

JÁCARAS DEL ZÉFIRO

# LA GRACIA Y EL GOZO

ENSALADAS Y VILLANCICOS AL NACIMIENTO

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# La gracia y el gozo



## THE CONCERT

*The joy of the Nativity in Hispanic music of the Renaissance and Baroque: villancicos and tonos where the sacred and the popular go hand in hand.*

For centuries, Christmas in the Hispanic world was a feast as devout as it was theatrical. Each year, cathedrals and chapels commissioned new villancicos for Christmas matins, full of wonder at the mystery, the tenderness of the lullaby and the bustle of shepherds at the manger.

Opening with a cantiga by Alfonso X, *La gracia y el gozo* brings together sixteenth-century villancicos and ensaladas, such as the celebrated *Ríu, ríu, chíu* from the Uppsala Songbook, with Baroque tonos and villancicos by Sebastián Durón, Juan Hidalgo, José de Torres and Manuel de Egüés, preserved in Burgos, Salamanca, Segovia, Barcelona and Guatemala. Several reached the manger through *contrafactum*, dressing secular tonos for Christmas without losing their theatrical freshness.

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**ENSEMBLE**

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

**REPERTOIRE**

**11 works** from the Hispanic Renaissance and Baroque.

**DURATION**

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

**PREMIERE**

Música en Adviento series of the Junta de Andalucía, Iglesia de la Encarnación, Almuñécar, 26 December 2025. Series details →

**PRODUCTION**

Minimal technical requirements: each musician brings their own instruments.

# PROGRAM



# LA GRACIA Y EL GOZO

ENSALADAS Y VILLANCICOS AL NACIMIENTO

## 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*

## El Fuego (a 4)
**Mateo Flecha "el Viejo"** (c. 1481–1553)

Ensalada
Published in Prague by Mateo Flecha "el Joven"
*Transcribed by Maricarmen Gómez Muntané*

## Yo canto, yo lloro (a 2, soprano and alto)
**Manuel de Egüés** (1657–1729)

Duo to Our Lady of the Conception
Burgos Cathedral
*Transcribed by Roberto Alonso*

## Ríu, ríu, chíu (a 4)
**Anonymous**

Attributed to Mateo Flecha "el Viejo"
Christmas villancico
Uppsala Songbook
*Transcribed by Nancho Álvarez*

## Quedito airecillo (alto)
**Sebastián Durón** (1660–1716)

Tono to the Nativity, contrafactum of "Abril floreciente"
National Library of Spain
*Transcribed by Lola Josa and Mariano Lambea*

## Pues el cielo y la tierra (a 4)
**José de Torres** (c. 1670–1738)

Christmas villancico
Salamanca Cathedral
*Transcribed by Eduardo López Banzo*

## Antorcha brillante (bajete)

### Juan Hidalgo (1614–1685)

Tono to the Nativity, contrafactum of the solo tono
Segovia Cathedral
*Transcribed by Lola Josa and Mariano Lambea*

## La Negrina (a 4)

### Mateo Flecha “el Viejo” (c. 1481–1553)

Ensalada
Published in Prague by Mateo Flecha “el Joven”
*Transcribed by Nancho Álvarez*

## Vaya, pues, rompiendo el aire (tenor)

### Sebastián Durón (1660–1716)

Solo jácara, very lively
Historical Archdiocesan Archive of Guatemala
*Transcribed by Víctor Cruz*

## Canten dos pajarillos (a 2, altos)

### Sebastián Durón (1660–1716)

Duo to the Nativity
Library of Catalonia
*Transcribed by Eduardo López Banzo*



## La Bomba (a 4)

### Mateo Flecha “el Viejo” (c. 1481–1553)

Ensalada
Published in Prague by Mateo Flecha “el Joven”
*Transcribed by Maricarmen Gómez Muntané*



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# 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 premiere of *La gracia y el gozo* at the Iglesia de la Encarnación, Almuñécar.

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




***La gracia y el gozo*, live trailer**

Excerpts from the premiere concert in Almuñécar




***Avecillas*, live**

A piece from our second program, at the International Festival of Sacred Art, Madrid



Follow us on Instagram: **@jacarasdelzefiro**

# TEXTS

ORIGINAL

## 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.

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.

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.

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."

