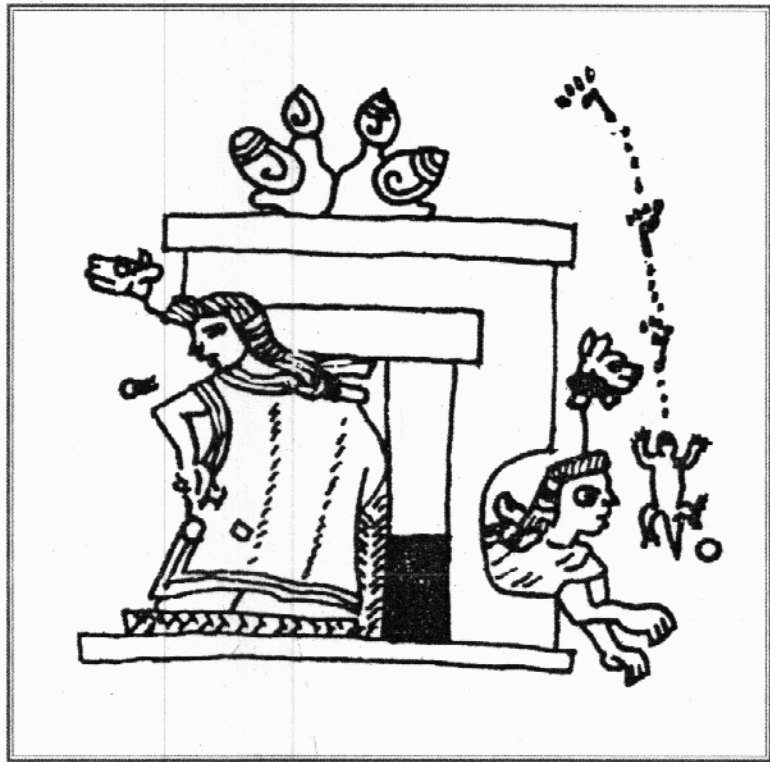


The Flower Songs of Hungry Coyote



Nezahualcoyotl sees a vision. Codex Xolotl.

(1)

SONG OF THE FLIGHT

In vain I was born. *Ayahue.*

In vain I left the house of God and came to earth. I am so wretched!
Obuaya, obuaya.

I wish I'd never been born, truly that I'd never come to earth. That's what I say. But what is there to do? Do I have to live among the people? What then? Princes, tell me! *Aya. Obuaya obuaya.*

Do I have to stand on earth? What is my destiny? My heart suffers. I am unfortunate. You were hardly my friend here on earth, Life Giver.
Obuaya obuaya.

How to live—*Aya*—among the people? Does he who sustains and lifts men have no discretion? Go, friends, live in peace, pass your life in calm! While I have to live stooped, with my head bent down when I am among the people. *Obuaya obuaya.*

For this I cry—*Yeehuaya!*—feeling desolate, abandoned among men on the earth. How do you decide your heart—*Yeehuaya!*—Life Giver? Already your anger is vanishing, your compassion welling! *Aya!* I am at your side, God. Do you plan my death? *Obuaya obuaya.*

Is it true we take pleasure, we who live on earth? Is it certain that we live to enjoy ourselves on earth? But we are all so filled with grief. Are bitterness and anguish the destiny of the people of earth? *Obuaya, obuaya.*

But do not anguish, my heart! *Yeehuaya!* Recall nothing now. In truth it hardly gains compassion on this earth. *Yeehuaya!* Truly you have come to increase bitterness at your side, next to you, O Life Giver. *Yyao yyahue aubhuayye oo huiya.*

I only look for, I remember my friends. Perhaps they will come one more time, perhaps they will return to life. Or only once do we perish, only one time here on earth? If only our hearts did not suffer! Next to, at your side, Life Giver. *Yyao yyahue aubhuayye oo huiya.*

ROMANCES DE LOS SEÑORES #36 (21R-22V)

(Composed when he was fleeing the king of Azcapotzalco, either during his first flight in 1418, when he was 16, or during his second flight, around 1426, when he was 24. This is the earliest poem that may be dated.)

IN CHOLOLIZTLI CUICATL

O nen notlacatl. Ayahue!

O nen nonquizaco teotl ichan in tlalticpac. Ninotolinia. Ohuaya ohuaya!

In ma on nel nonquiz in ma on nel nontlacat ah niqutohua yece. Yeehuaya! Tlen naiz anonohuaco tepilhuan? At teixco ninemi? Quen huel xon mimati. Aya Ohuaya ohuaya!

