

12-16-2005

## Jewel Box Series: Dec. 16, 2005

Jewel Box Staff

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get inside

2005 - 2006

the

arts

the jewelbox  
series

NORTHEASTERN ILLINOIS UNIVERSITY



Friday, December 16, 2005 8 p.m.  
Jewel Box Series  
Northeastern Illinois University Recital Hall

presents

## The Rose Ensemble

### Celebremos el Niño: Delights of the Mexican Baroque

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| VILLANCICO: <i>Atención, atención</i> (1698)                    | Antonio de Salazar<br>(ca. 1650-1715)        |
| BAILE: <i>Serenissima una noche</i>                             | Fray Gerónimo Gonzáles<br>(fl. 1600)         |
| XÁCARA: <i>Los que fueren de buen gusto</i>                     | Francisco de Vidales<br>(d. 1702)            |
| DUO: <i>Un ciego que contrabajo canta coplas</i>                | Antonio de Salazar                           |
| Gloria (from <i>Missa Ego Flos Campi</i> )                      | Juan Gutiérrez de Padilla                    |
| ROMANCE: <i>Hermoso amor</i> (1671)                             | Juan García de Zéspedes<br>(ca. 1619-1678)   |
| VILLANCICO: <i>A Belén</i>                                      | J. David Moore<br>(b. 1962)                  |
| (world premiere performance, commissioned by The Rose Ensemble) |  |
| NEGRILLA: <i>A siolo flasiquiyo</i>                             | Juan Gutiérrez de Padilla<br>(ca. 1590-1664) |

**Intermission**



DUO: *Al dormir el sol*

Sebastián Durón  
(1660-1716)

*Hombres, victoria, victoria!*

Francisco Guerrero  
(1528-1599)

NEGRO: *Tarara tarara qui yo soy Anton*

Antonio de Salazar

GALLEGO: *Ay galeguínos*

Fabián Ximeno Perez  
(ca. 1595-1654)

GUARACHA: *Convidando esta la noche*

Juan García de Zéspedes



**The ROSE  
ENSEMBLE**

*Reawakening the Ancient*

**Jordan Sramek, Founder/Artistic Director**

**Kathy Lee, Kim Sueoka, Heather Cogswell** (*soprano*)

**Lisa Drew, Kristine Kautzman** (*alto*)

**Eric Betthauser** (*counter-tenor*)

**Aaron Petersen, Jordan Sramek, Dustin Wirth** (*tenor*)

**Tim O'Brien** (*baritone, percussion*)

**John Bitterman, Mark Dietrich** (*bass*)

*with guest instrumentalists*

**Julie Elhard** (*viola da gamba*) and **Phillip Rukavina** (*vihuela da mano*)

Tonight's concert is being broadcast live on 98.7 WFMT. As a courtesy to the audience members, listeners, and performers, we ask that you turn off all electronic devices including pagers and cellular phones. Additionally, flash photography and recording devices are prohibited. We appreciate your cooperation.

SUBSCRIBERS: \_\_\_\_\_

Join us for a reception with the artists in the Golden Eagle Room immediately following the performance.

## The Rose Ensemble



The Rose Ensemble is a daring and inventive vocal ensemble, performing and preserving ancient music. With transcendent voices and captivating programming, the singers cast a rich and harmonious spell, honoring history, world cultures and religions.

Founded in 1996 by Artistic Director Jordan Sramek and based in Saint Paul, Minnesota, The Rose Ensemble has built a diverse and enthusiastic contemporary audience with imaginative concerts and recordings of Medieval, Renaissance and Baroque music, scrupulously researched, beautifully presented, and "flawlessly performed and smoothly structured" (*Cleveland Plain Dealer*) and "emotionally committed and moving" (*Minneapolis Star-Tribune*).

Currently presenting over 50 performances each year and maintaining an active international touring schedule filled with performances and educational programs, The Rose Ensemble is the recipient of the 2005 Chorus America *Margaret Hillis Award for Choral Excellence*. Called "a daring and imaginative vocal ensemble" by the *Saint Paul Pioneer Press*, the musicians of The Rose Ensemble have received acclaim for their ability to sing both as an ensemble and as individual soloists, while director Jordan Sramek has been lauded for diverse, innovative programming and ground-breaking research.

The Rose Ensemble recently toured France with a program featuring the modern-day "premiere" of 13th-century chants for the feast of Saint Martin of Tours; the group continues its European tours in Germany and the Czech and Slovak Republics next summer. A recipient of a Rockefeller "Arts & Religion in the Twin Cities" award and nominated in 2000-2004 for a Minnesota Music Award for "Best Classical Artist," The Rose Ensemble has made six independently produced recordings, including *Celebremos el Niño*, featuring much of the music on tonight's program.



## Program Notes

Seventeenth-century street and dance music became fashionable even in high society during the Mexican Baroque, as Spanish composers used the vivid rhythms and energy of the *xácara* to drive forward the plots of operas and to introduce theatrical excitement into church music. Even in the Christmas *villancicos* by Juan Gutiérrez de Padilla and by his successor as maestro, Juan García de Zéspedes, the texts draw the listeners' attention to the secular origins of the music: "On with the *xácara!*" and "Celebrate with the *guaracha*."

