

JÁCARAS DEL ZÉFIRO

AVECILLAS

TONOS AL SANTÍSIMO SACRAMENTO

JÁCARAS DEL ZÉFIRO

Avecillas



THE PROGRAM

The bird as an image of the soul soaring towards the divine: a journey through tonos and villancicos to the Blessed Sacrament from the Hispanic Baroque.

The Eucharistic devotion fostered by the Counter-Reformation permeated every art of the Spanish Baroque. *Avecillas* explores it through an image much loved at the time: goldfinches, larks and little birds singing to the sacramental "Sun" with trills, onomatopoeia and polyphonic imitation, in works by Sebastián Durón, Juan Hidalgo, Alonso de Torices, José de Cáseda and Joan Barter. Several of them reached the altar through *contrafactum*, which turns secular tonos into devotional pieces without losing their theatrical freshness.

Half of the program consists of modern-day premieres: works unheard for centuries, recovered from the cathedral archives of Barcelona, Burgos and Guatemala and from the parish collection of Canet de Mar thanks to our collaboration with musicologists and archives, two of them transcribed by members of the ensemble.

ENSEMBLE

Six musicians: four voices, viola da gamba and plucked strings. The singers also play percussion and strings.

REPERTOIRE

12 works, including **6 modern-day premieres**.

DURATION

Approx. **70 minutes**, no interval.

PREMIERE

International Festival of Sacred Art of the Comunidad de Madrid, Basílica de San Miguel, 7 April 2026. Concert details →

PRODUCTION

Minimal technical requirements: each musician brings their own instruments.

AVECILLAS

TONOS AL SANTÍSIMO SACRAMENTO



PROGRAM

Maravillosos et piadosos (arr. a 4)
Alfonso X “el Sabio” (1221–1284)

Cantiga de Santa María no. 139
National Library of Spain
Transcribed by Enrique López-Cortón

✦ A batalla con los rayos (a 4)
Alonso de Torices (1634–1684)

Tono to the Blessed Sacrament
Barcelona Cathedral
Transcribed by Víctor Cruz

✦ Jilguerillo parlero (duo)
José de Cáseda (1660–1725)

Tono to the Blessed Sacrament
Sant Pere i Sant Pau collection, Canet de Mar
Transcribed by Víctor Cruz and Jorge Enrique García

✦ Pajarillos, ¡cantad! (duo)
Sebastián Durón (1660–1716)

Duo to the Blessed Sacrament
Burgos Cathedral
Transcribed by Lola Josa and Mariano Lambea

Callad, pensamientos (a 4)
Sebastián Durón (1660–1716)

Tono to the Blessed Sacrament, contrafactum of “Abril floreciente”
National Library of Spain
Transcribed by Víctor Cruz

✦ ¡Jilguerillos, cantad! (trio)
Joan Barter (1648–1706)

Tono to the Blessed Sacrament
Barcelona Cathedral
Transcribed by Lola Josa and Mariano Lambea

Antorcha brillante (solo)

Juan Hidalgo (1614–1685)

Tono to the Blessed Sacrament
Segovia Cathedral
Transcribed by Lola Josa and Mariano Lambea

Gorjeos de las aves (a 3) ✦

Anonymous

Villancico to the Blessed Sacrament
Guatemala Cathedral
Transcribed by Víctor Cruz and Jorge Enrique García

Vaya, pues, rompiendo el velo (solo)

Sebastián Durón (1660–1716)

Jácara to the Blessed Sacrament (contrafactum)
Historical Archdiocesan Archive of Guatemala
Transcribed by Víctor Cruz

Canten dos pajaritos (duo)

Sebastián Durón (1660–1716)

Duo to the Blessed Sacrament
Library of Catalonia
Transcribed by Víctor Cruz



Pájaros, hojas y ramas (a 4) ✦

Juan Hidalgo (1614–1685)

Tono to the Blessed Sacrament
Barcelona Cathedral
Transcribed by Raúl Angulo

La Negrina (a 4)

