

WIGMORE HALL 125

Thursday 30 October 2025
7.30pm

‘A la fiesta, zagales’: Spanish Baroque Jácaras & Villancicos

Cantoría

Inés Alonso soprano
Victoria Cassano soprano
Belén Herrero mezzo-soprano
Juan Manuel Morales countertenor
Jorge Losana artistic director

Oriol Guimerà haute-contre
Jorge Losana tenor
Lluís Arratia baritone
David Guitart bass-baritone

Ignacio Ramal violin I
Sara Balasch violin II
Marc de la Linde viola da gamba
Jeremy Nastasi guitar
Pablo FitzGerald guitar
Joan Seguí harpsichord, organ
Iñaki de la Linde percussion

José de San Juan (1687-1747)
José de Torres (1670-1738)
José de San Juan

¡A la fiesta, zagales!
Gitanillas cortesanas
Una noche que los Reyes

Juan Bautista Comes (1582-1643)
Sebastián Durón (1660-1716)
Juan Francés de Iribarren (1699-1767)

Xacarar (instrumental)
A quién visteis pastores
Vaya, pues, rompiendo el ayre
Xácara de fandanguillo

Interval

José Martínez de Arce (1662-1721)
Joan Cererols (1618-1680)

Españoletas (instrumental)
Jilguerillo canoro
Serafín que con dulce armonía

José Martínez de Arce
Anon
José de San Juan

Fandango (instrumental)
Oigan la jacarilla
Soberana María *attributed to Mateo Romero*
De repiques de campanas



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The programme order has changed since these programme notes were written.

While the great sacred polyphony of Golden Age Spain is universally admired, the vast repertoire of Renaissance and Baroque villancicos and *jácaras* (or *xácaras*), and the names of so many of their composers, remain obscure – even to those drawn to the buried byways of European music. Cantoría and Jorge Losana have done much to redress the balance. Their programme this evening explores a subset of popular devotional pieces within the seemingly infinite scope of the villancico, in which Christ's Nativity, the shepherds at the manger and the adoration of the magi are brought to earthy life. And it recalls the rustic, rowdy charms of the *jácara*, a catchy mix of theatre song and dance that was also used to boost church attendance.

The high-octane energy of *A la fiesta zagales* ('Join our celebration, joyful shepherds'), a nativity piece for eight voices and strings, first published in 1728, exemplifies the lively villancico. Its composer, José Joanetas or **San Juan**, born in the Catalan city of Olot, spent the last 24 years of his life as *maestro de capilla* at the monastery of the Descalzas Reales in Madrid. San Juan's *Una noche que los Reyes*, a *jácara* for five voices and instruments, survives today in an early 18th-century manuscript; its music unfolds as a dramatic dialogue between chorus and a solo bass, Antón, whose name means the 'most praiseworthy' or 'inestimable'. The magi have arrived to worship the infant Jesus, so where's the dance-song? 'Hmph, hmph, hmph', comes Antón's grumbling reply. What? The reason is clear: because of proud mankind, blind to God's humility, one should rejoice that the holy saviour has come to redeem our sins.

José de Torres first appears in the records of the Spanish royal chapel's boys' school in 1680. He was appointed organist of the royal chapel six years later and succeeded Sebastián Durón as *maestro de capilla* there in 1718. *Gitanillas cortesanas*, a villancico of the Nativity of Our Lord for eight voices, preserved in a manuscript of 1700, casts the 'gypsy girls' of the work's title as ecstatic worshippers in the presence of the Christ-Child, free from the shackles of formality and unafraid to display their love for God through dance and song.

A sequence of *Españoleta* dances share the same harmonic material as the *Marizápalos* and *Serafín que con dulce armonía*. **Joan Cererols** spent most of his life as choirboy, then novice and finally monk at the Benedictine monastery of Santa Maria de Montserrat. His exquisite villancico *Serafín que con dulce armonía*, a so-called *Marizápalos* 'to the divine', based on the harmonies of the ubiquitous *folía* dance, evokes the exalted heavenly realm of seraphs serenading the Christ-Child. A *quién visteis pastores* by **Joan Baptista Comes**, an ordained priest and founder of the school of Valencian composers, delivers an invitation to the shepherds to affirm the Messiah's birth. Its text is a

vernacular translation of *Quem vidistis pastores?*, the Latin Responsory for Matins on Christmas Day.

