

Epiphany at Christ the King

Sunday, January 4 | 6pm

Texts and Translations

Los Cuatro Elementos / The Four Elements

Esteban Salas (1725-1803)

Our culture is so unfamiliar with ancient ideas about the universe that it is difficult to grasp why the poet of this villancico could think of no more extreme and reverent simile than to compare the Christ Child to elemental matter. Even in the late 18th c., most Europeans believed that everything could be reduced to four basic components: fluids, minerals, gases, and heat; or as they said, water, earth, air, and fire. This is not as simple-minded as it sounds. Living creatures require air, heat, water, and minerals to survive, and when they die, the fluids, gas, and heat disappear, leaving mineral bones. Furthermore, earth was surrounded by three layers or spheres of air, water and fire. The Four Elements, in numberless poems and paintings and in this villancico, represent the four components of the universe, each of which wants to claim the Son of God (through whom all things were made, as the Creed says) as a flawlessly pure version of each aspect of the Creation. Allusions to Biblical and liturgical descriptions of the Christ Child and the Virgin Mary combine with the story of the birth of Jesus. (The reference to God as the dew must be a traditional explanation of the origin of pearls as congealed dew.)

Los cuatro elementos / forman competencia
sobre quien al Niño / más derecho tenga
Y cada cual pretende / que nace en su esfera
cual perla en el agua, / cual flor en la tierra,
meteorito en el aire, / en el fuego estrella.
Y aunque en sí discordes, / en esto concuerdan,
que quiere cada uno / sea suyo la prenda.

Agua: Yo vi una perla / de oriente el más lucido.
Tierra: Yo vi una flor / que al prado hermoseaba.
Aire: Yo vi un meteorito / al sol muy parecido.
Fuego: Yo vi una estrella / que la noche ilustraba.
Todos: Mas no alterquemos, que todo pudo ser.

Agua: Yo no quiero más perla / que la que veo,
que las otras son nada / en su cotejo.
Aire: Mas muy bien yo decía, / y ello es muy cierto, que era lo
que observé / cosa de cielo.
Agua: Lleguen y vean / que hasta Dios es rocío para esta perla.
Aire: Miren y observen, / y todo el que observare/ el cielo
espere

The four elements are having a competition
over which has the greater right to claim the Christ Child.
And each element insists that He is being born in its sphere,
as a pearl in water; a flower in the earth,
a meteor in the air; a star in [the realm of] fire.
And although they disagree among themselves, on this they
do agree: each element wants the precious token to be his.

Water: I saw the most lustrous oriental pearl.
Earth: I saw a flower that beautified the meadow.
Air: I saw a meteor very like the sun.
Fire: I saw a star that lit up the night.
All: But let us not argue, for it could have been all of them.

Water: I want no other pearl than the one that I see,
for others are as nothing in comparison.
Air: But I was correct when I said, and it very true,
that what I observed was a heavenly object.
Water: Draw near and see that God himself is dew for this
pearl.
Air: See and observe: may all who observe look forward

No Hay Zagal Como Gilillo / There is no Shepherd

Juan Gutierrez de Padilla (1590-1664)

In this villancico, which describes the musical feats of Gil at the manger, the usual shepherds do not tell their story in the "pastoral" style, a literary version of idealized country folk music, but they show off their unexpectedly fancy vocabulary with an interminable series of words that are accented on the third syllable from the end, like SYL-la-ble in English. This produces some rather odd poetry and tongue-twisters. The librettist is poking fun at the contemporary fashion in poetry called culteranismo, which featured obscure vocabulary and pseudo-Latin syntax. Here, the effect is comical in music from rustics, no doubt sung with a country accent, in the style of the rowdy jácara, originally a satirical ballad and dance for ruffians.

No hay zagal como Gilillo/ que de uno y otro tonillo
nos llenó el portal glorioso/ a docenas y a millares,
y en esta noche gentil/ arrimando lo pastoril.

Deja la rústica máscara./ Toma política brújula,
y a todo ruedo se esdrújula/
de cuantas veces se en jácara.

