

# WIGMORE HALL

Saturday 26 October 2024  
7.30pm

## El Fuego

### Cantoría

Inés Alonso soprano

Oriol Guimerà alto

Jorge Losana director, tenor

Víctor Cruz bass

Marc de la Linde viola da gamba

Pablo FitzGerald vihuela

Marina López organ

Mateo Flecha (1481-1553)

Gloria... pues nació

El Jubilate

Anon

Ríu, ríu, chíu

Verbum caro factum est

Dadme albricias hijos d'Eva

Mateo Flecha

El Fuego (fragments)

Antonio de Cabezón (1510-1566)

Diferencias sobre 'La dama le demanda'

Juan del Encina (c.1468-1529)

Oy comamos y bebamos

Más vale trocar

iCucú, cucú!

Mateo Flecha

La Justa (fragments)

### Interval

Mateo Flecha

El Toro

Diego Ortiz (1510-1570)

Recercada quarta sobre La Folía

Mateo Flecha

Que farem del pobre Joan

Teresica hermana

Anon

Corten espadas afiladas

Mateo Flecha

La Guerra (fragments)

Luys Milan (c.1500-1560)

Fantasia XXII

Pavana IV

Bartomeu Càrceres (fl. 1546)

Soleta so jo ací

Sus sus sus (fragmento de 'La Trulla')

Anon

Yo me soy la morenica

Mateo Flecha

La Bomba (fragments)

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This recital centres around two forms typical of Renaissance music of the Iberian peninsula: *ensalada* and *villancico*. The longest and most complex pieces we hear are six *ensaladas* by **Mateo Flecha**: *El Jubilate*, *El fuego*, *La Justa*, *El Toro*, *La Guerra* and *La Bomba*. ‘*Ensalada*’ means ‘salad’, and it’s an apt descriptor for a form of music that brings together disparate elements – languages, styles, pre-existing and new themes – into a substantial, often lengthy whole that delights the senses by playing with texture, juxtaposition and balance. Flecha was born in Tarragona in 1481 and worked extensively as chapel master at several prominent courts, including in Valencia at the court of Ferdinand, Duke of Calabria. He is known sometimes as Mateo Flecha ‘El Viejo’ (‘The Elder’) to distinguish from his nephew, Mateo Flecha ‘El Joven’, who was responsible for the printing and, consequently, survival of many of his uncle’s *ensaladas*. The *villancicos* are simpler, shorter songs, variously sacred and secular, which over time came to be associated closely with carol traditions and Christmas. The programme interweaves other themes through carefully-chosen song groupings: our attention is drawn to various pieces’ shared provenance in key manuscripts and early printed songbooks; several songs focus on women; and we are led back and forth between lofty allegory and straightforward vernacular storytelling.

The opening *Gloria... pues nació* is the only surviving Christmas-themed *villancico* known to have been written by Flecha. The next three are all drawn from the *Cancionero de Uppsala*, a book of Spanish vocal music printed in Venice in 1556; it survives in a single copy held in Uppsala University Library, and its rediscovery there in the early 20th Century immeasurably enriched the extant corpus of early modern Spanish polyphony. *Ríu, ríu, chíu* has become a popular Christmas carol; while its authorship is unknown, some scholars have suggested attributions to Flecha and Càrceres. After the gently lilting *Verbum caro factum est*, the celebratory *Dadme albricias hijos d’Eva* brings a joyful expression of good news. The news is not so good in Flecha’s *El Fuego*, where alarm bells ring in virtuosic onomatopoeiac polyphony.

The keyboardist **Antonio de Cabezón** was blind from childhood, and worked in the royal court as a composer, performer and teacher. His *Diferencias sobre ‘La dama le demanda’*, published in 1570, comprises variations on a secular song. The next three items are by **Juan del Encina**, a highly influential composer, playwright, poet and priest born circa 1468 in Salamanca – a key hub of artistic and cultural activity during the Spanish Renaissance. Many of Encina’s *villancicos*, including the three here, are preserved in the *Cancionero Musical de Palacio* – a major source for music dating from the reign of the Catholic Monarchs. *Oy comamos y bebemos* is a feast song, beginning with a call to eat, drink and be merry in advance of a period of fasting. *Más vale trocar* is similarly impassioned, this time advising that it is better to endure pain than to live without love; the lively *iCucú, cucú!* is slightly more explicit in its relationship advice. Flecha’s *La Justa* is vibrantly intertextual, quoting extensively from sacred and secular song as part of its

musical storytelling; after the interval, we hear the shorter, startlingly evocative *El Toro*.

**Diego Ortiz** was an influential performer and theorist of the viola da gamba, who wrote several *recercadas* on existing themes – this one on the famous *La Folía*. Gossip reigns in the next group, with a return to Flecha’s *villancicos* for two items copied consecutively in the *Cancionero de Uppsala*. The fast polyphony of *Que farem del pobre Joan* elicits sympathy for the unfortunate husband, while the dialogue form of *Teresica hermana* leaves us wondering about the outcome of a proposed affair. Malicious gossip is treated directly in *Corten espadas afiladas*, with its invocation of ‘lenguas malas’ (literally, ‘evil tongues’).

Many of Flecha’s *ensaladas* function allegorically on multiple levels, and some have been linked by scholars to specific political events. For instance, the musicologist Maricarmen Gómez identifies the 1529 siege of Vienna by the Ottoman Empire as the likely backdrop of *La Guerra*, which unfolds as an allegorical battle between Christ and Luzbel. **Luys Milán** was a musician and writer known for producing the first printed music for the vihuela – a lute-like instrument popular in early modern Spain. He also wrote a book that provides valuable insight into the musical life of the Valencian court. His music for the vihuela includes dozens of fantasias and pavanas; we hear one of each.