Religious and secular themes became intertwined in the theatre of Baroque Spain. A group of instrumental *xácaras* sets the scene for three contrasting pieces. *Jilguerrillo canoro*, a lyrical carol for vocal duet and instruments, was conceived in 1694 for performance at the close of Christmas Day Vespers at Valladolid Cathedral, where **Martínez de Arce** was *maestro de capilla*. Its music projects an intimate pastoral in which a goldfinch is told to sing or be silent depending on whether Love sleeps, a metaphor for those who rest in sin and are asleep to Christ's redeeming love. *Vaya, pues, rompiendo el ayre*, a jaunty *jácara*, marks a shift from cathedral to court and the upbeat theatrical pieces in vogue there. Its composer, **Sebastián Durón**, made his mark as *maestro de capilla* of the royal chapel in Madrid before being expelled in 1706 for supporting the Archduke of Austria during the War of the Spanish Succession.

The fandango, possibly of Moorish origin, most likely began life in the late 1600s as an energetic triple-time dance for couples, soon crossed the Atlantic to Spain's colonial territories and returned home with flavours absorbed from local musicians, enslaved Africans among them. **Juan Francés de Iribarren's** *Xácara de fandanguillo* unites theatrical elements of the *jácara* and the rhythm of the fandango to create a vigorous hybrid.

Santiago de Murcia's instrumental fandango, with its ostinato bass and irresistible rhythms, distils what Jorge Losana calls the essence of Cantoría's programme: 'movement, passion, and closeness'. It is followed by three works embedded in the heart of the nativity story. **Martínez de Arce's** *Oigan la jacarilla* employs the accessible form of a *jácara* to project sophisticated theology concerning the Christ-Child's precious gift of everlasting life. *Soberana María*, attributed to **Mateo Romero**, pays homage to Mary, Queen of Heaven, as she lulls the infant Jesus to sleep; it also calls on the stars above to wrap Mary in their embrace.

Ringling bells resound in *De repiques de campanas*, expressed with enchanting onomatopoeia that mark the bounds between ordinary time and the time-transcending rituals of sacred worship. **San Juan's** piece sees the sacristan exchange his handbell, routinely used to conjure images of heaven's joy, for the deathly sounds of a wooden ratchet or *crotalus* (carraca), aural signifier of the three most sombre, closing days of Holy Week. 'In this final image,' notes Jorge Losana, 'Cantoría pays tribute to the complexity of the Baroque: a deeply human art that embraces both the joyful and the tragic, the popular and the divine, the theatrical and the sincere.'

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José de San Juan (1687-1747)

¡A la fiesta, zagales!

Anonymous

Join our celebration, joyful shepherds!

A la fiesta zagales
dichosos,
Al sainete pastores alegres,
Que con músicas forma este
valle
En obsequio del Sol que
amanece.

Join our celebration,
joyful shepherds,
come to our play, merry lads
for this valley echoes with
music
in praise of the rising
sun.

A la fiesta, al aplauso, al
sainete,
Zagales pastores alegres,
dichosos,
Que ya empezar quiere.

Join our celebration, our
applause, our play,
you blessed and joyful
shepherd lads,
for we're ready to begin.

Una serenata Amor
represente,
Pues nace al sereno del
cano Diciembre,
A la fiesta, que es fiesta del
hombre
El ver que al abismo su traza
estremece.

Let Love perform a
serenade,
for He is born under a cold
December's night sky;
come to our feast, for at
the sight of hell quaking
before Him all mankind
should celebrate.

Tres sacras personas
formarla pretenden,
Y en una que baja las tres
resplandecen.
A la fiesta, que de hombre
vestido,
Hoy sale a las tablas de un
pobre pesebre.

Three divine beings will be
present – all three shine
within the one who has
come down to earth.
Join our celebration, for
we'll see Him today,
clothed in human form, his
stage a humble manger.

Sainete del mundo es ver
cómo tiemble,
Luzbel, que no logra saber lo
que teme,
Y acechando con miedos y
estragos,
Venga en la
sangre de los
inocentes.

In a play for all the world
we'll see Lucifer shake
with fear – ignorant of the
cause of his terror,
he prowls amid dread and
destruction
and takes his revenge by
massacring the
innocents.

A la fiesta, zagales
dichosos,
Al sainete, pastores alegres,
Que con músicas forma este
valle
En obsequio del Sol que
amanece.

Join our celebration,
joyful shepherds,
come to our play, merry lads
for this valley echoes with
music
in praise of the rising
sun.

Aquel sacro ingenio, autor
excelente,
De cielos y tierra, formó en
una imagen
El más soberano poema
viviente.