Oigan lo que ha cantado, / despuntando de entendido,
al pastorcico garrido / el zagalejo chapado.

Calle lo bélico,/ cese lo jácaro.

There's no shepherd like Gilillo, who with some little songs -
by the dozens and thousands— has filled the glorious manger,
and on this precious night, dispensing with the pastoral style.

He's taken off the pastoral mask, going in the urbane direction,
and throwing caution aside, uses words with a penultimate
accent every time he sings in the jácara style.

Hear what the fine shepherd boy has sung,
showing signs of culture, to the handsome Little Shepherd.

Hush anything that's bellicose, cease anything satirical.

No Hay Zagal Como Gilillo Continued

Canten armónicos/ músicos pájaros.

Estríbillo

Hagan los zéfiros / entre los álamos
a un rey pacífico / líricos cánticos.

Coplas

1. Calle lo bélico,/ cese lo jácaro, que lo pacífico/ sólo es
Coros angélicos / tonos seráficos lo práctico.
le cantan métrico / y aplausos sáficos.

2. Floridos vístanse, / del mirto al plátano,
todos los árboles/ del sur al ártico.
Canten angélicos,/ ciñendo el tálamo,

romances líricos/ al niño cándido.

Let songbirds sing harmoniously.

Refrain

Let the breezes among the poplars produce
lyrical canticles to a peaceful King.

Stanzas

1. Hush the bellicose, cease rowdy music. Only the peaceful is
practical. Angelic choirs sing metrical seraphic tunes and
Sapphic praises to Him.

2. Let all the trees, from the myrtle to the plane tree,
from the south to the arctic, clothe themselves with flowers.
Let them sing in angelic fashion lyrical ballads
to the innocent Child, surrounding his bed.

Bartolillo con la Danza prima

Antonio Soler (1510-1570)

This piece that features a stereotyped country man, who speaks with an Asturian accent, which Castilians (Madrid) always found amusing. Bartolillo's regional folk costume would have identified him, and apparently the actor was wearing a shaggy wig of some kind (melena gacha), which the old dictionaries say describes the hair that hangs over the eyes. He teaches the little shepherds one of the best-known folk dances, the danza prima, which was performed to singing. The theological puns on Adam's "error" (yerro) and iron (hierro) and on "ave" ("Hail Mary") and "ave" (bird) are old chestnuts. As usual, the Church would have had a manger scene, and the choristers, dressed as shepherds (male and female), all go to Bethlehem to see the Christ Child.

Choristers

Bartolillo el Asturiano, / del mismo valle de Canga
sabiendo que madre e hijo/ tienen en Belén posada,
a enseñar la danza prima / a los pastorcillos marcha,
porque a Dios Niño la canten / los zagales y zagalas.

Bueno, capricho bueno./ Buena humorada,
No se la estorben./ Callen, callen si él habla
y oigan su danza prima, que al fin es danza.

Barililo: Muy sinora mía canta, / canta que no es chanza.
Mira aquí a Bártolu / con melenas gachas,
que en la danza prima / va a cumplimentarla,
pues parió ese niño / que es como una prata, /
desfaciendo el hierro / con que Adán nos marca.

Tonada

Porque foy golosa Eva/ ci mordió certa manzana.
Comu Adán dexó al mundo,/ como dicen de la galla,
Válasme, nosa señora, / nosa señora nos valga

1.Comu Adán dexó al mundo,/ como dicen, de la galla, /
cerraditu el cielo,/ sin dexarnos una entrada/ Válasme...

3. Porque Adán e seus fillos/ non tuvieron essa gracia,
e foy forza que una ave/ para nostro ben volara

5. E la gran Virgen María/ fue'sta ave soberana, /
y en Belén parió a seu fillo, / que tirita entre las pallas.

Chorus

Little Bartholomew the Asturian, from the Cangas River valley,
learning that the Mother and Son are staying at an inn in
Bethlehem, goes off to teach the danza prima to the young
shepherds so that the country boys and girls can sing it to the
Christ Child.