The next group foregrounds women and women’s voices. The *villancico Soleta so jo ací* has been attributed to **Bartomeu Càrceres**, about whom little is known except for his erstwhile employment in the chapel of the Duke of Calabria; this Catalan song is included within the *Cancionero de Uppsala*, and is written from a woman’s perspective. *Sus, sus, sus*, also by Càrceres, is a song of praise to the Virgin. The composer of *Yo me soy la morenica* is unknown, but it was published in a section of Christmas *villancicos* within the *Cancionero de Uppsala*; the soprano leads, portraying the mysterious persona of the title, with the rest of the ensemble joining in for simple, beautifully-harmonised refrains.

The final *ensalada* we hear is one of Flecha’s longest, the disaster tale *La Bomba* (‘The shipwreck’). In an interview earlier this year, members of Cantoría explained the inspiration they found in the ‘vivacity and wit’ of the *ensalada* and *villancico* that so vibrantly conjures ‘the emotion of the people of that time’. Indeed, the selections on this programme tell us a lot about how Renaissance composers fashioned musical interrogations of faith, love, war, sex, spirituality, disaster and so on in ways that reached across social classes.

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## Mateo Flecha (1481-1553)

### Gloria... pues nació

Gloria in excelsis Deo Pues nació Quien cumplió nuestro deseo. ¿Quién lo dixo? di Mateo Mi fe yo lo dixé yo.	Glory to God in the highest, for a child is born in answer to our prayer. Who says so? Tell us, Matthew. By my faith, I say so myself.
Di Mateo qué has sabido Deste sancto nascimiento. Dygo vos que ya es naçido El Mexías prometido En el viejo testamento Yo lo creo, yo lo creo Ya naçió Quien cumplió nuestro deseo. ¿Quién lo dixo? di Mateo Mi fe yo lo dixé yo.	Tell us, Matthew, what you know about this holy birth. I tell you the Messiah is born who was promised to us in the Old Testament. I believe it, I believe it. A child is born in answer to our prayer. Who says so? Tell us, Matthew. By my faith, I say so myself.
Dinos agora también Di Mateo por qué vía Digos vos que allá en Belén Cerca de Jerusalén De una que dizen María O que arreos O que aseo que hoy naçio Quien cumplió nuestro deseo. ¿Quién lo dixo? di Mateo Mi fe yo lo dixé yo.	Now tell us too, tell us, Matthew, how to find him. I tell you down there in Bethlehem, not far from Jerusalem, in a stable for oxen and asses, a woman they call Mary has today given birth to a child in answer to our prayer. Who says so? Tell us, Matthew. By my faith, I say so myself.

### El Jubilate

<i>'Jubilate Deo omnis terra, Cantate et exultate et psallite.'</i>	<i>Praise God with gladness, all you lands: sing, rejoice and worship him.</i>
Mil plaseres aca estén. ¡Amén! Y así lo digo yo	May a thousand pleasures reign here, amen. And so I say

Por el Niño que nació Esta noche en Belén. ¡Oh gran bien! Por quien se diría: 'Para mi me lo querría, Madre mía, ¡Para mí me lo querría!'	because of the Child that was born this night in Bethlehem, oh great tidings! Folk would say of him: 'I wish he were mine, dear mother, I wish he were mine!'
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¿Por dó veniste bien tal? Por la Virgen preservada La qual dixo en su llegada Al pecado original:	Where does such good come from? From the Immaculate Virgin who, at His birth, faced original sin and said:
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<i>'Poltron françoys, lassame andare Que soy infantina de bel maridare.'</i>	<i>'French coward, leave me be for I am a true-born princess.'</i>
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El diablo que lo oyó, se temió Porque no pudo creer Que lo que mujer perdió lo cobremos por mujer, 'Que sí puede ser, señor bachiller, ¡Que sí puede ser!'	The devil, who heard her, was afraid, as he could not believe that what woman had lost woman could redeem for us, 'But yes, it can be, my fine sir, it can be!'
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El banastón me espanta Que traga con su garganta Los padres primeros. ¡Oh! groseros ¿No veys que la Virgen santa Dixo contra Lucifer:	The great monster frightens me, as its throat opens to swallow our forefathers. Oh, foolish men, can't you see that the Holy Virgin stood up to Lucifer and said:
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'Non fay el cavaller, Non fay tal vilanía Que fillola me soy De Dios de Abrán, Señor de la jerarchía? ¡L'ánima mía!'	'Don't do it, good sir do not act with such villainy, for I am a daughter of the God of Abraham, who is Lord of all, by my very soul!'
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*Song continues overleaf. Please turn the page as quietly as possible.*

El maldito replicó: ¡Nunca más paporreo! ¡Así, así, cuerpo de nos! Aquí veré yo como baylareis vos A la girigonça. 'Saltar y bailar Con voces y grita Y vos renegar Serpiente maldita, La Virgen bendita Os hará baylar A la girigonça!	The Devil replied: No more idle words! Right here, I swear by my body here I will see how you dance to this <i>girigonça</i> . 'Jump and dance, raise voices and shout and recant, damned serpent! The Holy Virgin will make you dance this <i>girigonça</i> .
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<i>'Et ipsa conteret caput tuum, Alleluia, alleluia!'</i>	<i>'And she will crush your head, alleluia, alleluia!'</i>
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## Anon

