TLaxcalan nephews, now remember how we did it in Coyonaca: the women of Mexico, all of them, muddied their faces, and all the masters made their choices.

With this he passed away contented in his heart, and he is Notable, and he is Glad-for-His-Shield. Ah! This is how we did it in Coyonaca: the women of Mexico, all of them, muddied their faces, and all the masters made their choices.

Yes, all the tom turkeys were coraled at Acachinanaco, and the babe Castañeda Xicotencatl drives them along. Let it be so! Hail! Let it be so! And hail!

“O younger brothers, come running! O Nelpiloni!” And the babe Castañeda Xicotencatl drives them along. Let it be so! Hail! Let it be so! And hail!

After nine months Cuauhtemoc, Coanacoch, and Tetelepantcatzatzin were brought to Coyohuacon. Yes, all you princes are delineated!

Tlacotzin cheers them, saying, “Nephews, be strong!” Aya! They’ve been bound with iron ties of gold! Yes, all you princes are delineated!

The ruler Cuauhtemoc says, “My darling, hail! You’re seized, you’re taken! Who is she that sits beside you, O Captain General? Truly it’s Doña Isabel!” “My dearest darling!” Aya! It’s true. And princes are delineated.

True, this abandonment shall not suppurate. Created as jewels are they who are plumed-strewn in Coyohuacan. “My darling, hail! You’re seized, you’re taken! Who is she that sits beside you, O Captain General? Truly it’s Doña Isabel!” “My dearest darling!” And princes are delineated. Yes, princes are delineated.
Ycuic neçahualpilli ye tlamato huexotzinco.
Cuextecayotl, Quitlali cuicaní Tececepouhqui

[marginal gloss:] Ye ahxihuc huehue'tzin ypiltzin xayacamacchantzin huexotzinco tlatohuani, Mictilc temalacae.

[copyist's numeral:] 56

Nihuiti anaya yhuuintia noyollo tlahuizcalla moquetzaya, o tla'tohuaya čaquau quechol o chimaltenantipcap tlacochochentipcap ximocuitono titlacahuepan tinohueyo, quaxomotl aya quaxomocuextecatl ayoo

Çan teoaaxochiotlca ye yhuuintic ye oncan totoatépan aya quaxomotl aya Et?

Yn chalchiuhtli teyeca, quetzalli popoztequi a nohueyo tepihuá y tzin miquiztlahuque ye oncan amillan ypano, atempanaya a y Mexica y mehetla.

In quauhtli ya Pipitzcan a ocelotl chocatica tinopiltzin Macuilmalinalli çan ye oncan Poctlan tlapallá yeco y achihuana a ñ Mexica Et?

In ye onihuuintic ye nicuextectatl y ye nixochiquaxoxoyoxa Nictotoyahua ye xochiaoctli ya ye oya ye oya ye aye ayeo.

In ma temacon quetzalocoxochitl nopiltzin titlahpaliuhquetl yn ye nixoxyoxa Et?

Ye ome huehcult

In teoatl ymancan ayahue omportocontimani teoaaxochioctica a ihuintia a in Mexicame chichimecatl aya noconilnamiquia çan nichoca y hue.

Ycaya yyahue o onnihocaya Nineçahualpilla noconilnamiqui caniña mania ompa ye cueponia yaoxochitl yya noconilnamiquia çá nichoca y hue.

Cili quipon chaitzin a y tzin mahui a yxtlilcuechahuac yca ye ñomahuiztia quinamoya in quetzalli patzaco xiuh quiyamoya cuextca tlahuauken.

Atha yxtlayhtec tlachinolacueytol y topan ye poconí plía yxtlilotoncochoztzin a ycá ye mahuiztia quinamoya y quetzaly patzaco Et?

folio 56

In quetzalaxomotzin ompapatlantia noxochihucytzin ñ tlacahuepantzín aya çan quicotan tochin teuctlapaliuhquetly ñ cuexteca meyetla.

Aytec o cuicaya a ontlahtoaa oo yaye y teoaaxochitl y çan quitlahuana onchachalaca inquecholpohuan in tecpillí ya ñ cuexteca meytla

324
LXVII  Song of Nezahualpilli when he went to take captives in Huexotzinco. A Huaxtec piece, composed by the singer Teccecepuohqui.

A

I'm drunk, and my hearts are drunk. Dawn appears: troupials, swans, are singing. Rejoice among those shield-and-javelin bulwarks, O Tlacahuepan, O great one, O eagle fowl, O Huaxtec eagle fowl!

Beyond at bird-shore, drunk with flood-flower wine is eagle fowl, this Huaxtec eagle fowl!

Jades are shattering, plumes are crackling, O great one. Princes down below are drinking death and hence are there—upon the meadows and at the shore! They're Mexicans, and hey!

Eagles scream, jaguars are wailing, O prince, O Macuilmalinaltzin. And they who brew this wine arrive—among the mists and in the crimson. They're Mexicans, and hey!

I'm a drunken Huaxtec now, I'm greening now—as a flower eagle. I'm spilling flower wine.

Let these pine-flower plumes be given out, O stalwart prince! I'm greening now, I'm spilling flower wine.

B

Second drum-cadence

They're seething on the flood, they're drunk on flood-flower wine, these Mexicans! "Just weeping, I recall a Chichimec, alas.

"Nezahualpilli am I, and I weep, recalling him. From where he dwells, beyond, he blossoms forth, this flower of war. Just weeping, I recall him, and alas!"

A bell has blossomed. Down below, poor Screecher trembles. Ah, it's Ixtlilcuechahuac! This is how he wins his fame: he snatches withered plumes, putting turquoise gems to flight. And Huaxtecs are made drunk.

"The flood! The blazing wave! It seethes upon us in midterm!" And this is how Prince Ixtli-Warrior-Parrot wins his fame: he snatches withered plumes, putting turquoise gems to flight. And Huaxtecs are made drunk.

This plume, this waterfowl, soars away: my flower, my great one, this Tlacahuepan. And Huaxtecs are following after this rabbit, this stalwart lord. And hey!

It's in the Water that he sings and warbles, this noble lord, and his fellow swans are chattering and tipping on flood flowers—well, they're Huaxtecs. Hey!

*Marginal gloss: The one who was captured was Huehuetzin—son of Xayacamach, ruler of Huexotzinco. He was killed on the round-stone.
Oyatihuintique notatahuan tlapalyhuintitly ma nemaytitotiloyan can ca ye ichan huehuetcohuhuaqueh o ca quetzalchimaleque.

Ye tlatilequestc ya yolimalcya anca quimittotia in ihuatztalhuá huehuetcohuhuaque o ca quecal l't.

Ye čo yahqui nopilltozin coçahuic cuextecatotec tzapocueyeta

[superscript gloss:] [tzapocueye]h[a]

tlacahuepan motimalohuaya, quenonomica aiyaye aye oya yaya.

Yaaxochioectcia yhuuintitaquia a a nopilltozin coçahuic cuextecatotec Et.

Ye onniahpantia y teoxochiaoctli a ya matlaccuiatzin ocen yahque quenonomican. yyaay yaayaa.

Yn teoaticayya tlac yhuclilihuitiquetl ya nohuyyo nopiltzin neçahualpilaya chimalli xochioctla yca yhuuintiquel a ye oncâ Cuesteeca ne'totiloy ayna atlixco yaya.

Čan noconyapiytaquia y noccloacaquiquiz ca onquauhtzatziticac in note-
malacac ipan a y tecpilil yahqui ya y hueuchtziyn y chimalli xichioctla yca yhuuintihiya ye oncan Cuesteeca netotiloy yna atlixco ya Et.

Motcoxiuhhuevoehuehux hictzotzonaya xochiahacuintaymetl y moxochicozo-
qui mahei aztatzon yhuu timotlacyxyuhcuil yna o.

Ya yo caque ye onnemi y xochiquaxoxoxemox y tlahpaliuhquetl a ocelochi-
maleque mocuepan i hue.

Čan ye onnentlamati y noyolio nitlahpalihuitiquetl a nineçahualpilya čan
niquintemoa Nacihua anaya oyahquin teuctli a xochiquetzalaya yahqui
tlapaliuhquetl yluicaxoxohuic ichan tlatohtoatzin yna acapipiyol mach oc
quihualyaxochiaoctli yya ye nicá nichoca yca ohuana.

Atequilizcuicatl

I ximatlatatl ymanican quetzalhuexotl a onicae in chapolecotitlan.

folio 56v

Ye chalchiuhatlan yquiçayan yaho bi oncan tonahcico timexicame ayahuac.
My fathers, we’re drunk! And it’s a gorgeous drunk. Let there be hand-dancing in the home of this Master of Withered Drum Flowers, O plume-shield masters!

Oh yes, he’s gone away, this noble prince of mine, this golden Huaxtec, Totec, robed in sapodilla, Tlacahuepan! And he glories in the Place Unknown.

Gone away drunk on the wine of battle flowers! This noble prince of mine, this golden Huaxtec, Totec, robed in sapodilla, Tlacahuepan! And he glories in the Place Unknown.

Gone away adorned with flood-flower wine! This Matlacuizizin! They’ve all gone off to the Place Unknown.

Spirit-water torso-painted Nezahualpilli, my great one, my prince! Ah! Huaxtecs yonder are drunk with this shield-flower wine: there’s dancing on the breast of the flood!

“I blow my conch for jaguar reeds,” he says, as he, this noble prince, this warrior Old Man, stands eagle-blaring on my round-stone. Ah! Huaxtecs yonder are drunk with shield-flower wine: there’s dancing on the breast of the flood!

Beat your drum for turquoise gems, you flower-water drunkard! Those flower jewels of yours are held as prisoners, O Crown of Egret Plumes! Moreover, you’ve been torso-painted!

Ya yo! They’ve been heard, they’re alive! They’re the flower-eagle green ones, you stalwart! Ah, and the jaguar-shield masters return.

“Nezahualpilli the stalwart am I, and my heart is grieving. Gone is Lord Xochiquetzal, gone to Blue Sky’s home is the stalwart, my regent, Acapipiyol. I seek them, creating this flow. Might they come and drink it as a flower wine? Iya! And so I weep.”

LXVIII Water-pouring song

There were plume willows at the turquoise-green waters in Chapolco. We Mexicans had reached jade water’s flowing-out place. Ah! And the waters are His, and He drinks them, it’s true. Drinks them, it’s true. And
Yao qui nelli qui nelli ahanahaya nican in Mexico onca chapolco yecoy ayan.
Tzo telco yhuhiuon inic toquizque acocolco nican inic tonahcico yn time-xicemeh ayahue yauh qui nelli Et.
Ynic ona'cico in Capitan in Mexico hoo ic quinamiquito Moteucçomatzin.
Niman ic hualtemoc Cahuayo ypä teocuitlacozcatic yaconpanaya contla-tlauhtia connahuatequia ayahue Et.
Yauh qui nelli Et.
Auh çânimman ye quihiuia, Oticmihiyohuitl oystech tacico in maulh Motepeuh in Mexico oticpachoco in mopetlaya in mocpalaya ye o cuel achic ye o cemihuitl nimitztlapiali motolinia in momacehual contlatlauhtie Et, yauh qui nelli Et.
Ye cue yahue ye yalpopocaya yecic caliquico inin tepehuani in Capitan ye oc nemoa teuctin aya in tlacatecatl in atlixcatzin an a yahue ye tlacoche-calcatl in tepehuatzin onatecaco têpilhuâ inic onixtlauh Mexicayotl Et.
In ticmahuiçoco atliyaitic tlaxcalteca onateca in Mexico in Tépilhuan Moteucçomatzin teuctli yqvac huehuecomitl yecic onacaça Amalaco-chochipoca onayatzauictuuh ye yaltetpetl yecic onixtlauh mexicayotl yauh qui nelli
Yee huatlztatzia in Malia teucçihuati quihualihtoa in Malia Mexicoah ma hualcalqui in amapilotzin ma ontlamemeto teuctin aya acolihuacan quetzalacoxoyatl yecoc yohuâ qualpopoca hi yao qui nelli Et.
Yee huei monequi ipalmemoani ye tlatlapanalo in tapilotzin timexicame.
Tlachoquitzlehua y etlapenalo ye quauhquiahuc neyximachooyan yauh qui nelli Et.
Yn açaçoyan oncan poliuque hualpopoca Néçahualquentzi ye tlacoch-calcatl in tepehuatzin ho inic tonaçaca timexica yauh qui nelli.
Ne' quiçan huel centetl ye contecaco in tlatoani Moteucçomatzin Ca yahue.
Ye tlauhquecholxochitica yeh i yacaxochitl tzinitzcan ocoxochitl yeic cómamalintaz ymecapaltzin yacaya quimotimaloa in tenechcama ayahue Et.
O aic ompoliuiiz ye toahuioltzin patlahuc xihuitl in teocuitlaticaya chayahua cayo ha yahue.
Ye tlauhquecholmacalxochitl yeic ontzauictia y çan a mopâ ye onteintia atliyaiti atlia i xictli manca ycaây in quimotimaloa tenechcama, yauh qui nelli Et.
Song 68, Folio 56v

ah, this Mexico arrives in that Chapolco yonder. Aya!

It resembles that time of our utmost eagerness when we Mexicans set out from Acocolco to reach this place that is here. And ah, the waters are His, and He drinks them, it's true.

When the Captain arrived in Mexico and Montezuma went out to meet him, then he got down from his horse; and he adorned him with a gold necklace, spoke to him, and embraced him. And the waters are His, and He drinks them, it's true.

And right away he says to him, "You've wearied yourself in reaching your city, this Mexico. You've come to govern your mat and your seat. For but a moment and a day I've tended things for you. Poor is your vassal." He speaks to him, embraces him. And the waters are His, and He drinks them, it's true.

Now woe! He gives off smoke! This is how he enters, this conquistador, this Captain. Now all the lords are yet alive: Commander Atlaxcatzin and the troop chief Tepehuatzin. And as these princes come forth pouring water, Mexico is handed over. Oh! the waters are His, and He drinks them, it's true.

"We who've come to Water's Midst to marvel are Tlaxcalans: Mexican princes are pouring out their waters!" Lord Montezuma's hauling vats of water. And the city passes on, ensconced in water-whorl flowers. Thus Mexico is handed over. Oh! the waters are His, and He drinks them, it's true.

Iye! The lady María comes shouting. María comes saying, "O Mexicans, your water jars go here! Let all the lords come carrying." And Acolhuacan's Quetzalacxoyatl arrives. And Cuauhpopoca. Oh! the waters are His, and He drinks them, it's true.

O Life Giver, these urgently required ones have been broken, these, our water jars, and we are Mexicans. A cry goes up. They're picking them off at Eagle Gate, where recognition is achieved. Oh! the waters are His, and He drinks them, it's true.

They've been ruined with water hauling, and they're smoking—Nezahualquentzin and the troop chief Tepehuatzin. It's because we Mexicans are hauling water. And the waters are His, and He drinks them, it's true.

And so they're flowing. Indeed the ruler Montezuma himself comes forth to pour one out. As roseate-swan flowers, as flower shoots, as trogons, as pine flowers, would he go off whirling his garlands: thus he glorifies Tenochcans. Oh! the waters are His, and He drinks them, it's true.

Oh never would our water pitchers be destroyed. These broad ones, these turquoise gems, are strewn as gold. Ensconced in roseate-swan hand-flowers, he's moved on to You. Shattered, he's moved on to Water's Midst, where waters and the navel lie: and so he glorifies Tenochcans. Oh! the waters are His, and He drinks them, it's true.
Ye onhuchuetl

Yn huel tontlamahuiçoque titlacatecami titlacatecactl tiixtlilxochitl a in Mexicame ha tlachinolAcaçacayatztl ha cacotecázque tenochcame yaha yaha yacayome O anqui ya huel yeuantin ha impá ya mochiuh

Há in quauhtemoctzin in coanacoch uca a yin tetelepáquetzatzin quimocacuilique nápan tlaca ynic onncmacoc tlacoichihuiciliuhctoc tenaxa haya notlatqtzino a Et.

Nachhe yohuali cahuan ca ye tla xoconmem mochachiuhihahpiloltzin moilhuicaacaçacayatztl toconitotic in cacxiltlan hanen tla xia Et.

Nicahuauh i tlacot ytempan ton Capílel toconilnamiqui mochachiuhi-Ahpilol. Amen.

Ye hualmoquetzaya yin a itlani ymac onmania in teocuitlacopa huel cuc-cueycoca in quetzalatl quimoitilia in Mexicame huel papaqui. y tla tonchua in Pixoley. Amen

Ye ma iuhqui on intla mochi qualli yin amácon anMexicame aic polihuiçon in tátequiliz iquac polihuiizón yin otlatzontec ycelteotl Amen.

Ye yeh huchuetl.

Nomachhuhe netle ma xicaquica y notequitlatol oytech tonacicoc i in tátequiliz ahuayahuhe

Aché nel conanatiuh toconmemezque in tonachliuhtzhuicoloctzin Ayahue

Auh ompa toconquiqua in coyolatempá Axoxohuicam Ayaco ayea ayea

Oh ayac onltatequichihuaz topa oc toyaçque tecchonyacanaz in totepixaçtzn in Ton tiego. tehuetzquitia. auh ompa ett.

Tocilaca tzint acoc tonacaxochihuiconticac Atl ytempan chalchiuahuehuetl in chapolpetitlan. Ma onlateteco yia ticcahuía ic onqualneztilaz in chipahuac Atl ayahue E aya E.

Cá nic yhtoa cuix yla nomacehual ic nontlaocoya yin antonciuhan cápa ye yehuatl nocoyatecatuih ca quinequi noyollo ma ye ompa ye iquelexia.

Nichoca ehua incotlamatia niciucanitl oc nicyatlapa noxioapitzapilotzin.

Yí ma iuhquin niccœpia ma nixochnicuicuicatiuh y inochan aya aya.

Yn quittlayla ma xoichiatiitl niyachoca ehua onicapilotapá y noxiuhapetz. aya

Can niqintemoa atlacuique teteuctin aya in necahualtecolotl coahuitl teuctli can iuhuan onatecaco ychan y Pelatol. Ma xómelaquahuacá ton petolontlic aya.
Song 68, Folio 57

B

Second drum-cadence

"We Tlaxcalans have marveled indeed! O Commander Ixtlixochitl! O Mexicans!" And Tenochcans are to pour these flood-blaze charges up above. Oh it would seem that they themselves are done for.

Cuauhtemoc, Coanacoch, and Tetelepantetzatzin have heard the multitude. And so it is that they who were swallowed are painted as spears, the hidden ones—my carried ones! Oh it would seem that they themselves are done for.

The bells have sounded, brother. Haul away your jade-water jars, your sky-water carried ones. And you've made them dance in Castille! Don't go in vain.

O flood-brother at the shore of spears! Don Gabriel! You're recalling jade waters—your jars! Amen.

And now they're rising at his side: they're spreading out upon his hands, glistening gold, these plume waters. And the Mexicans are gazing at them, rejoicing greatly. Let the viceroy suffer! Amen.

So be it. If all you Mexicans are good at your water stations, our water pouring will never fail. Or when it fails it will be that the Only Spirit has passed judgment. Amen.

C

Third drum-cadence

O nephews, hail! And hear a work assignment: we've come to do our water pouring. Now who will go and fetch the jadestone jars that we must carry? And yonder we're assembled, at Shore of the Bells, at the Place of Green Waters.

Oh none with us shall work for tribute. We're to pass away. Our guardian Don Diego Tehuetziquiti is to lead us. And yonder we're assembled, at Shore of the Bells, at the Place of Green Waters.

Our cups are born. It seems they're twirling—and as maize flowers—at the water's edge. These jade-water drums! At Chapultepec's side! Let all our brothers pour. Clean waters, then, will flow in beauty.

But I wonder, am I blessed? And so I grieve. O friends, where am I to go that I might pour these? For my heart desires them. Let Yonder be the church!

I weep, I sorrow, and I sing: I've broken these, my turquoise gems, my pearls, these water jars.

And merely in this manner let it be that I return them. Chirping for these flowers, let me head for home. At Flower Waters let me weep, composing them: I've broken these, my turquoise gems, my pearls, these water jars.

Indeed I seek those lords who drew the water. Nezahualcoyotl and Lord
Ça nicon huelneztaz in tecpilotl, Mach ica ompolihuiz in tatlamemela ya ma xanclaqua Et.

Yc Nahui hueuetl
Can tehua ya Tioxe ycecteotle Can ticyamana in tezcatl tlahuilia ò onyacac ye nican cemanahuac yyaay.

Yn canon nican catca yaya o aya a in intil intlapal motlachihualhuá ò atlamemeleque a in teteuctin oyyaye.

Yc nonyahui, ye noyahui, yahui, ompa nacitiuh ye xiuhzontetitlan on quetzalatempan ompa noconanaz nomatlaltehuiltilcuañ ca hui.

Tixtlilxochitl a in Mexicayá ynic onemacoc tlacochicuiliihtoc in tenaxa aya.

A yn tlachinolacacayatzin ha ica contecazque ha ynic tequitizque tenochcame ya ha yaha yacayomc. O anqui ya huel yehuatín ha inpá ya mochiuh ha in Quauhtemoctzin in coanacoch via A tetelepquitezatzin quimocaquilic nepapá tlac

Ynic onemacoc tlacochicuiliihtoc yn huel conitto capitan teuctli ma xocóoxamóxyhuicuilocá amoxtlí ypanon ha in inteiquih Mexicame O anqui nohuian in altepapehuic oncuilhuac tequiel aya ayahaya Et?

Can in ya chocaque in tlacoxoque teteuctin tlateque, ahu otomacuealtic otopá mochiuh in conxioahamoxihuicoque.

Nequi otoconcaquito netleya in tiquauhtemoctzin in toquitzin in tihuaniitzí aya

Yc ye ohualtzontec yn aic o polihuiiz in tatlamemelaya ximelaquahuacá canpanel tonyazque in quémanian yn ihuicpa in Pelatol haya haya.

Ma xamelaquahuacan tomachvane in tiquauhtemoctzin

Ma tictzinitzcähuechotihuian aluachotiuh in tzaqua can ò in ye toluicoltzin xocontocuitlaquemachhuimolocan in tomcapal aya ma itlan tonaquican tatlamemel aya yhuicpa in Pelatol haya.

Ca niquintemoa Atlacuique teteuctin aya ñ neçahualtecoloc o coayhuitl teuctli can ihuianó onatecaco.

Ychan in Pelatol ma xamelaquahuacá ca ic uelneztaz in tecpilotl ni mach ica ompolihuiz in tlamemel Ma xancl El.

Ye onhueuetl.

Neh niquittooaya nixicoteneatlı teuctli aya. hane ya tla xiauhxicana in mochimal ah xochialcontzin mohuiicoltzin anoco ihuec motolteca-
Song 68, Folio 57v

Coaïhuitl. In serenity I come to pour these waters at the emperor's. And may you all take heart. Hey Don Pedro!

Nobility will flow in beauty here. Could our carried waters perish then? Take heart. Hey Don Pedro!

D

Fourth drum-cadence

God and Only Spirit, you and you alone lay down the mirror and the flame that stands here in the world,

Where there used to be the black and color of your creatures who were carried-water masters, who were lords.

I pass, I pass away, I pass beyond, that I might reach the plume-shore turquoise lode. There I'll fetch my limpid green one. Ah!

"O Ixtlilxochitl! O Mexicans!" So it is that they who were swallowed are painted as shields—these hidden ones.

O charges of the flood-and-blaze! And so it is that they shall pour them. And it's in this manner that Tenochcans are to labor. Oh it seems that they themselves are done for, they, Cuauhtemoc, Coanacoch, ah! and Tetlepanquetzatzin: they've heard the multitude.

So it is that they who were swallowed are painted as spears. Indeed, the lord Captain has said it: "Paint them as turquoise pictures: the Mexicans' labor's in pictures!" And oh it would seem that this labor's been taken from everywhere into the city.

Now they who've wept in sadness are the lords and rulers. It's our destiny and circumstance: they've painted them as turquoise pictures!

We must go to hear them. Ho, Cuauhtemoc! Oquitztin! Huanitl! He's handed down His judgment: our carried waters will never be destroyed.

Take heart. And where in time are we to go? To the emperor!

Take heart, nephews. Cuauhtemoc! Let's go have these captured ones, our pitchers, be a raining mist of trogons. Off they go to fall as dew. Let our garlands flow profusely and as gold. Let us make our entry side by side with these, our carried waters. Off to the emperor!

Indeed I seek those lords who drew the water: Nezahualtecolotl and Lord Coaïhuitl. In serenity I come to pour these waters at the emperor's. May you all take heart.

Thus nobility will flow in beauty. Could our babes then perish? May you all take heart.

E

Second drum-cadence

I, Lord Xicotencatl, am the one who's saying, "Pass away, and not in vain!"

[Includes two phrases that the抄写者 has (mistakenly?) placed in the next stanza. — Trans.]

' 333 '
itzcotzocoltzin icayan tamemezqetacitzahuic ye ocan ye Mexico in chapolco ca atlatl aya.

3 Annen tla xiahuh nomache nicahuah iya tomachvane Anapipilti
4 Nicteca yn atl Quauhtencoztli in teuctli tla ye noch tohuiat tamemezqetacitzahuic ye ne e
5 Nequy ye ontzatzi in tozechauhitzin in ye motelchiuhutzin tocniuhua quil-macay ye oc yohuac ticanatilic tlatamemel huel tezcatipoca xiuhtehuitlic ho in quetzalitzaqueucayocatimani yeic tonacio onca teecomatl aya anen tla xiyc machno noxicotaz ye nanahuatl nicahuihe. Titlacaecatl ticuilchihuitl huel toleccatic tecuitlaticayca in tlacuilollie ye tahuicoltzin conicuilica Axayacatl teuctli tocematazque. yeic tonac
12 Ye chalchiuhatica ontzetzelihi pipixahui noneapanaltzin ye ite aych
13 Noxochiaçaçaçayatzin huaniitzin nechymacaco notlatzintzialuixtlaxcalteca ye chichimeca anen tla xia
15 Yn tlachinolxochitl chimalxochitl onecuucetotoc tlaltzcatimania i ya-xacochitl ontzetzelihi anqui ço ye ehuitl yeic contaqua tecuitlatica, ye noconanaya xiuhtlacuilollia ye napioltzin ic nocomemeyah nohuyohuah
19 Acolihuacan in titon Antonio tla nimitzonyahuicayca ye nahu ayma in Tehuetsquitl aya.
21 Onacaxochiamatapalceliztiuh ye ontzautitl ye xitlacuilollia a y napioltzi ic nocomemeyaha xinechitaca, nohuyohuah.
23 Cán niPalay petolo cannocoynamqui y tlacuilolapiloltzin.
24 Ton Palay Xihuan in opixpoh aya conteocuitlapayoyectita conatzetzeloat atlo yan tepetl yyaye
26 Ye mach aya nell anca oyaqui in totlaçotatzin in opispo aya conteocuitla
27 Y ma tonhuanon in chapoltepeltl in quetzatetpan xiuhtzquecholceliztiuic macpalxochitl ic ontzautitl tochalchiuhhuicoltzin ahau nicahuan maoc amoyotic ma antlatlapantl tecoonahuazque in totecuióyyaye.
30 Y ma huic ye on tlanotoyacatiuh yyyohui a y ma huic ximimatlziuh ompa tocíquica in tenochtl aya ymanca yn Mexico in xiuhtzquecholceliztiuic

* 334 *
Fetch your shields, flowers, water jars. They're your pitchers—that is, your well-wrought blade-jar urns!" With these we'll carry water: we'll go get water there in Mexico—Chapulco! Yes, in Water's Midst.

"Pass away, and not in vain, O nephew." Brothers! Nephews! Princes of the flood!

I'm pouring water, Lord Cuauhtencoaz. Let's all go and carry water. Yes, we'll get the water. Hey!

Now brother Motelchihu must shout. O friends, it's said that we're to fetch him in the dawn, him, our carried water, this very limpid one, this limpid green one, gleaming like an emerald. And yonder we arrive. O cup!

Pass away, and not in vain! Must Nanahuatl have a craving? O brother, O Commander Cuiltachihuitl! Truly he's well wrought, like gold, this painted one, our water jar—and he's gone painting Lord Axayacatl. Scattered, we're to pass beyond. And yonder we arrive. O cup!

Jade water sprinkles. My adornments fall in a raining mist. My Tlaxcalan uncles have come to give me Huaniitl, my flower-water charge. O Chicimecs, pass away, and not in vain.

Blaze flowers, shield flowers, are blossoming in quantity: these flower shoots are bursting: they're scattered plentifully, because it seems they've come to take them, these, these golden ones, as captives. And yes, in bearing off these precious water jars of mine, I fetch those painted green ones. O my great ones!

O Acolhuacan's Don Antonio! Let me take you away! Hail, nephew! O Tehuetezquitl! And they pass away reviving as reed flowers, as colored banners, pass away as captives. This is how I carry off these painted green ones, these precious water jars of mine. See me, O great ones!

And I who recall these painted ones, these precious water jars—am Fray Pedro! Before he went away, the bishop Don Fray Juan purified this city with a golden balm and sprinkled it with water.

Yes, it seems that our beloved father, the bishop, has gone away. And before he went, he purified this city with a golden balm and sprinkled it with water.

Let's be off to Plume-Shore Chapultepec! And these handflowers? They pass away as turquoise swans reviving, for they've been captured, they, our pitcher jades. Hail, brothers! But be cautious. Beware of being broken, for Our Lord would scold us.

So let them follow onward. Go carefully! And yonder we're assembled. To Mexico, where tunas lie, they're off to be revived as turquoise swans.

Friends, willow men, behold the pope, who's representing God, who speaks for him.

The pope is on God's mat and seat and speaks for him.

Who is this reclining on a golden chair? Look! It's the pope. He has his turquoise blowgun and he's shooting in the world.
Can moquetza in ehecatl cocornocan tetecuicaya ye ponciona yn ilhuicaatl huiya nanatzcatihuaya yn acalli. ohuaya ohuaya

15 Yn huel totech onquiuciyaya ymahuiçon Tioc, toconayitray atetepephyotl ye xochipixahui nanatzcatihuaya yn acalliya ohuaya ohuaya.

19 Yo ho ohuaya tochnihuane xa xotlatlamahuiçocă atliyaytiqiu can ye ticonchaloa can ye titon Maltini hualxaxacamacimati a yn ilhuicaatl ya ohuaya E.t.

21 Y mahuiçpan tontlachia o ypalnemohuani acueyotl hó totlá moteteca y man tipopolihiuitl a xictla y malacachihuiya ohuaya ohuaya

23 Ho ayac tlaçotli yn acalli ytiqiu yn antocniuha ñ cuix nel oc tipolizque má tipopohuici a xictla y malacachihuiya ohuaya E.t.

25 Yyoyahue yahuexuixe xachue yahuex xihualcinotlami topă moquetza nican quetzalizahuachtlí canpan toyzque ohuaya ohuaya

27 Teclontlamachtli in xochiñuña nican ypalnemosani yñ tlanel nocniuh yñ tlanel tonehuan in tiyolque yechuaya ayocac teca y acalla ytica ohuaya ohuaya

29 Acala ytiqiu huel mahuiçcan can ye topă onquiçan can ca chalchiuhatl in yeic ponciona ñ mecaltl yhcoyocayă că michin patlania ma xicyaithuacă ohuaya E.t.


folio 59

Ah óca ya yecaqui tonacaquahuitla ycan ye toltatoa ñ mecaltl ycoyocaya can michin patlania ma xicyaithuacă ana ohuaya ohuaya.

3  Tlaztalli moteca tlauhuicalli moquetza tontlachia yn atlitic y mixayauhtitlanı ye ócan mahahuila mahuilitinemi papalominichí ohuaya E.t.

5 Ma xicyaithuacă yn antocniuani yhuicaaxochitló o moyahuatimani ye ócan mahahuila maahuititinemi papalominichí ohuaya ohuaya.

7 Mixayauhtitlanı ye tontlachia y ma ximotlapalocă ñ ticoyhuixitl y că ti- tlato huiya ma xocémática atl in xoxquiuhtrimani ay ohuaya ohuaya

9 Ach in iuhenaco tecyiháhuică a tliyaytiquey man xocémática Atl in xoxo- quiuhtrimani cani ohuaya ohuaya.

11 In huel nómahu, nómahu, a yn atlitique yuualmomă in tonatiuh ye topar in moquetza y yhuicaapochtli ychuayă că ye quitemohuiyai a yn quach- panitla ohuaya ohuaya.
It seems it's true: it seems he has his cross and golden staff, and these are shining in the world.

I grieve in Rome and see his flesh, and he's San Pedro, San Pablo!

It seems that from the four directions they've been captured: you've made them enter the golden refuge, and it's shining.

It seems the pope's home lies painted in golden butterflies. It's beaming.

Wind arises, roaring, hissing. The ocean seethes, and the boat goes creaking along.

We see great waves flowing over us, wonderful things of God. It's raining flowers, and the boat goes creaking along.

Friends, rejoice in these waters. You're splitting it open, O Don Martín! It's broken to pieces here on the ocean.

O Life Giver, you're alive in this place of fear. The waves are rolling over us. Let's go perish at the navel, at the roundel.

"No one in this boat is precious, friends. Can we return?" Let's go be counted at the navel, at the roundel!

Alas, I grieve. The emerald dew is on us. And where are we to go?

Life Giver causes grief. If only He were my friend, if only He were a kinsman. No one cares anymore about anyone here in the boat.

Inside this boat, this place of fear, jade waters are flowing over us, seething. Ah, these garlands roar, these fish are flying. See them!

Ah, and yonder stands the tree of sustenance, stands our palace. And these garlands roar, these fish are flying. See them!

Daylight extends. Dawn appears, and we're watching in the water's midst. There! They that wish to be tears are pleased—pleased, these butterfly fish!

See them, friends! Sky-water flowers! They're strewn! There! They're pleased—pleased, these butterfly fish!

They wish to be tears, and we are watching. Hail! "O chalk, O plumes." O you, His songs. Meet the waters spread out green!

Water's Midst would seem to be a place of terror. Meet the waters spread out green!

I'm afraid, afraid in the water's midst. The Sun has risen, and sky vapors lie over us, bringing down the ensign!
Can ye hualnotzatzilia a’ y cohuayhuitl çä ye coyaihtoa hueyx ahuaya tocnihuan anca ec nican yez in tipopolihiuzque can ye quitemohuiya a yn quachpanital ohuaya E’t.

O ach in ye iuhcan ynic poçoniyä in hueyx mahu ypalnemoani yehuan Tiox huiya xinechyenelli ma tlacahuá moyollo anontlayecóhua cannelpa noyaz ÿ yn ohuaya ohuaya.

Çan nihualnotzatzilia yin o moçoma ypalnemoani yehuá Tiox huiya xinechienelli ma tlacahuá moyollo anontlayecóhua cannelpa noyaz ÿ. E’t

Quëc can mo mao ÿ motelchiuhtzin huiya a inpä ye tlapan ÿm acallia atl quyahuicacon yn coçamelco ÿ ohuaya ohuaya.

In quilmach quihualitto ÿ motelchiuhtzin mach nel ye chalchihuitl ye ninoquixitiz tapitzalli teocuitlal ÿ mach nel nontlacotlaloatz mancuel nompohui yin coçamelco ÿ ohuaya ohuaya.

Tla xocoyacuacíca anhuexotzinca çä hual ixiptla y Xan Jihuan paha yn hueyx citlali ontzatzia yehuaya conittoo ximocencahuacä ca ye huitz on a in nelli teotl a yn tlatoahuan coyananquilia in nepapan tlacototome ohuaya ohuaya

Oyamoquetzaco yan tlahuizcalli yehuaya oyahualquiz a yn ixiptlan

Folio 59v

Tiox ÿ tonatih ÿ ma oyatlatlauhtiloyan yn ipalnemoahuani anhuexotzinca yn ohuaya ohuaya.

In ma omeneyximachoya ÿ antepilhuani ma oyatlamañualco yin queexquich i notoca quichiu ticcauhchelauzque in quémanian yn átocnihuána ohuaya E’t

Çan cócauhcheluauzque a in tlêcqui yin macheualli yn inetlamachtitiz ÿ tecucltini mach aca conyaitquiz ticcauhcheluauzque ÿ quémaniani, ohuaya ohuaya

Maca xincetlamatica yn áhuexotzinca maca xontlaltlaocoxtinëçä ca tictlatolchia in Xesus Nazaelo a ilih teotl a ohuaya ohuaya

Çä conayaittollh a yn Pohoncal y yece chielhaya ma xocoelehuicä in Croria in ompa tentica ÿ in ecmea necnetlamachtiliztli ompa pacoohua tlatoahua yin ilhuicatlytic ohuaya ohuaya

Çan chiucahuialmanatlhini ye onnemio in mopillohuah in Agelosme mitzhuclamachia on yecicotl huiya Alcagel, Biltotesme, Potestates, Pilnipatatos. ohuaya ohuaya.

Ça ye itlano in tonmechultxicaco tiefhuapilli S’ Malia ayyahue Tominacions, y trones, huiya Quelpinesme oohuiyaya Quelapines aye tlami oncan yn ilhuicatl ytic caya ohuaya ohuaya.

Tonecoque ye nicä çä nqi ye ichan huiya in yehuá Pelatol ÿ ma neci yauh
Yes! And the great Coahuitl comes shouting, saying, “Hail, friends!” It seems that someone will exist on earth after we’ve been destroyed. Yes, he’s bringing down the ensign.

It seems Your ocean seethes. Life Giver, God, favor me. Let Your heart be generous. I make no war. Where am I to go?

I cry aloud, O angry one, O Life Giver! God! Favor me. Let Your heart be generous. I make no war. Where am I to go?

How are Your waters, Motelchiuh? Oh, the boat’s been broken upon them. And he, Motelchiuh, comes carrying water from the rainbow.

It’s said that Motelchiuh has appeared here. And true enough, he’s a jade. So I’ll come forth as minted gold. True enough, I’ll be loved. Let me be lost at the rainbow.

Hear him, you Huexotzincans, him, San Juan Bautista, the Great Star’s deputy: he cries aloud, he says, “Prepare yourselves, for the True Spirit, the lord, is come.” And all the precious birds are echoing him.

Dawn appears: God’s deputy, the sun, has issued forth. Let Life Giver be prayed to, O Huexotzincans.

“Let all be wary, O princes. Let all behold how plentifully he made my name. Must we in time depart and leave this, O friends?”

“Lords passed along this vassal’s joy on earth. Shall someone carry it? In time must we depart and leave it?”

Don’t grieve, you Huexotzincans. Don’t be sad, for we await the kingdom of Jesus the Nazarene, the Spirit in the sky.

The prophet, the awaited one, says, “Do desire the glory! There! This heaven’s filled with everlasting joy, where all exult and all are noble.”

In nine divisions dwell Your princely ones, the angels: archangels, virtues, powers, principalities, delight you, O Only Spirit.

You’re seated among them, O queen, O Santa María: dominations, thrones, ah! cherubim, ah! seraphim. Never ending, yonder, is this heaven.

We’ve been required right here, and this would seem to be the emperor’s
pohualo què ye conittohua ñ can yehua Tiox an ohuaya ohuaya

Y man ticyanotzaca ycelteotl ya aço yca yehua a oncemihuitillanoya
ytloc ynahauqui can timacehualti ohuaya ohuaya

Tontlamahuicòto oncan in mali ça timexica ya onca technahuatica yehuan
Pelatal techonyaillihui on ma xiquitati a j Patele-Santo ohuaya ohuaya.

Çan ye coyaitto y aço te nиеquia teocuitlatlo in ma huel nepecheto ça
huel xicyanotzaca in celextial ça yehua Tiox an ohuaya ohuaya.

Yn can no ihuqui yehua yca techonihua a in Loma aya techonyaillihui on
ma xiquitati a in Patele Xanto ohuaya ohuaya.

Çan toyollo tlamatic yca techonihua a y Loma aya techonyaillihui on ma
xiquitati a in Patele Xanto ohuaya ohuaya.

In ça nqui ya ichan y tlapapalozotcalli cacan y yahuc çà yehua ya papaya
teocuitlaticaya a on tlacuiloliyà techonyahuititiya ohuaya ohuaya.

**folio 68**

1 Çañ quiiquiztica tlamimitioci aya ye ompeclo ycaca ytlatol Tiox yź tznitzca
quentica a ontauxtitcon techonyahuititiya ohuaya ohuaya.

3 Y ma xicaquican in antepihuan i tonahuac onoque can i ma ihucã ohua ça
ye ihucan yn ichan Tiox in Loma aya oncan ontlapio y o ca yehua ya
Papayan ohuaya ohuaya.

4 A oncan ya onocali ca yehua yź tenan yn itoca yn Santa sellaya a yź Loma aya
oncan ontlapio on ca yehua papaya ohuaya ohuaya.

8 Xotlatimaniya onitzmolintimanion yn huexotzinc a ynci moxochihui
taxayacatzi huel tontlamaceuhta ça tenochtli ymanican ohuaya ohuaya.

10 Aztayhuixochitl aya ye o tzetzeluhtoc yn atlixcoya anqui moxochihui in
taxayacatzin y teuctli yehua huel totlamarqueuhta ça tenochtli inmanicã
ohuaya Et'.

12 Quconanamican yn ompa ximohua yn ilhuicatlytic chalchiuhuitl anqui xilhuitl
ye ontecpantoque a y tepilhüa Tiox ye ichan in ohuaya ohuaya.

14 Anqui tlauhuquechol ompatlantinieyn oquisteuctli ya anqui quetzal-
quauhtli a in tloczin yn onnemohua Tiox ye ichan ohuaya ohuaya.

16 Tla xontlachiatric yxochitimiapani ycelteotl huiya a teoyolquimatan ontal-
checheliztimaniya onquetzalahuachquiyahuitimania ohuaya ohuaya

18 Çañ ye oncan ye onnemi xinhuquechlototol a yn Tont mañtisina maahuiltil-
tinemi yn Aztatototl cohuihyuitl Tón Xihuan. ohuaya ohuaya.

20 In tlalplihuixochinquahuitla cuesponnimaniya Tiox ye ichni y conchi-
chintunemi in tepihuani yn teuctli on anahuacatl aya anqui tlacateccatl y
cuílachihuities y onmotlamachîa ylhuicatlytic ayyo ohuaya ohuaya.

23 In quetzalchihuities anqui xihuitl tlapaque in tepihuà in mexica ya
huexotzínca y in teuctli on Anahuacatl aya anqui tlacateccatl y cuílach-
huities in ye onmotlamachîa ylhuicatlytic ayyo ohuaya ohuaya.
home. Would that His waters might make an appearance. They’re being recited! Would God agree?

Let’s call to the Only Spirit. It may be that in this manner we, the vassals, are allowed to spend a day near him and in his presence.

We, mere Mexicans, are off to marvel on the sea, the emperor commanding us: he’s told us, “Go and see the holy father.”

He’s said: What do I need? Gold! Everybody bow down! Call out to God in excelsis!

And it’s just for this that he sends us to Rome. He’s told us, “Go and see the holy father.”

Our hearts will be content, for he sends us on to Rome. He’s told us, “Go and see the holy father.”

It would seem that at the pope’s, where the cavern house of colors stands, are golden words that give us life.

On account of trumpets there’s a stirring. Aya! And they’re honored where it stands: God’s words, these trogons! They’re ensconced in war capes. Ah, they give us life.

Bring them in, you princes. They’re our comrades. Where? With God in Rome! Aya, there the pope is paying honor.

There in Rome she dwells, she the mother called Santa Cecelia! Aya, there the pope is paying honor.

Your flowers, it would seem, are budding, greening, in Willow Place, O Axayacatl. Indeed, you went away deserving. It’s where the tunas lie!

White feather flowers are sifting down at Water Face. And it would seem that they’re your flowers, Lord Axayacatl. Indeed, you went away deserving. It’s where the tunas lie!

In the Place Unknown, where all are shorn, in heaven and as jades, perhaps, or turquoise, they’re marshaled, they, the princes. They’re with God.

Lord Oquistzin flies along, perhaps, as a roseate swan. Perhaps Tlacotzin is an eagle plume. Yes, all are alive, and they’re with God.

Take a look at the Only Spirit’s flower field. There’s a freshening in that place of heart pleasers: there’s a plume dew raining all around.

Yonder dwells the turquoise swan-bird Don Martín. An egret bird is pleased, and it’s Coaihuitl. There’s Don Juan!

Red feather trees are blossoming in God’s home, and princes are inhaling them. Lord Anahuacatl and perhaps Commander Cuitlachihuitl are rejoicing in heaven.

They’ve been broken as plume jades or perhaps as turquoise gems: they’re princes, and they’re Mexicans, these Huexotzincans. Lord Anahuacatl and perhaps Commander Cuitlachihuitl are rejoicing in heaven.
Quenin ye olinque in Mexica y ñ Chapoltepec

[marginal gloss:] 1 yn ocán achtō omotlalica yaoyotica quinehualtique.
huiya ñan ye yahuiya huiya polihuito huitzilihuitl

[marginal gloss:] 2 huitzilihuitl a’mo yehuatl in čatepā Mexay tlatac ñan
occe ymacheuxahuamochiuhuita mexay cā no yuhqui ytoca.
ñ colhuacana ohuaya ohuaya.

Amoxtitlano

[marginal gloss:] 3 Atlan ómonchncmititia’que.
ñan ye ohtlatocatiyaqueon a in Mexicay ynic ye onahcito ynic motecato
a in Colhuacăa ohuaya.

Yaotlatoco

[marginal gloss:] 1 Ca noço ye iz cate in Xaltocă tlacă in iquac hualaque in
Mexica.
ychuaya Xaltocan tlaca y yao

Çan quinahualpołoa a y Mexicai in chapoltepec huiya choquiztlehuaya
ymachehuallon a ñ huitzilihuitl ohuaya.
O anca ye ñan Tiçaapani

[marginal gloss:] 2 Colhuacan
cococ quimatito Mexica on yn chichimeca y ohuaya.

Çan ye quittohuaon Achitometl

[marginal gloss:] 3 Colhuacan tlatohuani.
ñan ye quihtlani ychuaya cuepchinamitla

[marginal gloss:] 4 chinamitl Apā mohuilana.
yā Huitzilazatatl

[marginal gloss:] 5 onca tlapachotiazā ayac huel quinpatlanaltiz.
yń yacacintli cohuatlon

[marginal gloss:] 6 Çan no onca coatl yahualiuhtiaz.
moyahualotihuitz yń yeon tla quiçaya Ahminqui

[marginal gloss:] 7 A’mo minqui a’mo miqui yolquí amo mominaz.
Song 69, Folios 60–60v

LXIX A song of green places

A

27 How the Mexicans stirred at Chapultepec! And alas, Huitzilihuitl went to his death in Colhuacan.
29 The Mexicans followed a route through water-weed. That's how they got there, that's how they got together in Colhuacan.
1 All the Xaltocamecs give warlike chase.
2 At Chapultepec they spirit the Mexicans off to their destruction. And Huitzilihuitl's people lift up cries of weeping.
4 Oh it seems that Mexican Chichimecs are off to suffer misery in Tizaapan.
6 Now this is what Achitometl says: he asks for a sod float—an egret, a coot, and a snake that comes coiled. "Let it proceed! And an unshot

11 Marginal gloss (numbered 1 on folio 60): Where they first had settled they chased them away in battle.
12 Marginal gloss (numbered 2 on folio 60): This Huitzilihuitl is not the one who later ruled in Mexico. It was another of the same name who came to be the leader of the Mexicans.
13 Marginal gloss (numbered 3 on folio 60): They traveled along through water.
14 Marginal gloss (numbered 1 on folio 60v): It's because Xaltocamecs were already here when the Mexicans came.
15 Marginal gloss (numbered 2 on folio 60v): It's in Colhuacan.
16 Marginal gloss (numbered 3 on folio 60v): He's the ruler of Colhuacan.
17 Marginal gloss (numbered 4 on folio 60v): A float that's pulled on the water.
18 Marginal gloss (numbered 5 on folio 60v): They're to go "hatching their eggs" [or governing] there. None shall make them "fly away."
19 Marginal gloss (numbered 6 on folio 60v): The snake has to be making a circle right there.
20 Marginal gloss (numbered 7 on folio 60v): Not shot, not dead. Alive. It must not be shot.
maçatl huiya yca quimamaliz
[marginal gloss:] oncâ quiquaz inic yâcuicâ quichaliz ychan.
ychani yca quitlanihtoque
[marginal gloss:] çan ic aitiyaoyotl oquipehualtique ye opoliuhque.

Atlo yan tepetl in cemanahuaqui. ohuaya.

Ye nican
[interlinear gloss:] Maçonel ihui in iuh techpolollani ca yehuātin in polihuizque ca nican hueyaz tlapihuitaz mahuiztiaz in Mexico iuhqui tollan tlapallan.

Tollan Tlapallan quichihuaz in tonahuac onoque ye nicá polihuizque in tonahuac onoque ye nican
[marginal gloss:] y nicán Mex in oc ixtlahuacan nemiuhyā tzanatl y ihcahuacayā coatl i ihcomocayan.

tzanatl yihcahuacayā Cohuatl yçomocaya Çan michin patlaniya ye nican
[marginal gloss:] ojo.
cuepontimaniyan yn nepapan xoitchi ahcnemelcayan
[marginal gloss:] Ahmo qualcan.
in totlatohua on TiMotcuçcoma y ohuaya

Canon yahqueon yn quimanacohon
[marginal gloss:] In oquipehualtico in oquitzintilco, in omotlanamiltico, in omotlacetpanilico, in yâcuican ometlacetbehuitico.
in tenochtli yehua in Aatlon,
mochtin pipiltin in quîtenchua.

Ahuexotlon a in Tenoch yn ocelopani niman iuh quinahuati a yn huitzilihuitl ye nican polihuizque in tonahuac onoque ye nican tzanatl yihcahuacayá ye nican cuepontimaya Népapan xoitchi ahcemelecan yn totlatohua on timoteuècçomay ohuaya.

Çan toconquetzalanaya mocuic aya çan titlatohuanija y Toquitzin yeycya yehuacochohú nican in tenahuacan ohuaya.
Ça nihualla o caya yehuaya çan Nitlaylotlaqui maça yhu yehua maça oanquittoque in tonahuac onoque onchalchiuhtlapaniz toyollo yehua ytloc yhanuac ypalnemohuani ohuaya.
Ça yecic xichocacan naya anMexica y antepilhuá ye no ceppan tauh ipani
Song 69, Folio 60v

deer!” He’ll kill it at home.21 And so that’s how they asked him for this island realm.22
Here23 in this Tlalan Tlapallan he’ll undo our comrades, and here our comrades shall be destroyed. Here24 a thrush is shrilling, a snake [or a comrade] is rustling [or stirring], a fish is soaring; here25 a multitude of flowers blooms. It’s an uneasy place26 that you rule, O Montezuma!
Where have they gone who came to establish the tuna—alas, the waters,27 the willows, the tuna, the jaguar throne—when Huiztilhuitl was commanding them? Here our comrades shall be destroyed. Here a thrush is shrilling: here a multitude of flowers blooms. It’s an uneasy place that you rule, O Montezuma!

B

Offering plume songs, O ruler, O Oquiztzin, you’re inflicting wounds in Someone’s presence here on earth.

“I, the Arbiter, am come. So be it.” Would that you had merely uttered Him, O comrades: our hearts must break as jades, near and in the presence of Life Giver.

So weep, you Mexican princes. Once again we’re to be destroyed in our city. What says Life Giver?

21 Marginal gloss (numbered 8 on folio 60v): Then he’ll eat it, having it fresh for his use at home.
22 Marginal gloss (numbered 9 on folio 60v): Just thus they started a naval war, and so they perished.
23 Marginal gloss (numbered 10 on folio 60v): Indeed, let them try to destroy us in this manner, for it is they who shall be destroyed. Indeed, this Mexico shall become great, populous, and awesome, like Tlalan Tlapallan.
24 Marginal gloss (numbered 11 on folio 60v): Here in Mexico, which is still a place of meadows, a wilderness where the thrush shrills, where the snake rustles.
25 Marginal gloss: Nota bene.
26 Marginal gloss (numbered 12 on folio 60v): A bad place.
27 Marginal gloss (numbered 13 on folio 60v): They who came and started it, began it, established it, arranged it, and originally laid it out.
28 Marginal gloss (numbered 14 on folio 60v): What he’s naming are all the princes.
totzaquall imanca tipolohuizque quen quittohua ypalnemoani ohuaya.

Folio 61

1 Ñ mach oc quihualmati a yn Tlatateuctli in Moteucçomatzin a yn Cuitlahuatzin xiñomotlapalocan anMexica Ñ Antépilhuā y quē quittoa ypalnemoani ohuaya.
4 Ontlaocolmalintia yyollo ychua in Quauhcohuatl ay in Teohuatzin huixahuiya on ohuaya
6 Mao contlati ypalnemoani mach oc quihualmati quen poliohuaz a yn mañechualli yc ontimalihuiiz ycnopillotl a ŋ tenahuaqui ohuaya.
8 Çan tomarotlami y mopalnemoani in tlēcqui ma niman oc an xiquim- ilcahuani yn Mexicayn ñ tlalolco yn teocuitlapantica ontlahuizcale- huaticae y a yn tlalotlaqui ohuaya ohuaya.
11 Çan ninotolinia ninentlamatia çä nitlayotlalqui quemania otechontlati ypalnemoani quē nemoazyn? Ma yuh nemoohua Ñ mach oc tiqualmati otiyäque ye iñcha ohuaya.
14 Çan yeic tichocañ yehuaya ye techihuintia ypalnemoahuani mach oc qui- hualmati yn Acampus, yn huizililhuil yc onixtlahuia in Mexicayotl a yn Tepanecayotl ohuaya.

Folio 61v

1 Çan ciñachichinaya nepañ xochitlîn mahuilia, mahuilation xochitla icpacan ohuaya.
2 Çan ca xihuizhuaya y monacayo moyollo yehuà chichimecatlon teuctlo Telitl huía chalchihuitl moyollo yehuà cacahuaxochitlin ye izquixoxo- chitin ahua y yao ayyayye ma tahuiyacà a ohuaya.
24 Timalintihuizt xochinquauhtlacan huehuetzcani xochitlîn a ŋ tamoanchan xochpetlan ayahu mimilihui xochitl a nelhuayoxochitl ayehuaya xochitl y queztal yticpan toncuicltatlayotlalqui tahuiaxticaqui timalinti- caqui ahuuyao ayyayye ma tahuiacana ohuaya.
28 O ayoppatihua ñ tlēc yyaon antepilhuani anchichimeca ma tahuiaca ohu ahuicalon xochitl canon ye mictlan çä tictotlanehuia ye nelli ye nel tihui ohuaya
31 Tlaca nelli ye nel tihui ye nel ticyachaua in xochitlaya yhuā in cuicatl yhuan in tlēc ye nelli ye nel tihui ohuaya.

-346-
Song 69, Folios 60–61v

1 Does Commander Montezuma, does Cuitlahuac, implore Him? Oh do be hailed, you Mexican princes! What says Life Giver?

4 By dint of this sadness his hearts are going to whirl. O priest Cuauhcoatl! Ah!

6 Let Life Giver do away with him. And does he still implore Him? The vassals would most definitely be destroyed. And then bereavement would suppurate in Someone’s presence here on earth.

8 On earth you are rich, O Life Giver. But do it! Abandon these Mexicans! On account of golden banners Tlatelolco’s radiating dawnlight, ah! O Arbiter!

11 “Yet I, the Arbiter, am poor, I grieve.” Yes, eventually Life Giver puts us away. And how does life go on? Would that life were as it is! Do we still implore Him when we’ve traveled to His home?

14 For this, we weep. Alas, Life Giver makes us drunk. Does Acamapichtli, does Huitzilihuitl, implore Him here on earth? Surrendered, then, is the Mexican nation, the Tepanec nation.

17 A flower plume, a swan, is pleasing, is pleasing in flowers.

19 He inhales a multitude of flowers, pleasing; he’s pleasing in flowers.

21 They’re leafy green and of Your flesh and heart, O Chichimec, O Warrior Lord, O Tenitl! These are jades, cacao flowers, popcorn flowers, of Your heart. And let’s be pleased.

24 As a flower tree, as laughing flowers, You come whirling down from Tamoanchan, the flower seat. Ah, flowers burgeon. Song-root flowers. From within these flower plumes You sing, O Arbiter: You make the fragrance: You stand whirled. And let’s be pleased.

28 There is no second time on earth, you princes, you Chichimecs! So let’s be pleased. These flowers aren’t carried to the Dead Land. We merely borrow them. It’s true: we pass away.

31 Would that it were not true! Yes, truly we pass away, we leave these flow-
ers, these songs, this earth. It’s true, yes true: we pass away.

1 Where we go, where we go to die, do we yet have life? Is there yet a place of pleasure, yet a pleasure land, O Life Giver? Delicious flowers, songs, perhaps, are only here on earth. Let them be our riches, let them be our garment. Ah, with these be pleased!
Xonahahuicacan antepilhuan anchichimeca y can tiyazque ye ichen

[superscript gloss:] mictlan

Popocatzin huyna y tlalotlaqui y Acoilihuatzin. ayantepitzque ayac mocahuaz in tlécqui hueltic xočitli yan cuicatlaya mâyá tonccuiltolnoy mayan tonequimiloy yca xonahahuicacá ohuaya.

Tlacintolpochti onchimalcocomoca ohuaya oyohualteuhtlehuhuaya onnenehuixtoc y moxochiuh yaotzin ycahuacá ye oncá nepapá in quauhtli ync ocelota ohuaya.

In că temocniuhtiyaon ync tan teicnomati tlacintolmilini teuhtli xočahuiya Acaxochitl ytzahuatztetzehuici a őcuccueptimana ohuaya.

Yaoxochiatlap an aya ye chimalpapalocalli manca huinya y oncan in tlacochtica quipohua contlatliccia intexoxchiamoxtlacuilol y moteteccomatzin y oncan in Mexicquipatló tonacaticatl ahuyayoa ohuaya.

Quauhinteuchueli manca totlan tohua yehuaya y oncan ytlacochtica quipohua cótlatliccia yteoxochiamoxtlacuilol in moteteccomatzin y oncá in Mexico quipatlón tonacaticatl ahuyayoa ohuaya.

Can motlauhquechol moyauhtliu on ync ica toya in titepitzin a ync Tlacahuepan mopopoyauhtaya tiyaqui yancohuin mitzhalixima Xippiilli Quauhtlehuanitl ahuyaya ohuaya.

Can mopan inya ye oncá milini poçoni yehuaya y tlaciniollion y cocomocatima ye tonmotlatian totec teocuitlaxochitl momoyahua ye oncan Nopiltzino in tlacahuepani ahuyaya a on ahuaya.

A hue ye ohuaye ninentlamati ya ycnoyohuay ync noyollo yehuay in noconitam icenpilli mihuitztelohuaya in teopan iyanihuayayo yacohui ohuaya.

Yn yecem iyaye on capan tlatlaya tchuehuclin Pocotlan teotihuacan ayyahuay in noconitam icenpilli mihuitztelohuaya in teopan iyanihuayayo yacohuion.

folio 62

5

Tlaocoyan noyollo nicuicanitl nicnotlamati yehuaya can ye in xočitli can ye in cuicatlá yca nítlacocohua in tlécqui mane quihtocan in techcocolia in techmiquitiiclan moch onpa onyazque canon ye mictlana ohuaya

In quemanian ync ontociuhuy in ontotlatziuhuy toconitayazyn in momahuico in motleyo in tlécqui man quitocá in techcocolia in techmiquitiiclan moch onpa onyazque canó ye mictlátay ohuaya.

In maçan oc huello onnomohua in tlécqui manca oqu ihuia mopalne-mohua on yehuan Tiox in quiniuac onnetemoloz a ync otiyaque ye ichana ohuaya
Song 69, Folios 61v–62

Be pleased, princes, Chichimecs, for we must pass away to Smoker's home,²⁹ the Arbiter, Father Keeper at the Waters. You will have no city. No one will be left on earth. Delicious flowers, songs: let them be our riches, let them be our garment. Ah, with these be pleased.

D

A shield-roaring blaze-smoke rises up. Ah, and rising up as bell dust it's equated with your flowers, Yaotl. In the distance shrills a multitude of eagles, jaguars.

He befriends and He shows mercy. In a blaze the dust is stirring: reed flowers turn gold, rain down as a blade-mist, blossoming.

In Battle Flower Flood Land, at the House of Butterfly Shields, Montezuma using javelins recites—he's tossing off—his flood-flower picture-paintings. And in that distant Mexico he's bartering with sun-chalk.

Where eagle bucklers dwell beside us and in our company, this Montezuma using javelins recites—he's tossing off—his spirit-flood-flower picture paintings. And in that distant Mexico he's bartering with sun-chalk.

Your rosecate swan's gone scattered away. And so you've departed, Prince Tlacahuepan. It's gone to shine. You've gone! The turquoise prince, Ascending Eagle, comes to shear you.

The scething blaze is stirring down upon you, roaring. O Totec, you've been done away with. Now the golden flowers are dispersed beyond, O prince, O Tlacahuepan.

I grieve, my heart is in misery. This orphaned one is what I see, drifting as a feather into Spirit Land.

Land of Fire, Land of Smoke, Land of Spirit-Becoming: now all the bucklers have adorned him there. And ah! this orphaned one is what I see, drifting as a feather into Spirit Land.

E

"I, the singer, am sad at heart, I grieve: with songs, with flowers, I'm inflicting wounds on earth." Let them go ahead and say it, unavailing, hating us and wishing we were dead: "Everyone goes! Off to the Dead Land!

"If you've been weary and disdainful, you'll obscure your future fame, your glory here on earth." Let them go ahead and say it, hating us and wishing we were dead: "Everyone goes! Off to the Dead Land!"

Let's keep living here on earth, O Life Giver, O God, and let it be in peace that there's a seeking—out of Someone when we've traveled to His home.

²⁹ Marginal gloss: The Dead Land.
In čan onnepolollano tlēcqui čan ic onnelnamicoz in tocuic toxochiuh quiniquac onnetemoloz a yn otíyaque ye ichana ahuaya.

Huí titotolinia ma iuhqui timiquic an ma omochiuh ma techenitocā yń tocnihuan Mā techonahuacā quauhtini a ocelotina ya ohuaya.

Quē huel xoconchihua? quen huel xoconcuili yxochihuaya ça yehuan Tiox huiya nēcuihuayā a cahuaya ohuican mahuizpā yxtlahuacanā Et’.

Maçoc quiyocoli maçoc tictemachic an canin tlahuicaya ycyaya amechmotlatiliz ypalnemohuani ohuaya.

Ohuayaw xicnotlamatican Teczacohuacatl Atepanecatl mach nel amihuihui in cozcatl ē chalchihuitli ma āmonenecti ma antlanetocati Et’.

.6.

Čan tonteycnelia anca čan tlacoyowa yń ipalnemohuani in cuix nelli cuix no amo nelli qucin nconittohua yń maoc onnestlamati in toyollo yehuaya ohuaya

Quexquich in ye nelli quilihuiya in amo nellon? can tonmonenequi yń ipalnemohuani mač onnestlamati yń toyollo yehuaya ohuaya

In yehuan Tiox ypalnemohuani nimantlamatia anca čo aic yez ohuaya anca čo aic nonahuieyz in tenahuaca ohuaya.

In čan tictlaçotzetzeloa onhuaye in motepca ye huitz y monecultonol ypalnemohuani yń izquixochitli cacahuaxochitlin ča noconelchuiya čan nimantlamatiya ohuaya.

\textit{folio 62v}

Oncan xihuitlaya quetzalli patlahuac moyollo motlatol notatzino ypalnemohuani tontecnoytyta tontecnopilitta in čan cuel achitzinca yń motloc monahuaca ohuaya.

Chalchiuhitzmolini in moxochiuh ypalnemohuay ecxocimimihui xiuhquecholcuepontimania yćan cuel achitzinca yń motloc monahuac ohuaya.

Iyoyahueyyaya huixahue anahuiya on anihuecallmati tlēc on ye nican ohuaya

Anca iuhcan ye niyol iuhcan nitlacat yecnopillotl čan nictmicon ye nica in tenahuacan ohuaya.

Maoc netlatlanuho nican yń antcnihuan yćanio nican a y tlalticpac an ohuaya.

In moztlã huiptla quē connequin moyollo ypalnemohuani tonyazque ye ichan antcnihuan maoc tonahahuacan ohuaya.

\textbf{Nican pehua Tlamelauhqui Teuuccuicatl.}

Čan ca ye nompehua čan ca ye nictzotzona yxochihuehuehi ypalnemo-
“Yet we wish to be destroyed on earth, for this is how our songs, our flowers, are recalled—in the seeking-out of Someone when we've traveled to His home.”

Ah, let us die poor. Let it be done, though comrades call us down, though eagles, jaguars, reprimand us.

“You must produce them! You must get God's flowers!” On the field of fear and danger they're scarcely obtained, they're not obtained at all.

Well, let Him go ahead and do it for them! “Let's go ahead and trust Him where He rules!” And for this He'll do away with you, this Life Giver!

