

An nochipa tlalticpac zan achica  
ye nican.  
(Ms. *Cantares Mexicanos*)

We live here on earth for only  
a short time.

## Indigenous Lullaby

**Nonantzine, ihcuac nimiquiz motlecuilpan xinechtoca.**

*Dear mother, when I die, bury me under your fireplace.*

**Ihcuac titlaxcalchihuaz, ompa nopampa xichoca.**

*When you make tortillas, cry there for me.*

**Tla aquin mitztlahlaniz, "Tleca tichoca?"**

*If someone asks you, "Why are you crying?"*

**Xiquilhui,**

*Say to them,*

**"Ca xoxouhqui in cuahuatl ica cecenca popoca nechchoctia**

*"The wood is green (and) it smokes so much that it makes me cry."*

## Indigenous Narrative

**Auh niman ye yauh in in Quetzalcoatl in Mictlan**

*And then Quetzalcoatl went to Mictlan*

**Itech ahcito in Mictlantecuhtli in Mictlancihuatl niman quilhui**

*He approached Mictlantecuhtli and Mictlancihuatl and said to them,*

**"Ca yehuatl ic nihualla in chalchihomiltl in ticmopiellia, ca niccuico."**

*I have come for this reason, to take the precious bones that are under your care."*