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.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

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

*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.*

*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.*

*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."*

*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.*



## El Fuego

*Ensalada*

¡Corred, corred, pecadores!
No os tardéis en traer luego
¡agua al fuego, agua al fuego!

*Run, run, sinners!*
*Do not delay in bringing at once*
*water to the fire, water to the fire!*

Este fuego que se enciende es el maldito pecado,
que al que no halla ocupado siempre para sí lo prende.
Cualquier que de Dios pretende salvación procure luego
agua al fuego, agua al fuego.

*This fire being kindled is accursed sin,*
*which seizes for itself whoever it finds idle.*
*Whoever seeks salvation from God, let him bring at once*
*water to the fire, water to the fire.*

Venid presto, pecadores, a matar aqueste fuego;
haced penitencia luego de todos vuestros errores.

*Come quickly, sinners, and put out this fire;*
*do penance at once for all your errors.*

Reclamen esas campanas dentro en vuestros corazones.
Poned en Dios las aficiones, todas las gentes humanas.
¡Llamad esos aguadores, luego, luego, sin tardar!

*Let those bells ring out within your hearts.*
*Set your affections on God, all humankind.*
*Call the water-carriers, quickly, quickly, without delay!*

Y ayúdennos a matar este fuego.
No os tardéis en traer luego dentro de vuestra conciencia
mil cargos de penitencia de buen agua,
y ansí mataréis la fragua de vuestros malos deseos,
y los enemigos feos huirán.

*And help us put out this fire.*
*Do not delay in bringing at once into your conscience*
*a thousand loads of penance of good water,*
*and so you will quench the forge of your evil desires,*
*and the foul enemies will flee.*

¡Oh cómo el mundo se abrasa
no teniendo a Dios temor,
teniendo siempre su amor
con lo que el demonio amasa!

*Oh, how the world is burning,*
*having no fear of God,*
*and ever holding dear*
*what the devil kneads!*

Por cualquiera que traspasa los mandamientos de Dios,
cantaremos entre nos,
dándole siempre baldones:
"Cadent super eos carbones,
in ignem dejicies eos:
in miseriis non subsistent",

*For whoever breaks the commandments of God*
*we shall sing among ourselves,*
*heaping reproaches on him:*
*"Let burning coals fall upon them;*
*thou shalt cast them into the fire;*
*in miseries they shall not stand."*

Este mundo donde andamos es una herviente fragua,
donde no ha lugar el agua, si por ventura tardamos.

*This world in which we walk is a seething forge,*
*where water is of no avail if by chance we are late.*

¡Oh, cómo nos abrasamos en el mundo y su hervor!
Por cualquiera pecador que lo que da Dios no toma,
se dirá lo que de Roma cuando se ardía sin favor:

"Mira Nero, de Tarpeya, a Roma cómo se ardía;

gritos dan niños y viejos y él de nada se dolía".

*Oh, how we burn in the world and its heat!*
*Of any sinner who will not take what God gives*
*it shall be said what was said of Rome as it burned, helpless:*
*"From the Tarpeian Rock Nero watched how Rome was burning;*
*children and old men cried out, and he grieved for nothing."*

¡No os tardéis! ¡Traed, traed agua ya!
¡Y vosotros atajad! ¡Corred! ¡Presto socorred!
¡Sed prestos y muy ligeros
en dar golpes a los pechos!
¡Atajad aquesos techos!
¡Corred, corred! ¡Cortad presto esos maderos!

*Do not delay! Bring, bring water now!*
*And you, cut it off! Run! Help, quickly!*
*Be quick and very nimble*
*in beating your breasts!*
*Pull down those roofs!*
*Run, run! Quickly cut those beams!*

¡Tañed, tañed, más apriesa,
que vamos sin redención!
¡Tañed presto, que ya cesa
con agua nuestra pasión!

*Ring, ring, faster,*
*for we are without redemption!*
*Ring quickly, for now*
*our suffering ceases with water!*

Y ansí, con justa razón dirán las gentes humanas:
"¿dónde las hay las tales aguas soberanas?"

*And so, with good reason, all humankind will say:*
*"Where are such sovereign waters to be found?"*

Toca, Huan, con tu gaitilla, pues ha cesado el pesar.

