

Pumbakhayon



An origin myth of the Ifugao hudhud

english text MAE ASTRID TOBIAS illustration JOSE MIGUEL TEJIDO
Ifugao* translation MARIBELLE BIMOHYA

(*in Lagawe, Hingyon, and Amganad version)

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PREFACE

The child is the father of the man, a saying goes. This alternate truism merely jars the mind to the actual truth that the adult person emerges from the potentials of a child. This book on tales of the Ifugao Chant, *Hudhud*, is designed for the child so that he will grow into the adult person that is envisioned to be steeped with the culture of his people, the Ifugao.

It is not so much that from the contents of this book the child will begin to be able to chant what the UNESCO has proclaimed as “a Masterpiece of the Oral and Intangible Heritage of Humanity.” In fact, these are only two of the tales from the various episodes that comprise the entire *Hudhud* – not to speak of the enumerable variations. The intention is to enable the child to take the first steps for him to begin to understand the intricacies of one aspect of Ifugao culture that is only a single part of what make up the highly complex character of his people.

Pride in the child's own culture is a vital step to ethnic dignity, and in the long haul of life, it is the all too important necessity for national identity.

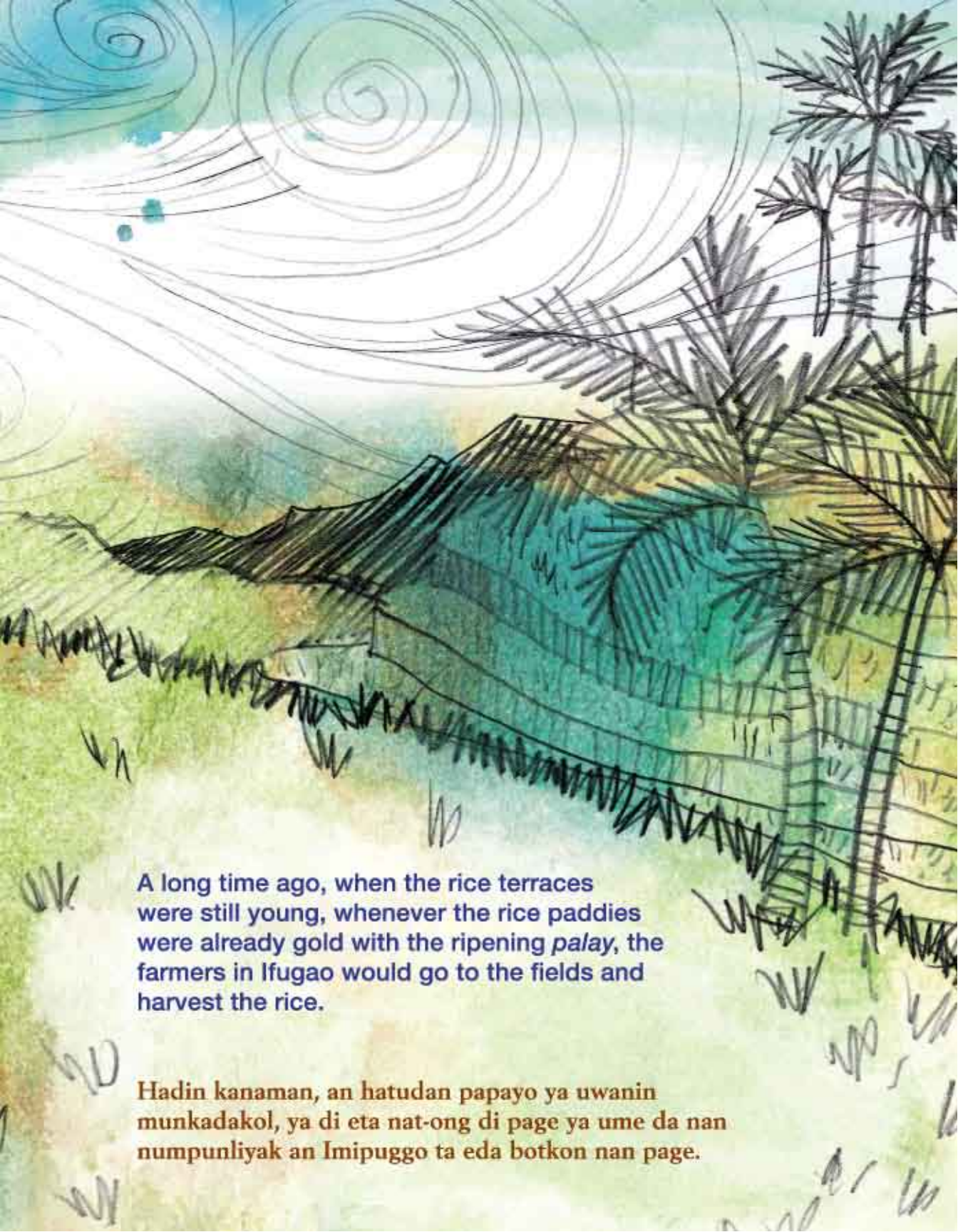
- Jesus T. Peralta



Pumbakhayon

For being a lasting memorial of an ancient culture that has maintained itself for ages, the *Hudhud* was proclaimed by UNESCO in May 2001 as one of the Masterpieces of the Oral and Intangible Heritage of Humanity and awarded the International Arirang Prize in October 2001 by the Republic of Korea. The *Hudhud* was declared a National Cultural Treasure in November 2001 by the National Museum of the Philippines.