### Ríu, ríu, chíu

Ríu, ríu, chíu, la guarda ribera, Dios guardó del lobo a nuestra cordera.	Ríu, ríu, chíu, the river bank protects it, as God kept the wolf away from our lamb.
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El lobo rabioso la quiso morder, Mas Dios poderoso la supo defender,	The rabid wolf tried to bite her but God Almighty knew how to defend her,
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Quíazole hazer que no pudiesse pecar, Ni aún original esta virgen no tuviera.	He wished to create her impervious to sin, nor was this maid to embody original sin.
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Este qu'es nascido es el gran monarcha, Christo patriarcha de carne vestido. Ha nos redimido con se hazer chiquito, Aunque era infinito, finito se hiziera.	He who's now begotten is our mighty Monarch Christ, our Holy Father, in human flesh embodied. He made himself small and so redeemed us: he who was infinite became finite.
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Pues que ya tenemos lo que desseamos, Todos juntos vamos presentes llevemos; Todos le daremos nuestra voluntad, Pues a se igualar con nosotros viniera.	Now we have gotten what we were all desiring, we go together to bear him gifts: let each give his will to the God who was willing to come down to Earth man's equal to be.
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## Verbum caro factum est

Verbum caro factum est Porque todos os salveys.	Now the Word has been made flesh, so that you may all be saved.
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Y la virgen le dezia Vida de la vida mía, Hijo mio, ¿qué os haria, Que no tengo en que os hecheys?	And the Virgin said to him: Life of my life, my son, what should I do, for I have no clothes with which to clothe you?
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O riquezas temporales, No dareys unos pañales, A Jesus que entre animales, Es nascido según veys.	You with all your earthly riches, won't you give some swaddling clothes to Jesus, who among the animals is born, as you see?
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## Dadme albricias hijos d'Eva

Dadme albricias, hijos d'Eva - ¿Di de qué dartelas han? Que es nascido el nuevo Adan. - ¡Oh y de Dios y que nueva!	Give me reward for my tidings, sons of Eve! - Tell us, why should we reward you? Because the new Adam is born. - Oh, Son of God, what news!
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Dadmelas y haved placer Pues esta noche es nascido, El Mexias prometido, Dios y hombre, de mujer. Y su nascer no relieva Del pecado y de su afan, Pues nascio el nuevo Adan. ¡Oh y de Dios, y que nueva!	Give me my reward and sing for joy, for tonight is born the promised Messiah, God and man, born of a woman, and his birth redeemed us from sin and from its torments. The new Adam is born! Oh, Son of God, what news!
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## Mateo Flecha

¡Corred, corred, pecadores! ¡No os tardéis en traer luego Agua al fuego! ¡Fuego, fuego! ¡Agua al fuego!	Run, run, you sinners! Don't be slow bringing water for the fire! Fire, fire, bring water to put out the fire!
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Este fuego que se ençiende	The fire that is being kindled
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Es el maldito pecado  
Que, al que no halla ocupado,  
Siempre para sí lo  
prende.

is the damned sin  
that always takes for itself  
that which it has not yet  
seized.

Cualquier que de Dios  
pretende  
Salvación, procure luego  
Agua al fuego.  
¡Fuego, fuego! ¡Agua al  
fuego!

Whoever asks for  
salvation from God  
receives immediately  
water for the fire.  
Fire, fire, fire! Water to put  
out the fire!

Venid presto, pecadores,  
A matar aqueste fuego;  
Hazed penitencia  
luego  
De todos vuestros errores.

Sinners, come quickly  
to slay this fire;  
show your repentance  
now  
for all your mistakes.

¡Reclamen esas campanas  
- Dandán -  
Dentro de vuestros  
coraçones!  
Poned en Dios las afiçiones  
Todas las gentes humanas.

Let those bells ring out  
- ding dong -  
within your  
hearts!  
Place your trust in God,  
all men on Earth.

¡Llamad esos aguadores  
luego  
Luego sin tardar!  
Y ayúdenos a matar  
Este fuego.

Call those  
water-bearers  
now, now, without delay!  
Let them help us  
to put out this fire.

Non os tardéis traer luego  
Dentro la vostra conciencia  
Mil cargos de  
penitencia  
De buena agua,  
Y así materéis  
la fragua  
De vuestros malos deseos;  
Y los enemigos  
feos huirán.

Don't be slow to carry  
within your conscience  
a thousand measures of  
penitence  
consisting of good water,  
and in this way you will kill  
the blaze  
of your evil desires;  
and your wicked 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  
scorched  
because we do not fear  
God,  
but have let the devil  
into our  
hearts!

Por cualquiera que  
traspasa  
Los mandamientos de Dios  
Cantaremos entre  
nos  
Dándole siempre  
baldoes:

For whoever  
transgresses  
God's commandments  
let us quarrel among  
ourselves,  
always giving him  
reproaches:

'Cadent super eos  
carbones;

'Let burning coals fall  
upon them,

In ignem, dejicies  
eos;  
In miseris non  
subsistent.'

let them be cast into the  
flames;  
into dark pits, which they  
will not survive.'

Este mundo donde  
andamos  
Es una herviente fragua  
Donde no ha lugar el agua  
Si por ventura  
tardamos.

The world in which we  
walk  
is a blazing furnace  
where water has no place  
if we delay for the sake of  
pleasure.

¡Oh, cómo nos abramos  
En el mundo y  
su hervor!  
Por cualquiera pecador  
Que lo que da Dios  
no toma,  
Se dirá lo que  
de Roma  
Cuando se  
ardían sin  
favor.

Oh how we burn  
in the world and in its  
heat!  
To any sinner  
who does not accept  
God's gifts  
we will say what was said  
of Rome  
when it was burned  
without hope of  
salvation:

'Mira Nero de  
Tarpeya  
A Roma como se ardía;  
Gritos dan niños y  
viejos,  
Y él nada se  
dolía.'

'Nero watches from  
Tarpeia  
as Rome burns;  
children and old men cry  
out,  
and he feels no pain nor  
grief.'

¡No os tardéis! ¡Traed  
agua ya!  
Y vosotros  
, ¡atajad!  
¡Corred! ¡Presto  
socorred!  
¡Sed prestos y muy ligeros  
A dar golpes a los pechos!  
¡Atajad, atajad! , a questos  
techos!