Bright idea! clever idea

Don't get in his way./Be quiet if he speaks, and
listen to his [song for the] danza prima, which after all is a
dance.

Bartholomew: My dear lady sing, because it's not a joke.
Look here at Bártolo, with his hair in his eyes,
who in the danza prima is going to compliment her,
because she bore that child who shines like silver,
undoing the iron with which Adam marks us.

Stanzas

Because Eve was greedy, she bit a certain apple.
Since Adam left the world [in bad shape] as they say,
Help me, Lady, may our Lady help us!

1. Since Adam left the world [in bad shape] as they say, and
heaven shut tight, with no way to for us to get in, Help me,
Lady..

3. Because Adam and his children did not have that grace, And it was necessary that a bird [ave] should fly down for our salvation.

5. And the great Virgin Mary was that sovereign bird, and in Bethlehem she bore her Son, who is shivering on straw.

Gil, pues al cantar/ Sing Gil

Pedro Ruimonte (1565-1627)

The "conceit" of this villancico is the contrast between singing and weeping. In Spanish, a rooster "sings," and the expresión "otro gallo cantará" means "things are going to be different." But here it alludes to Matthew 26:34: "Jesus saidbefore the cock crows, thou shalt deny me thrice."

Trio

Gil, pues al cantar del gallo/ Dios niño llorando está,
canta, que en mis libros hallo/ que otro gallo cantará.

Tú estás libre y él vasallo,/ tú rico, y él pobre está.
Cantará canta, que en mis libros hallo/ que otro gallo cantará.

Responsión

Canta, que en mis libros hallo/ que otro gallo cantará.
Gil, pues al cantar del gallo/ Dios niño llorando está,
canta, que en mis libros hallo/ que otro gallo cantará.

Coplas

1. Bien puedes cantar, zagal / aunque Dios llore en Belén,
si el gallo canta al nacer/ de este nuevo rey de amor.

2. Que tú cantas por tu bien/ y el llora por nuestro mal.
Su canto será mayor/ al tiempo de padecer.

Trio

Sing, Gil, because the Baby Jesus is crying as the cock crows!
Sing! In my books I find that another cock will crow for us.

You are free and he a servant, you are rich, and he is poor.
Sing! In my books I find that another cock will crow for us

Response

Sing! In my books I find that another cock will crow for us.
Sing, Gil, because the Baby Jesus is crying as the cock crows!
Sing! In my books I find that another cock will crow for us.

Coplas

You can certainly sing, shepherd boy, though God may weep in
Bethlehem when the cock crows at the birth of this new King of
Love.

You sing for your joy, and He weeps for our misfortune.
His song will be greater at the time of [His] suffering.

Albricias Pastores

Francisco Courcelle (1705-1788)

The metaphor of this villancico is a military one. The Christ Child captures the fortress of evil with mystical weapons. When the enemies surrender, a messenger of peace (John the Baptist) enters, then three pagan castle wardens (the Magi) arrive to hand over the fortress. Darkness turns to light (the birth of the Savior), and golden dawn shines on the Holy Mother, who is watching over the manger. Other typical stylistic traits are the pairing of opposites (child/giant), words with double meanings (buenas pascuas, a good time, and pascua, Easter), and poetic substitutes for common objects: the Christ Child's tears are pearls, he is the Orient.

¡Albricias, pastores! / Escuchad / las nuevas mejores.
¡Albricias, zagales! Éstas sí / que son novedades!
Que a la vista de un infante / animoso soy obediente.
Hoy ha rendido el Oriente / la plaza más importante.

Víctor el gigante niño!/ que las fuerzas de la rabia,
prisioneras de sus ojos, / nos han dado buenas pascuas.

Rindan muy enhorabuena / lo altivo de sus murallas
a lo humilde de un pesebre / y a lo débil de unas pajas.

Tres gentiles castellanos / al primer aviso marchan
para entregar a su dueño / el corazón y la plaza.
El tesoro de la Indias / envía gozosa el alba por
que aprenda a ser riqueza / de la que un pesebre guarda.

