

[2]Écuatorial

*Spanish translation of the original Quiché text
made in 1707 by Father Francisco Ximénes*

Oh constructores, oh formadores
Vosotros veis, vosotros escucháis,
No nos abandonais!
Espiritu del cielo
Espiritu de la tierra
Dadnos nuestra descendencia, nuestra
posteridad
Mientras hai días, mientras hai albas
Que numerosos sean los verdes caminos
Las verdes sendas que vos otros nos dias.
Que tranquilas, muy tranquilas estén las tribus.
Que perfectas, muy perfectas sean las tribus.
Que perfecta sea la vida la existencia que nos
dais.
Oh, maestros gigantes
huella del relámpago esplendor del relámpago,
Gavilan.
Maestros, magos, dominadores poderosos del
cielo
Procreadores, engendradores.
Antiguo secreto, antigua ocultadora
Abuela del dia, abuela del alba.
Que la germinacion se haga, que el alba se
haga.
Hengh, hongh, whoo
Salve belleza del día,
dadores del amarillo del verde
Hoo, ha ...
dadores de hijas de hijos
Hóhgh! hengh, whoo, héhgh ...
dad la vida la existencia a mis hijos a mi prole,
Que no haga ni su desgracia, ni su infortunio
vuestra potencia, vuestra hechichería.
Que buena sea la vida de vuestros sostenes
de vuestros nutridores
Antes vuestras bocas, antes vuestros rostros
Espiritus del cielo
Espiritus de la tierra
Hooo, oh, ah ...
Whoo, héoh, ha ...
Dad la vida, dad la vida
Hohé, whoo, dad la vida
Oh fuerza envuelta en el cielo en la tierra
En los cuatro angulos
En las cuatro extremidades
En tanto exista el alba
En tanto exista la tribú.

Oh creators and builders, you who have given
us shape,
You who see all, you who hear all,
Do not abandon us!
Spirit of the heavens
Spirit of the earth
Grant us that our line may continue, our
posterity endure
Whilesoever there are days, while the dawns
still come.
We ask that verdant pathways be many,
Those green walkways that you have given us.
May the tribes be peaceful, exceeding peaceful,
May the tribes be perfect, exceeding perfect.
May we live in perfection the existence that you
give us.
Oh giant beings and masters,
Pathways of the lightning, splendour of the
lightning,
Falcon.
Masters, magicians, all-powerful lords of the
sky,
Procreators and begetters,
Ancient secret, ancient hidden mystery
Ancestress of the day, ancestress of the dawn,
Let there be fruitfulness, let there be dawn.
Hengh, hongh, whoo
All hail to the beauty of the day,
Givers of yellow and of green
Hoo, ha ...
Givers of daughters and of sons
Hóhgh! hengh, whoo, héhgh ...
Grant life and existence to my children and to
my line,
Let them suffer neither disgrace nor misfortune
Either because of your power, or your sorcery.
May their lives be filled with good, those who
uphold you,
those who offer you sustenance
before your mouths, before your faces
Spirits of the heavens
Spirits of the earth
Hooo, oh, ah ...
Whoo, héoh, ha ...
Grant life, grant life
Hohé, whoo, grant life
Oh all-encompassing force of the heavens and
of the earth
At the four corners thereof
At the four extremities
For as long as the dawn exists
For as long as the tribe exists.

[7] **Un grand Sommeil noir**

Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)

Un grand sommeil noir tombe sur ma vie
dormez tout espoir, dormez toute envie.
je ne sais plus rien
je perds la mémoire du mal et du bien

Oh! la triste histoire
Je suis un berceau qu'une main balance
au creux d'un caveau
Silence, silence.

A great dark sleep descends upon my life
let all hope fall into sleep, all desire
I no longer know anything
I have lost all recollection of good or of ill

Aah! the sadness of this recounting
I am a cradle, suspended by a hand
over the brink of a chasm
Silence, all is silence.