But, grieve, O Executioner, O Water-Palace Lord. And are you all mere counterparts for gems and jades? Beware of being used. Don't be credulous.


How many does he "yes" and "no"? O Life Giver, you're intractable. But let our hearts keep sorrowing.

O God, O Life Giver, I'm in sorrow: will it never be? Will I never have the pleasure of One's company?

You strew them as beloved ones, and ah! they come from you, your riches, O Life Giver! They're the popcorn flowers, the cacao flowers, that I crave in sorrowing.

Your distant hearts and words are turquoise gems, broad plumes, O father, O Life Giver! You're merciful, compassionate. Yet briefly are they near you and in your presence.

Your flowers are greening as jades, O Life Giver. They flower-sprout, they're blossoming as turquoise swans. But briefly are they near you and in your presence.

Alas, I have no pleasure, no happiness on earth.

Is this my lot? Is this my fate? Ah, bereavement is all I've come to know in Someone's presence here.

Let there be borrowing, O friends. And only here. On earth!

Life Giver, what will your heart be requiring one of these days? We must travel to his home, O friends. Then let us be pleased!

LXX Here begins a plain lord song

I strike it up. I beat the flower drum of Life Giver, and his paintings fall:
huani ytlatuilol a yehuatl onmaniya o ohuaye xochitl cuexochiy onanuyaxtlimani tlappan motecay can ca xihuaomox y yehua Tiox yhuan nicanmanaya o ohuaye cuicahuilicoli xochitl moyahua ye mochana ohuaya ohuaya.

21 Iyao ayaahon y yaon can tincuhuixhuilcya chalchihuitl in acatic in motlatol a yn toconmaca quetzalhuitolli hui yehuau oncuicayhuixochiyapipixauhtini manay me mochana. ohuaya ohuaya.

24 Tlacuilolamoxictica yeuiliuhtimania motlauhcalitiqui tlapalihuixochitica yan onahuiaxtlimani oncan ya nemiyan nepap tototl ontlachichinayan ompatlantinemi ye mochana a ohuaya ohuaya.

27 In ye no ye tehual ye mocel titeotl tiyamochiuhtica y yehuan Tiox ye motlan monemiyan can ca moquecholhuá amoxtli mocuic achi motlatol toconehua ye mochana a ohuaya ohuaya.

folio 63

1 Tiquetzaltototl timochiuhtihuizt spiloto xanto can tihualacico can tiquihui- catihuitz in Moquechollhuan a yn ageloti xochimecatlo y ye coyototoma yecic ca mitzohuiltil ypalmemohuani ohuaya Et.

4 Can ca ompa tihiuitz Atl icuiliuhcan aya in tocoyauquitihuizt in mociuca- amoxtlacluilol can tocuiuacopohua ye nicana ohuaya ohuaya.

6 Xochintlacuilolcali manicana ya xochipapalocalitiqui ócà ye mochan aya cuicatl ye tiyol tiMoteucomatzin xochitl ticeponico in tlacjequi tonsa- ahuiltico A ye huehuctitlan ye nican ohuaya ohuaya.

9 Ixquich moquechol aya yxquich tiquinncicohuay oncan ye mochana ya in papalotl y huitzitzilin a ontlachichinaya ma ahuitinemi huehuctitlan ye nican ohuaya ohuaya.

12 Can niquinmahuichohuaya a ilhuicac in chancqueo a y Ageloti onxochi- cuiicotocotl y chalchiuhtezilacatl oncahuatinimi ye ichano y yehuan Tioxa ohuaya ohuaya.

15 Cuicatotoma y quelquixtiaon yehuá Tiox can ca yehuano in quihualaxi- tia nepapan xochitl ye onahuiaxtlimani ya atlo ya tepetl Mexico nicana ohuaya ohuaya.

Teuccuicatl

18 Ocelotlpe olini yehuaya oyohualli ylhucatlin nanatzcatimoman y ye temoya o in spiloto xanto ypalnemohuani motiachimalli yhui y onno- tlaçotzetzolhuan ohuaye yeuizhuac y xochimaayacayocan in moquetzaco in tlpeca ohuaya ohuaya.

23 In nechoquilino nentlamacho cemanahuauqui teteuctini, motiachimalli yhui y onno-tlaçotzetzolhuay ohuaye yeuizhuac y xochimiyahuacayocan in moquetzaco in dlaticpaca ohuaya ohuaya.

352
these flowers. They blossom, they’re spreading fragrance, they’re scattering over the ground: these, God’s turquoise pictures. And I offer them as well: these song marvels, these flowers. And in Your home they’re strewn.

You make Your words jade beads. And what we give to Him are bending plumes. It’s raining feather-flower songs in Your home.

They’re painted as picture paintings in Your house of crimson: as red feather flowers they’re emitting fragrance. All the birds dwell there: and they’re inhaling as they fly along in Your home.

You are the one that is being created, O Only Spirit, O God. Your swans are where you dwell and at your side, and pictures are your songs: yet briefly do you chant your words at home.

And now you come created, O Quetzal, O Espíritu Santo. You arrive! You come bringing your swans, these angels, these flower garlands, that loosen their songs and give you pleasure. O Life Giver!

You come from the Place of Painted Waters, come carrying your picture-painting songs. And here on earth you’re counting out your songs.

At Flower House of Paintings, in the Flower House of Butterflies, yonder in your home, and as a song you’re born, O Montezuma: as a flower you come to bloom on earth, come to give pleasure here beside the drum.

You assemble them all, all your swans. Yonder in your home these butterflies, these hummingbirds, are sipping: now let them live in pleasure here beside the drum.

I marvel at these sky dwellers, these angels. There’s flower-singing, jade gongs are ringing in the home of God.

They’re loosening their songs: they’re entertaining God, bringing down a multitude of flowers. And with these the city, Mexico, is spreading fragrance. Here!

LXXI  Lord song

This jaguar earth is shaking, and the screaming skies begin to rip. Espíritu Santo, Life Giver, descends. Chalked shields are strewn away with love. And they that come to stand on earth are spines of His from Flower-Tassel Land.

All lords are pitiable and grieving in this world. But as chalked shields they’re strewn away with love. And they that come to stand on earth are spines of His from Flower-Tassel Land.

* 353 *
Çan oncann ohuaye ompielo tlalli tepetl huiya iztac ų quauhtli motzetzeloticaquin yn tenochtitan in mexico nican huiya no yhi huexotzinco ya oztotl ycuilihcan mizquitl. a ųcayan ocelotl ma'ahuititinema ohuaya ohuaya

Can yeica nichoca nienotlamatinpilhuexotzincaqtli ye centlal mani ų macuexi i quemitl ye momoyahuatoc noquauhtzotzocatl ytzalan in huexotzinco

[adjacent gloss:] cue[xotzinco]
y ohuaya Et'"
In the Yonder, ah! this realm's preserved. And White Eagle is shaking
Himself in this Tenochtitlan, this Mexico that's here, this Huexotzinco.
Yes, and in this painted cavern, where the mesquites stand, the jaguar
lives in pleasure, ah!

I that am a Huexotzincaan weep and grieve, for everywhere lie capes and
bracelets. Scattered are my eagle urns in Huexotzinco, in the water's
midst.

Look to the sky: this Huexotzinco rises to the sky. The earth rolls over.
There Beyond he's painted, he, the ruler Montezuma. Never will your
name and honor perish here on earth.

"My Huexotzincaan hearts shall go along for Your sake, Blue Javelin!
Bucklers in my hand shall be transported. For Your sake they'll be sum-
moned. These heads of mine, for Your sake, shall be scattered in the
Place Unknown." Let them be at rest. And let it be preserved, this
island realm!

Now You're laying down Your flowers and as eagles. You're creating
sadness in the guise of javelins here before Your realm, this city, this
Huexotzinco.

This house would seem to be a place of forebears. You're singing where
the feast house stands—in Mexico—O Son of God! It's you that have
supported the sky, the earth!

LXXII  A second lord song

"See me! I've arrived, I, a white-flower chachalaca. This is my plume fan.
I'm Nezahualcoyotl. The flowers are scattering down. I've come from
Tamoanchan.

"Hear the song I'm about to sing. I've come to pleasure Montezuma.
Tata-tilli, papa papapa, ah! chala chala chala! Let's have a tili, and let it
be now!"

Where turquoise columns stand, in Mexico, Dark-Water Place, where
white willows stand, it seems your forebears Huitzilihuitl and Acama-
pichtli have shown you their favor. So weep, O Montezuma. Ah, and so
you hold God's mat and seat!

Dark-Water Place, Place of the Water-Weed: that's where you create him:
yes, it's here in Mexico that you've been favored. Ah, that's where you've
found your sustenance, O Nezahualcoyotl.

So weep, O Montezuma. You found this city a hardship, alas. Ah, that's
where you've found your sustenance, O Nezahualcoyotl.
The text in Nahautl and English

28 Yehuan Tiox mitzyaicnyotac mitzyaicnomat can Moteucçoma a yca to-
conpiay ye ipetl ycpall in yehuan Tiox ea A ohuiya
30 Quauhtli pipitzcaticac ocelotl nanalcan mexico nican a oncã tontlatohuaya
itzcohuatl a yca tocompiay ye ipetl ycpall i yehuan Tiox ea Et’.

Folio 64

1 A iztac huexotl ymapan aya can totlatohua yehua Acal iztac ymâcan Tolin
iztac chalchihuitl ymanca mexico nican e a ohuiya.

Yaocuicatl.
4 Nompehua noncuica yancohui ye noconehua y’can cã ye incuiic in yehuan
Tiox ypalnemohuani ohuaya ohuaya.
6 Cuicailhuicolpan y necoc hualacie y iehuâ Tiox antêpilhuâ ma onnetla-
nehuiilo yectli ya xochitl abhuaya annoy ohuaya ohuaya.
8 Nepapan quauhizhuayoticac ye mohuehueh ypalnemoani ontzintznican-
celitztac ayyahuhen yca mitzonahuilta a in tepilhuâ huiya o ach i ye
iuhcâ cuicaxochitlhuall imanica ohuaya Et’.
11 Aztayhuixochitl oncuepontoc ye oncan ycahuaca ontlatohua yehuaya y’
quetzlayacachtototl yxtlliechoxaquac teocuitlaxochitlotol yn tlacahue-
pantzin patlatinemi o ach in ye iuhcâ cuicaxochitlhuall imanican
ahuaya.
15 Tzintzcan in caquan ye tlauhquechol ye an tictlatlapalpohua ye mucuic
ypalnemohuani tiqimquitoetzaltiya y mocnihan i y quauhtin nocelo ye
tiquimellaquahua ohuaya ohuaya.
18 Aqui icnopilli ac onacitiuh yn ñcan pilitiha mahuiiztihua yehuaya y’manu-
huan i yn quauhtin ocelo ytiqimellaquahua ohuaya Et’.
20 Y yaqui yancohuuyyo huixahue huiya que noconchihuax in macuel nonmi-
quie yehu ma niquetzaltototl ma nipatlantihui ilhuiacatltyiqui yca nico-
cayan. ohuaya ohuaya.
23 Cuel achi monahuac yehuaya ypalnemohuani y ye nellí tontecuiloa
oncan tótecinomati ym motloc monahuacan ohuaya ohuaya

Yaoxochicuicatl.
26 Caquan quetzaltototl çan tiqimónehichohuan a in tepilhuâ huiya yni
xochipoyon a yn yehuaya niquinmaca niquimoncozcatiaon in nepapan
xochitl yin iñihuyoticanya tityoximati huchuetitlana Et’.

356
God has pitied you and shown you mercy, O Montezuma. Ah, and so you hold God's mat and seat.
The eagle screams, the jaguar roars. In Mexico. Here! And that's where you sing. Blade Companion! Ah, and so you hold God's mat and seat.
On a white-willow branch you're singing, ah, where the white reeds lie—the white rushes—where the jades lie. In Mexico. Here!

LXXIII War song

I strike up a song, singing the songs of God Life Giver.
And from the Place of Song Marvels, God Necoc comes. Princes! Let these holy blooms be borrowed.
This multitude stands leafing out as eagles. They're the trogon-sprouting drums—of yours, O Life Giver—with which our princes give you pleasure. So it would seem in this patio of flower song!
White feather flowers blossom where Intilicuechahuac as a plume, a rattle bird, is shrilling, singing. A golden oriole, it's Tlacahuepan, soars along. Ah, so it would seem in this patio of flower song!
Life Giver, you're reciting your songs in colors—as trogons, troupials, roseate swans. And you're taking these comrades of yours to be your plumes, these eagles, these jaguars. Yes, you're spurring them on.
Who'll be orphaned? Who'll go where there's nobility and fame? Your comrades! These eagles, these jaguars! Yes, you spur them on.
What's to befall me? Let me die! Let me be a quetzal. Let me go and fly, alas, in heaven. And for this I weep.
Brief is your presence, Life Giver. But yes, it's true: you paint us: there Beyond you show us mercy—near you and in your presence.

LXXIV War-flower song

We're assembling troupials, quetzals, ah! they're princes. And I give them flower poymomati, give this multitude of flowers jewels. And we, in comradeship, become acquainted beside the drum.
Çan tictlancheuico toxochihuehueh çan tictlancheuico toxochiayacach in yhuà in ye tocuic toxochihuayà çan achica onahahuiltiolya ohuaya Ët'.

Yn quetzalizquixochitl aya oitzmolinico mimilihui, cueponih, in tépilhuan

**folio 64v**

in quauhlti ocelotl yxquich oncueltahuixiy quexquich onquiçauíquih huixy quexquich onmomanaquiqui in tičca ohuaya.

O amochipa ye tehuan ticahuitzique yn ipalnemoame yn a moxochihu yhuan in cuicatl ma ye tonahuiyacan çan tictlancheuia yin ixochihui can titotlancheuia coçahuic xochitla ohuaya ohuaya.

Yaoxochitl ñ mamalinticac yxtlahuatl ñtiqui tecuhtica yehuaya ylacatziuhticaquihiquimolohuia tlachinolxochitl cóyanequion çan quitemohu a an tepilhuan huiyayayayya on mach oc çan ahuilli çan micohuá yehua ohuaya.

A çan conechehuia ohuaye a ca contemohuia yio in huequilqui yio totonquiyan yiayya on mach oc çan ahuilli çan micohuá yehua Ët'.

Quenomach i quimana quenomach i quicatliya yn ixochihui ypalnemohuani yectli ya malinticaquih èan ye ëtzmolinticac oncueponticaca. ohuaya ohuaya.

Ypan tzetzeliyhticaquiy yehuaya pixauhticaquiy yn izquiyehuitl i tlachoquiyehuitl i ye nelli yeon çan tlemimiyahuatl pixauhticacó ayac huel ye ihuic ye onmotlapolohuayyo ayya an ohuaya. Ët'.

**Xochicuicatl**

Xompehua xoncuica cac tixquicanitl huixy mà temaco xochitl ma yca onahuicelo ma ya onnetlamachtilyan in tičca ohuaya ohuaya.

Çan monecuiltonol tixquicanitl huixy canin tixyamaceuh xochitl aya canin ticyayyttac in cuicatl tiztemaca ya

\[\text{[superscript gloss:]}\ [y]\text{c}

nican xochimeccatl in Mocamacpa quizticas tontahuiltia y ma ya ica onnetlatlamachtilyan in tičca ohuaya Ët'.

Nihuahocay nihualianotlamati ñan tixcuicanitl huixy tlaca anichuicaz yin toxochiuh ohuaye maic ninapantiaç cano xiqxihoaya huaye nihuallayocoya ohuaya ohuaya.

In ñan no ihquih xochitlaya ypan momati in tičcequi can cuel achic tocótohtlancheuico a yn xopanxochitl xi narahahuilcan ohuaye nihuallayocoya ohuaya ohuaya.

Quetzalpalpocalco ompa ye nihuitz ayaô ye mitoma ye noquic ahuayya onhuiyà nepapan xochitl y nepapan tlacuilollì y ye noyol niquicanitl ayaon ye nictoma ye noquic ahuaya ohuaya.

*358*
Songs 74–75, Folios 64–64v

29 We've only borrowed our flower drums, only borrowed our flower rattles, these, our songs—our flowers! They're briefly pleased.

31 These plumelike popcorn flowers coming green, swelling, blossoming, these princes, eagles, jaguars: however many issue forth, however many come to be scattered here on earth, must wither.

3 And we? We won't be pleasing Life Giver forever. Let's please ourselves with Your flowers, and with these songs! We merely borrow these flowers of His, merely borrow these yellow flowers.

3 They're war flowers, spinning in the field, whirling in the dust. Princes make these blaze flowers flow, desiring them, seeking them. But is there pleasure? There's only death.

10 They crave and seek these warm delicious ones. But is there pleasure? There's only death.

12 How Life Giver scatters these flowers of his! How he puts them into this house—these holy ones that are whirling, greening, blossoming!

15 Now they're scattering, they're drifting down as a rain of knives, a rain of javelins! It's true: fire tassels are drifting down! No one dares go near them.

LXXV  Flower song

18 Strike up a song, singer. Let flowers be given: let there be pleasure: let there be happiness on earth.

21 Whence your riches, singer? Where did you get these flowers, where did you find these songs you give? Flower garlands issue from your mouth: you're giving pleasure: let there be happiness on earth.

24 Here I'm weeping, grieving, I, the singer: I wish it weren't that I can't be dressed in these, our flowers. I wish that I could go away adorned in these—to the place where all are shorn. Here I'm grieving.

27 And earth itself seems like these flowers: briefly we borrow Green-Place flowers. Be pleased! Here I'm grieving.

30 I come from the House of Butterfly Plumes, setting free my songs. My singer's heart is a multitude of flowers, a multitude of paintings. Yes, I'm setting free my songs.
Yaocuicatl ycuic in Motecuczomatzin

1 Ylh'ytiqui tiyocolloc timotecucomatzin Mexico tontlatohuay in tenochtitlani ahuaya ahuaya ohuaya.
2 Nican in ncpapan quautil ypolihuiyan momaquizcal i toniatric ye oncan ych an tota Tiox a ohuaya ohuaya.
3 In an nemico ye oncan ye ihucano A yxtlahuatl ytiqui cuel achic onmomalinaco in quauiytal a y tecpillotl huiya ixtilecuechahuac y mac-tlacuiyetzi ohuaya ohuaya.
4 In ihucan mahuiizcohua ontocayohua in Tecpillotl huiya oyohual moteteca teuhtli ya caçahuiyaô ohuaya ohuaya.
5 xōmellaquahuacan antocihuian an tontotlapohuay un oncan un oncuíchua tleyotl un mahuiizcotl un ocuíhua y tecpillotl çan ōmacchualo xochimiquiztlo ohuaya ohuaya
6 Nemin amotoca yn amoteyo yn yn antepilhuian in tinopiltzin a in tlacahue-pantzin xytilecuechahuac yaomiquiztli yc ayaqueon yn ancõmahceuhque ahuaya, ohuaya ohuaya.
7 Ilhuicatlahuicalli in ychuca çá ncpapan nicahuaca tototl tlacoquecholti-huayan xiuhcaquantihuauon ohuaya ohuaya
8 Amocnopillaya in tiçatl, yn ihuitl anmoquimibutoque in xochitlahuan Motlatacoçomatzin tlacoquecholtihuayan xiuhcaquátihiluayon ohuaya ohuaya

Yaocuicacuextecayotl,
yin, tocontoco tontitson tintinti.

A oyohual ycahuacatimani in tlachiñolteuhltl chuaya oncan aya huicalloya yaoxochicuextecatl tlacahuepano ayeo o aya yca.

In tlapapaltzihuacalaytic oncan ye onoqui xochioctli coniyani tlacahuelpa ooa ye oo aya yca

Xiquincaquican hue yaocuicatihuitze yn ontontepeticpac tihuinique a ti-cuextca y me onchimahahuiltilo çan ca toteuh yahuá y tlachinollí ya

folio 65v

milacatzotibuitz in tocoxochiuh ticiuextca y me oyonaltzatzihiuitz onchimalahuiltilo ça ca toteuh yehuan Tiox a

Tocotocotiti, tocotocotiti/tinco tinco tinti.

Yn quetzallaticayan tlaquicuilihquetl aya nohueyox nopiltzin Necáhuai-

• 360 •
**LXXVI War song, a song of Montezuma**

Montezuma, you creature of heaven, you sing in Mexico, in Tenochtitlan.

Here where eagle multitudes were ruined, your bracelet house stands shining—there in the home of God our father.

There and in that place they come alive, ah! on the field! For a moment they come whirling, they the eagles, ah! the nobles Ixtilxochihualtec and Matlacuiztli.

And in that place these nobles gain renown and honor: bells are scattered, dust and lords grow golden.

Onward, friends! We'll dare to go where fame, where glory's, gotten, where nobility is gotten, where flower death is won.

Your name and honor live, O princes. Prince Tlacahuapan! Ixtilxochihualtec! You've gone and won war death.

Sky dawn is rising up. The multitude, the birds, are shrilling. Precious swans are being created. Turquoise troupeals are being created.

Lucky you, arrayed in chalk and plumes. O flower-drunk Montezuma! Precious swans are being created. Turquoise troupeals are being created.

**LXXVII This one's a Huaxtec war song**

*A*

tocotoc totito tititi

Where bells are shrilling and the dust of lords in blaze arises, a war-flower Huaxtec is carried down. It's Tlacahuapan.

House of multicolored spines is where he dwells, drinking flower wine. It's Tlacahuapan.

Hear them! They come battle-chanting to this warrior town. We're drunk! We're Huaxtecs, hey! And with these shields Our Lord is pleased.

Our pine flowers come whirling in a blaze. We're Huaxtecs, hey! And they come jingle-shouting. With these shields Our Lord—it's God!—is pleased, ah!

*B*

toco toco titi, toco toco titi/tico tico titi

Plume-water torso-painted Nezahualpilli, my great one, my prince! Yon-
THE TEXT IN NAHUATL AND ENGLISH

pillaya chimallí xochiochtla yca yhuintihuaya ye oncan cuexteca netotiloya aya yn atlixco yyyaya.

Çan tooconyapitza y in moceloaquiquiz ayan tonquauhtzatzticac ñ motemalac ypan a in tecpilli yaqui a y huchuetzin chimalxochiochtla yca yhuintihuaya ye òcan cuexteca netotiloya aya in atlixcoyant yyyaya.

Ayyayye ayao yyyaye ayao ayayye ayeo ayahue cuix ompa nemohua niqittohua nihuintico nichiualt ayeon ayyayye.

Maoc xonmittiyan tlapalihuquetl aya cuix opa nemohua niqittohua nihuintico nichiualt ayeo ayyayya

Tocontocótiqquit tocontocótiqquit tintocotico tiqquit tiqti tiqui tiqti tiqti tiqiti tiqiliti.

In quetzala xochia oo quitlahuan in quihiuintitinemiya y macatlacuyatzin can cã ye oncan yñ ixtlahuác yyaay ayayye ayeyya

Je onmpantiya in quetzalaxochitl in tlahinolxochitl y macatlacuyatzin o ceayque quenonamican yyaay ayayye yahuuyayea

In hueli noxaxahuial nonepcapucir y aya niteuxcoh nicihualti tihua mihtotia in tollamaz ma tlapalihuitlhu toxochinnahualhu tocepan tihuintique anipilohuan anã.

Can tiye’coque ye nican tihhiuintique aya niteuxcoh nicihualti tihuan miht fortified in tollamazine tlapalihuinti toxochinnahualhuan ticep tihuintique anipilohuan anã

In quetzallatl ymanca anayan in pocontimianiya techonyahayhintiyan ti-Mexica y mc chimeca aya noconelharniqui ya cã nichoca y hue.

A ycaya yyahue oo nichocaya nineçahuapillaya caniyan maniya ompa ye cuepo yaoxochitl ayã noconilnamiquia can nichoca y huen.

In quetzallaxomotzin tonpapatlantyi tinoxochihucyotzin in tlaclahuépantzin aya cã quitocac yta quenonamica Anã.

folio 66

1 Aytic yen òcuica a ontlatohua o ayaye in quetzalaxochioctli quitlahuanaya onchachatlaca yqucholpohuhan y teczipili yin cuexteca y mcEtlan.

3 Cilli quipan chaylitzin a y tzin mahuiyan ixtlilcuechahuac yca ye òmahui zij-cohoua quinamoya y quetzalon in patzaco oniuhquin oya iuhquin oya cuexteca tlahuanue. Atliya ixic ytic ñ tlahincholacuyotl ínpã ye pocon. Pilliya ixtlíloToncochotzin a yca ye òmahuiçohoua quinamoya i quetzallin patzaco iuhquin oyan cuexteca tlahuanue.

Titiitititi ticon tócon ticoton.

9 E chalchiuhtica ycuiliuhtoe Atl in tepetl huitziltetpetitlan ticozcaøyá quetz-

.362.
You blow your conch for jaguar reeds. You stand up eagle-blaring on your round-stone, O noble prince, departing Drum! And yonder all the Huaxtecs are drunk with shield-flower wine: there’s dancing on the breast of the flood.

A woman am I, and I’ve come to be drunk, saying, “Can there be life hereafter?”

Dance, stalwart! A woman am I, and I’ve come to be drunk, saying, “Can there be life two times?”

tocotocotiquiti tocotocotiquiti tito cotico tiquiti
tiquiti tiqui tiquiti tiquiti tiqui tiqui tiquiti

Matlacuiztiazin has tipped on plume water, on flower water, and it’s making him drunk in the field.

Matlacuiztiazin has gone to the Place Unknown adorned with these plume-water flowers, these blaze flowers.

These adornments are my headband: I’m Flower Lord, a woman! And we’re in company with a dancing rush hunter. Let all our flower ghosts be gorgeously drunk. We’ve all gotten drunk together, my nephews! Ah!

We’ve arrived, and we’re drunk! I’m Flower Lord, a woman! And we’re in company with dancing rush hunters. Our flower ghosts are gorgeously drunk. We’ve all gotten drunk together, my nephews. Ah!

Seething on the plume flood, they make us drunk, us Mexicans, and hey!


“N ezahualpilli am I, and I weep. From where he dwells, beyond, he blossoms forth, this flower of war. Just weeping, I recall him, and alas!”

As a waterfowl plume you’ve soared away, O flower, O great one, O Tlacahuapan. He’s followed his Father to the Place Unknown.

It’s in the Water that he sings and warbles, and his fellow swans—these noble lords, these Huaxtecs, hey!—are chattering and tippling on plume-water flower wine.

A bell has blossomed! Down below, poor Scrreecher trembles. Ah, it’s Ixtilcuechahuae! And this is how he wins his fame: he snatches withered plumes. It’s as though oh! it’s as though Huaxtecs were made drunk.

At Water’s Navel, blazing waves have seethed upon them. This is how Prince Ixtilil-Warrior-Parrot wins his fame: he snatches withered plumes. It’s as though oh! Huaxtecs were made drunk.

The city lies painted in jades. And at Hummingbird Mountain you’re
alichaala tiyamancaya yn icelteotl Tiox y noteouh Aya Jesu quilisto Aya ohua. Ayc polihuiz moteyo yehuá Taxayacatzin ye tlauquechol caquemetl ye neçocohualco xochintlapalan a y tepilhuá A nopilohuan aya ohuaya.

14 Intzimiquiztquequitl ohuá nopilohua huitzilihuitl mahuilminal can concauhchtuéague huitzilxochiatl poçontimania Mexico nicá ma yca yhuíntihuaya
17 In mach o quihualmati cano ychan teuctlapaniuhquetl Ahuitzotl y chalchiuhcozanquetzalín patahuaca ça ca quimaca yehuá ycelteotl Et.

occe yaotlatolcuicatl

20 I nompехua ye nicanon in nicuicanitl huiyan noyollo ytech y cueponi xochitl in yecetl cuicatl ycayá nocōehCAPEHUÁ ypalnemoa ohuaya Et'.
22 In ye nonnitotiya nicañ in nicuicanitl huiyan noyollo ytech y cueponi xochitl in yecetl cuicatl ycayan nococihcapehuiyan ypalnemoa Et'.
24 Onquauiccelelhy ohuaye occloiytmoliny y tecpiillotl in latocayotl A in Mexcó y Miticá chimalticá yehuá ontlatohuá teuctli ym ahuitzotl a Et'.
26 In tlaca aya cuibuan moxochiuh o ypalnemohuá teuhtlin popoca y yxtla-huatl yte y ocán tiquncozectio yc tiquimapan ca chimallí xochitli ym acolihuacá Neçahualpillo in totoquihuatzin mitica chimaltica yehuá ontlatohuan teuctli ym ahuitzotla ohuaya ohuaya.
30 Ya nicotlamatiyan nichoca yehuaya quemach amion yeic nomantihuin chimallín xochitlín ye tecahuiyoyan huixahuen ca ni quitaz quinequi noyolla ohuaya ohuaya

folio 66v

1 O atle iuhqui yaomiquiztli Atle iuhqui xochimiquiztli quitlaçotlaco ypal-nemohuani huiçahue ca ni quittaz quinequi noyolla ohuaya ohuaya.
3 In cánon i cuitzayan yecetl cuicatli noconyatemohua hui huc ninotolinia manen noncuica ohuaya ohuaya.
5 Ca niuitaqon in moxochiuh aya ypalnemohuani hui huc ninotolinia mané noncuica ohuaya Et'.
stringing plume jades into a necklace. You're rich, O Only Spirit. O God, my Spirit, Jesucristo!

Your fame will never perish, Axayacatl! And all the roseate swans, the troupials, are spreading their wings in Flower Tlapallan. They're the princes. They're my nephews.

Having performed knife-death labor, my nephews Huitzilihuitl and Macuilmalinaltzin have gone away leaving hummingbird flower water seething here in Mexico. Let everyone be drunk on this.

Does the noble stalwart Ahuitzotl still implore the Only Spirit in his home? Indeed, he gives Him jade-jewel plumes, broad ones.

---

LXXVIII Another musical call to arms

I strike it up—here!—I, the singer. Flowers, good songs, are blooming in my heart. With these I fan Life Giver.

I'm dancing—here!—I, the singer. Flowers, good songs, are blooming in my heart. With these I fan Life Giver.

Nobles and kings are sprouting as eagles, greening as jaguars, in Mexico: Lord Ahuitzotl is singing arrows, singing shields.

Life Giver, let your flowers not be gathered! Dust and lords are smoking on the field. You've given necklaces to Totoquiuhuatzli and Acolhuacan's Nezahualpilli. You've adorned them in shield flowers. Lord Ahuitzotl is singing arrows, singing shields.

I grieve, I weep. What good is this? The shield flowers are carried away, they're sent aloft. Ah, where can I find what my heart desires?

Incomparable war death! Incomparable flower death! Life Giver has blessed it. Ah, where can I find what my heart desires?

I seek the good songs whence they come—and I am poor. Let me not sing.

Where am I to find your flowers, Life Giver? Alas, I am poor. Let me not sing.
Ycuic In acolhuacan, in Neçahualcoyotzin ic quitlapaloco in huehue moteucçomatzin,
Mex œ yquac mococohuaya

Xinechaytacan aya nihualacica niztacoxchincoxcocox aya noquetzallectace-huaz nineçahualcoyotl huiau xochitl tzctezliuhticac a ompa ye nihuitz acolihuacan cha a ohuiya

In tla xicaquin aya niquelhuaz nocuic nicahuilicto moteucçoma yatatã tilili y papa pa a challa chala yac macçan tilili ye macçã qui nalle aahuiya xiuhtlaquetzalli cacan xiuhtlaquetzalli ca mexicoyan tlilapan aya.

A iztac huexotl in ye icaca o huanca ye onçã mitzlamacehuique in moc-colhuau can ye huitzilihuital Acampich yca xichocayan Moteucçoma a yca toconpiay ye petl ycpalli i yehtau Tiox cha a ohuiya.

Yehuan Tiox mitzyaicnootac mitzyaicnomat ca Moteucçomay a yca to-

16

17

18

19

20

21

22

23

24

25

26

27

28

29

conpiya ye petlatl ycpalli yehuan Tiox ea.

In ca ilahue yao ooo yca xichocayan Moteucçomay ayaxca hue ticyaitac aya atlo yan tepetl a oncan ticyaittac in mocococauh tineçahualcoyotl ea Etc.

A oncan tlilapen a oncan amochcoyan toconyachihuia in maxoco nican ye tontlamacauh a oncan ticyayttaquin in mocococauh tineçahualcoyotl ca a aohuiya.

Quauhtlin pipitzcaticac ocelotl nanatzca maxoco nican a oncan tõtlatohua itzcuhuatl a yca toconpiay ye ipetl ycpall in yehuã Tiox ea a ohuiya

Iztac huexotl ymapan aya can totlatohua yehua acatl yztac ymãcã tolín iztac chalchihuatl ymanca Mexico nican E a aohuiya

In santo Patile tipatiuh can yehuan Tiox can quetzalhuexoticã chalchiuhtica ça ye tocãaltiã atlo yan tepetl ayahuitl can topã maní má quiçãö

folio 67

má yectla xochitl amomac onmaniyã xochimalintoc amohuic yn amatla-
tolla ohuaya ohuaya.

Moquetzallectacehuaz tiquelcapeshuia õ ye tlachian azcatl in ye tlachia quetzalli yn ye nemalinalon topilhuannno ayahuitl ça topan mani man quiçoon ma yectla xochitl amomac ommaniýã xochimalintoc amocuic yn amatoltlla ohuaya ohuaya.

Tlahuili xochitl in cueponticay amoxtl mãcan ohuaye moxico nican huian tomatimaniyan ohuaya ohuaya.

Çanca y mamox y canca y tlacuiloltyt onmania yn atlo yã tepetl ã tenoch-
titlani quiçõahuay ye coyacuecuepa in yehuan totatzî ye a a Piñxo ayan ontlachia ye iuhcan ontlachiya yehua ilh1ytica Etc.

· 366 ·
Song 79, Folios 66v–67

LXXIX  Song of Nezahualcoyotl of Acolhuacan
coming to visit the elder Montezuma
of Mexico when he was sick

"See me! I've arrived, I, a white-flower chachalaca. This is my plume fan.
I'm Nezahualcoyotl. The flowers are scattering down. I've come from
Acolhuacan.

"Hear the song I'm about to sing. I've come to pleasure Montezuma. Tata-
tili, papa papapa, ah! chala chala chala! Let's have a tili, yes let it be true!"

Where turquoise columns stand, in Mexico, Dark-Water Place, where
white willows stand, it seems your forebears Huitzilihuitl and Acama-
pichtli have shown you their favor. So weep, O Montezuma. Ah, and so
you hold God's mat and seat!

God has pitied you and shown you mercy, O Montezuma. Ah, and so you
hold God's mat and seat.

So weep, O Montezuma. You found this city a hardship, alas. Ah, that's
where you've found your sustenance, O Nezahualcoyotl.

Dark-Water Place, Place of the Water-Weed: that's where you create him:
yes, it's here in Mexico that you've been favored. Ah, that's where you've
found your sustenance, O Nezahualcoyotl.

The eagle screams, the jaguar whines. In Mexico. Here! And that's where
you sing, Blade Companion! Ah, and so you hold God's mat and seat.

On a white-willow branch you're singing, ah, where the white reeds lie—
the white rushes!—where jade waters lie. In Mexico. Here!

Santo padre! You, God's payment! You bathe the city in jade moisture and
with willow plumes. The mist lies over us. Let these holy flowers come
forth. Let them lie in your hand. These songs, these words of yours, are
whirled as flowers.

You're waving your plume fans. And they look around, these jewels! They
look around, these plumes, these whirled ones, all these princes, this
mist that lies upon us. Let these holy flowers come forth. Let them lie in
your hand. These songs, these words of yours, are whirled as flowers.

Brilliant flowers stand blooming. And where these pictures stand, this
Mexico lies shining.

Indeed within your pictures, these paintings, lies the city Tenochtitlan.
Unfolding them, he turns them and he turns them, he our father, he the
bishop, looking around in that place, looking around in heaven.

30 ["He the bishop" has been stricken by the copyist.—trans.]
Xochicuicatl Cuecuechtli

Hue nache niehcoya nihuchuetzcatihuitz ye nixcuecuech aya xochitly ye nociuc momamalina ça nicyatotoma ho ohuaya canicalle.

Ompa ye nihuitz xochitl yztac ihcaca anca ye mochan y quiquizcalhtic y amoxtonaticac ho ohuaya anicalle

Ma ya pehualoya oyamoquetzaco ya izquixochitl o yca ya ahuialo ya ohiyayan.

Hohuaya haya tzetzelihui xochitlon yca ahuialo ya ohiyayan.

ho nixcuecuech ha.

Ompa nihuitz hue haquiçaya noncuicamanaco xochitla yhuintihua Etć
Tohohue nepapa xochitla oc oc moyol quimati tla nimitzhuica hiyao.
Ma nimitzmama ahuiya tohohuiya tohohuia mochan nicmamatihuitz ah nelhuayoxochitl nicmamatihuitz ahuiyac xochitly o anca ye mochan y xochitl yhcacani aho.

Yatata tilili yeohaye haye ticahuilhtico ho anca yehuā Tiox ypalnemohuani Santa Malia tonantzin chitallalala xochitl millitoqui aho
Çau tonallo quetzalli papachihui hoo ihuitl moyahuaya amoxcallo inmanca chitalalala xochitl millitoqui ao

Ho nichcoquetla nimaçatl omitochina moçotochin ma quaquahue maçatli yatantili aya ohua

\textit{folio 67v}
Turquoise columns stand created. O Santa María! The heavenly columns stand created. God governs this realm forever. He cradles the earth and the sky.

The jades, the flowers, are in your hand, and with a willow plume you sprinkle mist on this island realm. Let us have this day!

You paint the sky, you paint the earth land, O princes!

You, Nezahualcoyotl! And you, Montezuma! Life Giver has created you.

Our father God in heaven has created you.

---

**LXXX** Ribald flower song

*A*

Hey, brother! I’m arriving! I come laughing, I’m a leering ribald. My songs, these flowers, they’re whirling, and I set them free.

I come from where white flowers stand. And now it seems these pictures stand up shining in your home, this trumpet house.

Let’s get started. Ah! Popcorn flowers are appearing. And there’s pleasure in them.

Flowers are scattered! And there’s pleasure in them.

*B*

I scatter a multitude of flowers. Ho! I’ve come to offer songs. There’s flower-drunkenness. And I’m a leering ribald.

I’ve come from where the Waters flow. I’ve come to offer songs. There’s flower-drunkenness. *And I’m a leering ribald.*

Your heart has barely savored this multitude of flowers. *Now let me take you away.*

Let me carry you! I come from Home, carrying ah! root flowers, come carrying fragrant flowers. Ah, your home is where these flowers stand!

You’ve come to pleasure him, and it would seem that he is God, that he is Life Giver, that she is Santa María, that she is our mother. The flowers are stirring, ah!

Our hearts are reveling in plumes. Feathers are drifting into this house of pictures. The flowers are stirring, ah!

*C*

Ho! I’ve arrived. I’m a beast! A rank and weedy wanton! Be a horny beast!
THE TEXT IN NAHUATL AND ENGLISH

14 Hue nache hohua nicuihuani tla ticçohuacå yxochiamox ycuiçailhuiçol ha ca yehua Tios ysatantíl aya ohuan
16 Xochinquahuitl malinticac huicinticac ya pixahuiuinctacaco ye moquipan a ycelteotl ymapan ye tonnemi quetzalli coxcox ha toncuicatinemi hiyao hama hama hohohiyaya.
19 Nechnanquilia y nochil icha ihchahuacaya hi ye nonitotiye teixpä aya hoho-hoho hehehå

4

22 Ye no cequi ye汹ucic nixcueurcech aya nitzanaquechol tzaatzi ye nucucic hohohohon
24 Çan nonltalicuilotihuitz aya hethualli manca nitzanaquechol tzaatatzti ye nucucic hohohohon
26 Moçotochtoло ya yehcoya quiappä aya moxochitzetzeloohua ma xic ittacan a nopillohuan hanaya yaha ohiyayán
28 Çaquanpalotlata coyachichinaya xochitl cueponqui noyollo ha nicuihuán y ye izquixochitl ye nictetzeloohuaya yahoyyayan

30 .5.
31 Nictetzeloja yaxoächitl nixcueurcech y anca ompa ye nihuitz yao ahiyean

folio 68

1 Çan ye niquetzaltotolt çä niyapatlantihuitz yahohuá ca ompa ye nihuitz yahoahtiyean
3 Niquetzaltzanaquechol y nipatlantihuitz ipan nochiiuhtihuitz nimoçotochín a xinechyaittacan noçoma teyoyomoctzaca nixpehpeyeoctzin nihuetzca-
6 Xochithualli ihticpa nihuitz xochitl yehuaya ypan nochiiuhtihuitz ni-
moçotochín a xinechyaittacan noçoma teyoyomoctzaca.

8 .6.
9 Nechoya o no cepla nechoya nichahuichalotzin noncuicaya ma ya xicca-
quicana nichuitequía nicchachalatzaya ypan oho ya nomatzin noxochi-
ayouh veya lueya Et' hoyiaya hian
12 Nonehua hue nonciotyo ha ca ye panotla ye nichahuichalotl ompa ye nícuiotya nichuitequía nicchachalatzaya Et'
14 Niyaomphehuaya nihueloncuicaya ompa ye nihuitz aya tollá aya ytica nihueluicuyca otocepeon motoma xochitl ayan
16 Hohua niah aya yehuaya huel xicaquí ye nochuc cuicaichtequini quen ticuiz noyol timotolinia iuñquin tlacuilolli huel xictlilani huel xictlapalaquiyà at ahuyhuetzian timotolinia ayyo.

.370.
Hey, brother! Say, little brothers! Let's unfold God's flower pictures, his song marvels.

The flower tree is whirling, twisting, drizzling down in this rainy house of yours, O Only Spirit. And you are in its branches, singing along as a plume chachalaca.

Those jades of mine are answering me. In His home they're shrilling as I dance before you.

Yes, my songs are absolutely multiple. And I'm a leering ribald. I'm a thrush swan. And my songs are shouting.

I come painting the earth where this patio lies. I'm a thrush swan. And my songs are shouting.

A rank wanton arrives in this house of rain, strewn as flowers. See them, my nobles!

And a troupial butterfly is sipping these flowers. My heart has blossomed.

Ah, my little brothers, I'm strewing popcorn flowers.

I'm strewing war flowers, and I'm a leering ribald. It seems I come from there Beyond.

I'm a quetzal, come flying. I come from Beyond.

I'm a plume-thrush swan, come flying. I come as flowers. I'm a rank wanton. See me! I frown in a Tezozomoc skin. I'm Grimacer—and I'm laughing!

I come from Flower Patio. I come as flowers. I'm a rank wanton. See me! I frown in a Tezozomoc skin. I'm Grimacer—and I'm laughing!

I arrive. Again I arrive: I'm Cha-Huichalo, and I sing. Hear it! Ah! I beat it, thump it, for my nephews: it's my flower turtle-drum!

I'm gone! I've arrived in Panotlan! I'm a cha-huichalo, gone to get it. Ah, I beat it, thump it, for my nephews: it's my flower turtle-drum!

I strike it up and make a skillful music, coming in from Tollan, making skillful music. Flowers blossoming as parrots are set free!

Ho! I've gone away! But hear my song. O song thief, you that are poor, how are you to fetch my heart? Give it outline and color, like a painting! And perhaps when it falls, you won't be poor.
Noopchua noncuica ça nicuicanitl huiya man temaco xochitl ma yca ona-huieio a yca ontlamachtilo in tlēća hohuaya ohuaya.

Ca monecuilonol ticuicanitl aya ca mach in ticyamaceuh xochitl aya ca mach in ticyamaceuh in ticyaitac in cuicatl tictemaca ya nica xochimecatl y mocamaça quitzicac tontecucitiay aya yca honetlamachtiloya in tlēć ayc aha ohuaya ohuaya

Quetzalpapalocalca ompa ye nihuitz ayao ye nictoma ye nocuic. Et:


Ninenequí nique’elehuiya in ieniuhytol in tecpillotl achi cohuyotl nixochichelehuiya nixochicuicucatinemi ohuaya ohuaya.

**folio 68v**

Nihualchoca nihualcnotlamati ça nicuicanitl huiya tlaca ahnicuicaz in noxochio ohuaya maic ninapantiax cano ximohuaya ohuaya nihuallocoya ohaiya ohuaya ça no iuhqui xochiti aya ypan momati in tlēćquí can cuel achic toncontotlanehuiya a y xopanxochitlo xonahahuiyacan ohuaya nihualoyocoya ohuaya ohuaya.

---

**Melahuac Xopancuicatl**

Ma ya hualmoquetza in tohuchueuh ma ya hualmoquetza in cuicanitl aya ça can ye quitzetzelohuaya nepapan xochiton onnecuilonoloc onetlamlachtiloc in ixochihui yxpari yn ipalnemohuani ohuaya ohuaya

Çan oc tocontlatia yçaya in monecuilonol ypalnemohuani quē connequi in moyollo ehua ohuaya ohuaya

Tetloc ye nican oo a in tenahauc ca yca nichoca ça ya ninotelchuih ma ye huil nimiqui ma niquimontalcahui in tonahuac onoque ohuaya ohuaya

Anihueñitolo nichicoyotol ça nitalolotlqui nimatia nicaquia noyol iyooy mayecucel nimiqui ma niquimontalcahui in tonahuac onoque ohuaya Et.

Ça nichoca niquittohua yehua in motloc monahuac ypalnemoani mayecuele tlacahua moyollo yehua quecin tinequi in tlēća ohuaya ohuaya.

Ma ximotlapalocan antepiluan teteucti in huanitzini in mayechuatzin in Cohuanacoch amo macchualli ohua aic polihuiz yn amoteyoya in Mexico nicana ohuaya ohuaya.

*372*
LXXXI  A song of green places

19  A singer am I, and I strike up a song. Let flowers be given: let there be  
20  pleasure. Ah, there's happiness on earth.  
22  Whence your riches, singer? Where did you get these flowers? Where did 
23  you get them, where did you find these songs you give? Flower garlands 
24  issue from your mouth: you're giving pleasure. Aya! There's happiness 
25  on earth.  
26  I come from the House of Butterfly Plumes, setting free my songs.  
27  My singer's heart is a multitude of paintings. Yes, I'm setting free my songs. 
28  On earth we're briefly pleased with these hearts of ours: with these we 
29  briefly live in happiness. Yoyontzin am I, craving flowers, flower-chirping. 
31  I'm desiring—craving—companions, princes, a few companions. I'm craving 
32  flowers, flower-chirping.  
1  Here I'm weeping, grieving, I, the singer: I wish it weren't that I can't be 
3  dressed in these, our flowers. I wish that I could go away adorned in 
4  these—to the place where all are shorn. Here I'm grieving.  
5  And earth itself seems like these flowers: briefly we borrow Green-Place 
6  flowers. Be pleased! Here I'm grieving. 

LXXXII

A A plain song of green places

7  Here, let the drum appear! Here, let the singer appear! He's scattering a 
8  multitude of flowers. There's richness, there's joy, in the presence of Life 
9  Giver's flowers.  
10  But now you're hiding your riches, Life Giver. What does your heart 
11  intend?  
12  Near and in this Presence I weep: I'm despised, I want to die. Let me yield 
13  to the comrades.  
14  I'm a chief without praise, defamed. My heart's decided: I want to die. Let 
15  me yield to the comrades.  
16  Near you and in your presence, Life Giver, I weep, saying, "Let your heart 
17  be merciful. What do you intend on earth?"  
18  Be hailed, you princes! Lords! Huanitl, Mayehuatzin, Coanacoch! Nobles! 
19  Your fame will never perish here in Mexico.
Can teocuitlàmaquizcalco çan titlacoti onca titlaylotlaqui ma titlaocoxt xichueyli in moyollo in ticpaqui mach aca nyaz ca ye ichani ouhua ya Et.Çan michoquiztlapaloa a yen tepiltzin oquitzini quihualito ouhay xichueyli in moyollo in tlècqui mach aca ayaz ca ye ichani ouhua ya Et

Yc ontlamantli Melahuac Xopanxcuicatl.

Tlalpan temoc in xochitl tlalpan quitemohuia yn ipalnemohuani çanímä yehua yectli ya xochitl çanîman yehua coçahuic xochitla ouhua ouhay a

In maic neapanalo o antepilhua anteteucitin ayahue ychoquiz tlaltecalotitlaitz aya ca quitemohui yn ipalnemoançaníman yehua yectli ya xochitl çanîman yehua coçahuic xochitla ouhua ouhay.

folio 69

Ach teon i quinequi in toyollo in tlècqui huël teyol quima yn ipalnemoa moxochihuaya ma ñeitlatenuilo coçahuic xochitla ca ycahuaca xochitl ayac quicentlamittaz ynic timiquizque ouhay eouya ouhua ya Et.

Intlan teocuitlatl ma xoatlalatiya intla mochalchiuic mocoçqui moquetzal çan tictlancheuico ayac quicentlamittaz ynic timiquizque ouhay eouya ouhay a

Yecan ninemico xochipan ninemico oh in titocnihua oo ma iuhcâ quètlil ma onnomemohuay ouhay ouaya.

In ça niyooye ye nica paqui toyollo tixco timatico yectli totlatol antocni-huani y co i chico ouhay ouhay a

Huixahuue ye ninotolinia icnopilotl aya yn anahuuya yn anihuelamati çan nötlatlacoxtinemini in tlèc ye nica ouhay a Et.

Ca ya niuhizc in quinequi in moyollo yn imahuicón Tiox ho ypalnemohuani ye quirí piltiha y nica mahuiztiha tlècqui in tecuyotl in tla-tocayotl ouhay ouaya.

Yc etlamantli.

totototo / tototototo, tititi, totititi, toti, tihti tihtiti.

Maoc oninciuhitlou chehuyaya maoc ontiximatici xochitl yçay onehualoz in cuicati o tiyaque yechan ouhay a, ca ye toconcauhitluion ouhay in totlayocol y tucuicon ça ye oniximacho o onehualoz o tiyaque ychan ouhay ouhay a.

Cuicatlon quicaqui ça noyollo nichoca yehuyaya ye nicnotlamati xochitica ticiuhhteuazque tlèc ye nicani çan tictotlancheuaya hoo tiazôn ye ichan ouhay ouha ya.

Ma nicnocoxcatl nepapá xochitl ma nomac ommania ma noepacxochiuh in ticauhteuazque tlèc ye nicá çan tictotlancheuia ooh tiazque ye ichan ouhay ouha ya.

Ohu anca iuhqui chalchihuitlon ouhye in toconpehpenay yectli ye mocuic
Song 82, Folios 68v–69

“O chief, you become a servant in the House of Gold Bracelets beyond. But don’t be sad. Make your heart great here on earth. And perhaps no one will be going to His home.”

Tearfully the prince Oquiztizin hails you, saying, “Make your heart great here on earth. And perhaps no one will be going to His home.”

B A second plain song of green places

Flowers come down to earth. Life Giver sends them down to earth, these most holy flowers, these most yellow flowers.

Let everybody be adorned with these, you princes, you lords! Life Giver sends them down, these sobs of his, and they come heaping up, these most holy flowers, these most yellow flowers.

What do our hearts desire on earth? Heart pleasers! Life Giver, let these flowers of yours be borrowed, these yellow flowers, these shrilling flowers. No one can go on enjoying them, for we’re to die.

“Though they be gold, conceal them, even though they be Your jades, Your jewels, Your plumes.” No, we merely come to borrow them. No one can go on enjoying them, for we’re to die.

“We’re friends: we’ve come to live in a good place, come to live in a place of flowers. Let this be such a place! Let there be a little life!

“I’m Yoyontzin. Yes, our hearts are glad here. Friends, we’ve come to see each other and to know each other’s lovely words—and yet they’re scurrile.”

Alas, yes. I’m suffering bereavement, and I have no joy, no happiness. I’m disconsolate on earth.

“I’m Huizoc. My heart desires the glory of God Life Giver. Here lords and rulers all, through Him, are born—they’re glorious—on earth.”

C A third

totototo/tototototo tititi totititi toti titi tititi

Let there be friendship and mutual acquaintance through flowers. Songs shall be raised, then we’re off to His home.

We’re leaving our songs, our creations. Their acquaintance shall be made: they shall be raised. Then we’re off to His home.

My heart hears songs, and I weep, I grieve, on account of these flowers. We’re to go away and leave them here on earth. We merely borrow them, and we’re off to His home.

Let me take this multitude of flowers as my necklace. Let me have them in my hand. Let them be my flower crown. We’re to go away and leave them here on earth. We merely borrow them, and we’re off to His home.

Life Giver, you’re gathering up your good songs as though they were
ipalnemohuani çan no iuhqui ym icniuhyotl aya tocóenquixtia tlalticpac ye nican ohuaya ohuaya.

31 Ic nontlocoyoy in nicuicanil yca nichoca aitquihua xochitl canó ye ichani, aitquihua yectlon cuicatl çá ce nemiz ye nicá in tlalticpacquí

*folio 69v*

Maoquic tonahuiacon antocnihiuan ohuaya ohuaya.

2 Macanelac iecnötllamati ye nican antocnihiú aca ço ayac huel ichan in tlōc ayac mocahuaz quetzallian poztequia ayeuhua y tlacuilollia can ñopopoli-hui xochitl oncuítlahuía yehua ixquich ompa yahuí cano y ichana ohuaya ohuaya.

6 Ça no ihuin tinemi çan cuel achic motloc monahuaiqu yn ipalnemohuani hualnéyvimacho tlōc ye nican ayac mocahuaz quetzallian poztequia yehuaya in tlacuilollia çan ñopopolihiu xochitl ñcuitlahuía yehua ixquich ompa yahuí cano ye ichan na ohuaya ohuaya.

10 Totototo, tototototo tititi, toti tihti titi tihtiti.

11 Ça nompelua noncuica yancohuı ye noconehuay çan çá ye incuic yehuá Tiox ipalnemohuani ohuaya ohuaya.

13 Cuicaílhuościomana y ye neococ hualací ypalnemohua antepilhuá ma onetlancheuil oystli ya mo xochiti l ahuay ayoo ohuaya ohuaya.

15 Nepapan quahuízhuyoticac in mohuehueuh çá yehuá Tiox ohuia y a ontzi-nitzacacelíticac ayialhu yca mitzonahuiltila in tepilhuá o ach in ye iuhsca cuicaxochithuall imanca ohuaya ohuaya.

18 In tlapalihuixochitl oncuépontoc ye onca huía ycahuaca ontlatohua ye yehuaya in quetzalayacchtototl a in tlacotzin teocuitlaxochintototl oquitzin y patlantinemia o ach in ye iuhsca cuicaxochithuall imanca ohuaya ohuaya.

22 Çan tznîntze in çaquan ye tlauhquehol yc a ticítlapalpooa ye mocuí ipalnemoaani tiquimnoquetzaltía in mocnihiuan in mexicay yc tiquim-ellaquahua ohuaya ohuaya y yanqui yancohui yo xahue que nocó-chihuacín ma huel nimiquia ma niquetzaltototl yá pāthiuh yihuicatltyic ohuaya ohuaya.

27 Cuel achic ye nelli tontecuílooa onca tonteicnomati yn motloc monahuac ohuaya ohuaya.

---

**Chichimecayotl**

coTo, coto coti, coto coti

Xochinquappelapan Teoxinmac y xochitica qufacatzoa yectli yan

· 376 ·
jades! So this is how you bring together comrades here on earth.

1 I sing in sadness, weeping that these flowers, these good songs, can’t be carried to His home. They’ll live forever here on earth. So let’s be pleased, friends.

2 Friends, let no one grieve here. It would seem that no one’s home is earth. No one can remain. Plumes splinter, paintings ruin, flowers wither. All are headed for His home.

6 Such is life. People get to know each other briefly here on earth near you and in your presence, Life Giver. No one can remain. Plumes splinter, paintings ruin, flowers wither. All are headed for His home.

D

10 totototo totototo titi titi tititi tititi
11 I strike up a song, singing the songs of God Life Giver.
13 And from the Place of Song Marvels, Necoc comes, and it’s Life Giver! Princes! Let these holy blooms be borrowed.
15 This multitude stands leafing out as eagles. They’re the trogon—sprouting drums—of yours, O God—with which our princes give you pleasure. So it would seem in this patio of flower song!
18 Red feather flowers blossom where Tlacotzin as a plume, a rattle bird, is shrilling, singing. A golden oriole, it’s Oquitztin, soars along. Ah, so it would seem in this patio of flower song!
22 Life Giver, you’re reciting your songs in colors—as trogons, troupials, roscate swans. And you’re taking these Mexican comrades of yours to be your plumes. Yes, you’re spurring them on.

What’s to befall me? Let me die! Let me be a quetzal. Let me go and fly, alas, in heaven.

27 Yes, it’s true: you paint us briefly. Yet Beyond you show us mercy—near you and in your presence.

LXXXIII Chichimec piece

A

coto, coto coti, coto coti

Turquoise gems as flowers, on this eagle mat of flowers. It’s my prince, the
cuicalty nopiltzin chichimecatl Moteuccomatzin cuix oc no in mahmani
cano ye miictlay chacaya aa chalchiuhammamatlac Teotemp’a a
chalchiuhitzmolini quetzalyahuayotimania Teocuitlaxochincuepōtimani
ye mochan: Nopiltzin chichimecatl Moteuccomatzin Et.
In quē xōtlamatican xontlānamiquicā yn ohtlan a mitl imanca in Aca-
pēchohcan y quetzalammaztl ypatlānay matlalcueye ytzallan oncan
aya iñnotlamachoc nechoquitlōc ye chichieca teteutcin yyyo.
In tlaca iuhqui niyol iuhqui nitlacat nichichimecatl in Moteuccomay no-
tzihuac in mámalihuac ye nahahuitza nihuitzetzeloloy, noztacmahucex
ayyo.
Aço tle nelli hueh, ahmo itla in topatiuh yhuana ayyahue y ça ye xoichtl
ommnenecoyay eluhiola xoichiamicohua yehuayu cā ahuiitzmicohua
yceluayu Tlacaheupantzin y xītliłcueluhuaux y huixahue yaao hayyo
hohui.
Ye huelia ho iztac quauhlti mapo’yahua yehuaya ye quetzaltototl oo ye
tlaubquechol y mopopoyahuque ihytyic aya tlauchuepātzin Et.’
Can anhui, can anhui yhuuihuayan yaonahuac teopā ayya hayyahue oncan
aya ontecuciloaya yehua tonan iztpapapalotl xītluahuacan yyyo hohui.
ayyahue
In teytxlayhuayan aya yahue tlachinolaytic aya icnotlama yyoliol in teotl
Camaxtle aya y maatlacuyetzin, Macuilmalintzin nehcaliztli xoichtl
iuhqui amonac manpiti mantia yyo hayyohohui
Canelpa tonyazque canó aya micohu yeehuaya ic nichoca hui noyoliol
ximelahuauhau ayac nican nemi y.
Tel ca tepiluhan omicaco netlatilc y hui noyoliol ximellahuauhau ayac
nican nemi y hui noyoliol Et.
Ye onhuahuelt
Xochincaihitetec oya aya hahaya ha momalinticac in ye tlaubquecholxilo-

378
Chichimec: it's Montezuma, whirling holy songs. Are they still in the Dead Land? Yes, in precious snares they're weeping at the Sacred Shore.

Before your eyes he's sprouting jades, he's leafing out as plumes, he's blossoming as golden flowers: he's my prince, my Chichimec: he's Montezuma. Are they still in the Dead Land? Yes, in precious snares they're weeping at the Sacred Shore.

Move out! Remember where arrows lay in the streets—in Barge Streets, where plume drapes waved, in Blue Skitt's midst—where Chichimec lords were pitiable and grieving.

"Ah! It's just for this that I've been born, that I've been brought to life—I, the Chichimec Montezuma. These spines of mine, these quills, these plumes I scatter, these, my white bracelets, must be drilled!"

Can there be something good? Alas, we have no payment to go with it.

Yet these flowers are desired: they're craved. There shall be flower death! There shall be pleasure death! O Tlacahuem! O Ixtilcuechahuac!

The true White Eagle brightens. Quetzals, roseate swans, have heightened in the sky. O Tlacahuem! O Ixtilcuechahuac!

And where do you go? And where do you go? To plume land! To battle! To spirit land! It's where our mother, Itzpapaloitl, paints with life. It's on the field of war!

Where dust is rising, in the blazing flood, the god Camaxtlí's hearts have grown disconsolate. O Matlaccuiatzin! O Macuilmalinaltizin! It's as though these combat flowers were transported in your arms. Yes, they've been transported.

Where must we go? To where there's death. And so I weep, saying, hearts, be cheered! No one can live here on earth.

Though princes, they've all come to die, they've all been put away. Say, hearts! Be cheered! No one can live here on earth.

B

Second drum—cadence

Roseate swans, cornsilk flowers, are whirling in this house of flowers. Popcorn flowers are parcelled out: they're scattering, they're drizzling down in this garden of flowers.

Adorn us, make us rich with these, O Only Spirit, O God! And in this flower patio, bereavement flowers scatter down compassionately. They're scattering down.

Sing! Your heart makes rubies, jades, picture paintings! Hail, Chichimec Montezuma! Precious troupials, swans, are flying, pleasing on flower water.

Rest, great lord, O voyager, O Montezuma. And let's have maize flowers there among the cacao trees. Precious troupials, swans, are flying, pleasing on flower water.
quauhtitlan y onca ya man ic y tonacaxochitl tlaçoqaquan quechol paltinantemia Et.

In maoc xoncuicaya Moteucocomatzin xontlachia teocalli huiacon i xontlachia mamatzli yupilcayano hay Et.

In temohuayan tlaca çaquaxochihuaque oncuica otomitl y yehua mitza-yachoquilia tichichimecatl yyo.

Inyeye opixpo yonoca quetzaltepetitlan aya ma xontlachiacå y nohueyohuá tlaxcalteca oncan onoc Totatzin ye yehuá Tiox

In tlacuilolxochipetlatl ipan tlatohuaya ycelteotl in Tiox aya clamim iol ilhuicatlytic yehan ayoyo

Nomizquixochiuh Notzihuacxochiuh cueponi huaya ha ayio ohui y

Noncuica ohoyo huiloyan y ca ye otomitl ye cozcaauhtli ayac huelo ye coyaitaz ye conyacaquiz yotontlatol ca çan ticpici yyo ho ayoyo.

In Axayaracateuctli oo aic tlamiz yquetzialhuio mochalchihuacayotlta yatatitica ye imaquiznelhuayo ayac huelo còyaitaz ye coyacaquiz yontontlatol ca çan ticpici Et.

In nocuic ypan y ninentlamatia at ayhu in niquehua cuiçatl aya macaco quen xicchiuhaca amo yo lloya auh in nelhuatl ca acel notomitl yyo ho ayoyo.

Çan ya onca can ya icac? huel conehua y yecitl ye icuc aya huel ca cocui yn xochitl aya yhuan yaya catchyach aya ma ye nican xonahahuiacan auh in nelhuatl ca nel notomitl. Et.

---

Nixoche nentlamatia haa ahtle nocuic Nitec halotepehua quëmacht amique in tocnihuano quilmach tlapalchalchiuhticaya on tlachu ilollí yvollo yehuaya yya o ayoyo.

Niquimonelehuia ha oyamoman ya incuc aya çotolca tlaca quilmach tlapalchalchiuhtica Et.

Moxochiantetzelo moxochianychyctixtinemi iztac otomitl yçaquanotonxahcalitec oo o yyo ho ayoyo.

Amotlapaltecui znacoch ancontimalotoque anmexica y çaquanotonxacallitec oo o Et.

---

In canon ye huih teteuctinaya çan conayatlalihque in chalchiuhtepetl Acamapich y huitzilihuitl in oncan ontlatoa Ton Antonio Mentoça in quetzalapoctli moteca yao iqui nochan ychielocan in Tiox yyo ay hueya hueyao
**Song 83, Folios 70v–71**

Sing, Montezuma! See this long temple! See where these drapes are hanging!

Dead Land denizens possess these troupial flowers. **But** the warrior sings.

It's he who weeps for you, O Chichimec.

The Bishop's seat lies in Plume Land. See, my great ones! Tlaxcalans!

That's where our Father lies. It's God!

It's on the Painted Flower Mat that God, the Only Spirit, sings. Eternal are those hearts of his in Heaven, in his home.

My mesquite flowers, my spine flowers, are blossoming.

I sing, and they're passing away. That warrior, King Vulture, won't be seen again, nor will his warlike songs be heard, for we alone create them.

**But** Lord Axayacatl's feather plumes are never ending: he passed away supplied with jade reeds, and **now** his bracelet roots stand swaying. That warrior, King Vulture, won't be seen again, nor will his warlike songs be heard, for we alone create them.

It's in music, **only** music, that I do my grieving. Isn't that the way I sing my songs? Don't let your hearts be wounded! I'm a warrior, really!

"Is he taking a stand? Well, he's lifting good songs. Well, he's getting flowers. He has his rattle." Be pleased! I'm a warrior, really!