Make haste! Bring it,  
bring the water now,  
and take the shortest  
route.  
Run! Come swiftly to the  
rescue!  
Be quick and nimble  
in beating your breast.  
Support these  
roofs!

¡Cortad presto esos  
maderos!  
¡Tañed! - dandán -  
¡Tañed, tañed más apriesa,  
Que vamos sin redención!

Quickly split those  
logs!  
Ring the bells,  
ring them more urgently,  
for we need redemption!

¡Tañed presto, que ya çesa  
Con agua nuestra  
pasiòn!  
Y así, con justa  
razón  
Dirán las gentes  
humanas:

Ring quickly, for water  
will dampen our passions.  
And so, with good reason,  
will the human nations  
speak:

*Song continues overleaf. Please turn the page as quietly as possible.*

¿Dónde las hay?  
¿Dónde las hay tales agua  
soberana?  
¿Dónde las hay tales  
agua?

'Where are they,  
where can we  
find  
such powerful waters as  
these?'

Toca Juan con tu gaitilla,  
Pues ha cesado el pesar.  
Yo te diré un cantar  
Muy polido a maravilla.  
Veslo aquí, ea pues, todos  
decir:  
*Zon, zon, zon, zon...*  
*Dindirindín, din din.*

John, play your pipes  
for our sorrows are over.  
I'll sing for you  
a finely crafted song.  
Here it is, let's all  
sing:  
*Zon, zon, zon, zon...*  
*Dindirindín, din din.*

'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:

'Purest water flowed  
from the immaculate  
Virgin.'  
For she gave birth to a  
child  
the Son of eternal God,  
born to lead a world gone  
astray  
back to the path of  
righteousness;  
and a Virgin gave birth to  
him,  
so we have been told,  
to atone for the sins  
of our  
forefathers:

¡Alegría, caballeros!  
Que nos vino en este  
día  
Que parió Santa María  
Al pastor de los  
corderos.

Rejoice, good sirs!  
For on this day has come  
to us  
he who is born of Mary,  
a shepherd to care for his  
lambs.

Y con este nacimiento,  
Que es de agua dulce y  
buena,  
Se repara nuestra pena  
Para darnos a entender  
Que tenemos de beber  
Desta agua los sedientos,  
Guardando los  
mandamientos  
A que nos obliga Dios,  
Porque se diga por  
nos:

And with this birth,  
whose water is sweet and  
good,  
our sins are forgiven,  
and we understand  
that we who thirst  
must drink of this water,  
keeping the  
commandments  
given to us by God,  
so that it will be said of us:

'*Qui biberit ex hac  
acqua,  
Non sitiet in  
aeternum.*'

'*He who drinks of this  
water,  
shall never thirst for the  
rest of eternity.*'

## Antonio de Cabezón (1510-1566)

### Diferencias sobre 'La dama le demanda' (pub. 1570)

#### Juan del Encina (c.1468-1529)

#### Oy comamos y bebamos

Oy comamos y  
bebamos  
Y cantemos y holguemos,  
Que mañana ayunaremos.

Let us eat and drink  
today.  
Let us sing and enjoy life,  
for tomorrow we fast.

Pon onrra de Sant  
Antruejo  
Parémonos oy bien anchos.  
Enbutamos estos panchos,  
Recalquemos el pellejo,

In honor of this day of  
Carnival,  
let us do ourselves proud,  
and stuff our stomachs,  
and stretch the skin.

Que costumbr'es de  
conçejo  
Que todos oy nos  
hartemos,  
Que mañana ayunaremos.

Such custom is good  
advice,  
that we should fill  
ourselves today,  
for tomorrow we fast.

Honrrremos a tan buen  
santo,  
Porque en hambre nos  
ocorra;  
Comamos a calca  
porra,  
Que mañana ay gran  
quebranto.

Let us enjoy ourselves  
today  
for tomorrow is like  
death.  
Let us eat and drink  
everything  
as we head for our  
flocks.

Comamos, bebamos  
tanto,  
Hasta que nos rrebentemos,  
Que mañana ayunaremos

We won't lose even a  
mouthful.  
we'll eat on the way,  
for tomorrow we fast.

#### Más vale trocar

Más vale trocar  
Plazer por dolores  
Que estar sin amores.

It's better to exchange  
pleasure for pain  
than be without love.

Donde es gradecido  
Es dulce el morir;  
Bivir en olvido,  
Aquel no es vivir;  
Mejor es sufrir  
Passión y dolores  
Que estar sin amores

Where it is rewarded,  
dying is sweet:  
to live in oblivion,  
that is not life;  
it's better to suffer  
passion and torment  
than be without love.

Es vida perdida  
Bivir sin amar  
Y mas es que vida  
Saberla emplear;  
Mejor es penar

It's a wasted life  
to live without loving,  
and life is enhanced  
by knowing how to use it;  
it's better to feel pain

Sufriendo dolores Que estar sin amores.	and suffer torment than be without love.
Amor que no pena No pida placer Pues ya le condena Su poco querer; Mejor es perder Plazer por dolores Que estar sin amores.	Love that doesn't cause pain doesn't demand pleasure,  for it's already condemned through lack of desire. It's better to lose pleasure for pain than be without love.

## ¡Cucú, cucú!

¡Cucú, cucú! Guarda no lo seas tú.	Coo-coo, coo-coo! Make sure it's not you.
Compadre, debes saber, Que la más buena mujer Rabia siempre por hoder, Harta bien la tuya tú.	Mate, you must know that the best of women is always crazy to screw, tire out yours well.
Compadre, has de guardar, Para nunca encornudar; Si tu mujer sale á mear Sal junto con ella tú.	Mate, you must take care to never be cuckolded; if your wife goes out to pee, go out with her.

