

Our Lords, our very esteemed Lords:  
great hardships have you endured to reach this land.  
Here before you,  
we ignorant people contemplate you. . . .

And now, what are we to say?  
What should we cause your ears to hear?  
Perchance, is there any meaning to us?  
Only very common people are we. . . .

Through an interpreter we reply,  
we exhale the breath and the words  
of the Lord of the Close Vicinity.  
Because of Him we dare to do this.  
For this reason we place ourselves in danger. . . .

Perhaps we are to be taken to our ruin, to our destruction.  
But where are we to go now?  
We are ordinary people,  
we are subject to death and destruction, we are mortals;  
allow us then to die,  
let us perish now,  
since our gods are already dead.

But calm your hearts . . .

Our Lords!  
Because we will break open a little,  
we will open a bit now  
the secret, the ark of the Lord, our god.

You said  
that we know not  
the Lord of the Close Vicinity,  
to Whom the heavens and the earth belong.  
You said  
that our gods are not true gods.  
New words are these  
that you speak;  
because of them we are disturbed,  
because of them we are troubled.  
For our ancestors  
before us, who lived upon the earth,  
were unaccustomed to speak thus.  
From them have we inherited  
our pattern of life  
which in truth did they hold;  
in reverence they held,  
they honored, our gods.  
They taught us  
all their rules of worship,  
all their ways of honoring the gods.  
Thus before them, do we prostrate ourselves;  
in their names we bleed ourselves;  
our oaths we keep,  
incense we burn,  
and sacrifices we offer.

It was the doctrine of the elders  
that there is life because of the gods;  
with their sacrifice, they gave us life.  
In what manner? When? Where?  
When there was still darkness.

It was their doctrine  
that they [the gods] provide our subsistence,

all that we eat and drink,  
that which maintains life: corn, beans,  
amaranth, sage.  
To them do we pray  
for water, for rain  
which nourish things on earth.

They themselves are rich,  
happy are they,  
things do they possess;  
so forever and ever,  
things sprout and grow green in their domain . . .  
there "where somehow there is life," in the place of Tlalocan.  
There, hunger is never known,  
no sickness is there,  
poverty there is not.  
Courage and the ability to rule  
they gave to the people. . . .

And in what manner? When? Where were the gods invoked?  
Were they appealed to; were they accepted as such;  
were they held in reverence?

For a long time has it been;  
it was there at Tula,  
it was there at Huapalcalco,  
it was there at Xuchatlapan,  
it was there at Tlamohuanchan,  
it was there at Yohuallichan,  
it was there at Teotihuacán.

Above the world  
they had founded  
their kingdom.  
They gave the order, the power,  
glory, fame.

And now, are we  
to destroy  
the ancient order of life?  
Of the Chichimecs,

of the Toltecs,  
of the Acolhuas,  
of the Tecpanecs?

We know  
on Whom life is dependent;  
on Whom the perpetuation of the race depends;  
by Whom begetting is determined;  
by Whom growth is made possible;  
how it is that one must invoke,  
how it is that one must pray.

Hear, oh Lords,  
do nothing  
to our people  
that will bring misfortune upon them,  
that will cause them to perish. . . .

(Con't)