Mateo Flecha "el Viejo" (c. 1481–1553)

Ensalada
Published in Prague by Mateo Flecha "el Joven"
Transcribed by Nancho Álvarez

✦ Modern-day premiere

JÁCARAS DEL ZÉFIRO

ENSEMBLE

Founded by baritone **Víctor Cruz**, Jácaras del Zéfiro offers a vision of historically informed performance in which research and instinct go hand in hand. The aim is to go beyond mere archaeological reconstruction and recover the true pulse of the works: their drive, their dance and their power to move.

The ensemble combines voices, plucked strings, viola da gamba and percussion, bringing together performers with solid careers who see early music not as museum pieces but as a vibrant language that demands knowledge, but also liveliness and character.



Soprano and percussion
Paloma Friedhoff



Viola da gamba and alto
Jorge Enrique García



Plucked strings
Juan Carlos de Mulder



Tenor and percussion
Ariel Hernández



Alto and percussion
Bruno Campelo



Baritone and plucked strings
Víctor Cruz

PRESS

RITMO · SIMÓN ANDUEZA · 9 APRIL 2026

"Jácaras del Céfiro takes a hopeful flight"

The review of *Avecillas* at the International Festival of Sacred Art highlights a thoroughly researched and coherent program, with six modern-day premieres, and the rich textures and timbres of musicians who sing and play at the same time. It praises each performer and the direction one by one, and notes the warm ovation of the audience, which earned an encore.

Read the full review in Ritmo →

GRANADA HOY · JORGE RODRÍGUEZ MORATA · 28 DECEMBER 2025

"Brilliant debut of a promising ensemble"

On the ensemble's debut concert, with the Christmas program.

It highlights the vocal intensity and dramatic power of the performance, the instrumental work of all the singers, Víctor Cruz's triple role as singer, director and plucked-string player, and the audience's warm reception.

Read the full review in Granada Hoy →

HOW WE SOUND



***Avecillas*, live**

A complete piece from the concert at the International Festival of Sacred Art, Madrid



Trailer, live

Excerpts from the ensemble's debut concert, with the Christmas program *La gracia y el gozo*

Follow us on Instagram: **@jacarasdelzefiro**

TEXTS

ORIGINAL

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

Maravillosos et piadosos

Cantiga de Santa María no. 139

Maravillosos e piadosos
e mui fermosos miragres faz
Santa Maria, a que nos guia
ben noit' e dia et nos dá paz.

Wondrous and merciful
and most beautiful miracles
does Holy Mary work, who guides us
well by night and day and gives us peace.

E dest' un miragre vos contar quero
que en Frandes aquesta Virgen fez,
Madre de Deus, maravillos' et fero
por unha dona que foi unha vez.
A sa eigreja desta que seja
por nós, et vejamola sa faz
no Parayso, u Deus dar quiso
goyo et riso a quen lle praz.

And of these I wish to tell you a miracle
that this Virgin worked in Flanders,
Mother of God, wondrous and mighty,
for a lady who once went
to her church: may she be
for us, and may we see her face
in Paradise, where God willed to give
joy and laughter to those who please Him.

Aquesta dona levou un meninno,
seu fillo, sigo, que en offrecon
deu a Virgen mui pequenynno,
que de mal ll' o guardass' e d'o queijon.
Et lle fezesse per que disesse
sempr' e soubesse den ben assaz,
que, com' aprendo, seu pan comendo foi.
Mui correndo parou s'en az.

This lady took a little boy,
her son, with her, whom as an offering
she had given to the Virgin when very small,
that she might keep him from harm and grief,
and make him such that he would always say
and know a great deal of good;
and, as I learn, he went along eating his bread.
Running, he stopped before the image.

Cabo do Fillo daquela omagen
e diss'o meninno: “Queres papar?”
Mais la figura da Virgen mui sagen
diss' a seu Fillo: “Dille sen tardar
que non ss'espante, mais tigo jante
u sempre cant'e haja solaz
e seja quito do mui maldito
demo que 'scrito é por malvaz.”