Joyful news, shepherds! Listen to the best news.
Joyful news, countrymen! This is indeed remarkable news.
At the sight of a brave little giant, I am in awe. The Rising Sun
has conquered the most important stronghold today.

Hurray for the victorious little giant, because the forces of
wrath, taken prisoner by his eyes, have given us a fine day.

Let the humility of a manger and the frailness of a little straw
overcome the haughty walls, just at the right time.

At the first dispatch, three pagan castle wardens march
to hand over to their master their hearts and the stronghold.
Happy dawn sends the treasure of the Indies so that it may
learn to be the wealth of the Lady who watches over the manger

Temeroso aquilón si loco
Francisco Courcelle (1705-1788)

Descriptions of the stable in Bethlehem in verse and song constantly allude to the cold that the Christ Child must have suffered. This cantata elevates the trite references by addressing the north wind himself (Aquila in Latin), commanding him to calm his winds, seeing that even the monster from the underworld (Avernus in Latin) worships the Christ Child.

Temeroso Aquilón, si loco y ciego
sobre ti quiso colocar su silla el monstruo horrible
del oscuro Averno, mira como hoy se humilla
a las plantas de un niño amable y tierno. Tus ráfagas
produzcan tu sosiego, y viendo al criador <y> en criatura,
trueca el furor en gozo y en dulzura.

O frightful Aquilo, see how the horrible monster from
murky Avernus, [who] insane and blind, tried to make
his home on you [and your storms], is humiliating
himself at the feet of a sweet, tender child. Let your
blasts bring forth your tranquility and seeing the
Creator in [the form of] a baby, change your rage into pleasure
and sweetness.

Si antes amenazaba estrago el más fatal,
ya tu furor se acaba trocando en bien el mal.

If previously you threatened the deadliest destruction, now
your rage is ending, changing bad to good.

Pues en pajizas nubes cualquier horror destierra
y paz trae a la tierra el iris celestial

For the heavenly rainbow in golden clouds exiles every horror
and brings peace to the earth.

Por Hacer Fiesta/ To Celebrate
Anon, Bolivia

This charming villancico has something in common with the English carol, "Tomorrow shall be my dancing day." The birth of Christ makes the universe want to join the dance, which expresses the world's love for its Savior and symbolizes in its endless circling God's infinite greatness

Por hacer festejo al orbe, quiso bailar esta vez.
Gila, la gala del valle/ que lo obliga a querer bien.

To provide a [cause of] celebration for the world,
Gila, the pride of the valley, decided to dance this time, for
[dancing] makes her feel true love

Si a danzar se resistiera,/ a su amor faltara pues.
En las mudanzas amor/ descubre toda la fe.

If one refused to dance, he would be rejecting His love.
In the steps (of the dance), love reveals all its sincerity.

Bailar y danzar,/ danzar y bailar,
Que este Niño divino se ha de alegrar.
Andar, bailar, danzar.

Dance and sway, move and move;
for one must make this [Holy] Child happy.
Move, dance, sway.

Que a este son tan divino/ se ha de bailar y danzar.
que el amor me provoca/ a dicha tal.
Bailar y danzar.....

One must dance and sway to this divine music,
for love calls me to such good fortune.
Move, dance, sway...

Venite Exsultemus: Lauda Sion
Anon, Bolivia

Venite, exultemus Domino:
lubilemus Deo salutari nostro

Come, let us exult in the Lord.
Let us shout joyfully to God, our Savior

Lauda, Sion, Salvatorem,/ Lauda ducem et pastorem
In hymnis et canticis./ Quantum poses, tantum aude:
Quia major omni laude/ Nec laudare sufficis.

Sion, lift thy voice and sing: Praise thy Savior and thy King;
Praise with hymns thy Shepherd true: Dare thy most to praise
Him well; For He doth all praise excel; None can ever reach His
due.