That maker divine, skilled
creator
of heaven and earth, formed
in a single image
the most magnificent
living poem.

Pero en él cayendo un
borrón aleve,
Le borró la gracia y no hubo
carácter
Que bien se leyese.

But when it was marked by a
treacherous smudge,
its beauty was obscured,
and none of its letters
could be clearly read.

José de Torres (1670-1738)

Gitanillas cortesanas

José de Torres

Fair Gypsy girls

Gitanillas cortesanas, a la
estrella de Jacob,
Volandí, volandico, ay, que
cantad a una voz.
Que hoy nace la estrella fija
del sol,
Y cantando, bailando todas
festejen
La luz de su arbor.

Fair Gypsy girls, hurry,
hurry now
to the star of Jacob! Ah,
sing with one voice,
for today is born the fixed
star of the sun,
so let all celebrate the
light of its birth
by singing and dancing.

Repicad las castañetas,
Redoblad las zapatetas,
Tras, tras, tras, el pandero se
haga rajas.
Ala, ala, hágase fiesta,
A la luz que amanece, no
ciñó el alba.

Snap your castanets,
stamp your feet!
Jingle, jingle! Shake your
tambourine!
Come, come, let's celebrate,
for this new light spreads
far beyond the dawn.

Porque nace la estrella, el
sol madruga,
A decir a los hombres buena
ventura.
Ay, qué buena ventura.

The sun rises early to
greet the star's birth
and tell men of their good
fortune,
ah, such good fortune!

Coronada de rayos
Nace esta estrella,
Cuyas puntas coronan
Cielos y tierra,
¡Ay, que, que, que!,
Cielos y tierra.

Wreathed in light
this star is born,
its points crowning
heaven and earth,
ah, wondrous sight,
heaven and earth!

*Please do not turn the page until the song and its
accompaniment have ended.*

José de San Juan

Una noche que los Reyes

Anonymous

Una noche que los Reyes
hallar logran a su Dios,
¿Cómo Anton no hay
xacarilla?
Hu, hu, hu,
ya no hay Antón.

¿Qué es hu,
hu?
Que refunfuño,
¿Y por qué?
Por sí o por no.
Pues sepamos
¿Qué hay que sepan?
El motivo y la
razón,
Hu, hu, hu, pues si lo
digo,
Sabrán tanto como yo.

Es preciso en tal noche
como ésta,
Que es todo alegría, no
haber desazón.

Hu, hu, hu, pues si yo veo tan
sin razón,
Soberbio el hombre y
humilde un Dios,
No es preciso estar un
hombre, hu, hu, hu,
De malísimo humor, hu, hu
hu.

Dices bien y es bueno el
tema
¿Y qué es lo que anhelas
hoy?
Que conmigo
refunfuñen
Todos juntos a una
voz,
Por que manden los
Reyes
Que se enmiende este error,
Pues proponlo y seguiremos
Como dice tu
canción.

Hu, hu, hu, Señor divino,
remedianos,
Pues que te precias de
Redentor.

On a night when the Magi

‘On a night when the Magi
have found their God,
why, Antón, is there no
merry xácará?’
‘Hmph, hmph, hmph,
Antón has no more
songs to sing.’
‘Why all this huffing and
puffing?’
‘I’m not happy.’
‘Whyever not?’
‘I’m just not.’
‘We need to know why.’
‘What’s there to tell?’
‘The reason for your bad
temper.’
‘Hmph, hmph, hmph, if I
tell you,
you’ll know as much as I do.’

‘On a night such as this,
so filled with joy,
no one should be
unhappy.’

‘Hmph, hmph, hmph, but
how can the unjust sight
of man’s arrogance and
God’s humility
not put me, hmph, hmph,
hmph,
in a very bad mood?
Hmph, hmph, hmph!’

‘You’re right, it’s a matter
worth considering.
So what do you want to
happen now?’
‘I want you to huff and
puff along with me,
all expressing ourselves
in one voice,
so that the Magi may
command
that this wrong be righted.’
‘You make a start, then,
and we’ll join in with your
song.’

‘Hmph, hmph, hmph,
Lord of heaven, help us,
you who pride yourself in
being our Saviour.’

Una noche que los Reyes
hallar logran a su Dios,
Ya hay xacarilla, que la ha
hecho Antón.
Hu, hu, hu, ya hay
xacarilla,
Que la ha hecho Antón.