I flower-grieve. **But** ah, my songs are nothing, I scatter squirrels. My friends are lucky, **though**. Their hearts **make** redstone paintings, so I'm told.

I crave the songs that these spear-land men have offered. Their hearts **make** redstone paintings, so I'm told.

They're scattered as flowers, beautified as flowers in White Warrior's troupial war hut.

O Mexicans, you glorify these ochre and crimson ear-jewels of yours. In this troupial war hut!

Where go the lords who laid down this city of jade—and they were Acamapichtli and Huitzilihuitl? It's Don Antonio Mendoza who sings, as the plume vapors settle in! So this is how God is served in my homeland!
In ye icniuhchocan i Ton Tiegon i huanitzin ye no ceppa ye nican y mitzicuiloa chichimecatl Moteucçomatzin mitzicuiloa ye totlatocauh. Et.

Xochimpetlatl necahuililotiuh aya yn ayoc ymatian Teçocomoctli acolnahuacatl oahcicoy tlatal tolcomamhuiçoah lo in ton Maltin Coltes teuxtia, in ton Palacizco ya conayachia ye itlatoltzin in Jesu Quilisto yynao hueyacu hueyao.

In ncapan xochitl matlahuahcaltica yan y xoamitoticah y teteuctin tlahtohuanime xomiximatican huehuetl ymanican y çanio nican chalchihtlapaltotl Jesu Christo in maoc toconcuicatino yynao hueyacu hueyao.

I macchualchicemecatl ton Tieglo tlacuiloxile ypano ca anqui ye oncan aya ye quellalmizquitl ymanican ye itlan aya onneyacalhuilotoc yynao hueycu hueyao.

Ye ipetlapan yeuhuan dios nihuallayocoya ye nimecatl niquimilnamiqui in tepilhuan teteuctin aya oquixteuctli Coayhuil To Xihuan yynao Et.

Maoc xoncuicaya çan tixochiotomitl atlan ca tepetitlan o çan timoyehyec-
Don Diego, and it’s Huanitl, is the one who’s comrade-weeping. Here again he paints you, O Chichimec, O Montezuma. Paints you, O regent!

They’re all abandoned on this flower mat: there’s no more time for Tezozomocli Acolnahuacatl. His word arrives! Lord Don Martín Cortés and Don Francisco are rejoicing in it. Yes, they’re waiting on the word of Jesucristo.

A multitude of flowers! In a pack basket! Dance, lords and rulers! And make acquaintance where the drum lies! But Jesucristo is the only red-stone bird that’s here. Don’t sing for Him!

And the vassal Chichimec Don Diego on his painted saddle? It seems that there beyond—where those mesquite plumes are lying—they’re all in shelter beside him!

Now here on God’s mat I grieve, I, as a Mexican, recalling lords and princes. Lord Oquiztzin! Coahuilte, Don Juan!

Sing, you flower-brave! And in this city you’re preening; you’re spreading your wings in God’s home. Where is the lord Coahuilte? Don Juan? This is how he measures up to lordliness and glory!

Let there be no “never twice”! Ah, in Mexico there’s life! Our hearts desire these multicolored flowers and these songs, these, Your jade rasps: Your heart is merciful.

Pass away to the dancing, singer! Tlaxcalan Chichimecs are on the causeways, lifting precious jades—or possibly some one of them is stammering—and reed flowers lie scattered at the Shore.

Already banner plumes are scattered, for our comrades are dancing. Tlaxcalans are on the causeways, lifting precious jades—or possibly some one of them is stammering—and reed flowers lie scattered at the Shore.

E

Let Life Giver—God, the Only Spirit—receive our prayers. O warriors!

Warriors, hey!

And what do you hear, O Life Giver, O God, O Only Spirit? Warriors! Warriors, hey!

Let’s give a “Hail!” Let’s give a “Hail!” Let it speak in Anahuac: your flower drum! And it’s resounding, O ruler, O Don Diego, Lord Te-
mittotia espayolti mittotia in Mexica yn yancuic tlalpano o tihuexi axao a xancontaya.

Tla xicaquican anootomi antocihuā tlanel aço chalchihuitlon manell aço quetzalli ca can ontlapaniçō oncan can poztequiz y ayao ya ohuia ayao ya huia ohuia.

Titotolintao tle titocuepazqueo a titomiquitlani nicani aye tetl mocuepazo o ayac quahuitl mocuepaz nicani ayao ya ohuia ayao ya huia ohuia.

Çan huel achitzinca on hualpaleahuilo in Dios in tlēc ye nicā catli tlaca-

[marginal gloss:] ojo

huepano o? catli cuiotlachihuitlon anahuacatl aya ca ypampa miqueon in Dios ma oyaqueō in dios ma oyaqueo motlamachtitihiu oo

In macā quēncēl aya huel itlācohuanō in dios y mexica in tépilhuā ma oyaqueo motlamachtitihiu anayahuio ma oyaqueo motlamachtitihiu o.

folio 72

Chalcacihuacuicatl

Intlatlalil chalca ic quimopapaquiltiLico in tlatohuani in Axayacatzin ca noço yehuatzin oquimmopehuili in maçan cihuatzitzintin.

Toco tico tocoti, toco tico tocoti toco tico tocoti

Xanmoquetzakan oo annicuztzinhuian aye tonhuian tonhuian tixochitemozque he, tonhuian tonhuian, tixochitehtequizque nican mania nicā mania tlachinolxochitydoy chimalli xochityl tehcicolti huel tetlamachtita xochitlta oohuiya.

Yecūliyan xochitly yehuaya ma nocpacxochiuh, ma ic ninapana ncpapani noxochiuh aya nichacatl nichhuatlahuayyayo oohuaya

Niecnehnequi xochitl niecenhcē cuicatl aytzin in totzahuayā in toyeyeyā o oohuay noconehuehtica ycuic in tlatohuani Axayacaton niechoximalina niechoxicalatzohu a oohuayayo oohuiya.

A iuhquin tlcuitlollol yecūli ya incuic iuhquin huelic xochitl ahuiac a noyol quimati in tlēc ahuayyayo oohuiya.

Tlēmach ypan nicmati motlatoltzin noyecoltzin taxayacatō tla no-

[marginal gloss:] ojo

conahahuilti aylili aylilili hii ololotzin ololo oyyaye ayso Et'

Çan nictocuilehuilia çā niquiquihuihia hoo o yee tla noconahuilti Et'.
Songs 83–84, Folios 71v–72

hueltzquitl! There’s dancing here in the new land. Come on, Tehuetzi!
Let there be joy. Spaniards dance! Mexicans dance—in the new land!
Come on, Tehuetzi!

21 Hear them, you warriors, you comrades! Even jades, even plumes, must
be broken, splintered.

24 How can we return if we’re poor? Ah, we wish for death! No one returns
in stone, no one returns in wood.

27 God is aided for but a moment here on earth. Where is Tlacahuepan?
Where is Cuitlachihuitl? And Anahuacatl? They died for God. But
though they went away, they went in happiness.

30 Let it be no other way. Indeed, these Mexican princes are beloved ones of
God. And though they went to God, though they went away, they went
in happiness.

LXXXIV  Chalcan female song

A composition of the Chalcans, with which they came to entertain the
ruler Axayacatl, for he had conquered them as though they had been mere
women.

A
toco toco tocoti, toco toco tocoti, toco toco tocoti

5 Get up, sisters, and let’s go! Let’s go look for flowers. Hey, let’s go! Let’s go
cut some flowers. Here they are! Here! Blaze flowers, shield flowers!
Desirable, pleasurable war flowers!

9 Let holy flowers be my flower crown, and let me dress myself in these—
this multitude, my flowers. I’m a Chalcan and a woman.

11 I want these flowers, I want these songs. Hey, treasure! Where we do our
spinning, where we do our sitting, oh! I’m lifting up the songs of the
king, baby Axayacatl. I’m whirling him, and he’s a flower; spinning
him, and he’s a flower.

14 His holy songs are like paintings, like delicious flowers, fragrant ones. My
heart is savoring them on earth.

16 O my creation! You! Baby Axayacatl! How I esteem your precious songs!
Let me entertain him. Ah, ah! O little jewel.

18 For him I’m sounding off, I’m trumpeting for him. Let me entertain him.
Ah, ah! O little jewel.

31 Marginal gloss: Nota bene.
32 Marginal gloss: Nota bene.
Cotiti tototototo cotiti tototototo.
Xolo xolotzin titla’tohuan taxayacaton ohuiya nel toquichtli iz maconel titlayhtolli; cuix nel ahoc tiquahquahuitiuh ayye xoconquetzan nonexco cëca niman xocontoquio.

[marginal gloss:] chalco tlatoll; q.n. xitlatlati
Xiqualcui o xiqualcui yn ompa ca o xinechualmaca o in conetzintli te’ xontlatehctca tihuan tonhuheuctztozque tzo no tópaquiz tompaquiz paquiz tzo no nictlatlamacihuaq oo
Macamo maca o maca notla ximayathui xolotzin titlatohuani axayacató yya o ço ni ni cuilo y cuceuctzoca ye nomaton o ayec ye no cuel ye no cuel tictzitzquiznexqui in nochichualtzin achin noyolotzin huiya
Yn ye ahoç aco moncheuan ticmitcalahuiz

[insertion:] [ticmitcalahuiz][2]
nonchcuillo huiya tzo no tiqitztoz xihuquecholoxochitico ohuaye nhtic nimitzonaquiz onca yetoz motenchalehtzin nimitzmacochihuiz.

\[folio 72v\]

1 In quetzalizquiochochitl in ye tlahuquecholacaloxochitl y çã moxochiquachpetlapantiyanoenc ye oncan ytic y yoyooy aocmo hui yao ayliy.
3 Tcoquitlapetlatl ipan tiyanoenc quetzalotzocalco tlacuiloletic yoyoio aocmo hui yao ayliy.
5 Anqui ço ye ichan ye nontlayocoya tinonantz in ahco huel nitzahua ahco huel nihquitia çã nê ca niconetl tzo nichuapilli ynic nhtolo y noquichucan yao
8 Tctlatlahuclauh teyollcococan in tilc in quemanô nôtlahtlayocoya ni nothauelnequi nonexiuhitlilco nichualhitoaca euc conetl manoçe nimiqui yiao.

Toco tico tocoti toco tico tocoti toco tico tocoti
12 Yacue nonantzin nontlaocolmiqui o ye nican ye noquichvacã ahuel niquitotia in malacatl ahuel noconctlaça in notztotopaz noca timoqueloa noconetzin yao ohuiya.
15 Auh quëcnel noconchihuaz cuix yhui chimåli yca nemano locoixtlahuatl itic ninoma’mantaz a ayia ooo noca timoqueloa noconetzin ohuiya
17 Xolotzin noconeztin titlahtohuan Taxayacató çã timöncencahu nohuc timomahmanaya tömoquichytohualu o ohuaye cuix nômati yoapen ni quimiximati ye moyahoua noconetzin çã timöNencahu nohuc ohuiya.
21 Ma teh ticichutini ahco nel ahityécoz in juhqui chahuayotl yx ixohitzin yx inucatzin noconetzin yiao
23 A oquichpilli noç titla’tohuani Taxayacató onoç tonpeuh ye no tiqualani xolotzin ye no niauh in nochan noconetzin yao ohuia.
Song 84, Folios 72–72v

B

cotiti tototototo cotiti tototototo

Boy, dear boy! Little king! O Axayacatl! Here, let yourself be summoned, man! Don't you have a horn on? Stick it in my chimney. Hurry! And put out the fire.\(^{33}\)

Come and get it, come and get it. Ah, there they are! Here, let me have it, babe. Spread them out. And we'll recline among them. Oh, you're going to love it, love it, love it. And yes, I'll make it nice and slow.

No no no, don't scorn me, boy! Little king! O Axayacatl! Yes, my arms are aching. And yes, you want to feel my breasts and just a little of my inside! Oh yes, my little soldier's itching. Yes, you want to touch the ones that I've created, just a few of these—my hearts!

And will you hurt yourself, my painted one? Well, really, as a flower, as a turquoise swan, you're going to watch it rise! I'll let you in. And there your chin, or something like your chin, will lie: I'll take you in my arms.

As a precious popcorn flower, as a roseate swan, as a raven bloom upon your flower bed mat—there, within! —you lie. Nevermore.

You lie at the Golden Mat, at the precious cavern house, within the house of paintings. Nevermore.

It looks as though I'm really miserable with him, dear mama. Can I spin? Can I weave? No! If I've got a man, then I'm the one that's got to be called babe, even queen. No?

This world's a place of anguish: it's infuriating. I'm wretched at last, and sore. And in despair I'm saying, "Babe! I want to die."

toco tico tocoti, toco tico tocoti, toco tico tocoti

Hey, mama, I'm in agony now that I have this man. I can't dance the spindle, I can't throw the reed. You're mocking me, babe.

And what will become of me? People get sacrificed in battle. So will I too be carried off? Like a shield? You're mocking me, babe.

Little boy, little babe, King Axayacatl! I'd only hinder you, and you'd be sacrificed and lauded. Am I skilled in battle? Could I face your enemies? Babe, I'd only hinder you.

I wish you'd be one of the women. Couldn't you fabricate His precious songs, His flowers, as a concubine, dear babe?

Ah, man-child, my lord! You! Little King Axayacatl! Instead you've struck it up! You're bellicose, dear boy. O babe, I'm headed Home.

\(^{33}\) Marginal gloss: A Chalcro expression that means "Build a fire!"

387.
Anca čo canicin tinechnahua lan yectli ticchiuh ye motlatoltzin iz in axcan tlahuanquetli, maço teh titlahuanquetli ahčo no netlacamachon tochan yiiyo ohuiya.

Cuix noço tineechcoup tinechmocohui noconetzin cuix tlapa'patlaco nahuihuan ye notlahuá čaço tietlacaniequi ye no tiqualani xolotzin ye noniauh in nochan noconetzin yiiyo ohuiya.

Tocotico tititi tocotico tititi tocotico tititi.

**folio 73**

1 Tiniuctzin tichuatlamacazqui ma xontlachia yn omach woman cuicatl in Cohuatepec in quauhtenampan y Topan moteca Panohuayá ohuaya yiaho.

3 Çon ochuayo ninaytia noyolotzin mococohua ach quēnel nocōchihua yhuay noquichtiz o maçoč cenca ye incue ye ye inihipul in toquichhuan in toyecolhuay yiaho ohuiya.

6 Xiqualquixti nonextamal in titlatohuani Axayacacotó tla ce nimitzmanili neoc in noconeuń neoc in noconeuń xoconahuilti xictocuileahuili ololotzin ololo ayey ayoy.

9 Aço tiquauhtli tococol in timittohua noconetzin Ohuia aço moyoahuá inhuic ticuecuenotl neoc in noconeuń xocōahuilti. Et'

11 Aya tle nocup aya tle nohuipil nicihuatzintli yehuay ya nicā quimanaco yectli ye incuc nican quimanaco chimalli xochitl quenmach tonntlaca ye nichalcacihuatl nayoquan ohuiya.

14 Niquimelehuia nocihuapohua in acolhuaque niquimelehuia y nocihuapohuan tepaneca quenmaca tonntlaca ye nichalcahuatl nayoquá Et'.

16 Ca pinauhticate in chahuahuilo noconetzin y huia cuix no iuh tinechihuaux i no iuh tochonchi in quauhtlatohuanton maçačo yhuian a ximocueto-maca ximomaxahuican Antlatilolca in amiyaque a ayayya xiuhallachic an nican chalco ahuayya ohuiya.

20 Ma nīno potoni tintonantzin ma xinexahuia oo quē nechittaz in noycoł yimixpan on tonquiçatiuh ahaçaō mihićoltiz ye o huxotzinco xayacamačhuan ohuiya.

23 Quen ami in cuicatl chualo in cuicoyac in quauhquecholli anca čo mihićoltiz ye huxotzinco xayacamahchan ohuiya.

25 In tetzatolcan nichihałt ninomaxihua ninoxoxihua noconcuico ye nochcye ye nochhuipil nicecéltlamitaz aytzin ay aytzin Et'.

27 Niquirmelhui xaltepethapan ye huxotzinca tzo inçuetlacxtlamalin tzo in-cuetlaxtetecuecux niccecentlamitaz aytzin ay aytzin yiiyo Et'.

Tocotico, tocotico, tocotico, tocotico, tocotico,

Y quen oç čan in tlamati nechmitlania in conetl in tlatohuani in Axayacaton
Yet it looks as though you’re dancing as my partner. You’ve made some good ones, yes, and they’re your precious songs. And here and now they’re drunk. Be drunk yourself! Is there prosperity at Home?

Have you bought me? Yes, you’ve bought me for yourself, babe! Do my aunts, yes, my uncles, come to trade? Indeed. You do it recklessly! You’re bellicose, dear boy. O babe, I’m headed Home.

D

tocotico tititi tocotico tititi tocotico tititi

Sister priests! Look! The songs have been deposited at Coatpec, at the eagle wall. They’re scattering down upon us at Panohuayan.

I only do woman’s work. I’m in anguish. What will happen to me now? With these I’ll have to be a man! Rather let them be the skirts and blouses of men that we ourselves create!

Here, hand me my tortilla dough. O king, O little Axayacatl, let me offer you one. Hey now, babe! Hey now, babe! Pleasure him! Cry out to the little jewel.

You’re supposed to be an eagle, a jaguar, my babe? And you boast in front of your enemies? Hey now, babe! Pleasure him! Cry out to the little jewel.

I’m a woman without a skirt, without a blouse: and that’s who comes to offer “his” good songs, comes to offer shield flowers. How can we be two people? Yes, I’m a Chalcan woman. And I’m Ayocuan!

I crave my fellow women, the Acolhuans! I crave my fellow women, the Tepanecs! How can we be two people? Yes, I’m a Chalcan woman. And I’m Ayocuan!

They’re ashamed to be concubines, babe. Would you do to me what you did to poor little Cuauhtlatoa? Ah, open your skirts and spread your legs, you Tlatelolcan warriors! And come on to Chalco!

Let me have my war plumes, mama! Paint me up! What will my revenant think of me? “You’re going to go out there and hurl defiance at them! Perhaps Xayacamach of Huexotzinco is getting a little high-handed.”

How good are the songs that are lifted when all those eagle swans sing? Say, it looks like Xayacamach of Huexotzinco is getting a little high-handed.

In Tetzmollocan I, a woman, rub my hands and feet with pine oil: I’ve come to get fiber skirts and fiber blouses. And I’m going to keep right on enjoying them! Hey treasure! Treasure!

I’ve had a craving for the Huexotzincons of Xaltepetlapan and especially their leather twist, especially their leather braid. I’m going to keep right on enjoying them! Hey treasure! Treasure!

E

tocotico tocotico tocotico tocotico tocotico

How much happier he is! And he wants me. O babe, O king! Little Axayacatl, let me offer you one. Hey now, babe! Hey now, babe! Pleasure him! Cry out to the little jewel.
THE TEXT IN NAHUATL AND ENGLISH

cue c tleon in ma ic i tepal nochahuatlalia oohuaye

folio 73v

noca titlaomepiazo noconetzzi a'co iuh quinequi moyollo maçohuı huiuan mociahuan yya oohuia.

3 Cuix a'moyollocopa noconetzin ye toconcalaquia in chahuayotl ynic mo-
chan ahayayoho aho iuh quinequi moyollo Et'.

5 Quëmäch in ticchiuh noyecoltzin ay ye macaoc ic ximoichichihuan huel
ahtitlacatl tein tieneleno ye noyollotzin ticxochimalina ye motlatol yya o
ohuia.

8 Notzahuayan nimitzittoo i nihquitian nimitzilnamiqui xolotzin tein tienel-
eno ye noyollotzin

Tocotico tocoti

11 Nahuilylama namonan nicahuailyama nhichochylama ypan nochihua o
nichalcotlacatl aha a ili nimitzahuittico noxochinnetzin noxochicamo-
palnetzin yya oohuia.

14 Ye no quelehuiia in tlatoani in Axayacaton xiquilittia noxochitlacuilolmaton
xiquilittia noxochitlacuilolchichihualtzin oohuia.

16 Macaoc an onniëhecztiih ye moyolotzin taxayacoton iz ca ye momatzin
ma no matitech xinechonantuh a ayyahayiah o xonahuiaacă Et'.

18 Moxochinpetlapan moyeyeyan xolotzin yhuian xoncocochi xonyayamani
noconetzin titlatohuia taxayaca yao oohuaya.

Huehueh Cuicatl.

21 Ye conahua in tlatohuian axayaca yn ahuel oquinpeuh in Michuauer ca
noço tlaximaloyn in hualmocuep. ahu amo çan quelquichtion in pipiti in
tiacahuá yon ompa omique, cequentin çan bualchologte ic çan inhuchuetilez
yn ahuo chicahuac yteh motlamia in cuicatl ye quimahuia. huehueh tlacatl
in tlatohuian chichicha.

Tico tico tico tico tico tico tico tico

26 Techtlahuancanotzque in Michhuacan in Camacoyahuacé'

[marginal gloss:] [']it'oca ompa
[t]latoani.

· 390 ·
Songs 84–85, Folios 73–73v

yacatl! Hey! Somebody's made me a whore, and what's the result? On account of me, babe, you're going to have twice the kingdom [or family]. Would your heart [or glans] desire it? Then let it be softened [or lubricated], but gently [or slowly]!

O babe! You mean it's not wholeheartedly that you take a whore into your house? Would your heart [or glans] desire it? Then let it be softened [or lubricated], but gently [or slowly]!

Oh, what you've done to me, dear revenant! Don't let yourself be thus adorned! You'd be a monster. O heart of mine, what have you scrambled, whirling your songs, your flowers?

From where I spin and nowhere else I utter you! From where I weave and nowhere else I shall recall you, dear boy! O heart of mine, what have you scrambled, whirling your songs, your flowers?

F

	tucotico tocoti

I that am your mama am an old whore. I that am Chalcan a rejected old woman, pretending to be an old maiden lady. I've come to pleasure you, my flower, my dolly! My flower, my brownie, my dolly!

And little King Axayacatl desires it too! Come to these flower paintings, these, my baby soldiers [or my little arms]! Come to these flower paintings, these, my dear creations [or my little breasts]!

Don't let your precious heart [or hearts] take a needless tumble, O little Axayacatl. They're here, right here, those "arms" of yours. And with those arms you're going to catch me! Enjoy it!

Then slumber gently and be comfortable on your flower mat, your resting place, dear boy, my darling babe, King Axayacatl.

LXXXV  Old man song

This one scolds King Axayacatl, who could not conquer the Michhuans because he retreated at Tlaximaloyan. And many noble warriors died there, and part of them fled on account of their old age, excusing themselves because they were feeble—for which the song scolds them. After all, King Chichicha was an old person himself.

A

tico tico tico tico tico tico tico tico tico tico tico tico tico tico

"They've summoned us to be drunkards in Michhuacan, the gaping maw."34

34 Marginal gloss (numbered 1 on folio 73v): That's the name of the king there.
Tihuitzmanato ye timexica tihihuintiqueo quēmā in ticauhque in Quahuahueltzin²

[marginal gloss:] [²i]ntoca ompa
[m]omiquilique
tiacahtuan.

Yaotzin yyo ohuiya.

folio 74

1 Quēmach in mochihuque in Mexica in huchuetque xoxocomique aocac quittaa in ye tiquinquequeca ylamatzizin Chimalpoopoca in Axayaca yiyoyahu ye ticauhque yn amocoltō Cacamaton yyoqon ohuiya.

5 Tlahuanoyan nontlacactica namocolton mononoztóq Quauihhuahueltique in tlacaedel Cahualztzin quilmach ac onihque iachcahu aconcahtiquizquetcuhtli yehuayā Mēchvacā yyoqı̂ Etı̂

8 Anco ço onca temac tlancue Cuecuecexteca in Tlatilolca noxhuihuá in Čaquantzin yn ye Tepantzin cihuaucuecuetzcin intzonteccon yca ymelchiquiuh yca onteachtitoo xicaquican huec
cototi, cototi, cototi, cototi, cototi, cototi, cototi,

12 Telein ye quichihua in tequihuauque aoc momic itlanı aoc tlamaaznequi in oquiniittaque inyaohuā ymipa hualehua teocuitatl pepetzcatihuitz i ça quetzalpanitl y thxopalehuaya huiya amychana hui ma amozin ya xontlacacan huec.

16 In maca yehuantin telpopotzitzintin yehuā tlamaaznequi in tlaca yehuan y anca ça oquic tiquahuhechocazque Anca ça oquic toclocchohozque in ti- quahuahueltque huiya amychana hui ma amozin ya xontlacacacan huec.

20 Yiyoyahu ye onotlhuahueiltic in Axaya cuix ye nohhuahuoyo in intetlalolitz in noquapilhuā huec.

22 A yn maca yehuatl in noxhuuih că namechcahuazquia xochitl mantiuht huec ica momauniqxta in huitznahuatl yoahtl huec.

Tico Etı̂ chicopa

25 A hoo ye hee o nontotlocatoc nontlatlatlaztoc, nōchichichatoc in Namocolton in Axayaca huec

27 Ma ximoltalican in antequihuahque anuyahque ma ytlecax ypan anhua- chotolin anmotlatizque ica āhuetzici ychiquacol yn amococol in Axayaca huec

30 Ceceppa tetlacolcol tehuetzquiti in ye quichihua in ye mexica noxhuhiuá in omoquinque in nahuictica y nīman ic onhhuueti yyyahue chimall xoxtl tomac ommania huec.
Song 85, Folios 73v–74

Having become tipsy, we Mexicans are to go and offer our thorns. Ultimately we'll have lost our old eagle* Yaotzin!"

How in the world were these inebriated Mexican oldsters ever created? Well look, nobody can say we're kicking old ladies here. O Chimalpopoca! O Axayacatl! Alas, we've already lost your little grandpa, Cacamatz!

And is your little grandpa hearing something in this drunken place? Ah yes, the old eagles Tlaacaélel and Cahualtzin are being summoned. You know, it's said that whatever captains a lord might have, he'll immediately lose them in Michhuacan.

Yes there, in alien hands, it seems, these Huaxtec Tlatelolcans are done for! By dint of their skulls and chests, my grandsons Troupial, Rampart, and Womanish Twirler are uttering captains. Hear it!

B

cototi cototi cototi cototi cototi cototi cototi cototi

What befalls these valiants who refuse to die, who refuse to make offerings? Their enemies have found them, and they're rising up against them! But the gold comes shining: all the banner plumes are glowing green. They seize you! Ah, let this be your beginning. Hurry!

Oh no, not those youngsters who want to make offerings! Oh please, not those! Then it seems we old warriors will have to give the eagle scream. We'll have to give the jaguar scream. They seize you! Ah, let this be your beginning. Hurry!

Alas, I'm undone. O Axayacatl, is this what an old man deserves? The flight of my eagle princes?

Ah, grandson, let it not be so, for I'd be lost and flowers transported. And so Huitznahuatl and Yaotzin would be spared.

C

Tico etc., on one side

Ah! Oh, oh! Yea! Eh, eh! Oh, I'm coughing, spitting, spluttering, I'm your little grandpa. O Axayacatl!

Settle down, you valiants, you warriors! Beware of jumping on these fire-brands of his. You'd be killed, you'd be stricken by your little grandpa Axayacatl's crook.

But every time that they produce these sorrows, these joys—they, my Mexican grandsons, who were shorn!—they age by fours, alas. And shield flowers are in our hands!

Marginal gloss (numbered 2 on folio 73v): These are the names of warriors who died there.

. 393 .
THE TEXT IN NAHUATL AND ENGLISH

folio 74v

Auh in nelli mexica innoxhuihan cecentecpantica o ontecpantica in huehuetitlui y yyoyahue chimalli xochitl tomac ommania Et:

oc no chicopa, tica Et:

Quauhpetlapan ocelopetlapan oncheuatica in aMocol in Axayaca contla-chinolpipitztica yn itlecatzin ma huel yhui quetchel popocatca huee.

Ohuaye ayye aic cehuiz in chimaltica conehecaheuítica tlacochtica in quixelotica yn itlecatzin manel yhui quentel popocatca huee.

In oc tonnemi huee tamocolhuay patlahuac in tátlauh in totlaco ch ic ti-quihamuhtliue in tonahuac onoque huee.

Tlacaço ayaxcan in huehueteuhua tlacaço ayaxca in huehuetoytl can ye nica

ninochoquilia namocol y Naxayaca niquimilnamiqui nohuheuicmihuan in Cucpanahuaz, in Tecale, in Xochitlahuan, in yehuaticac Ma ceme

nican hualquiucac cecc teuctli pan momaticot i nican chalco huee.

Qecizqui in quincuuitihuetzi oyohualli yehuaya huee ye quecizqui yn ca

milacatza teuhhti yehuaya huee.

Oho che can amoca nibhuheuetsca namocol anmochuatlahuiz anmocihuac-

chimal Tequihuaque huee ca iuh xinencac huee.

Cococuicatl

Toco toco tiquiti tocon tiquitin toco toco tiquiti

Nomphua yaho niciucanitl nónitoria nitozquatectzin ayao

Nicnotlanheuia nociuc noxochiuh ayoppá tlīp niquihtohuaya nitozquatec-
tzin ayao

Can no niaz ayao ohuaye yca nichocaya a yhua niyahuia nociuc noxochiuh

hah

Nicucamintlan a nixochipapalotl aya ninochuihtiaz teixpana nipatlātiaz

ayyahue a yhuan niyahuia nociuc noxochiuh hah

folio 75

Onca yahuie aya nepapan tototl moyhuatimani yluicaatl ymanca yecatl

y atl a ytempa aya oncan niheu noca yehua notayohuá ma xiyahui

mochan a ompa ye cueXTLan ho hanc a yahuie.

Can ca ye nociuc onca yahuc haya cacalotla yehuaya niquehuaco ye nican

cilin ihcahuacaya teucitzli y tzatziya oncan niyehu moa ichua notta-
yohuan ma xiyahuiyan mocha ompa ye cuextlā o hanc a y Et:

Nitecpatototl nehcoya nopinohaua chalchiuhtlan nicmamali ypā nicipohuaya

yecatl nociuc can nitlauhquecholtzin hueli nōcuicaya teixpan o.

Ompa ye nihuitza can ca xiuhquilani can ca nimaçatl ca nictzelohuaya no-

xochiuh o.
Now really, these Mexican grandsons of mine are aging by twenties, by forties, alas. And shield flowers are in our hands!

D

On the other side: tico etc.

"Seated on this eagle mat, this jaguar mat, your grandsire Axayacatl in a blaze is blowing on his firebrands. Let them smoke a little!

"Ah, these firebrands of his! They'll never be extinguished! He fans them with his shield, he strews them with his javelin. Let them smoke a little!

"We, your grandsires, live again. Our gorge is roomy! With these javelins of ours we've pleased our comrades.

"Say listen! It's hard to grow old. Say listen! Old age is a hardship. And I, your grandsire Axayacatl, am pitiably here, recalling my old comrades: Bud, Fief Owner, Flower Drunk, Stands Up. Let just one of them appear. Ah, they've all come—to be esteemed as lords here in Chalco!

"So many! And they're seizing bells. So many, spun as lords!

"Ho ho! Hey hey! I, your grandsire Axayacatl, am laughing at your ladylike insignia, your ladylike shields. O valiants! Live that way!"

LXXXVI  Dove song

A

toco toco tiquiti toco tiquiti toco toco tiquiti

The dove: I strike it up. I'm the singer. I dance. I'm Parrot-Head Lord.

I borrow these songs, these flowers. There's no second time on earth, I say. I'm Parrot-Head Lord.

And I'll pass away. For this I weep. And I revel in songs, in flowers.

I, the singer! I'll pass away changed to a butterfly flower, I'll pass away soaring in company, ah! And I revel in songs, in flowers.

The birds are all scattered at sky water, good water's edge. Ah, there! I'm rising. My papas are rising against me. Away to your "home" there in Cuextlan!

I've come to lift songs among ravens. And snail horns are screaming, and conch horns cry. There! I'm rising. My papas are rising against me. Away to your "home" there in Cuextlan!

I come as a flint bird, you savages. I'm a roseate swan, obtruding my good songs—reciting these—among jades. I'm beautifully singing in company, ah!

I've come from the indigo land, a deer, shaking down flowers, ah!
Ti. titico, titico, tocotico, tocotocoti titico titico.

Ca mach timitlaco tiniuctzin naanootzin chalchiuhneneya ayoc nonmati ye nochan in ye toyoy ohuaye ne nachauaya çã ca ye nonã

Ça nihuetzcaya tinechaytta oquische cihuatl mochan o nicnequia ma nochan niyetoya oohuaye nechahuaya çan ca ye nonana.

Nanotzin camp aqui nchne ŭ mani miqui ŭ tinocihuapoya ayoc nel nicca-quia nechahuaya çan ca ye nonã matel ytlia ycaya aqui nocaya anca ço ancan tlacaco niez tlacaco nietoz ha.

Ohuanca tlazihuiy nyoil tinonã aqui huylmatia ahuihnemia ym mach nel oc nicaquiça y ca tinechahuaya

Ye nahuilnemia çan ca tinonã ohuayac noquich in yeh chuayá aço nittoloya cuix ninocaquía.

Yohuaya nichocaya o niyecihuatl niquetzalmiyahuaxoch ninahuilo nici-huatl aya a ca nixtonaci çan iuhqui nimiquicin mah ayaya ho ohuaye ninohuetzquilia ayahá ohuaha

Què tincocaya tiniuctzi yca nichocaya çan iuhqui nimiquicin yah aya ya oo ninohuetzquilia yaha ohuaya.

Çan ye niquetzalxotzin ayahó ninotlaçotla niyectlo nihuatl niquimahuaya niuchuan cozcamalintzin xiuhtlamiyahualtzin ye ahuihnemia quetzal-quatequía oo yao ohaye yá aya aya ha. Nano tinonanoni ohuaye ma xiquimaya.

nicuihuani cozcamalintzin xiuhtlamiyahualtzin ye ahuihnemia quetzal-quatequía Er?.

Toco toco tico tocoti titico, titico, tocoti

Yahue aya çan nentlamati noyollo Nahuitzotl ohuayec nichocaya can o cuel niquimittaz in teteuxtín Neçahualcoyotl, Motecucçoma o aca yahue aya. Once yahue aya niteuctlapaliuhquetl huclin noncuicaya cozcahui molihui niquehuaya ohuaye nichocaya canoc hucl niquimittaz in teteuxtín neçahualcoyotl Motecucçoma o hanca yahue aya.

Notemíc ypan nihuíya miiclan aya niquintlacyttaç ŭ nachcahuan tlpa-lihuime a ŭ têpiltzin in tlacahuepano cana nemi moteyoya nah tihtoloya mocuic ayo nemia çan ca tenochtitan o hanca yahue.

Iça nichoca oo yca nicnotlamati nachcahüa tlpa-lihuime a in têpiltzin cana nemi moteyoya cana titoloya mocuicayo nemiya çã ca tenochtitan ho hâca yahue
Song 86, Folios 75–75v

B

tititico tititico tocotico tocotocotocito tititico tititico

Jade Doll: How in the world did you hurt yourself, sister Nanotzin? Nanotzin (holding her vulva): Jade Doll, my dear, I can’t have the foe in my “home” anymore. Ohuaye, O only my mama must prick me.

As you see for yourself, I can’t help laughing: I’m a woman who now has a “man” (displaying a finger to the audience, unnoticed by Jade Doll). I desire your “home,” my dear. Now let me go down on this “home” of mine. Ohuaye, O only my mama must prick me.

Jade Doll: But Nanotzin, you’re a woman like me. How can your dolly—it’s lifeless!—fit inside of me? I don’t understand it, this “mama must prick me.” It has to be something that stands erect, that fits inside me, if I’m to be satisfied—truly, if I’m to lie down and be satisfied, ha!

Ohuanc, dear mama, my heart would demur. To pleasure, to couple, it has to fit in: only then can I understand that you “prick me.”

Nanotzin: I’ll couple with you, and you’ll be my mama: my “man” is the one that arises (displaying her finger). And am I applauded? And now am I needed? (They couple.)

Jade Doll: Yohuaya, I’m weeping. A virtuous woman am I, a discreet and precious corn bloom. And here, as a woman, I’ve shamed myself. For this I’ll blush. For this I’ll die, aya, ohuaya, die laughing.

Oh how could you do this to me, dear sister? For this I’ll weep, for this I’ll die, ya aya ya o, die laughing.

Yet a maidenly plume flower am I, aya ho! I am loved: a chaste woman am I! I must prick (must admonish) my wayward sisters: Jewel Twirler and dear Corn-Bloom-Down-Among-the-Turquoises: they fornicate, they’re plucking plume-heads. O yao, o aye, ya aya, aya ha.


C

tocotocito tocotocito tititico tititico tocotoci

The dove: I’m Ahuitzotl, and my heart is grieving. I weep. Will I see them again?—the lords Nezahualcoylotl and Montezuma? I’m a noble young stalwart, beautifully singing, lifting up jewels: they’re stirring. I weep. Will I see them again?—the lords Nezahualcoylotl and Montezuma?

In my dream I went to the Dead Land. I saw my elder brothers incarnate—the stalwarts, the prince Tlacahuepan. O Tlacahuepan, somewhere your fame is alive, you’re sung, and your song lives here in Tenochtitan.

For these I weep, for these I grieve. O elder brothers, O stalwarts, O prince! Somewhere your fame is alive, you’re sung, and your song lives here in Tenochtitan.

‘397’
THE TEXT IN NAHUATL AND ENGLISH

17 Huicalo nache huicalo noxochihueyotl ntlacahuepē ye quitimahuihua patlahuac aztatl yahao
19 Ocelouaquahuzatiuhi tezcacohuacatla mocuiliytzint Yahah
20 Nicocotzin niehcoya nooncuica niquimahuilohuá ŭ tepilhuanoo ayye aayaho
22 Cacaloxochitl o cempohualxochitla nihcaya niquimahuilohua in tepilhuānnoo
24 Toco toco toco tihti tocotoco tihti tocoti tocotihoto.
25 Noncuica ehco moch an nicuicante nicahuilitic noican in motecućcomá ŭ čan nicyahtotton tocinpetlacotlijava yahoo yehaya hoo ohuayie a ompa ye nihiuiztlacpac yahualiuhtcan čan nicyahtotton tocinpetlacotli yahoo
29 Pehualoya nican tziucohualu acniuchuañan ao cocomontoc xyochiuehuac ahaya nonahualah, ha noyol quimatia ohuanca ye nociucic

folio 76

čan nocoyayehuaya ycaya nompaxiuilia nipaπaloxoch mayan itlanayay nociucayia y noxochiyecollia ahuiliz nicmanaya nociucayhtohuaya
4 Iz tle ye ticchiohuque čan tiniuctzin yca qualania aya noquiχvi yuhquin ahtittatehcue an nopilotzin ma čā nicahuaya micahua čan tinonan aya noquichan
7 O qualli nechittaya čan ca ye ichiuahu ne hualmotlali acatepānī aχ quē noconchihau aya noquich in acaxochitlō ypă nomati ymac noncuetlahuix nechyuacahuaz.
10 Xochinquahuitl cueponia on quitzallli xelihuia ca ye conittotton nicuihua čā ca ye nopolohua ho ha mayic ayeo ohuayaya nincocaya.
12 Quetzalcoyolina huia cueponia topana motecaya xochihu molihuia motzeztchohuaya o a maye ayia ha ha mayic aye ohuayaya nincocaya.

Cototi tocotci cocoquití quiti quiticic cotoci
d
15 Ma ya pehualoya ma ya nequetzialoya nopolihuana o ohuayaya ye hohuaya haye oya.
17 In choquizxochitlā ompixahuia xochihuehuuctitlan nociucatiydia oahuayie ohuayaya haye ha.
19 Tlacpac tenantlan oo ye ompa nihuitzon ye nahuilnemia nihuihuayaya yahua hiye yhua yhi yao ho, A iz tlein tiquitohuaya ohuana tinonán o nicochuanentzin ma nonitia yahuayie yahuayiaio o
22 Amaya nanotzin tocon huixanatia niccaquia cuicatl onmanicoya aayo ay ha aya ayao haya
24 Ahuiia ye niquetzalxotzin ye noniittotia
It's carried, my brother. My flower-fame's carried. I'm Tlacahuepan. A broad egret plume praises my name.

And Executioner, the Precious One, goes giving the eagle-jaguar shout.

I arrive! I sing: I am the dove, beguiling the princes.

I am the raven bloom, I come to beguile the princes.

The dove: A singer am I, singing, "Aya, your 'home' has arrived." I've come to pleasure Montezuma, come to dance with this parrot arbor.

I come from the circle on high, come to dance with this parrot arbor.

Things are getting under way here in Tzihuacoac, my sisters. Ah, my dear ghost's flower drums are rumbling, ah! My heart enjoys them. Ah, I lift this song, rejoicing, I, a flower butterfly. Let me sing beside him. Ah, this flower of mine, this creation, will revel. I spread them out. I utter songs.

Jade Doll: Just look what we've done, dear sister. My man is angry. Nanotzin: As though we'd not joined the dance, my darling! Jade Doll: I'll prick him (denounce him), I'll leave him. You, only you are my mama, my "man."

Nanotzin (aside): His woman finds me attractive. Yet she's come to settle at the reeds' edge. Jade Doll: What's going to happen to me, O "man" of mine? Nanotzin: I'm supposed to be a flower reed. (She tries to copulate with Jade Doll.) I've withered in her hands! She's going to leave me.

The flower trees are blossoming, the plumes, they're scattering. My sisters, my darlings, have made them dance. Ho ha! Oh please, ohuaya, oh please let me stop.

Plume bells are blossoming, they're spreading over us: they flower, they stir, they're shaken down. Oh please, ayao ha ha, oh please, ayao ohuaya, oh please let me stop.

The dove: Let it begin! Let all my savages appear!

Flower tears are sprinkling down at the flower drum, at the singing place.

I've come from above, from among the ramparts. I couple, I offer myself.

Now here's what you must say, dear mama: "Snake Tongue am I. Let me dance."

Jade Doll: O Nanotzin, I hear the songs. They've come to lie outspread before us.

A maidenly plume flower am I, and I dance.
25 Toco toco tiquti tiquti toco toco tiquti tiquti
26 On oye'coc toxochiuh ohuayc cuicanitl yeloxochitl xiloxochitl nomac
onmania Ompa ye nicuitoya oceloamatitla aya tlacpac quauhtlan aya
nicayatemohui oo
29 In ica nictiocaya ac nicahuiliiz toxochihuehueh ompe ye nicuitoya

folio 76v

oceloamatitlan tlacpac quauhtlan a nicayatemohuia o
2 tla xoncuicati nocniuhtzin nohuayiec tlaxoconcaquic an ni cuicoya
canon in caquixtla comontoc huchuetl nococaquia anca Mexico tolamaz	niepiaco tepctl o hanca yahue
5 Nichocaya on nicuicanitl noconcaqui huchuetl comonia anca Mexico to-
lamaz niepico tepetl.
7 Ye no ye'coc toxochoiuh ohuayc nicuicanitl ye niquauhtzina huellin non-
cuicaya tecyxpoo
9 Quen huel xompchua çan xontenahua nitlatzotzonquetl ye niquetzaliçco-
tzin aya ohaye ayiec nicnotlamatia ma ya motccähohuchuetzin ayie aoo

Toco toco tititococo toco toco toco toco toco
12 Ttaltonayan atlca tempan Moquetzaco xochitla xiatolamaz tlapitzaya ni-
cozcatototl temac ninemi çan ca nicihuatlin ayao ayer anca yahue ayar
16 Quemach amci ye toxochoiuh quemach amci ye nocuiqiquichauco ye nicá
çan chiauhtzinco xiatolamaz tlapitzaya nicozcatototl temac ninemen çan
cas nicihuatl Et;
19 Tle ypanon tinechmati tinonan anca nicozcatli tinechtlatia anca yoocan
ahuiliz tlamatiz noyolilo yca nichocaya.
21 Çaç ntyacan an tinechquixtlan tinonan anca nicozcatlā tinechtlatia anca
yoocan ahuiliz tlamatiz noyolilo yca nichocaya
23 Cecelia noyol noconcacohuchuetl comonticaquic čanio ycia ye ompaqui
yc noyol cococaucati ayia nichampotzin notoncocihuatl ma noquetzal
manalli ma yapan niquimana yca tolamazque ohaye ohaye
27 Ça ye notlapalcuetzin oo o ye no çan iqecuichie oya aya nichampotzin no-
toncocihuatl ma noquetzal manalli ma ypañquinihamna yca tolamazme
ohaye ohaye.
30 Oceloamatitlan aya niquittoye ye nomuc ye nicá niquetzalpetlatzin ayie ayie
Ma noquetzalco çan totatahuan an

* 400 *
Song 86, Folios 76–76v

F

toco toco tiquti tiquti toco toco tiquti tiquti

26 Jade Doll: Our flowers have arrived! O singer, these magnolias, these cornsilk blooms, are lying in my hand. The dove: I've been to get them up among the jaguar banners, up among the eagles. And I've brought them down.

29 For these I weep, and whom will I pleasure? I've been to get my flower drums among the jaguar banners, up among the eagles. And I've brought them down.

Have a song, dear friend. Hear it! Jade Doll: Where's the singing? Where does it sound? The dove: A drum is rumbling! Jade Doll: And I hear it. The rush hunter seems to be in Mexico. The dove: I've come to guard the city.

5 A singer am I, and I weep. Jade Doll: I hear a drum rumbling! The rush hunter seems to be in Mexico. The dove: I've come to guard the city.

7 And my flowers have arrived. I'm the singer, I'm Eagle, beautifully singing in company. Oh!

9 Why not begin? Dance as partners! I'm the drummer, I'm Yucca Plume. I grieve. Let our drums be spread before us.

G

toco toco titi toco toco titi toco toco titi

12 Jade Doll: Flowers have appeared from the warm lands, the water's edge. The turquoise rush hunter blows music. And I, a woman, a jewel bird, am running along in someone's arms.

16 How splendid are my flowers, how splendid are my songs! From Rattlesnakes you've come to lift them here. The turquoise rush hunter blows music. And I, a woman, a jewel bird, am running along in someone's arms.

19 O mama! How do you treat me? It seems I'm a jewel, and you hide me. I think it's time for my hearts to revel and enjoy themselves. And so I weep.

21 I'll go! O mama, you drive me away. It seems I'm a jewel, and you hide me. I think it's time for my hearts to revel and enjoy themselves. And so I weep.

23 And my heart sprouts forth. I've heard the drums. They're rumbling. My heart is cheered by only this: the dove song. I am Earring, a woman among warriors. Let me spread these plumes of mine. Here, let me lay these rush hunters.

27 My colored skirt is also his quexquemil. I am Earring, a woman among warriors. Let me spread these plumes of mine. Here, let me dance with these rush hunters.

30 I sing my songs among these jaguar banners. I'm Bed-of-Plumes. Let all the papas appear!
Nichalchiuhnenecihuatl yayic quilacatzohua ye noyol coyolxochitl in ayic ma ya nequetzaloya can totatahu an a.

TochCocucoicatl

toco toco tico ticoti titico titico tocoti

Oncuicoya in ixpan aya ye Santa Malia nopiloa ma nicyahuicaya chooque-
liloya ylacatzoa huicaloya nopetlacouh nicmatentiax choquizxochitla
nicahuatiuh can tocnonan i nepapan xochitli Maya ya huiche ontlamiz
ya ilhuitl o haca yahue

Ya nichoca y mach nictlamicin nicuicanitl nepapa xochitl maya huiche
ontlamiz ya ilhuitl o haca yahue

Ontlapalhuiconticaca huimolihui molihuia quetzalizhuayoticac nitzetzelo-
hua yxochi yecheuan Dios aya hoo oyo hoya ohuaye

Çan can noniaz quetzalamatitlanaan choca moyollo çan nicuicanitl Et?

Huel paqui noyol concacon huehuete chinameca nicuica ma mania ahuyia
ye nenahualo yao ma nonmitotia ye niquetza petlatzin ahuyia ye
nenahualo yao.

Nica xochitzin naton ma nonnitotia ma niahuiyuahua çan tochâtitlan qua-
chipalecan o hanca yahue comontoc huehuete noconcaquia nanotzin
man nonnitotia ma niahuiyuahua çan tochâtitlan quachipalecan Et?

Ti titico titico tocoti tocoti ti titico titico &c^3

Ahui huitano huichile ahui noquetzalla cahualotihuah chiucnahuatl ytempa
huicalo yece ximohuaya in mexica yn xochinmayaque enquisatiae in
yehuaya nahuitloya ahuiyan toxochiuh ha

In ye in yaho ahuiyelo ye toxochinquahui yca ye huicalo çan quetzalihpo-
tocaya yeetlon cuicatlin xochimayanque enquisitiaque in yehuah
nahuitloya ahuiyan toxochihuan.

Oliniquetl tonanahua San Palacizco huicaloya nocohua a y choquizxochitl
pixahuita yohualacohuaya.

Tolin Xochitla yhopotocaya in toya huicaloya nopetlacohuahay nechoqui-
liloya

* 402 *
I'm Jade-Doll Woman. My heart whirls bell flowers. Let all our papas appear!

**LXXXVII  Wanton dove song**

_A_

toco toco tico ticoti titico titico tocotoci

There's music in the presence of Santa María, my darlings. Let me carry these arbors of mine: they're wept for, they're whirling, they're carried! I'm to go away spilling these flower tears, off to abandon these poor hands of ours, all these flowers. Let's hear a "ya huiche!" And the feast will be over. Alas!

Yes, I weep. Will I, the singer, enjoy all these flowers? Let's hear a "ya huiche"! And the feast will be over. Alas!

They're twirling as colors, they're stirring, stirring! they're sprouting as plumes: God's flowers: I shake them down.

I must leave these plume banners, and my singer's heart is weeping.

_Ah_, my heart is glad: it's heard the drums. O dwellers in this court! I sing!

Let them fall. Ah yes, there's partner-dancing. Let me dance! I'll set up the mat. Ah yes, there's partner-dancing.

Come, dear flower, you warrior. Let me dance. Let me be pleased at Camp Burrower, at Pillow Town.

The drums are rumbling, and I hear them. O Nanotzin, let me dance! Let me be pleased at Camp Burrower, at Pillow Town.

_B_

titi toco titico tocotoci titico titico etc.

These plumes of mine are off to be abandoned at the Nine Waters' brink: they're carried right to the place where all are shorn, these Mexican flower-cravers, gone off together, these flowers of ours: they've been summoned.

Ye ah! Ya ho! All our flower trees are pleased. So they're carried off, these good songs, breathing plumelike fragrance, flower-cravers, gone away together, these flowers of ours: they've been summoned.

These shakers, these mothers of ours! They're carried off to San Francisco: all these flower tears: they're spilling, gone off drizzling—sounds, heard in the darkness.

And rush flowers are breathing fragrance: they're overflowing. My arbors!
tecpipiltan cuicanahuatiloyta chalchiuhapam aya o ayie ahuin toxochihuan.
2 Xochintenamiti onoca hui can quetzatentanticpac teuhtli moteca milacatzoluaya yca ye huicalo in tccpilli in tlaca huepan ayocac tlatohua tlalihuintiuhu tlama maleque yehlta
5 Xiuhquechol milinia xochiati poconia chalchiuhtli tlapania yca ye huicalo tccpilli tlacahuapeantzin ayocac tlatohua tlalihuintiuhu Et'.
7 Cotoco cotoco tico coti titico Tocoti
8 Oca yhue aya can noxuiahu Reformica in tepilhuatn chichimecatlahco tlahuauqu cuicatl xaymacayac aya mihtotia tolazam aya xochinaahualoya San Palacizcoya
11 Onca yahue aya oha ma intia ma ihtoayahu nibuiahuia cuicatl nicuicicatl cuicatl xaymacayac aya mihtotia tolazam tla aya xochinaahualoya sa Palacizcoya
14 Mā cuicoya man cuicanahuatiyotluytannicialma nicyahuicaz noxochiuh oo quenmanila quenman nipolhuizca
16 Inn a niechnahuatia notataba notlatoca ye niax nihuicayahu nopetlacoquahu nipoquihiz in ye niecuxtecatlin aya ohuayu ye ayc nilotiz ha
18 Xochiohtlipixahuacuicatl xaymaca yca mihtotia tolazam tla aya xochinaahualoya sa Palacizcoya
20 O ayecanoxi ximohuaya nopinohucahualotiz yehuan toteohuan xicnomehtlatia Santa Malia ye tonan ma ya nichocayu nitzaloya ahuian can toconmai

Totototo tititi toti toti totititi et'.
24 Om ma ya om mayay in Pehuahualu yahuihuia ohuan nopinohuā quetzalcoyoltltlan onica in tocohuehuetzien no oya ya aya
26 Xochiahuaxachpixahui in noayacac aya quetzalcoyoltltlan in tocohuehuetztin ao Et'.
28 Ahuiya ye noyol xixehtlaca nichalchiuheneyaya matlatl xochinahuaxltla aya nicamatinemia ye nitenuaua niquimittotia in tolazame oya ha haya.

Mochicaahuiaz noylitzin aya nozoncocihual
[superimposed correction: / [n] [toncocihual]

nichalchiuheneyaya matlatl xochinahuaxltlanaya nizamatinemia ye nite
nhuayu aqumittotia in tolazame oya ha haya.
4 Canin noconcaquia noxochinahuallia a on cuicoya tecpanchinamehcan ma nonniihtotia aya aya o aha hueyiyayie aya ohuayu Et'.
They're carried! All the princes! They're wept for. These flowers of ours are being song-summoned from Jade Waters.

Flower bulwarks lie fallen, alas. Among these bulwark plumes the dust is spreading, whirling. So the prince Tlacahuepan is carried! The singing's over. There's earth-drunkenness. Seizers are seizing. Ah yes.

A turquoise swan is stirring. Flower water foams. Jadestones shatter. So the prince Tlacahuepan is carried! The singing's over. There's earth-drunkenness. Seizers are seizing. Ah yes.

cotoco cotoco tico coti coti titico tocoti

I recite my songs among Huaxtecs, beguiling the princes at Chichimec Town—this island. And as the songs break, the rush hunter dances, flower-partnered here at San Francisco.

Let them speak! Ah, let them speak! I'm a Huaxtec, uttering songs. And as the songs break, the rush hunter dances. Let him be flower-partnered here at San Francisco.

Let there be music. Let them be song-summoned. O my princes, let me carry these flowers of mine. Ah, soon, soon I'll die.

Ah! My fathers are calling me: I'm off to my palace. I carry these arbors of mine, and I perish, I, a Huaxtec. I won't be back again.

My arbors, these marigolds, are carried down the flower road, and I'm bejeweled. Poor soldiers! Carried!

These savages of mine are off to be abandoned in the place where all are shorn, the evil place. My Spirit! Have mercy! O Santa María, O mother! Let me weep. Poor soldiers! Summoned!

totototo tititi toti toti totititi etc.

Let's strike it up. Let there be pleasure, you savages. Our poor drums stand here in this plume-bell town.

These rattles of mine are drizzling down as a flower dew. Our drums are here in this plume-bell town.

My heart is glad. Look at me. I'm Jade Doll. I'm carrying a flower-tree snare. I'm dancing with partners, dancing with rush hunters.

My heart shall be strong. I'm a woman among warriors. I'm Jade Doll. I'm carrying a flower-tree snare. I'm dancing with partners, dancing with rush hunters.

Do I hear my flower ghost? There's music in this palace court. Let me dance.
Yia ayao hayo huele quinequi hoytotzin ahulii xochitli at ayao el no hoyz in cuicati noconcaquico huic tetzontitlana

Cuicatica ompaquia ye hoyol notlahuinixochiuh noquetzalquaxelol ahuyie noquetzalquaxelol ypan nianemia San Palaczcohui cuix mochipa ye nican xochintlalticpac ni ma ninoquimiloya.

Ça yeic nichocaya ohua niquitquiz ye niax yectlom cuicatli cuix mochipa ye nican xochintla'y y ma ninoquimiloya

Cototis tocotis cototi quitis quitis quititis

I in yeo niyehcoqueti nonantzin quihuinti hoyol niximalintzin oach anca huilin nicochi ye noconcaquian yectlom ye incuic noxochinnahualla

Çan ye xochincuicati topan motecao xiuhpapalotl ye nipatantia xochitl yao quihuinti ye noyollo quetzal ye xochitl cuepointimania ymapan ye nonemi noxochinahualla

Xochitl moyahuaya ayiaoo ma nonNitotia topan temoc hahaya ahuyjac xochitla

Niquitoa tinicuitzin no ohuaya ma nonnitotia topan temoc Et'

Xiquinmaca xochitlani xiquinmacan nonahual aya ayao izquixoxtitl cacahuaxochitl ayie ayahue xiquimaca xochitlo xiquinmaca nonahual aya ayao.

Manchester xochitl man cacahuaxochitl maçan nonahual yehua nohuhueueh xicyahuelintzotzona ayia ayao.

Toco toco tiqui tiquiti quititi

Tapachtli nonenepil chalchihuitli ye noten ninomatia niquetzahchichtzin notatahua nicochuan notlapal a in teixpan in nichocaya quenin tiazque a ihucatditican onca yahue aya

Huel yectlin nocuic niquehuaya ay ca nechtlaxometi yehuan Dios

**folio 78v**

nihuchuetl quitoneque ca iyca nenque mach cahuan otlatiloc çanon ye mictla Et'

onca yahue aya izquixoxtitl ymancan çan toxotoma tlaca ompa niax tino-nantzin çan ca nicamamatiaz noxochihuaya maniya huitta toxotoma.

Onca yahue aya çan tinechahua tinonanotzin ma nonittotia ate iuh nicmatia noxocuhuih aya yca paqui hoyol maniya hui.tan toxotoma.

In niquitchohuaya ninentlamata atl ychayahuayah no ye xihuiyian xiuhtaz cue ye ya aya ha

Anca man iuhqui Dios Atl itempana ninentlamata atl ychayahuaya ne xihuian xiuhtoz cue ne c
My heart indeed wants pleasure flowers. Perhaps I won’t have to go away. I’ve come to hear a song—a long one among the hairs.

These songs make my heart glad. These shining flowers, these scattered plume heads of mine, ah! These scattered plume heads: I dwell among them here at San Francisco. Forever in this world of flowers? Let me adorn myself.

And so I weep. I’ll carry them down and pass away. These beautiful songs! Forever here in this world of flowers? Let me adorn myself.

cotoci cotoci cotoci quititi quititi quititi

I’ve arrived. I’m Turquoise Twirler, and my mama has made my heart drunk. Will I sleep? Already I hear the good ones, the songs of my flower ghost.

The flower songs are spreading over us. And I, as a turquoise butterfly, will go soaring away. These flowers have made my heart drunk—these blossoming flowers, these plumes. I’m in the hands of my flower ghost.

The flowers are scattering. Let me dance. Fragrant flowers have descended upon us.

Oh sister dear, I say “Please let me dance.” Fragrant flowers have descended upon us.

Give him the flowers. Give them to my ghost—these popcorn flowers, cacao flowers. Give him the flowers. Give them to my ghost.

Give! Flowers! Give! Cacao flowers! Give my ghost! I beat my drum.

toco toco tiqui tiqui quititi quititi

I fancy my tongue is redshell, my lips jade. I’m Plume Gum, dear papas. And I unfold my colors in this company: I’m weeping. How can we get to heaven, alas?

I’m lifting good songs: God is grateful. I’m a drum, and he’s its opener: thus he dwells, indeed his name resounds, he’s been destroyed—in the Dead Land.

Our poor soldier men are where these popcorn flowers lie. And there I’ll go, dear mama. I’ll carry off my flowers. Ah, poor hands! They’re lying there.

Oh my Nanotzin, you’re pricking me. Let me dance. These flowers are peerless. Aya! With these my heart rejoices. Ah, poor hands! They’re lying there.

“I’m grieving” is what I say. O Turquoise Parrot! Be off to the Waters spread wide! Hey!

O God, let it be so. At the Shore! I’m grieving. O Turquoise Parrot! Be off to the Waters spread wide! Hey! Hey!
Tocototl cototi titi tocototl cototititi

Pacticac noyoltzin nitonoccihuatl nontchuehuelitztlihac cocotzinpani çan ye notlapalcuetzin nanotzin ninoyeccquetzaya ohu ayac nopilotzin ye niqetzalxochic incempolihuia yao.

Çan ça yuhqui nonan catca ya aya niquiçaco notonoccihuatl çan ye notlapalcuetzin nanotzin ninoyechequetzaya ohu ayac nopilotzin ye niqetzalxochic incempolihuia yao.

Ye nihualnemia cocotzinpani nicuextecacihuatl ye noizquixoichiuh çan yeçtli yehuayao oya ayye ha

Cuix mochipa ye nican in tl'ec ma ya iuh ninemia nihtoloy ahuili xochitl ayie huaya yao oya yao oay yechu.

Ye no yohuayc noyol ixpan ninoquetzaya ye nocoyanotza yeelteotl nicihuatl çan ye nocuentax ololiuhic chalchihuhtliya aya yhuana noconyayehuaya yhuanna nocoyapohuaya.

Ahuiya ye noyol niqiutta nocuentax ololiuhic chalchihuhtliyia hayahuana noconyayehuaya noconyapohuaya

Nitoztlatlanilli ohu ancan ye ninetzin moca ye nichoca ahuayao ach ca ompa nihiuitz in taminchoquincali maçatlı yiao yahuc yahoyca

Çan nìcihuatzintli notlapalipacxochiuh o anca nonehuielli ach ca ompa nihiuitz taminchoncalli maçatlı yiao yahuc yahuc hayc.

finis Laus DEo.

folio 79

Calpantlacatl in tlamacazqui huallalauh hualmotlatlalan tochinantitlan tceyeectziy aytzin txochitzin txochimccatzin

Amo nohualla niman ye nechilhuia ahua nicca nomatzin nenequiztica-tzintle nomatzin ahtle ypan quaqualitzticaszintle nomatzin in maçaco-cuel nican tochinantitlan nimitzontexochicapolyolototoponi[...]. nica yacue tlamacatzintle o mach tiquitohua.

Ichtaca monotza yacue yacue ariquè in nêhuitzê huiyia anoce axini quine-neloque yyahamatzlatol tlacaçq yehu in tonenquizhua tohuchuehlicini-huano ohuiya.

Niccauhtzintle tonquaqualantica toxaxaquialiuhtica tonetequipachiuhtica cuix mochipaon in tl'ec. xolotzin yacue notecuiyotzin xihualmohuica maço titlaocox ma motozqui mococo oihuh quinec in tl'ec que ahua Et?

Ipalnemohuani Dios aya xonhuchetzca xóquequelmiquia ca xochitlalli ycpac ye nica çan cen tihiu çan cen tlapopolihu

Yalhua yohuana nitoquihuichinti nixaxacayhuintic ono cuel nihuintic xolotzin açoc moyollo quimati nomà xicana ma tihiuan iyee tochlor, çan oquic çan oquic tonCuecuc ciuhu çan oquic Et?
tocotoci cotoci titi tocotoci cototititi
My heart rejoices. I'm a woman among warriors. I view these men with
pleasure here at Dove Place. And with this colored skirt of mine, Nano-
tzin, I'll dress myself attractively. No girl friends for me! I'm a plume
flower. And I die.
I was born to do as my mother did: I'm a woman among warriors. And
with this colored skirt of mine, Nanotzin, I'll dress myself attractively.
No girl friends for me! I'm a plume flower. And I die.
I'm in Dove Place, a Huaxtec woman! These popcorn flowers of mine:
they're beautiful!
Forever on earth? Let me be thus—praised in pleasure flowers.
O my hearts! I, a woman, appeal to the Only Spirit, I call to him. These
jades are my rosary beads, and I sing them and recite them.
My heart is pleased: I see these rosary beads, these jades, and I sing
them, I recite them.
I'm Parrot Prize, and I'm alive. I weep for you. I'm a deer, come down
from Tamoanchan, the house of tears.
I'm a man's woman, and my flower crown of colors seems to be my hon-
eyed souls. I'm a deer, come down from the house of Tamoanchan.

Finis. Laus Deo.

A Calpan priest keeps coming and settling down in this court of ours, say-
ing, "Beauty! O treasure! Dear flower! Dear flower garland!"
I don't come. Then he says to me: "Hey! Little brother! Dear nephew!
Loved one! Dear nephew! Peerless good-looking one! Dear nephew,
come! Here in this court of ours! I've aromatic cherry seeds—roasted for
you! Come! Hey! You're supposed to say 'Hail, dear priest!'"
Furtively they're called. "Hey! Hey!" And who are they that scarcely come
or that arrive having misinterpreted his tender words? Ah, it is they, our
loved ones, our comrades.
"Why, little brother! You're angry, you're irritated, you're vexed. Forever
on earth? Boy! Hey! Noble one! Come here! Don't be sad. Don't be
choked with sobs. The World Owner has required it to be this way. Hail!
"He is Life Giver, and he is God. Aya! Laugh! Be merry in this world of
flowers. Once and for all we pass away. Once and for all we must die.
"Last night I was splendidly drunk, gorgeously drunk. And again I'm
drunk. Say! Boy! Wouldn't your heart enjoy this? Take my hand. Let's
be off to Our Home. He's drunk it, He's drunk it! O Ribald Parrot!
We're off! He's drunk it!"
Huexotzinca Cuicatl.