Beside the Son of that image
the little boy said: “Will you eat?”
But the figure of the Virgin, most wise,
said to her Son: “Tell him without delay
not to be afraid, but to dine with you
where he may ever sing and have solace,
and be free of the most accursed
devil, who is written down as wicked.”

Quand' esto diss', a omagen de Christo
respos ao meninno: “Paparás
cras mig' en Ceo; e pois que me visto
houveres, sempre pois migo seerás.
U ouças quanto cada un santo canta,
que chanto e mal desfaz.”
Esto comprido foi, e transsido
e moço e ido a Deus vi’az.

When she had said this, the image of Christ
answered the child: “You shall eat
with me tomorrow in Heaven; and since you have seen me,
you shall be with me for evermore.
There you will hear all that each saint sings,
which undoes weeping and evil.”
So it came to pass: the boy passed away
and went straight to God.



A batalla con los rayos

Tono to the Blessed Sacrament

¡A batalla con los rayos!
La nieve hermosa se ostenta,
¡alarma, alarma! ¡Guerra, guerra!
Que por vencer del alma las tinieblas
si flechas ellos disparan,
también dispara ella flechas.

To battle with the rays!
The lovely snow shows itself proudly:
to arms, to arms! War, war!
For to conquer the darkness of the soul,
if they shoot arrows,
she shoots arrows too.

En un peñasco de luces
tiene un castillo su asiento.
Si de nieve sus murallas,
su homenaje todo es fuego.

On a crag of lights
a castle has its seat.
If its walls are of snow,
its keep is all of fire.

¡Afuera, que tremola el rey sus dos banderas!:
la blanca para hacer paz con el hombre,
la roja para hacer al mundo guerra.

Make way, for the king unfurls his two banners:
the white, to make peace with man,
the red, to make war on the world.

La guarnición que demuestra es tener un lado abierto,
por cuya rotura sale una escuadra de misterios.

The garrison he displays is an open side,
through whose breach a squadron of mysteries sallies forth.

Soldado ha sido siempre, y fue,
según se muestra desde el vientre de su madre,
capitán por sus hechos y proezas.

A soldier He has always been, and was,
as is shown, from His mother's womb,
a captain by His deeds and prowess.



Jilguerillo parlero

Tono to the Blessed Sacrament

Jilguerillo parlero
que rompes los aires con dulces silvas,
y en acentos sonoros
del prado cortando las flores,
afilas el pico.

Chattering little goldfinch,
who cleave the air with sweet silvas,
and in sonorous accents,
plucking the flowers of the meadow,
sharpen your beak.

Hoy tus voces publican
las glorias de aquel sol luciente,
y arpón de Cupido
descendió de la esfera más alta;
logrando en los pechos
humanos el tiro.

Today your voices proclaim
the glories of that shining sun,
and Cupid's harpoon
came down from the highest sphere,
striking human hearts
with its shot.

Ruiseñor enamorado
que haces música a tu amor,
flaco instrumento es el pico
para sacarte ese arpón.

Nightingale in love,
who make music to your love,
a feeble instrument is your beak
to draw out that harpoon.

Qué importa cuando en la queja
das alivio a tu pasión
que esté en el pico el remedio
si está en el pecho el dolor.

What matter if, when in your lament
you ease your passion,
the remedy is in your beak,
if the pain is in your breast?

No es suspensión a tu pena
lo que al viento es suspensión,
y al fuego creces la llama
con el ayre de la voz.

What holds the wind in suspense
brings no respite to your sorrow,
and you feed the flame of the fire
with the air of your voice.



Pajarillos, ¡cantad!

Duo to the Blessed Sacrament

¡Pajarillos, cantad!
Fuentecillas, ¡reíd!
Arroyuelos, ¡corred!
Airecillos, ¡venid!
Que el amor se disfraza y renace de sí sagrado rubí.