## Mateo Flecha

### La Justa (fragments)

Oíd, oíd los vivientes Una justa que se ordena Y el precio d'ella se suena Que es la salud de las gentes.	Listen, listen, all living souls, a joust has been declared! And its prize seems to be the salvation of mankind!
Salid, salid a los miradores Para ver los justadores, Que quien ha de mantener Es el bravo Lucifer Por honra de sus amores.	Come out to the lists to see the jousters, for the defender will be the brave Lucifer for his love's honour.
¿Quién es la dama que ama? ¿Y quién son los ventureros? Sólo son dos caballeros. La dama Envidia se llama. Diz que dize por su dama Al mundo como grossero: 'Para tí la quiero,	Who is the lady he loves? And who are the challengers? There are only two knights. The lady is called Envy. They say he crudely says this about her to the world: 'I want you to have her.

Noramala, compañero, ¡Para tí la quiero!'	by my horns, companion; I want you to have her'.
Paso, paso sin temor Que entra el mantenedor, Pues toquen los atabales, ¡Ea, diestros oficiales!	Make way, make way, don't fear, here comes the defender. Beat the kettledrums. Over to you, fine officers!
Llame el tiple con primor: <i>Tin tin tin.</i> ¡Oh, galán! Responda la contra y el tenor: Tron, tron... ¡Sus! Todos: ' <i>Ti pi tipi tin, pirlin...</i> ' 'Cata el lobo do va, Juanilla, ¡Cata el lobo do va!'	Sound the little guitar with grace: <i>tin, tin, tin.</i> Oh, splendid! Let the bass and the tenor reply: <i>tron, tron tron, tron, tron,</i> <i>tron,</i> All together! <i>Tin, pirlin, tintin, pirlin...</i> 'Look where the wolf is going, Juanilla; look where the wolf is going.'
El mantenedor es fiero Callad y estemos en vela Que otro viene ya a la tela.	The defender is fierce. Be quiet, let's watch closely, for another is coming now to the lists.
¿Quién es el aventurero? Adán padre primero, Rodeado de prophetas. ¡Ojo! ¡Alerta compañero, Que ya tocan las trompetas! ' <i>Fan, fre-le-re-le-ran fan, fan.</i>	Who is the challenger? Adam, our first father, surrounded by the prophets. Look out! On your toes, my friend, the trumpets are calling! <i>Fan, frelerele, raron fan.</i>
¿Por quién justa nuestro Adán? Por la gloria primitiva. ¡Viva! ¡Viva! ¡Viva!	For whom is our Adam jousting? He fights for original glory. Hurrah! Hurrah!
Sus padrinos, ¿quién serán? Los Santos Padres que y van Puestos a sus derredores Cantando un cantar galán Por honra de sus amores. 'Si con tantos servidores No ponéis tela señora, No sois buena textedora.'	His Patrons, who are they? The Holy Fathers, who stand around him singing a noble song in honour of their love: 'My lady, if with so many servants you cannot weave a fine cloth, you are not a good weaver.'

*Song continues overleaf. Please turn the page as quietly as possible.*

'iQue tocan alarma, Juana, Hola que tocan alarma!'	'They are sounding the alarm, Juana! listen, they are sounding the alarm'.
iDale la lança! iDale la lança! El trompeta dice ya: iHelo va! iHelo va! iTub, tub! Corran corran sin tardança. iCiégalo tu, Sant Antón Guárdalo Señor! iSan Blas! iTropele, tropele, tras! iOh, qué terrible encontrón! Adán cayó para atrás.	Give him his lance, give him his lance! The trumpet is now saying: Watch him, go! Watch him, go! <i>Tup, tup...</i> Run, run without delay! Blind him, St Anthony! Protect him, St Blas! <i>Ride at him, go on!</i> Oh, what a terrible clash! Adam has been brought down!
Buscad d'hoy más pecadores Quien sane vuestros dolores. ' <i>Que no son amores Para todos hombres.'</i>	Sinners, now you must seek another to heal your suffering, ' <i>for love is not for every man.'</i>
iAparte, todos aparte! ¿Quién viene? iDezid-nos d'él! Un cavallero novel, Dios de Israel. iGuarte, guarte, Lucifer!	Stand aside, all of you, make way! Who is coming? Tell us about him. A new knight, the God of Israel. Watch out, watch out Lucifer!
' <i>Mala noche haveis de haver don Lucifer, Aunque seáis más letrado Y bachiller.'</i>	' <i>You're going to have a bad night, Sir Lucifer, despite being such a know-all and man of letters.'</i>
iDale la lança, que ya va Nuestra bienaventurança! iTras, tras, tras, Grita y alarido Que Lucifer ha caído! iVade retro, Satanas! Muy corrido va Luzbel, iA' él, a él, que trae fardel! iVaçia, que ya enhastía! Scantémosle un pedaço Del taço y el baço Las cuerdas del espinaço Y en la frente con un maço	Give him the lance, give him the lance, there it goes, there it goes, all our hope! <i>Clash, clash, clash...</i> Shout, shout and cry, Lucifer has fallen! <i>Get thee behind me, Satan!</i> Lucifer is humiliated. Take him! His armour is weighing him down. Careful, he's getting up again! Let's tear from him a piece of his backside and his spleen, let's tear his spinal cord, and hit his forehead with a mallet,

Y en las manos gusanos.	and fill his hands with worms.
Y a vosotros los cristianos: iBuenas Pascuas y buen año Que es deshecho ya el engaño!	And to you, Christians, Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, for the long deception is over.
' <i>Laudate Dominum omnes gentes Laudate eum omnes populi.'</i>	' <i>Praise God, all you nations, praise Him, all you peoples.'</i>