Tocontin, Tocontin, toco, toco, toco, totototototo, tocotocotoco tototototo.

Ye quilhuia yn ichuauh tzin; in Acapenatzin ahua Pille netle Ma nocana, ma nocana, achitzin xitechompehu toconizque, ye ma yhui ye ma yhuio notecuiyo oquichpilli tzin

Ohuallaque in Pipiltin ye huexotzinco y Ton Xihua y nelpiloni ye tlen con-

izque in Pipiltin ma nocana Et'.

Ye ca onihuahlah ca onicituyoyah ye ma xonmotlapalo ye cihuatzintle tla xiqualcuiya tla xictemacaya y má copatica in man tacatica ya ma ya onihualo in teteuctin ay yo Et'.

folio 79v

1 In notzintzcanhuicoltzin ye ço huei quatzin tlalahuacalxochitl y ma ycaya

onilacatziuhtihuitz Notecotzin tla xiqualcui tla xictemamacaya Et'.

Yc onhuheuetl

5 O aca ye onca Pipilt in netle nomatinez in atl patlauaca atzallan ye oncan

mani tlachuiloixochiotli in huei intech onquix y oncan conique in te-

piltzin in ncahualcoyotzin huei intlaoyecmatitech mantiaque y hue-

huetzin qui xiuhtotoixquatepiltzin oncha' chayahuata Et'.

In conittoa netle ma tiyayatiuhuan ye otlapilchiuhque ye huexotzinca ye

motlahuan ye oquitlalapanque ye ço huei qualtzin in moxiuhtoto ye

mohuicoltzin y ma ye ninahpantiuy huei intlaçoh Et'.

13 I nihualicac ye yohuan nicihuautzintli o natlalicatzin nictemoa notec oqui-

tzintli in tlachoquitzintli canin noconcaquio mocuicachoquiltiliuh in tec-

piltzintli ça ye ootecpec in tlachichiquitzinco tepetozcatl canque yye ya

tlauhtzinco nimitzemohuaya Et'.

17 Iye nónentlamattica noyehyeyan tlalihuixochitl nimizonteltequia ye

onça tehualizin cuix ocatiuyoa atempantzinc alchayahuacan motlaocol-

xochiuhip ye ye ximapantiuh nimitzontemohuaya.
LXXXIX  Hueyotzinca

A
tocoti tocoti toco toco toco totototototo
tocotocotocototototo

22  His woman says, "Down here, Reed Picker! Come, prince! Hail! Here! Here! Conquer a little something that we can drink! Let it be done, let it be done! My lord! O man-child! Down here!"

25  The princes have come. Hueyotzinca's Don Juan Nelpiloni is the one these princes are to drink. "Here! Here! Conquer a little something that we can drink! Let it be done, let it be done! My lord! O man-child! Down here!"

27  Oh yes, I've come; and I've set off to get him. Hail, woman! "Please do come get him. Please offer him up. Let him be dispatched as a white man's cup, as a white man's dagger. O lords!"

1  "Would that crimson basket flowers might come whirling on account of this delicious trogon cup of mine. Come get this lord, this man of mine. Please offer him up! Let him be dispatched as a white man's cup, as a white man's dagger. O lords!"

4  Second drum-cadence

5  "Oh, it seems they're there already, calling, 'Princes! Hail, soldiers!' Yes, they're there at Wide Water, at Water's Midst. The painted-flower wine has intoxicated them: they've drunk Prince Nezahualcoyotl. These indeed have been transported in their good and precious hands. Old Man, alas, now Cotinga Forelock, has gone scattered away."

10  These Hueyotzinca who said, "Hey! Let's go easy!," were in error. They've shattered your delicious drinking bowl, your cotinga, your precious cup. "Would that I might pass away adorned!" he cries. "These indeed have been transported in their good and precious hands. Old Man, alas, now Cotinga Forelock, has gone scattered away.

13  "It was in the night that I awoke, I, the woman, looking for the founder of my nation, my lord, the precious man, the man I love. And where do I hear him?" Ah, the noble lord goes song-weeping at Ocotepac. They've seized him in the scuffle, at the gorge. "In the Crimson now I seek you.

17  "Ah, I'm grieving at my fireside, picking red feather flowers. For you. Have you reached the Shore, the Water's-Spreading-Out-Place? Pass away adorned with these bereavement flowers that are yours. I seek you."

*411*
1 Tocoticotocot. / Tiqui tiqui tiqui tiqui
2 Yeho tonacicco ahua conetle nomatzin ye chalchiuapa y mitztapallti ye ymanian chachallacatimani nepapan tototi Tla xitlamahuiço titecayehuac nomatizin netle netle pipilte
3 He tla xia nomache tla tocotati yu teuctli yehuah don alonson tontlamahuiçoque y chalchiuhapan quetzalhuexotitlan chachallacatimani nepapan Ttototl Tla xitlamahuiço titecayehuac nomatizin netle netle pipilte
4 He otihuallaque Timitzlapalloco timotlahuah tidon alonson axayacatzin. mach oc onhuitze yu o pipilti y Don Lucas yu Don atronio acachina ma titlacoax nomatzin
5 yu tlacoax pacta yu tinomatzin tlaco tocotati ya motlatzin tozquecoyotl teuctli ayoc aque yu ya motlahuah oquintlati totecuyu ma titlacoax nomatzin
6 Yn ma melel quiça tla toconequica atlaçueçona yu tecoztic tomiyoltic acaxochitl tlatlapaltic tla xia nomache pipilte
7 Hueł tecemelti quetzallotlli xelihuian yu ytech aya patlantinemia xochi tzanaquechol hueł yectli ho y niconlatobhua mach aya nelli pipilte
8 He mach oc ahuilli Teuctle tirozquecoyotl Omimiltla yxochinteponaz yu teuctli yehuah yu Don alonson oncahahuanta yectli ya ycuic ho ohuaya nella
9 hi hueł yectli ya ycuic yhuan Tomach yu Don alonson quimitotia y tepilhualn i huexotzinca hi ocahahuata yectli ya ycuic o ahuaya nella

2º
tocotocotiti / Ticotico tocotocot
30 Tla xicaqui teuctli tecayehuatizine hueł tontlamahuiçoque hi yecxochitla axayacatl teuctli hocan omania teocuitlaxochitl yu tlalpalihuixochitl ontlatalatzcati-

folio 80v

manici coyaxochinay, quapachtototl y xochitototl ayan.
2 Hocan toconitaque xochiatenpam motlatlabia Tlapalkehuantzin oca homemania teocuitlaxochitl y tlalpalihuixochitl ontlatalatzcatimani coyachi chinay, quapachtototl y xochitototl ayan.

* 412 *
Song 90, Folios 80–80v

The year 1597

**XC Bird song**

*A*

toco toco tocoto/tiqui tiqui tiqui tiqui

You’ve arrived! Hail, babe, nephew! And at Jade Waters, where white
water lies, the thronging birds are cackling. O Attacker, rejoice. And
nephew, hail! Hail, princes!

Hey nephew, go! Let the lord Don Alonso pass away with a following!
And we’ll rejoice. At Jade Waters, at Plume Willows, the thronging
birds are cackling. O Attacker, rejoice! And nephew, hail! Hail, princes!

“Hey, we’re your uncles, come to greet you.” O Don Alonso Axayacat-
znin! “And do these princes keep on coming? This Don Lucas? This Don
Antonio of the Reed Bower?” Don’t grieve, nephew.

The griever’s gone away rejoicing. And nephew, let this uncle of yours,
Lord Crane, pass away with a following! Your uncles aren’t here any-
more: Our Lord has put them away. Don’t grieve, nephew!

Let your cares be dispelled. Let’s cut these golden, these aureate, water
lilies, these gorgeous reed flowers. Go, nephew! Princes!

Delight makers, plume songs, are parceled out! The flowerlike Thrush
Swan hovers among them! I’m uttering good ones. Yes, it’s true, you
princes.

Say, are they still delightful, O lord, O Crane? Lord Don Alonso’s log-
drum flowers have gone away in a blaze. His good songs have gone
away resounding. Ah, it’s true.

Ah! Our nephew Don Alonso’s songs are good indeed, and it’s he who
makes these Huexotzinca princes dance. His good songs have gone
away resounding. Ah, it’s true.

*B*

toco toco titi/tico toco toco toco toco

Hear it, Lord Attacker! We’ve been rejoicing in this flower of beauty, this
Lord Axayacatl, where the golden flowers lie, the red feather flowers.
They’re bursting! And cuckoos, orioles, are sipping them.

We’ve seen the Red Troupeal seated there, at Flower Shore, where the
golden flowers lie, the red feather flowers. They’re bursting! And cuck-
oos, orioles, are sipping them.

*413*
Ho tihuia netle yn tenochtittlan hocan o tlatohua quetzaltaoznenetzin yn Don diego tehuetzquitl aya ya nelia nomatzineyan
Ye niquitohua pipiltle huexotzinicye quinanquillia y tlauhquecholtototl yehuan tomatzino ñ Don hernando acollihuaca ya nelia nomatzineya
Yn ahua nomache a pipiltin o hueyotzin aya xiuhquecholhuitzilintzingo yn don Pº yn motecucomatzin coyachichinato chalchihuaxochitl yn ompaya a yn caxtillan omapatetzelo huaya
Y huel omoçouhtia ye ompatlantia yehuan tomatzino yn Pº yn moteucocomatzin coyachichinato chalchihuaxochitl yn ompaya a yn caxtilla omapatetzelo huaya

\[3^\circ\]
Toco tico tocoto/Tiqui tiqui tiquiti
Tlaoc timocchualhuici quetzalahuichuetl ya ytlano mapano moyacalhuitic cate acatzanatzitzitina
Huel noconmahuico huay ye chalchihuatapallacatlto o. ye ytech ayo ompapactica xocheatzin mociucatiay quinanquiliay acatzanatzin oxihucoyol-

ycahuacaya yn intlatoltzin pipiltle
Homult tincemia // ye xiuhquechol chalchihuapa huellin tlatohuaon xi-caquica hana. // quetzallaxoque moçouhtincemia
Huel yectli tototl ho matzetzelohua mopardoyahuaya aqui nica ya xiuhque-chol chalchihuapa huellin tlatohua ho xicaquica hana.
Hí ma tihuia onontlamahuico yo mexico huel tecemeltican ynic qualcan o xoichiqaquatonatimania y chalchihuapa tla xia nomache pipiltc.
Hin ahua nicauh yn tecayehuatzin ma tihuian ma mellel oquistihiu onontla-mahuico ñ mexºo huel tecemeltica yni qualcan o xoichiqaquantominia ñ chalchihuapan tla xia nomache pipiltc

\[.4^\circ\]
Titocototocoti toco totocoti,
Tititqui titiqui titiquiti
Ho quetzallayauhtimaniatitlatli ayahue ñ tlacoçotl tepetl. ytlan i xiuhto-molticaya onztlataxopallehuatoax ayin ximatallat ytempan aya ompa ya noconaqui nhueexotzincati a yllilli aye ahua ho aye.
Honteocuitlatzilintimaniya yhuelhueczti on chalchihucoyolticaya onicahuacatoqui yxochinteponaz yehuan tomatzino yn don alonso teuctlía nepapan ihuitica quetzalmoayahuaticac ya ycuic yxochihuaya ompa ya nococaqui nhueexontzincati a yllilli aye ahua ho aye.

\[414\]
Let's go! Hey! There, beyond, in Tenochtitlan, sings the plume parrot Don Diego Tchuetzquit. Yes, it's true, dear nephew.

I say, princes! Huezotzincans! The Roscate Swan-Bird is echoing our nephew, Don Hernando of Acolhuacan! Yes, it's true, dear nephew.

Hail, nephew! Princes! The dear great one, the turquoise-swan-hummingbird Don Pedro Montezuma went to sip jade-water flowers—there!—scattered on the waters of Castille.

Spreading his wings, he went flying away, our nephew Pedro Montezuma, gone to sip jade-water flowers—there!—scattered on the waters of Castille.

toco toco tocoto, tiqui tiqui tiquiti

Let's go be shaded at the Precious Cypress. Reed thrushes are sheltered on those branches.

I'm rejoicing in these jade and pearl-shell reeds. The jubilant green frog makes music at their side, and the reed thrush echos. Their words are shrilling like turquoise bells. O princes!

And there Beyond we walk along. The turquoise swan in this jade-water place is ably singing. Hear him! This plumelike heron soars along.

A beautiful bird is strewn, it brightens—perhaps even here! Yes, the turquoise swan in this jade-water place is ably singing. Hear him!

Let's go! I've been rejoicing in this Mexico, this place of pleasure. In this good place flower troupials are shining all around. To Jade Waters! Go, nephew! Princes!

Hey brother! Attacker! Let's go! Let your pain subside. I've been rejoicing in this Mexico, this place of pleasure. In this good place flower troupials are shining all around. To Jade Waters! Go, nephew! Princes!

tico coto tocoti toco toto coti,
titiqui titiqui titiquiti

There's a plume mist in that precious nation: turquoise buds are radiating green. From the margin of the turquoise-green waters I can hear them, I, a Huexotzincan.

Nephew Lord Don Alonso's drums are ringing with the sound of gold. His log-drum flowers are shrilling like jade bells. His songs, his flowers, scatter as a multitude of feathers. I can hear them, I, a Huexotzincan.
1 tla xicaqui netle niquitohuaya ayyahue aqui huelpaquintzin y teuctli
2 yehua cocuicultlatamachcuiullohuaya contlauhquecholtzetzelhuhuaya
3 ycuillohuaya teyxpam aya quimocemeltia teteucti acaxochitica onetotil-
4 loya ho co ylliamo hue ahuyyea
5 O cozcayllacatzihui maquizimalintica ayahue contlauhquecholtzetzel-
6 lohuaya ya ycuic yxochihuaya quixiuhtototecuitlaycuillohuaya teyxpam
7 aya quimocemeltia teteucti acaxochitica onetotilloya ho co ylliamo hue
8 ahuyyea.
9 Y nepapan ihuitica quetzalcaquian ica yoquamana ye ocani y tepihuan i
10 nepapá tlacuiloltica ya quixoxochimama y tecpillotl teucyotl mahuizyo y
11 nicaya ypałtzinco Dios ahua conteleya ya nellia nomache tihuexo-
12 tzincaye.
13 Y coçahuic xochiticaya ma neyapanalo y coyollizquixochiticaya ma ne-
14 totilloya tihuexotzincena a ma tocçacxochihui yin chalchiuhyyexochitli aya
15 ca çanio ye nica tlalticpac aya ya nellia nomache tihuexotzincaye
16
17 .
18 5°
19 Tiqui toco tocoto / tiuitoco / tiqui tiqui tiqui
20 Hiya huexotzinceno nicayaytohuam i toquezcoyotl don xpóual. nocoyama-
21 huicohua mach oc ahulli huelp yectzitzinti tlacototome ompatlatinemi
22 tecpilibti ya oncan mexo atliayteca yean.
23 he mach oc ahulli netle nomatzine titecayeuac
24
25 folio 82
26
27 teuctli xiuhquecholcaçanilticaya motlatlamachcuicuilloque tlacototome
28 ompatlatinemi tecpilibti ya onca mexo atliayteca yean
29 yn aztachecholino omochiutla aya arçobiso totatzin ya ycoioltzin ontzi-
30 tzilinta ya yc patlanta yluhicatlitecaya hi yaca yaca hi yahuhe hohuaca hi
31 yahuhe.
32 hohu aqui huelp yehuatzin fray Ptszin cuicatototl Patlantinemia Sanc
33 Franuyocayahuacui ya ycoioltzin ontzitzilinta ya ie patlanta ylu-
34 huicatliticaya hi yaca ya hi yahuhe hohuaca hi yahuhe
35 hiya oquitlati Tt Dios aya ocuell achic patlatinemiclo tla-
36 chinolquauhtli homoçomaço yehuaya marques oyohualxochiticaya
37 homitotitinemico nica ahua ya nella
38 Ayac quihuqui quauhtli ya huexotzinco mexo nicani chimalla xochitic
39 oquimomoyahui nepapan totome aya marques oyohualxochiticaya ho-
40 mitotitinemico nican ahua ya nella
41 • 416 •
Hear it, hey! And I say, “Who’s the dear glad lord that paints his twirled ones as musical brocades, who strews them as roseate swans in the presence of this company, who entertains the lords?” With these reeds, these flowers, there’s dancing.

They’re whirled as jewels: they’re spinning as bracelets: he strews these songs of his, these flowers, as roseate swans: he paints them gold, and as cotingas, in the presence of this company: he entertains the lords. And with these reeds, these flowers, there’s dancing.

There beyond and as a multitude of feathers, as plumelike troupials, he offers these herons, these princes. As a multitude of paintings he flower-offers lordship, nobility, and glory—here!—by the grace of God. Hail, babe! And yes, it’s true. O nephew! Fellow Huexotzincans!

Let all be adorned with these yellow flowers. Let there be dancing with these bells, these popcorn flowers. O my fellow Huexotzincans, let these be our flower crowns, these, these jade incense flowers—and only here on earth! Ah yes, it’s true. O nephew! Fellow Huexotzincans!

E

tiquitocco toco/tiquitocco/tiquiti tiquiti

In Huexotzinco I utter the crane Don Cristóbal. And in him I rejoice. Are they still delightful, those beauties, those lovely birds, those noble princes flying along here in Mexico, in Water’s Midst?

Hey, are they still delightful? Ho, nephew! You, Lord Attacker! Oh, yes, those lovely birds have been brocade-painted as turquoise-swanlike jests, those noble princes, flying along here in Mexico, in Water’s Midst.

Our father the archbishop, in passing away, has become an egret swan. His bells have gone ringing. Now he’s gone flying to heaven.

Oh it seems that Fray Pedro goes flying along as a song bird, having left San Francisco. His bells have gone ringing. Now he’s gone flying to heaven.

Our lord God has put him away, him who came to fly briefly on earth, him, the blaze eagle who came to frown, him the Marquis, who came to go dancing with bell flowers here. Ah yes, it’s true.

None were equal to that eagle here in Huexotzinco-Mexico. He scattered all the birds as shield flowers. The Marquis! He came to go dancing with bell flowers here. Ah yes, it’s true.

417
Quetzaltolpatlactipan quiyeyectia yatlapaltzina yn don alonxo ayyacatzino quetzalitzpepetlaca ytepatlactzin ohuaya yehon.

ho motzetzelohua ya coquetzalçoqohua quiyeyectia yyyamatlapaltzin conahuatzetzelohua ha yeho huaya yehan.

Huel ontzimitzcapepetzcatenemi ayaho xiuhotopatlaninemi y tepil-huani honcon aya tlapalyquixochitlanca honetotilo ha yehan,

Finis
Fellow Huexotzincans, rejoice in these bird princes: our parrot duck Don Alonso Axayacatzin’s broad bill brightens like an emerald.

Don Alonso Axayacatzin spreads a wing among the plumelike bulrushes: his broad bill brightens like an emerald.

This green, green willow-duck, this great one of mine, this Don Juan Itztolinqui, spreads a wing and scatters it as a raining mist.

Oh, it’s scattered. Yes, he opens his wing in a plumelike manner, spreads it wide and scatters it as a raining mist.

Hey! Hail! These great ones of mine, these princes, are painting their good songs as plume-jade cotingas. There! And with these tinted popcorn flowers there’s dancing.

These princes are bright as trogons. They’re flying along like cotingas. There! And with these tinted popcorn flowers there’s dancing.

Finis

IHS

XCI  Tlaxcalan piece

You’ve arrived in this town of lords! “Be strong, Tlaxcalans! Huexotzincans!” And what will Nelpiloni be hearing from Lord Xicotencatl? “Be strong! Hail!”

Chief Yellow-Beak Eagle comes shouting. And Captain, or Mother Marina, says, “Yellow Beak, my lookout! You’ve arrived in Acachinanoco!” Be strong! Hail!

“Let’s keep watch for the Captain’s boats. And ah, his banner is just coming in from Tepepol. The Mexican people are ravaged.” Woe! Be strong! Hail!

Give aid to our lords! With iron weapons they’re wrecking the city, they’re wrecking the Mexican nation! Be strong! Hail!
Xietztotzona ñ mohueuexh xihueuetzexay yxtlixochitlc xonmitotia ñ quauhquiauc mexicoc nica mocueälizchimalo cuecueyauyan temalacatitlan y ximochicahuacan netleyan

Iaopapac ynitziz tlahuizniequitzin ayyaue ñ quachic aya yxtlixochitl xonmitoti a o quauhquiauc mex. nican mocueälizchimalo cuecueyauya yna temalacatitlan ximochicahuacan netleyan

In ouq ulmomantihui auan tomachuan ayayyauce ñ quachicayan yna xamochacaz yna otomitl teuctl tehuetzquitl yel ximochicahuacan netleyan

O cuel achica ceruilluitlon yeuaya ñ tlachinolxochitl motlatol tiquauhtemitzin moteocuytlayaca xochiuc yl tlatlauizcallehuatimaniya ñ mochicaxochiuc que-

tzaltica cuecueyauatimani otilamahuiciu uitziltcpetl ximochicahuacan netleyan

Queueclco tehuatzin tetoca ye mopan o matiaz tauh totepeuh ye mach oc timoxicoz. cequi mopatiuht yetiu o moteocuitlayacayaca mochicaxochiuc quetzaltica cuecueyauatimani otilamahuiciu uitziltcpetl ximochicauacac netleyan

Tla yaxun xiquimotacan ac yehuatint chimaltica mitotia, a otzoxicen tehuatziqui ñ tecohuatzin tlenoço ayeczque mayecuele ma onetotilo ñ tla xicuicaca yncuauan

MA cecen otili ypan ximochicahuacan tiquahuitl yntihtpotonqui tlenoço ayeczque moacacuele ma onnetotilo ñ tla xicuicaca nycuauan

Onel ticyacahuque y tauh ñ totepeuh ytenocheitlan o mexicoc yna nican xamelledaquacan ticoanuitl yntihtpotonqui tlenoço ayeczque moayeczuele onnetotilo yna tla xicuicacan anincauan

Tla xicaquiy nocuic y huel neli a niquitohua niqueuua yna yteztan nanaucacan ylatelulco ma çan tlapic ye mochiuc tlaxcatca ayan y na xicuycac anincauan

Ça nicyayttac nicmahuiuco ye oncan nanaucacalteuctl chimaltica y expa-

· 420 ·
Beat your drum and laugh loud, O Ixtlilxochitl! Dance at the Eagle Gate!
Here! In Mexico! Your scarlet-plume shields are whirling at the round-stone. Be strong! Hail!
O Glad-in-Battle, O Craving Weapons, ah! O Valiant, O Ixtlilxochitl!
Dance at the Eagle Gate! Here! In Mexico! Your scarlet-plume shields are whirling at the round-stone. Be strong! Hail!
Meanwhile they sally forth and offer themselves. Oh, nephews! O Valiant Anahuacatl, and you O Otomi Chief Tzhuetzquiti, woe! Be strong! Hail!
These blazing flower words of Yours are but a moment and a day, O Eagle-Going-Down! These golden flower shoots of Yours are radiating dawning light. These, Your cotton flowers, plume-whirl! And You've rejoiced at Hummingbird Mountain. Be strong! Hail!
How favored You are! This city of ours follows onward, transported to You! Do You still have a craving? Well then, a few of Your payments are riding along, yes these, Your golden skin-robcs! These, Your cotton flowers, plume-whirl! And You've rejoiced at Hummingbird Mountain. Be strong! Hail!

B

Second drum-cadence
See them! Who are these that dance with their shields? We've cut off our hair, O Tzhuetzquiti, O Tecoaizin! What else would you do? Onward!
Let there be dancing! Sing, brothers!

Everybody on the road! Be strong! O Coahuitl, O Itzpotonqui, what else would you do? Onward! Let there be dancing! Sing, brothers!
This we've abandoned, this, our city, this Tenochtitlan, this Mexico-on-earth. Be strong! O Coahuitl, O Itzpotonqui, what else would you do? Onward! Let there be dancing! Sing, brothers!

Hear my songs! Oh, I sing them in earnest, I utter them, ah! And we would arrive. From the four directions they move toward Tlatelolco!
Let it not be done in vain, Tlaxcalans! Aya! Sing, brothers!
Alone I saw Lord Anahuacatl there and marveled at him. Finally with
latica yequene quihualtocaya y tlaxcalteca aya y caxillan tlaca atitlan quincahuato ya tacitoya ma can talpic omochihu tlaxcalteca aya y tla xiciucacá annicauan

folio 84

.3°

Yc yey huehuetl

3 Tlaoc xomitoti o tooquizteuctli titlatohuaya xictzotzona yn teocuitlahue- huetyl xiuhtemiyahuayo Concauhteuaque y teteuctli tlateo auh ya ychuatl yc xiquimonahuitl y nepapan tlaca tonahuac onoque tlaxcalteca y meetlo yc huexotzinca y meetla

8 Telhuelic aye onnez mexico yec nican cuitzlachihuitl aya y tlatohuani y huanylteuctli Tlachtepec dali totaci Tepixohuatzine anqui mochtin yc omicuiolque yec in chimaltitech o nepapan tlaca tonahuac onoque tlaxcalteca y meetlo yc huexotzinca y meetla

13 Mochimalitotico nican y tlatohuani yn alpopoca mexico anquin nican chimalaztazochihuahu uuanpatzaque y teuctli oquixpan o tlaxcalteca y meetlo yc huexotzinca y meetla

17 Auh aço nelli yeic conací que moyácuili yñin tepoztopilli yxpayolme anqui nican chimalaztazochihuahu uuuanpatzaque y teuctli ou ayxpan o tlaxcalteca y meetlo yñin huexotzinca yn meetlo

22 hualchimallaçaya ychuan motelchiuhtzin y tecuilhuitl y tel huel onnezta yñ ocaçique yn intlequiçco y tepehuaniime conitoahua yn a toch maa onetotillo tlaxcalteca y meetlo yc huexotzinca y meetla

27 Yc xximia yc quauhtenamitl auh ocotlenamitl y tecuilhuitl telucic onezta yn ocaçíc yn intlequiquico y tepehuaniime quitoa yn a toch Ma onetotillo tlaxcalteca y meetlo yc huexotzinca y meetla

folio 84v

.4°

IC NAHVI HVEVETL

3 Yc huel ximotzomoco ma xonmihcalia cán titlaca teccatl a yn temillotzin, ync ye equiçaco yn iacal Caxtilteca Chianpaneca yaoyahualolo ync te- nucxcatlaya yaoyaqualolo ync tlatelucatl

6 Yn oc tlaztazquaoto.a. y tlacacochcalcatl ync coyohuehuetzin a yec on equi- çaco ync acolihu o. ync tepayacac ync ync hucy otlipa yaoyaqualolo ync te- nochcatla yaoyaqualolo ync tlatelucatl

9 Yc xuel patriohuay ync tenuchtitlan y yc xypolixquio yec yrpiluqay cán yequiçtin chalchiuxcapitan yhuan guzman mexico nican yaoyahualolo ync tenucxc- catlaya yaoyaqualolo tlatelucatl

.422.
shields and swords they come to chase him, they the Tlaxcalans, aya! and they the Castillians. Off he goes, into the water, leaving them behind. And off we go—to arrive! Let it not be done in vain, Tlaxcalans! Sing, brothers!

C

Third drum—cadence

Dance, Lord Oquitztin, and you sing! Beat the golden drum that sprouted turquoise fire-tassels! Lords and rulers went away and left him. And he himself has gone away. Then pleasure these, this multitude, our comrades! Tlaxcalans, hey! Huexotzincans, hey!

Yes, even so he’s appeared here in Mexico! Cuitalchihuitl! And the tlatoani, Lord Huanitl! Let him go and seed the soil at Ball-Play Mons! O Sower-of-Men, it would seem that these multiple nobles, our comrades, have all been painted in shields! Tlaxcalans, hey! Huexotzincans, hey!

The ruler Atl Popoca comes to do a shield dance here in Mexico. It seems this lord lays hold of dried-up egret-plume flower shields, lays hold of withered stripers, here before their eyes! Tlaxcalans, hey! Huexotzincans, hey!

It seems he’s come to take a lance from the Spaniards. It seems this lord lays hold of dried-up egret-plume flower shields, lays hold of withered stripers, here before your eyes, Tlaxcalans. Hey! Huexotzincans, hey!

Motelchihuh is the one who thrusts his shield, and it’s a time of lords! Yes even so he sallies forth, having appeared. And when they’ve captured the conquistadores’ guns, then Rabbit says, “Let there be dancing!” Tlaxcalans, hey! Huexotzincans, hey!

This eagle bulwark, this jaguar bulwark, is the one who does the wrecking—it’s a time of lords! Yes even so he sallies forth, having appeared. And when they’ve captured the conquistadores’ guns, then Rabbit says, “Let there be dancing!” Tlaxcalans, hey! Huexotzincans, hey!

D

Fourth drum—cadence

Gather your strength and go fight, O Commander, O Temilotzin. Castillians and Chinampapeces are coming in with boats. Tenochcans are surrounded, Tlatelolcans are surrounded.

Meanwhile the troop chief Coyohuehuetzin throws up barricades. Aeolhuans are coming down the Tepeyacac causeway! Tenochcans are surrounded, Tlatelolcans are surrounded.

He who might serve as a payment for Tenochtitlan, he who’s destroyed, is one of the children of the jade captain: it’s Guzmán, here in Mexico! Tenochcans are surrounded, Tlatelolcans are surrounded.
THE TEXT IN NAHUATL AND ENGLISH

12 Y Xiuxalcapuztica tlatlatalzinia ayaxquitl moteca y no conanq ya yn quauhtemocztzin a. ctm atl onnanta y mexica yn tepilxuan aya yaoyaxualolo yn teneucaztla yaoyaxualolo yn tlatalucatzla

16

.5°

17

Ic macvilli hvchvetl

18 Ma xiquilnamiquican tlactalca tomaçquian yn iuhqui ticciuxiquque coyonaçco ncycoquihuilo yn mexica ye cihu ya tepenalo yn tlaçquaquer a. ye pachiuhtia yyollo a y eximachoctzin chimalpaquinitzin a. yn iuhqui otiicciuxiquque coyonaçco ncycoquihuilo yn mexica ye cihu ya tepenalo y tlaçquaquer

folio 85

1 Ye onetzacualoc acachinanco tehuexolotzin a conicihuitia ynin tlaltelmeltzin yn xicotencatl yn caxtaneda ye ma yhui netleya ye ma yhui netle
4 Y xihuapoyynaca ticahuane y tlinelpilonitzino y valhue conicihuitia yni tlamemeltzin xicotencatl y caxtaneda ma ye yhui netle y chicunahuilhuititica onteaxitilo y coyohuacan y quauhtemocztzin y cohuanacoch tettepanquequetzatzin ye necuilo y teteucti ayuyo
10 Quinelauahuaya a y tlacotzin ye quimomihui o auu tomachhuane ximochichauacan Teocuitlatepozmecatica ya tonilpiloq y ye necuilo yo yn teteuctin ayuyo
14 Quihuallitohua o yn tlatohuani o y quauhtemocztina ahua nomatzine can tonanaloc tontizquiiloc Aqu inahuac timodalitla genel capitan ahuae nella doyan yxapeltzina ahuaya nomachcticatzine ayaya nella ye necuilo y teteuctin ayuyo

FINIS.

* 424 *
It thunders and thunders from out of a turquoise harquebus, and the vapor rolls. They've even seized Cuauhtemoc. All the Mexican princes go off through the water. Tenochcans are surrounded, Tlatelolcans are surrounded.

My dear Tlaxcalan nephews, now remember how we did it in Coyonacazo: the women of Mexico, all of them, mudded their faces, and all the masters made their choices.

With this he passed away contented in his heart, and he is Notable, and he is Glad-for-His-Shield. Ah! This is how we did it in Coyonacazo: the women of Mexico, all of them, mudded their faces, and all the masters made their choices.

Yes, all the tom turkeys were corralled at Acachinanco, and the babe Castañeda Xicotencatl drives them along. Let it be so! Hail! Let it be so! And hail!

"O younger brothers, come running! O Nelpiloni!" And the babe Castañeda Xicotencatl drives them along. Let it be so! Hail! Let it be so! And hail!

After nine months Cuauhtemoc, Coanacoch, and Tetlepanquetzatzin were brought to Coyohuacan. Yes, all you princes are delineated!

Tlacotzin cheers them, saying, "Nephews, be strong!" Aya! We've been bound with iron ties of gold! Yes, all you princes are delineated!

The ruler Cuauhtemoc says, "My darling, hail! You're seized, you're taken! Who is she that sits beside you, O Captain General? Truly it's Doña Isabel!" "My dearest darling!" Aya! It's true. And princes are delineated.

Finis
Commentary to Songs 1–2

In short, the Commentary merely provides guidelines—and these are tentative—for the more thorough exegeses that the interested reader may construct for himself, using the various aids in this work and the Dictionary.

I Beginning of the songs (folio 1)

Synopsis. The singer returns from a song trip with flowers for his comrades, only to find them miserably subjugated and unable to join him in music making; death alone can bring release.

Remarks. The song trip is the only element of ghost-song ritual that survives in these lines; and even this is vitiated in that the songs obtained by the singer appear to be regarded not as revenants, but as mere tokens of divine grace. Evidently the text is a comment on post-Conquest servitude, as stanza 6 seems to show quite clearly (see p. 64, above). The wording has the texture of prose (see p. 47, above); and although a few insignificant vocables are present, note the absence of ghost-song structure. From a linguistic point of view, this appears to be the least idiomatic song in the entire manuscript. Observe the saccharine quality. But songs 2–4, 6–9, and 11–13 have a somewhat similar, proselike texture and are perhaps all from the same singer.

Striking similarities between song 1 and the so-called Nican molochua (i.e., the legend of Juan Diego and the Virgin of Guadalupe), published in 1549 by Lasso de la Vega, cannot be passed over in silence. Note these distinctive vocabulary items: tzintzuan (1: 7; LASSO 26: 16), manoce (1: 7; LASSO 26: 23), noche exanco nietemaz (1: 10; LASSO 42: 21 has quixexanten), iuhqui tepetzqui mananquilija (1: 13; LASSO 26: 8 has iuhqui quinamquilija Tepetz), coyolototl (1: 17; LASSO 26: 10), in xoche tilpan in ionacatilpan (1: 28; LASSO 26: 16), xixochitetegui (1v: 3; LASSO 42: 13 has xoche tiltegu), etc. Further comparison would reveal possible gleanings from elsewhere in the Cantares, but the similarities are especially marked in the first few folios. One suspects that Lasso de la Vega had access to our manuscript.

Previous translations. ANP, no. 1; Cecilio Robelo in Peña Fischer, Cantares (1904), pp. 23–27; Corrigan, Song, pp. 65–69; PIA, pp. 67–70; HLN, 1: 260–62 (excerpts); AAG, no. 1; PCL, p. 86 (excerpt).

II A song of green places, an Otomi song, a plain one (folio 2)

Synopsis. The singer on a song trip to paradise yearns to live there permanently with God.

Remarks. This obviously Christianized song (see stanzas 4 and 5) has latent ritual content. Note the phrase noyollo ehua, "my heart arises" (stanza 5), and compare ximoyoehua, "rouse yourself" (literally, "rouse your heart"; song 6, stanza 4). Desire for battle is implied. Note the incoming "popcorn flowers" (revenants) in the final stanza.
Commentary to Songs 3–6

Previous translations. ANP, no. 2; Whorf, “Contribution,” pp. 3–27; AAG, no. 2.

III Another to the same tone, a plain one (folio 2v).

Synopsis. The singer produces a shower of revenants in the Aztec manner (stanzas 1–2), then feels the reproach of Christianity (stanzas 3–4) and abandons revenant production in favor of peaceful union with God (stanzas 5). Compare the similar song 7.

Previous translations. ANP, no. 3; HLN, 1: 262 (excerpts); AAG, no. 3; PCL, p. 88 (excerpt).

IV Mexican Otomi song (folio 3)

Synopsis. Producing songs, a singer grows drunk with their fragrance.

Remarks. Note these elements of ghost-song ritual: musical reciprocity, the scattering of bird revenants, the singer as warrior (or “parrot”), and the singer’s intoxication.

Previous translations. ANP, no. 4; Cornyn, Song, pp. 137–39; HLN, 1: 263–64; AAG, no. 4.

V Another Mexican plain-style piece (folio 3v)

Remarks. This degenerate version of song 40 cannot be meaningfully synopsized. Observe that song 40’s stanzas 3–4 and 7–8 have been lost. In stanza 1 the bliss of Aztec revenant production has been confused with the bliss of a Christian afterlife. And in stanza 3 the singer confuses the “raiment” of incoming revenants with a shroud of dead flowers. (Dead flowers customarily mean victims, not revenants.)


Previous translations. ANP, no. 5; AAG, no. 5.

VI Another, a Chalcan piece, song of Tetelepanquetzanitzin (folio 3v)

Synopsis. Fear of death prompts an objection to war (expressed in stanzas 1–3); but this is countered by the argument that war and death are essential if we are to earn the songs of lamentation that we all desire (stanzas 4–5).

Remarks. The title appears misplaced, since this is neither a Chalcan piece nor a song pertaining to Tetelepanquetzanitzin. Nor is there any song in the manuscript that could be made to fit such a heading. Possibly the title belongs to a piece that was inadvertently dropped from the compilation. (On Tetelepanquetzanitzin, see DICT; on Chalcan pieces, see Introduction, chap. 10, above.)

Previous translations. ANP, no. 6; PIA, pp. 71–72; AAG, no. 6.
Commentary to Songs 7–10

VII Another (folio 4)

Synopsis. A singer rebukes his comrades for their warlike, Aztec yearnings (stanzas 1–2) and urges them to seek peaceful union with God (stanzas 3–4).

Remarks. Compare the similar song 3. In the song at hand, note the terms Chiapanec (stanz 1) and Rattlesnake Place (Chiapan; stanza 3). Chiapan evidently denotes the other world. Possibly there is a play on Chiapan (Amaranth Place), the name of an Otomi town northwest of Mexico. But the Chiapanec Otomis of stanza 1 are probably Mexican warriors. (See p. 29, above.)

Previous translations. ANP, no. 7; PIA, pp. 73–74; HLN, 1: 264–65; AAG, no. 7.

VIII Another, sung by a ruler who remembers rulers (folio 4v)

Synopsis. Reminded of rulers who died before the Conquest, the singer regrets that he cannot reach them and bring them the blessings of Christianity.

Remarks. The ghost-song ritual is negated in this heavily Christianized song. Although acquainted with the traditional diction, the singer either misunderstands it or deliberately chooses to adapt it to a new mode of thought. And yet, especially in stanza 3, there is a detectable undercurrent of yearning for old-style Aztec values. Notice that ximohuayan (place where all are shorn), usually identified with the heaven of Christianity, is here regarded as an unreachable limbo reserved for pre-Christian Aztecs. Compare song 9. The heading, "sung by a ruler . . . .," is evidently an invention of the glossator.

Previous translations. ANP, no. 8; PIA, pp. 75–76; HLN, 1: 266–67; AAG, no. 8.

IX Another sad Otomi song (folio 4v)

Synopsis. Complaining of his low station (stanz 1), while imagining that his betters will be his equals in the next life (stanz 2), the singer looks forward to joining the ancestors in heaven (stanz 3) and praises God in order to validate his faith (stanz 4).

Remarks. Here again the ghost-song diction is stripped of its ritual significance. In contrast to song 8, the Aztec ximohuayan (place where all are shorn) is identified with the heaven of Christianity. See commentary for song 8. (On the heading "Otomí song," see p. 94.)

Previous translations. ANP, no. 9; HLN, 1: 267 (excerpts); AAG, no. 9.

X A Mexican song of green places, a plain one (folio 5)

Synopsis. The voice of a reproachful warrior-muse is rejected (stanzas 1–2) by a convert who favors peace (stanz 3), even at the expense of humiliation (stanz 4).
reminding his comrades that Life Giver intends death for the warrior (stanza 5); therefore, he says, let us thwart this Life Giver, this Executioner; let us give him cause for grief (stanza 6).

Remarks. Song 10 is a slightly abridged version of song 69, canto E. For a detailed paraphrase, see the pertinent commentary. The heading "Song of green places," carried over from 69, no longer seems relevant.

Variants. Song 69, canto E. Stanza 4 coincides with song 30, stanza 15.

Previous translations. ANP, no. 10; AAG, no. 10.

XI Another (folio 5v)

Remarks. The singer borrows his first four stanzas, with minor variations, from another song (53, canto B), then takes off in a different direction, producing a somewhat inorganic composition that would be tedious to synopsis. Ghost-song diction is used in an untraditional way, yet the piece is not without interest. Notice the appeal to Santa María, evidently regarded as a stand-in for Life Giver (stanzas 6–7), or even as an intercessor (see song 59, stanza 7). The prayer is that we Indians, not just the Spaniards, will be admitted to heaven. Hence the emphasis on "us" in stanza 7 of this song. Worries about an exclusionary paradise are also expressed in song 60, canto A.


Previous translations. ANP, no. 11; PIA, pp. 77–78; HLN, 1: 147 (excerpt); AAG, no. 11.

XII A song of green places, a song for admonishing those who seek no honor in war (folio 6)

Synopsis. Reluctant comrades are urged to come give their lives in battle in order to achieve union with God.

Remarks. Traditional in many respects, this song nevertheless appears to have been composed in missionary Nahuatl (see Introduction, chap. 4). Moreover, the "flowers" are treated not as revenants, but as mere tokens of God's grace (as in other songs in this group). The piece should perhaps be read as a solution to the problem set forth in the preceding song. In other words, we Indians, if barred from the heaven of Christianity, may seek admittance nonetheless by returning to the pre-Christian war cult. Thus the piece is nativistic.

Notice in stanza 4 the appearance of Cc Olintzin, presumably an epithet of Life Giver. And in stanza 6 there seems to be an Old-style double entendre: "Our Black Mountain friends, with whom we rise warlike on the great road," would ordinarily mean "our comrades in arms with whom we march down the causeway (or great road) leading from Mexico to the mainland, headed for Tiliiuhqui Tepetl (i.e., Black Mountain), a town traditionally at war with Mexico." But here the great road appears to be the sun's road in the sky. And it is possible that Black Mountain is meant as a figurative name for paradise. See Dict: tepētl.
Commentary to Songs 13–15

Despite the glossator’s prefatory comment, this, clearly, is not an ancient song of the Otomi Indians. For comments on the Otomi question, see pp. 29 and 94, above.

Previous translations. ANP, no. 12; Cornyn, Song, pp. 131–133; PIA, pp. 79–81; AAG, no. 12.

XIII Huexotzinca piece (folio 6v)

Synopsis. Memories of the siege of Tenochtitlan linger on, bringing despair and thoughts of death (stanzas 1–2). This defeat was our punishment, wrought by God (stanzas 3–9). Only in the exemplary behavior of our captured leaders are we able to find some consolation (stanza 10).

Background. With a large contingent of Huexotzinca and Tlacalan warriors, Cortés finally subdued the island realm of Mexico (the twin cities of Tenochtitlan and Tlatelolco) in August 1521. King Cuauhtémoc and the other Mexican leaders, including Motelchiuh, Tlacotzin, and Oquitztin, were taken as prisoners to Acachinanco, the southernmost point in Tenochtitlan, and from there to Cortés’ camp at Coyohuacan, where according to some accounts the Spaniards tortured them by fire in the hope of learning the whereabouts of hidden gold. (For names and places, see Chimalpahin, p. 237; on the fire torture, see IXT, 1: 480, and UAH, Sec. 381. For a more detailed account of the siege, see “Background” for song 66.)

Remarks. Ruined vestiges of the ghost-song ritual are to be seen in stanzas 1 and 5. Though idiomatic from a linguistic point of view, this is perhaps the least ritualistic of the songs. (On the title “Huexotzinca piece,” see p. 94, above.)

Previous translations. ANP, no. 13; PIA, pp. 55–56; HLN, 2: 91 (excerpts); AAG, no. 13; León-Portilla, Reverso, p. 62 (excerpts).

XIV (folio 7v)

Synopsis. In response to our song-weeping, Mexican revenants (stanza 8) arrive as a distribution of God in the person of Jesus (see stanza 3).

Remarks. The attenuated and often spurious ritualism of folios 1–6v has been left behind. From this point on, the manuscript contains only pieces that adhere meaningfully to the ghost-song ritual—with the possible exception of the clumsy song 79 and the hastily conceived song 77, both of which are pastiches.

Previous translations. ANP, no. 14; AAG, no. 14; GPN, 2: 88–89.

XV How Tezozómoc was anointed lord (folio 7v)

Synopsis. With Tezozómoc as our muse we summon pro-Mexican revenants to reenact the fifteenth-century defeat of Acocoluacan, Tlacala, and Huexotzinco, thus punishing those nations for having collaborated with Cortés.

* 434 *
Background. In a famous war ca. 1415 King Tezozomoc of the Tepeanecs, allied with Mexico, defeated Acolhuacan and murdered its king, Ixtlixochitl (whose abortive campaign had been aided by Tlaxcala and Huexotzinco). A little more than a hundred years later, when Cortés laid siege to Mexico, he enjoyed the support of those same nations that had been Mexico’s enemies in Tezozomoc’s time. (On the war of 1415, see especially IXT, I: 332–42, 433–39; and on the Spanish Conquest, commentary for song 66.)

Remarks. The heading “How Tezozomoc was anointed lord” perhaps refers to the title Chichimecatl teuctli (Chichimec lord), an imperial title customarily held by the ruler of Acolhuacan but coveted by Tezozomoc, who finally usurped it by defeating Ixtlixochitl (IXT, I: 330, 343, 421–22). Though relevant, the heading is inapt and may have been added by the glossator.

Paraphrase by stanza

1–2 Pro-Mexican ghost warriors, called Colhuans and Chichimecs, are summoned from Seven Caves, the ancestral Aztec homeland, here identified with the other world.

3 Also summoned are King Ixtlixochitl and a group of pro-Acolhuan ancestors destined to relive their defeat at the hands of Tezozomoc and the Mexicans. Thus Tezozomoc, as muse, is “weeping” in order to produce the revenants needed for his side.

4 The Mexican revenants arrive as armed warriors (“brambles,” “mesquites”), recalling the glorious Great Land, another name for the Seven Caves region, in fact a desert land far to the north of Mexico. This event is God’s command (or these “words,” i.e., these revenants, are a distribution of God).

5 Then what’s to be the fate of Mexico’s enemies? They’ll be destroyed, as already predicted in stanza 3.

6 We wish our enemies throughout Anahuac would produce revenants (make war), as they did in the old days (so that we can defeat them once again).

7 Ah, where are all the old enemies of Mexico? (Note that the enemy list includes Miccaaclel of Huexotzinco, Toteotzin of Chalco, and Coatzin of Tlaxcala. See DICTIONARY for details.)

8 Say there, you Huexotzincahs! What revenants are you creating?, i.e., Are you making war? (If so, we’re glad to hear it.) And to give you an idea of what’s in store, take a look at the damage we’ve already done to Huexotla and Itztapalulco (Acolhuans states that fought with Ixtlixochitl in the war against Tezozomoc; IXT, I: 331, 436).

9 This reenactment of Tezozomoc’s war recalls the glorious days of Seven Caves, or Great Land. The revenant Iztzozomoc is arising as a truly great chieftain (a “ceiba,” a “cypress”) among these mesquites and these caves. He knows how to make war, how to please Life Giver.

10–11 Already the Acolhuans are begging for mercy, addressing the revenant Tlacatecl, lord of Tlatelolco (who in fact served as Tezozomoc’s general against Acolhuacan; IXT, I: 333).

12 Mexico’s enemies are again “rich” (again making war, again producing revenants). The enemies sing, “Not twice does one give pleasure to Life Giver” (i.e.,

* 435 *
one is reborn not on earth, but in paradise; see stanza 15). Their songs (their deeds) produce such enemy revenants as ancestral Xayacomach of Tlaxcala—in other words, the revenants are "pleasured."

13 The enemies continue to create revenants, calling for Quetzalnahuacatzin and Huitznahuacatl (ancestral Huexotzinca?).

14 These revenants arrive as doves, as a distribution of Life Giver (compare stanza 12).

15–19 Now all the enemy warriors, including their newly arrived revenants, are dying in battle and returning to the other world. The famous Huexotzinca, Izrac Coyotl, is among them.

20 This victory for Mexico is due to the presence of the great chiefest, or "cypress," Tezozomoc (see stanza 9) and his fellow revenants, as Huexotzinca cry for mercy. Huexotzinco, in defeat, will be translated to the other world (compare song 17, stanza 54).

21–22 "Composing" still more revenants, the Mexicans rampage through Hue- xotzinca territory, destroying Tepeyacac.

23–28 Mexico extends the victory, conquering all of Anahuac (i.e., all of the Indian world).

29 The earth is rolling over (i.e., a new order is being established). Retribution comes to the collaborators Atl Popoca (of Cuitlahuac?) and Cacamatl (of Tlaxcala?), who shall be God's slaves in Mictlan (the Dead Land).

Previous translations. ANP, no. 15; HLN, 1: 223–24 (excerpts); AAG, no. 15; GPN, 2: 90–93.

XVI (folio 9)

Synopsis. In an "agony" of song, the singer weeps revenants, wishing that he could remain on earth to enjoy their company (stanza 1). But he knows that the act of producing revenants (the act of war) requires his death and hence his return to paradise (stanza 2). Summoning his courage, he invites death, while revenants, in exchange, come whirling down to earth (stanzas 3–8).

Previous translations. ANP, no. 16; PIA, p. 170 (excerpt); HLN, 1: 217–18 (excerpt); AAG, no. 16; GPN, 2: 94–97; Léon-Portilla, Trece poetas, pp. 21–22 (excerpt); PCL, pp. 87–88 (excerpt).

XVII Flower song (folio 9v)

Synopsis. Revenant muses associated with Huexotzinco and Tlaxcala summon revenants of their own kind, bound for battle (stanzas 1–40). An unidentified singer (no doubt Mexican) reveals that he is responsible for having summoned these victim revenants, then proceeds to summon Mexican warriors (stanzas 41–50). In a fantasized battle the Huexotzinca and Tlaxcalans are defeated and sent to paradise as payment for the newly arrived ghosts, who now establish Mexico as paradise on earth (stanzas 51–55).

Remarks. Like songs 15, 66, and 90, this piece appears to serve as a reprisal
Commentary to Song 17

against Huexotzinco and Tlaxcala for their having joined with Cortés in the siege of Mexico. Notice that the words put into the mouths of the enemy singers are entirely pagan. The Mexican singer permits Christian allusions only in those speeches that he assigns to himself, perhaps as evidence of his superiority over the enemy. In the translation, Huexotzincan and Tlaxcalan speeches are in quotation marks.

Paraphrase by stanza

1 Come, muse! Let your songs (or revenants) be born on earth.
2 Revive your warrior ghosts!
3–4 Ah, the muse has descended from paradise, distributing songs (or revenants) by the grace of Life Giver.
5–6 The muse is Ayocuan (evidently a Huexotzincon ancestor; also called Cuetzp? coupled with Cuetzp?)
7–8 One of Ayocuan’s revenants, Tecayehuatzin (king of Huexotzinco in the time of Cortés), produces other revenants.
9–11 You’ll notice that we’re getting quite a few enemy revenants here on the dance floor. (Let’s think about taking them into our grasp as captives.)
12 Ayocuan, you were the first to descend (stanza 5) and will therefore be the first to be taken captive, killed, and sent to paradise (the dawn place).
13–14 Ayocuan admits his desire for war (for the opportunity to produce additional revenants, or “shield flowers”), but he is afraid of becoming a captive. In that event, his appearance on earth as a ghost will have been in vain.
15–16 He doubts that life will continue in paradise.
17–18 We’ve heard from Ayocuan. And now, in response to his song, other (Huexotzincon) ghosts arrive.
19–20 The new arrivals, song-grieving, produce still other ghosts.
21 Not only in Huexotzinco, but over there in Tlaxcala, they’re producing ghosts (including Xicotencatl).
22 Say, this music room, or dance floor, is becoming littered with revenants!
23–26 We’re all seeking these revenants that descend from heaven as a distribution of God.
27–40 Huexotzincon and Tlaxcalan revenants keep coming, and keep complaining.
41 But this is my song, and I, therefore, am the one who is really producing all you (Huexotzincon and Tlaxcalan) revenants. I now arrive in person (or my muse arrives), and now you must depart as my payment.
42 You might scorn me, you might think my flowers (my songs, or revenants) are mere weeds. (But wait till you see what I can do!)
43–44 Look what beautiful songs I produce!
45 I’m producing my (Mexican) ancestors as revenants.
46 And we’re marching to battle. (So beware!)
47 Prepare to die and live forever (in heaven).
48–50 Meanwhile the Mexican revenants come raining down as a distribution of Life Giver. The ghosts (“drums”) descend from paradise in response to the sighing of such typical Mexican warrior-singers as “War Declarer.”
51–54 Huexotzinco is attacked and destroyed. Its warriors rise to paradise, as God and Mexican revenants come raining down on Mexico.

'437'
Commentary to Songs 18–19

55 Huexotzinco (or Tlaxcala, or both) will reach paradise. Paradise will reach Mexico.

56 We appreciate the sacrifice of these Huexotzincans and Tlaxcalans. They give their lives in payment so that food plants (or revenants) may sprout here in Mexico. They go to heaven as converts to Christianity (or as converts to the ghost-song doctrine, which incorporates Christianity).

Previous translations. ANP, no. 17 (stanzas 1–27); PIA, pp. 43, 83–91, 166, 167 (excerpts); HLN, 1: 90, 169–70, 173, 176, 178–79, 182, 220, 243, 244, 344–50 (excerpts); AAG, no. 17; León-Portilla, Antiguos mexicanos, pp. 115, 122, 128–36, 179 (excerpts); GLA, nos. 22–30, 55, 56, 65 (excerpts); GPN, 2: 96–121; León-Portilla, Trece poetas, pp. 192–94, 195, 204–7, 209 (excerpts); PCL, pp. 81–83 (excerpts).

XVIII Bereavement song (folio 12)

Synopsis. The Huexotzincan warrior-singer shrinks from battle. Complaining incessantly, he makes war in spite of himself, producing Huexotzincan and Tlaxcalan revenants destined to make further (unsuccessful?) war (with Mexico?).

Remarks. The song appears to be a companion piece to 17, repeating many of the same elements: the questioning invocation (stanza 1), the complaining of Huexotzincan singers (here greatly magnified), the horticultural imagery (see especially stanza 30), the identification of Huexotzinco with Tlaxcala (stanza 44), and the mention of such revenants as Ayocuan and Xayacamach (stanzas 43, 47). The voice of an adversary (presumably Mexican) seems to come through at various points, notably in stanza 37.

Previous translations. PIA, pp. 93–94, 163–65, 175, 176 (excerpts); HLN, 1: 91, 148, 191, 194–95, 198, 200–201 (excerpts); AAG, no. 18; León-Portilla, Antiguos mexicanos, pp. 121, 138–39 (excerpts); GLA, nos. 31, 34, 37, 42, 57 (excerpts); GPN, 2: 122–40; León-Portilla, Trece poetas, pp. 22, 53, 131, 203 (excerpts).

Variant. Stanzas 17–22, RSNE, 21–22v.

XIX Here begins an old man song, a rulers’ gloriying song (folio 15)

Synopsis. Warrior-singers in the guise of old men summon revenants (canto A) to inspirit victims. With martial bravado the singers taunt the victims, cannibalize them (canto B), hear their words of “divine reproach” (canto C), engage them in combat (canto D), and send them back to be reborn (canto E).

Remarks. The coarse and irreverent parody of the ghost-song ritual should be compared with the old man song at folio 73v (song 85). In stanzas 16–17, observe the presumed allusion to the fall of Satan, called “old curly beard” (similarly, in Olmos’ Tratado de hochicieras the fallen angels are “old curly haired ones”; see DICT: pachlī 2); the figure of Satan, it seems, has been merged with the stereotypical “black man” of Mexican Indian lore, sometimes specifically African (as here?) but probably traceable to a pre-columbian source (see Bricker, Ritual Humor,
Commentary to Songs 20–21

passim; Blaffer). The bizarre anatomical itemizing in stanzas 6–7 is reminiscent of the symbolic feast of “skulls, palms, hip bones, ribs, leg bones, forearm bones, and soles” offered to the god Huitzilopochtli (FC, book 2, chap. 24, p. 69; compare book 12, chap. 19, p. 50). The neck bone mentioned in the final stanza is perhaps symbolic of resurrection. “A common belief, going back into prehistory . . . , is that preservation of the bones is necessary for the resurrection of man . . . . The Talmud says that the bone of Luz, one of the bones of the spine, is indestructible, and that from it the body can be recreated at the resurrection” (Leach & Fried, p. 155). “He brought out a joint of the backbone, and flew with it back to the woman, She placed it on the ground, covered it with her robe, and then sang. Removing the robe, there lay her father’s body . . . . He was breathing, and then he stood up” (Grinnell, p. 106).

Previous translation. AAG, no. 19.

XX (folio 16v)

Synopsis. Nezahualcoyotl and Montezuma, summoned as muses, produce a shower of warrior-revenants destined to give their lives in battle.

Remarks. This appears to be the first of four related cantos embracing songs 20–23. On the glossator’s presumably erroneous heading (“Here begin the so-called plain songs . . . performed in the palaces . . .”), see p. 108, above.

Paraphrase by stanza
1 We invite the muse, asking for ghosts in quantity.
2 We imagine the ghosts arriving as “bracelets,” as birds feasting on nectar.
3–5 It’s as though the muse were a flowering tree, scattering blossoms.
6–7 The muse is identified as ancestral Nezahualcoyotl, enjoying the company of fellow ghosts on earth.
8 These ghosts are shimmering. But they and their producer, Nezahualcoyotl—also Montezuma—will be returning to paradise as slain warriors.
9–10 While you can, enjoy this companionship on earth (see stanzas 6–7). Life is brief.
11 But when God has taken these princes to heaven, spreading out his “riches” there, enjoyment and companionship will be renewed.
12–13 For the warrior (the “jade,” “gold,” “plume”), life here on earth is brief.

Previous translations. PIA, p. 168 (excerpt); HLN, 1: 103, 187, 212, 245 (excerpts); AAG, pp. 82–87; Garibay, Xochimilco, no. 10 (excerpt); León-Portilla, Antiguos mexicanos, p. 177 (excerpt); GLA, no. 50 (excerpt); GPN, 2: 1–4; León-Portilla, Trece poetas, pp. 49, 71 (excerpts); PCL, p. 89 (excerpt).

XXI (folio 17)

Synopsis. Revenants, summoned to earth, return to paradise as slain warriors.

Remarks. Note the song-weeping in stanza 2. The revenants are regarded as tokens of bereavement.
Commentary to Songs 22–25

Previous translations. HLN, 1: 210–11; AAG, pp. 86–89; GLA, no. 58 (excerpt); GPN, 2: 5–6; Léon-Portilla, Trece poetas, p. 52 (excerpt).

XXII (folio 17v)

Synopsis. Ancestral revenants, e.g., Montezuma and Totoquihuazti, arrive on earth as flowers, dropping down from the tree of heaven—as birds, flying in from the eastern shore, or paradise (identified with Nonoalco on the Gulf Coast). Their cackling summons God, the sun, in a fantasized dawn scene. Arriving, God “inhales” the “heart” of a “flower” (drinks the blood of a victim).

Remarks. Note that songs 20, 21, and 22 share essentially the same plot. The expression “What says God?” (see stanza 7) generally implies the question “Is God of a mind to take human life?” (compare song 21, stanza 6; for additional examples, see DICT: ihotl: tlal 1). The answer is yes, and in stanza 8 he descends to drink the blood of victims—of warriors captured in battle (compare song 21, stanza 3).

Previous translations. HLN, 1: 102, 179–80; AAG, pp. 88–89; GLA, no. 49 (excerpt); GPN, 2: 7–8.

XXIII (folio 18)

Synopsis. The slain warriors, arisen, become songsters in paradise, deposing further ghost warriors on earth.

Remarks. This is evidently the triumphant finale of a four-canto piece comprising songs 20–23. Note the intercession of Saint Mary (stanza 2), the translation of Tenochtitlan to paradise (stanza 3), the identification of Tenochtitlan with Colhuacan (“place of forebears”; stanza 4), and the “spinning” back to earth of more revenants (stanza 7).

Previous translations. PIA, pp. 95–96; HLN, 1: 214 (excerpts); AAG, pp. 90–91; GLA, no. 59; GPN, 2: 9–10; Léon-Portilla, Trece poetas, p. 25 (excerpt).

XXIV (folio 18)

Synopsis. Incoming ghost warriors, spoiling for battle, rout enemy Chalcans.

Remarks. Note the sodality theme in stanza 1.


XXV (folio 18v)

Synopsis. The muse Nezahualcoyotl (also called Yeyontzin) arrives, producing fellow ghost warriors who are destined to be “broken” in battle.

Variants. RSNE, 2v–3v. Stanzas 3–4 coincide with song 81, stanzas 4a–5.

Commentary to Songs 26–30

XXVI (folio 19)

Synopsis. A sky singer arrives from the eastern shore, producing a shower of revenants (stanza 3) who are destined for "no repose," or battle (stanza 7).

Previous translations. AAG, pp. 95–97; GPN, 2: 15–17.

XXVII (folio 19v)

Synopsis. Ancestors representing each of the three members of the triple alliance—Acolhuacan, Tenochtitlan (Mexico), and the Dry Lands (the Tepanec region)—are summoned to earth by revenant muses (stanza 4), creating a paradisal Tenochtitlan as mortal warriors give their lives in payment (stanzas 5–8).

Remarks. Note the intercessory role of Saint Mary (stanzas 2–3).

Previous translations. HLN, 1: 213; AAG, pp. 96–99; León-Portilla, Antiguos mexicanos, pp. 76–77 (excerpt); GPN, 2: 18–19; PCL, pp. 77, 86–87 (excerpts).

XXVIII (folio 19v)

Synopsis. The muse Montezuma produces a shower of revenants as a distribution of God, creating paradise on earth.


XXIX (folio 20)

Synopsis. Muses representing each of the three cities of the triple alliance (see stanza 1) produce warrior revenants armed for battle.

Remarks. Note that the entire (pre-Conquest) city of Mexico, not just its princes, seems to descend from the other world. As with previous songs in this group, the emphasis is on Mexico, even though Acolhuacan and Tepanec muses are invoked.

Previous translations. PIA, pp. 63–64; HLN, 1: 211–12; AAG, pp. 102–3; GPN, 2: 23.

XXX (folio 20v)

Synopsis. The muse Montezuma produces a shower of revenants as a distribution of Life Giver; destined for combat, they are soon to wither (stanzas 1–8). Ancestors associated with the triple powers (Tizihuatzin of Tollitan representing the Tepanec cities) produce revenants bound for war; the muses spur them on with reproaches, but the call to arms is rejected (stanzas 9–16).

Remarks. These sixteen stanzas appear to be two eight-stanza songs: the first celebrates war; the second expresses doubt. All the ancestors mentioned by name probably belong to the triple alliance.
Commentary to Songs 31–34

Variants. Stanza 15 coincides with song 10, stanza 4, and with song 69, stanza 38. Stanza 16 coincides with song 69, stanza 39.


XXXI (folio 21)

Synopsis. The muses Ahuitzotl, representing Mexico, Totoquihuaztli of the Tepanec region, and Nezahualpilli of Acocolhuacan produce revenants soon to be killed in battle, thus frustrating the singer, who desires reunion (stanzas 1–8). The muse Totoquihuaztli, as singer-warrior, lifts songs to God (i.e., sends victims, whose blood provides food for the sun) and receives a distribution of revenants in exchange (stanzas 9–16).

Remarks. Two eight-stanza cantos, one opposed to war, the other in favor, have been carelessly run together by the copyist (or were deliberately sung in tandem by the composer).

Variants. Stanzas 1–8 coincide with song 78. Phrases from stanzas 9 and 12 recur in song 36, stanza 4.


XXXII (folio 21v)

Synopsis. Singing and dancing produce a shower of ghost warriors as a distribution of Saint Mary.

Remarks. Observe the blurred distinction between paradise and the earthly music.

Previous translations. AAG, pp. 110–11; GPN, 2: 30.

XXXIII (folio 22)

Synopsis. A surrogate for the hero Tlacahuepan (addressed in stanza 1) enters paradise as payment for the muse Jesus Christ (addressed in stanzas 2–6). As Christ brings revenants to earth, Tlacahuepan remains alive in the other world (stanzas 7–8).

Previous translations. PIA, p. 171 (excerpt); HLN, 1: 104, 182–83, 240–41, 241–42 (excerpts); AAG, pp. 112–13; GLA, no. 43 (excerpt); GPN, 2: 31–33.