A long time ago, when the rice terraces were still young, whenever the rice paddies were already gold with the ripening *palay*, the farmers in Ifugao would go to the fields and harvest the rice.

Hadin kanaman, an hatudan papayo ya uwanin munkadakol, ya di eta nat-ong di page ya ume da nan numpunliyak an Imipuggo ta eda botkon nan page.

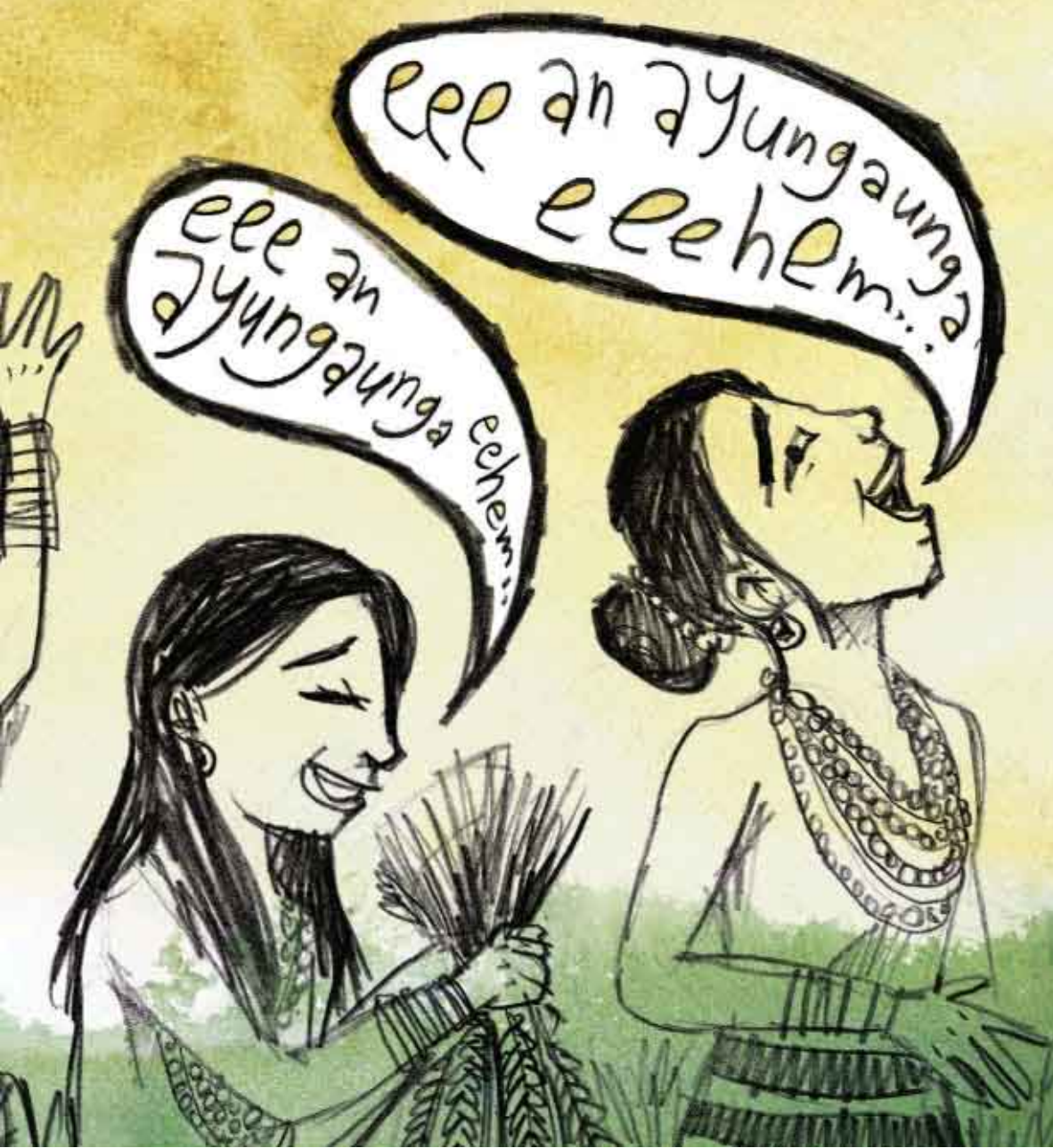
eee an dyungaunga
eeehem...

eee an
dyungaunga eeehem...



Everyday, while they harvest, they would sing the *hudhud* of Pumbakhayon.

Kabigabigat hana punbotkan da ya ia-aapo da nan hudhud Pumbakhayon.





eee an dyun-
gaunga
eeehem.

eee d...