Ye ya nonchuaz in tlalticpac? Ye ya tle in nolhuil? Zan nitoliniya tonehua noyollo tinocniuh in ayaxcan in tlalticpac ye nican. Ohuaya ohuaya.

Quen in nemohua—Aya!—in tenahuac? Mach ilihuiztia nemia tehuic teyaconi. Aya! Nemi zan ihuiyan zan icemelia. In zan nonopechteca zan nitolotinemi a in tenahuac. Ohuaya ohuaya.

Zan ye ica nichoca—Yeehuaya!—nicnotlamati no nicnocahualoc in tenahuac tlalticpac. Quen quinequi noyollo—Yeehuaya!—ipal nemohuani? Ma oc mel el on quiza a icnopillotl. Huiya! Ma oc timalihui—Aya!—monahuac titeotl. At ya nech miqitlani? Ohuaya ohuaya.

Azomo ye nelli tipaqui ti ya nemi tlalticpac? Ah ca za tinemi ihuan ti hual paqui in tlalticpac. Ah ca mochi ihui titotolinia. Ah ca no chichic teopouhqui tenahuac ye nican. Ohuaya ohuaya.

Ma xi icnotlamati noyollo. Yeehuaya! Maca oc tle xic yococa. Yeehuaya! Ye nelli in ayaxcan nicnopiltihua in tlalticpac. Ye nelli cococ ye otimalihuico in motloc monahuac in ipal nemohua. Yyao yyahue ahuayyc oo Huiya.

Zan niqintemohua—Aya!—niquilnamiqui in tocnihuan. Cuix oc ceppa huitze in cuix oc nemiquihui? Zan cen ti ya polihuia zan cen ye nican in tlalticpac. Maca cocoya inyollo itloc inahuac in ipal nemohua. Yyao yyahue ahuayyc oo Huiya.

ROMANCES DE LOS SEÑORES #36 (21R-22V)

(De Nezahualcoyotzin cuando andaba buyendo del rey de Azcapotzalco.)

IN XOCHINQUAHUITL

Xiahuilompehua xiahuiloncuican ticuicanitl huiya ma xonahuiacany, onelelquixtilon ypalnemohuani. Yyeo ayahui ohuaya.

Ma xonahuiacani ye techonquimiloo ypalnemohua ye xochimaquitzica nctotilo ye nchuihuio—Aya!—moxochiuh—A ohuaya—yao yao ho ama y yehuaya ahuayyao aye ohuaya ohuaya. Ye momamana, ye momana ya in tocuic. Maquizcalitec zan teocuitlcalico moyahuan Xochincuahuitl oo. Ye mohui xohua in zan ye motzetzelo. Ma in tlachichina quetzaltototl ma in tlachichina in zaquan quecholan. Ohuaya.

Xochincuahuitl timochiuh, timaxelihui, tihuitolihui: o ya timoquetzaco in yehuan. Ixpan timomati tehuan nipapan xochitl. A Ohuaya ohuaya.

Ma oc xon ya tica oc xon cuepontica yn tlalticpac in. Timolinia tephui xochitl, timotzetzelo—Yohuaya ohuaya! Ah tlamiz noxochiuh ah tlamiz nocuic yn noconyayehua—Aaya!—zan nicuicanitl. Huia. Xexelihuiya moyahua yaho cozahua ya xochitl za ye on calaquilo zaquan calitic. A ohuaya ohuaya.

Yn cacaloxochitl in mayexochitl—Aya ohuaye!—tic ya moyahua, tic ya tzetzelo xochincalaytec. A ohuaya ohuaya.

Yyoyahue ye nonocuiltonohua on nitepiltzin niNezahualcoyotl huia nic nechico cozcatl in quetzalin patlahuac ye no nic iximati chalchihuitl. Yaho in tepilhuan. Ohuaya ohuaya. Yxco nontlatlachia nepapan cuauhtli ocelotl, ye no nic yximati chalchiuhtliya in maquiztliya. Ohuaye.

Tiazque yehua xon ahuiacan. Niquitto o ni Nezahualcoyotl. Huia! Cuix oc nelli nemohua oa in tlalticpac? Yhui. Ohuaye.

Anochipa tlalticpac. Zan achica ye nican. Ohuaye ohuaye. Tel ca chalchihuitl no xamani, no teocuitlatl in tlapani, no quetzalli poztequi. Yahui ohuaye. Anochipa tlalticpac zan achica ye nican. Ohuaya ohuaya.