Little birds, sing!
Little fountains, laugh!
Little streams, run!
Little breezes, come!
For love disguises itself and is reborn from itself, a sacred ruby.

Y la pena, el dolor y el desmayo,
sin pasar a ser fuego ni rayo,
se quedó en el cristal de aquel viril.
¡Corred, venid, corred y venid!

And sorrow, pain and faintness,
without turning into fire or lightning,
remained in the crystal of that monstrance.
Run, come, run and come!

Si a tal fineza correspondes feliz,
¡ay, qué dicha, pues llegó ya mi fin!
¡Ay, fuentecilla sonora, para el curso feliz!

If you answer such tenderness with joy,
ah, what bliss, for my end has come!
Ah, sounding little fountain, stay your happy course!

¡Ay, dueño amante!, bien podré yo decir:
¡ay, te disfrazas para hacerme feliz!
¡Ay, qué gorjeos las aves, rinden gracias mil!

Ah, loving master! well may I say:
ah, you disguise yourself to make me happy!
Ah, what warbling: the birds give a thousand thanks!

A tal grandeza rindo gracias mil,
¡ay, que si como no hay más que pedir,
¡ay, airecillos sutiles, mi dicha aplaudid!

To such greatness I give a thousand thanks;
ah, since there is nothing more to ask,
ah, subtle little breezes, applaud my joy!

Si el blanco velo es cendal sutil,
¡ay, no recates hoy tu ser así!
¡Ay, arroyuelo que corres, para el curso feliz!

If the white veil is a fine gauze,
ah, do not hide your being so today!
Ah, little stream that runs, stay your happy course!

Callad, pensamientos

Tono to the Blessed Sacrament, contrafactum of "Abril floreciente"

Callad, pensamientos,
llegad, no le ofendan,
que Dios se ha escondido
porque le ha vencido su misma fineza.

Be still, my thoughts,
draw near, let nothing offend Him,
for God has hidden himself,
overcome by his own tenderness.

En blanco accidente los ojos no vean,
guardando el secreto, que el Cielo se abrevia.

Let the eyes not see in the white accident,
keeping the secret, that Heaven is made small.

Los sentidos todos su luz ya detengan,
haciendo al silencio que lengua le sea.

Let all the senses now hold back their light,
making silence itself become their tongue.

El alma, si adora, con tiento se mueva,
pues en este velo su gloria se encierra.

Let the soul, if it adores, move with care,
for in this veil its glory is enclosed.

Cristal condensado las aguas se adviertan,
y paren su curso su orgullo detengan.

Let the waters appear as condensed crystal,
and stay their course and hold back their pride.



¡Jilguerillos, cantad!

Tono to the Blessed Sacrament

¡Jilguerillos, cantad!
¡La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Ut!,
del aire la inquietud.
Con gorjeos ¡parad!

Little goldfinches, sing!
La, sol, fa, mi, re, ut!
The restlessness of the air
halt with your warbling!

Con trinando y bemol,
en porfiada lid
celebrad y aplaudid
al más divino sol
que pudo el mundo ver.
¡Dulces motetes trinad,
a su oriente volad
a darle el parabién!

With trills and flats,
in eager contest,
celebrate and applaud
the most divine sun
the world could ever see.
Trill sweet motets,
fly to its dawning
to bid it welcome!

Si de su curso al cenit
el sol tan hermoso es,
es más hermosa su luz
cuando comienza a nacer.

If at the zenith of its course
the sun is so beautiful,
more beautiful still is its light
when it begins to rise.

De ella gozaba el maná
en los campos de Israel,
pues prevenirla este pan
sagrado destino fue.

That light the manna enjoyed
in the fields of Israel,
for to foreshadow this bread
was its sacred destiny.

Ceda la vara de Aarón
al pan que siempre ha de ser,
empeño de todo un Dios
noble objeto de la fe.