Cómo ha de sufrir el mundo
Entre bestias a su
autor
Si otros bestias con ser
hombres
Tan afortunados
son?
Hu, hu, hu,
Pues yo sé que esto,
Sucede hoy.
Nace y nace entre las pajas
Sin abrigo ni calor
Y en colchones de damasco
Suele dormir un fregón.
Yo conozco a uno
Y aun más de dos.

Sigue Antón el bello tema
Para alegrar a tu Dios,
Pues la xacarilla
Es de primor.

‘On a night when the Magi
have found their God,
we’ve got our merry xácará
at last, sung by Antón.
Hmph, hmph, hmph, we’ve
got our merry xácará,
sung by Antón.’

How can the world allow
its Maker to lie among
beasts,
when some men, though
they too are beasts,
are living such
comfortable lives?
Hmph, hmph, hmph!
For I know all too well
this is happening today.
He has been born into hay,
with no shelter or warmth,
while even a servant
sleeps on damask cushions.
I know someone like that,
and a few more besides.’

Keep singing, Antón,
to gladden your God,
for this merry xácará
is a very fine thing!

Xacaras (instrumental)

Juan Bautista Comes (1582-1643)

A quién visteis pastores

Anonymous

¿A quién visteis
pastores?
Decidlo a todos,
Y anunciadlo a voces.
Vimos al Hijo del
Padre,
Nacido de Virgen Madre,
¿A quién visteis?
Vimos la gloria en
Belén,
¿Y a quién más?
Vimos también,
Por aquí por allí volar y
cantar
Escuadras de ángeles bellos
Y al sol y al alba con
ellos
Temblar de frío y
llorar.

¿Cómo viene Dios
sagrado?
Humanado.
¿Qué pretende en su
venida?
Darnos vida.
¿Dónde visteis gloria
tal?
En un portal.
¿Para quién es tanto
cielo?
Para el suelo.
Y entre la nieve y el
hielo,
¿Qué visteis más que notar?

Shepherds, whom did you see?

'Shepherds, whom did
you see?
Tell us all now,
proclaim the news.'
'We saw the Son of the
Father,
born to a Virgin Mother.'
'Whom did you see?'
'We saw the king of glory
in Bethlehem.'
'And who else?'
'We also saw a host
of beautiful angels,
singing
as they flew here and there,
and, with them, the sun
and the dawn,
shivering with the cold
and weeping.'

'How has God divine
come to us?'
'In human form.'
'What does He seek in
coming?'
'To grant us life.'
'Where did you see such
glory?'
'In a stable.'
'For whom is heaven
above?'
'For the earth.'
'And what else of note did
you see
amid the snow and ice?'

Sebastián Durón (1660-1716)

Vaya, pues, rompiendo el ayre

Anonymus

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.

Jácara va de lo bravo
De ese jayán formidable
Que pegará fuego al mundo
El día que se enojare,
Ese que hace
creer
Que hoy es el día que nace,
Cuando sabemos que tiene
Tanta edad como su padre.

Let our bright jacarilla

Let our bright jácara
cut through the air,
for it rings forth as if born
tonight for this fair child,
for the good of the
newborn King
who lies shivering in the
icy cold.
Hush now, listen, applaud,
ah, Jesus, I'm laughing fit
to burst,
and even the sun is
shivering.
Stop talking, be quiet,
Hush now, listen, applaud.

Jácara, tell us the tale
of the formidable giant
who on the day of wrath
will set the world on fire,
He who would have folk
believe
He's just been born today
when we know He is
as ancient as his Father.

*Please do not turn the page until the song and its
accompaniment have ended.*

Juan Francés de Iribarren (1699-1767)

Xácara de fandanguillo

Juan Francés de Iribarren

Xácara de
Fandanguillo
Ha de haber la
Nochebuena
Pues me brinda en los
arroyos
Un punteado de perlas.

Échese la jacarilla,
¿Y qué caso? Cosa
nueva
Y más si usted se nos viene
Recordando al Niño
penas,
Con el Diablo del pecado
Dacá Adán y toma
Eva.
Aunque fuera del asunto,
No trataré cosas de
esas.

Échese la jacarilla,
Porque al Dios niño divierta.

Más silencio, quedo,
Que parece, que sosiega,
Es amante fino y tierno
No es posible que se
duerma.

Pues el fandanguillo corra,
Vaya jacarilla buena,
Cuando el susurro del viento
Es instrumento que
 suena
Y los arroyuelos forman
Un punteado de perlas.