*Play, Juan, on your little bagpipe, for the sorrow has ceased.*

Yo te diré un cantar muy pulido a maravilla.
Veslo aquí, ea pues, todos decir:
"De la Virgen sin mancilla
ha manado el agua pura".
Y es que ha hecho criatura
al Hijo de Dios eterno,
para que diese gobierno
al mundo que se perdió;
y una Virgen lo parió,
según habemos sabido,
por reparar lo perdido
de nuestros padres primeros:

*I will sing you a song, wondrously fine.*
*Here it is; come then, everyone say:*
*"From the spotless Virgin*
*the pure water has flowed."*
*For she has made a creature*
*of the eternal Son of God,*
*that He might govern*
*the world that was lost;*
*and a Virgin bore Him,*
*as we have come to know,*
*to repair what was lost*
*by our first parents:*

¡Alegría, caballeros!
que nos vino en este día
que parió Santa María
al pastor de los corderos.
Y con este nacimiento,
que es de agua dulce y buena,
se repara nuestra pena
para darnos a entender
que tenemos de beber
de esta agua los sedientos,
guardando los mandamientos
a que nos obliga Dios,
porque se diga por nos:

"Qui biberit ex hac aqua,
non sitiet in aeternum".

*Rejoice, gentlemen!*
*for it came to us on this day*
*when Holy Mary gave birth*
*to the shepherd of the lambs.*
*And with this birth,*
*which is of sweet, good water,*
*our sorrow is healed,*
*to make us understand*
*that we who thirst*
*must drink of this water,*
*keeping the commandments*
*that God lays upon us,*
*so that it may be said of us:*

*"Whoever drinks of this water*
*shall never thirst again."*



## Yo canto, yo lloro

*Salve in the vernacular*

Yo canto, yo lloro,
yo vivo, yo muero,
yo adoro, yo peno.
Yo canto excelencias,
yo lloro en mi ardor,
yo vivo a finezas,
yo muero de amor.
Yo adoro una hermosura,
y peno en mi aflicción.
Yo ardo enamorado,
yo quiero su esplendor,
y en amantes suspiros
atiendan a mi voz
los que de amor merecen
la más dulce prisión.

*I sing, I weep,*
*I live, I die,*
*I adore, I suffer.*
*I sing of excellences,*
*I weep in my ardour,*
*I live by tender devotion,*
*I die of love.*
*I adore a beauty,*
*and suffer in my affliction.*
*I burn, enamoured,*
*I long for her splendour,*
*and to my loving sighs*
*let them lend an ear,*
*those who by love deserve*
*the sweetest prison.*

Ay amor, ay dolor,
que si el alma padece
mi dicha es mayor.
Tierno es el afecto,
dulce suspensión.
Mas si muero de amor
que me abrasa,
¿quién sino María
inflama mi ardor?,
cantando su pureza,
llorando por su amor.
Si vivo es porque quiero,
si quiero es una Gloria
y la mayor.

*Ah love, ah pain,*
*for if the soul suffers*
*my joy is the greater.*
*Tender is the feeling,*
*sweet the rapture.*
*But if I die of the love*
*that consumes me,*
*who but Mary*
*kindles my ardour,*
*as I sing of her purity*
*and weep for her love?*
*If I live, it is because I will it;*
*if I will it, it is a glory,*
*and the greatest.*

Y entre el placer y el llanto
cante mi pasión:
Su hermosura y su agrado,
su pureza y su amor,
sus prendas, su gloria,
su gracia y su amor.

*And between delight and weeping*
*let my passion sing*
*her beauty and her grace,*
*her purity and her love,*
*her virtues, her glory,*
*her grace and her love.*

Cante todo el mundo
en acorde unión,
con dulces acentos,
con medios alegres,
con alto primor.
Porque Dios la amó.
Entre las mujeres bendita
desde el instante de tu concepción.

*Let the whole world sing*
*in concordant union,*
*with sweet accents,*
*with joyful means,*
*with highest art.*
*For God loved her.*
*Blessed among women*
*from the instant of your conception.*

Aplaudan los cielos
la dicha mayor,
y publiquen los astros hermosos,
las inteligencias de luz superior,
con admiración.
Dios te salve purísima Virgen
desde el instante de tu concepción.

*Let the heavens applaud*
*the greatest joy,*
*and let the beautiful stars proclaim it,*
*and the intelligences of higher light,*
*in wonder.*
*God save you, most pure Virgin,*
*from the instant of your conception.*



## Ríu, ríu, chíu

*Christmas villancico*

Ríu, ríu, chíu, la guarda ribera,
Dios guardó el lobo de nuestra cordera.