Let Aaron's rod yield
to the bread that shall ever be
the pledge of God Himself,
the noble object of faith.

Cedan los rayos del sol
al más fino rosicler,
bello parto que nos dio
la reina más bella Ester.

Let the rays of the sun yield
to the finest rosy dawn,
the lovely offspring given us
by the fairest queen, Esther.

Ceda el riego del Jordán
a la palma de Cadés,
que, si en fruto feraz es,
por el fruto veraz es.

Let the waters of the Jordan yield
to the palm of Kadesh,
for if it is fertile in fruit,
it is true through its fruit.

Ceda el nevado jazmín,
ceda el purpúreo clavel,
al Dios que, siendo su autor,
es conservador también.

Let the snowy jasmine yield,
let the purple carnation yield
to the God who, being their author,
is their preserver too.

Antorcha brillante

Tono to the Blessed Sacrament

Antorcha brillante,
imagen flamante
del ser que respiro,
pues, si tu luz miro
tan siempre encendida,
siempre te está costando la vida.

Brilliant torch,
radiant image
of the being I breathe,
for if I behold your light
so ever burning,
it is ever costing you your life.

Tu símbolo advierte
la vida y la muerte
de un Dios que me alienta
cuando me alimenta,
y amante presumo
que sólo le halago cuando le consumo.

Your symbol reveals
the life and the death
of a God who gives me breath
when He feeds me,
and, loving, I presume
that I only please Him when I consume Him.

Cuidado, desvelos;
cuidado, ansias
tened temor,
que anda el amor
disfrazado en nieve y llamas.

Take care, vigils;
take care, yearnings;
be afraid,
for Love goes about
disguised in snow and flames.

Con tan secreto impulso
hieren sus armas
que al volar de la flecha
ya siente la herida el alma.

With so secret an impulse
do his weapons wound
that as the arrow flies
the soul already feels the wound.

¡Oh, qué feliz mi pecho
será, si alcanza
ser el blanco dichoso
que acierte puntas su aljaba!

Oh, how happy my heart
will be if it may
be the fortunate target
struck by the points of his quiver!



Gorjeos de las aves

Villancico to the Blessed Sacrament

Gorjeos de las aves al sol en su horizonte,
ya son tristes arrullos al Sol cuando se pone.

The birds' warbling to the sun on its horizon
turns now to sad cooing for the Sun as it sets.

Y en muy tristes endechas, agostos de su abril trinan,

que sólo quieren trinar, que sólo quieren llorar, sentir, morir.

And in most mournful dirges they trill the August of their April,
for they wish only to trill, only to weep, to grieve, to die.

Yo que Calandria trinando suspendida el alba,
a la ausencia de mi Sol al ponerse en el cenit
no hay trinar sino sentir.

I, a lark whose trills held the dawn spellbound,
in the absence of my Sun, setting at its zenith,
have no trilling left but grief.

Yo el cisne que sólo canta cuando aspira al expirar,
si la vida se me ausenta no hay vida en que cante ya,
vida, sí, para llorar.

I, the swan that sings only as it breathes its last,
if life departs from me, have no life left to sing,
only life to weep.

Yo que Fénix de la Arabia, cítara del prado fui,
a la ausencia de mi Sol, suspensa me suspendí,
y mi trinar fue morir.

I, who was the Phoenix of Arabia, the zither of the meadow,
in the absence of my Sun stood still, spellbound,
and my trilling was dying.

Y así al coro más canoro podía en lamentos seguir,
todo el vulgo de las aves que miran su sol partir.

And so the most tuneful choir could follow in laments
the whole common flock of birds that watch their sun
depart.



Vaya, pues, rompiendo el velo

Jácara to the Blessed Sacrament (contrafactum)

Vaya, pues, rompiendo el velo,
este bocado sagrado,
que como escondido viene
al altar por lo gallardo,
a la salud del Dios vivo
que en el pan se está ocultando.