Jacarilla, jacaranda,
Suene vaya, corra,
ea,
Despachemos con el
fandanguillo
Fandanguillo que
alegra.
Entre las noches del
mundo
Hubo una noche
serena
Buena mas con mucho frío
Verbi gratia como
esta.

A xácara in the form
of a fandango

On Christmas Eve we
must have
a xácara in the form of a
fandango
since the streams are
offering me
a string of pearl-like notes.

Strike up a xácara,
and why? To hear
something new.
Especially if you come to us
to remind the Child of
past sorrows
with the Devil of sin,
Adam over here, Eve over
there.
It might be beside the point,
so I'll say nothing of such
things.

Strike up a xácara
to entertain the Christ Child.

But hush now, be quiet,
it looks as if He's drifting off.
He's loving, fine and tender,
He can't have fallen
asleep.

So play the fandango,
let's hear the merry xácará,
as the whisper of the wind
becomes a tuneful
instrument
and the little streams form
a string of pearl-like notes.

Jacarilla, jacaranda,
ring out, play, go on, let's
hear you!
Let's go on with our
fandango,
a merry fandango to
bring us joy.
Of all the nights the world
has known,
there was one night of
peace,
a good night but a cold one,
a night very much like
tonight.

Ay qué buena jacarilla,
Suene, vaya, corra,
ea,
Despachemos con el
fandanguillo
Fandanguillo que
alegra.

Apareció de repente
Una luz como una hoguera,
Que unos le llamaron globo,
Otros llamaron cometa.

Ay qué buena jacarilla,
Suene, vaya, corra,
ea,
Despachemos con el
fandanguillo,
Fandanguillo que
alegra.

Ah, what a rousing xácaral
ring out, play, go on, let's
hear you!
Let's go on with our
fandango,
a merry fandango to
bring us joy.

Suddenly there appeared
a light like a blazing fire,
some called it a sphere
and others called it a comet.

Ah, what a rousing *xácar*!
ring out, play, go on, let's
hear you!
Let's go on with our
fandango,
a merry fandango to
bring us joy.

Interval

Españoletas (instrumental)

José Martínez de Arce (1662-1721)

Jilguerillo canoro *Anonymous*

Jilguerillo canoro, no
cantes,
Que duerme el Amor.
Jilguerillo no dejes el
canto,
Que no duerme, no.

Jilguerillo gorjeos
suspende,
Que duerme el Amor.
Jilguerillo prosigue los
queibros,
Que no duerme
no.

Sí, duerme templando los
ojos,
Clarines del sol.
No duerme, pues arde su
pecho
Con tierna pasión.

Sí, duerme quien sueña del
hombre el perdón,
Haciendo dormido que no
ve su error.
Sí, duerme el Amor.

Chattering little goldfinch

Chattering little
goldfinch, hush now,
for Love is fast asleep.
Little goldfinch, keep
singing,
for he's not asleep, he's not.

Little goldfinch, stop
twittering,
for Love is fast asleep.
Little goldfinch, keep
warbling,
for Love is not asleep,
he's not.

Yes, he's asleep, his eyes
grown soft,
those clarions of the sun.
No, he's not asleep, for
his chest is ablaze
with tender passion.

Yes, he's asleep, dreaming
of man's redemption,
for while he slumbers he
doesn't see his sin.
Yes, Love is fast asleep.

Joan Cererols (1618-1680)

Serafín que con dulce armonía *Anonymous*

Serafín que con dulce
harmonía
La vida que nace
requebrando estás;
Cántale glorias mirándole en
penas
Que, amante y quejoso,
su alivio es un
'ay'!

Tan fragantes, lucientes y
bellas
En cielo y en tierra distantes
se ven
Las estrellas vestir de
colores,
Las flores brillar y las selvas
arder.

Seraph, you who with sweet harmony

Seraph, you who now
laud this newborn
with your sweet
harmony,
sing praises to this loving,
plaintive child
who lies in lowly
surroundings, his only
consolation a sighing 'ah'.

Full of fragrance,
radiance and beauty,
stars clad in many
colours, shining flowers
and blazing forests can
be seen
in the far-off reaches of
heaven and earth.

Fandango (instrumental)

José Martínez de Arce

Oigan la jacarilla *Anonymous*

Oigan, oigan la
xacarilla
Oigan si quieren
oírla,
Miren que viene esta noche
Al niño como
nacida.
Atiendan, escuchen,
reparen,
Oirán maravillas.
Que aunque es de un niño la
historia
Es tan hombre cuando
nace,
Que querer decir sus hechos
Es la vida perdurable.
Atiendan, escuchen,
Si quieren que cante.
Oigan miren, tengan,
pasen.

