

Tahwa inka'j tak'y-nam (Cuatro canciones inkaicas, Four Inca Songs)

Theodoro Valcárcel (1900–1942)

Quechua texts and English translations

Texts from popular Quechua poetry

English translation by Katherin Montes Chamorro and Camille Ortiz

Suray surita

Kai zonz'oitá kamachini waillactay Suray surita
Aman munanquichu nispa waillactay Suray surita
Aa hojq'en raico saq'erpariwan cuyai takiricuspa
¡Zonz'ollay! Pai q'epanta puripuiman sapallampaj

Hinata q'apariyman, maquiykiwampas sip'ipay ¡Munaiqui!

Zonz'oitacsi cutichiwan waillactay Suray surita
Manan manquiypichu nispa waillactay Suray surita

H'acuchu!

H'acuchu ripuikapusun chaquiwanllactaj punctaya
Cuschustin cusq'uicuman q'osq'opi hatun llactawan

Chinkarq'apusun saik'unquichiq'a ñoq'a marq'askaiyqui
Huañunaikamaspas tachimkunaikamaspas h'allpaman
Monaña kapuanpaschu simipas taquinaipac ñustallai

Simiyochoq'a kan mucharinaipac

Urpillay munasq'allay

H'acuchu chinkarq'akapusun.

My Little Dove

To this, my heart, I command, my beloved little dove.
Do not love my heart, my beloved little dove.
Ah! For another one you left me laughing cruelly.
Oh, my beloved! I would follow your footsteps and
wait for you to be alone.

However it is, I will scream, even if you kill me with
your own hands, I love you!

And my beloved responds, my beloved little dove,
Saying I do not love you, my beloved little dove.

Let's Go!

Let's go, let's go by foot to that door.
Excited we go to our Cusco, in the big town of Cusco
let's get lost.

If you get tired, I will hold you in my arms,
Until I die, until I collapse in fatigue on the soil.
No longer does my mouth want to sing to my young
beloved.

Does my mouth want to kiss her?

My little dove, my dear beloved!

Let's go, let's get lost.

W'ay!

W'ay! Manan pujllactin kaiman hamuy hina niwan sonq'oi

Hinapas wackacuiman

Q'oillormanta pukuspa

Ñawiywan maskasq'aiqui chay ñanta ripukuspa

¡W'ay! ¡Ya, yai! Zonq'ollai

Chai yh'anantaña chinkachispa

Wakaskallampi pitaj urpilla munainim pimithkacuspa

p'awan

W'ay anakasac quillantín ymainan manan sullasac

llaquita aipuspa

H'ina tucui t'uta, hina tacuip'un chaucunapi

Laralaraila uphiala, laralarailara hinantin wakaspa

q'oillorman tapuspa.

Chililin-uth'aja

Q'osña uth'aja llocallwawanki

Welnas uth'aja imillwawanki

Aa sumac p'anq'ara chullunquiai atampiq'olilapa sanq'allai

Aylluipas pampa chililin antawita, chililin wikuñita

Ah!

Imallacha kai munacui h'uchuichalla ancha h'atun

Maichiq'a munaynitapas musp'a musp'ata purichin.

Lament

Ah! I can't enjoy myself any longer, come and see
what my suffering heart says.

Anyhow I would cry.

From the blowing star,

With my eyes I will seek you

Leaving through that pathway.

Ay! Ay, ay! My beloved.

I am trying to hide this feeling.

Ah, I will suffer with the moon, I will await my bitter
sadness while swallowing such loneliness,

All throughout the night, confusing each corner.

La, la, la, my poor love, I am weeping and asking the
star for your whereabouts.

Little Bell Ringing

The little smoky house is my son's,

The good house is my daughter's.

My hat has a beautiful flower.

The flatlands of my town I remember with the sound
of the little bell.

Ah!

What is this love I feel, small yet big.

How far my sweet love moves us forward.