So let it go, tearing the veil,
this sacred morsel,
which comes, as if in hiding,
to the altar out of sheer gallantry,
to the health of the living God
who lies hidden in the bread.

¡Silencio, atención, aplauso!
¡Ay, mi Dios, que de gozo me salgo!
Y hasta el cielo está suspirando.
No chisten, callen, no chisten,
silencio, atención, aplauso.

Silence, attention, applause!
Ah, my God, I'm beside myself with joy!
And even heaven is sighing.
Not a whisper, quiet, not a whisper,
silence, attention, applause.

Jácara va de lo inmenso,
de ese manjar admirable
que alimentará a las almas
el día que las llamare;
ése que nos hace ver
que un blanco pan es su talle,
cuando sabemos que es Dios
que en todo el orbe no cabe.

Here goes a jácara of the immense,
of that wondrous food
that will nourish souls
on the day He calls them;
the one who makes us see
that a white bread is His form,
when we know that He is God,
whom the whole world cannot contain.

Ángeles y pecadores
vienen todos a adorarle,
porque prisiones y culpas
Él las rompe y las deshace;
con unos juez severo,
con otros padre afable,
ya que esto es como le buscan,
ya le sigan, ya le alaben.

Angels and sinners
all come to adore Him,
for chains and sins
He breaks and undoes;
to some a stern judge,
to others a gentle father,
according to how they seek Him,
whether they follow Him or praise Him.



Canten dos pajaritos

Duo to the Blessed Sacrament

Canten dos pajaritos
al Sol que sale,
porque dos pajaritos
mejor le alaben.
Canten suave,
que este día a su aplauso
será admirable.

Let two little birds sing
to the rising Sun,
so that two little birds
may praise Him better.
Let them sing softly,
for this day, with their applause,
will be wondrous.

A este día felice es bien que le llame,
pues se ostenta el galán más divino,
que adora mi fe constante.

Well may I call this day a happy one,
for the most divine suitor shows himself,
whom my constant faith adores.

El amor de su afecto sólo en sí crece,
porque afecto de amor como el suyo
no falta aunque más padece.

The love of His affection grows only within itself,
for an affection of love like His
never fails, however much it suffers.

Pues su pecho se abrasa, débale el pecho,
que en mis hielos su ardor soberano
avive el mejor incendio.

Since His breast is aflame, let my breast owe Him this:
that in my frosts His sovereign ardour
may kindle the finest blaze.



Pájaros, hojas y ramas

Tono to the Blessed Sacrament

Pájaros, hojas y ramas y fuentes,
al sonecillo de los laureles,
unas con otras hacen sonajas,
castañuelas y cascabeles,
y un sonecillo suave forman las hojas,
las ramas, las fuentes, todas airosas,
las ramas, las aves, las fuentes, hojas,
todas alegres, las hojas, las ramas, las aves,
las fuentes repican y tocan,
que el sol amanece, castañuelas y cascabeles.

Birds, leaves and branches and fountains,
to the little tune of the laurels,
together make jingles,
castanets and little bells,
and a gentle little tune is made by the leaves,
the branches, the fountains, all so graceful,
the branches, the birds, the fountains, leaves,
all joyful, the leaves, the branches, the birds,
the fountains peal and play,
for the sun is rising, castanets and little bells.

Lo que usa no se excusa,
y lo nuevo ha sido siempre lo que más al gusto pica, lo que más.

What is customary cannot be avoided,
and the new has always been what most tickles the taste, what most.

Pues la Iglesia, nuestra madre,
fervorosamente alegre el mayor amor festeja, el mayor.

For the Church, our mother,
fervently joyful, celebrates the greatest love, the greatest.

En las bodas ya se sabe, en las bodas ya se entiende

que ha de haber muy buena chanza, que ha de haber.

At weddings, as everyone knows, at weddings, as is understood,
there must be some good fun, there must be.

El galán es tan amante, de que ha de haber
que le ha dado un accidente, dicen que tiene sustancia.