Zagalas y zagalejos,
Oigan, escuchen,
atiendan,
Que quiero, estimo y
adoro
Sol, hermosura,
belleza
De un niño Jesús qué
gracia,
Que tiritita, que gorjea
Entre el heno, entre las
pajas.
A rigores, a inclemencias
De la nieve, de la escarcha,
Del aire que el hielo engendra,
Cuajando arroyos y
fuentes
De plata, cristal y perlas.

Listen to the jácara

Listen now, listen to the
jácara,
listen now if you want to
hear it.
See how it comes this night
to the Child as if born for
Him.
Pay attention, listen now,
take heed
and you will hear wonders.
For though this is the
story of a child,
so much a man was He
even at His birth
that the tale of His deeds
is a tale of everlasting life.
Pay attention, listen now,
if you want me to sing.
Listen, look, take this,
move along.

Shepherd lads and lasses,
take heed, listen now, pay
attention,
for I love, cherish and
worship
the light, beauty and
radiance
of the baby Jesus – what
a gift!
He trembles, He murmurs,
lying in a bed of hay and
straw,
amid the bitter chill
of frost and snow,
of air so icy cold
that springs and streams
are turned
into silver, crystal and pearls.

*Please do not turn the page until the song and its
accompaniment have ended.*

Anon

Soberana María

attributed to Mateo Romero

Mary, Queen of heaven

Soberana María, con vuestro canto,
Arrullad a mi niño, no llore tanto.

Mary, Queen of heaven,
with your song,
lull my child and lessen his tears.

Nocturnas estrellas que en dulce descanso
Reposáis los cuerpos del largo cansancio.
¿Cómo a Dios eterno de dejáis llorando?

Stars of the night, you who rest your bodies
in sweet repose from your long weariness,
how can you leave the eternal God crying?

Arrullad a mi niño, no llore tanto.

Lull my Child and lessen his tears.

Templad las escarchas del invierno helado
Que el infante tierno es Rey delicado:
Abrigad la Virgen entre vuestro brazos.

Temper, o stars, the frosty chill of winter,
for the tender Infant is still a frail King:
protect the Virgin in your embrace.

Coged el aljófar de los ojos claros,
Mirad que es tesoro de precio tan alto,
Que una gota suelda todos nuestros daños.

Gather the pearly dew from His clear eyes,
for look, it is so precious a treasure
that a single drop can repair all our wrongdoing.

José de San Juan

De repiques de campanas

Anonymous

Though the sacristan of Bethlehem

De repiques de campanas,
Aunque hay hecho mucho ya,
Le quedó algo que hacer nuevo
De Belén al sacristán.

Though the sacristan of Bethlehem
had rung many a bell before,
there was something new for him to do.

Oid zagalejos, oídme tocar.
Oid zagalejos, oídle tocar.
Al alba en María que ilustra el portal,
Dan, dan, dan, dan, dan.
Y a muerto en la culpa al mísero Adán.
Dilón, dylan.
Oídme tocar,

Listen, shepherd lads, listen to me ring.
Listen, shepherd lads, listen to him ring.
The dawn bell for Mary, who lights up the stable,
ding, ding, ding, ding, ding.
And a death knell for the sins of the wretched Adam,
ding dong, ding dong.
Listen to me ring.

Que al ver cómo el niño le redimirá,
Y en un Viernes Santo hoy nace a espirar,
Mezclando el repique con el lamentar.
Din, din, din, din, dilán.

Since the Child who will redeem us all
is born today only to die on Good Friday,
this ring is mixed with lamenting.
Ding, ding, ding, ding, dong.

Dirán las carracas: carrá, carracrá.

The ratchet will say:
crackity crack.

Uníendose todo a un mismo compás,

The sounds of death, telling the hours, Lent and rejoicing

A muerto, a repique, cuaresma y festejo

will all be heard in time with one another,

Las voces dirán: dilindin, dilán.

saying: ding ding dong, ding dong.

Esta confusión tiene novedad,

There's something new about this confusion of sounds,

Día, que en mundo la más alta hay,

for on this day is born in human form, for the glory

Como nacer hombre niño que es deidad.

of the world, a Child who is also our God.

Oid zagalejos, oídos tocar.

Listen, shepherd lads, listen to us ring.