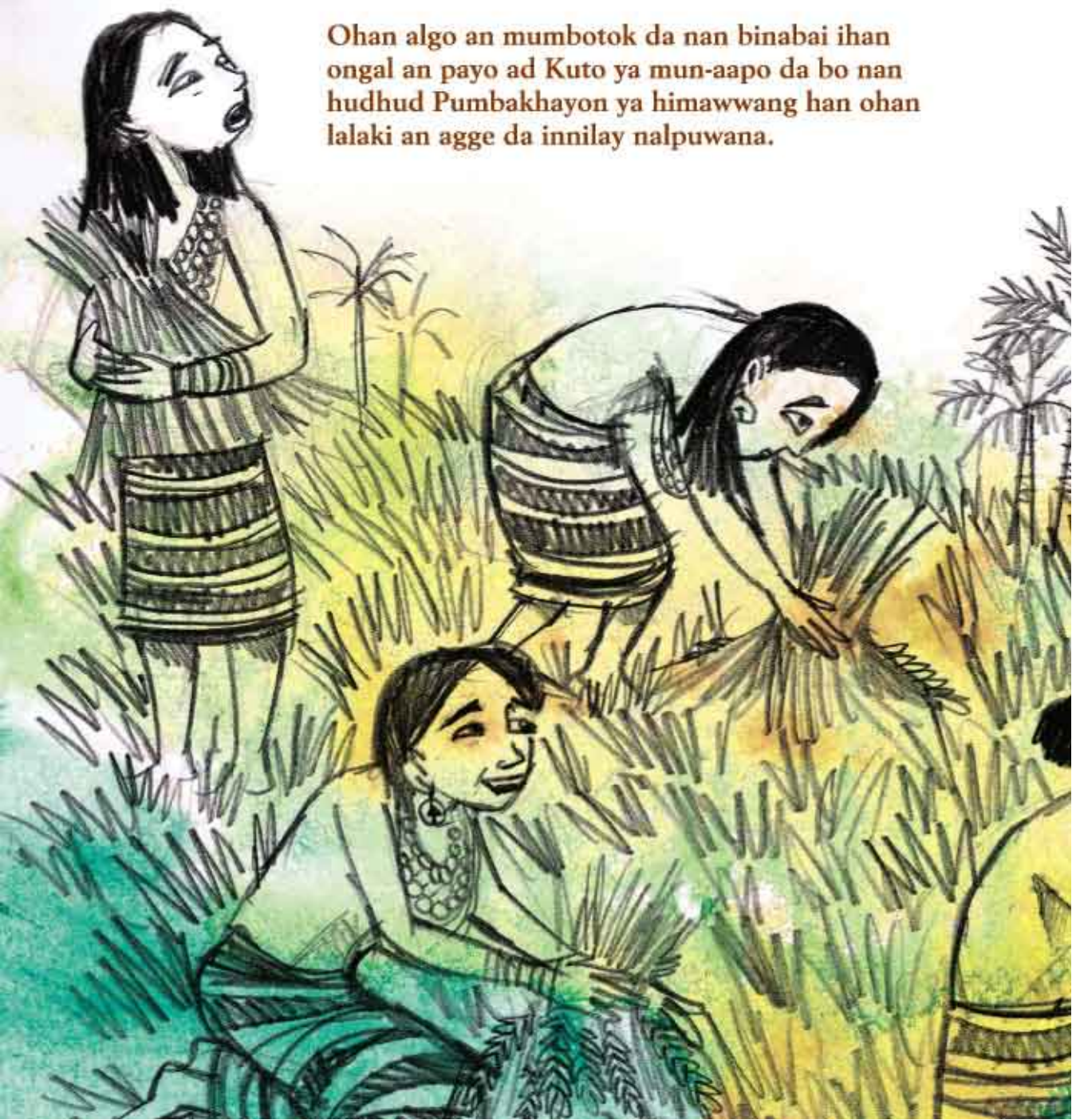
During funeral wakes, they would also repeat the same *hudhud* because it was the only story the people in Ifugao knew.

Athidi bo nu waday ikadamalan da nate ya hidiyen hudhud boy pidpidwa on dan iaapo te hidiye ya abuy inilan di Imipuggo an aapo.



One day, while the women were harvesting and singing in a large rice terrace in Kuto, a young man appeared from nowhere.

Ohan algo an mumbotok da nan binabai ihan ongal an payo ad Kuto ya mun-aapo da bo nan hudhud Pumbakhayon ya himawwang han ohan lalaki an agge da innilay nalpuwana.





He was tall and handsome.
The blade of his spear gleamed in the sun.

"I am the mighty Pumbakhayon!" he said.