Hueco laurel frondoso/Bare, branching laurel

Francisco Courcelle (2705-2788)

Apollo, also called Phoebus ("radiant") and identified with the sun, was also a god of healing. He pursued the nymph Daphne, who was turned into a laurel tree to escape his unwanted attentions, and the god took the laurel or bay tree as his symbol. Adonis was the son of Myrrha, turned into the myrrh tree, and the sap of the tree is, of course, associated with the gift of one of the Three Kings. The convoluted poem on which this villancico is based uses these mythological elements in its metaphors, describing the birth of Jesus.

Hueco laurel frondoso,/a quien injurias de la noche fría
desnudó[?] del verdor y lozanía, / ¿quién te ha vuelto, tan vano
y tan hermoso a pesar del invierno y su guadaña/ verde
Adonis, a ser de esta campaña un nuevo resplandor, un color
nuevo? / con quien [?] es sombra el rosicler de Febo,/ con luz
más clara y nueva / que su eclíptica forma, de una cueva.

Aria

Planeta superior / de luz tan singular [
que logra enamorar/ con sólo demostrar
su resplandor: / ¿qué mucho, si al nacer
es hijo del ardor / con que a los que dio el ser
los quiere abrasar / en puro amor.

Recitative

Ya no hay temer del mundo/ las ciegas y terribles tempestades,
pues hay tronco que obste[n]te [-a ?] sus piedades,
y si el abismo brama furibundo, / de este laurel dichoso
que le asombra, / el es sitio de amor, / basta su sombra.

Aria

Laurel que amparas, / todo piedades, Aria
al hombre libras / de tempestades / en su animar.
Pues ya ha nacido quien ha ordenado contra el pecado
que aquel que ha caído vuelva a alentar.

Bare, branching laurel, whom the injuries of the cold night
stripped of verdure and lush growth: who has caused you-so
vain and so handsome in spite of winter and his scythe, O green
Adonis, to be a new radiance, a new color in this field?
Compared with which, Phoebus's dawn is the darkness of a
cave [and your light, brighter and newer than his ecliptic form.

Aria

Since he is the] highest planet, of such singular light
that he manages to make one love him only by displaying
his radiance, is it any wonder that at birth
he is the son of the ardor with which he wishes to burn,
with pure love, those to whom he gave being.

Recitative

There is now no need to fear the blind and
terrible tempests of this world,
for there is a trunk that extends his mercies,
and if the abyss roars in fury, the shade of this blessed laurel
that frightens it is sufficient, [for] it is the throne of love.

Aria

O sheltering Laurel, O all-merciful,
you free humanity from tempests when you give it life.
For now there is born One who has ordained against the devil.

Un Angel, y el Demonio/ An Angel and the Devil

Antonio Soler (1510-1570)

This villancico is an example of the cantatas composed for the festive mid-night service of Christmas eve, when the church permitted a certain amount of levity. The readings and antiphons were divided into "nocturns," an ancient word for the sections of the night time liturgy. For this nocturn, we can safely assume that the angelic singers and the ranting devil were appropriately costumed and behaved in character. The text not only quotes the first two lines of the Te deum but is in places a sort of paraphrase of the hymn.

Narrator:

Dudoso el diablo si el niño es dios y hombre verdadero,
viene al portal, mas el ángel no le permite entrar dentro.
¡Fuera el demonio! ¡Vaya al infierno! que esto es la gloria,
y está Dios dentro, y los diablos se miran fuera del cielo.

Demonio:

No es Dios, villanos. Callad groseros.
Que Dios y hombre, Señor y siervo,
fuera unirse a la nada todo lo inmenso.

Angel: Querub alevé, dragón soberbio: para abatirte quiso lo
Inmenso elevar a lo humano sobre los cielos.

Narrator:

¡Fuera el demonio! ¡Vaya al infierno!
que esto es la gloria, y está Dios dentro,

Demonio:

Callad groseros. No es Dios, villanos.
Muerdo de envidia, de pena muerdo, que eleva el hombre
por mi desprecio. Pese a mí, eso me causa mayor tormento.
Todo soy furia, rabia y despecho, porque lo Soberano se vino a
suelo.