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## Interval

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## Mateo Flecha

### El Toro

Manda el Rey, nuestro Señor,	Our Lord and King ordains
Que cualquiera pecador Salga sin miedo a correr Al toro, falso traidor, Que se llama Lucifer.	that all sinners must step forward without fear to fight the bull, that false traitor, who goes by the name of Lucifer.
Salgan las damas galanas Vestidas de nueva ley, Y pónganse a las ventanas Por honra de nuestro Rey.	Let all the fine ladies come, dressed in the latest fashion, and stand at their windows in honour of our King.
Salgan los niños chiquitos Dando gritos, dando gritos, Diciendo de esta manera: 'Pues entró por la ribera, Muera el galán, muera.'	Let the little children come, calling out, calling out, uttering these words: 'Since he comes from foreign shores, let our proud enemy die, let him die.'
iSalga, salga! Morirá de dolor que no le afloje, Que por él se cantará: 'Quien bien tiene y mal escoge, Por mal que le venga no se enoje.'	Let him stand and fight! Don't let him go, he'll die a painful death and folk will sing of him: 'Let a man who chooses wrong over right have no complaint about his fate.'
iHele dó asomó! iHucho ho, hucho ho!	Ha, he's shown himself! On with the fight!



iQué bravo está el combatido!	What a brave adversary!
'Ninguno por ser querido no se esfuerce,	'Let no one strive to be loved,
Que a las veces lo torcido se destuerce.'	for the tightest knot can be undone.'

iEa, cristianos,	Come, good Christian folk,
Que ya sueltan los alanos Que dentro en el limbo están!	for the hounds in limbo have been set loose!
iAhora se vengarán,	Now they'll have their revenge,
Que le tienen en las manos!	he can't escape them!

iTómale! iTómale!	Take him, take him!
iA la oreja, que la enemistad es vieja!	Bite his ear, for he's the old enemy!
iA él, todos a él!	Attack him, all attack him.
iA él, que a su Rey no le ha sido fiel!	Attack him, for he's betrayed his king!
iMuera, muera!	Kill him, kill him!

'Laudate pueri, Dominum;	'Praise the Lord, you children;
Laudate nomen Domini.'	praise the name of the Lord.'

## Diego Ortiz (1510-1570)

### Recercada quarta sobre La Folía (pub. 1553)

## Mateo Flecha (1481-1553)

### Que farem del pobre Joan

Que farem del pobre Joan	What will become of poor Juan!
Sa muller se n'es anada Lloat meu vechí!	His wife has gone away Blessed be God!
A hont la n'irem a sercar?	Where shall we look for her?

A l'hostal de sa vehina Lloat sia Deu!	At her neighbour's house Blessed be God!
Y digau lo meu vechí.	And tell my neighbour,

Ma muller, si l'haveu vista Lloat sia Deu!	Have you seen my wife? Blessed be God!
Per ma fe, lo meu vechí.	By my faith, my neighbour.

Tres jorns ha que no l'he vista Lloat sia Deu!	I have not seen her for three days Blessed be God!
Esta nit ab mi sopá	Tonight she dined with me

Y en tant s'es transfigurada Lloat sia Deu!	And in so much she was transfigured Blessed be God!
Ell se'n torná a son hostal.	He returns to his house.

Trobá sos infants que ploreu.	He finds his children weeping.
Lloat sia Deu!	Blessed be God!
No ploreu, los meus infans	Weep not, my children

O mala dona reprovada Lloat sia Deu!	O wicked reprobate woman Blessed be God!
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## Teresica hermana

Teresica hermana De la fararirira Hermana Teresa.	Little Teresa my sister, o' the fararirirá! Sister Teresa.
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Si a ti pluguiesse Una noche sola Contigo durmiesse De la fararirira.	If you would so please, just one night with you I would sleep. O' the fararirirá!
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Una noche sola Yo bien dormiría Mas tengo gran miedo Que m'empreñaría.	Just one night with you I would sleep. But I am afraid I would be left pregnant.
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Llaman a Teresica y no viene Tan mala noche tiene Llámala su madre y ella calla.	They call for Teresica and she does not come; such a bad night she is having. Her mother calls for her and she says nothing.
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Juramento tiene hecho de matarla iQué mala noche tiene!	With an oath to kill her. What a bad night she is having!
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## Anon

### Corten espadas afiladas

Corten espadas afiladas, lenguas malas.	May sharp swords cut out all evil tongues!
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Mañana de San Francisco Levantado me an un dicho.	In the morning of St Francis Day a slander was spread about me.
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*Libera me, Domine  
A labiis iniquis et a lingua  
dolosa.*

*O Lord, deliver my soul  
from wicked lips, and a  
deceitful tongue.*

*Levantado me an  
un dicho,  
Que dormí con la  
niña virgo.*

*A slander was spread  
about me  
that I had slept with the  
virgin lady.*

*Beatus vir qui timet  
Dominum:  
In mandatis ejus  
volet nimis.*

*Blessed is the man who  
fears the Lord:  
he shall delight in his  
commandments.*

*Lenguas malas, corten  
espadas afiladas.*

*May sharp swords cut out  
all evil tongues!*

## Mateo Flecha

### La Guerra (fragments)

*Pues la guerra está en las  
manos  
Y para guerra  
nacemos  
Bien será nos ensayemos  
Para vençer los tiranos.*

*Since war is almost upon  
us,  
and we were born to fight,  
  
we had better prepare  
to defeat the tyrants.*

*El capitán desta lid  
De nuestra parte, sabed  
Que es el Hijo de David  
Y de la otra es  
Luzbel,  
Y podráse dezir d'él  
Sin que nadie lo  
reproche:*

*Let it be known that  
the captain of our men  
is the Son of David,  
and our foes are led by  
Lucifer,  
of whom it can be said  
without fear of  
contradiction:*

*'Quien bien tiene y  
mal escoge,  
Por mal que le venga  
no s'enoje.'*

*'Let a man who chooses  
wrong over right  
have no complaint about  
his fate.'*

*Esta es guerra de primor  
Do se requiere  
destreza.  
Pregónese con presteza  
Con pífano y atambor:*