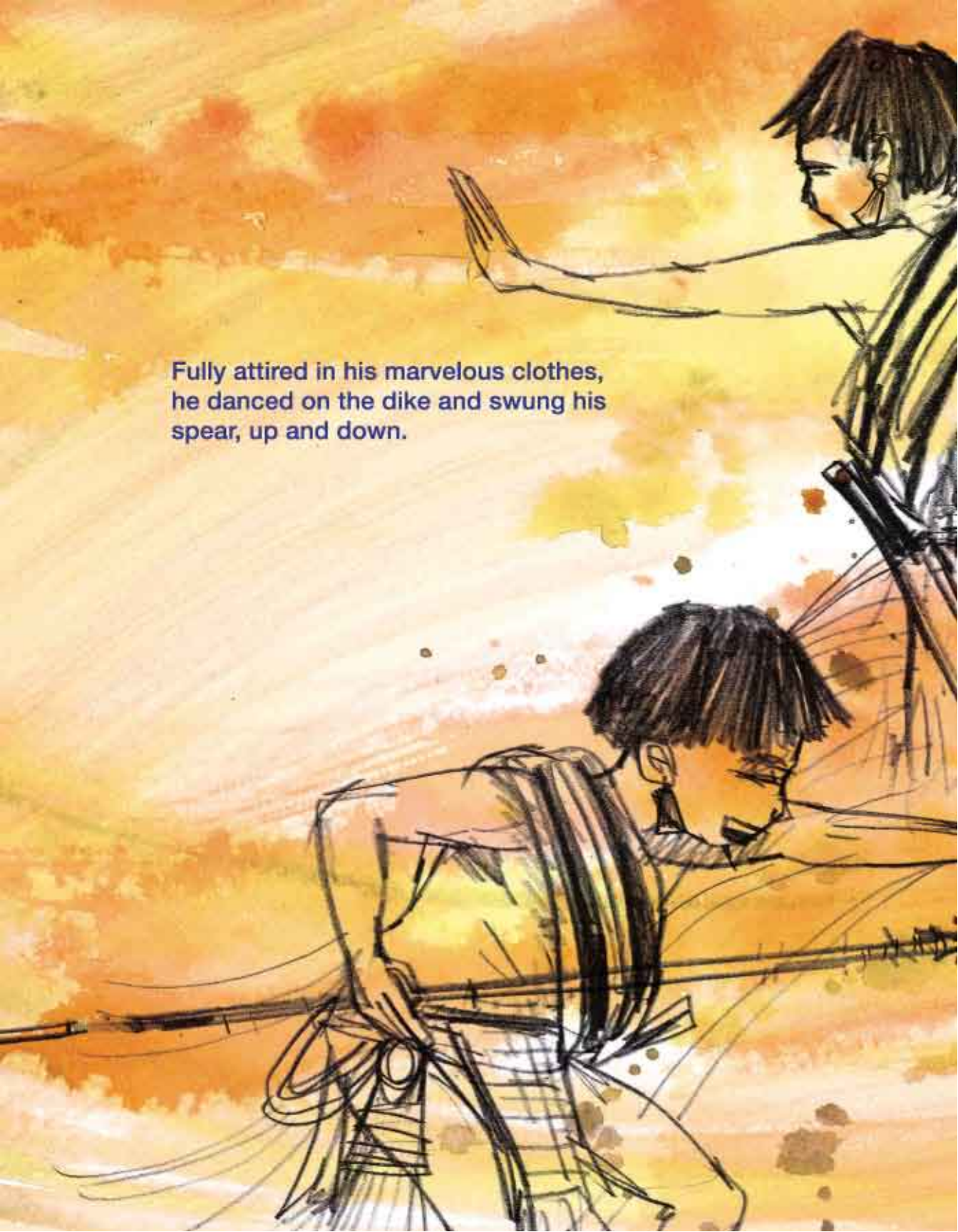
Hituwean lalaki ya natag-en bullaki.
Nan pahul na ya munkulinang hina an algo.

"Ha'oy hi malalakin hi Pumbakhayon!"
an kalyona.





Fully attired in his marvelous clothes,
he danced on the dike and swung his
spear, up and down.





Nunhinakbat hi an namin an gamgam na
ya manmannayo na banong an bagbagilatona
nan gayang na.