CANTARES MEXICANOS #20 (16V-17R)

(2)

THE FLOWER TREE

Begin the song in pleasure, singer, enjoy, give pleasure to all, even to Life Giver. *Yyeo ayahui obuaya.*

Delight, for Life Giver adorns us. All the flower bracelets, your flowers, are dancing. Our songs are strewn in this jewel house, this golden house. The flower tree grows and shakes, already it scatters. The quetzal breathes honey, the golden flamingo breathes honey. *Obuaya, obuaya.*

You have transformed into a flower tree, you have emerged, you bend and scatter. You have appeared before God's face as multicolored flowers. *Obuaya, obuaya.*

Live here on Earth, blossom! As you move and shake, flowers fall. My flowers are eternal, my songs are forever: I raise them: I, a singer. I scatter them, I spill them, the flowers become gold: they are carried inside the golden place. *Obuaya, obuyaya.*

Flowers of raven, flowers you scatter, you let them fall in the house of flowers. *Obuaya, obuyaya.*

Ah, yes: I am happy, I, prince Nezahualcoyotl, gathering jewels, wide plumes of quetzal, I contemplate the faces of jades: they are the princes! I gaze into the faces of eagles and jaguars, and behold the faces of jades and jewels! *Obuaya obuaya.*

We will pass away. I, Nezahualcoyotl, say, enjoy! Do we really live on earth? *Obuaya, obuaya.*

Not forever on earth, only a brief time here! Even jades fracture; even gold ruptures, even quetzal plumes tear: Not forever on earth: only a brief time here! *Obuaya, obuaya.*

CANTARES MEXICANOS #20 (16V-17R)

(3)

IT IS PURE JADE

It is pure jade, a wide plumage, your heart, your word, O Father! *Ehuaya.*

You pity man, you watch him with mercy! Only for the most brief moment is he next to you, at your side! *Ohuaya, obuyaya.*

Precious as jade your flowers burst forth, O Life Giver. As fragrant flowers they are perfected, as blue parrots they open their corollas. Only for the most brief moment next to you, at your side! *Ohuaya, obuyaya.*

ROMANCES DE LOS SEÑORES #34 (20V)

I BEGIN TO SING

I begin to sing, I elevate to the heights the song for him by whom all live.
Yayahue obuaya obuaya.

The festive song has arrived: it comes to reach up to the highest
arbiter. O lords, borrow precious flowers! *Ahuayya obuaya obuaya.*

Already they are being renewed: how will I do it? With your branches
I adorn myself, I will fly: I am unfortunate, for that reason I cry. *Obuaya
obuaya.*

A brief moment at your side, O you by whom all live. Truly you paint
the destiny of man. Can you pity the unfortunate here on Earth? *Obuaya
obuaya.*

With variegated flowers adorned your drum is erected, O you by
whom all live. With flowers, with freshness—*Ayahue!*—You give pleasure
to the princes. *Huiya obuaya!* A brief instant in this form is the house of
the flowers of song. *Obuaya obuaya.*

The beautiful yellow corn flowers open their corollas. *Huiya!* The
warbling quetzal of him by whom all live makes a jingling clamor.
Yeehuaya! Flowers of gold open their corollas. *Aya!* A brief moment in this
form is the house of the flowers of the song. *Obuaya obuaya.*

With colors of the golden bird, with red-black and lucent red you
decorate your songs. With quetzal feathers you ennoble your friends,
eagles and jaguars, you make them valiant. *Obuaya obuaya.*

Who has the piety to reach above to where it ennobles one, to where
it brings glory? *Yehuaya!* Your friends eagles and jaguars, you make them
valiant. *Obuaya obuaya.*

ROMANCES DE LOS SEÑORES #37 (22v-23v)

(5)

I ERECT MY DRUM

I erect my drum, I assemble my friends. *Aya!* Here they find recreation, I make them sing. Thus we must go over there. Remember this. Be happy. *Aya!* Oh, my friends! *Ohuaya ohuaya.*

Perhaps now with calm, and thus it must be over there? *Aya!* Perhaps there is also calm there in the Bodiless Place? *Aye! Ohuaya ohuaya!* Let us go. But here the law of the flowers governs, here the law of the song governs, here on earth. *Ehuaya!* Be happy, dress in finery, O friends. *Ohuaya ohuaya.*

ROMANCES DE LOS SEÑORES #38 (23V-24V)

(6)

YOU, AZURE BIRD

You, azure bird, shining parrot, you walk flying. O highest arbiter, life giver: trembling, you extend yourself here, filling my house, filling my dwelling here. *Obuaya obuaya.*

With your piety and grace one can live, O author of life on Earth: trembling, you extend yourself here, filling my house, filling my dwelling here. *Obuaya obuaya.*

ROMANCES DE LOS SEÑORES #40 (24V-25R)

(7)

A PLAIN SPRING SONG

Flowers descend to earth, Life Giver sends them, sacred yellow flowers.
Obuaya obuaya.