*Riu, riu, chiu, the keeper of the riverbank:*
*God kept the wolf from our lamb.*

El lobo rabioso la quiso morder
Mas Dios poderoso la supo defender
Quísola hacer que no pudiese pecar
Ni aun original esta virgen no tuviera.

*The raging wolf tried to bite her,*
*but almighty God knew how to defend her;*
*He willed to make her unable to sin,*
*so that this virgin had not even original sin.*

Este que es nacido es el gran monarca
Cristo Patriarca de carne vestido
Hanos redimido con se hacer chiquito
Aunque era infinito finito se hiciera.

*He who is born is the great monarch,*
*Christ the Patriarch, clothed in flesh;*
*He has redeemed us by making himself small;*
*though He was infinite, He became finite.*

Yo vi mil garzones que andaban cantando
Por aquí volando haciendo mil sones
Diciendo a gascones "Gloria sea en el Cielo"
Y paz en el suelo pues Jesús naciera.

*I saw a thousand youths going about singing,*
*flying around here, making a thousand sounds,*
*saying to the shepherds: "Glory be in Heaven,*
*and peace on earth, for Jesus is born."*

Pues que ya tenemos lo que deseamos
Todos juntos vamos presentes llevemos
Todos le daremos nuestra voluntad
Pues a se igualar con nosotros viniera.

*Since we now have what we longed for,*
*let us all go together and bring Him gifts;*
*we shall all give Him our good will,*
*since He came to make himself one of us.*

## Quedito airecillo

*Tono to the Nativity*

Quedito airecillo,
no vengas, no vengas,
que Amor se ha dormido
porque le ha vencido
su misma fineza.

*Softly, little breeze,*
*do not come, do not come,*
*for Love has fallen asleep,*
*overcome*
*by his own tenderness.*

El blando susurro
las hojas no muevan,
guardándole el sueño,
que aunque duerme vela.

*Let the gentle whisper*
*not stir the leaves,*
*guarding his sleep,*
*for though he sleeps, he keeps watch.*

Las flores su nácar
detenido tengan,
haciendo al silencio
que parlero sea.

*Let the flowers hold back*
*their mother-of-pearl,*
*making the silence itself*
*grow eloquent.*

Que Amor se ha dormido
porque le ha vencido
su misma fineza.

*For Love has fallen asleep,*
*overcome*
*by his own tenderness.*

## Pues el cielo y la tierra

*Christmas villancico*

Pues el cielo y la tierra dicen las obras
del que nace, y las puertas abre a la gloria.

*Since heaven and earth proclaim the works*
*of Him who is born, and the gates open to glory.*

Tierra, canta, canta finezas.
Cielo, dile, dile requiebros.
Agua, pinta, pinta su gala.
Aire, copia, copia su imagen.
Sean de sus grandezas todos idiomas,
pues el cielo y la tierra dicen sus obras.

*Earth, sing, sing of tenderness.*
*Heaven, tell Him, tell Him sweet words.*
*Water, paint, paint His finery.*
*Air, copy, copy His image.*
*Let all tongues speak of His greatness,*
*for heaven and earth proclaim His works.*

Aplauda la tierra la flor generosa,
que porque se salven de ruinas las otras,
a las zarzas esquivas expone
su gala y su pompa.

*Let the earth applaud the noble flower*
*who, so that the others may be saved from ruin,*
*exposes to the harsh brambles*
*her finery and her splendour.*

El aire se goce de ver que coronan
su diáfano cuerpo angélicas tropas,
que cantando a Dios hombre la gala,
le visten de gloria.

*Let the air rejoice to see angelic hosts*
*crowning its diaphanous body,*
*for, singing the praises of God made man,*
*they clothe Him in glory.*



## Antorcha brillante

*Tono to the Nativity*

Antorcha brillante,
imagen flamante
del ser que respiro,
pues si tu luz miro
tan siempre encendida,
hoy nace el autor de la vida.

*Brilliant torch,*
*radiant image*
*of the being I breathe,*
*for if I behold your light*
*so ever burning,*
*today the author of life is born.*

Tu símbolo advierte
la gloria y la suerte
de un Dios que contenta
al alma que intenta
y lleno de gracia,
que en gozos inmensos
el alma me sacia.