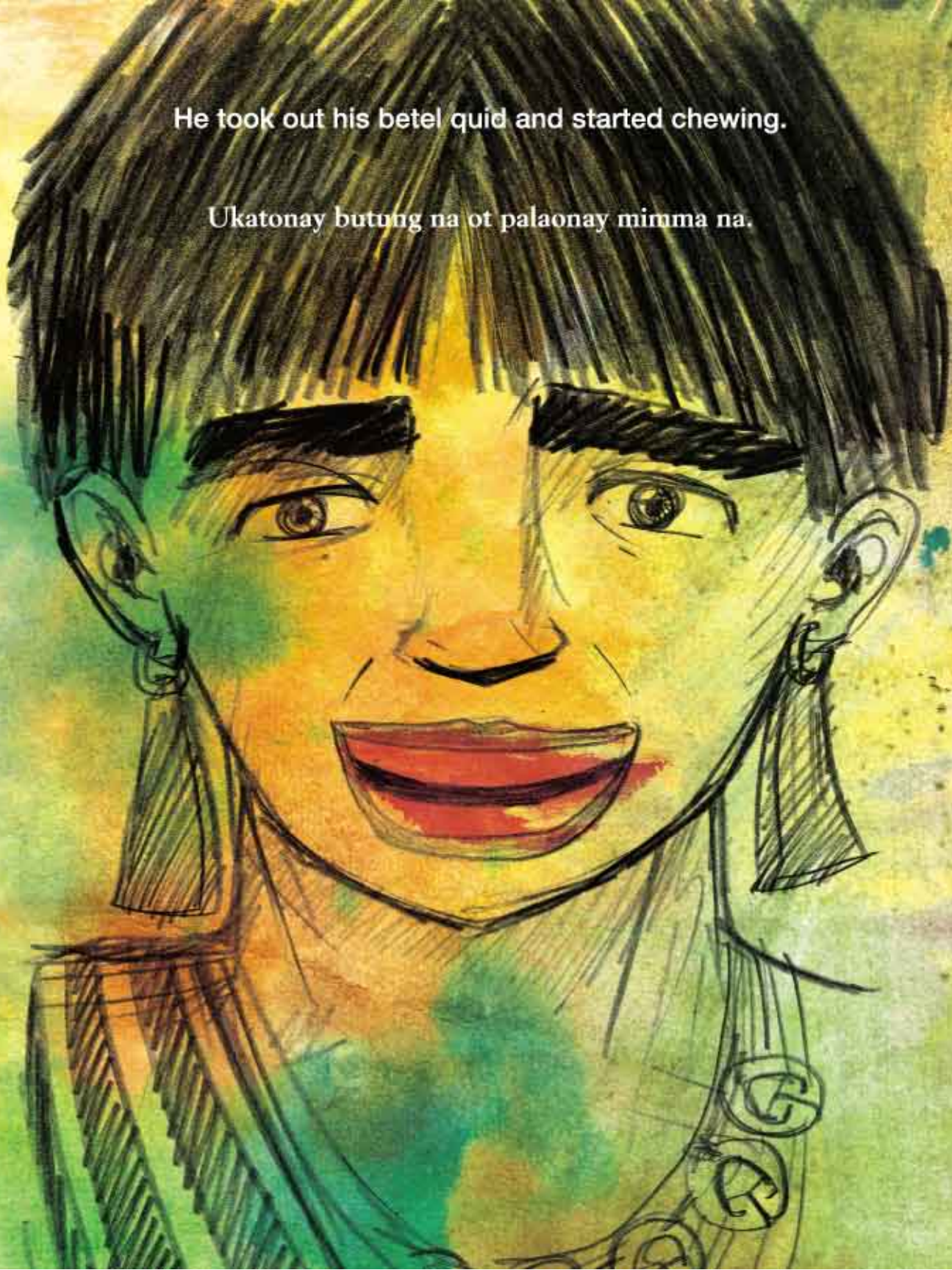


When he was done, he rested on a large rock lying near the dike. He stuck his spear into the rock and squatted.

Indin-ong na ya imme ot mun-iyatu na ongal an batu hinaggon na banong. Inhokgad nay gayang na na batu ot munhalikummod.

He took out his betel quid and started chewing.

Ukatonay butung na ot palaonay mimma na.



"Listen to me, for I am Pumbakhayon!" he said.
"Women of Ifugao, my ears are tired from hearing the same *hudhud* all the time. You keep repeating my name over and over again."

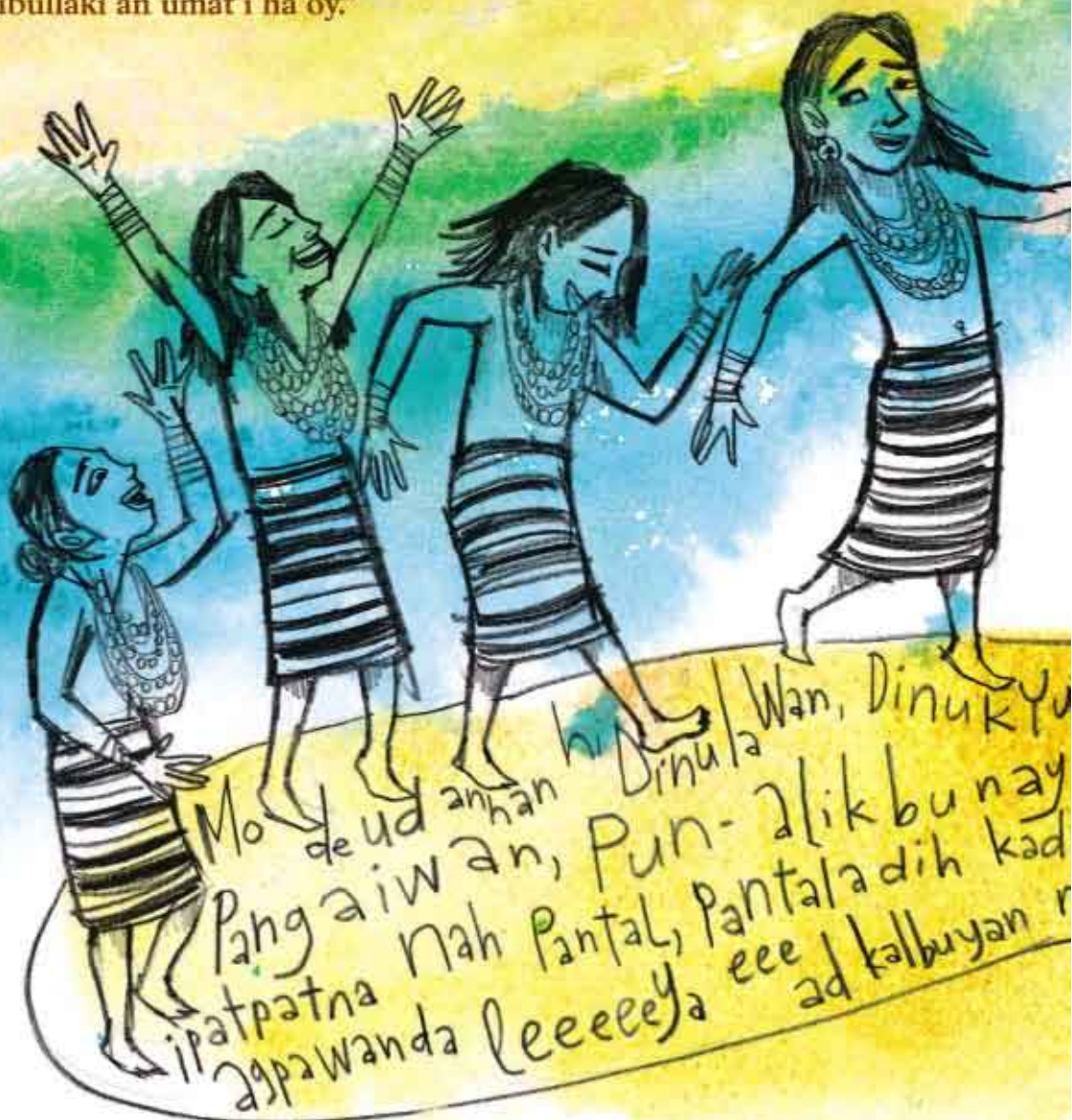
"Dongloná, ha'oy hi Pumbakhayon!" an kalyona.
"Immipuggon binabai, natling di inga' an mundongdongol na hudhud yu an hiya on hiya. Panidpidwaon yu nan ngadan u."