*This is a complex war,  
for which we require  
great skill.  
Be quick to proclaim it  
with fife and drum:*

*Fa ri ra ri ra ri ra,  
Fa ri ra ri ra, fa ri ra ri ron,  
La la re ra ra, fa ri ra ri ron.*

*Fa ri ra ri ra ri ra,  
fa ri ra ri ra, fa ri ra ri ron,  
la la re ra ra, fa ri ra ri ron.*

*'Todos los buenos soldados  
Que asentaren a esta guerra  
No quieran nada en  
la tierra  
Si quieren ir  
descansados.  
Si salieren con victoria  
La paga que les darán  
Será que siempre ternán*

*'Let all the fine soldiers  
who fight in this war  
yearn for nothing on this  
earth  
if they want to be at  
peace.  
If they emerge victorious,  
their reward will be  
the gift of eternal glory*

*En el cielo eterna gloria.'*

*in heaven above.'*

*El contrario es fanfarrón  
Y el aco contra  
lo fuerte  
Ordénese el  
esquadrón  
Que no s'escape de  
muerte.  
La vanguardia  
llevarán  
Los del Viejo  
Testamento,  
La batalla el  
capitán  
Con los más fuertes que  
están  
Con él, en su alojamiento.  
La Yglesia a la  
retaguardia,  
¡Sus! Todos a  
l'esquadrón  
Mientras digo una canción:*

*Their enemy is a braggart  
and weak when faced  
with strength.  
Let the squadron make  
ready,  
that he does not escape  
death.  
Those of the Old  
Testament  
will make up the  
vanguard,  
the captain and the  
strongest men,  
those quartered  
with him  
will form the main body.  
The Church will stand as  
rearguard,  
Come, let every man take  
his place,  
while I sing a song:*

*'Pues nacistes, Rey  
del cielo,*

*'King of heaven, since you  
were born*

*Acá en la tierra,*

*here on earth,*

*¿Queréis sentar en la  
guerra?'*

*do you want to fight in our  
war?'*

*'A sólo esso he venido des  
d'el cielo*

*'I have come from heaven  
for that reason,*

*Por la guerra que he sabido  
Acá en el suelo.*

*because of the war I knew  
to be waging here below.*

*Yo seré vuestro consuelo  
Acá en la tierra,  
Que asentar vengo a la  
guerra.'*

*I will be your consolation  
here on earth,  
for I have come to fight in  
your war.'*

*¡Viva!, ¡viva nuestro  
Capitán!*

*Hurrah! Long live our  
Captain!*

*Fa la la la...*

*Fa la la la...*

*¡Sus! poned l'artillería  
De devotos pensamientos  
Con guarda de  
mandamientos  
Démole la  
batería.*

*Come, set up the artillery  
of devout thoughts  
with a guard of  
commandments.  
Let's turn our battery  
against the enemy.*

*Las trincheras bien  
están,*

*The trenches are in place,*

*Hacia acá esse tiro  
gruesso!*

*bring that heavy gun over  
here!*

*Oh que tiene tan gran peso  
Que no le  
derribarán!*

*Oh, it weighs so much  
they won't be able to  
bring it down!*

*Bien está, ponedle fuego,  
Y luego, luego...*

*That's it, light the fuse  
and then, then...*

*Bom, bom  
Peti, pató, bom bom...  
Suelte la arcabuzería,  
Tif tof, tif tof...*

*Boom, boom  
peti, pato, boom, boom...  
Fire your muskets,  
tif tof, tif tof...*

La muralla se derriba Por arriba. ¡Sus! a entrar, Que no es tiempo de tardar, Qu'el capitán va delante Con su ropa roçegante, Ensangrentada, Nadie no vuelva la cara. ¡Sus! ¡arriba! ¡Viva, viva! Los enemigos ya huyen, ¡A ellos, que van corridos y vencidos! ¡Santiago! ¡Victoria, victoria!	The wall is about to collapse. Come on! Let's push through, there's no time to spare, our captain is at our head,  his fine, flowing robes stained with blood, let no man turn and run. Come on! Through we go! Hurrah, hurrah! Our enemies are on the run, defeated and humiliated, after them! St James! Victory, victory!
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<i>'Haes est victoria quae vincit Mundum fides nostra.'</i>	<i>This is the victory that conquers the world: our faith.'</i>
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## Luys Milan (c.1500-1560)

### Fantasia XXII (pub. 1536)

### Pavana IV (pub. 1536)

## Bartomeu Càrceres (fl. 1546)

### Soleta so jo ací

Soleta so jo ací, Si voleu que us vaja obrir, Ara que n'és hora, Si voleu venir.	I'm alone here, if you want me to open up, now's the time, if you want to come.
Mon marit es de fora. On?: a Montalvá, Demà bé serà migjorn Abans que no tornarà.	My husband is away. Where? In Montalva, tomorrow it will be noon before he comes back.
E jo que ho sabia pla, Que tostemps ho fa així, Ara que n'és hora, Si voleu venir.	And I know for sure he always does it like this, now's the time, if you want to come.