*Your symbol reveals*
*the glory and the fortune*
*of a God who gladdens*
*the soul that strives,*
*and, full of grace,*
*in boundless joys*
*fills my soul.*

Cuidado, desvelos; cuidado, ansias,
Tened temor, que anda el amor
Tiritando en nieve y pajas.

*Take care, vigils; take care, yearnings;*
*be afraid, for Love lies*
*shivering in snow and straw.*

Con tan divino impulso gloria le cantan,
Que al ver Dios nacido se alegra la noche santa.

*With such divine impulse they sing Him glory*
*that, seeing God born, the holy night rejoices.*

Oh, qué feliz mi pecho será, si alcanza a ver
Al Rey del cielo que nos regala su Gracia.

*Oh, how happy my heart will be if it may see*
*the King of Heaven, who grants us His grace.*



## 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.

*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.*

No hay cosa igual
que querer hoy Dios nascer.
Gran plazer, ¡oh gran plazer!
Pues amana la gaznata:

*There is nothing to equal*
*God’s will to be born today.*
*Great delight, oh great delight!*
*So clear your throat:*

| | |
|---|---|
| “Cordero que al lobo mata<br>non más de verle nascer,<br>¿quién pensáis que debe ser?” | *“The Lamb that slays the wolf<br>merely by being born,<br>who do you think He must be?”* |
| Pues que tan bien lo has chapado<br>dinos quien es ese tal.<br>Es el Verbo encarnado,<br>en la Virgen sin pecado,<br>sin pecado original.<br>Pues entona aquí, Pascual,<br>un cantar si Dios te deja: | *Since you have hit it so well,<br>tell us who this one is.<br>He is the Word made flesh,<br>in the Virgin without sin,<br>without original sin.<br>So strike up here, Pascual,<br>a song, if God allows you:* |
| “N'Eulàlia vol gonella, Bernat,<br>n'Eulàlia vol gonella.<br>Ay, vol-la de palmella, Bernat,<br>amb un rossegall darrera, Bernat,<br>N'Eulàlia vol gonella”. | *“Eulàlia wants a skirt, Bernat,<br>Eulàlia wants a skirt.<br>Ah, she wants it pleated, Bernat,<br>with a train behind, Bernat,<br>Eulàlia wants a skirt.”* |
| No nos cansemos, con placer cantemos<br>pues Dios y hombre es ya nacido.<br>¿Qué hará aquel perdido Lucifer<br>pues que le quitó su ser<br>la Virgen, madre y esposa? | *Let us not tire; let us sing with pleasure,<br>for God and man is now born.<br>What will that lost Lucifer do,<br>now that his power was taken from him<br>by the Virgin, mother and spouse?* |
| “Florida estava la rosa,<br>que o vento le volvía la folha”. | *“The rose was in bloom,<br>and the wind turned its petals.”* |
| Caminemos y veremos<br>a Dios hecho ya mortal<br>¿qué diremos, qué cantemos<br>al que nos libró de mal,<br>y al alma de ser cativa? | *Let us walk on and we shall see<br>God now made mortal.<br>What shall we say, what shall we sing<br>to Him who freed us from evil,<br>and the soul from captivity?* |
| ¡Viva, viva, viva, viva!<br>Canta, yo responderé: | *Long live, live, live, live!<br>Sing, and I will answer:* |
| “San Sabeya, gugurumbé,<br>alangandanga, gugurumbé”. | *“San Sabeya, gugurumbé,<br>alangandanga, gugurumbé.”* |
| Mantenga señor Joan Branca,<br>mantenga vossa merçé.<br>¿Sabé como é ya nacido<br>aya em Berem,<br>un niñito muy garrido?<br>Sa muy ben, sa muy ben. | *God keep you, Señor Juan Branca,<br>God keep your worship.<br>Do you know that there has been born,<br>there in Bethlehem,<br>a very handsome little child?<br>I know it well, I know it well.* |
| Vamo a ver su nacimento,<br>Dios pesebre echado está.<br>Sa contento. Vamo ayá.<br>¡Sú! Vení que ye verá.<br>Bonasa, bonasa.<br>Su camisoncico rondaro,<br>çagarano, çagarano.<br>Su sanico color rosso.<br>Sa hermoso, sa hermoso,<br>‘zucar menda yevará. | *Let’s go and see his birth;<br>God lies laid in a manger.<br>I’m happy. Let’s go there.<br>Hey! Come and you will see.<br>How lovely, how lovely.<br>His little frilled shirt,<br>çagarano, çagarano.<br>His rosy little colour.<br>He is beautiful, he is beautiful;<br>he will be given sugar.* |
| Alangandanga gugurumbé.<br>San Sabeya, gugurumbé, | *Alangandanga gugurumbé.<br>San Sabeya, gugurumbé.* |
| Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia. | *Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.* |