XXXIV (folio 22v)

Synopsis. The muse Moquihuitzin, ruler of Tlatelolco in the 1460's, produces ghost warriors.

Previous translations. AAG, pp. 112–15; GPN, 2: 34–36.
Commentary to Songs 35–38

XXXV (folio 22v)


XXXVI (folio 23)

Synopsis. The singer has no music; he is "poor" (stanza 1). He invokes a muse (stanza 2). He wishes his own song-grieving might equal that of the muse (stanza 3). His plaint is joined by other voices (stanza 4). At last he sings, and songs come forth: he sings beautifully; he sings with the voice of the muse Totoquihuaztli (stanzas 5–8).

Variants. Phrases from stanza 4 recur in song 31, stanzas 9 and 12.

Previous translations. HLN, 1: 102, 241, 242 (excerpts); AAG, pp. 116–19; GLA, no. 63 (excerpt); GPN, 2: 39–40.

XXXVII (folio 23v)

Synopsis. A singer urges his fellow Mexicans to create music (make war) in order to produce revenants.

Paraphrase by stanza
1 Let us "grieve" (make music).
2 "Songs" (ghost warriors) are in paradise, waiting to be born.
3 As we make music (make war), "nobility" is "painted" (brought to life) on earth. And in place of these noble revenants, we mortals (chalked and feathered as sacrificial victims) depart for the other world (as surrogates for ancestral Tlachuhuan).
4 Yes, my fellow Mexican, you, a surrogate for Tlachuhuan, are to serve as payment for these incoming ghost warriors. God in heaven is answering your music.
5 The revenants are arriving.
6 And as they arrive, mortal Mexicans are departing for paradise. (Note the shift of address in this stanza).
7–8 Don't be cowards. Go!

Previous translations. HLN, 1: 145, 192, 203–4; AAG, pp. 118–21; GPN, 2: 41.

XXXVIII (folio 24)

Synopsis. Arriving ghosts inspirit mortal dancers. But their joy is clouded by the knowledge that they will soon be killed in war (stanzas 1–7). Nevertheless they
Commentary to Songs 39–40

proceed to make music (war), lifting songs to paradise (stanzas 8–10), comforted by the dogma of exchange and the promise of future life in the other world (stanzas 11–18).


XXXIX (folio 24v)

Synopsis. Huexotzincan revenants (stanzas 1–2) are summoned by the Mexican muse Cecepcaticatzin and Tezcatzin (stanzas 3–4) to be sacrificed in battle as an offering to Life Giver (stanzas 5–6). In exchange for this sacrifice additional Mexican revenants, namely Tlacahuepan and Ixtlilcuechahuac, come down to earth in glory (stanza 7). But will further sacrifices be required (stanzas 8–9)?

Background. Cecepcaticatzin, Tezcatzin, Tlacahuepan, and Ixtlilcuechahuaoc were all sons of King Axayacatl. Tezcatzin was killed in combat by Huexotzincans (Tzozomoc, Crónica mexicayotl, sec. 255). Tlacahuepan and Ixtlilcuechahuac were also killed by Huexotzincans, at a place called Atlitco, “Upon the Flood” (Durán, Historia, 2: chap. 57; Chimalpáin, p. 245).

Remarks. Though the three persons mentioned in stanza 1 cannot be identified with certainty, they are evidently meant to be Huexotzincans (as the “Huexodalpan” suggests). Note that they are in their celestial abode, or “home,” waiting to be summoned as revenants.


XL (folio 25)

Synopsis. The muses Nezahualcoyotl and Montezuma, weeping for Tzozomoc (of Azcapotzalco) and Cuacuauhtzin (of Tlatelolco), regret that they must give their lives in exchange for the revenants they are producing.

Paraphrase by stanza
1 We desire revenants.
2–6 The muse Nezahualcoyotl (also called Yoyontzin), joined by Montezuma, will produce the desired revenants by means of songweeping. The muses are in agony, aware that their songs (their war deeds) will result in their own loss of life. Thus they cannot remain on earth to enjoy the companionship of the ghost warriors they create.
7 Their weeping is directed to such ghosts as the princes Tzozomoc and Cuacuauhtzin.
8 The muse would like to join them in paradise.
9–10 But as he eulogizes them, they arrive on earth as revenants, and he becomes a ghost in paradise.

Variants. Song 5. Stanzas 1–3 coincide with a fragment of a song at RSNE, fol. 32v.

* 444 *
Commentary to Songs 41–42


XLI (folio 25v)

Synopsis. The Mexican singer fears death as he produces Tlacahuapan and other Mexican revenants. But Tlacahuapan brings down (enemy) Zacatec ghosts, who give their lives in payment.

Remarks. This song and the next two are variations on a single theme: the ghost warrior as payment. Note that the same three, in the same order, reappear as song 62, where they are run together in what seems to be a single composition.

Paraphrase by stanza

1 I, a Mexican singer, “weep” for revenants. Yet I fear that they will prod me into combat (so that I may be killed in exchange). The revenants (“hearts”) expect to remain on earth. Thus I (and my fellow mortals) must give our lives in payment. Will we enjoy an afterlife in the other world? Perhaps not. Nevertheless, I am resolved to stay “poor” (in deeds): I will avoid combat and remain alive on earth (using the method to be described in stanzas 3–8).

2 (In order to preserve ourselves) we produce the ancestral hero Tlacahuapan by recalling his deeds in a lamentation. Thus Tlacahuapan (as muse) comes to life on earth (producing further life not to be identified until stanza 7).

3 The new life on earth (being produced by the muse Tlacahuapan) will endure but briefly.

4 And here it comes! A shower of revenants, soon to be victims (“banners,” “chalk and plumes”). Tlacahuapan is in the lead, as muse. He comes to capture and sacrifice these revenants (using the obsidian knife). And the victims desire their fate (as we see again in stanza 7).

5 The victims come sprinkling down, and Tlacahuapan adorns himself with these “hides” (recalling the custom of flaying human victims and wearing the skins as garments).

6 The victims are Zacatecs (traditional enemies of Mexico). They are glad to be achieving immortality in this manner.

7 The earth “rolls over” (i.e., there is an exchange of one life for another, in this case an exchange of Zacatecs for Mexicans). It is Life Giver who produces these revenants (these “miracles”) here on the battlefield (Shield Town).

Variant. Song 62, stanzas 1–8.


XLII (folio 25v)

Synopsis. Disdaining war, the singer and his comrades produce revenants through music alone; and these make war, providing the food (blood) that nourishes the sun.

* 445 *
Remarks. This is the second of three related cantos; see “Remarks” for song 41.

Paraphrase by stanza

1–2 In a fit of perversity I refuse combat. I am therefore “poor” in deeds, and in my contrition for this poverty, my heart weeps.

3 So what’s the result? Well, if I shun combat (disdaining an honorable death), I’ll remain on earth to enjoy the company of my friends. And my friends will be cheered.

4 Yes, let us stay together here on earth.

5 Refusing combat, we’ll have to provide victims in some other way (if the sun is to be fed with blood). We’ll have to “remember” (summon) revenants (“words”), and these will be “destroyed” (will serve as victims).

6 We can do this without going to war. We can do it by merely making music, by singing this sad refrain: “Life passes once.”

7 We continue our sad song, with the result that warlike (or angry) revenants are produced; and these provide blood for the sun (the Shining One).

8 The sun lives on, nourished by the blood of warriors. Thus we in turn are kept alive on earth. Deprived of our death, the sun is poor. May he be poor! May he live forever!

Variant. Song 62, stanzas 9–16.

Previous translations. PIA, pp. 103–4; HLN, 1: 197; AAG, pp. 130–33; GPN, 1: 55–56.

XLIII (folio 26)

Synopsis. The incoming muse Cuaucauhhtzin produces enemy ghosts that serve as payment for his resurrection.

Remarks. This is the third of three related cantos; see “Remarks” for song 41. In view of the obvious Mexican orientation of these pieces, it would seem that the song at hand refers to Cuaucauhhtzin, the first king of Tlatelolco. Although the Romances variant (see below) carries the heading de quaaucauhhtzin Re[t]ly de tepechpan, this is probably an error on the part of the pro-Texcoco Romances glossator. For the story of Tepechpan’s Cuaucauhhtzin and of the “sad songs” he sang when he had been betrayed by Nczahualcoyotl, see IXT, 2: chap. 43, p. 118. The “sad songs” are perhaps the piece at hand—or, more likely, the corresponding text in RSNE—completely misinterpreted by Ixtlixochitl. (See Introduction, chap. 13.)

Paraphrase by stanza

1 I, the muse Cuaucauhhtzin, call forth revenants (“precious log drums”). I blow my swan conch. In other words, I make music in order to produce swans, or ghost warriors. In the process, I myself (as a revenant) arrive on earth.

2 Be pleased, all you mortals on earth! The revenants I’m producing are about to appear. What’s more, I plan to inflict them with the divine reproach. In other words, I’ll shame them into making war (so they, not you, will be the victims).

3–4 The victim revenants respond.

5 Cuaucauhhtzin continues to summon them.

6 The victims anticipate death. Meanwhile, Cuaucauhhtzin observes that he,
Commentary to Song 44

newly arrived on earth, will be deprived of the company he is producing. Hence he will be “poor.”

7–8 Be pleased while you can, you victim revenants! (You’re headed for destruction, which suits me fine.) So I continue to produce these “flowers,” these “songs” (these revenants).

Variants. Song 62, stanzas 17–24; RSNE, 26–26v.


XLIV (folio 26v)

Synopsis. A lament for the fall of Tollan and a recapitulation of the flight of its most famous ruler, Topiltzin, serve as a summons to Toltec revenants, including Topiltzin himself, Huītīmīl, and Matlacocochtli. As the revenants arrive on earth, mortal warriors prepare to give their lives in exchange.

Background. According to the Anales de Cuauhtitlan, the Toltec empire lasted 318 years. Its rulers were as follows (dates are reign dates):

Mixcoacamatzin (752–817) Topiltzin, i.e., Quetzalcoatl (873–95) Matlaccoachtin (945–73)
Huītīmīl (817–7) Tīlcoachtin (973–94)
Tōtecōhu (835–3) Matlacocochtli (895–930) Huemac (994–1070)
Ihītīmīl (835–73) Nauhuyotzīn (930–45)

The fifth ruler, Topiltzin, driven from Tollan by the sorcerer Tezcatliopoca, fled eastward and disappeared. He is said to have passed Cholollan, Poyahtecatl, Zacateo, and other points on route to the mythical Tlapallan, identified with the rising sun (“Tlapallan is where I go... The sun has called me”; FC, book 3, chap. 13). The messianic return of Topiltzin, or Topiltzin Quetzalcoatl, is predicted in various sources (see paraphrase of song 68, stanzas 5–8). On the Toltec empire and Topiltzin’s journey to Tlapallan, see Velázquez, Códice Chimalpopoca, pp. 5–15, 125; FC, book 3, chaps. 12–14; and “Histoyre du Mechique,” chap. 11.

Remarks. Here we have an unusually elaborate example of revenant production by means of recollection. Instead of merely “recalling” the Toltec ancestors in a word or giving lip service to some such phrase as “you established your fame before you died” (as in song 41, stanza 2), the poet rehearses the epic flight of the Toltec king Quetzalcoatl (here called Nahxtīl Topiltzin). A superficial resemblance between this song and a “lament” preserved in the Quiche Maya Popol vuhi (Edmonson, Book of Counsel, lines 6057–71) has occasioned comment by Lehmann (Festschrift, pp. 297–300) and Edmonson (p. 182). The commentator of the sixteenth-century Codex Vaticanus 3738 mentions an ancient song that “they sing today at dances and festivities... which begins Tōtan an huītīmīlaz,” telling of a “tower” built in Cholollan that collapsed when struck by a bolt from the sky (see Lehmann, Festschrift, p. 297). The Nahuatl citations in Codex Vaticanus 3738 are extremely corrupt, and so it is not impossible that the commentator is alluding to the song at hand, with special reference to stanza 2 (“passing through Cholollan”) and stanza 4 (“the mountain collapses”).
Paraphrase by canto and stanza

A Lament for Topiltzin

1 Remember how Topiltzin left Tollan (and set out on his flight to the east)? Remembering this, we summon Toltec revenants (with a musical lamentation). Yes, we remember how Topiltzin fled to Tlapallan.

2 He passed through Cholollan and the region of Mount Poyauhtetcatl (now Mount Orizaba), headed for Acallan (on the gulf coast).

3 Our muse, come from Nonoalco (paradise), grieves for Topiltzin and his fellow Toltec rulers, Ihuitimal and Matlaxochitl.

4 The muse continues to grieve. (A credible interpretation of this stanza has been proposed by Gordon Brotherston, who suggests that the "mountain" is the pyramid temple of Topiltzin and the "sands" a ritual enclosure customarily installed at the base of such pyramids, perhaps as a reminder of the watery paradise of the god Tlacoc. Hence the pyramid is ruined and its sands dispersed. See Brotherston, "Sacred Sand." Compare the collapsing "tower" mentioned above in the "Remarks" and the ritual enclosure in the paraphrase of song 54-D, stanza 3, below. In the Cantares manuscript the word here analyzed as a xall it euh ca [= ah! because the sands have arisen, indeed] appears as axallihquehca (see Fig. 2), where the first two syllables might also be read as axall, for axalli [= water sands?, or warriors?]. See DICT: axalli.)

5 The muse recalls that Topiltzin was summoned to Tlapallan. And he recalls such way-stations as Cochiztlan and Zacanco. For Zacanco, see "Background," above. Cochiztlan ("Sleep Place"). is not mentioned in other sources, at least not in this form; but compare Coctocan ("Place of Lying Asleep"), listed as one of the mythical stations in FC, book 3, chap. 13. Cochiztlan, of course, is an old name for Campeche, and it may well be that the singer intends nothing more than this.

6 In response to the lament, Toltec ghosts are already "stirring." Xicalanco, a further way-station (on the gulf coast), is mentioned.

7-8 We would like a shower (rain) of Toltec revenants (here in Mexico), turning our city into a latter-day Tollan, a paradise (Nonoalco) here on earth.

9-10 To this end, we (Mexicans) continue weeping for Topiltzin, hoping he will return to earth as our ruler. Hence we are his vassals. (On the belief that Mexicans were vassals of Quetzalcoatl, see song 68, stanza 8, and corresponding phrase.)

B Arrival of Toltec revenants

11-15 In response to the above lament, Toltec revenants appear (in Mexico).

16 The singer exhorts his comrades to accept the revenants and to give their own lives in exchange ("Who'll go with me and be arisen?").

17-20 The revenants will keep our memory alive on earth when we've departed for the other world.

XLV (folio 27v)

Synopsis. The muse Montezuma brings down (Mexican?) revenants, who march to war in Huexotzinco. Mortal (?) comrades, rejoicing in these revenants, prepare to give their lives in payment.

Remarks. The marginal gloss ("A Huexotzinca piece, those of Huexotzinco coming to ask Montezuma for aid against Tlaxcala") appears to be in error. Perhaps the glossator has misread the term *nahueyotzin* (line 23), which might be construed as "my stranger." One is reminded of Pomar's comment in the *Relación de 1582* (pp. 42–43): "The truth [of my assertion that Tlaxcala and Huexotzinco exchanged embassies with Texcoco] is well attested by the old and ancient songs, which have many passages treating of this matter." Whether Pomar was misreading sixteenth-century song texts or had access to genuinely old texts now lost is a subject for conjecture.

Previous translations. ANP, nos. 21, 22; PIA, pp. 105–7 (canto A); HLN, 1: 105, 364–69 (canto A); AAG, nos. 23, 24; GLA, no. 69; GPN, 3: 6–9.

XLVI Song of Nezahualcoyotl (folio 28v)

Synopsis. A singer summons Nezahualcoyotl and other revenants sympathetic to Mexico. They march to war against Mexico's enemies, sacrificing captives whom they inspire with the ghosts of Nezahualpilli and other pro-Mexican ancestors. In response to these deeds, further Mexican and pro-Mexican revenants come showering down as a distribution of God.

Remarks. The glossator's heading, "Song of Nezahualcoyotl," evidently means no more than that the piece pertains to Nezahualcoyotl (which it does, in an incidental way). (See pp. 101–5, above.) The Acolhuacon of stanza 4 is perhaps a play on "Ahi! Colhuacan" and as such would refer to Mexico, not Acolhuacan.

Paraphrase by canto

A The singer "recalls" the ghost of Nezahualcoyotl (stanzas 1–2), who comes reluctantly, fearing death in combat (stanza 3), though anticipating further revenants (for the allied cause) as a result of his sacrifice (stanzas 4–5). The singer continues to summon Nezahualcoyotl, conceding that his time on earth will be brief (stanzas 6–7).

B The revenants arrive, and all prepare to die in glorious combat.

C The singer, as heavenly muse, continues to summon ghost warriors—who turn out to be Mexicans. They march to war, terrorizing their enemies.

D On the warpath Mexican revenants obtain enemy captives—at least one of whom is inspired with the ghost of an ancestor (Nezahualpilli). More Mexican revenants (stanzas 25–26) are produced as a result of these deeds.

E The new revenants, including Christ, come raining down to Mexico, creating paradise on earth.

XLVII Song of Axayacatl Itzcoatl, ruler of Mexico (folio 29v)

Synopsis. Grieving for lost ancestors, the singer attempts to summon their ghosts.

Remarks. In stanza 5 the singer summons the ghosts by calling “Itzcoatl” (O Blade Companion!). Perhaps because Axayacatl is addressed similarly (Itzcoatzin) at 53v: 7 and because Axayacatl is mentioned in the song at hand (stanza 9), the glossator assumes that Itzcoatl is an epithet of Axayacatl. Since no other source confirms this, the glossator’s heading appears to be in error. Or perhaps he meant to write yuwait etc., which would read “Song of Axayacatl and Itzcoatl, rulers of Mexico.” The historical Itzcoatl is not invoked in the Cantares unless here and at 53v: 7.

Paraphrase by stanza
1. Muses descend from God’s home in the eastern sky (Tiapallan), creating warrior revenants, destined for death (flower mortals).
2. But mortals on earth are weeping, envisioning defeat, not glory, in death. Their musical weeping reaches God’s home.
3. God is thus addressed: “You create revenants. They drop from your mouth like words. But they embody you, and when they die you die. And so we grieve.”
4. God may be everlasting, yet he tires and dies. Likewise his creations. In effect he creates nothing. He creates death. The time he spends is thus a time of weeping. Saint Mary herself is weeping (i.e., on Calvary; note the reference to the crucifixion in stanza 3).
5. It therefore seems unlikely that ancestral rulers can be brought to life. “O Blade Companion,” I sing. And our hearts are overcome by grief (or our beloved ones are reached through music?).
6. Is it true that God and his creations die? So it seems. No one lives forever here on earth. What willbefall us? Our hearts are overcome by grief.
7. Yes, all our leaders have departed. And we are their orphaned children. May this music dropping from our lips become our resurrected lords! Let them be born through our despair.
8–10 Can we bring them back to this city of Mexico? We can at least try.

Previous translations. PIA, pp. 109–10; León-Portilla, Antiguos mexicanos, p. 117 (extracts); GPN, 3: 15–16; León-Portilla, “Axayácatl,” pp. 38–41; León-Portilla, Trece poetas, pp. 144–47.

XLVIII Song of Tlaltecatzin of Cuauhchinanco (folio 30)

Synopsis. As ghost warriors arrive, the singer (whose muse is Tlaltecatzin) fears that he will have to give his life in battle as their payment. Accepting the inevitability of his own death, he asks that these revenants be sacrificed so that he and they may be united in paradise.

Remarks. This Tlaltecatzin is probably Toroquiihuaztli II, king of Tlacopan in the time of Monteúzuma II—not Tlaltecatzin of Cuauhchinanco as the glossator supposes. (See DICT: Tlaltecatzin.)
Commentary to Songs 49–51

Paraphrase by stanza

1 The voice of a warrior-revenant is heard. Yes, God (through the muse Tlatotecaztin) is producing revenants.

2 I, the singer, producing these revenants, take my voice from God (through Tlatotecaztin).

3 The arriving revenants make the singer drunk with desire for combat “there” (on the battlefield).

4–5 The singer’s desire, caused by these “flowers” (revenants), prompts him to think of the goddess (Xochiquetzal? Saint Mary?). The singer, anticipating his own death in battle, hopes that the “flowers” will also pass away, so that everyone will be together.

6 The singer hates to leave these revenants. But perhaps they could serve him as his “payment.” In other words, the debt that the singer must pay for their resurrection could be paid by the revenants themselves. That’s the way the singer would like to be reborn in paradise (i.e., in company with his revenants). At any rate his own death is inevitable: he is off to his destruction.

7 Yes, he has been “forsaken” by God, is off to the other world. But he still hopes that he can be “arrayed” with his beloved revenants. Let them be “gems,” or ghost warriors, in paradise, he says. Let someone capture and sacrifice them so that they can accompany him.

8 Thus all of us Aztecs (living and dead) will be united in paradise.

Variant. RSNE, 7–8.

Previous translations. HLN, 1: 361–63 (excerpts); AAG, no. 31; GPN, 3: 17–18; Léon-Portilla, Tres poetas, pp. 33–37.

XLIX King Totoquihuatzli of Tlacopan’s to-to song (folio 30v)

Synopsis. Totoquihuatzli and other revenants are summoned by warrior-singers who look forward to joining them in battle—and in death.

Remarks. This is the only song in which drumbeat vocables are introduced in the text.

Previous translations. PIA, pp. 111–12; AAG, no. 32; GPN, 3: 19.

L Log-drum song (folio 31)

Synopsis. Mexican revenants descend to earth, make war (canto A), prepare to die, and expect to be immortalized in song (canto B).

Previous translations. PIA, pp. 113–15 (canto A); AAG, nos. 33, 34; GPN, 3: 20–22.

LI War song (folio 31v)

Synopsis. Chalca muses produce Chalca and pro-Mexican revenants in an effort to re-create the Chalcan War (ca. 1460) in such a way that Chalco will be the
Commentary to Songs 52–53

winner (canto A). The effort fails (canto B). Mexico and its allies are victorious; and to make matters worse for Chalcó, Chalcan revenants purchased on the battlefield with Chalcan blood are changed into Mexicans, Tepanecs, and Acolhuans (canto C).

Background. On the Chalcan War, see “Background” for song 84; on the defeat of Chalcó at Cocotitlan (Dove Place), see Durán, Historia, 2: chap. 16, para. 52; on the sacrificial slaying of the Chalcan leaders Necuameritzin, Chichicuepon, and Totomihuatzin, see Chimalpaín, pp. 100, 202, 204; and on the Chalcans (?) “Xoquahuic,” “Tlaltetcatl,” and “Tozinacuex,” see Zimmermann, 1: 81 (compare stanza 28). Itzompatpec, trounced by Mexican ghost warriors in stanzas 13 and 18, was actually a place where Mexicans suffered losses in the Chalcan War (Durán, Historia, 2: chap. 17).

Remarks. The “Huexotzincó” and “Huexotzincan” of stanzas 24 and 34 presumably refer not to Huexotzincó, but to Mexico, the emulator of Huexotzincó.

Variant. Stanza 33 coincides with RSNE, 15: 3–9.


LII Flower song (folio 33v)

Synopsis. Chalcan ancestors, summoned to earth, become victims of war, reclaimed by Life Giver.

Previous translations. PIA, pp. 173 (excerpt from canto A), 117–18 (excerpts from cantos C and D); HLN, 1: 174, 184–85, 242 (canto A), 187 (excerpt from canto B), 130, 177, 181 (excerpts from canto C), 100, 104, 174–75, 177–78 (excerpts from canto D); AAG, no. 35-B; GLA, no. 33 (excerpt from canto A); GPN, 2: 68–79; Léon-Portilla, Trece poetas, p. 239 (excerpt from canto C).

LIII Bereavement song (folio 35)

Synopsis. Mortals are exchanged for revenants.

Remarks. This piece appears to be performed by a singer in the guise of a Chalcan, who gives his life in battle and thereby summons his Chalcan forebears Cacamatl and Ayocuan (stanzas 4, 5, 22). It should be read in context with songs 51 and 52, with which it evidently forms a group.

Paraphrase by canto and stanza

A. Exchange anticipated

1 Songs as revenants whirl down from paradise, giving pleasure to the warriors here on earth.

2–3 The songs proceed from the warbling laughter of a singer in the sky, who serves as muse to the earthly singer.

4 The earthly singer continues to sing, summoning the Chalcan ancestors Cacamatl and Ayocuan.

• 452 •
Commentary to Song 54-A

5 His song-weeping creates, or re-creates, ancestral Ayocuan himself. Ayocuan returns to earth as a war chief and singer, whose songs incite the earthly warriors to combat. Thus they die in battle, thus he “pricks” (wounds) them with his songs.

6 Ayocuan glories here on earth, no longer keeping company with the ordinary dead.

B Exchange resisted

7 A singer weeps music, bringing revenants from paradise—weeps tears because he knows that mortals must depart: let them enjoy while they can.

8–9 Because others share his fear of mortality, the singer rejects the supposed bliss of revenant production.

10 Can earth be our final home if we as warriors remain poor in deeds and thus preserve our lives?

11 Yes, the only life that is real is the life we lead on earth; true life is here, not beyond.

12 Yet God tells us that we have no lasting life on earth.

13 True, songs bring pleasure, but only briefly; the pleasure is merely borrowed.

C Exchange accepted

14 Songs begin, and these are revenants.

15 Revenants remain on earth while mortals pass away.

16–17 The mortals are reluctant to depart.

18 A voice of reason urges them to “move beyond” with pleasure.

19 A dissenting voice observes that songs on earth mean God is here.

20 Thus moving on means staying here.

21 The other voice explains that we must move beyond: the songs are revenants, and these will cry for us when we have gone.

22 So let’s not hesitate to bring down the revenant-producing muse, Ayocuan.

23 Thus we go on weeping (singing), producing revenants: they will sing for us and be our immortality.

Variants. Stanzas 7–10 coincide with song 11, stanzas 1–4; stanzas 22–23 coincide with song 64, stanzas 12–12a.

Previous translations. PlA, pp. 169, 174 (excerpts from canto C); HLN, 1: 200 (excerpt from canto A), 190–91 (canto B), 89, 103, 188, 196–97, 200 (excerpts from canto C); AAG, no. 35–C; León-Portilla, Antiguos mexicanos, p. 140 (excerpt from canto C); GLA, nos. 35, 36, 53 (excerpts from canto C): GPN, 2: 86–87.

LIV-A Multicolored Huaxtec piece (folio 36)

Synopsis. The ghost warriors Tlacahuepan and Ixtlilcuechahuace are arriving on earth.

Remarks. Songs 54-A–54-E appear at first glance to be a single composition, but internal evidence suggests that E and perhaps D as well may be unrelated to the rest. B and C are almost certainly related to each other, and A might conceivably be a prologue. For a similar, short prologue, also without drum notation, see song 56. On this view, the heading “Multicolored Huaxtec piece” refers to 54-A, 54-B,
Commentary to Song 54-B

and 54-C. But why is this a “Huaxtec” piece, and why are Tlacahuepan and Ixtilucchahuac mentioned in the prologue? The answer, presumably, is that the term Huaxtec alludes to that peculiar drunkenness associated with the warrior’s blood lust (see “Remarks” for song 67 and compare the phrase “Let there be flower drunkenness” in 54-C, stanza 3). The ferocious heroes Tlacahuepan and Ixtilucchahuac were traditionally invoked in Huaxtec pieces (see songs 67, 77). Moreover, they were the heroes par excellence, with whom surrogates were identified (see, e.g., song 33, stanza 7; song 69, canto D; song 76). Songs 54-A and 54-B are evidently concerned with the surrogate function.

Previous translations. AAG, pp. 194–95; GPN, 3: 23.

LIV-B Eagle-master piece (folio 36)

Synopsis. revenants, brought to earth, transfer their noble identity to mortal victims, who are slain and sent to paradise, their blood providing food for the sun.

Remarks. See commentary for song 54-A.

Paraphrase by stanza

1 You are red, O sun (you are westering, weakening). Yet you still have the power to sing down revenants, and these will be shields (warriors who will make victims to “feed” the sun). So grieve (sing)! Let us hear your voice singing “huichale ocnale” or “huichile ele” (meaningless phrases). Please agree to this!

2 As I sing (using the voice of God the sun) the revenants come raining down as flowers, as jades, as hearts (for sacrifice), as glad ones. They themselves are warriors, hence singers. Thus they themselves are shedding out song flowers (or revenants). And these delight me. Since I am a Chichimec (a warrior), these shall be my captives, my victims, with which I’ll feed the sun.

3 Yes, these revenant singers come bringing warriors, called eagles, hands, plumages, and maize flowers—and apotheosized as gorgeous birds called Forest Dweller and Parrot Swan.

4 Revenants come from the sun, in this case from the underworld (where rattle-snakes live), where the sun, having set, now struggles to survive until dawn. The revenant is addressed as “nephew,” an epithet connoting male camaraderie. We shall go and be where he has been—in the underworld. And this is what he wants to hear.

5 We mortals vie to take his place in paradise, our true home, the place of paintings—which for the moment is located in the earth “mountain” (the underworld) among the nine rivers of the Dead Land, where the sun now dwells, having entered at the west.

6 Inspired by these burgeoning “flowers” (revenants) who are marching to war (“flood,” “blaze”), we mortals likewise take up arms and proceed to the battlefields in Cholollan and Huxotzineco.

7 Yes, these warrior revenants, or Chichimecs, have come stirring to life from the other world and (having transferred their identity to mortals) will soon be giving their lives in combat, in effect proceeding to Nine Fields (the underworld realm of the dead).
Commentary to Songs 54-C–54-D


LIV-C (folio 36v)

Synopsis. Revenant warriors feed the sun.

Remarks. See commentary for song 54-A.

Paraphrase by stanza

1 A singer offers his song as though it were a draught of aromatic chocolate, hoping it will be received in paradise, where Montezuma and other potential revenants reside.

2 If he sings, the song that rises in fact descends from paradise, the source of song. Descending songs are revenants, and these, becoming earthly warriors, are destined for capture. The singer, being a warrior, desires these captives. (Transported by his song?) he sets off for paradise, God’s home, in order to actually fetch these precious ones.

3 The revenants arrive here in Huexotzinco (here on earth) amid the tide of battle.

4 The singer, or muse, has returned from his song trip with revenants, who will give their lives in battle—or serve as captives whose blood will feed the sun. Soon God (the sun) will be revived. Note that the muse arrives on earth for a “few days,” in keeping with the brevity theme (see pp. 48–49, above). But the odd expression quezqui tonatiuh (lit., “a few suns,” or “[scant sun]”) suggests that the sun may be weakening. The usual phrase is quezquehilhuitl (“a few days”).

5 Everybody feed the sun!

6 Supported by the deeds of the warriors (“ramparts”), the supreme spirit (Cave Dweller) “stands up.”

7 The singer explains that he went and fetched revenants (God’s precious warriors, called “shields”), and that these have become captives taken at Coxlostahuanac (an important trade center in northern Oaxaca, conquered by Montezuma I in 1458, Velázquez, Códice Chimalpopoca, sec. 189).

Previous translations. PIA, pp. 50–51; HLN, 1: 373 (excerpt); AAG, pp. 196–99; GPN, 3: 24–25.

LIV-D (folio 36v)

Synopsis. Pro-Mexican ghosts, summoned by the muses Montezuma and Nezahualcoyotl, inspirit enemy victims, who are dispatched to the other world.

Remarks. This song may or may not have been performed in sequence with 54-A, -B, and -C. See “Remarks” for songs 54-A and 54-E.

Paraphrase by stanza

1 In that I, a singer, went to paradise to fetch the songs, or flowers, that are ghosts (as in 54-B, above), their arrival here on earth is to be expected momen-
tarily. And here they come, scattering down in this place of mesquites (warriors). The muses are Montezuma and Nezahualcoyotl, come to scatter the world with revenants.

2 Indeed, here comes the muse Nezahualcoyotl as though carried down in a cage (compare song 34-C, stanza 7).

3-4 The revenants’ arrival from paradise is reminiscent of the ancestors’ trek from the “great land” in the north during the days of the Aztec migrations. And here they are in Mexico, where we preserve a piece of the “great land” in a ceremonial desert garden planted with barrel cactus (for the purpose of making blood sacrifices?; ceremonial desert gardens are described in Sahagún, Historia general, 2, app. 2, para. 19; TORQ, 2: 148b; IXT, book 2: chap. 37, p. 99).

5 In response to the song-weeping of the muse Nezahualcoyotl, “hearts” (revenants) “take pity” and descend to earth.

6 More revenants and muses arrive.

7 They come to earth because they no longer wish to be imprisoned in paradise.

8 A typical captive, having assumed the mantle of the revenant, now departs (or is born—a pun).


**LIV-E** Mexican piece (folio 37)

**Synopsis.** Just as migrating ancestors came down to Chapultepec from Coatepec in the north, so they come now—from the other world—in answer to our weeping, as we recall the humiliating defeat we suffered at the hands of Colhuacan and Azcapotzalco (ca. 1300). Reenacted, the battle will this time result in defeat for Azcapotzalco.

**Background.** See “Background” for song 69.

**Remarks.** This piece is curiously similar to 54-D in that both songs imply an equivalence between ghosts arriving from the other world and migrating ancestors arriving from the north; it is even possible that it was performed in sequence with songs 54-A–54-D. Its subject matter is quite different, however, and for this reason it seems better treated as a separate piece.

**Variant.** Stanzas 3–8 coincide with UAH, secs. 233, 236, 238–39. (Stanza 5 is not a variant of Lehmann, Geschichte, sec. 380, despite a superficial resemblance.)

Previous translations. PIA, pp. 53–54; AAG, no. 36-B; GPN, 3: 26–27.

**LV** Here begins a jewel song concerning the nativity of our lord Jesucristo. Don Francisco Plácido put it together in the year 1553. (folio 37v)

**Synopsis.** The three kings journeyed to Bethlehem and gave their lives in battle there (as though they were Aztec princes, pleasing Life Giver). Recalling their
Commentary to Song 55

deeds, we produce them as revenants, as we, in exchange, proceed to heaven. (Just as the three kings desired union with Christ in Bethlehem, so do we desire union with Christ in paradise.)

Remarks. While giving lip service to certain familiar features of the story of the three kings (note the gold, incense, and myrrh of stanza 11), the singer seems to believe that Christ was produced as a revenant in response to the kings', or princes', war deeds. And in recognizing Saint Mary as the queen of heaven he seems unwilling to make a clear distinction between Bethlehem and paradise. Observe the ambiguity in stanza 3, for example.

Nonoalcans, Cozcuatecs (translated “Jewel Land Dwellers”), and Cempohualtecs were traditional enemies of Mexico (see FC, book 2, p. 53). But here the names seem to be honorific designations for ghost warriors identified with the triple alliance, or recondite names for triple-alliance ghosts associated with paradise (the eastern shore). See stanzas 15, 16, and 18.

If the “Don Diego” of canto D is Diego de León (who ruled as tlatoani of Azcapotzalco Tepanecapan until his death in 1555), then the date in the glossator’s heading ought to be 1555 at the earliest, not 1553. If the date 1553 is correct, “Don Diego” must refer to an eponymous predecessor of Diego de León.

Paraphrase by canto and stanza
A We three kings are en route to Bethlehem.
  1 Let’s go pleasure Christ with music (war deeds) in Bethlehem.
  2 In fact, let’s produce him as a revenant.
  3–4 Saint Mary in heaven (beside the sun’s road, or perhaps at a roadside in Bethlehem) has given birth to him, and he spills forth like jewels from the sky.
B We mortals are en route to paradise.
  5 Fellow Christians, let’s be with God (or Christ) in Bethlehem.
  6–8 Perhaps we can do it through music; and our music room becomes paradise.
C Those three kings gave their lives for Christ.
  9–11 Angels directed them to Bethlehem.
  12–13 There they “prayed” to the virgin (made music, or war, were killed in combat, and rose in glory to the sky).
  14 With musical weeping we recall their deeds, thus producing revenants.
D We grieve for lost kings.
  15–17 Speaking of dead kings, I recall some of our recent caciques, for example, “Don Diego” (identity uncertain), who abandoned us here in Azcapotzalco (called “Dry Lands”) as he departed for paradise.
E Kings are resurrected, as mortals ascend to paradise.
  18–21 As I sing, my revenants descend from paradise and are born on earth. As they replace me, I ascend to heaven. In the sky, as a precious bird, I go fluttering along the sun’s road, singing down further revenants.

LVII Female apparition song, in which the holy word is set in order. It was sung at the feast of Espíritu Santo. The singer Cristóbal de Rosario Xiuhtlamin put it together in August of the year 1550. (folio 38v)

Synopsis. Just as we produce Saint Mary, and just as the Holy Ghost was produced in the presence of the apostles, so do we produce the ghosts Don Diego, Don Baltasar, and Don Felipe (former lords of Azcapotzalco and Tlacopan?).

Remarks. Like the preceding song, this piece was evidently performed not in Mexico, but in Azcapotzalco. Canto B recalls the descent of the Holy Ghost to the apostles. Canto A recalls the Annunciation (but note that Gabriel here plays a different role).

Was Azcapotzalco called San Felipe Azcapotzalco, as indicated in stanza 17? If so, the coupling of San Felipe with Santiago (see stanzas 7 and 11) would be natural enough—merely amplifying the place name—since both saints have the same feast day and are sometimes coupled even in Western lore (see TORQ, 1: 752a). The Santiago here referred to is evidently not the famous Santiago de Compostela but Santiago el Menor.

The six "psalms" composed in Nahuatl by Sahagún in honor of San Felipe and Santiago (see Psalmodia, 78–82v) bear no resemblance whatsoever to this song.

In stanza 7, and perhaps in stanzas 10 and 11, one is tempted to see a reference to the Dominican church and monastery of San Felipe y Santiago, built in Azcapotzalco in 1554 (Horcasitas and Heyden in Durán, Book of the Gods, p. 14). But the song is dated 1550.

Paraphrase by canto

A Ghost warriors in paradise, making prayers to Saint Gabriel, whose voice is our voice as we sing these warriors down from heaven.

B Just as the Holy Ghost descended to the apostles and strengthened their faith, so do our revenants descend to us as a distribution of the Only Spirit as we bow down in prayer.

C Don Diego is among our revenants.

D And here comes Don Baltasar.

E And Don Felipe and Don Carlos Oquixtzin.

F They've all arrived here in Azcapotzalco.

Previous translations. HLN, 2: 106–7 (excerpts); AAG, no. 38.

LVII Here begins what is called a cradlesong, with which in olden times the Tepanecs lauded the Mexican ruler Ahuitzotl. It's a composition of Nonohuiantzin of Nextenco, who was a singer and a lord. (folio 39v)

Synopsis. The ghost Ahuitzotl is lured to earth by a singer in the guise of a seductive maiden.
Paraphrase by canto and stanza

A A seductive maiden seeks the newborn revenant Ahuitzotl in paradise.

1 I, an eligible maiden, begin singing, and of course the music’s place of origin is paradise. It’s as though I’m carrying my songs down to earth. But songs are revenants, or newborn warriors. And so it’s as if I’m carrying a newborn babe, a priceless jewel, a princeling—ancestral Ahuitzotl. But I’m a maiden, not a mother. And indeed, I’ll pleasure my little Ahuitzotl with sex—or music. Remember, singing brings a shower of songs from paradise. But again, songs are revenants. Thus I pleasure him with fellow warriors, or potential victims in war. These are what he, as a warrior, craves. With these, his “bells,” his “flowers,” he shall dance.

2 I rock the world as a mother rocks the cradle—or indeed, I cause the world to roll over, cause the living to die and the dead to return. Yes, off I go to paradise with my (empty) cradle in search of a “shield” (a warrior), intending to bring back little Ahuitzotl, my (future) warrior, my “flower” of war.

3 As I weep my song, the revenants automatically arrive.

4 Like popcorn flowers are my created ones (revenants)—or, alternatively, my breasts (fragrant as flowers?). It’s as though we were entwined with raven blooms (revenants) in a delightful bed—or it’s as though we ourselves were raven blooms (the flower of eroticism?), whirling (dizzy with passion?). (On the connection of raven blooms [plumeria] with eroticism in Maya lore, see Roys, Book of Chilam Balam of Chumayel, p. 104; Barrera Vásquez, p. 570: nikte'; Thompson, Maya History, p. 102; and Bierhorst, Four Masterworks, p. 227.)

5 These flowers raining down are future victims on the battlefield, the “bosom of the flood” (or tide of war), the place where soldiers form a bulwark. Such flowers are irresistible to the warrior. Thus they tempt my little Ahuitzotl.

6 It’s as though the “flowers” (potential victims) were actually whirling (coming to life) along the warpath (instead of whirling down from paradise). Yes, it’s as though the enemy soldiers of Chalco or Hueyotzinco were tempting my little Ahuitzotl by carrying artificial flower trees into battle, from which “flowers” are dropping (i.e., they are making their own troops available as victims).

B She tempts him with love and war.

7 Do not cry, little baby. I’ll put you in your cradle, and father will rock you. But this really means, “Don’t grieve for paradise, welcome love (and death) on earth.” Your warrior-sponsor, your captor (your “father”), will shake you down from paradise as though you were a flower, dropping from the tree of life. (For the captor as “father,” see FC, book 2, chap. 21, p. 53.)

8 Indeed, with my music I’ve created you (as though you were a song, or flower, dropping down from paradise).

9 Don’t grieve for the bachelor world in paradise (don’t grieve for the company of your brother Axayacatl—who was in fact the brother of King Ahuitzotl). Sex (and death) await you on earth.

10 My music, my lamentation for the dead hero Ahuitzotl, immortalizes that same Ahuitzotl. In effect my singing brings Ahuitzotl back. Yes, my tears create you. Come!

11 Come see all the “flowers,” your future victims in war.

12 I paint my body to enhance my charms—or I “adorn” myself, surround myself, with “flowers,” potential victims. Everybody craves them!
They're "painted" with life; these revenants, these potential victims, are coming alive. (Come enjoy them, O Ahuitzotl!)

C With sudden revulsion she views him as a corpse.

I continue my song-grieving, lamenting the long-gone Ahuitzotl, O lover of mine, O lady (suddenly addressing a hypothetical lesbian lover)! Yes, Ahuitzotl met with death (in the long ago)—or will meet with death (on the battlefield to which I am summoning him), or has met with death (at the moment, in my thoughts) and appears to me as a figure of death.

I grieve in song, venting my despair (as one normally does when summoning potential revenants)—but in fact I am rejecting Ahuitzotl. I don't want him to be my pet anymore, I don't want to carry him down from paradise.

No, he shall not be my pet. Instead, let me hope for a female(!) revenant. Rejecting males, I'll wish for female companionship. But the skies are empty. No female comes. (Regarding the revenant who does not come, compare song 88, stanza 2.)

Don't let that scoundrel Ahuitzotl come near me. (He'll capture me, make me a prisoner of love, and I'll die.)

Do not let this be the beginning of your new life, O revenant—baby Ahuitzotl! And yet, in spite of myself, it is happening.

Alas, he comes. I cannot help myself.

She can't resist him.

And now the revenants ("drums," "shields," "flowers," "bells") come pouring down from Tamoanchan (paradise).

Yes, I've heard a "song" (a revenant), and I carry it down to earth. It's little Ahuitzotl, the newborn revenant. And all the revenants (or flower garlands) come spinning down to earth. It's as though Ahuitzotl were the song master. It's as though he, a revenant, produces these further revenants.

I recall you to earth, dear Ahuitzotl, by remembering your deeds (lamenting your death in war long ago, lamenting that which befell you).

I turn your death into music, and this brings you back to life.

She lures him into an embrace of love (and death).

Ahuitzotl arrives.

Likewise his fellow revenants (cornstalk flowers) arrive, pleasing him, seducing him into war (by offering themselves as potential captives).

Let paradise be here on earth. Thus Ahuitzotl will be here on earth.

We'll make love on earth as though we were in paradise (flower land, Tamoanchan).

I've painted myself, cosmetized myself, to seduce you, O Ahuitzotl—or surrounded myself, "adorned" myself, with "flowers" (revenants that will seduce you into war).

Come into my embrace at last.

Previous translations. PLA, pp. 119-21; AAG, no. 39.
LVIII Here begins a bringing-out song, in which the holy word is translated. Thus was celebrated the feast of San Felipe, when His Majesty’s gift arrived from Spain—the coat of arms that he presented to the city of Azcapotzalco Tepanecapan in the year 1564. The one who composed it was Don Francisco Plácido, gobernador of Xiquipilco, and the year in which it was sung was 1565. At that time the gobernador of Azcapotzalco was Don Antonio Valeriano. (folio 41)

Synopsis. Adam and Eve spoiled the world by cutting us off from paradise. Later, God sent his only son to help us, giving the (warlike?) apostle Saint Philip a cause to die for. As we recall Saint Philip, he returns, God-like, thus bringing paradise to earth.

Remarks. Spanish records seem to show that a coat of arms was granted to the town of “Azcapulazgo” in January 1562, whereas according to our glossator a coat of arms was received at Azcapotzalco in 1564 (see Colección de documentos inéditos, 22: 104; compare Gibson, Aztecs, pp. 32–33, 474 note 6). Note that Philip II was king of Spain in the 1560’s, and that Saint Philip may have been the patron saint of Azcapotzalco (see “Remarks” for song 36). Garibay, “Cuadro real,” p. 240, reports that a tequiquixtitlizacatl (bringing-out song) is mentioned on folio 19 of the Anales de Juan Bautista.

Paraphrase by canto and stanza
A The problem of original sin
1–2 (Prologue.) The singer addresses both Nonoalcans (dwellers in paradise?) and Tepanecs (citizens of the Tepanec portion of Azcapotzalco), inviting them to hear his “heart” (his outpouring of music). Both groups hear the song, because song, though heard on earth, originates in paradise. (But see DICT: Nonoalco 4.)
3–6 The sin of Adam and Eve weighs upon us.
7 The serpent promised them immortality, but they were deceived (compare Gen. 3:4–5).
B The Creation (recapitulates Gen. 1:1–31)
C The Expulsion (recapitulates Gen. 1:28–3:19)
D The Flood and the Incarnation
17–18 Compare Gen. 6:1ff.
19–20 Birth of the redeemer. The event is here said to have occurred malactzonxitiuhtli ome (4,003 years) after the fall of Adam. But Sahagún, Psalmody, fol. 16v, has malactzonxitiuhtli, ipá, ipá untxochiuitl, ipa malacpoalxitiuhtli (5,000 years after), again with reference to the fall of Adam.
E The Resurrection
21 Christ’s appearance on earth is compared to the sun (compare Matt. 17:2, Acts 26:13).
22–23 An angel descends and rolls back the stone from Christ’s sepulcher (Matt. 28:2). Mary Magdalene is the first to see Him (Mark 16:9).
24 Hearing the news, Saint Peter and Saint John come running to the sepulcher in the garden (John 19:41, 20:4).
F Death of the apostle Saint Philip
25 Christ instructs the apostles and ascends to heaven (Acts 1:3, 8, 9).
26 The apostle Saint Philip goes to “Asia” and is crucified—an apocryphal
story more fully told in Sahagún, Psalmodia, fols. 80v–80v.
27–28 We call to Saint Philip, hoping to produce him as a revenant here in
Azcapotzalco (called Dry Lands).

Previous translations. Garibay, “Temas,” p. 258 (canto C); HLN, 2: 104 (canto B),
105 (stanza 1); AAG, no. 40.

LIX Female song, concerning the resurrection of our lord,
composed by Don Baltasar Toquezauhrio, tlatohui of
Colhuacan, who in the year 1536 gave succor to our poor
sought one, Don Diego de León, who was tlatohui here
in Azcapotzalco Tepanecapan. (folio 42v)

Synopsis. On Easter, at the close of Lent, we call for the resurrected Jesus, hoping
to produce him as a distribution of Aztec revenants, including Don Francisco and
Don Diego.

Remarks. The female song appears to be a poetic fiction whereby warrior-
singers and their warrior-hearers regard themselves as women; through their songs,
or deeds, they give birth to revenants. “Y cosa de gran desacato y desvergüenza
parece que ante el Santísimo Sacramento van los hombres con máscaras y en
hábitos de mujeres, danzando y saltando” (Bishop Zumárraga in a treatise publi-
sed in 1543 or 1544, quoted by García Icazbalceta in Don fray Juan de Zumárraga,
3: 31).

If the Don Diego of stanza 17 is in fact Diego de León, as the glossator assumes,
then the date of 1536 cannot be correct (Diego de León died in 1555, according to
Gibson, Aztecs, p. 168). Evidently because no other date in the manuscript is ear-
er than 1555, Garibay conjectured, with justification, that the抄pyist transposed
the last two digits in the year 1563 (HLN, 1: 156). If so, the glossator’s heading in
its entirety becomes plausible—though not necessarily correct.

Paraphrase by canto and stanza
A Easter has come and we seek Christ.

1 The 48 days of Lent are finally over. (Perhaps by counting days of com-
mencement and days of completion the 40 and 6 days of Lent are regarded as
41 + 7 = 48. But note that the Lenten fast is just 40 days in song 60, stanza 1.)
2 Let’s go! Let’s be Christians! (Compare Carochi [1892], p. 508, line 2.)
3 Already we imagine Christ as a shower of “bracelet bells” (warriors), falling
to earth. (The reference to Saint Francis suggests that the saint is identified with
Christ or that the performance is being conducted in a sanctuary bearing his name.)
4 We imagine the revenants coming down as “milk corn” and as “corn tasse-
sels.” (The verb “to eat” is evidently used in a figurative sense. See song 18, stanza
30.)

B We ask Saint Mary to intercede for us.
C We call for Aztec revenants.
Commentary to Song 60

8–9 We "recall" Christ by recalling his principal deed (the resurrection). But in fact we are "recalling" Aztec revenants (addressed as "golden ones," etc.), whom we expect to produce as a distribution of Christ.

10 Ancestral Don Francisco (a cacique of the early colonial period?) answers that he is alive in paradise.

11 Indeed, all our Aztec ancestors are alive in paradise.

D And the revenant Don Francisco arrives.

E And the revenant Don Diego arrives.

16–17 On a song trip we carry down Don Diego (another early cacique).

18 By means of song-weeping we produce Don Diego (who has been alive in paradise in company with such ancestors as Ilhuicaminatzin and Tetelepactzanitzin). We produce him by presenting him with songs in his memory.

19 Don Diego is born again on earth.

Previous translations. HLN, 2: 107 (canto A); AAG, no. 41.

LX Fish song (folio 43)

Synopsis. As though we were fish, we Mexicans wish to be caught in the "net" of Christianity and sent to heaven. In exchange, Aztec revenants descend to earth, perpetuating Mexico.

Background. For the events of August 1521, especially with regard to Coyonacazo and Coyohuacan, see "Background" for song 66.

In October 1524 Cortés set out for Honduras, accompanied by Indian troops and several Indian leaders, including Hernando de Alvarado Cuauhtemoc, Pedro Cortés Tetelepactzanitzin, Pedro Coaneech, Juan Velázquez Tlacotzin, Andrés de Tápia Motelchiuh, Martín Ecatl, and Pedro Temilotzin, all of whom were by this time baptized or were soon to be baptized (Díaz del Castillo, chap. 177; UAH, secs. 17–47; IXT, 1: 494–505; Chimalpain, pp. 242–43; Dibble, p. 62; compare Prescott, book 7, chap. 3; on the names, see DICT). Suspected of plotting an insurrection, Cuauhtemoc and Tetelepactzanitzin were hanged from a ceiba tree in a place called Acallan (now in the state of Campeche). After this, Ecatl and Temilotzin are said to have concealed themselves in a ship bound for Spain. Ecatl made the crossing, but Temilotzin, fearing capture, jumped overboard and disappeared in the ocean (UAH). Ecatl is mentioned in song 68, stanzas 70–72; for details, see "Background" for that song.

Remarks. Although the fish appears to have been a traditional symbol in Aztec ghost songs (see DICT: michin; and FC, book 2, chap. 21, p. 53, line 32), this composition may have been at least partly inspired by the New Testament story of the draught of fishes. Addressing the fishermen Peter and Andrew, Christ fills their net with fish, saying, "I will make you fishers of men" (Matt. 4:19, Mark 1:16–18, Luke 5:1–11). Such terms as altitl (in the waters, i.e., Mexico City) and altlan (in the waters, i.e., the other world) permit a certain amount of wordplay, especially in the final canto.

As part of a festival at Santa María de Guadalupe, held Sunday, September 15, 1566, "there were dances: the Mexicans sang michecicatl (fish song) and the Tlate-
Jolcans sang *yacuicatl* (war song)" (Garibay, "Cuadro real," p. 222). But the fact that our song is an Easter piece (see stanza 1) makes it unlikely that the same fish song is meant. Moreover, our song summons the ghost of Don Juan de Guzmán Itztlolimqui (stanzas 22, 41, 42, and 51), who lived until 1569. According to Chimalpáin's *Journal*, a *miicuicatl* was performed at the Plaza del Volador in Mexico City on September 5, 1593 (Zimmermann, 2: 41).

Paraphrase by canto and stanza

A We dwell upon our misery, recalling the defeat at Coyotacazco.

1 As befits the season (evidently Easter) the singer summons his revenants, called "golden fishes." (On the forty days, see Bierhorst, *Nahuatl-English Dictionary*, Grammar sec. 7.12.)

2 But don't make war, you revenants! Be careful (like good Christians). We only want your songs, not your war deeds. And in order to produce them, we singers dwell on our grief. As Mexicans, we are among the miserable little fishes conquered by the Spaniards—or eaten during Lent. And yet if we're eaten, isn't that one way to get to heaven? (Recall that Aztec sacrificial victims were regarded as food for the sun, were cannibalized, and were automatically admitted to paradise.) The answer, however, is not clear (until stanza 6).

3 The singer continues to crave revenants. Note the pun on Axayacatl, the name of a noble ancestor and also the name of an aquatic insect.

4 Alas, we Mexican fish (though eaten on earth) are not palatable to God. Only the more succulent foods (the Christians?) are wanted in paradise.

5 Denied, we warriors (or Chichimecs) grieve, remembering that we are a conquered nation.

6 But wait! Remember how we were defeated at Coyotacazco? And how our leaders were fire-tortured at Cortés' camp in Coyohuacan? In effect we were relished by God, were we not? (Thus an answer to the question posed in stanza 2.)

B Recalling the executions at Acallan, we summon the muse Temilotzin, who brings a wave of Mexican revenants.

7-8 We summon the muse Temilotzin, reminding him that he slipped out of the "net" (where he would have been "pleasured").

9 Yes, the deeds at Acallan are now remembered.

10 Temilotzin, in his misery (having abandoned the "net," having eluded the grasp of the Christians), serves as the muse, or song-weeper. And the "tears," or revenants, come pouring down.

11-12 The revenants are a distribution of God (the Bishop).

13 It's as though paradise had come to earth in response to our weeping—just as Saint John the Divine saw the holy city. "And I John saw the holy city, the new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven. . . . And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying. . . . And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and showed me that great city" (Rev. 21:2, 4, 10).

C The Mexican revenants yearn for heaven.

14-15 The revenants are arriving.

16-19 Juan Velázquez and Andrés de Tápia Motelchiuh (called "don Juan" and "Tápia" in the *Historia de los mexicanos por sus pinturas*, in García Icazbalceta,
Nueva colección, 3: 237) are among the revenants. We all look forward to giving our lives in battle, once again, in Santiago (de Tlatelolco).

D. Spaniards return, and the defeat at Coyonacazco is reenacted.

20–21 The wrath of God descends on us in Santiago de Tlatelolco (where we were finally forced to surrender in the district called Coyonacazco). The returning Spaniards are "parrot fish" and "tecosites" (i.e., Christians, who are palatable to God?); on "parrot fish," mentioned in stanza 4, see paraphrase above. The expression "He does it! In Santiago!" is echoed in song 13, stanza 9: "This is the doing of Life Giver in Tlatelolco."

22 The weeping of Motelchiuh (one of the heroes at Coyonacazco) causes him to "see things," i.e., see revenants, including Don Juan (as above) and "the uatoani Guzmán" (presumably Don Juan de Guzmán Itztolonqui, uatoani of Coyohuacan from 1526 until his death in 1560).

23–25 The revenants continue to arrive in response to our weeping.

26 Our weeping, as fishes, seems to derive from our fear of being eaten on Saturday, a fast day in the Catholic Church up through the sixteenth century. Is this a humorous allusion to the ruinous taxes imposed by encomenderos?

E. The Mexicans are eager for death, eager to be in paradise.

27–28 Our song-weeping is effective. Revenants arrive as a distribution of God (the bee?).

29 We wish to be trapped in the "net" of our foes (the net of Christianity).

30 Indeed, we're already feeling like Christians (like palatable shrimp; see stanzas 4 and 21).

31 We're making music in the Christian manner.

32 Don't hesitate to join us, Fray Pedro! (Fray Pedro de Gante, the singing master at San Francisco de Mexico; see Mendicta, book 4, chap. 14; TORQ, 3: 211). Fray Pedro is also referred to in song 19, stanza 13; song 61, stanzas 47–48, 55–56; and song 68, stanza 58–59.

F. The returning Spaniards wreak havoc, but Franciscan friars (?) also arrive.

33 All the "jewel fish" (the Spaniards?) have been returned to earth (as a result of the Christianized song-weeping described in canto E?) and with them their associates, the Huexotzincahs, represented by Ayocan, here called One Rabbit (the year bearer whose rule meant hunger and slavery, per l:C, book 7, chap. 8).

34 These are unwanted revenants. But our grieving produces Mexican revenants as well, including the muse Don Juan Ahueltoc (son of Temilotzin) and Tápia Motelchiuh.

35 We anticipate death at the hands of these Spanish and Huexotzincahs revenants. We prepare to meet our forebears in the other world.

36–38 In the depths of our despair, however, we find that we are producing not only enemy warriors, but Franciscan friars(?). See paraphrase of canto G.

G. The Franciscans bring salvation.

39–41 The arriving revenants are incarnations of God.

42 Sunday sermons by the Franciscans are promised. Compare Mark 1:21: "And straightway on the sabbath day [following the draught of fishes] he entered into the synagogue, and taught."

43–44 Thus God's kingdom comes to earth. Compare Matt. 13:45, 47: "Again, the kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchant man, seeking goodly pearls.
Commentary to Song 61

... Again, the kingdom of heaven is like unto a net, that was cast into the sea, and gathered [fish] of every kind."

Franciscan music produces Aztec revenants.

45–46 As in stanza 22, the "bishop" here refers to the Christian officiant, perhaps the bishop of Mexico himself, celebrating mass. Note this canto's emphasis on the inadequacy of Mexican singers (stanzas 48–50). Now at last God has genuine music.

47–50 Now with certainty we are able to produce our Aztec revenants, including Tápia.

1 And Mexico endures.

51–60 The singer envisions victory (stanza 51), then defeat (stanzas 52–54), then victory again (stanzas 55–56), then again defeat—and weeping, with concomitant revenants (stanza 57). This in fact is to be our fate: our lives shall be hard, but our race shall be immortal. The words of God (stanzas 59–60) are an adaptation of Gen. 1:27 and 3:19.

Previous translations. HLN, 2: 109–15 (excerpts); AAG, no. 42.

LXI Here begins a children song, or little-children song, that used to be sung there in Mexico at the feast of San Francisco. It was composed in our lifetime when we were living there at the church and as yet we were little children (folio 46)

Synopsis. We Mexicans celebrate the feast of Saint Francis by producing Franciscan and Aztec revenants.

Remarks. The term children may refer to the newly converted Mexicans. See Matt. 18:3, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven," and Luke 20:36, "Neither can they die any more: for they are equal unto the angels; and are the children of God." Yet the converts continue to be "Huexotzinca," or warriors. Since "children" can also be an Aztec term signifying revenants, a certain amount of wordplay becomes inevitable—as the Huexotzinca "children" summon their revenant "children."

The glossator's heading correctly notes that the piece was performed on the feast of Saint Francis (October 4) (see stanzas 17 and 38), but it is doubtful that the song alludes specifically to Mexican children indoctrinated in the missions, as the glossator seems to think.

Mention of the ghost Itztlolinqui (probably Don Juan de Guzmán Itztlolinqui, the Itzotl of Coyohuacan; d. 1569) would date the song no earlier than 1569. But note the references to Fray Pedro (de Gante) in cantos H and J and compare the following entry from the Anales de Juan Bautista: "In September 1567, the singing of the Pipilucuatl [children song?] was taught to the church people. It was taught to them there at the church. They learned it by order of our father Fray Pedro de Gante. He said, 'It will be sung at the feast of Saint Francis, and then it will be cried everywhere. Won't the citizenry come to see us!' And the church people had the Indian singers eat while they were teaching them. And when the feast of Saint Francis came, on Saturday, that was when it was sung. Those who made the people
dance, the church people, were Francisco Quetzalatl, Francisco Matlalacaay, Andrés Motecpillihuatl, Juan Torococ, Juan Martín. And the insignias they wore were an imitation helmet, a plume of heron feathers, regalia of the people of Aztatlan. And the citizenry came from all over: all the principal men came to dance" (Garibay, "Cuadro real," p. 223; compare HLN, 2: 331). One possibility is that our song is a later version of the piece referred to in the Analecta. The Fray Pedro here, then, is presumably a ghost muse.

If the ixhuezcatocatzin of canto B is in fact an allusion to the ghost of Don Alonso Axayacatzin Ixhuezcatocatzin, as suggested below in the paraphrase of stanza 7, then the text at hand would have to have been composed, or at least revised, no earlier than 1581 (the date of Don Alonso's last will and testament).

Paraphrase by canto and stanza

A We would pray to God, producing revenants.

1 We sing in order to pleasure the ghosts in paradise, hoping to produce them as "flowers" (revenants). Their arrival will be a distribution, or manifestation, of God.

2 They will come as "turquoise swans" and as "words" (songs) of God.

3 They are our tears (our "sadness") as we sigh these prayers. They light up the church (where we are performing).

4-5 We pray as faithful Christians, destined for heaven (the place where all are shorn). ("Darkness" and "night" may refer to the day of judgment, as in John 12:31-36 and 1 Thess. 5:2-9.)

B Our song trip would produce Christ.

6 We call out to Saint Francis and Don Juan Itztloquilqui, summoning them to earth. In order to procure them, we embark on a song trip to paradise, hoping that the ghost of the late "presidente" (see paraphrase of stanzas 27-29) will intercede for us. Already God's presence is felt on earth.

7 Yes, we would like to visit paradise (on a song trip); and as a result of our effort, the "baby smiler" (Christ?) will act as muse and weep revenants. He will descend, carrying down our "hands" (warriors) as though grains of sand (— see stanza 42). (But "baby smiler" Ixhuezcatocatzin and "baby Sand Descender" Xaltemocto may refer to sixteenth-century Mexicans. See DICT: Alonso Axaya-catzin, *Ixhuezcatocatzin, Xaltemocto.)

8-11 Indeed, God himself (in the person of Christ) is already descending to earth.

C Would we return from our song trip?

12 We're afraid that our song trip to paradise will become a death trip, in which we mortals will be exchanged for revenants. An unidentified voice assures us that it will merely be a song trip.

13-14 Our revenants arrive.

15-16 Yet we continue to worry that we will be exchanged.

D Let's merely pray in church as Christians, i.e., let's avoid the dangerous Aztec dogma suggested above.

17-22 Let's remember that today we celebrate the ascension of Saint Francis. Let's pray as Christians to Saint Francis, Christ, and Saint Mary. Let them bring down our revenants.

·467·
E We'll produce Franciscan(?) revenants.
23–25 We sing our prayers in a Christian manner.
26 Saint Francis descends as muse.
27–29 The “presidente” (probably Don Sebastián Ramírez de Fuenleal, president of the second audiencia real, 1532–36) descends as muse, distributing revenants of “tawny and brown” (i.e., brown-robed Franciscans? or dark-skinned Aztecs?). (For the career of Ramírez de Fuenleal and his popularity with the Indians, see Motolinía, “Historia,” tratado 3, chap. 3; Mendieta, book 3, chap. 30.)
F This will enable us to procure Aztec revenants.
30 The “presidente” sings, producing revenants.
31 We Aztecs do likewise.
32–33 We produce the muse Itztlolinqui (see stanza 6), who in turn produces One Rabbit (the personification of slavery; see paraphrase of song 60, stanza 33) and the Marquis (presumably Cortés). Both One Rabbit and the Marquis are produced so that they may be destroyed.
34–37 Meanwhile Aztec revenants, including Yoyontzin of Acolhuacan, Don Gabriel (Tecpatl?) of Tlacopan, Don Francisco (of Azcapotzalcó?), and Huanitl of Tenochtitlan, appear on earth. Joined by friars (the “anointed” hands), they proceed to heaven (to Saint Francis) in order to present “flowers” or “bells” (sacrificial victims, including the Marquis) to God the king.
G Saint Francis will intercede for us.
38 We offer songs (or victims?) to Saint Francis in honor of his ascension (see stanza 17).
39 In exchange, Saint Francis will send us revenants.
40–41 The voice of Saint Francis, or of a Franciscan friar, called “Anointed,” offers a prayer to God that we may be blessed with “jades” (revenants). Compare Luke 4:18: “The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach.”
42–43 And our revenants are carried down like countless grains of sand (— see stanza 7).
H Fray Pedro will assist us.
44–46 The revenants arrive as sprouting flowers, “tawny, color of charcoal,” (see stanza 27 paraphrase, above).
47 We imagine that our muse is Fray Pedro (Fray Pedro de Gante?), who has “imitated” Saint Francis. (Note that Franciscans were called “hijos y imitadores del humilde S. Francisco”; Mendieta, book 3, chap. 30.)
48 Fray Pedro must be the one to sing down these “agonies,” or revenants, because we Indians are inept at music making (“we have no rattles”). (Gante was the Indians’ singing master; for similar references to Fray Pedro, see paraphrase of song 60, stanza 32.)
I Our song trip will be successful.
49–52 Now that the Franciscans have prepared the way for us, we enter heaven on a Christian-style song trip of our own, seeking flowers, or potential revenants. We’ll “cut” them and bring them back to earth.
J Our revenants will arrive as a distribution of God.
53–54 We will need a procurer, a song carrier in paradise, who can distribute
God (or Christ) to us in the form of revenant “flowers.” The role is filled by Saint Christopher (who “carries” Christ, according to the legend). With the aid of Saint Christopher we will net the flower butterflies (revenants).