### Sus sus sus (fragmento de 'La Trulla')

¡Sus, sus, sus, sus, no más dormir! Cantemos aquí lohores sin par De quien meresció tal Hijo parir,	Sus, sus, sus, sus, no more sleep! Let us sing here the greatest praises of her worthy of bearing such a Son,
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Que el daño de Adán vino a remediar, Que, sin igual soberana, Fue tan gentil y galana Que a Dios supo enamorar.	come to remedy Adam's wound, who, without equal sovereign, was so gentle and charming that God knew how to fall in love.
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Reina sagrada, pues paristeis  Al Redentor que en brazos tenéis, Dezidnos ¿cómo concebistes, Pues madre y virgen permanecéis?	Sacred queen, since you gave birth to the Redeemer you hold in your arms, tell us how you conceived, how you can be a mother and remain a virgin?
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Como el sol por la vidriera Lo veis pasar, de tal manera Tomó en mí carne el Dios que veis.	As you see the sun through the window, in just such a way the God you see was made flesh in me.
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¿Cómo podéis siendo criatura, Señora, parir al que es Criador, Pues siendo vos su propia hechura Él os es Padre y superior?	How can you, but a creature, Lady, give birth to him who his the Creator, since your own creation is your Father and superior?
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La divinal inmensidad Hizo en mi tal novedad pPor me hazer tan gran favor.	Divine greatness made such a strange thing happen for me, to grant me sigh a high favour.
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¡Sus, sus, sus, sus, no más dormir! Cantemos aquí lohores sin par De quien meresció tal Hijo parir, Que el daño de Adán vino a remediar, Que, sin igual soberana, Fue tan gentil y galana Que a Dios supo enamorar.	Sus, sus, sus, sus, no more sleep! Let us sing here the greatest praises of her worthy of bearing such a Son, come to remedy Adam's wound, who, without equal sovereign, was so gentle and charming that God knew how to fall in love.
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*Please do not turn the page until the song and its accompaniment have ended.*

## Anon

### Yo me soy la morenica

<i>Yo me soy la morenica, Yo me soy la morena.</i>	<i>I am the dark little one, the dark one am I.</i>
Lo moreno bien mirado, Fue la culpa del pecado, Que nunca fue hallado Ni jamás se hallará.	Darkness was really Sin's fault, and sin was never found in me and never shall be.
Soy la sin espina rosa Que Salomón canta y glosa. <i>Nigra sum sed formosa</i> Y por mi se cantará.	I am the thornless rose that Solomon sang and spoke of: <i>Nigra sum sed formosa;</i> and they sang about me.
Yo soy la mata inflamada, Ardiendo sin ser quemada Ni de aquel fuego tocada Que a las otras tocará.	I am the burning bush, afame yet not burning away, not even touched by the fire that would get other girls.

## Mateo Flecha

### La Bomba (fragments)

Bomba, bomba y agua fuera! Vayan los cargos al mar, Que nos imos a anegar, Do remedio no se espera.	Pump, pump, bail out the water! Heave the cargo overboard, otherwise we're going to sink, there's no hope of salvation.
A l'escota socorred! Vosotros id al timón! Que espació, corred, corred! No veis nuestra perdición?	Get help to the main-sheet! All hands to the helm! What a situation! Run, run! Can't you see we're lost?
Esas gúmenas cortad Porque se amaine la vela. Hazia acá contrapesad! Oh, que la nave se asuela!	Cut through the rigging to lower the sail. Throw your weight on this side! Oh, the ship is shattered!
Mandad calafatear, Que quizá dará remedio! Ya no hay tiempo ni lugar,	Get someone to plug the holes, that might repair the damage. There is no time to be lost,

Que la nao se abre por medio!	the ship is breaking in half!
¿Qué haremos, qué haremos? ¿Si aprovechará nadar? Oh, que está tan bravo el mar	What shall we do, what shall we do? What use is there in swimming? Oh, the sea is so rough
Que todos pereceremos.	that all of us will perish.
Pipas y tablas tomemos. ¿Mas, triste yo, qué haré? Que yo, que no sé nadar, moriré.	Hold on to the barrels and timbers! But woe is me, what will I do, I, who cannot swim? I'll die.
Virgen Madre, yo prometo Rezar con tino tus horas. Si, Juan, tú escapas, Hiermo horas. Monserate luego meto. Yo triste ofrezco también, En saliendo de este lago, Ir descalço a Santiago. Eu yendo a Jerusalén.	Virgin Mother, I promise to say your offices for ever. John, if you escape from this, you'll live a hermit in the desert. I'll go to Montserrat. I, too, poor wretch, do promise, when I get out of this flood, to go barefoot to Santiago. And I'll run to Jerusalem.
Oh, gran socorro y bonanza: Nave viene en que escapemos, Allegad, que pereçemos! Socorred, no aya tardanza. No sea un punto detenido, Señores, ese batel! Oh, qué ventura he tenido, Pues que pude entrar en él.	Oh, wondrous help, what a blessing: a ship approaches in which we shall escape, hurry, we are perishing! Help us, do not delay! Let's hope the ship is coming towards us, sirs, that boat! Oh, what good fortune I've had to be able to climb aboard!
Cantemos con alegría Todos hoy por su servicio. Ea, sus, empecemos! Empieça tú, Gil Piçara, A tañer con tu guitarra, Nosotros te ayudaremos.	Let us all sing with joy all together to celebrate. Yes, come, let us begin! You begin, Gil Pizarra, to play your guitar, we others will accompany you.
Esperad que esté templada. Tiémplala bien, hi de ruin. Oh, cómo está destemplada. Acaba, maldito, ya! Dindirindin...	Wait until it is tuned. Tune it well, you fool. Oh, how out of tune it is! Will you get on with it, damn you! Dindirindin...

Es por demás!  
Sube, sube un poco más.  
Din din din din...  
Muy bien está!

Nothing to be done!  
Higher, a little higher.  
Din din din din...  
That's much better!

Ande, pues, nuestro  
apellido,  
El tañer con el cantar,  
Concordes en alabar  
A Jesús rezién nacido.  
Dindirindin...  
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 ansi  
amansaron  
Tal fortuna.

Come now, come to our  
call,  
to play and to sing  
together in praise  
of the newborn Jesus.  
Dindirindin...  
Blessed is he that comes  
to free us from agony.  
Blessed be this day  
on which our happiness is  
born.  
His coming redeemed us  
from a thousand woes.  
Blessed be the eyes  
that looked upon us with  
pity,  
and blessed is he that has  
averted  
so great a misfortune.

*Texts and translations kindly provided by the artists.*