

*Soneto a Santa Anna y Octava a Santa Anna. (Broadside, 17cm x 22cm)*

**English Translation:**

**“Octave”**

[God] Save you a thousand times, young warrior!  
Special antidote against tyrants,  
We fear nothing, no, if the fierce dragon  
You have already destroyed with your hands:  
Be vigilant, for there are vile Mexicans,  
Who walk in the company of the cruel Spaniard:  
They will not attain it, but it is certain  
They accelerate their schemes for killing you.

**“Sonnet”**

Such complete triumph, what victory,  
Admirable Santa Anna, you have attained!  
Politics, management, all has changed,  
Valiant liberal for your glory.

Tremble, Scottish rite, and enter the dross  
Consume yourself, for all you have lost;  
Do not dare look upon the illustrious Hero:  
Be off: we want no memory of you....

Come, holy Liberty, come, and rest from your toils;  
What do you have to fear from the tyrants,  
If the free man gives his life for you?

To God we have sworn as brothers that,  
Those that have oppressed you,  
We Mexicans must make war upon him.