Let all be adorned, princes, lords. Life Giver sends them, these wailing piles of sacred flowers, these golden flowers. *Obuaya obuaya.*

What do our hearts want on this earth? Heart pleasure. Life Giver, let us borrow your flowers, these golden flowers, these wailing flowers. No one can enjoy them forever, for we must depart. *Ahuaye obuaya obuaya.*

Though they may be gold, you will hide them, though they may be your jades, your plumes. We only borrow them. No one can enjoy them forever, for we must depart. *Ahuaye obuaya obuaya.*

O friends, to a good place we've come to live, come in springtime! In that place a very brief moment! So brief is life!

I, Yoyontzin, say, Here our hearts are glad. Friends, we have come to know each other and each other's beautiful words. Yet they are also dark.
Obuaya obuaya.

Yes, I suffer, grieve, I am joyless, inconsolable on Earth. *Obuaya obuaya.*

I am a hawk. My heart longs for Life Giver God's glory. Here on earth lords are born and they rule through his glory. *Obuaya obuaya.*

CANTARES MEXICANOS #82 (69R)

ONLY FLOWERS ARE OUR ADORNMENT

Only flowers are our adornment, only songs turn our suffering to delight on earth. *Ohuaya ohuaya.*

Will I lose my friends and companions? Already I have gone, I, Yoyontzin, to the house of song of he who makes the world live! *Ohuaya ohuaya.*

Let your hearts know, O princes, O eagles and jaguars: not forever will we be friends here: only for a very brief moment and then we all go away to His house. *Ohuaya ohuaya.*

I am sad, I grieve, I, Lord Nezahualcoyotl, when with flowers and songs I remember those princes who went away, Tezozomoc and Cuacuauhtzin. *Ohuaya ohuaya.*

Do they live there still in the realm of mystery? If only I could follow after the princes! Let me carry our flowers and begin the beautiful songs next to Tezozomoc! *Ohuaya ohuaya.*

O my prince Tezozomoc: never will your renown have to end: with a song in your honor I come to suffer and cry: you too have gone away to his house! *Ohuaya ohuaya.*

I come here to feel the sadness, anguish: never more, oh, never more will you come to see us on earth: you too have gone away to his house! *Ohuaya ohuaya.*

CANTARES MEXICANOS #40 (25RV)

(The Tezozomoc addressed in this song is surely not the ruler who ordered his father's death. Tezozomoc was a common name, and the name of a friend and a cousin who died young. On the other hand, the Cuacuauhtzin addressed probably is the same man whose death Nezahualcoyotl caused from love for Azcalxochitzin. Nonetheless, the song seems filled with strange ironies. It must have been composed after 1443, the year of Cuacuauhtzin's death.)

AS JEWELS YOUR FLOWERS OPEN THEIR BUDS

As jewels—*Obuaya!*—your flowers open their buds—*Aya!*—surrounded by emerald foliage. They are in our hands. Precious scented flowers, they are our attire, O princes. We have only borrowed them on earth. *Obuaya obuaya.*

Precious and beautiful flowers go away intermingled! They are in our hands. Precious scented flowers, they are our attire, O princes. We have only borrowed them on earth. *Obuaya obuaya.*

I sadden, mortally pale. There, from Your house, to where we go: oh, there is no return, no one yet returns here! Once and for all we go away there to where we go! *Obuaya obuaya.*

If only we could bring the flowers and the songs to Your house! If only I could go away adorned with golden crow flowers, with beautiful fragrant flowers. In our hands they are now. But oh, there is no return, no one yet returns here! Once and for all we go away there to where we go! *Obuaya obuaya.*

ROMANCES DE LOS SEÑORES #41 (25R-26R)

I HAVE ARRIVED HERE

I have arrived here, I, Yoyontzin, yearning only for flowers, cutting flowers on the earth, cocoa flowers, cut flowers of friendship, which are your body, O prince. Lord Nezahualcoyotl I am, Yoyontzin. *Yyao obuili yya ayyo yao ayya yobuiya.*