55–56 With the aid of Fray Pedro, we produce these revenants as a distribution of “our lord forever.”

Previous translations. HLN, 2: 116–19 (excerpts); AAG, no. 43; Garibay, Xochimapanitli, nos. 43, 44 (excerpts).

LXII Bereavement song (folio 48v)

Variants. Though nearly identical to songs 41, 42, and 43, this piece has numerous phonetic peculiarities, suggesting that it derives from a separate performance. The only substantial difference, so far as translation is concerned, occurs in stanza 2, with the addition of “Is my mother alive?” The final sentence of stanza 1 seems to be positive in song 41 and negative in song 62; but in either case the gist is the same.

LXIII Song of Don Hernando de Guzmán, a peeper song (folio 50)

Synopsis. Chalcan muses descend to earth, summoning Cortés and the various Chalcan princes who assisted him in the conquest of Mexico. These are destroyed and sent back to the other world.

Background. In rebellion against Mexican authority, princely generals from the Chalcan centers of Tlalmanalco and Amatamecan joined Cortés in 1521 and led or sent troops to participate in the siege of Mexico City. Prominent in these activities were the young lords Acaciti and Omacatzin, brothers from Tlalmanalco, and young Tecuanxayacatzin and his brother, Quetzalmazatzin, both of Amaquemecan. Afterward all four were rewarded by Cortés, who made them caciques of their respective boroughs—each of the Chalcan towns, like Mexico itself, incorporating more than one administrative unit (Chimalpain, pp. 236–44; IXT, 2: 258–59).

At baptism these four lords became Don Francisco de Sandoval Acaciti, Don Hernando de Guzmán Omacatzin, Don Juan de Sandoval Tecuanxayacatzin, and Don Tomás de San Martín Quetzalmazatzin. And the city of Tlalmanalco became San Luis Tlalmanalco in honor of San Luis Obispo (García Icazbalceta, Colección, 2: 307; Chimalpain, pp. 253–54).

As late as 1541 Viceroy Antonio Mendoza was still thanking Acaciti for the help the Chalcan had given Cortés in the “conquest and pacification of this realm” (García Icazbalceta, Colección, 2: 331).

Remarks. The locale appears to be the Chalcan town of San Luis Tlalmanalco (stanzas 31, 35, 41). But this may be a fictitious setting. Probably the song is a “Chalcan piece,” a piece in which Mexican singers assume the guise of Chalcan, manipulating history to serve Mexican ends. Songs 51–53 and 84, which also ap-
pear at first glance to have been composed by Chalcans, should be compared. Also compare such "Tlaxcalan pieces" as song 66, in which the ghosts of Cortés and his Indian allies are summoned to reenact the events of 1521.

As in many sixteenth-century chronicles, Hernando Cortés is here spoken of merely as the Marquis or the Captain (stanzas 1, 2, 5, 6). The Juan Pérez mentioned in stanza 56 is probably Juan Pérez de Arriaga, who, like Cortés, was sometimes called Malinchec (for an explanation, see Díaz del Castillo, chap. 74, p. 129). Hence stanza 56 may refer obliquely to Cortés. Similarly, the Don Hernando of stanzas 7ff almost certainly refers to Cortés, even though we eventually learn that "Don Hernando" is Omacatzin (stanza 13). Perhaps the singer is flirting with the notion that Cortés deserves hanging (see stanzas 45–46, 60–61). If so, the sentiment is sufficiently couched in ambiguity to have passed Franciscan censorship. (In fact the terms Marquis and Captain in the opening canto could possibly refer to God, rather than Cortés. See DICT: mochihuc, capitán, chiyaté. And compare the relevant phrases in stanzas 1, 2, and 5.)

Observe the references to the four Chalcan lords in stanzas 13 ("Francisco, ah! Lord Acatitl" and "Don Hernando, Lord Omacatzin"), 17 ("Francisco"), 27 ("Don Juan"), 40 ("Guzman"), 49 ("Lord Tomás"), and passim. If "Don Juan" has been correctly identified, the song should probably be dated no earlier than 1563, the year of Juan de Sandoval Tecuanxayacatzin’s death (Chimalpae, p. 270). The others, including Cortés, all died earlier.

The incessant croaking of the raucous-voiced cacatl, or "peeper" (an unidentified batrachian), is said to produce headaches (FC, book 11, chap. 4, p. 72).

Previous translations. HLN, 2: 116 (excerpt from stanza 7); AAG, no. 45.

LXIV A song of green places (folio 52v)

Synopsis. Desiring God, we Mexicans produce the Chalcan lord Ayocuan and offer him as payment. In exchange God comes to Tenochtitlan, bringing paradise to earth.

Paraphrase by stanza

1. We’ve set the stage for a performance.
2. We’ll offer music to Motelchuih ("Self-Despiser," a play on Mochiuhtoc, "Self-Maker"—i.e., God; note that God in stanza 7 is supposed to "grieve," or produce revenants by means of song-weeping; but this might also be a reference to Andrés de Tápia Motelchuih, here serving as muse). God (or the muse) is familiar with the "waters" (the hereafter). He can "open" the "grotto" (another name for the hereafter) so that songs (or revenants) spill down to Tenochtitlan. (Compare similar phraseology in FC, book 6, chap. 15, p. 80, and chap. 24, p. 137.)
3. We’ll offer God a victim, an enemy warrior destined to become a "swan" in paradise.
4–11. Already we imagine the revenants descending (as angels, swans, jewels, etc.).
12–14. We produce the Chalcan ghost Ayocuan to serve as payment for our revenants. Ayocuan and his fellow Chalcans come and lie as captives in God’s "hand" (?)

* 470 *
Commentary to Song 65

15–20 Our revenants arrive as a distribution of God (called "padre" and "captain"?), creating paradise in Tenochtitlan (city of "turquoise columns").


Previous translation. AAG, no. 46.

LXV Matlatzinca piece (folio 53v)

Synopsis. The ghost of Axayacatl is summoned to reenact his victory over Matlatzinco.

Background. The story of King Axayacatl’s Matlatzinca campaign, as told in Tezozomoc’s Crónica mexicana, chap. 48, p. 404, and chap. 49, pp. 407, 411, has the king subduing the Matlatzincans at Toluca, then moving on to Thacotepec, where an enemy warrior named Tlilcuetzpal gives him a thigh wound. Victorious nonetheless, Axayacatl returns to Mexico via Chapultepec, later to be greeted by Nezahualcoyotl, king of Acocluacan, and Totoquihuatzli, king of the Tepanecs. See also Durán, Historia, chap. 35.

Axayacatl’s reign has been dated 1468–81; but according to one source, he was wounded in 1478 and died in 1479 (Dibble, p. 47). Similarities between Axayacatl’s Matlatzinca and Tarascan campaigns make for much confusion, and in some accounts the two stories are inextricably meshed—as perhaps here. Notice also that our song, like Tezozomoc’s account, has the victorious Axayacatl greeted by Nezahualcoyotl, which would have been impossible since Nezahualcoyotl died in 1472. In my opinion this song was composed many years after the fact.

Remarks. The final, prose paragraph, apparently a glossator’s addition, differs from Tezozomoc and Durán in having the leg wound delivered at Xiquipilco (agreeing with IXT, 2: 144–45, and TQRQ, 1: 182). We learn that the assailant, Tlilatl, is summoned to Mexico and given "the loincloth, the cape, and so forth" by the women of Axayacatl. The "and so forth" would be the shield, badge, labret, headband, and other regalia traditionally presented to a victorious warrior (see FC, book 6, chap. 3, p. 14). The story contradicts Torquemada’s version, in which Axayacatl, urged on by his women, has the assailant murdered as part of the victory celebration.

Timbers and deerskins would be among the expected items of tribute from the rude, Otomi-speaking Matlatzinca tribes (as suggested by our story). Though the enemy is honored for his valor, he is nevertheless reduced to the status of a tributary. (Before the war, the Matlatzincans had refused to send timbers for a temple that Axayacatl was refurbishing; Durán, Historia, 2: chap. 35, p. 268.)

For more complete lists of the towns conquered by Axayacatl, see Codex Mendoza; and FC, book 8, chap. 1.

Paraphrase by stanza

1 The singer imagines himself to be Macuilxochitl, spirit of flowers.
2 He takes a song (revenant) from paradise, offering flowers, or songs, of his own (or victims?) in exchange.
3 The victims implied in stanza 2 are identified as Matlatzincans. The revenant is
Axayacatl, come to destroy the Matlatzincan town of Tlacotepec. The singer addresses Axayacatl as “Blade Companion” (Itzcoztin). (Compare commentary for song 47.) But the glossator, supposing that two persons are meant, finds that old King Itzcoztin (r. 1427–40) is being invoked for some reason or other and writes “Itzcoztin” in the margin. Realizing that the song commemorates Axayacatl’s Matlatzincan campaign, the glossator is further puzzled by the mention of Tlacotepec, which he evidently knows to be a town in the Chalcan region. But the Tlacotepec meant here is the one ten km south of Toluca in Matlatzincan territory. Both Tlacotepecs appear on modern maps.

4 The “whirled one” is the revenant Axayacatl, spun down from paradise. Again puzzled, the glossator offers a synonym for ilacatzihui (“he is whirled”), writing “he is whirled or he is spun,” perhaps as a first step toward fathoming this odd usage. (See pp. 13–14, above.)

5–6 In the heat of battle Axayacatl slays Matlatzincans (presents plumes and flowers to Life Giver).

7 Just as our songs give pleasure to Life Giver, so do these Matlatzincan victims. (The term Shaven Head should probably be applied only to the Tarascans, who inhabit the region called Michhuacan, west of Matlatzincan; see FC, book 10, chap. 29, p. 188. But note that Tezozomoc treats the two peoples as a single tribe; Crónica mexicana, chap. 52, p. 422.)

8 Axayacatl and his comrades return to Mexico carrying live captives. They are “drunk” with the fragrance of these battle “flowers” (the captives).

9 They return by way of Ecatepec (probably entering Mexico via Chapultepec, as did soldiers coming down from Ecatepec after a similar expedition described in Durán, Historia, 2: chap. 37, pp. 284–85).

10 At home in triumph, Axayacatl greets his fellow triple-alliance rulers, Nezahualcoyotl of Acolhuacan and Totoquihuatl, king of the Tepanecs. (This would accord with Tezozomoc, Crónica mexicana, chap. 49.)

Previous translations. PIA, pp. 41–42; AAG, no. 47; GPN, 3: 53–54; Léon-Portilla, Trece poetas, pp. 164–69.

LXVI Tlaxcalan piece (folio 54)

Synopsis. Revenants representing Tlaxcala and Huexotzinco, on one side, and Mexico, on the other, are summoned to reenact their roles in the siege of Mexico City. Though the battle is won by the Tlaxcalans and Huexotzincans, in league with Cortés, this Mexican song gives the lasting victory to Mexico, whose dead reach paradise and whose women, uniting sexually with Cortés and his men, perpetuate Mexican blood.

Background. The story of the siege of Mexico is told from the native point of view in Sahagún’s Historia, book 12; in Ixtlixochitl, and in the Anales de Tlatelolco. In these and other sources we learn that Cortés, after an unsuccessful attempt to take the city in 1520, returned in May 1521 with a large Indian army recruited among nations long hostile to Mexico, including Tlaxcala, primarily, supported by Huexotzinco and by rebellious contingents from Chalco, Acolhuacan, and the
Chinampanche cities. From his base at Coyohuacan, Cortés advanced along the causeway leading into the muddy flats called Acachinanco at the southern entrance to the city. Brigantines built with native labor in Tlaxcala and transported over the mountains, piece by piece, to Acohuacan had been assembled and launched in the shadow of Mount Tepetul and were now brought eastward across the lake to join their “captain.” A few days later, Cortés’ assembled troops stormed the Eagle Gate and overran the main square of Tenochtitlan. The Tenochca ruler, Cuauhtemoc, fled with his warrior princes into the northern sector of the city, called Tlatelolco, where together with their brother Tlatelolcans they withstood the siege until August 13. The Mexicans’ last stand was made in Coyotlaco at the northern tip of the island. Following the surrender, Cuauhtemoc and other leaders were taken as prisoners to Cortés’ camp in Coyohuacan. At some later date Cuauhtemoc’s consort, Tecuichpoch (later known as Doña Isabel or Isabel Montezuma), became Cortés’ mistress and bore him a child (see DICT: Ixapeltzin).

Remarks. The reader of these stanzas should be attuned to Mexican sarcasm. The Mexican singer, with a smirk, is inviting the enemy to destroy him. In effect he says, “Go ahead and do it. I’ll have the last laugh.” According to Torquemada, when the Mexicans saw their buildings burned, they taunted their Indian foes, saying, “Burn and destroy the houses! We’ll make you come back and build better ones if we win. If the Castilians win, you’ll build for them too” (TORQ, 1: 564a).

Paraphrase by cano and stanza

A. Bound for paradise, we Mexicans welcome death.

1 You Tlaxcalans and Huexotzincans arrive in Tenochtitlan to assist Cortés in the siege of Mexico (or Tlaxcala and Huexotzincan revenants arrive from paradise to reenact their historic role in the siege of Mexico). The Spaniards (represented by Rodrigo de Castañeda, called Xicotencatl by the Indians) exhort the Tlaxcalans and Huexotzincans (represented by the cacique Don Juan Nelpioni) to “be strong” and to prevail against Mexico.

2 And now the Huexotzincan warrior-prince called Cuauhtecoz (Eagle Yellow-Beak) comes shouting down to earth. Cortés speaking through his interpreter, Marina, welcomes “[Guard-]Hut-Yellow-Beak” (a play on the name Eagle Yellow-Beak), stationing him as lookout at Acachinanco, the southern entrance to Tenochtitlan (where in fact the siege began; FC, hook 12, chap. 30, p. 83).

3 Eagle Yellow-Beak accepts the charge and exhorts his comrades to keep watch for the brigantines arriving over the lake from the direction of distant Mount Tepetul.

4 The Mexican singer urges the Tlaxcalan and Huexotzinca troops to aid the Spaniards (“our lords”) as the siege begins. Heavy guns are brought into the city by brigantines maneuvering through the narrow canals as far as the Eagle Gate (see FC, book 12, chap. 31, p. 85).

5–6 The Indian troops in the brigantines are commanded by Ixtlilxochitl, the collaborator king of Acohuacan (see IXT, 1: 463–66). At the Eagle Gate they break through the Mexican defenses, taking the great square of Tenochtitlan and the pyramid of Huiztilopochtli (FC, book 12, chap. 31, pp. 85–86; IXT, 1: 466). Cortés and Ixtlilxochitl meet at the pyramid (IXT, 1: 466), site of the great round-
Commentary to Song 66

stone, where victims were customarily sacrificed. Ixtlilxochitl’s “dancing” (i.e., skirmishing—see General Introduction, p. 28, above) produces revenants (“scarlet-plume shields”) that come “whirling” down from paradise (see General Introduction, p. 25, above).

7 Mexican princes, including Anahuacatl and Tlhuexquiati, come from behind the barricades (or as revenants from paradise) to be slaughtered (or sacrificed) by the enemy.

8 As revenants, these Mexican princes are “words,” or songs, uttered by Life Giver (the sun, called Eagle-Going-Down, in reference to the setting sun in particular). They last for a “moment” on earth and are promptly dispatched by the foe. But once dispatched they revive in paradise. They float up like cotton tufts, they whirl up to paradise as though propelled by plumes. In paradise (Hummingbird Mountain) Life Giver rejoices in these sacrificial offerings.

9 Life Giver is unusually fortunate today. Though he ordinarily receives merely a few human sacrifices, this time he gets the entire city of Tenochtitlan (which the Spaniards are burning). Of course he may need more than walls and buildings. In fact he needs human blood. So we’ll send along a few “payments,” i.e., human victims (which for the moment refers merely to Mexican casualties, but see stanza 21). Ah yes, we’ll give him a few “skin”-robes (referring to flayed human victims; see FC, book 2, chap. 21, pp. 52–53).

B As the battle rages we retreat to Tlatelolco—and to paradise.

10–11 As the enemy closes in (“with their shields”), we Mexicans cut off our hair in recognition of our defeat (UAH, sec. 325) and take to the road (or avenue) leading into Tlatelolco. We Mexicans are represented by Tlhuexquiati, Tecuhtzin, Coatlhuil, and Itzpotonqui. But the passage may also mean that we Mexicans depart for paradise (the sun’s road), as enemy revenants come dancing to earth (from the four directions).

12 The Mexican lord Anahuacatl, alone, takes a last stand, attempting to conjure the enemy with magic talismans (in FC, book 12, chap. 38, p. 113, this role is enacted by the warrior Opochtzin and not until just before the final surrender in Tlatelolco). But the effort fails.

C As revenants we return for a moment of fantasized glory, taunting our enemies.

13 The singer now summarizes the situation, assuming the voice of Oquitzinz (one of the Mexican heroes of the siege). As “Oquitzinz” sings and plays, the enemy revenants have come to earth (like sprouting corn tassels), using “fire” (from Spanish guns), and routing the Mexican “lords and rulers” (sending them to paradise). Old Oquitzinz himself is in paradise, of course. Now the singer calls on Oquitzinz to inspirit him as he summons the Mexican legion back to earth (as he “pleasures” the “multitude,” i.e., song-summons the countless dead, who are his Mexican comrades in arms). In the stanzas that follow, we will recall the actual (though limited) military successes enjoyed by the Mexicans during the siege, as the singer fantasizes a great victory for Mexico.

14 And so yes, despite the situation described in cantos A and B, Lord Huanitl (for example) reappears as revenant. (And in fact Huanitl did survive the siege. In the 1530’s he became the first post-Conquest itlatoani of Tenochtitlan, an office later held by his son. See Gibson, Aztecs, p. 169.) In response to my song, all the dead Mexican heroes are “painted in shields” (are brought to life, bearing arms).
Commentary to Song 66

15–16 And here comes the hero Atl Popoca, who snatched a lance from a Spaniard (and killed him, assuming that Atl Popoca is the nameless chief mentioned in IXT, 1: 467). We see him gathering up the corpses of sacrificed Tlaxcalan warriors. ("Stripers" were victims painted with red lines or stripes, usually on great occasions; see Sahagún, Historia general, 1: 143 [book 2, chap. 21]; Caso, Aztecs, p. 67.) Here begins imagery (extending through stanza 18) suggestive of an old-style gala.

17–18 And now the great Motecuhzoma makes his appearance. It is he (not the Spaniards of stanza 4) who does the "wrecking" (and not of Mexico but of Spanish materiel). He is our "bulwark." In high merriment he acts the role of "Rabbit" (the proverbial tippler?) and calls for a celebration. (For variant descriptions of the Festival of Lords, always with drinking, merrymaking, and the sacrifice of captives, see FC, book 2, chap. 27; and TORQ, 1: 177.)

D Our ruler, Cuauhtemoc, is captured, and we surrender.

19–20 Temiloltzin and Coyohuchuetzin, two more Mexican heroes, continue in the spirit of canto C.

21 It is now apparent that we have hopes for preserving Tenochtitlan here on earth. Perhaps it needn't be sent to paradise (as in stanza 9). Instead, we offer Life Giver a "payment" of one Spaniard (Fullano Guzmán, who in fact was killed by the Mexicans; Durán, Historia, 2: chap. 77, p. 368).

22 But as the litany ("Tenochcans are surrounded . . .") has already been warning us since stanza 19, these defenses fail, and the Spanish-led troops seize Cuauhtemoc. With this the war has ended, and Mexicans are fleeing into the waters of the lake (see FC, book 12, p. 83, line 26; and compare song 54-E, stanza 5).

E But we (not our Indian enemies) achieve immortality through intermarriage with the Spaniards.

23 Don't forget, you Tlaxcalans: it is we Mexicans, not you, who have intermarried with the (ruling) Spaniards. It is our blood, not yours, that will run through the veins of the future lords of New Spain—because they seized our women (though the women muddied their faces in an attempt to make themselves unattractive; see FC, book 12, chap. 40, p. 118).

24 Secure in the knowledge that Mexican blood would endure, the typical Mexican warrior died content.

25–26 Indeed, the Mexican warriors were made tom turkeys, or cuckolds. (Note the symbolic connection between the tom turkey and impotence; FC, book 11, chap. 2, pp. 53–54.) They were corralled, so to speak, at Acacihuanco (the southern tip of the city, where the Spaniards first broke the Mexican defenses), and driven (like turkeys—to the northernmost sector of Tlatelolco, where they finally surrendered). The Spaniards are again represented by Castañeda (Xicotencatl).

27 The defeat occurred in the ninth month, or ninth feasting period, of the Aztec year (i.e., the twenty-day calendrical division known as Nexochimaco or Tlaxochimaco, falling in July or August; see UAH, sec. 371; FC, book 2, chap. 28, p. 101; and Andrews, p. 403). Coanacoch and Tetelpanquetzatzin, the loyalist rulers of Acohuacan and of the Tepeques, together with Cuauhtemoc, were the last of the great triumvirates. Following the surrender, all three were taken to Cortés' camp at Coyohuacan. With this stanza begins the litany "princes are delineated" (i.e., Mexican princes are perpetuated as though they were pictures in a
book). Note that “nine months” is yet another pun. Looking back over stanzas 25–27, we see that the singer is saying, in effect, “They compromised us, and after nine months we gave birth.”

28 Tlacotzin cheers the captives. The chains of iron with which the prisoners are bound are taken as a symbol of the genealogical links soon to connect Aztec and Spanish blood. Note that Tlacotzin was the chihuaocatl, or vice-regent (FC, book 12). Here, then, we have Cuauhtemoc bid farewell by his political consort, just as his amatory consort, Isabel, will bid him farewell in the following stanza.

29 Cuauhtemoc and his consort bid each other a triumphant farewell, as the “Captain” (Cortés) takes “Doña Isabel” as his mistress.

30 Our wives’ departure shall not be painful (because our blood shall be perpetuated). Those Mexican men who (die and) become united with the forebears (“plumes”) at Coyohuacan are “created” (or perpetuated, in the sense that their ancestral lineage is continued) in the “jewels” (babies) born to Mexican women (and Spanish men). (As a historical aside, it should be mentioned that Cuauhtemoc and the others were not put to death at Coyohuacan. Cortés had them killed later, during his march to Honduras. See “Background” for song 60.)

Variant. Song 91.

Previous translations. PIA, pp. 57–62; HLN, 2: 93, 94 (excerpts); AAG, no. 48; León-Portilla, Broken Spears, pp. 148–49 (stanzas 21–22, 27–30).

LXVII Song of Nezahualpilli when he went to take captives in Huexotzinco. A Huaxtec piece, composed by the singer Teccecepoubqui. (folio 55v)

Synopsis. A Mexican singer fantasizes a glorious sequence of events in which Texcoco is humiliated for its collaboration with the Spaniards—recalling song 66, in which Tlaxcala is punished for the same offense. In this case the drama is enacted by pre-Conquest ancestors, for whom the actual participants are surrogates. Mexico is represented by Tlacaheuepan, whom the singer decomposes into Macuilmalinaltzin and Ixtlilcuechahuac (stanzas 4, 9–10). Nezahualpilli and his two brothers Xochiquetzal and Acapipiyol (stanza 22) represent Texcoco.

Background. Texcoco and Mexico were uneasily allied during the generation immediately preceding the Conquest. Montezuma ruled in Mexico (though as a warrior he was overshadowed by his famous brothers Macuilmalinaltzin, Ixtlilcuechahuac, and especially Tlacaheuepan). Texcoco was ruled for many years by Nezahualpilli (who died quietly in his palace in 1515). He, too, had brothers, among whom Xochiquetzal and Acapipiyol were noted war chiefs. By 1521 a new generation of leaders had taken charge; as the siege of Mexico was about to begin, long-latent rivalries erupted, and Texcoco (except for a few loyalists) sided with Cortés. Texcoco thus played a prominent role in the defeat of the Mexicans, who, as our song suggests, now dreamed of revenge.

Remarks. The Huaxtecs were proverbial drunkards (FC, book 10, chap. 29, pp. 193–94). Therefore the Mexican warriors, “drunk” with war lust, are styled Huaxtecs. Among the several nonce names used by the singer is Huehuetzin, liter-
ally Old Man, applied to Nezahualpilli in stanza 19. Misinterpreting this detail, the glossator sees a reference to a historical Huehuetzin, the Huexotzincan lord against whom Nezahualpilli once launched a military campaign (see DICT: Huēhuēhtzin). Thus the title and the marginal gloss at the head of the text ("The one who was captured was Huehuetzin—son of Xayacamac, ruler of Huexotzinco. He was killed on the round-stone").

Another, totally different misreading of this song—or of canto D, at least—is evidently the source of Ixtliyohuictli's story about the dance contest between Xochiquetzal and Acapipiyl (IXT, 2: chap. 67). These two, according to Ixtliyohuictli, had led their troops in a victory against the Huaxtecs, but although the "title and renown" of glory belonged especially to Acapipiyl, Xochiquetzal refused to concede it. As if to settle the matter, they held a dance, which became a kind of contest that stirred "great passions" and resulted in a brawl. Finally, King Nezahualpilli, disturbed by the goings on, came out and awarded the honor to Acapipiyl. Seeing that he had lost, Xochiquetzal left the dancing place and never danced again. But the whole story, conceivably, is fabricated out of these and similar phrases in canto D (stanza numbers in parentheses):

Huaxtecs are yonder (18)
[They] are drunk... there's dancing (19)
Nezahualpilli... am I, and my heart is grieving. Gone is Lord Xochiquetzal
...[the] regent is Acapipiyl (22)

If my assumption is correct, Ixtliyohuictli's reasoning must have gone something like this: Nezahualpilli appears at the end of the dance and declares Acapipiyl to be the regent, while banishing Xochiquetzal or at least noticing that he has made his departure. Evidently Xochiquetzal is disappointed, he has lost out to Acapipiyl in whatever activity has gone before—dancing. And why does Nezahualpilli grieve? No doubt because the dance has been drunken, disorderly. Since Huaxtecs are mentioned, and in view of the battle imagery throughout, the dance must have been in celebration of a victory over that tribe. And so forth.

Ixtliyohuictli believes that the song was called Teotlan Cucxtecaytol. Possibly his "Teotlan" comes from a misreading (or miscopying) of the teotlan in stanza 18; Cucxtecaytol is the song heading given by the Cantares glossator. Compare Chimalpahin's reading of song 84, below.

Paraphrase by canto and stanza

A Defeated Mexicans arrive in paradise, sending revenants back to earth.

1. The singer accompanies his fellow Mexicans (his "hearts") to paradise (as they are killed in battle). They are "drunk" with war death, exhilarated, filled with war lust. (Dawn, with birds, is the scene that typically greets the newly dead warrior; see FC, book 6, chap. 29, p. 164, lines 13–20; see also song 76, stanza 7.) The ghost of Tlacahuepen hails these fellow warriors ("shields," "javelins," "bulwarks"). Their glorious death is as though they had brewed a wine (per stanza 4), which Tlacahuepen tastes. Thus all the Mexicans are drunk (are Huaxtecs) in paradise.

2. In an aside to the audience, the singer affirms that Tlacahuepen himself is indeed "drunk."

3. The process implied in stanzas 1 and 2 is spelled out more clearly in an address to Tlacahuepen: warriors ("jades," "plumes") dying in battle down below on earth are thus transferred to the Elysian fields.
Commentary to Song 67

4 The singer tephtases stanza 3, now addressing Tlacahuepan as Macuilmalianztzin (Tlacahuepan's brother).

5 The singer identifies with the Mexican warriors, finds that he too is “drunk” with this “wine” (war lust), now interpreted to mean the sacred brew, or water, of the muses that falls from paradise (like rain) in the form of songs (or revenants). Thus the singer, in possession of this “wine,” is now in a position to spill revenants back to earth.

6 He urges Tlacahuepan (the stalwart prince) to approve this distribution of “pine-flower plumes” (revenants), as all revive (or “green”) in paradise.

B Mexican revenants surprise Teczoco, sweeping victims up to paradise.

7 Now the Mexicans are moving out from paradise, “drunk” with war fever, “seething” on the “flood” (or tide) or impending battle. Just at this moment the Teczocan ruler, Nezahualpilli, happens to be engaged in song (war), recalling (summoning) revenant Chichimecs (warriors), who presumably will be fellow Teczocans.

8 The Mexican singer mimics Nezahualpilli unflatteringly (perhaps whining or singing out of tune, since Nezahualpilli is labeled Screecher in the next stanza).

9 And sure enough, “a bell has blossomed” (a warrior revenant has appeared). But it is no Teczocan. Instead it is the Mexican Tlacahuepan (here represented by Ixtlilcuechauac). And far from comforting Nezahualpilli, he proceeds to gather up Teczocan victims (“withered plumes”), while routing others. His fellow “Huaxtecs” are “drinking” them (stanza 11).

10 Nezahualpilli cries out in alarm.

11 Now Tlacahuepan (“this plume, this waterfowl”) soars back to paradise, carrying his precious cargo of Teczocan captives. He is Rabbit (the proverbial drunkard), intoxicated by the captives. His drunken fellow Mexicans (“Huaxtecs”) follow him to paradise (with captives of their own).

12 Back in paradise, he and his fellow “swans” (ghost warriors) delight in these Teczocan “flowers.”

C Returned to paradise, the Mexicans celebrate their victory.

13 Drunk with “flowers” (Teczocan captives, also called “shields,” “plumes,” “drums”), the Mexicans return to paradise and dance in the home of the supreme warrior spirit (probably Huitzilopochtli, i.e., Blue Sky; see stanza 22).

14 The captives (the “ruined ones”), destined to be sacrificed on the humped, or mounded, stone (upon which the victim is stretched so that the rib cage is drawn taut, permitting the heart to be excised more easily), are made to “dance” to perform gladiatorial feats while tied to the round-stone, or temalacatl.

15–16 Yes, Tlacahuepan has carried Teczocan captives up to paradise (the Place Unknown). Observe that Tlacahuepan is called Totec (Xipe Totec), and that he is robed (lit., “skirted”) in sapodilla (leaves), recalling the thrones of sapodilla leaves upon which the Totec impersonators were seated during the feast of Tlacaxipehualiztli (FC, book 1, chap. 18). The historical Tlacahuepan is said to have gone into battle carrying an emblem of the god Totec (Durán, Historia, 2: chap. 57, p. 433), whose grisly rites appear to have symbolized regeneration (see FC, book 2, p. 213: “Song of Xipe-Totec”).

17 Entering paradise, Tlacahuepan is adorned with the wine (blood) of flood flowers (warriors slain or wounded). “All” the Mexicans (presumably all “adorned” like Tlacahuepan), including Matlaccuatzin, are off to the “Place Unknown.”
D  The failure of Nezahualpilli and the regeneration of Mexico.

18 Still on earth, the Texcocan leader Nezahualpilli is about to be sacrificed, perhaps as a "stripes" (one whose body is painted with stripes).

19 Through music (using his "conch") he hopes to summon Texcocan revenant warriors ("jaguars," "reeds"), who will come to his defense. Aware of his mortality (hence he is "Old Man"), he blares for his "eagles" as he stands on the Mexicans' round-stone. But his "eagles," or "shields," are not available. On high the Mexicans ("Huaxtecs") are enjoying them as prisoners (as "wine") and have no intention of releasing them as they dance upon the sacred waters of paradise.

20 The singer mocks Nezahualpilli. Go ahead and beat your drum (with the intent of producing "turquoise gems," or revenant warriors)! In fact you will produce Mexicans, because your Texcocan "flower jewels" (ghosts) are held as prisoners up above. And you yourself are wearing the headdress of white plumes assigned to victims bound for paradise (Durán, Historia, 2: chap. 20, p. 172). Moreover, your torso has been painted (for sacrifice; see stanza 18).

21 And indeed, the Mexican revenants (the "masters" of captives) return to earth.

22 In vain Nezahualpilli cries for his brothers Xochiquetzal and Acapipiyol. But they have been sacrificed to Blue Sky (Huitzilopochtli), the Mexican god of war. Hence a perfect victory for Mexico.

Variants. Stanzas 7–12 coincide with song 77, stanzas 12–13, 16–16a, 14–15; and stanzas 18–19 coincide with song 77, stanzas 4–5.


LXVIII Water-pouring song (folio 56)

Synopsis. Seeking compensation for the defeat of Montezuma, we Mexicans effect an amalgam of Christian and Aztec values as we envisage a paradise on earth in which our ancestors, our city, and we ourselves are united in eternal life.

Background. The initial meeting between Cortés and Montezuma took place in Tenochtitlan on November 8 or 9, 1519 (see Brundage, p. 329), nearly two years before the actual Conquest. In this famous encounter Montezuma treated Cortés as though he were the god Quetzalcoatl returned to earth to claim his city. Mexico was thus handed over to the Spaniards without a struggle, as Montezuma allowed himself to be taken into captivity. In June of the following year, amid growing unrest, Montezuma was killed. His successor, Cuauhtemoc, rallied the Mexican forces but was decisively defeated in the summer of 1521. Subsequent rulers, now serving as Indian overlords under Spanish authority, upheld the honor of Mexico with diminishing success. During the middle years of the sixteenth century, the pope and the emperor attempted to guarantee Indian rights, but their orders were regularly circumvented by the viceroy and his lieutenants.

According to the Añales de Tlatelolco, the Mexican leader Martín Ecatl journeyed to Spain shortly after the hanging of Cuauhtemoc (in 1525), was received by the emperor, Carlos V, and came back to Mexico after an absence of five years (UAH, sec. 47). Presumably while Ecatl was in Europe, Cortés brought a troupe of Aztec
Commentary to Song 68

musicians and dancers to the emperor's court (in 1527 or 1528). Delighted with their performance, the emperor sent them on to Rome to entertain Pope Clement VII. The documentation of this trip (which is almost certainly referred to in canto I, below) is reviewed in Stevenson, pp. 89, 224–25; it is mentioned briefly in Díaz del Castillo, chap. 195, pp. 524a, 527b; see also Cline, "Hernando Cortés."

Remarks. The Nahuatl word for water (atl) embraces "beverage," "precipitation," "body of water," and, in a figurative sense, "blood." The afterworld is sometimes called the "water," or the "waters." The city of Mexico, built on islands, was known as "Water's Midst." In our song, "water pouring" can mean bloodshed (hence warriors are "water jars," "pitchers," "cups," "carried ones," etc.), or it can mean the act of pouring revenants from heaven. Or it can mean baptism.

One purpose of this song is to establish the plausibility of summoning Aztec revenants in a manner acceptable to Christian doctrine—yet without having to depart this life. Hence the usefulness of stanza 21's "Castille" (home of the emperor Carlos V), a kind of paradise, to be sure, yet one that is firmly planted on earth. In stanzas 22–23, notice the tag-word "Amen" and the highly nonmilitary description of revenant production, implying that the ghost Don Gabriel is a "warrior" only in the sense that he sings (or dances), perhaps in a Christian context. By stanza 24, "water pouring" has come to mean revenant production, evidently through music.

According to the Anales de Juan Bautista, an atequiliztualtl (water-pouring song) was sung at the wedding of the Indian gobernador of Tenochtitlan, Don Luis de Santa María Cipac on Sunday, June 4, 1564 (Garibay, "Cuadro real," p. 233).

Paraphrase by canto

A (stanzas 1–18) Defeated by Cortés and his Tlaxcalan allies, Montezuma enters paradise, as does Mexico itself.

B (stanzas 19–24) Led by Cuauhtemoc and other rulers, we Mexicans give our lives in battle—bring Montezuma's warriors back to life.

C (stanzas 25–35) We free ourselves from tribute labor as our songs bring revenants to earth.

D (stanzas 36–48) The authority of scripture gives us entry into paradise.

E (stanzas 49–69) Tlaxcalan foes send us up to paradise as revenant seekers, and we're admitted by authority of Rome.

F (stanzas 70–78) On the battlefield en route to Rome, that paradise on earth, we founder, lose our lives, and see our revenants come flying in.

G (stanzas 79–88) Ushering in our revenants, we overcome our fear of death and head for paradise (where Mexico now lies).

H (stanzas 89–96) But no, our fear of death persists. Might paradise be brought to earth instead?

I (stanzas 97–114) Yes, and with the aid of the pope we bring our revenants to earth through music: Rome is paradise, yet Rome's on earth, and Mexico's in paradise, and paradise endures, so Mexico endures on earth.

Paraphrase by stanza

1–3 The two opening sentences have a double meaning. At first, we think the poet is merely setting the locale for a song about the founding of Mexico. We recall that the ancestors settled for some years at nearby Chapultepec, site of the famous springs that later served as Mexico's water supply. But then we hear that Life Giver
Commentary to Song 68

is drinking these “waters,” which may stand for the half-drowned island city of Mexico itself or the blood of its warriors. In either case the city is thus translated to “Chapulco yonder,” i.e., the watery paradise, that Chapultepec in the sky. Looking back over the first two sentences, we realize that the poet is saying, in effect, “We Mexicans have attained paradise.”

4 For the migrating ancestors, Acocolco had been a brief way-station between Chapultepec and the actual founding of Mexico. Our eagerness in that remote time is matched by our eagerness now as we anticipate the arrival of the (presumed) god Cortés.

5–8 Montezuma welcomes Cortés as the god Quetzalcoatl. (For a similar account of this meeting, see FC, book 12, chap. 16; see also book 8, chap. 7. For the prophecy of Quetzalcoatl’s return, see Codex Vaticanus 3738, folio 9v; Chimalpahin, p. 62; IXT, 2: chap. 1, p. 8; TEZ, chap. 107; and Durán, Historia, 2: chaps. 71, 74.)

9 With an accompanying display of Spanish gunfire, Cortés takes Montezuma prisoner (FC, book 12, chap. 17). Then Montezuma, in custody, has Mexicans bring food and water for the Spanish troops (ibid.) and it is this detail, perhaps, that is here interpreted as a pouring forth, or relinquishing, of the (warcery) city itself. The text implies that the generals Atlixcatzin and Tepehualtzin (both mentioned in FC, book 12, chap. 16) were among those who capitulated to the Spanish army along with Montezuma.

10 Cortés’ Tlacaltan allies are amazed to see Mexicans handing over their city. But the phrase “ensconced in water-whorl flowers” implies that the Mexicans are providing more than fresh water. In fact the fighting is about to begin, and Mexicans will soon be pouring out their blood, becoming “flowers” that spiral up to paradise.

11 Amid growing Mexican intransigence, Cortés’ interpreter, Malintzin (called María here), climbs to a rooftop and cries out to the Mexicans, ordering them to bring more food and water (FC, book 12, chap. 18). Among the first Indians to be killed are Cuauhpopoca, the ruler of Nauhtlan (IXT, 2: chap. 86; UAH, sec. 293), and “Quetzalacxoyatl,” possibly a synonym for Cacamatl, ruler of Texcoco, or possibly a brother of Cacamatl (see Durán, Historia, 2: chap. 64, pp. 474–76; TEZ, chap. 101; and IXT, 1: 1450, on the death of Cacamatl and two of his brothers, see IXT, 1: 390). Both Cuauhpopoca and Cacamatl (along with two of his brothers) were killed by the Spaniards in Tenochtitzlan at this time.

12–13 Subsequent skirmishing in the vicinity of the Eagle Gate results in the loss of many Mexican lives (FC, book 12, chap. 20).

14 The death of Nezahualquientzin, princely envoy from Texcoco, is noted (see IXT, 2: chap. 86).

15–16 These deaths are “required” by Life Giver (who drinks the warriors’ blood). Montezuma himself is finally killed (FC, book 12, p. 63, note 1). And Mexican revenants come whirling down from paradise.

17–18 The dead are strewn as gems in the watery paradise beyond—the called Water’s Midst (also a name for Mexico City). Thus our dead are living in a “Mexico” beyond.

19 The scene shifts from the events of 1519–20 (with which canto A is concerned) to the Conquest and after. First the Conquest is briefly re-created, as Tlaxcalans find cause to marvel (as they did in stanza 10), saluting the pro-Spanish
Indian commander Ixtilxochitl and calling out to the Mexicans. The Mexican leaders prepare to see their cohorts killed in battle, their blood “poured” into paradise.

20 As the allied leaders themselves pass on to the other world, they hear the legion of the dead, about to descend as revenants. (The ruler of Mexico is now Cuauhtemoc, allied with Coanacoc of Texcoco and Tetepecanquetatzin of Tlacopan.)

21 Castile is identified with paradise. And here we have the first indication that there may be something special about this paradise. The theme is more fully developed in stanzas 43–44 and 47–48, and in canto I.

22–24 The train of thought suggested in the preceding stanza is continued, as we find Don Gabriel (latomoi of Tlacopan ca. 1535?) in the role of revenant producer. Although it is not clear that he is a warrior in the strict sense (see “Remarks,” above), we Mexicans nevertheless fantasize that the resulting songs (or revenants) will punish the viceroy.

25–29 Passing on to paradise, we escape the necessity of performing tribute labor for Spanish masters. More revenants flow down to earth as “clean” waters (stanza 29), suggesting an association with Christian ideals. (Compare Ezek. 36:25: “Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean: from all your filthiness, and from all your idols, will I cleanse you.”)

30 But is this really what’s best for me? I doubt it, and I grieve (because although I yearn for paradise I don’t want to die). Where, then, can I get my revenants? Well, here’s a solution: let’s say that the church will be paradise.

31 And so I’ll sing, or song-sigh, in church. It will be as though I pluck, or break off, song flowers (or gems of song)—which is to say warriors slain, or broken, in battle. And in our song we call these warriors “water jars” (because they pour their “water,” i.e., their blood).

32–33 Hence I “return” my Mexican warriors to paradise—or, alternatively, I “return” my revenants to earth by means of this sacrifice (which doesn’t hurt me at all, because what I am really doing is singing, not fighting).

34–35 In this manner I seek to produce revenants. But to avoid death, as explained in stanza 30, I must place myself in a location that is both earthly and celestial. The “church” is a possibility (see stanza 30). Or perhaps “Castile” will do (stanza 21). The emperor’s home (Castile) would seem to suffice for the moment (though the church in Rome is our ultimate goal, per stanzas 97–106). Encouraged, we prepare to greet the revenant “Don Pedroti” (Don Pedro Temilotzin, one of the heroes of the resistance).

36–37 The “mirror and the flame” (or wisdom) of the Christian God prevails in the world today. The native “black and color” (or wisdom of the pictographs) has lost its authority. (Presumably the Bible is meant; but there are other kinds of Christian scripture, as will be seen in stanza 41.)

38–39 And so we pass beyond, seeking our revenants. Note that the imagery of stanzas 39 and 40 derives from 19 and 20.

40 Again, as in canto C, we recoil from tribute labor. Yes, we’ll labor on the battlefield, carrying our blood to paradise in order to produce revenants (“the multitude”). But this is the only kind of labor we’ll perform.

41 Thus Montezuma’s comrades, whose blood was “swallowed,” are to be re-
vived (or “painted as spears,” or warriors). And for this we have the authority of Cortés’ scripture. He himself decreed it, saying, “Paint them as pictures,” i.e., revive them—but of course what the Captain meant to say is “Enter their names on my tribute roll.” “Painting” and “writing” are the same word in Nahua. And so we twist the Captain’s words. The punning continues as the singer speaks of tribute labor being mustered in the countryside for the benefit of the city. But what he really means is that the laborers (sensu stanza 40) will be admitted to the celestial city. (The “everywhere” of this stanza will be echoed in the phrase “from the four directions,” stanza 68).

42 Mexican lords, whose names have been “painted” (written) in the “turquoise” (or awesomely important) tribute roll, have fallen to weeping. But this too is a pun, whose happier meaning is that lords and rulers, through musical weeping, have produced precious revenants.

43-44 We must go forth (toward paradise) and meet these revenants. The singer imagines that he is rallying Cuauhtemoc, Oquitzin, and Huanitl (leaders in the Aztec resistance of 1521).

45-46 Our dead return to life as “dew” as “gold.”

47-48 We are seeking Montezuma’s comrades, e.g., Nezahualtecolotl and Coauiuitl. We come to the emperor’s home (i.e., paradise; see paraphrase of stanzas 34-35) in “serenity,” abandoning our military pose.

49 In an anti-chronological fantasy the singer imagines that the Spaniard Castañeda (Xicotencatl), who aided Cortés significantly in the siege of Mexico, is proding us into battle now (ca. 1550?). As consolation, he reminds us that we will be exchanging ourselves for revenants. Note that paradise is again identified with Mexico and Chapultepec.

50 The Tlaxcalans (no doubt abetted by their allies, the Huexotzincans) urge us on to paradise. And we take up the cry, urging our warriors onward.

51 We answer Lord Cuauhtemoc (one of the Huexotzinca general), agreeing to go get our revenants.

52 Motclichih is among the ghosts we seek in paradise (the place of dawn). We want him to come shouting down to earth. Again we urge our warriors to become victims in battle, to satisfy the sun’s (Nahua) craving for blood. And we also seek Cuiflachihuitl (another hero of the Conquest period)—and Axayacatl.

53-54 The revenants are already arriving. And for this we thank our Tlaxcalan foes (who forced us into paradise, making the exchange possible).

55 Revenants are raining down profusely, because Tlaxcalans (with sacrifice in mind) have captured us Mexicans, us soon-to-be-golden ones. Thus leading our soldiers into paradise, we are (in effect) “fetching” revenants, whom we greet with the cry, “O my great ones!”

56-57 We urge Don Antonio and Tchuetzquitl to join us. (Note that the outbound warriors are here called “green ones” and “water jars,” terms used to denote the inbound revenants in the preceding stanza.)

58-60 In producing these revenants, I imagine that I sing with the voice of Fray Pedro (de Gante?). In other words, I sing as a Christian, not as an ince Indian. This is possible because the departed bishop, Don Fray Juan de Zumárraga, “purified” us with baptismal waters.

61 So off we go to (the watery) paradise. Having been captured by our enemies
Commentary to Song 68

(and sacrificed, or “broken”), we will be revived as swans. But wait. We’re Christians now, and if we arrive in paradise having been “broken,” God will be angry. Let’s be “cautious” (let’s be “captured” by the Christian faith).

62 Note that this paradise toward which we’re heading is identical to Mexico.

63 We catch our first sight of paradise (here identified with Rome). In paradise we shall be “willow men” (lit., inhabitants of the place of willows), an allusion to the watery environment of heaven.

64 We recognize the pope as God’s vicar.

65 Using a blowgun, the pope is shooting at us (intending to make us captives for Christ). As part of the pantomime accompanying a certain type of song (evidently a ghost song), “gods” used blowguns to shoot “birds” (RITOS, chap. 21, p. 193).

66 The pope’s instrument of capture is a blowgun only in the figurative sense. It is actually the cross.

67 The pope is an incarnation of Peter (and of Paul?), hence a proselytizer par excellence. (On Peter as Christ’s xipholat [representative] on earth, see Doctrina cristiana, 127v. Note that Peter and Paul are often coupled in Catholic liturgy.)

68–69 Transfigured as golden butterflies, we Mexicans have been taken to heaven.

70–71 The implied voyage seems to have two interpretations. First, we imagine ourselves on a boat trip to Rome (paradise). Second, we imagine ourselves caught in a storm of revenants, raining down as flowers or rushing down in waves, as we stand in battle, losing our hold on earth. “Wind arises” means what it seems to mean; but it also means “Don Martín Ecatl (i.e., Wind) is resurrected.”

72 On route to paradise we should be rejoicing (but in fact we are overwhelmed by our fear of death). Don Martín Ecatl (as a revenant “wave”) comes rushing down on the boat, breaking it to pieces. (The allusion to Don Martín is no doubt prompted by the story that he made a trip to Spain; see “Background,” above.)

73 As the revenant waves come rolling toward us, we imagine ourselves in the traditional situation: we are in battle, and our foes, intent on capturing us alive, will soon be leading us to the round-stone of sacrifice (where we will be reborn as ghost warriors in paradise).

74 A doubter fears that none of us will be “precious” (immortal). Yet we continue on.

75 The revenant “dew” is falling on us. We fear death. Can we be certain of paradise?

76 The “no one” is Life Giver, who seems to have abandoned us.

77–78 But our fears are groundless. Already we see the tree of life in the (watery) paradise ahead, as revenant “fish” come flying down to earth.

79–80 Anticipating (the watery) paradise (the place of dawn), we prepare to meet the incoming “fish” (revenants) who are “pleasured” by our music (or our deeds in war): they wish to arrive here as songs (as “tears” wept from heaven).

81 The revenants, leaving heaven, greet us as we arrive to take their places. They call us “chalk” and “plumes” (i.e., victims prepared for sacrifice). And we in turn hail them as “songs” (sent down by Life Giver). We are delighted to find that green waters await us.
82 Death in battle (or on the round-stone of sacrifice) will perhaps yield immortality despite the fears expressed in canto F. Just look at those life-giving green waters! It’s as though we were there already (in “Water’s Midst”).

83–84 Nevertheless, we tremble as our revenants come down (as a precipitation of sun-shot vapor), carrying their military banner, or ensign.

85–86 Our doubts are renewed. We’re afraid to die.

87–88 Well, if the likes of Motelchih can be produced, perhaps there’s hope after all. He arrives as a (falling) jade (as we lose our boat, harking back to stanza 72), and we, in exchange, are transfigured as minted gold in paradise (place of the rainbow).

89 Our enemies, the Huexotzincans (and presumably their Tlaxcalan allies as well), are commanded to repent their sins. “Prepare yourselves, for the True Spirit, the lord, is come” paraphrases the words of John the Baptist, “Repent ye: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand” (Matt. 3:2).

90 But it becomes gradually clear that the singer is talking over the heads of the Huexotzincans and is really addressing his fellow Mexicans, or “Huexotzincans” (lit., dwellers in the place of willows; freely, “willow men”). See stanza 63.

91–92 One hears the cries of doubters.

93 It is now quite clear that the “Huexotzincans” are Mexicans. Jesus (hence paradise) is coming to earth.

94 Jesus (“prophet,” “awaited one”) summons the faithful to the kingdom of heaven.

95–96 The singer’s description of heaven incorporates the ninefold celestial hierarchy of Dionysius Areopagite, omitting the category “angels.” The list given in Doctrina christiana, 74v, reads: “angeles, arcangeles, virtudes, dominaciones, principatos, potestates, chronos, cherubines, seraphinesme.” Sahagún, Psalmos, 173v, gives: “In Seraphines, in Cherubines, in Thronos, in Dominaciones, in Principatus, in Potestates, in Virtutes, Archangeles, in Angelome,” as does the Franciscan Colloquentes, chap. 12 (see Klor de Alva). Thus our text adheres to the Franciscan sequence, in reverse. Yet a different sequence is given in the Nahua biblical sermon “Creador celi et terre . . .” (Miscelanea sagrada, 194–194v).

97 Let’s have Life Giver “require” our presence right here on earth, and if we proceed to the emperor’s home (Castille), it will be as though we were in paradise (see paraphrase of stanzas 34–35). Let it be that Life Giver’s “waters” appear through the recitation of music (and not through loss of life in battle).

98 So let us pray to God (in song). In exchange he will pour his spirit upon us (compare Joel 2:28)—or, alternatively, he will pour down a rain of revenants.

99 This sounds good. Let’s be off to the emperor’s, or, better yet, Rome itself. We’ll see the pope.

100 If it is the emperor who speaks, he perhaps says, in effect, “Pay me in gold, and I’ll intercede for you with God.”

101–2 In any event we are glad to have this intercession, glad that the emperor has sent us to Rome.

103–4 In the pope’s basilica, or song house, are incoming revenants (i.e., songs, or words, produced by God). But they are being honored with war capes as though fresh from the battlefield (and therefore just entering paradise?). Is Rome paradise or is it earth?
Commentary to Song 69

105–6 The pope produces these revenants with the aid of Cecelia, patron saint of music. The location is “with God” (paradise) yet here on earth (in Rome).

107–8 Our revenants (or outgoing mortals; see paraphrase of stanzas 103–4) are coming to life in the place of willows (the watery paradise). But Mexico (where tunas lie, i.e., Tenochtitlan) is also a “willow place” (or place of waters). And these incoming revenants (Huanitl and others, see stanzas 53–54, 110–14), born during the generation following Axayaca’s death, perpetuate his fame. Indeed, our ancestors were not evil pagans (as the friars would have us believe; see FC, book 1, appendix, p. 75). Rather they were men who “went away desiring.”

109–14 In this newly defined paradise (or Place Unknown), we are united with our immortal ancestors, several of whom are here mentioned by name. (But observe that only baptized Aztecs are included in this list. These were the outgoing mortals who attempted to avenge the wrongs suffered by Montezuma and his allies; see canto A.)

Variant. Stanzas 34–35 recur as stanzas 47–48 (within song 68).

Previous translations. HLN, 2: 108–9 (stanzas 1–8, 10); AAG, no. 50 (stanzas 1–49); Léon-Portilla, Tezcu poéticas, pp. 219–21 (stanzas 49–55).

LXIX A song of green places (folio 60)

Synopsis. This is a song evidently inspired by the Spanish Conquest, the effective end of Mexico as Mexicans had known it. Reflecting on the end, the singer is reminded of the beginning, just as in song 68. We died then, and we die now. Our death in combat brings ghosts to earth, which we desire. Yet death is painful. Can we achieve this blessing without the risk of war? Yes, through music. But the blessing is illusory. Our death is merely postponed, not prevented.

Background. During the years immediately before the founding of Mexico City (in 1323?), the wandering Mexicans settled briefly in Chapultepec on the west shore of Lake Texcoco. From there they were driven into the nearby territory of Colhuacan and were tolerated as refugees, eventually fleeing to the middle of the lake, where they established their future city on a reedy shoal. The story is told in several sixteenth-century chronicles, of which the most helpful in this case is the Anales de Tlatelolco (UAH, secs. 145–241).

Remarks. The glossator’s copious notes to canto A are largely accurate and quite helpful. Only his note 9 (numbered 22 in the translation) appears to be in error.

In stanza 6, the king of Colhuacan asks the Mexicans to bring him a reed float with birds and a coiled serpent, also a live deer. From the parallel story in Anales de Tlatelolco (UAH, secs. 145ff), it appears that the deer offering symbolizes the surrender of live human captives (see also TORQ, 1: 100–101). And from the sophisticated variant in Tezozomoc, Crónica mexicana (chap. 3, pp. 231–32), which stipulates that the birds must be in the act of hatching their eggs, it seems that the float is a tableau vivant, inspired by a pun on the verb pacho:tlá (“to hatch eggs” or “to govern things,” lit., “to press down on things”). Gloss § 18 in the translation tends to confirm this theory. And it is possible that the coiled serpent stands for temanahuac, “the world” (lit., “it is altogether near water,” i.e., encircled by water).
Commentary to Song 69

See gloss 6 (19 in the translation). Referring again to Tecoztomoc, it seems that if I come bringing the float to you, unbidden, the meaning is “I + govern + world,” or “I rule the world.” But if you demand that I bring it to you, it is tantamount to my saying “You rule the world.” The addition of the live deer makes the entire message read thus, “You rule the world and I must bring you victims for sacrifice.” To compound this outrage, the Mexicans were expelled in a bloody rout (and had to move their settlement across the water to the present site of Mexico City). The rout is mentioned in Chimalpain, p. 176. Apparently the glossator has this in mind when he says, in gloss 9 (22 in the translation), “Just thus they started a naval war, and so they perished.” In order to validate his explanation, the phrase “ica quitlanibtoque atloyan tepeltl en cemanahuqui” would have to be rendered “And so, with regard to the realm, they finished it off in the midst of the water”—a most unlikely reading. What the singer actually seems to be saying is that the island realm of Mexico was established as a tribute-paying client of Colhuacan. Such a relationship is in fact reported in TEZ, chap. 3, but between Mexico and Aztcapotzalco, not Mexico and Colhuacan.

There can be little doubt that Torquemada was familiar with this portion of the manuscript, if not the entire Cantares. The final phrases of chap. 22, book 3, of his Monarquia indiana (TORQ, 1: 291) must allude to stanza 8 of the song at hand. See pp. 112–14, above.

Paraphrase by canto
A (stanzas 1–8) The destruction of Montezuma recalls the destruction of our founding fathers.
B (stanzas 9–17) Yes, once again we’re destroyed—as the ancestors are “recalled” from paradise.
C (stanzas 18–25) The incoming ancestors “blossom” on earth.
D (stanzas 26–33) As the revenants arrive, Montezuma surrenders his warriors to paradise.
E (stanzas 34–41) Can’t we have revenants without destroying ourselves?
F (stanzas 42–51) Yes, we can produce revenants through song alone. Now enjoy them! For even so we pass away.

Paraphrase by stanza
1 The ancestral Mexicans were driven out of their temporary settlement at Chapultepec by allied troops from Aztcapotzalco, Colhuacan, Xaltocan, and other cities; and their chief, Huitzilihuitl, was sacrificed in Colhuacan. (Compare Durán, Historia, 2: chap. 4; Velázquez, Códice Chimalpopoca, p. 18, sec. 86; Chimalpain, pp. 58, 59, 70, 172; UAH, secs. 145ff.)
2 The surviving Mexicans fled in disarray, seeking asylum in a marshy spot called Acocolco, which was under the jurisdiction of Colhuacan.
3 Xaltocan had been aroused because it claimed ownership of Chapultepec (according to fol. 60v, gloss 1, numbered 14 in the translation).
4 Mexican captives, including women, were taken away (to Xaltocan, Colhuacan, and the various other cities).
5 Emerging from Acocolco (see stanza 2, above), the Mexican survivors went to Tizapan. (According to Durán and UAH, they went first to Achiotometl, the ruler of Colhuacan, and begged him for a place to settle; he assigned them to
Tizaapan, a "wilderness" filled with "poisonous snakes" on the south shore of the lake.)

6 While the Mexicans were living at Tizaapan, Achitometl demanded tribute from them. First he asked that they bring him a float, or barge, made of reed stems and covered with clumps of living reed; among the reeds were to be an egret and a coot, also a coiled serpent; he next asked for a live deer. In effect, he demanded that the Mexicans submit to him as a conquered nation. (See "Remarks," above.)

7 Achitometl thus established the pattern whereby Mexico is subservient to a master. Hence Monteúzuma, the ruler who greeted Cortés, is holding an "uneasy" throne. Just as in the early days, our citizens are to be destroyed (now in combat with the Spaniards), yielding ancestral revenants (from the founding era) in exchange. The shrilling thrush, the stirring comrade (pun on "snake"), the flying fish (in a wave of celestial waters), and the blooming flowers are all conventional images denoting the incoming revenant (see DICT) and playing on a conventional description of the site of Mexico (see Durán, Historia, 2: chap. 18, para. 41: "Mexico . . . donde silbió la culpaera, donde vuelan los peces"). And all this is to take place in Tollan Tlapallah, the mystical destination of the god Quetzalcoatl (FC, book 3, chap. 4, p. 16).

8 But of course we welcome our revenants. And in yet another double entendre we call them by name, invoking only those founders whose names refer, etymologically, to some feature of the city or its site: "Waters," "Willows," "Tuna" (prickly-pear cactus), and "Jaguar Throne" (lit., jaguar location).

9 Here on earth (in the presence of Life Giver), Oquitztin (one of the heroes of the resistance) is putting his warriors into battle (against the Spaniards), hence "offering" them as though they were songs and, necessarily "inflicting wounds," causing the death of his Mexican troops. (Actually he seems to be delivering the divine reproach.)

10 In exchange for these mortal lives, God the Arbiter (Life Giver) arrives in the form of revenants. We wish that Oquitztin had offered genuine songs. The songs he offers are our lives: we "break" as jades.

11-12 "Once again" (as in the early days described in canto A) we Mexicans are to be destroyed. We recall Monteúzuma, who was killed in the preliminary struggles, and his successor, Cuítlahuac, who died soon after taking office. Revenants are greeted. It is the will of Life Giver.

13 Monteúzuma's revenants, his "hearts," come whirling down from paradise as he makes this quasi-musical offering, this "sadness." Thus we hail the revenant Cuauhtecatl, one of the ancestral priests.

14 Let Life Giver go ahead and see what it's like to have Monteúzuma and all his vassals gone from the earth! They'll no longer be here to make prayers. Life Giver will be sorry. There will be nothing but bereavement here on earth (in the presence of God).

15 On earth God is "rich" (having us mortals here to make prayers for him). But why should we care? Let him go ahead and forsake us. We who have sacrificed ourselves (we who have become "banners") during the final resistance in Tlatelolco have now been gloriously translated to paradise. Arriving, we hail God: "O Arbiter!"

16 God senses his loss. And we, too, have our doubts. The idea of paradise is alluring, but does it exist?
Commentary to Song 69

17 Really, we're not quite sure what we're doing. It's as though we were drunk. And will the ancestors—Acamapichtli and Huitzilihuitl, for example—aactually arrive on earth to take our place? All we know for sure is that as we stumble drunkenly to our death, our city (and the neighboring Tepanec realm as well) will be handed over to the Spaniards.

18 The doubt expressed in stanza 17 is swept aside as we envision our revenants dropping down from heaven.

19-21 The revenants are a distribution of Life Giver himself, the supreme warrior (or "Chichimec," or "Tenitl").

22-25 We mortals enjoy them while we can. Soon we must die.

26-27 Mortal warriors rising up as dust are accepted by Life Giver (Yaotl) as payment for the ghost-warrior multitude now prepared to descend as flowers.

28-29 Yes, Montezuma is trading his warriors for revenants. (Notice the musical imagery: he's "reciting" them, he's "tossing them off," as though they were songs.) And some, at least, are yielded up as live victims (for sacrifice by the hostile armies, especially the Tlaxcalans, who were Cortés' principal allies; hence they are "chalk," a powder used to whiten victims).

30-31 Now here's a typical victim, soon to be a "swan" in paradise, who rises up as a surrogate for the supremely famous warrior Tlacahuepan (nicknamed Totec). It is as though the glorious Tlacahuepan (killed ca. 1500) were once again falling into paradise as a "golden flower," going to meet the turquoise prince, Ascending Eagle (the sun).

32-33 But the singer does not exult. Rather he dwells on the fact that the Tlacahuepan surrogate has been forsaken here on earth by Life Giver—even though he is given a hero's welcome by his fellow ghost warriors ("bucklers") as he drifts into paradise.

34 The singer's muse delivers the divine reproach. But in a moment of sudden decision, the singer rejects war and scorns warmongers.

35 The warmongers threaten us with oblivion if we disdain war. But let them babble on.

36 Let's choose peace instead.

37 But the warmongers' voice of reason warns us that we cannot have revenants (we cannot have contact with paradise) unless we are willing to give our lives in battle.

38 Well, never mind. We'd rather die "poor" (without heroic deeds).

39 And yet we do crave revenants. How can we get them? We deny that they are obtained in war.

40 Go ahead and try it. Go ahead and have God send you revenants (on the battlefield, where revenants are supposed to descend from paradise). You'll be disappointed. You'll be dead before you have a chance to enjoy them. God will simply obliterate you.

41 So let's give God (the Executioner) cause for grief. Let's thwart him. Let's stay out of battle.

42-43 Is God willing to weep for our sake? Will he mourn (because we thwart him and stay out of battle)? We hope so. And toward this end we keep up our song-weeping (intending that it be echoed by God).

44 Our (musical) sorrow deepens as we try to coerce a response from God.

45 Please strew your revenants, your ghost warriors ("your riches"). And now
at last they're coming. And I've produced them through (musical) sorrowing—not through loss of life or deeds in war.

46–47 God sends us his revenants, yet we know they can't last.
48–49 We realize that there is no immortality on earth.
50 All we can do is borrow life from paradise. And we have it only on earth.
51 Eventually we must die. So let us take pleasure while we can.