## Vaya, pues, rompiendo el aire

*Solo jácara, very lively*

Vaya, pues, rompiendo el aire
la jacarilla de garbo,
que como nacida viene
a la noche por lo guapo,
a la salud del Rey niño
que al hielo está tiritando.
Silencio, atención, aplauso,
ay, Jesús, que de risa me caigo
y hasta el sol está tiritando.
No chisten, callen,
silencio, atención, aplauso.

*So let it go, cleaving the air,*
*this jaunty little jácara,*
*born, as it is, for the night*
*out of sheer swagger,*
*to the health of the Child King*
*who lies shivering in the frost.*
*Silence, attention, applause;*
*ah, Jesus, I'm falling over with laughter,*
*and even the sun is shivering.*
*Not a whisper, quiet,*
*silence, attention, applause.*

Jácara va de lo bravo
de ese jayán formidable
que pegará fuego al mundo
el día que se enojare,
ése que hace creer
que hoy es el día que nace,
cuando sabemos que tiene
tanta edad como su padre.

*Here goes a jácara of the bold,*
*of that formidable giant*
*who will set the world on fire*
*the day that he grows angry,*
*the one who makes us believe*
*that today is the day he is born,*
*when we know that he is*
*as old as his Father.*

El que siendo, allá en su patria,
rico, poderoso y grave,
dormir le hace en un pesebre
una golosa inconstante,
tan guapo que el mismo día
en que le parió su madre
hizo rendir a sus plantas
a muchísimos zagales.

*He who, there in his homeland,*
*was rich, powerful and grave,*
*is made to sleep in a manger*
*by a fickle woman's sweet tooth,*
*so bold that on the very day*
*his mother gave him birth*
*he brought to his feet*
*a great many shepherd lads.*



## Canten dos pajarillos

*Duo to the Nativity*

Canten dos pajarillos al tierno infante,
porque dos pajaritos al niño acallen,
canten suaves, que esta noche del cielo sus voces salen.

*Let two little birds sing to the tender infant,*
*so that two little birds may hush the child;*
*let them sing softly, for tonight their voices come from heaven.*

A esta noche la llaman la noche-buena,
para todos de gozo, de gusto, de gloria, y a Dios de pena.
Porque sepan que, amante, dio cuanto tuvo:
este niño amoroso, donoso, gracioso, viene desnudo.
Hoy el niño de perlas llora entre pajas,
y las aves cantando, saltando, volando le hacen la salva.

*This night they call the Good Night,*
*for all a night of joy, delight and glory, and for God of pain.*
*So that they may know that, loving, He gave all He had,*
*this loving child, so graceful, so charming, comes naked.*
*Today the child of pearls weeps among the straw,*
*and the birds, singing, leaping, flying, give him their salute.*

## La Bomba

*Ensalada*

Bomba, bomba y agua fuera,
vayan los cargos al mar, que nos imos a anegar,
do remedio no se espera.
Al escota socorred, vosotros id al timón,
¡Qué espacio! ¡Corred, corred! ¿No veis nuestra perdición?

*Pump, pump, and water out!*
*Cargo overboard, for we are sinking,*
*and no remedy can be hoped for.*
*Help at the sheet! You, go to the helm!*
*How slow! Run, run! Do you not see our ruin?*

Esas gúmenas cortad porque se amaine la vela,
hacia acá contrapesad, oh, que la nave se asuela,
mandad calafetear que quizá dará remedio,
ya no hay tiempo ni lugar, que la nao se abre por medio,
¿qué haremos? ¿Sí aprovechará nadar?
Oh, que está tan bravo el mar, que todos pereceremos.