The bridegroom is so loving, so there must be,
that he has suffered an accident: they say it has substance.

Y la dama prevenida, y aunque no, a buscar remedio viene,

que si el mal es de su esposo, es el bien.

And the lady, forewarned, and even if not, comes seeking a remedy,
for if the ill is her spouse's, it is her good.

Para hacer su galanteo, una música previene,
allá va, señores míos, allá va.

To court her, he has some music ready:
here it goes, my lords, here it goes.



La Negrina

Ensalada

Cumplido es ya nuestro deseo,
remediado es nuestro mal.
Cante el linaje humanal
"Gloria in excelsis Deo"
pues Dios se ha hecho mortal.
No hay cosa igual
que querer hoy Dios nacer.
¡Oh, gran placer!

Our longing is now fulfilled,
our ill is remedied.
Let the human race sing
"Glory to God in the highest",
for God has become mortal.
There is nothing to equal
God's will to be born today.
Oh, great delight!

Pues amana la gaznata:
“Cordero que al lobo mata
non más de verle nascer,
¿quién pensáis que debe ser?”
Pues que tan bien lo has chapado
dinos quién es ese tal.
Es el Verbo encarnado,
en la Virgen sin pecado,
sin pecado original.

So clear your throat:
“The Lamb that slays the wolf
merely by being born,
who do you think He must be?”
Since you have hit it so well,
tell us who this one is.
He is the Word made flesh,
in the Virgin without sin,
without original sin.

Pues entona aquí, Pascual,
un cantar si Dios te deja:
“N’Eulàlia vol gonella, Bernat,
ay, vol-la de palmella,
amb un rossegall darrera.”

So strike up here, Pascual,
a song, if God allows you:
“Eulàlia wants a skirt, Bernat,
ah, she wants it pleated,
with a train behind.”

No nos cansemos, con placer cantemos
pues Dios y hombre es ya nacido.
¿Qué hará aquel perdido Lucifer
pues que le quitó su ser
la Virgen, madre y esposa?

Let us not tire; let us sing with pleasure,
for God and man is now born.
What will that lost Lucifer do,
now that his power was taken from him
by the Virgin, mother and spouse?

“Florida estava la rosa,
que o vento le volvía la folha”.

“The rose was in bloom,
and the wind turned its petals.”

Caminemos y veremos
a Dios hecho ya mortal
¿qué diremos, qué cantemos
al que nos libró de mal,
y al alma de ser cativa?
¡Viva, viva, viva, viva!
Canta, yo responderé:
“San Sabeya, gugurumbé,
alangandanga, gugurumbé”.

Let us walk on and we shall see
God now made mortal.
What shall we say, what shall we sing
to Him who freed us from evil,
and the soul from captivity?
Long live, live, live, live!
Sing, and I will answer:
“San Sabeya, gugurumbé,
alangandanga, gugurumbé.”

Mantenga señor Joan Branca,
mantenga vossa merçé.
¿Sabé como é ya nacido aya em Berem,

un niñito muy garrido?
Sa muy ben, sa muy ben.

God keep you, Señor Juan Branca,
God keep your worship.
Do you know that there has been born, there in Bethlehem,
a very handsome little child?
I know it well, I know it well.

Vamo a vé su nacimento,
Dios pesebre echado está.
Sa contento. Vamo ayá.
¡Sú! Vení que ye verá.
Bonasá, bonasá.
Su camisoncico rondaro,
çagarano, çagarano.
Su sanico color rosso.
Sa hermoso, sa hermoso,
‘zucar menda yevará.

Let’s go and see his birth;
God lies laid in a manger.
I’m happy. Let’s go there.
Hey! Come and you will see.
How lovely, how lovely.
His little frilled shirt,
çagarano, çagarano.
His rosy little colour.
He is beautiful, he is beautiful;
he will be given sugar.

AVECILLAS

TONOS AL SANTÍSIMO SACRAMENTO



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