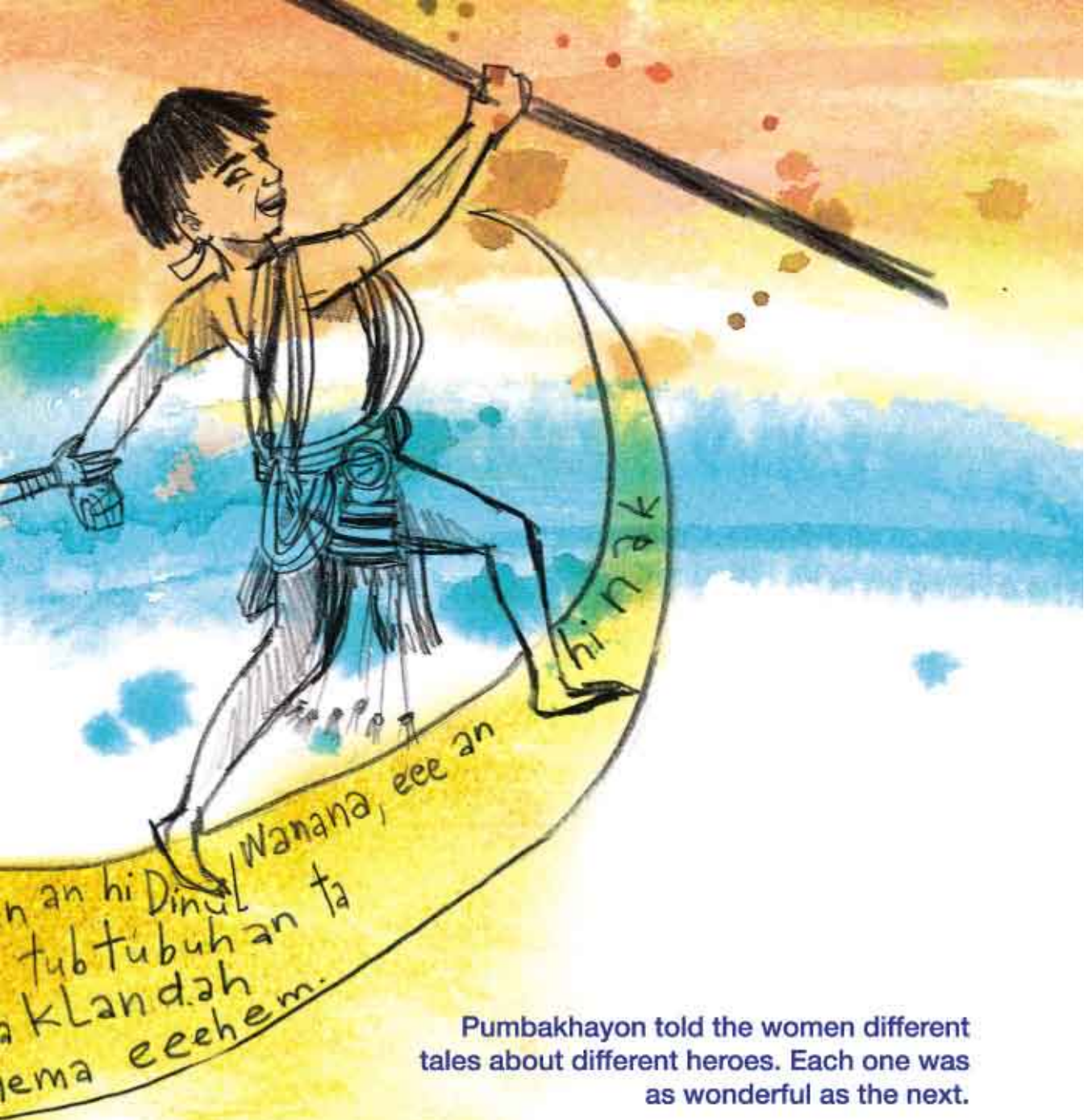


"Listen! I will teach you other *hudhud*. You will chant the adventures of other mighty warriors like me."

"Donglon yu ta ituddu' di udum an hudhud. Ihudhud yu damdamay udum an mundaldalanan di udum an bubullaki an umat i ha'oy."



Mo de ud anhan Dinula Wan, Dinuk Yu
Pangaiwan, Pun- alik bunay
Nah Pantal, Pantaladih kad
ipatpatna eee ad kalbuyan
agpawanda leeeey



Pumbakhayon told the women different tales about different heroes. Each one was as wonderful as the next.

Ot ibidan Pumbakhayon nan udum an makalkalin tatagu. An hay oha on waday hinnatkon an in-inat na ya nundaldalanana.

There was the adventure of Aliguyon fighting
wild buffaloes alone...