*Cut those cables so the sail may be lowered;*
*counterweight this way, oh, the ship is going down!*
*Have it caulked, perhaps that will save us;*
*there is no time or place left, the ship is splitting in two.*
*What shall we do? Will it help to swim?*
*Oh, the sea is so wild that we shall all perish.*

Santa Virgen de Loreto, San Ginés, socorrednos,
que me ahogo, santo Dios, San Telmo, santo bendito,
oh Virgen de Guadalupe, nuestra maldad no te ocupe,
Señora de Montserrate, oíd, señora y gran rescate.

*Holy Virgin of Loreto, Saint Genesius, help us,*
*for I am drowning, holy God, Saint Elmo, blessed saint;*
*oh Virgin of Guadalupe, let our wickedness not trouble you;*
*Lady of Montserrat, hear us, Lady and great ransom.*

Oh gran socorro y bonanza, nave viene en que escapemos,

allegad, que perecemos, socorred, no haya tardanza.

¿No sea un punto detenido?, señores, ¡ese batel, ese batel!
Oh, qué ventura he tenido, pues que pude entrar en él.

*Oh, great help and calm! Here comes a ship in which we may escape;*
*come closer, for we are perishing; help, let there be no delay.*
*Let it not stop a moment! Gentlemen, that boat, that boat!*
*Oh, what good fortune I have had, for I managed to get into it.*

"Gratias agamus, Domino, Deo nostro, dignum et justum est."

*"Let us give thanks to the Lord our God: it is right and just."*

De tan grande beneficio, recibido en este día,
cantemos con alegría, Todos hoy por su servicio.

*For so great a blessing received this day,*
*let us sing with joy, all of us today in His service.*

Ea, ea, sus, ¡empecemos! Empieza tú, Gil Pizarra,
A tañer con tu guitarra, Y nosotros te ayudaremos.
Esperad que esté templada, ¡tiémplala bien, hi de ruin!
Oh, cómo está destemplada, acaba, maldito, ya.
Es por demás, sube, sube un poco más. Muy bien está.

*Come on, come on, up, let us begin! You start, Gil Pizarra,*
*playing your guitar, and we will help you.*
*Wait until it is tuned; tune it well, you rascal!*
*Oh, how out of tune it is! Get on with it, confound you!*
*It's no use; up, up a little more. Now it is just right.*

Ande, pues, nuestro apellido, el tañer con el cantar,
concordes en alabar, a Jesús recién nacido.
Bendito el que ha venido, a librarnos de agonía,
bendito sea este día, que nació el contentamiento,
remedió su advenimiento, mil enojos.
Benditos sean los ojos, que con piedad nos miraron,
y benditos, que así amansaron tal fortuna.

*So let our cry go forth, playing and singing,*
*in concord to praise the newborn Jesus.*
*Blessed is He who has come to free us from anguish;*
*blessed be this day, on which contentment was born;*
*His coming has remedied a thousand sorrows.*
*Blessed be the eyes that looked on us with pity,*
*and blessed, for thus they calmed such a storm.*

No quede congoja alguna, demos prisa al navegar,
Poys o vento nos ha de llevar, Garrido vendaval.
No se vio bonanza igual sobre tan gran desatiento.
Bien hayas tú, viento, que ansí me ayudas contra fortuna.

*Let no anguish remain; let us hasten our sailing,*
*for the wind must carry us, a fine southerly gale.*
*Never was such calm seen after so great a disaster.*
*Blessings on you, wind, for thus you help me against the storm.*

Gritad, gritad todos a una gritad,
Bonanza, bonanza, Salvamento, salvamento.

*Shout, shout, all together shout:*
*Calm, calm! Saved, saved!*

Gala es todo a nadie hoy duela, la gala chinela,
de la china gala la gala chinela,
mucho prometemos en tormenta fiera,
mas luego ofrecemos infinita cera,
de la china gala la gala chinela.

*All is festivity, let no one grieve today, the gala chinela,*
*de la china gala la gala chinela;*
*we promise much in a fierce storm,*
*but then we offer endless candle wax,*
*de la china gala la gala chinela.*

Adiós, señores, a la vela.

*Farewell, gentlemen, set sail!*

"Nam si pericula sunt in mari,
pericula sunt in terra,
et pericula, in falsis fratribus".

*"For there are perils at sea,*
*there are perils on land,*
*and perils among false brethren."*

# LA GRACIA Y EL GOZO

ENSALADAS Y VILLANCICOS AL NACIMIENTO



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