LXX Here begins a plain lord song (folio 62v)

Synopsis. A singer of the post-Conquest period offers his songs to Life Giver (or God) as though they were slain warriors. In exchange he enjoys a shower of revenants (a distribution of God himself), including Montezuma II. The arriving revenants imbue the city of Mexico with fragrance.

Remarks. This and the following two lord songs all mention Montezuma and no doubt allude to the Conquest. It could be argued that the three represent a single song of three cantos, erroneously separated by the copyist.

Previous translations. None.

LXXI Lord song (folio 63)

Synopsis. The scene appears to be Mexico at the time of the Conquest. As Mexican warrior-lords and their city itself are translated to paradise, ancestral revenants come down to earth to replace them, perpetuating Mexico on earth. Thus Mexico is alive in heaven and alive on earth.

Remarks. As in previous songs, Mexico City is called Huexotzinco (Place of the Willows), perhaps in allusion to its watery location (but see also pp. 29–30, above); and Life Giver is identified with Blue Javelin (probably an epithet of the Mexican war god, Huitzilopochtli).

Paraphrase by stanza
1 Announced by divine portents, ghost warriors prepare to descend as a distribution of Life Giver. In exchange, Montezuma's troops ('shields') yield their lives (or 'chalk' themselves as sacrificial victims), making way for the incoming revenants ('spines,' i.e., ghost warriors).
2 The mortals gladly give their lives, because there is nothing but suffering here on earth (nothing but yearning for paradise).
3 Their wholesale entry into paradise is as though the city of Mexico itself were being preserved in heaven. At the same time, Life Giver (White Eagle) is distri-
buting himself in Huecztzinco (i.e., Mexico) through the medium of revenant warriors ("mesquites," "jaguars") in response to this human sacrifice on the field of combat (or these songs in the "cavern" house, or music room). Thus Mexico is being perpetuated both in paradise and on earth.

4 As a Hucxotzinca (i.e., Mexican) I weep for my comrades slain in battle (here in the water's midst, in the island city of Mexico).

5 But through this sacrifice Mexico has been gloriously translated to paradise along with its ruler, Montezuma (who will be remembered on earth).

6 Montezuma offers his warriors ("hearts," "bucklers," "heads") to Life Giver (Blue Javelin). The outgoing warriors are to be "at rest," and their city is to be "preserved" (either in heaven, where it has been moved, or on earth, where it is to be replenished by incoming revenants).

7 Life Giver sends down the revenants, or songs (through musical weeping, i.e., "sadness").

8 The city is populated by the incoming ancestor revenants.

Previous translations. None.

LXXII A second lord song (folio 63v)

Synopsis. The muse Nezahualcoyotl summons the revenant Montezuma, reinstating him as ruler of Mexico.

Remarks. For a similar mystical description of Mexico ("white willows," "white rushes," etc.), see Durán, Historia, 2: chap. 4, p. 44.

Paraphrase by stanza

1 The muse Nezahualcoyotl arrives from paradise (Tamoanchan).

2 He has come to "pleasure" Montezuma. In other words, he has come to earth in order to produce Montezuma as a revenant. Now the singer urges Montezuma to come reclaim the throne of Mexico, the throne of the founding fathers Huitzilihuitl and Acamapichtli (compare song 83, stanza 28). He urges Montezuma to become tears, grief, or aching sadness—to descend as (weeping) music.

3 Yes, you're creating this revenant, O Nezahualcoyotl, and you're being favored with the desired result. Already you're being greeted by your "sustenance" (your revenant).

4 Come, descend in the form of weeping music, O Montezuma. You certainly have something to weep about if you remember the hardship you suffered here in Mexico (because of Cortés). And already you're being greeted by your "sustenance," O Nezahualcoyotl.

5 Yes, God has taken pity on you and sent down your revenant, O Nezahualcoyotl. And as for you, O Montezuma, you now reclaim the divine seat of rule (here in Mexico).

6 You come as a warrior, O Montezuma! And so we address you as Blade Companion (see DIC: Itzcóatl).

7 You're singing or ruling (a pun) here in Mexico.

Variant. Song 79, stanzas 1-8.


491
LXXIII War song (folio 64)

Synopsis. As we sing, God arrives bringing song flowers, or revenants. Among them are the heroes Tlacahuacapan and Ixtliluecchahuac. In exchange for these gorgeous song-revenants, God takes us mortals to be his “plumes” in paradise; in other words, he spurs us on to war (stanza 5). We agree to be forsaken, or “orphaned,” here on earth, so that we may proceed to paradise, the place of nobility and fame (stanza 6). We are eager to become birds in paradise, though sorry to be leaving earth (stanza 7). Life is short; i.e., God’s “presence” (on earth) is brief, but he “paints” us (gives us new life) and allows us into his “presence” (in heaven, stanza 8).

Variants. RSNE, 22v–23v; song 82, canto D.

Previous translation. None as such. (The variant in song 82 is translated in GPN 3: 47.)

LXXIV War-flower song (folio 64)

Synopsis. As we sing, our songs appear before us in the form of revenant quetzals and troupials. With songs we entertain these “songs,” enjoying their fellowship (stanza 1). But the pleasure is brief, for they (and we) must die (stanzas 2–6). But if we fail to join them in this music (this war), perhaps we’ll avoid death. Indeed they are warriors, or instruments of death. Let us dare not touch them (stanzas 7–8).

Remarks. Note that in stanzas 5–6 the revenant flowers appear to have inspired potential victims. But in stanzas 7–8 they are recognized as potential captors.

Previous translations. None.

LXXV Flower song (folio 64v)

Synopsis. See commentary for song 81.

Variant. Song 81.

Previous translation. HLN, 1: 176 (stanzas 3–5).

LXXVI War song, a song of Montezuma (folio 65)

Synopsis. A singer recalls the death of Montezuma and his fellow warriors (at the hands of Cortés). As surrogates for noble ancestors (especially the heroes Ixtliluecchahuac and Tlacahuacapan), the Mexicans enter paradise and are reborn. Yet here in Mexico they are alive in our songs.

Paraphrase by stanza

1 O Montezuma, you’re in heaven (where you’ve been reborn as a bird-warrior of the sun). But as we recall you in our song, it is as though you were singing here in Mexico.
Commentary to Song 77

2 This is where your eagle warriors were killed (in combat with Cortés). But here, as well, your “bracelet house” (our music room) stands shining (like the sun in heaven). It is “your” house (i.e., your song house) because you are functioning as our muse: you make it seem like heaven (the home of God).

3 We imagine that the ghost warriors Ixtlilucchahuac and Matlaccuiatzin come whirling down from paradise to inspirit the Mexican troops.

4 The Mexican warriors (“bells,” “lords”) won lasting fame as their bodies were scattered on the field of combat. Teuhiti cozahuiya, “dust yellows,” i.e., the dust of battle rises in yellowish clouds(?), is apparently a pun on teuhiti cozahuiya, “lords grow yellow (or golden?), i.e., become like yellow flowers in paradise(?).

5 The singer urges them on, as though he and his dancers (?) were reenacting the battle scene.

6 The Mexican troops (as surrogates for the ancestral heroes) proceed to paradise.

7 Dawn comes. The sun is rising in response to the cries of “birds” (or ghost warriors, who cheer the sun, giving it strength to continue its journey). Such is the scene that greets Montezuma and his fellow warriors, who themselves are becoming “swans” and “troupials” of the sun. (See also paraphrase of song 67, stanza 1.)

8 It is as if the dying warriors were arrayed in chalk and plumes (traditionally applied to sacrificial victims). Montezuma and his warriors are “drunk” on the delicious “flowers” (or songs) that incite men to war. Thus they enter paradise (as precious birds).

Previous translations. HLN, 1: 86–87; Garibay, Panorama, pp. 46–47.

LXXVII This one’s a Huaxtec war song (folio 65)

Synopsis. Responding to our music, Mexican ghost warriors descend to earth, sweeping Texcocan victims back up to paradise (avenging Mexico for Texcoco’s collaboration with Cortés?). Departing, they release a new wave of Mexican revenants, who repopulate the beleaguered city.

Remarks. See commentary for song 67. The song at hand appears to be a hasty reworking of 67, in which a modicum of “female” material (stanzas 6–7, 10–11, 17–18) has been grafted onto a fundamentally “Huaxtec” piece.

Paraphrase by canto and stanza

A Mexican ghost warriors prepare to descend.

1 Warriors’ wrist- and ankle-bells are jingling (or “bells,” i.e., revenant warriors, are shrilling like birds as they descend from paradise); amid the general destruction (“blaze”) clouds of dust rise up (but “dust” is a pun on “lord,” and slain lords are rising up to paradise in exchange for revenants). Among the expected revenants is the heroic Tlacahuapan, whose fame is “carried” in our song—as though he himself were carried back to earth.

2 We imagine Tlacahuapan reveling in paradise in a house of “spines” (warriors), drunk on flower wine. (But the stanza may also be understood in a coercive sense: we would like to have Tlacahuapan here beside us in our music room, our house of “spines,” or revenant warriors.)

3 And as we sing, it seems that the revenants (“shields,” “pine flowers”) are arriving. They’re our songs, and songs give pleasure to God.
Commentary to Song 77

B Texcoco victims lure the ghosts: the ghosts are seduced.

4. The victims here on earth are to be Texcocans, represented by Nezahualpilli, perhaps painted as a "striper" (compare DICT: huahuantli). The ghosts are reveling on high (see stanza 2). (And they will soon be lured by these potential victims.) Note that this refrain has been interpreted somewhat differently for song 67, stanzas 18–19.

5 In last-minute desperation Nezahualpilli attempts to summon Texcoco revenants (see paraphrase of song 67, stanza 19).

6–7 But the (Mexican) singer steps forth as a woman and lures the appropriate (Mexican) revenants, saying, "Come and enjoy life while it lasts."

C Successive waves of revenants sweep victims up to paradise.

8–9 Matlaccuiatzin (a hero associated with Tlacahuepan) arrives on the field of combat and carries Texcoco victims back to paradise.

10–11 Again (as in stanzas 6–7) the Mexican singer steps forth as a woman, luring further Mexican ghosts. "She" would like to be adorned with (i.e., would like to enjoy the company of) these gorgeous revenants (or "tinted ones") as though she might wear them as a headdress. "She" addresses the revenants as nephews (in the form used by female speakers). She would like to dance with the revenant "rush hunters" (warriors). Note that this "woman" (who implies that she is joined by sister courtesans) has "arrived" from the other world (perhaps the luxurious paradise identified with Cuetlalan; see song 86, canto A).

12–13 As a fresh wave of Mexican revenants arrives, making us "drunk" with pleasure, poor Nezahualpilli is still trying to summon his Texcoco Chichimecs (warriors). Weeping for revenants, he merely helps to produce Mexicans (not Texcocans).

14–15 The Mexican singer picks up Nezahualpilli's train of thought, turning it into a remembrance of the departed Tlacahuepan. (Note that these two stanzas have been moved out of the position established for them in song 67, forcing a somewhat different and less satisfactory interpretation.)

16 And still poor Nezahualpilli (Screecher) is crying for Texcoco revenants. Instead, the Mexican ixtilcuczchahuac (either ixtilcuczchahuac himself or perhaps an incarnation of Tlacahuepan, making yet another appearance on earth) comes down to sweep up Texcoco victims, carrying them off to paradise. These events have occurred in Mexico (Water's Navel).

D Returned to paradise, the ghosts keep Mexico alive on earth.

17 The return of the ancestral ghost warriors to paradise releases still more revenants ("jades"), who repopulate ("paint") the city of Mexico. Meanwhile, in heaven (Hummingbird Mountain), God is reveling in the gift of Texcoco victims ("plume jades"). The second in this pair of unseparated stanzas merely repeats the material of the first, but with different imagery. The fame of ancestors (such as Axayacatl) will never perish because the newly released revenants will keep their memory alive. Meanwhile, in heaven, the ancestors (now birds) are spreading their wings in God's presence. Once again (as in stanzas 6–7, 10–11), the singer assumes the role of a woman, referring to the ghosts as nopilohuan ("my nephews"), a form used by female speakers.

18 Further ancestors are mentioned. These, too, have gone away, having performed heroically, leaving us with a fresh supply of revenants (called "hummingbird flower water").
Likewise, the ancestor Ahuitzotl is alive in paradise, i.e., he still "implores" the Only Spirit, presenting him with these valuable Texcocan victims ("jade-jewel plumes").

**Variant.** Stanzas 4–5, 12–13, 14–15, and 16–16a correspond to song 67, stanzas 18–19, 7–8, 11–12, and 9–10, respectively.

**Previous translation.** GPN, 3: 32–35.

**LXXVIII** Another musical call to arms (folio 66)

**Synopsis.** See commentary for song 31.

**Variant.** Song 31, stanzas 1–8.

**LXXIX** Song of Nezahualcoyotl of Acolhuaican coming to visit the elder Montezuma of Mexico when he was sick (folio 66v)

**Remarks.** Note that the first eight stanzas are nearly identical to song 72. On this the singer has grafted stanzas 13–18, borrowed from song 64, thinking to tie everything together with a hastily conceived two-stanza envoy. The unlikely heading is evidently an invention of the glossator, probably occasioned by a misreading of the term mococauh ("your sustenance"; see stanzas 5 and 6), which might conceivably mean "your sick one" in the medical sense.

The substitution of Acolhuaican (i.e., Acolhuaican) for Tamoanchan in stanza 1 secularizes the text and leads one to suspect that the composer did not thoroughly understand the material. To give him the benefit of the doubt, it might be supposed that he intended a colihuaican ("ah! the ancestor land"). But the substitution of santo patite in stanza 9 for song 64's "You, quetzal," is equally puzzling. Note that the victim motif of song 64 has been obscured or lost in this song.

**Variant.** Stanzas 1–8 correspond to song 72. Stanzas 9–14 correspond to song 64, stanzas 13–18.


**LXXX** Ribald flower song (folio 67)

**Synopsis.** A muse appears, bringing revenants to earth. In exchange, muse and mortals (?) are carried to paradise. The muse appears again, bringing more revenants. In exchange, the muse himself is taken back to paradise (?) as a surrogate for ancestral Tezozomoc. The muse appears yet again, immediately returning to paradise on a song trip. Again he returns with revenants. And again he disappears. Question: how can we get him back? Answer: through music.

**Remarks.** The above synopsis ignores the element of burlesque that gives this song its special appeal. This is indeed a "flower song" (i.e., a song in which "flowers," or revenants, are produced). But the muse is a "ribald," evidently a transvestite (as the female diction of cantos C and D would indicate). Such in-
congruity is startling and no doubt calculated to amuse. For a contemporary description of ribald songs in general (naive, lecherous), see RITOS, chap. 21, p. 193, para. 26. Durán there notes that in certain towns the friars permit such songs as a “recreation.” But “this is not very wise,” he continues, “because they are so indecent. Indian men appear in them dressed as women.”

*Paraphrase by canto and stanza*

A. *The muse arrives.*

1. Addressing the audience, the ribald muse announces his arrival on earth. His songs are “flowers” (revenants), and he is whirling them down from paradise.

2. He comes from paradise, home of “white flowers” (ghost warriors of the sun?). But now these “flowers,” or “pictures,” are standing up in the music room, or trumpet house.

3–4. The revenants are called “popcorn flowers.”

B. *Muse and mortals (?) depart for paradise.*

5–6. The muse has come from where the “Waters flow” (paradise), bringing revenants (as though a shower), delighting everyone.

7. But there is barely a moment to enjoy them, because we must now trade our lives for theirs. Together with the muse we head for paradise, leaving the “flowers” behind.

8. Addressing the revenants (?), the muse speaks of carrying them down from paradise. Addressing the audience (?), the muse refers to paradise as “home.” (This stanza and the next two are perhaps deliberately ambiguous.)

9. The muse addresses the revenants. (Note the allusion to God and Mary, recalling pre-Conquest prayers to Our Mother, Our Father, the Sun, the Earth. See, for example, FC, book 6, chap. 14, p. 74, line 6.)

10. The muse addresses the audience.

C. *The muse reappears.*

11. The muse is a “beast,” a “wanton” (lit., a “deer,” a “rabbit,” terms used figuratively to denote a harlot). “Be a horny beast” (lit., “Let there be a horned deer”) appears to be an invitation to the male audience to copulate with the female-impersonating muse.

12. The muse openly entices his audience, addressing them as if he were a woman (using the female form, “little brothers”). In this context the admonition “Let’s unfold God’s flower pictures” has a lascivious connotation. In other words, “Let’s make revenants (or babies).”

13. The desired result is achieved. A flower tree (the source of songs, or revenants) rains down from heaven, reaching the music room (“rainy house”). God himself is in the tree.

14. As the muse dances before the tree, God (as a raucous bird) answers him (implying that songs, or revenants, are descending from the tree).

D. *The muse distributes revenants.*

15. The legion of the dead returns to life, shouting, through the agency of the muse-singer, who styles himself a heavenly “rhrush swan” (though in fact he is a clown).

16. He “paints” the music room, or patio, with revenants.

17–18. The ribald muse announces that these revenants (or flowers) are a distribution of his own person. In other words, the revenants are flowers sprung from
the singer's heart (a conventional image). A butterfly (i.e., Life Giver?) is sipping (or enjoying) the flowers.

E. The muse is a surrogate for Tezozomoc?.

19–20 The muse reaffirms his role as revenant producer.

21–22 But he himself will serve as the victim to be exchanged for these revenants. He will return to paradise as the surrogate for a noble ancestor (Tezozomoc, for example), and in fear, or anger, he frowns—then laughs, because of course it's all a joke.

F. A lesson in revenant production.

23 The muse again arrives from paradise (as a raucous bird), entertaining the audience (whom he addresses as “my nephews”).

24–25 And again he departs for paradise, this time on a song trip, and again he returns with more music, more revenants. (Paradise, the place of dawn, is identified with the extreme eastern country known as Panotlan, or with the dawn place itself, known in mythic contexts as Tollan Tlapallan, or, as here, simply Tollan. The proximity of Panotlan to Cuetlutan, thought to be a land of lechers, adds a ribald connotation.)

26 Departing, the muse advises his hearers to sing for him. Thus he will return again as a revenant (or “painting”) in response to musical art (which is like the art of painting).

Previous translations. PIA, pp. 143–53; HLN, 1: 380–84; Garibay, “Poema”; León-Portilla, Antiguos mexicanos, pp. 165–66, 168, 169 (canto F); GLA, no. 40 (excerpt from canto D); GPN, 3: 36–38; PCL, pp. 107–9 (excerpts); Launey, 2: 396–97 (canto A).

LXXXI A song of green places (folio 68)

Synopsis. The revenant muse Yooyontzin (probably Nezahualcoyotl) arrives on earth, uttering further revenants (or songs). The singer asks him where the songs originate (stanza 2), and he answers, “paradise” (stanza 3). The muse, or the singer (who sings with the voice of the muse), rejoices in song-revenants, while lamenting the brevity of this pleasure.

Remarks. Song 81 seems superior to the nearly identical song 75 in that the question posed in stanza 2 is immediately answered. In 75 the answer is delayed until stanza 5.

Variants. Stanzas 1–4 and 6 (rearranged) correspond to song 75. Stanzas 4a–5 correspond to song 25, stanzas 3–4, and RSNE, 2v–3r.

Previous translation. HLN, 1: 88.

LXXXII (folio 68v)

Synopsis. Ghosts of the previous generation return to life in response to our music, as we, who are mortal, prepare to enter paradise.

Remarks. These loosely connected cantos appear to be a suite. Oddly, the drum figures heading cantos C and D are almost identical. The ghosts summoned are

'497'
those of Huanitl, Maychuatzin, Coanachoc, Oquitztin, (Jorge) Yoyontzin, Huitzoc (Huitzotl?), and Tlacotzin, members of the generation that fought Cortés in 1521. Huanitl and Yoyontzin were active in Indian politics during the 1520’s and 1530’s. Huanitl is known to have died in 1541.

Paraphrase by canto and stanza

A A muse arrives, distributing Life Giver’s songs, or revenants (stanza 1). But Life Giver wants to put these revenants into battle, thus “hiding,” or killing, them so that he can have them back (stanza 2). We mortals protest to Life Giver, explaining that we ourselves must be the payment for these revenants, for we are already feeling the divine reproach. Please let these revenants live (stanzas 3–5). We call to them by name (stanza 6). And they answer, reminding us that we must serve time in paradise. In other words, we must march to war and become captives, hence sacrificial victims. And yet there is hope that we may remain on earth to enjoy the company of our revenants—if we are valorous enough to become captors, not captives (stanza 7). Tearfully the revenant Oquitztin utters this uncertain promise (stanza 8).

B Desirable revenants arrive (stanzas 9–10), bringing fresh life to earth, as we prepare to die (stanza 11). A dissenter voice urges Life Giver to “conceal,” or kill, these revenants so that they will go with us to paradise. But no, they must remain on earth (stanza 12). Meanwhile, the revenants are congratulating each other upon their arrival. Yet they realize that their presence and their lovely words imply our death (stanzas 13–14). Yes, we mortals are now disconsolate, for we must leave this world (stanza 15)—while the revenant lords and rulers are basking in life’s glory (stanza 16).

C Producing revenants through musical flowers, or song-weeping, we look forward to making their acquaintance. Yet their arrival automatically implies our departure for paradise (stanzas 17–17a). Grieving because we must leave them, we nonetheless enjoy them while we can (stanzas 18–19). Meanwhile, Life Giver is already plucking “songs,” or warriors, for his use (stanza 20). We mortals are to be the warriors that he chooses; we must die in battle. Unfortunately, we cannot take the revenants with us, for they are to continue living on earth—or so it seems (stanza 21). Indeed, we need not grieve. All warriors (“plumes,” “paintings,” etc.) will meet in paradise eventually (stanzas 22–23).

D Allowing for minor revisions, notably the substitution of names and the slight reinterpretation of the final stanza, this canto is the same as song 73.

Variants. Canto C, RSNE, 27v–29; canto D, see song 73.

Previous translation. GPN, 3: 43–47.

LXXXIII Chichimec piece (folio 69v)

Synopsis. As we mortal Mexicans yield our lives to our Tlaxcalan enemies, ancestral Mexicans and departed Spaniards return together, creating a new Mexico.

Remarks. With the possible exception of “Lord Don Martín Cortés” and his companion, “Don Francisco” (see stanza 30), all persons mentioned in this piece are ghosts. Both Don Martín, the legitimate heir, and his brother, Don Martín the bastard (who is perhaps referred to here), were active in New Spain between 1562
and 1566. Probably the song was composed during that period. "Don Francisco" is presumably Don Francisco Velasco, who, like Don Martín Cortés the bastard, was a commander in the Order of St. James of the Sword (TORQ, 1: 636).

According to the Analects of Juan Bautista, a Chichimecayoti (Chichimec piece) was performed at the wedding of the Indian governor of Tenochtitlan, Don Luis de Santa María Cipac, on Sunday, June 4, 1564 (Garibay, "Cuadro real," p. 233).

Paraphrase by canto and stanza

A We summon Montezuma.

1–2 We would like to have the ghost Montezuma descend as a revenant-producing music, thus liberating the Mexican ancestors now held as prisoners in paradise (the Sacred Shore).

3 We urge the ancestors to come join us as warriors, to avenge the defeat we suffered in 1521 here in Tenochtitlan (Barge Streets, located in the midst of Lake Texcoco, or Blue Skirt). We urge them to remember our broken “arrows” (soldiers), who lay in the streets, or canals, and how we grieved and were pitiable (compare UAH, sec. 348: “auh yu otlica o mitl xaxamá toc”—“and in the streets, oh! arrows lie broken”).

4 The ghost Montezuma is eager.

5 But having no payment to offer in exchange for these revenants, we appeal directly to the ghosts Tlacahuapan and Ixtilucuechahua.

6 In the hope of inspiring Tlacahuapan and Ixtilucuechahuan, we remind them of the glorious welcome accorded slain warriors (as birds) entering paradise in the presence of the dawning sun (White Eagle). See p. 32, above.

7 And so where are we asking them to go? To battle and thence to paradise. Ideally, they will be captured alive, then sacrificed with the obsidian knife (personified as the goddess Itzpapalotl). It is as though they were being sent to paradise by the goddess herself. (Note that paradise, from which the ghosts are asked to descend, is described in stanzas 1 and 2 as an unpleasant "Dead Land," whereas in stanza 7 it is presented as a place of glory. See pp. 19–21, above.)

8 But our Tlaxcalan foes (devotees of the tribal god Camaxtli) will also suffer losses. Therefore, as you enter paradise (accompanied by these slain Tlaxcalans), it will be as though you are carrying them (as though they are your captives). (Méxicoiuatliztin and Macuilmalinalitzin are here addressed, instead of Tlacahuapan and Ixtilucuechahua, as above. The four were brothers and are treated in ghost songs as though they were synonymous.)

9 Indeed, we must all go to battle. And though it pains us to die, let us remember that there is no real life here on earth.

10 And so these revenant princes are destined to die.

B We continue to summon Montezuma, hoping he will serve as revenant producer.

11–12 We imagine the revenants already descending into our music room (or flower patio).

13 We imagine Montezuma producing revenants (as emanations from his heart).

14 We invite them to come rest beneath the (imaginary) cacao trees decorating our music room.

15 The music room is perhaps a Christian nave ("long temple") with a scarfed altar ("where these drapes are hanging").
16 Montezuma and his revenants have still not made their appearance. They are still held as prisoners in paradise (see stanza 1). But we warriors are "singing," or "weeping" (performing war deeds in order to obtain the victims that will purchase their resurrection).

17–18 We urge our Tlaxcalan foes to join us in battle, suggesting that they gladly give their lives in order to become "hearts" (ghost warriors) in the presence of God (the Bishop) in paradise.

19 In exchange, our Mexican revenants are "blossoming" on earth.

C But song deeds, not empty songs, are needed.

20 I continue to sing (as though my songs were war deeds), thus (presumably) killing our Tlaxcalan foes (and sending them to paradise). In exchange, revenants will be produced, but there will be no enemy ancestors among them. We needn't worry about King Vulture (Cozcuacuauhtl, possibly a pun on Cuauhtencoxtli, a famous Huexotzincaan captain who fought with the Tlaxcalans on the side of Cortés). He will not be resurrected, because the singing is being done only by us Mexicans.

21 Instead, we shall produce Mexican revenants such as Axayacatl (father of Montezuma and Tlacaheuecan). Axayacatl died in glory. In other words, he died as one who deserves songs. And these songs ("jade reeds," "bracelet roots") are now waiting to be born.

22 As a singer, I would like to be able to produce the desired revenants without actually endangering myself in combat. I assure my comrades that there is no need to risk their lives. I'll be the warrior (with my music); I'll produce the revenants we all desire. (But do they believe me?)

23 The voices of my comrades are heard expressing doubt.

24 Alas, although I "grieve" (sing) in order to produce "flowers" (revenants), my music has no effect. I merely "scatter squirrels" (my songs are nothing but empty chatter). By contrast, I hear it said that my friends (my fellow Mexicans) are doing something substantial. (I, the cowardly stay-at-home, hear this news from the battlefield.) They, the warriors, are the real singers. They're the ones whose hearts produce a flowering of revenants ("redstone paintings").

25 I envy the deeds being performed on the battlefield (spear-land).

26 The soldiers themselves (as they die) are entering the glorious war hut of the sun (White Warrior).

27 And yes, you Mexicans that give your lives in battle are "glorifying" (resurrecting) the ghost warriors who now make their appearance in this war hut (our music room).

D And Christian songs, especially, must be avoided.

28 By the way, friends, these European-style songs you've been hearing in church lately are good only for producing European revenants. And that's no way to serve God here in Mexico. Remember, this city was founded by Acamapichtli and Huitzilihuitl. It isn't right that the late viceroy, Antonio Mendoza, should be resurrected (to the exclusion of our native heroes).

29 And even if our own Huanitl serves as muse, he may be suspected of giving an impure performance. After all, he took the name Diego (and further adulterated his native heritage, as we shall see in stanza 32). Thus if Huanitl is hidden to
produce ("paint") the ancestral Montezuma, he may in fact produce the viceroy. (Note the pun on tolatacuih, "regent," which may mean either "ruler," as applied to Montezuma, or "viceroy," as applied to Mendoza.)

30 Ah, yes. All the old heroes are being forgotten on this modern-day "flower mat" (i.e., in the church as it is used for musical performances). Nobody remembers Tezozomoc tl Acocolahuacatl (another brother of Montezuma and Tlacahuepan). All we hear nowadays are the European-style songs of Jesus, which of course give pleasure to Don Martín Cortés (son of the conquistador) and his companion(?), "Don Francisco."

31 Christian songs make a mockery of our traditional values. In fact, with Christian songs, the only revenants we get are Jesus and his like. So let's not sing those European-style songs.

32 And where are our revenants? It seems they're still in paradise, held back by the apostate Don Diego (Huanitl), who was a mere "vassal Chichimec" on a fancy saddle. ("The favors granted by kings and viceroys allowed caciques and principales [to ride] with saddles"; Gibson, Aztecs, p. 155.)

33 Let's get back to our traditional ways. Let me serve God as a Mexican (not as a European). With Mexican-style songs I'll produce the revenants that we desire, for example Oquizitzin, Coahuitl, and "Don Juan" (Tlacotzin?), heroes of the resistance.

34 I call out to these "flowers," these "braves," urging them to make their appearance here in God's home (i.e., the church).

35 God is merciful. He will grant them to us.

36 Come on, you warriors ("singers")! Let's go dance in paradise (let's give our lives in battle)! Our Tlaxcalan foes are already on the causeways (leading into Mexico City). We will die as a result of their war deeds, or songs (their "lifting" of "precious jades"), permitting us to reach paradise (the Shore) as "reed flowers." Of course, their barbarous, non-Mexican performance will include some element of "stammering" (otherwise we might be in danger of getting Tlaxcalan revenants).

37 And as our warriors begin their dancing in paradise, the welcome "banner plumes" (Mexican revenants) scatter down to earth.

E With native songs in praise of God we'll create a new earth.

38-39 Indeed, let us sing (or pray) to God in native style, calling for warrior revenants.

40 Let us—for example—summon the ghost of Don Diego Tchuetzquitl (native governor of Tenochtitlan; d. 1554). Let us summon both Spanish and Mexican revenants here in this new land (the New World).

41 Let us give our lives in battle (in order to produce these revenants) just as heroes ("jades") did in the old days.

42 Remember, you can't get (or "return") to paradise if you're poor in deeds. And so "we wish for death" (in battle). Lasting fame and the chance to become a revenant can only be won through war deeds. Empty memorials in stone or wood do not enable you to return to earth.

43-44 Come, let us "aid" God (i.e., the sun) by giving our lives in battle, emulating the heroes Tlacahuepan, Cuilachihuitl, and Anahuacatl.
Comentario a canción 84

*Previous translations.* PIA, pp. 155–59 (canciones A–C); HLN, 1: 119 (stanzas 7–8); Garibay, *Veinte himnos*, pp. 238–39 (stanzas 7–8); GLA, nos. 41, 68, 71 (canciones A–C); GPN, 3: 48–52 (canciones A–C); Léon-Portilla, *Trece poetas*, p. 51 (stanzas 9–10).

**LXXXIV** Canción femenina (folio 72)

**Synopsis.** A singer in the guise of a Chalcan woman satirizes the agony of the conquered Chalcans by pretending to submit sexually to the Mexican king Axayacatl, here summoned as a ghost.

**Background.** The Chalcan cities were conquered by Mexico and its allies during the reign of Montezuma I. Though rebellious, they remained under Mexican control until they defected to Cortés. For an account of the Chalcan War, see Brundage, pp. 136–46, 256, 263; see also Gibson, *Aztècs*, pp. 13–16. On the defeat and submission of Tlatelolco, ca. 1435, alluded to in stanza 28, see Brundage, p. 90.

**Remarks.** The glossator, evidently taking his cue from the song text itself, assumes that the piece was brought to Mexico by Chalcans as an entertainment for King Axayacatl. He would have to suppose, therefore, that the song was composed in the Chalcan dialect; and indeed, he finds at least one “Chalcan expression” (in stanza 7) However, there are no verifiable deviations from Mexican usage in the text as it has been preserved. Nor is it likely that Chalcans would have debased themselves in such a crushing satire. Furthermore, the Axayacatl of this song is dead. Possibly the piece was composed by the same Mexican singer who put together the remarkably similar song 57, honoring the ghost of Ahuitzotl, Axayacatl's successor. If so, it was probably first performed during the reign of Montezuma II or later. Observe that the song makes fun of war and is far less flattering to Chalco than to Mexico.

Léon-Portilla (“Chalca Chihuaucanécatl”) calls attention to striking parallels between this piece and Chimalpahin's description of a female war song supposedly performed for King Axayacatl by visiting Chalcans in 1479. The comparison is undoubtedly correct. Chimalpahin can only be referring to the song at hand. But Chimalpahin tells too much. In a blow-by-blow account in his seventh Relación, he explains that the Chalcan musicians set themselves up outside the palace while Axayacatl remained sequestered within. At first the song went badly under the leadership of a musician who “came and spoiled the drumming” (“tlatlacoocoy tlatzotzinoliztoci”); “he just slumped over the drum” (“ca hualtoloyo ypan ynhuehuetl”). Hearing this, Axayacatl became angry, and the Chalcans feared that they might be put to death. But a highly competent Chalcan named Quechochcoatl stepped forth and took over the performance, delighting Axayacatl so thoroughly that he emerged from his palace, danced with the Chalcans, and rewarded the good singer with a special military breechcloth and other regalia (Zimmermann, 1: 115–16; Chimalpahin, pp. 211–14; Cornyn, “Aztec Master Musician”).

To discover the source of this feeble story, we may look closely at the *Canares* text, which Chimalpahin, writing in the 1600's, could well have seen. Apparently he committed the same kind of error made three hundred years later by Angel M. Garibay, who interpreted Aztec song texts as though they were eyewitness accounts.
of live performances, casually brushing aside "poetic" obscurities. Consider the following phrases in our text (stanza numbers in parentheses) in light of Chimalpain's account:

"I'm a Chalcan" (2)
"Little king! O Axayacatl! Here let yourself be summoned, man!" (7)
"And yes, I'll make it... slow" (8)
"No no no, don't scorn me" (9)
"I'm wretched at last, and sore. And in despair I'm saying, 'Babe! I want to die'" (14)
"And what will become of me?" (16)
"You'd be sacrificed" (17)
"You're dancing as my partner" (20)
"You've made some good ones, yes, and they're your precious songs" (20)
Quen ami in cuicatl chualo in cuicoya o in cuauhquechollol, "How good are the songs that are lifted when all those eagle swans sing?" (30), misread as:
"How good are the songs that are sung when Cuauhquechollol sings!
Noconcuico ye nochuc ye nochhuipil, "I've come to get fiber skirts [for myself] and fiber blouses [for myself]" (31), which could also be read as: "I come to get my warrior's breechcloth and warrior's jacket."

Picking out these phrases, Chimalpain must have reasoned as follows: The song is sung by Chalcans who have come to summon Axayacatl from his palace. The drummer decides to take a slow tempo—too slow, with the result that Axayacatl scorns him. Abashed, he wishes he were dead, perhaps slumps over his drum, wondering what will be done with him. The answer is that he will be sacrificed (and in fact death was the punishment for musicians who "spoiled the song," according to FC, book 8, chap. 17, p. 56). Now at last Axayacatl is dancing; he is hearing a good performance, "precious" songs. He loves the way this new Chalcan singer, Cuauhquechollol, conducts the program, and at the end he rewards him with a breechcloth and a jacket.

Presumably Chimalpain decided that Cuauhquechollol was a variant of coaquhechollol, then inverted it to make Quecholcoatl (the name of a historical Chalcan?). And several other questions remain. Why would the Chalcans have used so inept a performer in the first place? And how did a song of Axayacatl's time (r. ca. 1468-81) wind up in a sixteenth-century document like the Cantares? Chimalpain deals with the first problem by having the offender belong to Tilmanalco, the rival city of his native Amaquemecan. The successful performer he assigns to Amaquemecan. As for the history of the song, he claims that it was taken from the Chalcans by Axayacatl, who bequeathed it to his son Tezozomoc tl Acotlahuacatl, who in turn gave it to his son Huanitl. And noting the singer’s curious identification with Ayocuan in stanzas 26 and 27, he decides that the piece must have been composed in Ayocuan’s time (i.e., before 1465)—by a "composer of songs" he calls Quiyuiahtzin Cuauhquiyuiahtzinli (a historical person connected with Ayocuan’s court?). But even without consulting the text, we find ourselves confronted with an implausible potpourri of data. An examination of the Cantares text itself seems to show that Chimalpain has overreached himself and falsified his source.

Elsewhere in the same work, drawing on an unidentified source, Chimalpain
mentions that when the viceroy Luis de Velasco arrived in Mexico in 1550, “Ama-
quemes went by themselves to greet him in Cholula; they went to dance; Chal-
cachuacuatl [Chalcan female song] is what they went and sang in order to go
greet the viceroy” (Zimmermann, 2: 15). According to the Anales de Juan Bautista,
a Chalcahuacuatl was performed in Mexico on July 16, 1564 (HLN, 2: 103).

Paraphrase by canto and stanza

A  The Chalcan woman summons Axayacatl.

1 (Prologue)  Rouse yourselves, sisters (woman speaking), and let’s go to war
(let’s make music). Let’s go get some captives!

2  I'm a Chalcan woman in search of songs, or ghosts.

3  As women, as ones who sit and spin, my sister musicians and I are sum-
moning the ghost of Axayacatl, hoping to produce him as muse and principal reve-
enant. We sing the songs that we hope he'll shower upon us as we whirl him down
to earth.

4  We imagine his songs arriving.

5  I do greatly desire this creation, or revenant, of mine, this jewel (who is to
be brought forth on earth like a newborn babe). Let me entertain him, entice him
with my music.

6  It’s as though I were blowing a trumpet, summoning him to earth.

B  She promises sex and tempts him into war.

7  Come as my lover, dear Axayacatl. Come quench the flame of my desire.

8  Come enjoy sexual intercourse with me (alternatively, come enjoy these
ghosts that you and I are producing). (The translation suffers because English re-
quires pronouns to be either singular or plural, whereas in the Nahuatl text the
number is not specified.)

9  My arms are aching for you, and I know you want to fondle me (alter-
atively, as a soldier you long to lay your hands on these revenants, or “hearts,”
hoping to make them your captives).

10  Don’t worry about hurting yourself, with an erection you’ll be able to put
your appendage comfortably inside me (alternatively, yes, you might be mortally
wounded in battle, but then you’ll be able to recline in paradise as a ghost warrior,
or swan, watching for the dawn).

11–12  You will lie inside me on a lovely bed (alternatively, you will dwell
within the sky as a ghost warrior; nevermore will you be alive on earth; note that at
this point the “alternative” meaning has become more obvious than the “manifest”
meaning).

13  I now see that Axayacatl would return to earth not merely as my lover (per
manifest meanings, stanzas 7–12), but as a warrior bound for battle and death (per
latent meanings, stanzas 8–12). Afraid to join him in battle, I complain to one of
my sister musicians. My womanhood has been insulted.

14  I wish I were dead.

C  Frightened by the prospect of Axayacatl's militarism, she tries to save herself.

15  Again I complain to my sister musician (my “mama”). I don’t want to join
Axayacatl in battle, I’d rather “dance the spindle” and “throw the [weaver’s] reed.”
In other words, I’d rather stay home and do woman’s work. (But the expression "I

* 504 *
can’t dance the spindle, I can’t dance the reed” is a pun, also meaning “I can’t dance with a woman.” That is to say, I’d rather he a lesbian if this is what heterosexual love is all about. Compare song 57, canto C, and song 86, canto B.)

16 If I stay with Axayacatl, I fear that I’ll be killed in war.
17 I try to reason with him. Why should he want me to accompany him in battle? I’d only hinder him, and he himself would be killed and mourned.
18 Or, to try another argument, why doesn’t he stay with me and be one of the women? Instead of creating “flowers” (revenants) through deeds in battle, he could “create” them as a concubine (just as I, as a concubine, “created” him through seduction in canto B).
19 But no, he’s “struck it up” (i.e., he’s making music, or rather war). And it looks as though I, having joined him, am headed for “Home” (paradise).
20 But wait! He’s really making music and only music (not war). He’s dancing with me, and his music creates ghosts. Better yet, these ghosts are drunk with war lust. I urge him (and them) to come ahead. Can there be happiness in paradise, you ghosts, when there’s a chance to make war here on earth?
21 This turn of events delights me because these ghosts will serve as my payment, and I won’t have to go to war. Instead, I’ll simply stay at home (and do woman’s work). (Note that the ghosts are here called “my aunts, my uncles,” making it unclear whether they are to be men or women. Compare stanzas 23–28, below.)

D With fear turning to stratagem, she conquers Huexotzinco in order to impress Axayacatl.

22 Alas, these ghosts are not to be my payment after all. In fact they’re raining down upon us right here in Chalcanc territory, in Coatepec even in Panohuayan. O sister “priests” (O sister musicians), what’s to be done?
23 We’re used to doing domestic chores, but with these warlike revenants arriving we’re going to have to join them and fight like men. But wait! Let’s turn the tables on them. Let us be men for a moment (let us momentarily inspire ourselves with the identities of male Chalcan ancestors; see stanza 26). And let us bring down these warlike ghosts as though they were our “skirts and blouses” (our women). In other words, we’ll make them women like us. (Note that the idea has already been broached in stanza 18.)

24 Accordingly, I proceed to tempt Axayacatl with a tortilla (but in such a way that I am really asking him to come be a woman and make tortillas with me).
25 I question his manhood, implying that he is really a woman.
26 I am a woman and yet I am not a woman (compare the paraphrase of stanza 23). Yes, I am a Chalcan woman, but I am imbued with the spirit of Ayocuan (i.e., Ayocuan the elder, one of the Chalcan princes humiliated in the war with Mexico; see Chimalpáin, p. 204). And I am offering songs (or making war, i.e., offering victims), such that ghosts are produced.
27 The ghosts I desire are the warriors of Acolhuacan and Tepanecapan (partners in the triple alliance with Mexico). I produce them as women.
28 With the voice of Ayocuan, I chide Axayacatl for having reduced Acolhuacan and Tepanecapan to the status of “concubines” (i.e., inferior partners in the triple alliance?). And Cuauhtliatoa, the ruler of Tlatolco, suffered a similar fate at
your hands, O Axayacatl. (Observe this ahistorical detail. Cuauhtlatoa was reduced in the early 1430’s, but Axayacatl did not come to the throne until about 1468. On the submission of Tlatelolco, ca. 1435, see Brundage, p. 90.) Don’t try the same with me! But speaking as a woman, I tell the Tlatelolcan ghosts to get on down to Chalco: let’s all be whores together. We’ll show those men what whores can do!

29 Come on, sisters, let’s put on our war paint! And what do you suppose Axayacatl will think of me in this get up? “Well,” says one of my sisters, “I think you’re going to put all those men to shame. As a start, let’s try our skill against Huexotzinco.” (Note that Mexico was never able to subdue Huexotzinco.)

30 Indeed, the men (the male ghosts, the “eagle swans”) have nothing on us. Let’s try our skill against Huexotzinco.

31 Let’s head for Tetzacoltepec (a town in Huexotzinco’s territory) and finish them off! They’ll submit to our feminine blandishments as we perfume ourselves with oil; we’ll receive skirts and blouses as presents. (But a second meaning is that we’ll reduce them to the status of a conqueror and thus demand oil and armor in tribute. The boast “I’m going to keep right on enjoying them” flouts conventional wisdom and is evidently a joke. Warriors typically assert that they cannot go on enjoying the riches of this world; DICT: tlamihuitlahc.)

32 And we also yearn to capture the Huexotzincoans living in the town of Xaltepantlapan. We’ll finish them off and exact a tribute of leather goods. Hey, treasure (i.e., my precious revenant, Axayacatl)! Come see me now in my hour of triumph! (Mantles and breechcloths of henequen, as well as hides, are mentioned in a list of goods brought from Tlaxcala, Huexotzinco, and Cholula; Durán, Historia, 2: chap. 39, p. 297.)

E. She continues to summon Axayacatl, apologizing for her excesses.

33 My Huexotzincoan conquests, won through feminine guile, will surely make Axayacatl happier with me than he was before. Mexico made me his concubine, and the result is that I’ve won new territory for my master—precisely as a concubine, or whore. So come, dear Axayacatl. And come gently, in peace (there’s no need for war or violence).

34 But Axayacatl doesn’t seem to care for this arrangement.

35 And I confess that I am asking too much. True, he has made me a whore, but if I love him I should not insist that he too become a whore. I should not have attempted to produce him and his warriors as concubines. My revenant-producing soul (“heart”) has made a mess of things. I should not have attempted to lead a troop of revenant whores into battle and thus offend Axayacatl.

36 I shall return to my conventional role as a woman (as one who spins) and shall merely summon Axayacatl as my lover (not try to upstage him on the field of combat).

F. She admits to being a whore, as Axayacatl finally arrives and takes his pleasure.

37 Now reaching the depths of self-abuse, I regard myself as a worthless old whore, capable of no more than pleasing my own “flower,” or “brownie,” or “dolly,” i.e., vulva. (But “pleasure my flower” also means “produce my revenant.”)

38 And Axayacatl, as a lover, is interested in my “flower” after all (or as a warrior he’s interested in combat).
Commentary to Song 85

39 Your heart shall not tumble down to earth needlessly, for you shall find me waiting as your lover. Those “hearts” (ghost warriors) of yours are really none other than my “arms” (a pun on “soldiers”). And so, through the medium of this pun, I’ve trapped you into love (and prevented you from going to war).

40 And now that you’ve taken your pleasure, you’ll be at peace in your “resting place” (and I shall be saved from the terror of war). (Note that “resting place” implies a woman’s sitting place. Hence the singer, in a sense, has succeeded in womanizing Axayacatl after all.)

Previous translations. GPN, 3: 55–60 (reprinted with commentary in Quezada, Amor, pp. 62–70); León-Portilla, “Chalca Cihuatociatl.”

LXXXV Old man song (folio 73v)

Synopsis. A singer in the guise of a blustering old Chalcan summons Mexican ghosts in the hope of having them defeated; but the Mexicans, arriving as young men (not as feeble old-timers, as the singer had hoped), ridicule the Chalcans and threaten to kill them.

Background. See “Background” for song 84. For the story of Axayacatl’s disastrous campaign against Michhuacan, see TEZ, chaps. 51–52; and Durán, Historia, 2: chap. 37.

Remarks. The glossator is aware that King Axayacatl’s troops were routed in Michhuacan territory, at or near the town of Tlaximaloya (Durán, Historia, 2: chap. 37, para. 4). And he understands that Tizintzontzin was the principal seat of Michhuacan, and that Chichicha and Camacoyahuac were names of kings in that region. But his heading and glosses suggest that he does not grasp the essence of the text. As for Camacoyahuac, this would appear to be a figurative name for the Michhuacan battlefield, perhaps playing on the name of the king (see DICT: camacoyahuac). Chimalpáin seems to have seen this text, including the glosses, and to have incorporated his own misreading of it in his third Relación, under the heading 6-Flint (see Chimalpáin, p. 104).

Paraphrase by canto and stanza

A Chalcan singers send Mexican ghosts to be defeated in Michhuacan.

1 Arriving on earth, we Mexican revenants explain that we have been summoned as drunken old eagles with orders to go get ourselves and our comrades (our “thorns”) killed in Michhuacan (also called “the gaping maw,” suggesting the great number of victims to be killed, or swallowed, there). (Compare FC, book 6, chap. 3, p. 11, line 15: “Earth opens her maw wide, she parts her lips.” See also the references to biting and eating in Chimalpáin, pp. 98, 106.) Our bravest warriors, even Yaotzin, are sure to be killed.

2 Meanwhile, we Chalcan singers (warriors) are astonished to find that, as feeble and old as we are, we’ve been able to produce these Mexican ghosts. Well, we may be old, but let’s not underestimate ourselves. We’re making real music (war). We’re not just kicking old ladies. Indeed, we’ve already lost one of our fellow old-timers, Cacamatz himself (the name of several Chalcan rulers). With deeds
like this, we're summoning King Axayacatl and his ally, King Chimalpopoca (of Tlacopan). But we're producing them as oldsters like ourselves (in the hope that they'll be more easily defeated).

3 Do I hear Mexican ghosts? Indeed, here comes Tlacaelol (vice-regent of Mexico through most of the fifteenth century). And here comes Cahualtzin (one of Axayacatl's captains). We Chalcans rejoice in the knowledge that these Mexicans will soon be wiped out by the notoriously warlike Michhuans (see TEZ, chap. 52).

4 Ah look! Our Mexican "grandsons" (ghosts) from Tlatelolco are as drunk as Huaxtecs (the proverbial drunkards; but here, as elsewhere in this piece, the meaning is drunk with war lust). They're fighting (singing) on the battlefield; hence they themselves are producing revenants, and we say that they're "uttering captains."

B But the revenants turn on the singers and threaten to kill them.

5 The situation looks good for us Chalcans. The Mexicans are acting like cowards. The Michhuans have spotted them and are rushing in to attack. As they strike, a shower of ghosts falls to earth (like "gold," like "plumes"). And the sacrificed Mexicans are reborn in paradise.

6 But wait! There's been a mistake! We thought we were producing old men (who would act like cowards). But in fact our Mexican revenants are young, and instead of going off to fight the Michhuans they're turning to attack us Chalcans. Alas, but we'll fight them anyway.

7 It's no use. They're too much for us.

8 Oh, please don't let it happen that way! In that event we Chalcans would be carried to paradise as offerings ("flowers"), and the Mexican captains Yaotzin and Huitznahuatl would be spared. (Yaotzin was mentioned in stanza 1; Huitznahuatl was the most important of the Mexican nobles killed in the Michuan war, per Durán and Tezozomoc.)

C Though fearful, the Chalcans have not yet given up hope of conquering the Mexicans. (This canto, expressing the thoughts of the Chalcans, is performed on the Chalcan side of the dance floor?)

9 Still hoping for victory, the singer in his ludicrous Chalcan grandpa guise continues to blurt out his song, producing ghosts, including Axayacatl.

10 A voice of reason interrupts, warning the Chalcans to stop calling forth these dangerous Mexicans. The Chalcans still seem to think that they are going to summon Axayacatl as a grandpa like themselves. But this "grandpa" will surely arrive as a ghost-producing muse, eager to use his singer's crook for the purpose of calling forth countless fellow Mexicans (who will arrive as young men). If the Chalcans try to attack these Mexican firebrands they will of course be killed.

11-12 But the Chalcan singer still has hope. He points out that Axayacatl's revenants ("sorrows," "joys") will necessarily arrive on earth as mortals, destined to grow old. True, they come from paradise, where they were born (were dead). But now they are on earth, where one must age. And as feeble oldsters they will fall easily into the Chalcans' hands, becoming their victims ("shield flowers"). Remember, he says, that revenants (arriving from the legion of the dead) are innumerable: we'll be counting our (aging) captives by fours, twenties, even forties! (The "alas" has no meaning.)
Commentary to Songs 86–87

D Chalcan hopes are dashed as the Mexicans triumph. (This canto, expressing the thoughts of the Mexicans, is performed on the Mexican side of the dance floor?)

13–14 Axayacatl has arrived on the “eagle mat” (the dance floor). (As predicted in stanza 10), he is producing Mexican firebrands by means of his music (his war deeds, or “blaze”). Using his shield and his javelin he is “strewing” his ghosts.

15 The Mexicans exult in their new life on earth.

16 Yet the Mexicans realize that they are now mortals, growing old (as predicted in stanzas 11–12). Hating the thought of old age, yearning for death in battle, Axayacatl and his comrades throw themselves recklessly into the fray, producing more ghosts bound for victory on the Chalcan frontier.

17 And here they come, whirling down from paradise, seizing Chalcan warriors (“bells”).

18 As the Mexicans prepare to meet a glorious death in battle, Axayacatl taunts the Chalcans, accusing them of effeminacy. His final utterance, “Live that way!,” seems to mean “Go ahead and be that way—and get killed!” (But it also means “Save yourselves that way—at the expense of your manhood.”) Thus the piece ends on a note of ambiguity, reminiscent of song 84.)


LXXXVI Dove song (folio 74v)

Synopsis. A seductive muse in the guise of a woman summons ghost warriors (or “papas”). Fearing death and toying with lesbianism, her sister singers (called “mamas”) at first refuse to join her, then gradually relent, at last heeding the call of love.

Remarks. Although the text strongly suggests theater in the modern sense, there is no reason why this piece could not have been recited as a dramatic monologue (as described in the Introduction, chap. 4). To facilitate reading, I have taken the liberty of indicating speakers’ names and hypothetical stage directions in the translation. Since these features are not textual, they have been printed in italics. But again, this is not to insist that actual drama is being performed. The piece should be compared with the similar song 87. According to Hernández, “the Cococuicatlı, or song of the dove, was sung at nuptials and in it the marriage partners were praised” (Antigüedades, book 2, chap. 6).

Previous translations. HLN, 1: 374–77 (excerpts); GPN, 3: 64–70; PCL, pp. 112–15 (excerpts).

LXXXVII Wanton dove song (folio 77)

Synopsis. A seductive female muse produces ghost warriors (canto A), who are destined to give their lives in battle, thus producing more ghosts (cantos B and C), to whom the muse is irresistibly attracted (canto D); rejecting the safety of lesbian
companionship (canto E), she accepts both love and death (canto F) and prepares to enter paradise (canto G).

Remarks. Note that the song is performed in Mexico, possibly at the monastery of San Francisco (stanzas 13, 25). The "San Francisco" of stanza 9 is Saint Francis as judge (in heaven). The reference to Tlacahuepan (stanzas 11–12), the prototype of the ancestral hero, merely suggests that Mexico is glorified by the loss of life in battle (compare song 86, stanza 20). "Nanotzin," evidently a stock character, is again the lesbian, as in song 86. The term deer, here literally translated, might better be given as "beast" or "wanton"; it denotes the seductive heterosexual woman (see stanzas 45–46 and song 86, stanza 8). Yet in other contexts the "deer" is the sacrificial victim (see paraphrase of song 69, stanza 6).

Previous translations. HLN, 1: 378 (stanzas 11–12), 377 (stanza 33); GPN, 3: 71–72 (stanzas 11–12, 33).

LXXXVIII (folio 79)

Synopsis. A ribald muse summons reluctant ghosts, urging them to become drunk with war lust. Tempted at last, the ghosts arrive, ready to give their lives in battle.

Remarks. Garibay's delicate suggestion that these lines might pertain to the love "that dares not speak its name" seems reasonable enough (HLN, 1: 377). If the conjecture is valid, this would be the only male homosexual song in the Cantares, though several pieces treating lesbian themes, notably song 86, are presumably delivered by female impersonators.

The object of ridicule is evidently the muse himself, identified as a "priest" (a ritualist) who is also a Calpantlacatl (a person from Calpan, Huexotzinco), hence an enemy of Mexico.

Previous translations. None.

LXXXIX Huexotzinca song (folio 79)

Synopsis. A Huexotzinca woman fails in her attempt to summon ghost warriors against Mexico; instead, Mexican ghosts arrive and sweep the Huexotzincans up to paradise, leaving the woman behind as a widow.

Remarks. This post-Conquest composition is perhaps intended as a rebuke to Huexotzinco for its role in the siege of Tenochtitlan. Compare song 66.

Paraphrase by canto and stanza

A Mexican ghosts march against Huexotzinco.

1 The singer informs us that a Huexotzinca woman is attempting to summon a Huexotzinca ghost, whom she addresses as Reed Picker (i.e., one who slaughters "reeds," or warriors). She wants him to come make conquests so that the Huexotzincans will have a little blood to drink.

2 The ghosts arrive, but they are Mexicans, not Huexotzincans; and their intended victim is Don Juan Nelpiloni (an Indian lord of Huexotzinco).
Commentary to Song 96

3 The leader of the Mexicans greets the woman and announces his intention to take Hueoxtzincan captives. The woman welcomes the Mexicans enthusiastically (as though she has no choice or as though she has mixed feelings about Hueoxtzincan's having collaborated with Cortés). She tells the Mexicans to go ahead and kill the Hueoxtzincan men, here called “daggars” (warriors) and “cups” (because their blood is to be drunk)—but the white man’s words copa and daga are used.

4 The woman says she is glad to have her man killed, because in exchange she will receive a shower of Hueoxtzincan “basker flowers” (revenants).

B The Hueoxtzincan victims are carried up to paradise.

5 The woman imagines that the Mexican ghosts have already returned to paradise (“Wide Water”) carrying their Hueoxtzincan captives. They have become intoxicated on their victims’ blood: it is as though they have drunk the blood of Nezahualcoyotl (for whom the Nelpiloni of stanza 2 serves as a surrogate; see General Introduction, p. 31). The woman laments the passing of her Hueoxtzincan man, who was merely mortal (an “old man”), and who is now a bird warrior (or “cotinga forelock,” where “forelock,” or scalp lock, stands for warrior).

6 The singer observes that the Hueoxtzincans were in error to think that they could pass away gently to heaven (the way Christians do). In fact they have died violently, as Aztecs. Yes, the Mexicans have shattered your Hueoxtzincan warriors, says the singer to the woman. Meanwhile, the woman’s husband, bound for paradise, asks that he might pass away “adorned” with lamentations.

7 In response, the woman rehearses her grief. She tells how the man was absent from her bed, and the singer then explains that the man had gone “song-weeping” (had gone producing revenants, i.e., had gone fighting) at Ocotépec, a town in Hueoxtzincan territory, where he had been taken captive at the perilous “gorge,” or battlefield. Now the woman seeks her man in the “Crimson” of dawn, or paradise.

8 She sits at her fireside, singing songs of lamentation (“feather flowers”). It’s as though she were offering victims, or sacrificial “flowers,” in exchange for which her husband might be produced as a ghost. Thus she “seeks” him through this music.

Previous translation. GPN, 3: 73-74.

XC Bird song (folio 80)

Synopsis. The late Spaniard Alonso de Montúfar promotes a shower of Mexican ghosts, realized through the intercession of Montúfar as heavenly muse, or, better, through the use of Montúfar as ritual payment.

Remarks. This unusually difficult song creates ambiguity by playing on four antithetical pairs: Mexico/Hueoxtzincan, Mexico/paradise, Attacker/Tecayehuatzin, and Montúfar/Axayacatzin. In each case the pun depends upon a fortuitous identity between the pair. Thus Mexico is sometimes called “place of the willows,” but hueoxtzincan means, literally, “place of the willows.” Attacker is tecayehuac; but the usual proper-name form, Tecayehuatzin, identifies a well-known Hueoxtzincan ruler (see DICT). Montúfar’s Christian name was Alonso; but so was Axayacatzin’s.
Axayacatzin, ilatoani of Itzapalapan, was one of the last of the prominent representatives of the royal dynasty of Mexico. He made his will in March 1581 (see DICT) and presumably died shortly thereafter. The song at hand must have been occasioned by his death—not by the death of Montúfar, which occurred much earlier, in 1572 (see DICT; see also the paraphrases of stanzas 29–30).

The pervasive bird motif should be compared with the fish and peepers motifs of songs 60 and 63.

Paraphrase by canto and stanza

A. The archbishop, Don Alonso de Montúfar, has passed away.

1. Welcome to earth, you ghosts! And I see that a throng of outgoing mortals has taken up residence in Jade Waters (heaven). So rejoice, Attacker! (As the song progresses we will come to feel that the identity of Attacker is deliberately ambiguous. At one and the same time he is a fellow Mexican warrior, whom the singer wishes to take along on his song trip, and a Huexotzinco enemy, whom the singer would send to heaven in payment for the arriving ghosts.)

2. Come on, Attacker! Let’s go! Let’s follow Don Alonso (the archbishop Don Alonso de Montúfar) to heaven.

3. Already our ghosts are arriving, calling “We’re your uncles!” And among them I recognize the late Mexican lord Don Alonso Axayacatzin. But poor Attacker (the Huexotzinco enemy), dismayed by the arrival of so many Mexicans here in the music room (Reed Bower), complains: “Must I endure every Tom, Dick, and Harry—every Lucas and Antonio!” But I say, “Don’t grieve, Attacker!” In other words, don’t complain (or don’t endure the earthly pain; move on to paradise).

4. Yes, go on to heaven and join the archbishop (called both “crane,” because he is now a bird in paradise, and “griever,” because he is song-weeping in paradise, hence producing revenants). All your “uncles” (i.e., European authority figures, including the Marquis, Cortés; see stanza 31) have passed away. God has taken their lives. (Recall that Huexotzinco joined with the Spaniards in the siege of Tenochtitlan.)

5. Come on to paradise (addressing Attacker as though he were a fellow Mexican). Let’s take a song trip; let’s procure those flowers, those ghosts (alternatively, let’s go make war in order to procure victims).

6. (The alternative meaning of stanza 5 becomes dominant.) Ah yes, here on the battlefield my “songs” (or victims) are parcelled out (parcelled out as an offering, or dismembered as in a massacre). And God in the form of a swan is sipping the nectar. But of course I am merely “uttering” these offerings in the music room (not actually producing them on the battlefield).

7. The victims rise up to paradise, joining the archbishop, Don Alonso. It is as though they had gone away in “blaze” (war), gone away “resounding” (winning fame). There is some question whether these “flowers” are still “delightful” (still fresh). Perhaps they are withered (killed in battle). (Compare song 74, stanzas 5–6).

8. In exchange for this payment Don Alonso (the archbishop) serves as muse, sending ghosts back to earth. He makes us Mexicans (here called Huexotzincoans) dance.
Commentary to Song 90

B Like the archbishop, our own dead are rejoicing in paradise.

9 Say there, Lord Attacker (i.e., our enemy), we've been having a wonderful time up here in paradise. We've even met the ghost of Axayacatl (a deliberately ambiguous allusion[?], perhaps referring to the Mexican Don Alonso of stanza 3, perhaps to the enemy Axayacatzin Xicotencatl; see DICT).

10 And we've seen God himself.

11-12 Our late Mexican lord Téhuetezquiti is rejoicing in this beautiful paradise (called Tenochtitlan). (It is now apparent that the ambiguous reference to Axayacatl in stanza 9 was meant as an enticement to the enemy Attacker, who might have thought he would have an opportunity to join Axayacatzin Xicotencatl. But in fact this paradise is peopled with Mexicans and their allies, including Don Hernando Pimentel of Acolhuacan, and the injunction "Let's go!" becomes directed to fellow Mexican mortals, urging them to come along on the song trip.)

13-14 Pedro Montezuma is among the allies in paradise (here identified with Castille). (Castille is identified with paradise in other songs. But note that Pedro Montezuma died in fact journey to Spain; see DICT: Moctezumah 4.)

C Let's be off to paradise: we'll bring our ghosts back home to earth.

15-17 Paradise is a place full of pleasures. And while there we'll encounter our Mexican ghosts as turquoise swans or plumelike herons.

18 As a result of this song trip, bird-revenants will be strewn on earth (which will become like paradise).

19-20 So let's be off to paradise (again identified with Mexico, as in stanza 11).

D The archbishop, Don Alonso, will serve as our muse.

21 I, a Mexican ("Huexotzinca"), covet the brilliant ghosts waiting in paradise.

22-26 The archbishop in heaven (affectionately called "nephew") distributes our revenants in a shower of song.

E Spaniards and their Indian allies will serve as our payment.

27 Here in Mexico (called Huexotzinco) I utter the Mexican ghosts, for example Don Cristóbal Ceetzin (presumably with the aid of the muse Don Alonso, as described in the preceding canto). At the same time we check to make sure that the payment remains in paradise (we don't want to receive hostile revenants by mistake).

28 Yes, it seems that the victims are safely in heaven. Now they're coming to life as ghosts in paradise (again called Mexico). (The victims, represented by the title Lord Attacker, appear to be Indians, presumably the Huexotzinca allies of Cortés, as already suggested.)

29 The Spaniards, likewise, are safely in heaven, including Don Alonso himself, here identified for the first time as archbishop and in a context suggesting that he is to be not the muse but part of the payment. (We may now conclude that the failure to identify the Don Alonso of stanzas 2, 7, 8, and 22 was a deliberate ambiguity, preparing us for the possibility that the muse might be some other Don Alonso, e.g., the Don Alonso Axayacatzin of stanza 3.) The archbishop's "bells" (his colleagues) have accompanied him to heaven.

30 Indeed, the archbishop's alter ego Fray Pedro de Gante has just passed away. (See Mendieta, book 5, part 1, chap. 18, p. 609, for Montúfar's flattering
Commentary to Song 91

statement, "Yo no soy arzobispo de México, sino Fr. Pedro de Gante, lego de San Francisco." For the death dates of Montúfar and Gante, only a month apart, see Dibble, pp. 81–82.) Yes, Gante has left the monastery of San Francisco and has gone to heaven.

31–32 And let us remember that God took Hernando Cortés (the Marquis) himself. (Say, we're really getting rid of those Spaniards, aren't we? The stage is now set for an unadulterated shower of Mexicans.)

F Our Mexican ghosts arrive on earth.

