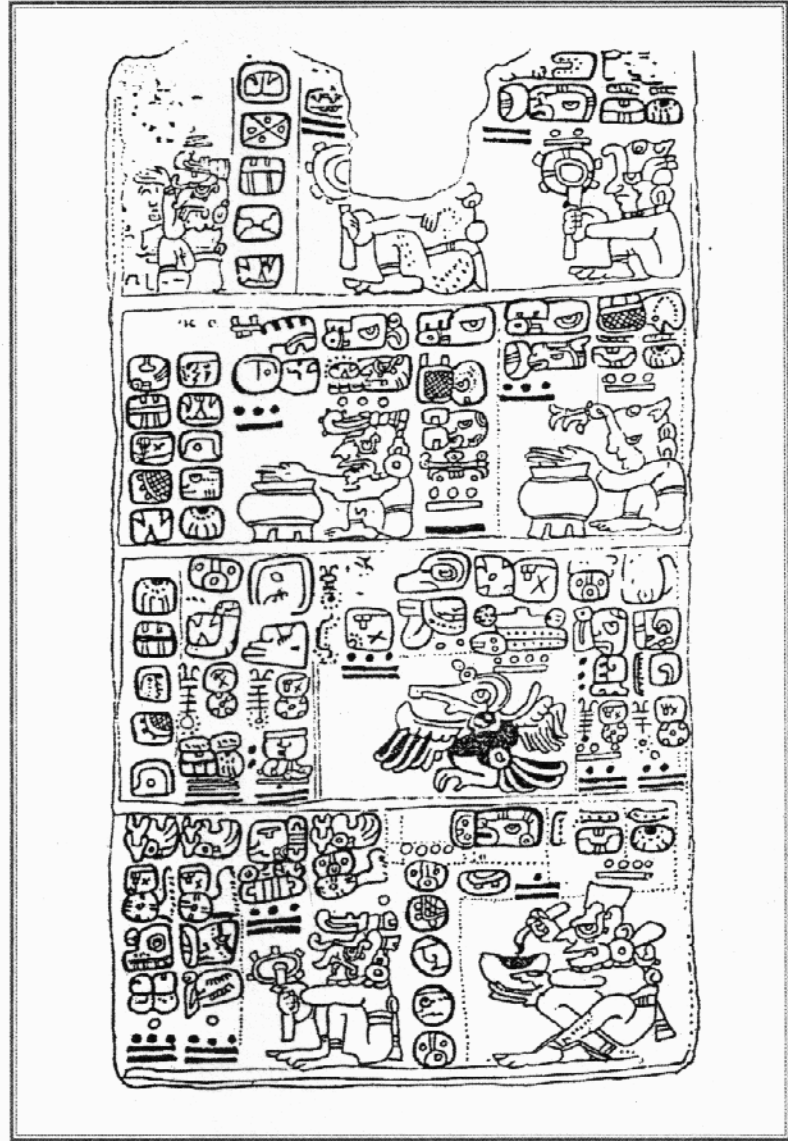


The Songs of Dzitbalche



An almanac page from the Madrid codex. At the lower right is a scribe. Deities play drums and rattles: the rain god Chac (upper and lower left); the corn god (top and center right); the sky god Itzamna (center left), inventor of books and writing, and associated with Kukulkan, the feathered serpent. The vulture signifies rain of little value.

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!
Ohuaya, 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. Ohuaya 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.
Ohuaya 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. *Ohuaya obuaya.*

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

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

**TZ'UTZ' A CHI
T U CAAP COOL HOK CHE**

Tz'aex a hatz'utz nokeex;
 tz'ooc u kuchul kin h'cimak olil;
 xeech u tzou tzotzel a pol;
 tz'a u lemceech ciichcelmil a nok
 tz'a hatz'utz xanaab;
 ch'uuycinzah a nuucuuch tuup
 tu tupil a xicin;
 tz'a malob oochh';
 tz'a u keexiloob a x ciichpan caal;
 tz'a, uu baakaal
 hop men hop tu nak a kab.
 T kailbeilt caa i laac ciichpameech
 hebiix [maix] maace
 uay tu t cahil,
 H' Tz'uitbalchee' cah.

In yacumaech
 X Cichpan Colelbiil.
 Lai beiltic
 in kaat ca i[labe]ech
 h'aach zempeech
 cii[chpam]ech,
 tumen cu yan
 ca chiicpaaceech ti x buutz' ek,
 tu men ca u tz'iboolteech
 tac lail
 u yetel u x lol nichte kaax.

Chen zacan
 zacan a nok,
 h'x zuhuy,
 xen a tz'a u cimak olil a chee
 tz'a utz ta puczikal
 tumen helae
 u zutucil cimak olil
 tu lalac uinic
 lail cu tz'aile
 u yutzil ti teech.

TO KISS YOUR LIPS
BESIDE THE FENCE RAILS

Put on your beautiful clothes;
the day of happiness has arrived;
comb the tangles from your hair;
put on your most attractive clothes
and your splendid leather;
hang great pendants in the lobes of
your ears; put on
a good belt; string garlands
around your shapely throat;
put shining coils
on your plump upper arms.
Glorious you will be seen,
for none is more beautiful here
in this town, the seat of Dzitbalche.

I love you, beautiful lady.
I want you to be seen; in
truth you are very alluring,
I compare you to the smoking star
because they desire you up to the moon
and in the flowers of the fields.