I only come bringing your beautiful songs, I carry them down, finding friends. Be joyful here, let your friendship be revealed. *Yyao obuili yya ayyo yao ayya yobuiya.*

I take delight a brief time, only fleetingly is my heart glad on earth. I, Yoyontzin: I yearn for flowers. *Obuaya obuaya.*

I live with flowery songs. I want and desire deep brotherhood, nobility. I yearn for songs: I live in flowery songs. *Obuaya obuaya.*

As jade, as jewels, as a wide plumage of quetzal, I value your song, Giver of Life, with these I take enjoyment, with them I dance between the drums in the flowery house of spring. I, Yoyontzin, my heart enjoys it. *Obuaya obuaya.*

Sound your flower drum beautifully, singer; scatter perfumed corn flowers, chocolate flowers, they are spilled as rain here next to the drums. Let us enjoy them. *Obuaya obuaya.*

Already the long-necked turquoise bird, the black trogon, the red parrot sing and warble there, joyful with the flowers. *Yao ayyaha obuaya obuaya.*

Already the flower tree is raised there next to the drum. The precious red bird is in it: Nezahualcoyotl has become a bird, joyful being with flowers. *Yao ayyaha obuaya obuaya.*

CANTARES MEXICANOS #25 (18V-19R)

Y
mer
ect
no.
ar
we

TZINITZCAXUCHITLA IHUA QUIMALINA

Tzinitzcaxuchitla ihua quimalina in yectli yan cuicatl ic tonteyapanaco ticuicanitli—Huiya!—Ic tontequimilohua nepapan xochitli. Ma ic xon ahuiyacan in antepilhuan. Ohuaya ohuaya.

Cuix oc yuh nemohua canon ye yuh quenonamican? Canin cuix oc ahuiyalo? A ca zaniyo nican tlalticpac xochitica ya hual iximacho cuicatica ya ye on tlaneuh ti tocnihuan. Ohuaya ohuaya.

Ma moxochiuh ica xi mapana in tlahquechol xochitl—Aya!—tonatimania in cacaloxochitli ma ica titoquimilocan tlalticpac ye nican yece ye nican. Ohuaya ohuaya.

In zan achitzinca in ma ihui cuel achic on netlanehuilo ixochiuh—Ayehuaye!—ya itquihui in ichan ihua ximohuacan no ye ichan auh in amo zan ic on polihui in telled in totlaocol. Ohuaya ohuaya.

ROMANCES DE LOS SEÑORES #39 (24RV)

WITH BLACK FLOWERS AND STRIPES OF GOLD

With black flowers and stripes of gold you interlace the beautiful song.
With it you, singer, come to adorn the people. *Huiya!* With a spectrum of
flowers you dress the people. Enjoy! *Obuaya obuaya.*

Perhaps like this the dead live now, beyond, in the place of mystery?
Is there perhaps pleasure there? Or is it only here on earth? With flowers
knowledge is given, with flowers one is shown, O my friend! *Obuaya
obuaya.*

Regale yourself with flowers, shining macaw flowers, brilliant like the
sun; with flowers of the crow let us regale ourselves on the earth, here but
only here. *Obuaya obuaya.*

Only a brief instant will it be thus: for a very brief time you are lent
your flowers. Already they are carried to their house, to the Bodiless Place,
which is also your house. Is this not so? With this knowledge, our sadness
and bitterness perish. *Obuaya obuaya.*

ROMANCES DE LOS SEÑORES #39 (24RV)

TEPONAZTLI DRUM SONG

Drum: titoco titoco titocoti

I, a quetzal feather, a bird of the flowering water, I flow in celebration. I am a song. In the wide wall of the water, my heart walks on the lips of the men. I am beautifying my flowers; with them the princes become intoxicated. There is adornment. *Yayaye yahao.*

I suffer, ay, my heart is desolate, I, a poet on the Shore of the Nine Currents. In the world of flowers, take pleasure, all of you, O my friends; already it is time to be adorned. *Yabueba.*

I put on a necklace of round jades, I, a singer, these are my payments. The jades sparkle, I exalt them in my song. They enrapture my heart. Let all be adorned in this flower world.

When I, a singer, sing on earth, my inner sadness departs. They enrapture my heart. Let all be adorned in the flower world beyond. *Yahue aya.*

I will leave a work of painted art. I, a singer whose songs will live on earth: with songs I will be remembered, O warriors, I will go away, I will disappear, I will be strewn on a mat of jewels and yellow feathers. The old women will cry for me. Their wails will drain my bones; as a flowery log I will be scattered there on the shore of the doves. *Aya obuaya.*

Ayao ata obuaye. Warriors, I suffer. I'm carried along on a canopy of feathers. In Tlapallan, smoke will disperse. I will go there, I will disappear, strewn on a mat of jewels and yellow feathers.