33–38 Still calling ourselves Huexotzincans, we Mexicans welcome our revenants, represented by Don Alonso Axayacatzin and Don Juan Itztlolinqui. (Note the pun on "wing," which can mean "company of vassals," or "retainers." The revenants are spreading and "scattering" their "wings." In other words, they are bringing their comrades with them. They themselves have become the muses, creating paradise on earth.)

Previous translations. None.

XCI Tlaxcalan piece (folio 83)

Synopsis. See commentary for 66.

Remarks. Song 91 differs from song 66 only in stanzas 1, 3, 10, 12, 13, 16, 17, 23, and 28. (The last stanza of song 66, stanza 30, is missing from song 91.) Note the curious manner in which stanzas 12 and 13 have been compressed into a single stanza in song 66 (stanza 11).

Variant. Song 66.

Previous translations. See commentary for 66.
APPENDIX

Native Rulers of Mexico and Allied Towns

A name in italics indicates a nondynastic ruler. The dates shown are approximate reign dates, where the reign ended with the ruler’s death, the final year is italicized. A CM at the end of an entry means that the ruler is mentioned in one or more song texts—that is, actual songs, not compiler’s or copyist’s glosses—in the Cantares mexicanos. Sources are listed at the end of the Appendix.

CITY OF MEXICO

Borough of Tenochtitlan, also called Mexico or San Francisco

1367—1396, Acamapichtli, CM
1396—1417, Huitzilihuitl, CM
1417—1426, Chimalpopoca, CM
1427—1440, Itzcocatl, CM?
1440—1468, Montezuma I, CM
1468—1481, Axayacatl, CM
1481—1486, Tizoc
1486—1502, Ahuitzotl, CM
1502—1520, Montezuma II, CM
1520—1522, Cuauhtlatoa, CM
1521—1525, Cuauhtemoc, CM
1525—1525, Juan Velázquez
Tlacoczin, CM
1525—1530, Andrés de Tápia
Motelsihuitl, CM
Interregnum

1532—1536, Pablo Xochiquex
Interregnum?
1538—1541, Diego de Alvarado Huanitl, CM
1540—1554, Diego de San Francisco
Teheuetzquitl, CM
1554—1557, Esteban de Guzmán
1557—1562, Cristóbal de Guzmán
Cecepatic, CM
1563—1565, Luis de Santa María Cipac
Interregnum
1568—1573, Francisco Jiménez
1573—1596, Antonio Valeriano
1596—1599, Juan Martín
1599—1608, Jerónimo López

Borough of Tlatelolco, also called Santiago

1350—1409, Cuaucauhstzin, CM
1409—1427, Tlacateotzin, CM
1427—1467, Cuauhtlatoa, CM
1467—1473, Moquihuix, CM
subject to Tenochtitlan
1522—1527?, Pedro Temilotzin, CM
1527?—1530?, Martín Ecatl, CM
1530?—1534?, Juan Ahuelitoc, CM
1534?—1541?, Juan "Quauic onoc"
1541?—1543?, Alonso Cuauhnochtli
1543?—1549?, Martín Tlacatecci
1549?—1562?, Diego de Mendoza
Imauhyanitzin
Interregnum
1567—1578, Miguel García Oquistzin*
1578—, Juan de Zárate

*According to Tezozómoc, Cronica mexicanayoll. But Chimalpahin, p. 280, mentions a Don Lorenzo de Aguila beginning a term as juez gobernador in 1570.
Appendix

Texcoco, Capital of Acolhuacan

1521-1531?, Hernando Cortés
1531-1532?, Jorge Yoyontzin, CM
1532-1537?, Pedro Tetlahuehuetziquitzin
1539?, Carlos Ometochtzin
1540-1545?, Antonio Pimentel
1545-1564, Tlahuitoltzin
1564-, nondenominational rulers

Tepanec Region

City of Acolhuacan, also called Acolhuacan Tepanecapan after 1428

1152-1122, Maxtlacocatl
1222-1248, Chiconquiauhztzin
1248-1283, Tzecapochtzin
1283-1343, Acolhuacatl, CM
1343-1426, Tezozomoc I, CM
1433-1474, “Yohualpai”
1474-1499, Tezozomoc II
Interregnum
1511-1521, “Tlatlecatecin”
1555, Diego de León, CM?
1565?, Antonio Valeriano

Mexican quarter of Acolhuacan (begun ca. 1428), called Mexicapan†

1428-?, Maxtlatzin
?, Cehuetzin
?, “Yeeltlécetin”

City of Tlacopan

1434-1470, Totoquihuaztli I, CM
1470-1489, Chimalpopoca, CM
1489-1520, Totoquihuaztli II, CM?
1520-1525, Pedro Cortés Tetlapanquetzatzin, CM
1525-?, Baltasar...
1550-1574, Antonio Cortés Totoquihuaztli
1594, Juan Cortés (Totoquihuaztli?)
1594?, Leonardo Xicotencatl

City of Coyohuacan

1410-1426, Maxtl
1426-?, Tecolotzin
1499, Tzetzomatzin
1519-?, Cuauhpopocatzin
1525, Hernando Cé Tochtezin
1526-1569, Juan de Guzmán Itztlo-linqui, CM
1569-1573, Juan de Guzmán (the younger)
1573-1576, Lorenzo de Guzmán
1570-1576, Hernando de Guzmán
1576-1584, Baltasar de León
1594, Felipe de Guzmán

* Left for Mexico to fight with Cuauhtemoc, thus leading a pro-Mexican rump faction; died 1525.
† See DICT: Diego 4.
‡ Chimalpain’s use of the term Acolhuacan Mexicapan in an entry for the year 1367 would seem to be an error. See Zimmermann, 1:76.

516
Native Rulers

Sources

Tenochtitlan: Dibble; Lehmann, Geschichtte; Tezozomoc, Crónica mexicayotl; Chimalpain, 7th Relación; FC, book 8, chap. 1; Zimmermann, 2: 46, 49, 73–80, 170–75.

Tlatelolco: FC, book 8, chap. 2; Tezozomoc, Crónica mexicayotl; Chimalpain; UAH.

Texcoco: FC, book 8, chap. 3; IXT; Chimalpain; Lehmann, Geschichtte; Motolinía, Memoriales; Gibson, Aztecs, pp. 170–71; Gibson, "Aztec Aristocracy," pp. 173–74.

Azcapotzalco Tepanecapan: UAH; TORQ, 1: 252–54; Gibson, Aztecs, p. 168; CM, fols. 7, 41, 42v.

Azcapotzalco Mexicaapan: Barlow, "Tepaneca"; Tezozomoc, Crónica mexicayotl.

Tlacopan: Tezozomoc, Crónica mexicayotl; Chimalpain; UAH; "Origen de los mexicanos," in García leazbalceta, Nueva Colección, 3: 273; IXT; Zimmermann, 2: 42; Gibson, Aztecs, p. 171; Cline, "Hernando Cortés," p. 86.

Coyohuacan: Chimalpain; Zimmermann; Tezozomoc, Crónica mexicayotl; Lehmann, Geschichtte; Gibson, "Aztec Aristocracy"; Gibson, Aztecs, p. 159.
Notes to the General Introduction
Notes to the General Introduction

Source abbreviations and complete authors' names, titles, and publication data for works cited in short form will be found in the Bibliography, pp. 537–52.

CHAPTER ONE

1. With reference to the Kalendario, Cline ("Evolution," p. 201) unaccountably stated that the manuscript was an early-17th-century copy, "probably" made by Fray Martín de León. Baudot ("Last Years," pp. 180–81), citing an unpublished study by Paso y Troncoso, believes it is a Jesuit copy, contemporary with Sahagún. Speaking only of the Cantares, Garibay (HLN, 1: 153; GPN, 2: lxiii) evidently assumed that it survives in the hand of one of Sahagún's own scribes.

2. Other dates: a 1582 appears in the discourse on the Eucharist (old fol. 137, new fol. 159); the Prologue to the Kalendario mentions the Gregorian correction, issued in 1582 but not adopted in Mexico until 1584 (see old fol. 86v; see also García Icazbalceta, Bibliografía, p. 306).

3. For Christian dates written without the thousand, see Dibble, Historia de la nación mexicana, pp. 71–78 of the facsimile.

4. On Jesuit orthography, see pp. xi–xii, above. Of the Jesuit parables, the following (meant as a warning against the Protestant heresy of antitransubstantiationism) will serve as a sample: "A priest in the Company of Jesus tells about a man who was a great gamaster, a gambler. And here is what he says. Once this man lost everything he owned. They left him with nothing, and in his rage he went to a church, where the Holy Communion, the Sacrament, was. With a dagger he opened the Blessed Sacrament, which was covered, and removing the Holy Consecrated Wafer he stabbed it in three places, and each place he punctured it the blood spurted and dribbled." Translated from the Nahuatl, MS 1628 bis, new fol. 161.


6. Note the chapter titles in Sahagún's Historia general: book 6, chap. 1 ("muy hermosas metáforas"), chap. 3 ("muy delicadas metáforas y muy elegante lenguaje"), chap. 10 ("maravillosa lenguaje"), etc.

7. See Fig. 12, above. Compare P.C., book 7, pp. 33–81.


Notes to Pages 12–23

12. See Garibay, Veinte himnos, pp. 20–23.
15. These vicissitudes can be traced in Gibson & Glass, p. 329; Peñañuelo, Cantares (1904), pp. 11–13; ANP, pp. 48–49; and García Icazbalceta, Bibliografía, p. 299.

CHAPTER TWO

1. RITOS, chap. 21, p. 195.
3. Sahagún, Psalmodia, fol. [iii].
4. Las Casas, however, is referring to songs among the Totonacs, not the Aztecs. See Las Casas, Apologética historia, chap. 175, p. 144. For the complete statement of Pomar, see above, chap. 11: “Ixtilixochitl’s Nezahualcoyotl.”
5. See DICT: tetl/cahuitil.
6. Olmos, chap. 8.
7. Among the Klomath and Modoc Indians of southern Oregon and northern California, shamans use a single term to denote either “song” or “spirit.” Returned from his trance journey, the Modoc shaman sings, “I, the song, I walk here.” See Spier, Klamath Ethnography, p. 239; and Kroeber, p. 321.
10. FC, book 6, chap. 29, p. 162.
15. FC, book 6, chap. 8, p. 40.
16. For a description of Tamoanchan, see Muñoz Camargo, chap. 19, pp. 154–55.
18. For the sun in the underworld, see FC, book 6, chap. 29, p. 163.
19. See note 12, above.
20. For the war deeds of kings, see IXT; TEZ; and Durán, Historia, vol. 2, passim. For conquests attributed to kings, see FC, book 8, chaps. 1–3.
21. Among the Tsimshian of British Columbia, a singer performing ancestral mourning songs is reported to have broken into sobs so convulsive that he could not continue work for two days (Babeau, pp. 105). Similar if less extreme experiences are reported from the Tlingit, whose songs in memory of remote ancestors are punctuated with sobs and genuine weeping (de Laguna, part 2, p. 567; part 3, pp. 1167, 1171). Recalling the performances of a Seneca singer, the Iroquoianist William Fenton wrote (p. 6): “More than once I have seen tears course down his cheeks, as singing Great Feather Dance or the Dream Song reminded him possibly that his father had sung this many years ago at Midwinter Festivals.” A somewhat different sense of loss is expressed by singers in the Great Plains area, who weep to the spirits in order to arouse their pity (Fletcher & La Flesche, p. 130; compare
Notes to Pages 23–30

Curtis, p. 152). Similarly, Aztec youth were enjoined, “Sigh ... plead with, speak to, cry out to ... the master, our lord... and then he will show compassion” (FC, book 6, chap. 18, p. 95); and it was said, specifically, that the “drum and the rattle” were means of “calling” to the lord “in sadness” (ibid., book 6, chap. 14, pp. 74–75). Durán wrote that the “idolatrous songs” of the Aztecs “make one sad”; hearing them, Durán himself was filled with “grief” and “sadness” (RITOS, chap. 21, p. 196).

22. Among the Navajo it is said that in mythic days a song was born from the tears of the earth mother (Reichard, p. 284). In Hopi folklore weeping is repeatedly perceived as singing (Voth, pp. 182, 195, 211). Even the British philosopher Herbert Spencer could state that “song employs and exaggerates the natural language of the emotions” (Spencer, “On the Origin and Function of Music,” p. 318).

23. RITOS, chap. 21, p. 193, para. 28.

24. FC, book 3, chap. 4, p. 16.

25. This accords with Aztec natal theory. Created in the heavens, babies were “sent” to earth (FC, book 6, chap. 30).

26. The verb “to whirl” (malacachoa) and its various synonyms (malina, ilacatzoa, etc.) evidently mean “to engender” or “to impart life.” In the quoted passage, the supreme spirit “whirls us four times.” In other words, he brings us to life in a quadruply iterated action (relying on the standard American Indian magic number, four). The same idea, as a two-stage procedure, is described in an Aztec myth of human creation in which Quetzalcoatl (the wind god) imparts life to the inert bones by (1) blowing a (spiral) conch horn and (2) circling four times round the dead land (Lehmann, Geschichte, p. 331, sec. 423). In a Navajo story wind blows and “mirage people” circle four times round two ears of corn, which become the first man and woman (Matthews, p. 69); in a Washo myth Coyote creates humans by putting seeds into a basket, blowing tobacco smoke on them, and circling four times (Lowie, p. 333); in an Osage myth it is said that “in four revolutions or gyrations of the upper worlds, we became human beings” (Dorsey, p. 395).

27. In the Florentine Codex, by contrast, nepapan always seems to mean “various,” or “different.” Possibly it also carries this meaning in the first six folios of the Cantares, which contain the songs composed in “missionary Nahuatl” (see chap. 4, above); in these passages I have preferred to translate nepapan as “sundry,” saving the more emphatic “multitudinous” and “all” for subsequent folios.


32. Conquistador anónimo, p. 373.

33. Don Francisco de Sandoval Acaciti in García Icazbalceta, Colección, 2: 318.


35. For transformation in a different context, see Ridding, Swan People: A Study of the Dunne-zaa Prophet Dance. Reporting from among the Beaver Indians of northwest Canada, Ridding shows that the “dreamers of traditional times acted as hunt chiefs, directing the people in communal hunting and dancing—activities that were seen as symbolic transformations of one another” (p. 46).


38. FC, book 6, chap. 11, p. 58, chap. 29, p. 162; FC, book 2, chap. 21, p. 47.
40. According to the Paviotto Ghost-Dance doctrine of the 1880's, the dead come back to life when the "earth shakes" (Mooney, Ghost-Dance, p. 23) or when the earth "turns over" (Spicer, Prophet Dance, p. 7). In an old Kalapuya myth the first people are said to have been changed into stars when "the earth turned over" (Jacobs, p. 174). A Tlingit song text collected in 1954 reads: "The world is rolling around for all the young people, so let's not love our life too much, hold ourselves back from dying" (de Laguna, part 3, p. 1314). In an apocalyptic prophecy of the Yucatec Maya, possibly composed in the 16th century, it is said that "the sky will move and resound, the earth will move and resound" when a "new rule arrives" (Bierhorst, Four Masterworks, p. 199; compare Roys, "Book of Chilam Balam of Tizimin," p. 3). According to an Aztec source, "they would placate him with these sacrifices, and especially with their own blood, which they would offer him. With these and other penances they placated the god in such a way that after they had performed these penances for a long time, there would appear above the earth a loud ripping [una lacería raspando], giving them to understand that the punishment of heaven had ceased and that the earth would gladden and fructify" (Codex Vaticanus 3738, p. 25).
41. For a description of heart sacrifice, see FC, book 2, chap. 21, p. 47.
42. For gladiatorial sacrifice, see ibid., pp. 49–50; RITOS, chap. 9, pp. 98–100; and Pomar, pp. 18–19.
44. FC, book 2, chap. 6; RITOS, chap. 4, pp. 43–44.
46. FC, book 6, chap. 29, p. 164.
47. For songs performed in the presence of enemies, see TEZ, chap. 64, pp. 477–78. However, Pomar believed that the purpose of the songs was to encourage young warriors to emulate the deeds of their ancestors (p. 49).
49. See Commentary, song 68, stanzas 95–96.

CHAPTER THREE

1. On tying, chalking, feathering, and stripping, see FC, book 2. On receptacles, see RITOS, chap. 9, p. 100; and FC, book 2, chap. 26, p. 89. Banners are mentioned in FC, book 3, chap. 10.
2. See FC, book 6, chaps. 1–5.

CHAPTER FOUR

2. In the Romances the first line of the stanza begins with a paragraph symbol, making it appear as though all lines are indented.
3. As observed by Karttunen & Lockhart, "Estructura."
5. "El canto era en su mayor parte grave y tardo y lo que se cantaba estaba en prosa" (translated from the Latin in Hernández, Antigüedades, book 2, chap. 6, p. 95).
Notes to Pages 44–51

6. Motolinia, Memoriales, part 1, chap. 34, p. 91.
8. Clavijero, 2: 274 (book 7, chap. 42); Boturini, p. 75.
11. HLN, 1: 62–63. For further exploration in the same vein, see Karttunen & Lockhart, “Estructura.”
12. Densmore, Chippewa Music, pp. 262, 264, 271, and passim; Barbeau, song no. 56; Densmore, Nootka, p. 277.
13. See chap. 8. Certifiably indigenous music, so plentiful north of Mexico, has long since disappeared from Aztec territory. Aztec instruments and dance paraphernalia are still found in the central highlands, but the music itself is Europeanized. See Stevenson, pp. 125–52.
15. Reyes García & Christensen, p. 76.
16. The famous description of Aztec prototheater copied by Durán from an unknown source—also used by Tovar, whose work was copied by Joseph de Acosta—mentions a proscenium, costumery, pantomime, certain sound effects, monologue, and even some stretches of farcical dialogue (RITOS, chap. 6, pp. 65–66; Joseph de Acosta, book 5, chap. 30; Códice Ramírez, chap. 4). Less helpful are the descriptions in RITOS, chap. 31. For spectacular rituals, see FC, book 2 passim. Garibay’s case for a pre-Cortésian theater (HLN, 1: chap. 6) seems overstated; for a short discussion, see Correa et al., p. 117. In the Cantares mexicanos the closest approach to theater is probably song 86, cantó B; but this, despite the implied interaction between two persons, might still be monological. For colonial “missionary dramas,” which are clearly modern, see Horcasitas.
18. For observations on Mayan poetry, see Thompson, Maya Hieroglyphic Writing, pp. 61–63. A more specialized approach is taken by Edmonson, Book of Counsel, p. xi, refuted by Tedlock, pp. 216–30. Extensive specimens from the Tzotzil Maya, in which paired phrases are overwhelmingly dominant, may be found in Laughlin, pp. 3–4, 266–84.
19. The Kekchi Maya text with German translation is in Sapper, p. 289.
21. For further remarks on hypertrophism, see chap. 12, p. 47; and Bierhorst, Nahuatl-English Dictionary, Grammar sec. 8.3.

CHAPTER FIVE

2. The Pawnee Lances attempted to convince themselves that life on earth was not real, thus increasing their ardor for battle, with its promise of death and a “real” life in the afterworld. See Densmore, Pawnee Music, pp. 53–54; Brinton, Essays, p. 292; and Weltfish, p. 11.

CHAPTER SIX

1. Carrasco, “Peoples of Central Mexico,” Gibson, “Structure of the Aztec Empire,” and Gibson, Aztecs, chap. 2, provide summaries of pre-Conquest history; a fuller treatment is Brundage, Rain of Darts. Prescott’s Conquest of Mexico is still the most thorough retelling of the events of 1519–25; for a more up-to-date, if more
hurried, version of the 1519–21 episode, see chaps. 12 and 13 of Brundage’s book. In the field of post-Conquest ethnography, Gibson’s Aztecs has no rival, and Torquemada’s massive Monarquia indiana remains the single most useful account of 16th-century Spanish rule.

2. Dibble, pp. 20–22; Durán, Historia, 2: chap. 27, p. 216; Tezozomoc, Crónica mexicayotl, p. 3.

3. Dibble, p. 39 (counting backward from p. 46), seems to have 1363. The traditional date, 1325, is given in Tezozomoc, Crónica mexicayotl, and in Chimalpae. Brundage, p. 34, offers 1369 without explanation.


5. Oddly spelled “Culúa” by both Cortés (p. 121, about an eighth of the way through the third letter) and Díaz del Castillo (chap. 36); and “Culhúa” by the author of Relación de la genealogía (in García Icazbalceta, Nueva colección, 3: 240–56). Compare Gibson, Aztecs, pp. 10–11.


7. IXT, 1: 444.

8. The dynasties of five subdivisions of Amaquemecan are reconstructed for the period 1519–1600 in Gibson, “Aztec Aristocracy,” pp. 188–90.

9. Pomar, pp. 41–44.

10. For a particularly interesting description of “flower war” (xochiyayotl), see TEZ, chap. 96, pp. 632–33. It should be noted that there is no connection between the ghost-song ritual and the xochiyayotl described by Tezozomoc, Pomar, and other chroniclers.

11. Pre-Conquest rulers of the four Tlaxcalan towns are listed in Gibson, Tlaxcala, pp. 197–209. See DICT: Tlaxcallán.


14. For example, Antonio Valeriano, gobernador of Tenochtitlan, is styled don in both CM (fol. 41) and Tezozomoc (Crónica mexicayotl, p. 171), though according to Tezozomoc he was amopilli (nonnoble). See also the following note.

15. Motelchihui is never addressed as don in CM (for locations see DICT: Motelchihui, Tapia) and is not mentioned at all in the codex Romances. Though described as amopilli (nonnoble), he is styled don in Zimmermann (2: 20).

**CHAPTER SEVEN**

1. The plagues are described in Motolinúa, Memoriales, part 1, chap. 2; and described and dated in Mendica, book 4, chap. 36. Modern estimates of the population loss between 1519 and 1550 range from a conservative one-half for the Valley of Mexico and adjacent regions (Sanders, p. 18; compare Gibson, Aztecs, p. 138) to a drastic six-sevenths for New Spain as a whole (Gerhard, p. 24).

2. Linton; Wallace; La Barre, pp. 42, 227–76.

3. Mooney, Ghost-Dance, chap. 2; Worsley.


5. The basic description of the Taquí Onqoy is in the concluding pages of Cristóbal de Molina’s Fábulas y ritos de los Incas (I have used the English translation in Markham). For a recent discussion, with bibliography, see Gów.


8. The story of Juan Diego and his uncle is evidently based on the earlier Spanish legend of Gil Cordero and his brother. See Lafaye, pp. 219–20.
14. “Xibuitl 1556 . . . yhcuc monextitzino in totlaçonantzin Saneta Maria guadalope yn Tepeyace” (Zimmermann, 2: 16).
15. These attempts have been based on false readings of songs in which Santa María is mentioned. See Garibay, “Temas,” pp. 243–59, 381–420.
16. See Commentary, song 1, “Remarks.”
17. Mayer, pp. 144, 146.
18. “Sunday, September 15 . . . is when they went to celebrate the fiesta in Tepeyacac at Santa María de Guadalupe . . . The Mexicans sang Michcuicatl [Fish song], and the Tlatelolcans sang Yaocuicatl [War song].” Translated from the Spanish of Garibay, who in turn has translated from the Nahuatl of the codex *Anales de Juan Bautista* (“Cuadro real,” p. 222).
19. Durán reports that the caciques retained singers “in the old way” (RITOS, chap. 21, p. 195). According to García Icazbalceta, *Bibliografía*, p. 302, caciques insisted that the Indians maintain their old rituals, promising them that Spanish rule would (therefore?) end after 80 years; as the term grew near, the illicit activity increased. (Unfortunately, Icazbalceta does not give his source.) By 1576 Sahagún was reporting a deplorable increase in the “arcitos que secretamente y de noche hacian a honra de los ídolos” (*Historia general*, 3: book 10, relación appended to chap. 26, pp. 163–64). The idolatrous “arcitos” are proscribed in an ecclesiastical writ dated 1539 (García Icazbalceta, *Don fray Juan de Zumárraga*, 3: 154); and in the penal code of 1546 “arcitos de noche” are outlawed (Paso y Troncoso, 1: 414). According to Cervantes de Salazar, the term arcitos refers to *mazehualiztli* (festival chants or songs of service to the gods), as opposed to *netoliztli* (probably ghost songs, see chap. 10); Cervantes, book 4, chap. 102. However, it is not clear that 16th-century authors adhere to this distinction.
20. García Icazbalceta, *Don fray Juan de Zumárraga*, 3: 156–57; see also Lorenzana, pp. 146–47.
21. Sahagún writes: “They use other songs to persuade the people to do their bidding, or [make] war, or [engage in] other business that is not good, and they have songs composed for these purposes, and they do not wish to give them up” (*Psalmody*, fol. [iii]). Less circumspect is the observation of Cervantes de Salazar (book 6, chap. 102): “In these [songs] they speak of conspiracy against ourselves.”
22. Wallace, pp. 72–75.
23. The codex *Anales de Juan Bautista*, partially translated in Garibay, “Un cuadro real,” describes ritual activity in the 1560’s. Chimalpáin’s *Journal*, palaeographed in Zimmermann, vol. 2, records events of the 1580’s and 1590’s. Important Catholic treatises, at least some of which appear to have been written by Indians, can be found in MSS 1477, 1492, and 1628 bis, in the Biblioteca Nacional de México.
26. Zimmermann, 2: 41; see the last two sentences in the quote from Pérez de Ribas, p. 90, above.
Notes to Pages 68–78

29. Ibid., pp. 51–54.
30. The ecclesiastical writ of 1539 specifically barred voladores from the churchyard (García Icazbalceta, Don fray Juan de Zuinárraga, 3: 158); see also TORQ, 2: book 10, chap. 38. For a brief but important summary of 16th-century volador activity, with references, see Gibson, Aztecs, p. 504, note 66.
31. Krickeberg, 7: 51–54. See also Krickeberg et al., p. 57.

CHAPTER EIGHT

4. McAndrew.
5. See DICT.
7. RITOS, chap. 21, p. 193.
10. See especially the canto headings in songs 68, 83, and 89.
13. Martí, Instrumentos, p. 40. Stevenson (p. 98) oddly translates Motolinía’s contrabajo as “countertenor”; Haly (pp. 8–9) shows that the correct English equivalent is no doubt “bass.”
14. Mendoza’s four-tone system (pp. 20–27) fits neither the huehuetl nor most teponaztli’s (which, like the huehuetl, produce only two tones). Nowotny, who based his observations on Schultze Jena’s incomplete edition of the Cantares, presents a misleading tabulation of drum phrases and concludes that any “working hypotheses, interpretations, or happy brainstorms can only lead to error.” Stevenson (pp. 47–53) offers an unacceptable discussion of the entire matter and puts forth a rhythmic interpretation of his own based on a misreading of Rincón’s Arte. More recent discussions are in Ziehm, pp. 267–76; Haly, pp. 6–27; and Gingerich, “Tonocuitl.”
15. See the lengthy excerpt from Pérez de Ribas quoted on pp. 88–90, above.
16. Mendoza considers the i/high and o/low correlations a matter of “elementary logic” (p. 26). Hinton, in her study of Havasupai song (pp. 297–99), theorizes that low tones are naturally associated with low vowels (such as a or o), whereas high tones are linked with high vowels (such as i).
17. See chap. 9. It should not be assumed, however, that 17th-century toontines were invariably accompanied by the cadence to-co-ii. No doubt the term was used loosely to denote any two-tone cadence or any of various songs customarily associated with such cadences. See DICT: to, tocontin.
19. The Benetéz collection is described in Ziehm, pp. 246–47.
20. Ziehm, pp. 267–76. I am indebted to Richard Haly for calling this to my attention.
CHAPTER NINE

1. Lehmann, Geschichte, secs. 122, 128, 133–34, 136; sec. 380 bears a superficial resemblance to Cantores 37: 27–29, but can hardly be considered a variant of it.

2. Preuss & Mengin, secs. 191, 212; Dibble, p. 39.


5. Translated from the Nahuatl in Sahagún, Códice florentino, book 6, chap. 21, fols. 95r and v: Timixcoatl toconiamaceoa, cuicatl tioliz tlalticpac, aiaa ve: vetetitan tinemjz in vexotzinco, in tiqijmonaviltiz in tepilhoan, in miztizzatze in mocnjoan a, ooiaa. . . . Can teuxiuchtlatioltic moiollo toconmacan tonativitz, oc tizmolinz y; oc ceppa tixotlaz tlalticpac aiaa ve, vetetitan tinemjz in vexotzinco y, tiqijmonaviltiz in tepilhoan in miztizzatze in mocnjoan aooaia, ooiaa.

6. Translated from the Nahuatl in Sahagún, Códice florentino, book 2, appendix, fols. 139v–140 (compare Sahagún, Historia de las cosas, 7: 276v):

Minijcosoa incuic
Chicornoztoc quinehoaquj canja ucponj, canj, canj, teonj.
Tauleditlan quinevaquj canja a ucponj, canj, canj, teomj.
Oia njtemoc, oia njtemoc, oiaa njtemoc notzivaqujmuh, aiaa aiaa njtemoc notzivaqujmuh.
Oia njtemoc, oia njtemoc, oiaa njtemoc nomatlacaal.
Niquuemacuj, niquuemacuj, yoaia niquuemacuj, niquuemacuj yoaia aia macuj.

Rewritten in modernized Jesuit orthography, with presumed copyist's errors corrected, the text reads:

Minixcoah incuic
Chicornoztoc quinehualau-i cani-ya ucponi canin canin teomi
Tzahuactlan quinehualau-i cani-ya a ucponi canin canin teomi
Ö-ya-nitcemoc ö-ya-nitcemoc ö-ya-ica nitcemoc notzihualau-i-miuh ö-ya-ica nitcemoc notzihualau-i-miuh
Ö-ya-nitcemoc ö-ya-nitcemoc ö-ya-ica nitcemoc nomatlucaal
Niqui-i-macui niqui-i-macui yohuaya niqui-i-macui niqui-i-macui yohuaya any

7. Read ucponi.
8. Read têonimiz (someone's awl, or pricker).
9. UAH, sec. 233.
10. I have used a photocopy of the Romances manuscript supplied by the University of Texas, Austin. Garibay's edition (Poesía nahua!, vol. 1) recognizes 60 songs.
11. For passages common to both manuscripts, see the table on p. 100.
16. Translated from the Nahuatl in ibid., fols. 92v–93v:

Ma oalmqetza, ma oncaoni in totecuitlalqueu, maic onuaioa, ma ontlaçomilimi in tochchalchiuhteponaz: ma netoltio, ma onnetlamachtilo.

Vel vei itetlaçotlatlizin oquimonestli in totecu Dios, in topan ticemanaac tlaca, in axca ipan Penthecoses.

In totecuitlacoil ma icaoaca, ma vntitzilicatimani, ma vnaqoantimani in toteuxiuhiulacapitz cucuieoca: ma centlal moteca, ma cemanaac caco in tochalchiuhteziilac.

In axca ilanamico, ca ie axca topan quiza in ilhuizti ini Pasqua in Spiritu sancto: oniac tonemac muchiuin in titlaca teunetlaçotlatizli, nciotlalilizli.

Ma onuaioa, ma centlal moteca in tocacalosuchiu, ma oncelizto, ma vntitzmolini, ma vnceucupei in tocacalosuchiu, in toteuizquisuchiu.

Vei tlamaiccoli oquimuchuiliic in nican tlaltipe in Spiritu sancto, nouia tlatoalli oquimnomachticil in Apostolosme.

Ma vntlalizcazuatiui, ma onteucuitlaoachapepeicato in tosucichouqui: ma tomac ie oxeexliui in tlalpomisuchitl, ma vnetlamachtilo, ma onneucuitonolo, antepihoa o.

Ma ontimalolo, ma onxopalecoatiui i toxmacopi, ma onpepctlatzaiui in totecuitlamei temecuah o antepihoa, ma tomac ie onpezpuei, oxeexliui in tlalpomisuchitl, ma vnetlamachtilo, ma vneucuitonolo.

17. Translated from the Nahuatl in ibid., fols. 22r and v:

Auh calacque in cali. In tlatoq in oquittaque citali, in aocmo olini, in aocmo iauh, ie qumataq, ca ie vncia: nimani mocalaquie in vocan xacaltzinco: auh vocan quimotlilique in pilzintli leus, yoa in itlaçonantzi in sancta Maria.

Islapach onotuecztq, quimotecuitque in pilzintli: in ihoaq y vceu tlatoq, vellanetoquiliztca, in oispantino motlanquaquetzq, in quimotecutiq, ca vel quimiziamachiltq in pilzintli, ca teutl, ca tlatoani, ca isquich iulci, ca ihoatz in ilhuicaoa, in tlaltipeague.

Oquitlapoq in itop in spetlacal. Nimia ieic yispaqziq tlacete itotecuoio i pilzintli quimortlamaniliq, in ivetzq muchiuh cuiztic teucuitlatl, Myrrha, yoq Encienso.

In cochpa nacoatiloque in mouicazque. Auh in oquezquihuitl ytaltsnicno moictzetzatca in pilzintli, yoa in omiec tlamaiccoli oquittaque: nimani quicchitaque, quitemicque, ca quimimoaia in totecuoio in incha.

18. Motolinía, “Historia,” tratado 1, chap. 13, p. 69; Motolinía, Memoriales, part 1, chap. 34, p. 91.
20. The six tocontines are assembled, with references, in Mendoza, pp. 159–61. Compare Mendoza, p. 41; and Shipley, p. 64.
21. The late-17th-century poet Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz composed a “tocotin” in Nahuatl, addressed to the Virgin, and another, in Spanish sprinkled with Nahuatl, on the subject of St. Peter Nolasco (Cruz, pp. 187–88, 200–201; compare Leal; also Bierhorst, “Tocotin”). For modern Nahuatl coplas recorded in Puebla and Veracruz, see Reyes García & Christensen, pp. 146–50. In the 1960’s a dance-drama
known as “Los Tocotines” was reported from Xochitlan in the Sierra Norte de Puebla, but with no text and no information other than that the danza was accompanied by guitar and violin, the dialogue was in Nahuatl, and the dramatic personae consisted of “Cortés, Malínche, Álvarado, Moctezuma, Caciques, Vasallos” (Montoya & Mocedano, pp. 293–95); a similar notice from Hueyapan, also in the Sierra Norte, is dated 1938 (Investigación folklórica, 1: 376). Toor (p. 32) reports that the Totonac voladores of Papantla, Veracruz, are known locally as “tocotines.”


23. Clavijero, 2: 281. But it is possible that Clavijero copied this passage from Torquemada; see Braden, p. 287.

24. The texts with Spanish and German translations are in Reyes García & Christensen, pp. 76–77, 91–92. For description of the huehuensch, see Gertrude P. Kerath, “Huehuensch,” in Leach & Fried; Reyes García & Christensen, pp. 36 (German) and 146 (Spanish); Santamaría; and Toor, pp. 356–57.


26. Read at izon tenamatz.

27. Read chimec-o, for chichimec-o (treating the o as a vocable). Another possibility is that chamico is a loanword from Spanish, i.e., Chichimeco (Ruiz de Alarcón, sec. 192), in which the first syllable has been regarded as an optional frequentative prefix and thus omitted (compare Bierhorst, Nahuatl-English Dictionary, Grammar sec. 3.10). Chichimeco is itself a loanword from Nahuatl, i.e., Chichimecatl (English “Chichimec”). Note that chimeca is written for Chichimeca at CM 65v: 27.

Chapter Ten


2. The log-dragging song in FC, book 3, chap. 9, p. 26, merely hints at the existence of work songs. In most Amerind cultures, work songs are rare or absent, though corn-grinding songs are common in the Pueblos and paddling songs are reported from both coasts of North America.


5. TEZ, chap. 64, p. 477.

6. Teponaztli is included in Sahagún’s list of song varieties (FC, book 4, chap. 7, p. 26).


8. For traces of dialectical variation in the Cantares, see DICT: ehco, ithua, mach 1, me, mehcla, -metl, nemi 3, -quetl, -qui, 'ya, yauh 4. But although me and mehella (related to the Huaxtec Nahuatl -metl or -mil?) occur mostly in Huaxtec pieces, it would hardly appear that these and other presumed regionalisms are applied in a systematic manner. Nor is it entirely clear that they were alien to Mexican usage. For additional vocabulary items that are at least peculiar if not regional, see DICT: tiñ, tzon, zanil, and it is conceivable that regionalisms might be identified among the examples of “deformation” given in Bierhorst, Nahuatl-English Dictionary, Grammar sees. 3.1–3.10. One possibility is that all these deviations—to which may be added the overabundance of particles like in, ye, and zan, the tendency to apocope, and the use of hypertrophic polynomials—represent nothing more methodical than a literary preference for the exotic.

9. See Commentary, song 85, cantos C and D.

10. See ibid., songs 54–A and 67. Hernández writes: “What shall I say of the
Notes to Pages 94–102

Cuextecayotl, in which they imitated the manner of dancing, the adornment and the appearance of the Huaxtec people, and reenacted the war in which they conquered them, with suitable divers noises and warlike commotion? (Antiguiedades, book 2, chap. 6.) But the Cantares texts do not support this observation.

11. Hernández mentions "the Chichimecayotl, in which they recalled the beginnings and origin of that people" (ibid.).

12. See chaps. 11 and 13. A story about a certain "señora de Tolan," described as a poeciss, is to be found in IXT, 2: chap. 67. The tale is retold in Nahuatl—without mentioning that the lady was a poet—in Huehuetolotli: documento A, fol. 11, lines 17–26.

13. For rituals, see FC, book 2, chap. 24, pp. 71–72, chap. 26, pp. 87–88, chap. 27, pp. 93, 97–98, and passim. For an unusually enigmatic reference, see TEZ, chap. 18, p. 278. For entertainments provided by female dwarfs and hunchbacks, see FC, book 8, chap. 16.


15. FC, book 4, chap. 7, p. 26: ayleriajcatl (pleasure song), ixcuexcuexcuexcatl (leering ribald song), quappitzcuexcatl (stiff person song), quatecuquiexcatl (mud-head song), tsocicat (rabbit song or wanton song).


CHAPTER ELEVEN

1. Pomar, p. 37.

2. See Commentary, song 61, "Remarks."

3. Seventeenth-century rumors to the effect that Francisco Plácido had composed Guadalupan songs in the 1530's were probably derived, indirectly, from Chimalpain's misreading of the Cantares mexicanos (see Garibay, "Temas," pp. 235–56; and HLN, 2:104). Compare Cuervas, Album, pp. 31–32. In 1578 Francisco Plácido, "juez gobernador," is said to have come to Coyohuanca (Zimmermann, 2:27).

4. Note that the song in question, 56, is a female song. Although the term nesentico does not appear elsewhere in the Cantares, we have the approximately synonymous nesco (hearth place or chimney) at fol. 72, line 22, with the apparent figurative meaning "vagina."


6. Antiphonal singing could be inferred from Motolinía's description (paraphrased in chap. 8, above). Antiphonal singing divided between two choirs is explicitly described by the Conquistador anónimo, chap. 4, p. 395.


8. Note the amusing intervention of Chaucer in his Canterbury Tales (Prologue to the tale of Sir Thomas) and the use of the speaker's name in Cherokee love magic (Kilpatrick & Kilpatrick, Walk in Your Soil, pp. 17, 24, 25–27, and passim). Walt Whitman's "Song of Myself," with the line "Walt Whitman [am I], a Kosmos," is an exceptional case.


10. Ruiz de Alarcón, secs. 175, 177.


12. The "señor" of Colhuacan, Baltasar "Toquezquahtzetzin," who died in 1529, could have been the father or grandfather of our eponymous singer. See Cline, "Hernando Cortés," pp. 83, 86.

15. Pomar, pp. 23–24.
16. IXT, 1: 447.
18. TORQ, 1: 156 (book 2, chap. 45).
20. All such references are easily traced in the new O’Gorman edition of Ixtilxochitl’s works.
21. IXT, 2: 267–73. For a general treatment of the Cantares de Nezahualcoyotl, see Brotherston, “Nezahualcoyotl’s ‘Lamentaciones.’” For a bibliography, see Gibson & Glass, pp. 352–53.
22. My knowledge of Tardeas americanas is based on excerpts reprinted in Peñafiel, Lamentaciones, pp. 32–34, and on the writings of Brotherston.
23. ANP, p. 45. Compare Prescott, book 1, chap. 6, p. 110.

CHAPTER TWELVE

2. HLN, 1: 156.
4. In one form or another, ghost songs unquestionably survived beyond the 16th century. On 17th-century adaptations and 20th-century remnants, see chap. 9.
5. García Icazbalceta, Don fray Juan de Zumárraga, 3: 156–57.
6. See, for example, the letter from Zumárraga to Cortés reproduced in Cuevas, Album, plate facing p. 32. See also Stevenson, pp. 89, 224–25.
8. On the subject of hysterothromphism in song 19 and elsewhere in the Cantares, see Bierhorst, Natural-English Dictionary, Grammar sec. 8.3.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

1. Gante’s letter recalls that in his younger days he had composed “a very solemn song [presumably in Aztec] on the law of God and the faith and how God became man in order to save the human race and how he was born of the Virgin Mary, she remaining pure and unstained” (García Icazbalceta, Nueva colección, 2: 214; see also 2: 206). Compare the following passages from Aztec songs composed by Sahagún (but inspired by Gante?) and preserved in the Psalmodia christiana: “the first [law of God] is head-laving, which is baptism, the second is confirmation, the third is His precious flesh [communion], the fourth is [etc.]” (fol. 18); “then our noble lord God truly became man in the belly of the lady St. Mary” (fol. 57v); “he came to save us” (fol. 17v); “blessed are you, O mother of God, O completely pure one, you have given birth yet your flesh has nowise been troubled” (fol. 231).
3. See note 1.
Notes to Pages 111–21

4. The case for Gante’s authorship of the pileuicatl is presented in HLN, 2: 101, 116, 118.
5. See Garibay in RITOS, p. xxvi. See also Ignacio Bernal in Durán, Aztecs, p. xxiv.
6. RITOS, chap. 21, p. 195. For the use of the term riches in the Cantares mexicanos, see DICT: neccuítonōlli.
7. For commentary on these glosses, see Seler, Gesammelte Abhandlungen, 2: 961–1107. See also Garibay, Veinte himnos.
8. TORQ, 1: 258, 259 (book 3, chap. 9).
12. Muñoz Camargo, book 1, chap. 6, p. 68.
14. RSNE, fol. 16v; IXT, 2: 83 (chap. 32), 92 (chap. 36), 269.
15. RSNE, fol. 4v; IXT, 1: 447, 546.
20. HLN, 1: 253.
25. Granados y Gálvez in Peñafiel, Lamentaciones, p. 32.
26. ANP, pp. 48–49. See also Handbook of Middle American Indians, 13 (1973): 375. The description in Peñafiel, Cantares (1899), p. iii, reveals that the Ramírez copy was made no later than 1859.
27. Whorf, "Contribution" (includes a retranslation of the second song in ANP, i.e., Cantares, song 2); Cornyn, Song of Quetzalcoatl.
31. For a bibliography of Garibay’s works, see Garibay et al., pp. 26–30.
32. GPN, 1: 73.
34. ANP, pp. 35–36.
35. HLN, 1: 32, 43.

534
Bibliography
Bibliography


RSNE  Romances de los señores de la Nueva España. MS CDG-980 (G-59). University of Texas Library, Austin.


Adrian, Karen, Una Canger, et al. "Diccionario de vocablos aztecas contenidos en El arte de la lengua mexicana de Horacio Carochi." Privately duplicated, 1976. (The authors are associated with the Institute of Linguistics, University of Copenhagen.)


Alva Ixtlilxochitl, Fernando de. See Ixtlilxochitl.

Alvarado Tezozomoc, Fernando. See Tezozomoc.
Bibliography

Anales de Tlatelolco. See Mengin, Unos annales historicos de la nación mexicana.


Bibliography


Campos, Rubén M. *La producción literaria de los aztecas* [with translations by Mariano Rojas]. Mexico: Museo Nacional, 1936.


Canger, Una, et al., see Adrian et al.

Cantares de los mexicanos y otros opúsculos. MS 1628 bis, Biblioteca Nacional, Mexico.

Cantares mexicanos. In MS 1628 bis, Biblioteca Nacional, Mexico, fols. 1–85.


• 540 •
Bibliography


Codex Mendoza: Aztec Manuscript, with commentaries by Kuet Ross. N.p.: Miller Graphics, 1978(?).

Codex Mexicanus nos. 23–24, see Mengin, "Commentaire du Codex Mexicanus nos. 23–24."

Codex Vaticanus 3738, see il manoscritto messicano vaticano 3738.

*Códice Ramirez*, see "Relación del origen de los indios que habitan esta Nueva España según sus historias."


Bibliography


Dibble, Charles E. *Historia de la nación mexicana: Reproducción a todo color del Códice de 1576 (Códice Aubin).* Madrid: José Porrúa Turanzas, 1963.


Florentine Codex, see Sahagún, *Florentine Codex.*


*542*


Garibay K., Angel M. "Un cuadro real de la infiltración del hispanismo en el alma india en el llamado 'Códice de Juan Bautista,'" *Filosofía y Letras*, vol. 9 (1945), pp. 211–41. Universidad Nacional Autónoma de México.


——. "Iconocútil, Aztec 'Songs of Anguish': The Shapes of Performance." Paper
Bibliography


Huehuetlatolli: documento A. Mexican MS 458. Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley.


Il manoscritto messicano vaticano 3738, detto il Codice Rios [Codex Vaticanus 3738]. Rome: Stabilimento Danesi, 1900.


Bibliography


Laughlin, Robert M. *Of Shoes and Ships and Sealing Wax: Sundries from Zinacantán*. Smithsonian Contributions to Anthropology, no. 25 (1980).
Bibliography


*546*
Bibliography


Mengin, Ernst. “Unos anales históricos de la nación mexicana: Die Manuscrit mexicains nr. 22 und 22 bis der Bibliothèque Nationale de Paris” [the Anales de Tlatelolco], *Baessler-Archiv* (Berlin), vol. 22, nos. 2–3 (1939).


Miscelánea sagrada. MS 1477, Biblioteca Nacional, Mexico.


Monjarás-Ruiz, Jesús. “Sobre el testamento y la fundación de una capellanía por parte de don Alonso de Axayacatl, cacique de Itzpalapa,” *Ttlotec*, vol. 7 (1980), pp. 289–324.

Montoya B., José de Jesús, and Gabriel Moedano N. “Esbozo analítico de la estruc-
Bibliography

tura socioeconómica y el folklore de Xochicitlán, Sierra Norte de Puebla," Anales del Instituto Nacional de Antropología e Historia (Mexico), 7th series, 2 (1966), pp. 257–99.


MS 1628 bis, see Cantares de los mexicanos y otros opúsculos.


———. Lamentaciones de Nezahualcoyotl, rey de Texcoco: Manuscritos del Archivo de la
Bibliography

**Nación.** Colección de documentos para la historia mexicana, sexto cuaderno. Mexico: Secretaría de Fomento, 1903.


Rojas, Mariano, see Campos, Rubén M. *Romances de los señores de la Nueva España*. MS CDG-980 (G-59), University of Texas Library, Austin.


Bibliography

—. "Book of Chilam Balam of Tizimin." Typescript, NC 0368795 LNT-MA, Latin American Library, Tulane University, New Orleans.


—. Psalmodia christiana, y sermonario de los santos del año, en lengua mexicana. Mexico: Pedro Ocharte, 1583.


Bibliography


—. *Huei tlamatepecolotl [onomastix iti hluicac tlatocacahuepalli Santa Maria toltzomontzin Guadalupe en nican huei alepenahuac Mexico itocayocan Tepayacac]: Libro en lengua mexicana que el Br. Luis Lasso de la Vega hizo imprimir en México el año de 1649*. Mexico: Carreño & hijo, 1926. Includes facsimile of the 1649 ed.

Bibliography


Index
Index

Since the Dictionary in the companion volume serves as a word concordance to the Catálogos itself, this index covers only the General Introduction and the Commentary. The symbol f means “and following page”; ff means “and following two pages.”

Acacítili, 469–70
Acullan, 20
Acampapichtli, 53, 96
Acapipiyol, 476–77
Acoluacan, 53–58 passim, 116, 435, 441, 449, 471–73 passim, 495. See also Texcoco
Ahuitzotl, 25, 53, 101, 502
Alva Ixtlilxochitl, see Ixtlilxochitl, Fernando de Alva
Amaquemecan, 56, 469, 503
Anales de Cuahtitlan, 83, 447
Anales de Juan Bautista, 61, 68, 98, 461, 466–67, 480, 499, 504, 527
Anales de Tlatelolco, 85, 109, 472, 479, 486
Anderson, Arthur J. O., 119, 122
Andrews, J. Richard, 122
Angels, 26, 33, 438
Annunciation, 33, 458
Areitos, 62, 527
Arte divinatoria, 7–8, 14, 19
Axayacatl, 18, 25, 444, 450; in Chalca female song, 13, 23, 502–3; Matlatzinca campaign, 13, 53, 471–72; Tarascan campaign, 471, 507
Axayacatzin, Alonso, 467, 511–12
Ayucan, 438, 452, 503
Azcapotzalco, 51, 56, 97, 457; 35 center of song activity, 4, 9, 12, 78, 99, 458; and coat of arms, 98, 461
Aztec: defined, 51–52
Aztlán, 51

Baudot, Georges, 121
Berg, Stephen, 122
Bethlehem, 34, 87, 457
“Black man,” 438
Boturini Benaduci, Lorenzo, 44, 118
Brousse de Bourbourg, C. E., 76, 118f
Brinton, D. G., 44, 105, 110, 118f, 121, 534
Brotherston, Gordon, 105, 121f, 448
Browning, Robert, 45

Camacoyahua, 13, 507
Campos, Rubén, 120
Cannibalism, 31
Cardenal, Ernesto, 122
Carlos V, 479f
Caroqui, Horacio de, 14, 47, 83, 88, 112, 117–18, 122
Cavern house, 21, 24, 40
Cecilia, Saint, 33
Cecily, John, 122
Cé Olintzin, 433
Cervantes de Salazar, Francisco, 26, 96
Index

Chalcan pieces, 4, 32, 92–96 passim, 431, 469–70; Chalcan female song, 109, 502–4
Chalcan War, 452, 502
Chalco, 46, 52, 452; history of, 56f; aided Cortés, 58, 469, 472–73; and Chimalpahin, 114–15
Chapultepec, 52, 112, 471, 486
Chichimec pieces, 28f, 94f, 499
Chimalpopoca, king of Tenochtitlan, 53
Cholollan, 447
Christ, 33, 38f, 49, 64, 87–90 passim, 457, 463
Christopher, Saint, 34
Cipac, Luis de Santa María, 480, 499
Clavijero, Francisco Javier, 44, 90
Clement VIII, Pope, 480
Codex Vaticanus 3739, 112, 447
Córdice Aubin, 83
Colhuacan, 52f, 98, 102, 440, 486f
Conquistador anónimo, 28
Copla, 90
Cora song, 77
Cornyn, J. H., 44, 119
Cortés, Hernando, 53–65 passim, 91; in siege of Mexico, 4, 434f, 437, 472–73; march to Honduras, 463, 476; aided by Chalco, 469f; greeted by Montezuma, 479
Cortés, Martín, 498–90
Coyohuacan, 102, 434, 463, 466
Cruz, Sor Juana Inés, 530
Cuauauhtzin, 85, 115, 446
Cuauhtemoc, 53, 434, 473, 479; hanged, 58, 64, 463
Cuauhtítlan, 30
Cuxctlan, 20, 29. See also Huaxtecs
Cuixlahuac, 53, 57

Dawn, 20, 32f, 40, 477
Dunsmore, Frances, 81
Dialect, 94, 531
Dibble, Charles E., 119, 122
Dionysius Areopagetis, 33, 485
Dorn, Ed, 122
Dramatic monologue, 45–46, 509, 525
Dreaming, 49
Drum cadences, 44, 72–79, 497, 528
Drunkenness, 26–27, 29, 476
Durán, Fray Diego, 24ff, 31, 71f, 90, 97, 111f; on interpreting song texts, 16; on Tizoc, 48, 53; on transvestite dances, 496
Easter, 33
Ecatl, Martín, 463, 479
Edmonson, Munro, 447
Ehecatl, 21
Espíritu Santo (Holy Ghost), 33, 38, 87, 458
Female songs, 92–98 passim, 109, 462, 502–4, 510
Florentine Codex, 16f, 20, 38, 84, 112, 119, 122, 529. See also Historia general
Flower war, 56
Francis of Assisi, Saint (San Francisco), 12, 33, 39, 86, 466, 510
Franciscans, 9, 12f, 33, 470
Gabriel, the archangel, 33
Galicia Chimalpopoca, Faustino, 118
Gante, Fray Pedro de, 12, 23, 33f, 108, 110f, 467, 533
Garibay, Angel M., 110, 119, 120–22; on xochitl/xical, 17; on prosody, 44; on copyist’s error, 107, 462; on Gante, 111; on Romances, 115; treated song texts as eyewitness accounts, 502–3; identified homosexual song, 510
Ghost Dance, 60, 106, 524
Gingerich, Willard, 121
Gladitorial combat, 31
Granados y Gálvez, J. J., 105, 118f, 121
Guadalupe, Virgin of, 60–62, 115, 121, 430, 463, 532. See also Juan Diego
Hernández, Francisco, 26, 44, 92f, 111, 509
Herzog, George, 86
Historia de la pasión, 8
Historia general (of Sahagún), 9, 12, 80, 109, 111, 472. See also Florentine Codex
Historia Tolteca-Chichimeca, 83
“Histoire du Mechique,” 21
Holy Ghost (Espíritu Santo), 33, 38, 87, 458
Index

Homosexual songs, 95f, 109, 510
Huani, 498, 503
Huaxtec pieces, 29, 92, 98, 453–54, 531–32
Huaxtecs, 476–77
Huehuecuicatl, see Old man songs
Huehuencos, 91
Huehuetitlan, 24f, 33, 40
Huehuetl, 71f, 72f, 80, 82, 114. See also Druin cadences
Huehuetlatolli, 84
Huemac, 447
Huexotzincan pieces, 4, 92–95 passim
Huexotzinco, 26, 52, 65, 84, 114, 120–21, 444; refers to Mexico, 29–30, 40, 452, 466, 490, 511; history of, 57; embassy to Montezuma, 57, 449; and Cortés, 38, 63–64, 434f, 437, 472–73; identified with Tlaxcala, 438; and Nezahualpilli, 477; rebufke to, 510
Huitzilihuitl, 53
Huitzilopochtli, 38f, 71, 101, 439, 490
Humboldt, Alexander von, 118

Isabel Montezuma, 473
Itzcoatl, 53, 450, 472
Itztololco, 464, 466
Ixtilxucahua, 46, 53, 444, 454, 476
Ixtilxochitl, Fernando de Alva, 3, 14, 83, 96ff, 101, 112–18 passim; on Nezahualcoyotl, 55, 103–5; and Romances, 86, 446; on Song of Nezahualpilli, 477
Ixtilxochitl, king of Acolhuacan, 54, 435

Jesucristo, see Christ
Jesuits, 8, 13, 521
John the Divine, Saint, 34
Juan Diego, 61f, 91, 430

Kalendarrio, 7–8, 14
Karttunen, Frances, 121f
Kennings, 37, 45
Kissam, Edward, 122
Krickeberg, Walter, 68
Kwakuitl, 109

Las Casas, Bartolomé de, 17, 80
Lasso de la Vega, Luis, 14, 61f, 430
Launey, Michel, 121f
Lehmann, Walter, 119–20, 447
Léon-Portilla, Miguel, 121, 502
Lesbian songs, 95, 510
Lockhart, James, 121f
Luis Obispo, San, 469

Macuahuitzli, 92, 527
Macuilxochitl, 23, 39
Magi (Three Kings), 33, 87, 457
Malinche, 470, 531
Maria, Santa, see Mary, Saint
Martin, Juan, 12
Mary, Saint, 13, 49, 96, 431, 533; as intercessor, 33, 440f; as queen of heaven, 39, 457; in Romances, 85; in Psalmodia, 87. See also Guadalupe, Virgin of
Matlaccuiztin, 46
Matlaxochitl, 447
Matlatzinca campaign, 13, 55, 471–72
Maya Cult of the Speaking Cross, 61
Maya formulas, 83
Mayan literatures, 47. See also Popol vuh, Ritual of the Bacabs
Mayan log drum, 76
Mayan music, 82. See also Rabinal achi
Memoriales con escollos, 12
Mendieta, Gerónimo de, 21, 81f, 92, 104
Mendoza, Antonio, 469
Meter and prosody, 43f, 87f
Mexico: defined, 51–52
Mexico and Mexicans: defined, 51–52, 129; history of Mexico, 52–53. See also Tlatelolco
Michhuacan, 13, 29, 472, 507. See also Tarascans
Miclan, 20, 40
Mixcoactli, 24, 49
Molina, Alonso de, 118
Montezuma (Montezuma), 18, 22f, 25, 30, 33, 46, 56, 67, 111; the elder, 14, 52f, 56, 116, 502; the younger, 53, 57, 108, 449f, 476, 490; in loco, 38; and female dancers, 96; and “I am” formula, 102
Montezuma, Isabel, 473
Montúfar, Archbishop Alonso de, 64, 108, 511–12
Moreno, Archbishop Alonso de, 64, 108, 511–12
Motelchihuah, 59, 434, 463
Index

Motolina, 26, 28, 97, 110; on "meter," 47, 87; on musical performance, 71f, 80ff, 90, 100
Muñoz Camargo, Diego, 83, 101, 114
Mushrooms, 27, 122. See also Drunkenness

Nanotzin, 510
Narcotics, see Mushrooms
Nelpioni, Juan, 31, 121
Netoliztili, 3, 92, 527
Nettl, Bruno, 80
Nezahualcoyotl, 22, 26, 31, 46, 51–56 passim, 99, 118, 121, 446, 471; “song of,” 14, 449; in Romances, 83f; and “I am” formula, 101f; 1strilnochitl on, 103–5, 115f; Torquemada on, 114
Nezahualpilli, 56f, 98, 101, 111, 121, 476f
Nicholson, Irene, 122
Nonoalco, 39, 457

Old man songs, 13, 91f, 95, 109
Olmos, Fray Andrés de, 18
Omaatzin, 469–70
Oquitztin, 434, 498
Otomi, 36, 432, 471; Otomi songs, 9, 29, 47, 94f, 432, 434

Panoctlan, 20
Peñafiel, Antonio, 15, 110, 119
Pentecost, 14, 33, 86
Pérez de Artega, Juan, 470
Pérez de Ribas, Andrés, 68f, 74, 88–90
Peyote Religion, 60, 106
Philip, Saint, 33, 458, 461
Philip II, 110, 461
Plácido, Francisco, 78, 97f, 100, 107, 115, 532
Plainsong, 44, 82, 92
Polyphony, 82
Pomar, Juan Bautista, 17, 85, 97, 104, 115, 449
Popol vuh, 447
Prescott, William H., 105, 118
Prosody, see Meter and prosody
Psalmody christiana, 12, 34, 47, 86–88, 110f, 458, 533
Quechol, 37, 39
Quetzalcoatl, 25, 52, 102, 447, 479, 523
Quetzalmitzatzin, 469
Rabinal achi, 76f
Ramírez, J. F., 118
Reproach, 29f
Ridington, Robin, 523
Rincón, Antonio del, 8
Ritual of the Bacabs, 102
Romances de los señores de la Nueva España, 42, 76, 83–86 passim, 97–104 passim, 111–16 passim, 120f, 446
Rome, 480
Rosario Xiuhtlamín, Cristóbal de, 14, 97
Rothenberg, Jerome, 122
Ruiz de Alarcón, Hernando, 83, 102

Sabina, María, 102
Sacrifice, 31, 36, 452, 487, 503
Sahagún, Fray Bernardino de: and history of Cantares, 7–9, 12ff; on obscurity of song texts, 17; on Aztec hereafter, 19; on ghost warriors as birds, 19, 22; on god impersonator, 31; as author of song texts, 34, 47, 86f, 110f; on pre-Conquest song books, 42; on Guadalupe cult, 60f; on political subversion, 63, 527; on volador, 68f; and “demons’ songs,” 83, 119; and Romances, 85–86; and national pieces, 93; and song titles, 96; and composers, 97; on singer’s function, 100, 102; death of, 112. See also Florentine Codex; Historia general; Psalmody christiana
San Francisco, monastery of, 12, 33, 510
Santiago, 458
Santo Domingo Pueblo (New Mexico), 45, 81
Schultze Jena, Leonhard, 77, 110, 119–20, 121
Seler, Eduard, 119f, 534
Siguenza y Góngora, Carlos de, 118
Song, myth of the origin of, 21
Speaking Cross, Maya Cult of, 61
Spinden, Herbert, 119
Stevenson, Robert, 80
Index

Sun, 19, 21, 23, 30, 39
Swan, 37, 39

Tamoanchan, 20, 25, 40, 495
Taqui Onqoy, 61
Tarascans, 471f. See also Michhuacan
Tecayhuatzin, 26, 511
Tecuanxayacatzin, 469–70
Temalacatl, 31
Temilotzin, 463
Tenochtecitlan, 12, 30, 33, 40, 56, 102, 440, 479; history of, 52–53; siege
of, 434, 473, 510
Tepanecs, 52f, 54, 56, 435, 441, 471
Teponaztli, 21, 72–82 passim, 88–93
passim
Tetzcapanquetzanitzin, 431, 463
Texcoco, 22, 53, 85f, 98f, 111, 115, 446, 476. See also Acolhuacan
Tezcatlipoca, 31, 38, 447
Tezozomoc, Hernando Alvarado, 14, 26f, 93, 96, 471, 486–87
Tezozomoc, king of the Tepanecs, 31,
54, 56, 99, 435
Theater, 46, 50f, 525
Three Kings (Magi), 33, 87, 457
Tizoc, 48, 53
Tlacaelxlel, 48
Tlacahuapan, 23, 31, 46, 53, 444, 454, 476, 510
Tlacopan, 22, 56, 102, 116, 450
Tlacotepec, 13, 471–72
Tlacotzin, 59, 434, 463, 498
Tlalanche, 56, 409, 503
Tlacotl, 101, 448
Tlacocan, 20
Tlatelocatzin, 450
Tlapallan, 40, 447
Tlatelolco, 52–58 passim, 85, 434, 446
Tlaxcala, 52, 65, 91, 99, 114, 438,
449; history of, 56–57; and Cortés,
57f, 63f, 434–37 passim, 472–73
Tlaxcalan pieces, 4, 94f, 111, 470
Tobacco, 48
Tocontin, 68, 76, 88–90, 530f
Tollan, 52, 447
Toltecs, 52, 447
Toluca, 471f
Tonantzin, 61f
Torquemada, Fray Juan de, 14, 98,
115, 118, 473, 487; on villador, 68f;
on songs and singing, 81ff, 112–14;
on Nezahualcoyotl, 104; on Matlat-
zincan campaign, 471
Tototzintzin, 23, 56
Tootiquathitl, 22, 33, 52, 101, 116;
the elder, 50; the younger, 450, 471
Tovar, Juan de, 72
Trask, Willard, 122
Triple alliance, 52, 55, 115, 441, 457
Tula (Tollan), 52, 447
Underworld, 20f, 40
Valeriano, Antonio, 9, 12
Velasco, Francisco, 499
Velasco, Luis de, 504
Villador, 4, 66–69, 90f, 528, 531
Wasson, R. Gordon, 122
Wcpeping, 21, 23, 439, 522–23
Whirling, 25, 37, 66, 523
Whitman, Walt, 42
Whorf, Benjamin Lee, 119
Wiget, Andrew, 122
Williams, William Carlos, 122
Women: who died in childbirth, 32;
as singers and dancers, 96; men
dressed as, 496. See also Female
songs
Xayacamatl, 438
Xipe Totec, 478
Xochipilli, 91
Xochiquetzal, brother of Nezahuapilli,
476–77
Xochiquetzal, goddess, 71
Xochitlan, 20
Xochitl/cuicatl, 17
Yoyontzin, Jorge, 498
Yoyontzin (Nezahualcoyotl), 116f
Ziehm, Elsa, 77f
JOHN BIERHORST

A Nahuatl-English Dictionary and Concordance
to the Cantares Mexicanos

with an Analytic Transcription and Grammatical Notes

Based on the codex Cantares Mexicanos, this is essentially a companion volume to the author’s translation of that work. Its principal feature, the dictionary, is based on the author’s analytic transcription of the Cantares, included here. It provides a virtually complete glossary of sixteenth-century Aztec poetic usage, including many definitions not found in the standard dictionaries of Molina and Siméon. Except for work in the field of poetry, where it can stand as a reference of first resort, the dictionary should be regarded as a supplement to Molina and Siméon.

The concordance, together with the analytic transcription, enables one to trace each word, its cognates, and its synonyms throughout the Cantares. To amplify the dictionary, this volume also includes a skeleton grammar, in which various features of Cantares usage not adequately treated in previous grammars are briefly discussed. A special concordance to Cantares vocables, or nonsense syllables, completes the work.

ix + 751 pages. 1985

Stanford University Press