Wada nan bidan Aliguyon an nakipatte na
mabungot an duoa...







There was the tale of Bagan being flown in the
air by giant crows...

Wada bo nan bidan nan hi Bagan an intayap di
oongal an gawang...

Im Adahana ta kan
hi binuhul mu. Ka
Man di binuhul

There was also the story about how Dulnuan,
the son of Bagan and Aliguyon, spoke immediately
after he was born...

Wada bo nan bidan di nundaldalanan Dulnuan,
nak Bagan in Aliguyon, an nakibaga ya kimmali idiyen
paka-iayyam...



aman aمانay, Ama Iken ildonganak
nan amanay kay ma-pi
ku te biyaw kun amin
munhal-hal-o.





The day passed and the rice harvesters listened and learned. As the sun was about to set, Pumbakhayon stood up.

Ot nala'u diyen algon nundongdongngol da nadan nunbotok. Ot hidiyen munkalimu nan algo ya timmaddog hi Pumbakhayon.



He dove into the pool in front of the stone
where he was squatting and disappeared.

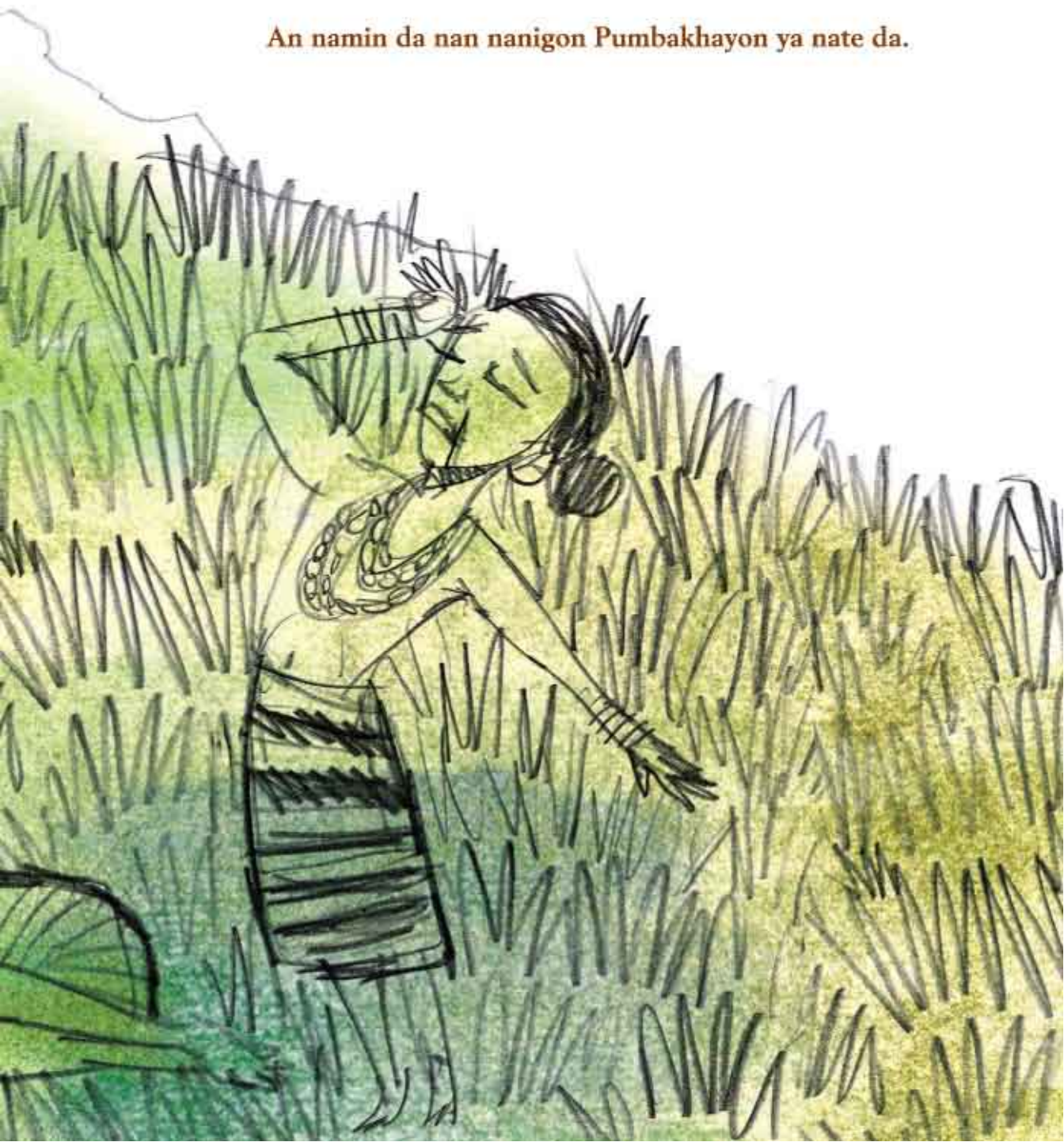
Dimmokpa na batu an nunhalikummodana
ya namá-id.





Everyone who saw Pumbakhayon fell dead.

An namin da nan nanigon Pumbakhayon ya nate da.



All except two young women who were busy harvesting at the other side of the terrace. They couldn't see Pumbakhayon but they heard his stories and learned them.

Ammuna han dua an mahlu an binabai an intó-ol day botok na bahhel nan payo. Agge da tinigo Pumbakhayon moden mundongdongngol da ya inadalda nada ibagbagana.