Pure and white are your clothes, maiden.
Go give happiness with your laugh,
put goodness in your heart, because today
is the moment of happiness; all people
put their goodness in you.

COOX H C KAM NIICTE'

Cimaac olailil
 tan c kayiic
 tumen bin cah
 C'Kam C'Niicte.
 Tulacailil x chuup x loob bayen
 chen chehlah chehlameec u yiich
 tut ziit u puucziikalil
 tut tz'uu u tzem.
 Bail x tumen?
 tumen yoheel
 t'yolal u tz'iic
 u zuhuyil colelil ti u yaa[cunah]

Kayeex Nicteil!

C'yant ceex Naacon
 yetel Noh Yum Ah'Kulel
 ah tan caan chee.
 Ah Culel hkay:
 "Coneex coneex
 c'tz'a c'olaalil tu taan X Zuhuz
 X Ciichpan Zuhuy
 Colelil u Lolil Loob ayen
 Tut can caan che
 [U] Colebil X M . . . Zuhuy Kaak u,
 beyx[a]n x ci[c]h[p]an X'Kamleooch,
 X ciichpan X ah Zoot,
 yete[l] x ciichpam colel
 x zuhuy X T'toot much.
 Laitie tz'iic utzil
 cuxtalil uay yo[k] peet[n]e
 uay yo[k] chakme
 tu zuut lumil uay uitzil."

Coox coox
 coneex palaleex:
 beey c tz'aic cici cimac
 olil uay Tz'itil Piich
 Tz'itilbalche.

(3)

LET US GO TO THE RECEIVING OF THE FLOWER

Let us sing
flowing with joy
because we are going to
the Receiving of the Flower.
All the maidens
wear a smile on their pure faces;
their hearts
jump in their breasts.
What is the cause?
Because they know
that they will give
their virginity to those they love.

Let the Flower sing!

Accompanying you will be the Nacom
and the Great Lord Ah Kulel
present on the platform.

Ah Kulel sings:

"Let us go, let us go
lay down our wills before the virgin,
the beautiful virgin and lady,
the flower of the maidens
on the high platform,
the Lady Suhuy Kaak,
the pretty X'Kamleooch,
the lovely X'Zoot
and the beautiful
lady virgin X'T'oot'much.
They are those who give goodness
to life here in this region,
on the plains and in the district
here in the mountains."

Let us go, let us go,
let us go, youths;
we will give perfect rejoicing
here in Dzitill Piich,
Dzitbalche.

(4)

KAY NICTE'

X ciih x ciichpan u
tz' u likil yook kaax;
tu bin u hopbal
tu chumuc c[a]n [c]aan
tux cu ch'uuytal u zazicunz
yookol cab tu lacal kaax
chen cici u tal iik u utz'ben booc.
U tz' u kuchul
chumuc caan
chen zacttin cab u zazilil
yook tulacal baal.
Yan cimac olil ti u tulacal malob uinic.

Tz'ooc cohol tu ichil u naak kaax
tuux maixi mac men max
hel u yilconeil leil
baax [c] taal c'beet.

T tazah u lol nicté',
u lol chucum, u lol u tz'tul,
u lol x . . . milah;
t tazah pom,
h'ziit,
beyxan x coc box,
beyxan tumben hiib took yete tumben
kuch tumben luch,
bolom yaax took,
tumben peetz'ilil,
tumben xoot,
beyxan u can x ulum tumben xanab,
tu lacal tumben lail xam u kaxil c'hool,
u tial c pooc niicte' ha
beyxan c hoopza
[h] ub bey u x kiliiz.

(4)

FLOWER SONG

The most alluring moon
has risen over the forest;
it is going to burn
suspended in the center
of the sky to lighten
all the earth, all the woods,
shining its light on all.
Sweetly comes the air and the perfume.
It has arrived in the middle
of the sky,
glowing radiance
over all things.
Happiness permeates all good men.

We have arrived inside the woods
where no one will see
what we have
come here to do.

We have brought plumeria flowers,
chucum blossoms, dog jasmine,
milab blooms;
we have the copal,
the low cane vine,
the land tortoise shell,
new quartz, hard chalk powder
and new cotton thread,
the new gourd cup,
the large fine flint,
the new weight,
the new needle work,
gifts of turkeys, new leather,
all new, even our hair bands,
they touch us with nectar
of the roaring conch shell
of the ancients.

**THE DARK DAYS
OF THE LAST MONTH
OF THE YEAR**

The days of crying, the days
of evil. The demon is free,
the infernos open,
there is no goodness, only evil,
laments and cries.
An entire year has passed,
the year numbered here.

Come is a month of
days without name,
painful days, days of evil,
black days.

The beautiful light of the eyes of
Hunabku for his earthly sons
has not yet come,
because during these days
the transgressions of all people on earth
are measured:
men and women, children and adults
poor and rich, wise and ignorant;
Lord Serpent, commissioner,
governor, captain, rain priest,
councilors, constables.
All people's transgressions are measured in
these days; because the time
will come when
these days will mark the end
of the world.

For this
there will be a count of all
the transgressions of people
here on earth.
Into a great glass
made from the clay of tree termites,
Hunabku puts the tears
from those who cry over the evils
done on earth.
When the great glass is filled to the brim
it will end.