

Madero and Pino Suárez never saw the light of day again. Or the light of the moon, for that matter. The final betrayal was carried out. Madero's supposed exile never happened. Not even jail for Madero figured into Huerta's plans. The night of the 22nd of February of 1913, while the ex government officials were supposedly being transported to the Lecumberri jail from the National Palace where they had been imprisoned, Huerta and Pino Suárez were executed. Later it was said that they had attempted to flee and it was necessary that they be executed.

The next day, people gathered with candles and cried for their fallen leader. It was too late. The man who had a dream, a dream of a country that worked for the common good, had been drowned in a river of blood.

Victoriano Huerta, the traitor, assumed the presidency. Ambition and the thirst for power had defeated democracy . . . but not for long. A new revolution was about to begin.

(Translation by Juan Diego Marroquin)

Corrido: "Cuartelazo. La Decena Trágica," by las Hermanas Mendoza.³

Año de mil novecientos,
de mil novecientos trece,
ya mataron a Madero
y nada que aparece.

In the year nineteen hundred,
In nineteen hundred thirteen,
They killed Madero
And nothing was as it appeared.

Fue llegando Félix Díaz,
con orden militar:
Aquí renuncia usted
o lo mando a fusilar.

Félix Díaz arrived,
with a military order:
Either you resign
or I'll have you killed.

Respondió el señor Madero,
en su silla presidencial
primero me asesinan
que hacerme renunciar.

Madero answered,
from his presidential chair
You'll have to kill me first
before you make me resign.

A las dos de la mañana
fue el primer cañonazo,
y estaban las tropas listas
para dar el cuartelazo.

At two in the morning
was the first cannon,
And the troops were ready
To start the coup d'état.

Tocaban los clarines,
sonaban los tambores
las ametralladoras dando
vueltas en los fortines.

The bugles played,
The drums were sounding,
The machine guns
sounding in the forts.

Otro día por la mañana,
las mujeres llorando,
al ver la ciudadela
que la estaban bombardeando.

One day in the morning,
Women were crying
To see the citadel
That had been bombed.

Los días muy tranquilos,
las noches muy serenas,
al otro día por la mañana,
las calles de muertos llenas.

The very calm days,
The very serene nights,
One day in the morning,
The streets filled with the dead.

Vuela, vuela, palomita,
párate en aquel romero,
ádale, avísale a Carranza
que mataron a Madero.

Fly, fly, little dove,
Stop in that rosemary bush,
Hurry, tell Carranza
that Madero was killed.

Año de mil novecientos,
de mil novecientos trece,
ya mataron a Madero
y nada que aparece.

In the year nineteen hundred,
In nineteen hundred thirteen,
They killed Madero
And nothing was as it appeared.

Vuela, vuela, palomita,
párate en aquel romero,
ádale, avísale a Carranza
que mataron a Madero.

Fly, fly, little dove,
Stop in that rosemary bush,
Hurry, tell Carranza
that Madero was killed.

Look at one of the YouTube documentaries on the Decena Trágica (if you cannot understand the Spanish, the images are useful) or look at its Google Street View page.

Also listen to the corrido "La Decena Trágica," originally recorded in the United States because of the fighting in Mexico City and the countryside.⁴