And those are the stories that they passed on to their children, who passed these on to their own children.

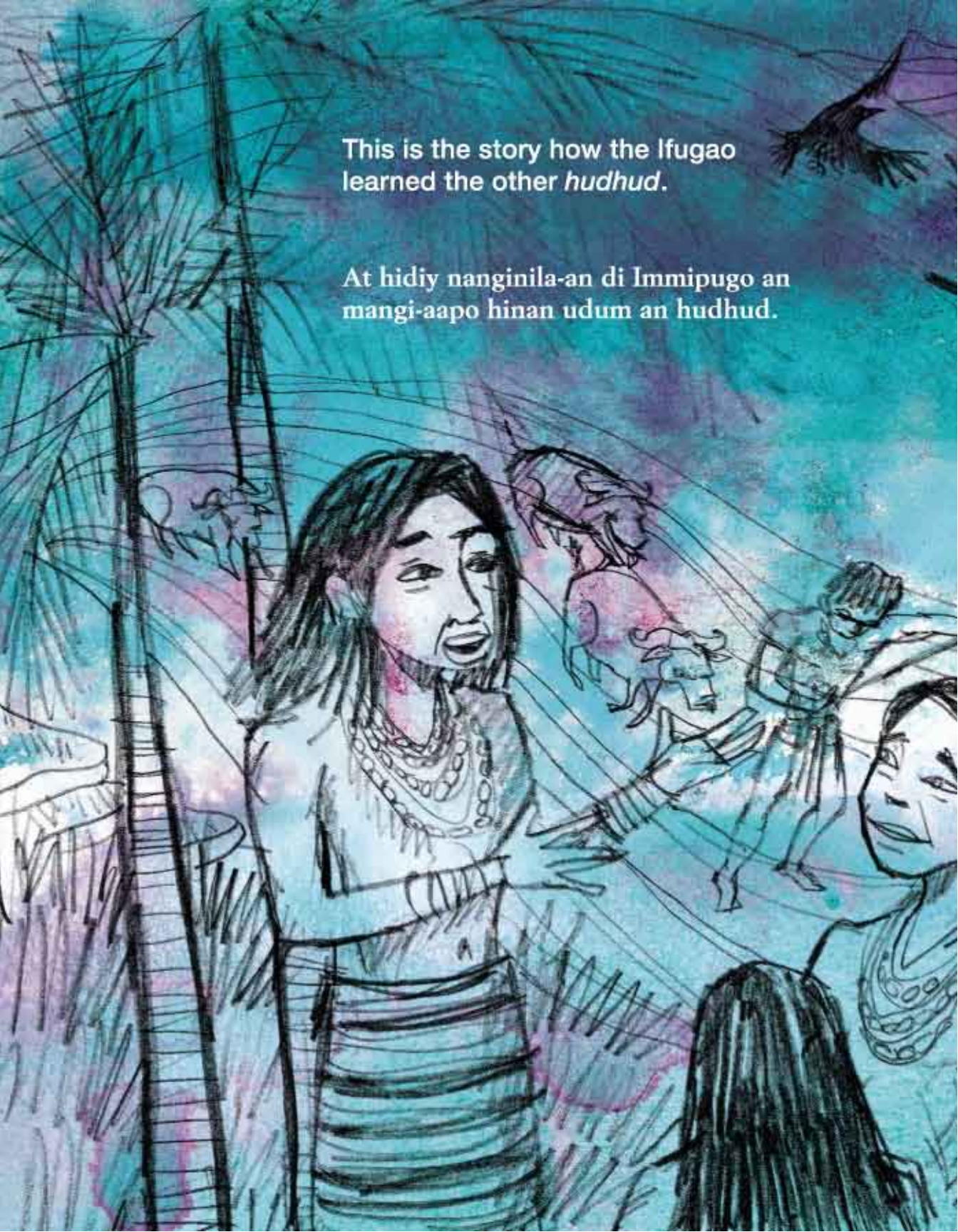
Ot dadiyen dindingngol day imbagbagada
nada imbabaleda an hidiye boy in-aapon nan
imbabaleda nan imbabaleda.



An nahdom nakahillang
boy algod na...

...dy nangim-
bukig.

Maakna Aliguyon Aliguyon
Nana o...ya o an nak Antalao o...e



This is the story how the Ifugao
learned the other *hudhud*.

At hidiy nangingila-an di Immipugo an
mangi-aapo hinan udum an hudhud.







The stone where Pumbakhayon stood can still be found in the village of Kuto. And when you go there, you will still hear the different tales of the *hudhud* Pumbakhayon taught the Ifugao.

Nan batu an timmaddogan Pumbakhayon ya wadi pay hidid Kuto. Ot nu ume ayu di ya donglon yuy udum pay an hudhud Pumbakhayon an intuddu na nada Immipuggo.

MAE ASTRID TOBIAS is the author of *My Forest Friends*. Her works have also won 2nd place in the Maikling Kuwento Pambata Category in the Don Carlos Palanca Memorial Awards for Literature and honorable mention in the PBBY-Salanga Writers Prize.

JOSE MIGUEL TEJIDO is an author-illustrator and has created over 20 children's books in the Philippines and Singapore. He was a runner-up in the 15th NOMA Concours and was part of the IBBY Honor List for illustration. Also a painter, his *banig* abstracts have been exhibited in Paris.