CANTARES MEXICANOS #50 (31RV)

SONG OF NEZAHUALCOYOTL

Drums: Totoco totoco tico totoco totoco. At the end: tico titico titico tico

Our drums are ready; already I inspire the eagles and jaguars to dance. Already you are on your feet, song flower. I search for songs, our adornments. *Ayyo.*

Toward the end of it all I, Nezahualcoyotl, go weeping. Why must I go lose myself in the land of the dead? Already I leave you, by whom all live, you command me to lose myself in the land of the dead. *Ayyo.*

How will things continue on Earth, in Acolhuacan? In time will you disperse all your dependents, spirit of all I leave behind?

Only songs are our adornments. Already He destroys our painted books, the princes. Be joyful here, no one has his house on earth; we must leave the fragrant flowers. *Ayyo.*

Drums: Quititi quititi quiti quiti tocoto tocoti tocototocoti. Just thus it will come back in.

Let there be flower songs. Let my younger brothers sing. I drink intoxicating flowers; already they have arrived, the flowers that make us dizzy, they come to glorify. *Ayyo.*

Let there be flowers. Bouquets of flowers have already arrived here; flowers of pleasure are scattered, many-colored flowers rain entwined. The drum resounds: let the dance begin. *Ayyo.*

I, the singer, plumes of narcotic flowers tint my heart; already I scatter flowers, they are quickly taken. Enjoy. Within my heart the song flowers burst, already I scatter flowers. *Ayyo.*

With songs I must deck myself, with flowers my heart must be entwined: they are princes, they are kings! *Ayyo.*

For this I cry sometimes and say: The fame of my flowers, the renown of my songs, I will leave abandoned someday: with flowers my heart must be entwined: they are princes, they are kings! *Ayyo.*

Drums: Tico toco tocoto. At the end: ticoto ticoto.

As a parrot, as a quechol bird, I fly above the earth, my heart drunk. *Abuayyai.*

I am a quetzal, I arrive in the One Spirit's place of rain, beautifully over the flowers; singing, my heart fills with joy. *Abuayyai.*

Flowers flood the earth: my heart is drunk. *Abuayyai.*

I cry and grieve, for no one has a home on earth. *Abuayyai.*

I, a Mexica, say, let me have pleasure as I march to Tecuantepec: I go to destroy the Chiltepecans, so the Tecuantepecans may weep.

If only these warriors of mine, these Mexicas, were not so warlike! They destroy! *Abuayyai.*

A comet showers down upon them. Perished are the Xochitecans, weeping are the Amaxtecans, weeping are the Tecuantepecans. *Abuayyai.*

Drums: Toto tiquiti tiquiti. At the end: tocotico tocoti tototitiquiti tototitiquiti

The drums have begun; now let the dancing start, lords, put on your fine jades, wear the broad feathers that you borrow. No one has a house on this earth! Already I hold the flowers of Life Giver, the borrowed jades.

Life Giver, the Creator, is shaking his rattles; in Anahuac my heart is thrilled. *Ayio.*

There, in Nonoalco, the Place Beyond, the Water Place, on the flood crest grasping his spear-thrower, Lord Nezahualpilli appears. Life Giver brings him down once more. *Ayio.*

Grasp your spear-thrower, Lord. This gives the One Spirit pleasure. *Ayio.*

My heart grieves, I am a Nonoalcan, a quail who speaks Mexica. *In cayio.*

My feathers fall like mist, my burning flowers, O Life Giver, I am a quail. *In cayio.*

Drums: Toco toco tiqui tiqui. At the end: tocotico tocoti

Brothers, let it now begin, let there be music. *Aya, oya!* God has arrived! Now let there be pleasure because of these songs, these princes. O God, you've descended from beyond, born beyond, beyond. *In cayio.*

In your home beyond, dawn is woven; your flowers, your songs bloom like jades, their petals fall like bracelets from the place where one knows joy, from beyond, your many flowers and leaves, O God. *In cayio.*

These flowers, scattered words of Life Giver, shower down on Anahuac. With these you make the city endure. *Ayio.*

Your hands are the world. It is you who sees, O Life Giver.

CANTARES MEXICANOS #46 (28V - 29R)