Angel:

Querub alevé, dragón soberbio: para abatirte
quiso lo Inmenso elevar a lo humano sobre los cielos.
Huye al abismo, monstruo sangriento,
porque lo Soberano se vino al suelo.

Narrator:

y a Dios digamos, que es niño tierno, Te deum laudamus, te
dominum confitemur.

Coplas

1. La tierra entera, Señor, venera tu Padre Eterno
y a ti te adora, pues enamora verte tan bello,
Dios y niño divino y humano,
que de Adán enmendaste el exceso.

2. Para que el hombre feliz se nombre, si estaba enfermo,
de fiel doncella humilde y bella nos escus— el seno
por nacer en un duro pesebre
a ser sacro precioso remedio.

Narrator:

The devil, doubting whether the child is true God and true man,
comes to the manger; but the angel does not allow him to enter.
Away with you, Devil! Go to hell! For this place is heaven and
God is within, and devils find themselves expelled from heaven.

Devil:

He is not God, you oafs; silence, you louts! For it would be
[equivalent to] uniting nothingness to all infinity (if He were)
God and man, Lord and servant.

Angel: Treacherous cherub, proud dragon! To abase you, [God]
the Infinite chose to elevate humanity above the heavens.

Narrator:

Away with you, Devil! Go to Hell!
For this place is heaven and God is within,

Devil:

He is not God, you oafs; silence, you louts! I am dying of envy, I
am dying of shame, for He exalts humanity to scorn me. In spite
of myself, this causes me greater torment. I am consumed with
fury, rage, and spite, because [Jesus] the Sovereign One has
come earth.

Angel:

Treacherous cherub, proud dragon! To abase you, [God] the
Infinite chose to elevate humanity above the heavens. Flee to
the abyss, blood-thirsty monster; [Jesus] the Sovereign One, has
come to earth.

Narrator:

and so let us say to God, who is a tiny baby, We praise thee, O
God, we acknowledge thee to be the Lord..

Stanzas

1. All the earth, O Lord, worships your eternal Father and
adores you, for it inspires love to see you so fair, God and Child,
divine and human, who have healed the disobedience of Adam.

2. In order for man to be able to call himself happy, for he was
ill, He fed at [?] the breast of a faithful, humble handmaiden,
because he was born in a harsh manger, to be a sacred,
precious remedy.

El Cielo Y Sus Estrellas/The Sky and Its Stars

Esteban Salas (1725-1803)

El cielo y sus estrellas/ que esparcen luces bellas, la tierra con
sus flores/ que dan gratos olores, el agua con espumas, el aire
con sus plumas, digamos de una vez / que todo lo que es./ el
ser que ha recibido,/ al rey que ha nacido/ lo debe consagrar.
El cielo y sus estrellas...

El hombre mayormente / se ofresca reverente,
y con muy fiel respecto / dedíquele el afecto,
que al verlo caído, caído/ de puro amor movido
lo viene a levantar.

Heaven with its stars that scatter beautiful light,
the earth with its flowers that exude pleasant odors,
water with its foam, air with it feathered creatures:
let us plainly say that everything that exists
should consecrate the life that it has to the new-born King.

Let mankind especially offer itself reverently,
let it dedicate itself with the most faithful respect to Him who,
seeing mankind fallen, comes to raise it up out of pure love.
that the person w h o has fallen shall be made strong again.

A Belen se van corriendo/ Running to Bethlehem

Antonio Soler (1510-1570)

Boys of the chapel use their musical training, solfa, the Spanish do-re-mi, to serenade the Baby Jesus with an exercise, interspersed with bits of the hymns Te Deum and Sanctus. They tell Jesus that they have learned music the old-fashioned way: with beatings, but now they use solfa. Painting a vivid picture of their poverty: they travel not on horses but on musical notes and feed on notes and rests. They next serenade the donkey that has carried Mary and Jesus to Bethlehem. The boys conclude with the annual request: the Christmas tip (aguinaldo) to assist their guardian angels.

Coro

1a. A Belén se van corriendo / por ver cuidar del muchacho /
al bendito San Joseph / los cantorcillos del Cuarto.
2a. Sin temor de Herodes entran, / que aunque infantes
decorados, /
no son ya tan inocentes / que le tiemblen al tirano.

Estrillo

Vengan solícitos, / canten con ánimo / en solfas máximas /
y acordes cánticos. /
Este santo saluden angélico / que es custodia de un niño tan
cándido.

Cantores

Ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la / Te Deum laudamus.
La, sol, fa, mi, re, ut / Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus. /
La fa-ma, sola de heroe tan santo. /
Util remedio de mi cuidado de Dios custodia del
amparo mereçe en solfa que le cantemos que
le ama tanto. Sanctus, Sanctus.

Coplas

1. Desde el Cuarto, santo mío, / Antonio nos ha enviado, / y a
vuestros pies nos ponemos / por escapar de sus manos, /
porque allá, en estas cosas / de punto y canto, las solfas / nos
enseñan con solfearnos, / vida mía, dulce encanto, / ¡ay! vida
mía, con solfearnos.

2. En unas semicorcheas / hemos venido a caballo, / y para ser
sostenidos / cosas mínimas pensamos. /
Aunque siendo alimento / del aire vago / con las aspiraciones /
se dan la mano, / vida mía, dulce encanto, / ay! vida mía, / se
dan la mano.

Estrillo

3. Cuidad bien de ese pupilo, / que al compás de su cuidado, /
presto hará fuga que suene / con trabajo para el Diablo. / Por
más que en un desierto / con dúo extraño / el bajo lleve el uno
/ y el otro el alto, / vida mía, dulce encanto, / y el otro el alto.

4. Vos con Jesús y María / hacéis un tres soberano, / mas
tendrá algunos pasajes / que harán la música llanto. / Pero los
calderones/ no son del caso, / que a los pastores toca, /mas no
a los sabios, / vida mía, dulce encanto, / ay! vida mía, / mas no
a los sabios

Estrillo

5. El Niño cantará un solo / con instrumento tan raro / que de
oírlo solamente / se moverán los peñascos. / De su Madre no
digo, / porque está llano / que un Magnificat sabe / cantar de
pasmó, / vida mía, dulce encanto, / ay! vida mía, / cantar de
pasmó

Chorus

1a. The young fourth year singers run off to see the blessed St.
Joseph taking care of the boy.
2d. They enter with no fear of Herod, because although they
may be well, behaved children, they are no longer so innocent
that they need fear the tyrant.

Refrain

Come with eagerness, sing with spirit, with exalted songs and
harmonious canticles
Greet this angelic saint who is the guardian of such an innocent
child

Choristers

Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, Te deum laudamus.
La, sol, fa, mi, re, do, Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus.
The fame alone of such a saintly hero,
effective remedy of my sorrow, custodian of God,
refuge of mankind, deserves
that we sing to him in solfeggio since he loves it so much

Stanzas

1. Antonio has sent us from the Fourth Class, dear saint; and to
escape from his hands, we throw ourselves at your feet,
because there they teach us these subjects of notes and
chanting by beating us, [Lullaby] my beloved, my sweet, oh,
my beloved, by beating us.

2. We have come mounted on semiquavers, and in order to
be sustained [nourished], we feed on minims.
Though they are food of thin air [also a musical term], they are
joined by aspirations [musical rests], my beloved, my sweet,
they are joined by aspirations

Refrain

Take good care of your ward, because, keeping time with his
sorrow, he will create a fugue, presto, that will be hard for the
devil to play, and even in the wilderness, in a strange duet, the
one will sing the low part and the other, the high, my love, etc.

You [O Joseph], with Jesus and Mary, make a superb trio. But
the trio must surely have some passages that will turn the
music to weeping. Ad libitum flourishes, however, are not
appropriate, for this is a matter for shepherds, not for trained
singers, my love, my sweet, etc.

Refrain

The Child will sing a solo with so rare an instrument that the
rocks will be moved by the mere sound of it. I am not talking
about the Mother, for it is plain that she can sing
a Magnificat admirably, my love, my sweet, etc.