The attitude of the church authorities to *villancicos* in the guise of a *xácara*, *guaracha*, or *negrilla* (*villancicos* depicting the song and dance of African slaves in the Spanish colonies) could almost be seen as "neutral" - while the dances were repeatedly condemned as excessively arousing, Pedro Cerone, author of a famous 17th-century treatise, defended the *villancicos*: "I would not like to say *villancicos* are bad thing, for they are received in all Spanish churches, and were it not for them, it would not be possible to reach the appropriate heights of solemn celebration... There are some people so lacking in piety that they attend church but once a year, and miss all the Masses of Obligation, because they are too lazy to get up out of bed. But let it be known that there will be *villancicos*, and there is no one more devout in the whole place, none more vigilant than these people, for there is no church, oratory or shrine that they will not visit, nor do they mind getting up in the middle of the night in the freezing cold, just to hear them."

Juan Gutiérrez de Padilla was a Mexican of Spanish birth who served as chapel master at Puebla, Mexico from 1629 until his death. Born in the Andalusian city of Málaga in 1590, Padilla emigrated to Mexico in 1622, where he served the community of Pueblo from that year to the time of his death in 1664. Like virtually all composers of the time, Padilla received his earliest music training in the choir of his local cathedral and, like many others, he took on his first assignment as a cathedral maestro. But early in his career, he chose to come to the Américas, committed to a place to live and work, and never looked back. In many ways, Padilla's output is part of the musical legacy of Mexico rather than Spain. By the age of 23 he was already maestro of the Cathedral of Jerez, and three years later, of Cádiz Cathedral. By October of 1622 he was already at Puebla

Cathedral as singer and co-maestro; in 1629 he was named full maestro, and began composing prolifically.

Like his setting of the *Gloria*, much of Padilla's Latin sacred music is scored for double-choir. The mass setting *Ego flos campi* is what musicologists call a "parody mass," which basically means that the polyphony (structured harmony) is based upon and created by using melodic fragments and passages from a previously written motet (called *Ego flos campi*). Strangely, the original motet has not survived, but one thing is certain: Padilla takes considerable liberties with the liturgical Latin text, creating refrains that suggest almost a folk style filled with religious fervor (in the *Gloria*, notice how the second choir repeats *bonae voluntatis* - "Goodwill to all!" - again and again).

Juan García de Zéspedes was appointed as soprano at Puebla Cathedral in 1630. When maestro Padilla refused to teach, Zéspedes took over much of this work. In 1664 he succeeded maestro Padilla in an interim capacity. The title of maestro became permanent in 1670. Although censured by the cathedral chapter more than once over disagreements as to his duties, Zéspedes had a long career ended by his paralysis late in life.

Antonio de Salazar was born in Spain, but later moved to Mexico and became one of the most famous Mexican composers. He was chapel master of Puebla Cathedral and later at the Mexico City Cathedral. Like Padilla, Salazar also composed several *villancicos*, *negrillas* and *canzonetas* for feast days. The Rose Ensemble is pleased to feature on this program the modern day premiere of Salazar's *Atención*, *Atención* (a *villancico* for the Feast of the Virgin of Guadalupe), recently transcribed from a manuscript in the archives of the *Catedral Metropolitana de México* by musicologist Craig H. Russell.

*Program notes by Rose Ensemble director, Jordan Sramek, inspired by the research and writings of musicologists Robert Stephenson and Andrew Laurence-King.*



## Texts and Translations

### Atención, Atención

Atención, Atención, Atención,  
que si copia la pluma la mano es de  
un Dios,  
Atención, Atención, Atención!  
que si copia la pluma la mano es de  
un Dios.

La mano es de un Dios  
la que quiso copiar el retrato mejor  
Atención, Atención, Atención!

El aparejó invisible se aparejó de esta  
echura  
aun antes que hubiera mundo ni  
que fuese cosa alguna.

El divujo fue en prophetas ya en  
enigmas ya en figuras  
el pintarse fue un instante en que se  
consibe pura.

El traslado fue inocultis en una  
manta que anuda  
a su cuello un indio pobre que por  
incapaz recusan.

Dispone la en ademán las manos  
altas y juntas  
de resevir siendo en quien allí el  
pinsel executa.

### Serenissima una noche

Serenissima una noche  
mas que si fuera un infante  
en lo cresco de diciembre  
quiso por dicha estrellarse.

y al sol que a nasido  
por dios verdadero  
oi todos le aclamen.

### Atención, Atención

Attention, Attention, Attention!  
that if the pen writes, it is the hand  
of God that moves it.  
Attention, Attention, Attention!  
if the pen writes, the hand is that of  
God.

It is the hand of God  
that sought to capture the best likeness  
Attention, Attention, Attention

He primed the invisible canvas, he  
prepared for this project  
even before there was a world or  
anything in it.

The sketch was in the prophecies,  
either in riddles or in figures  
and it was painted in the very  
instant in which it was conceived.

Its transfer was in secret in a blanket  
tied round the neck of a poor Indian  
man rejected as unfit.

He displays it in a gesture of his  
hands, together and upraised,  
receiving from He who wields the  
painter's brush.

### Serenissima una noche

Calm was the night  
when the baby shone forth like a star  
in the cool of December.  
Come to the dance,

and to the sun, Ande el baile  
for the child of the true God is born.  
Today let us all acclaim Him.

### Los que fueren de buen gusto

"Los que fueren de buen gusto,  
óiganme una xacarilla nueva  
que he de cantar en Belén."  
"Siempre el garbo y la voz!  
Yo la cantaré también."  
"Cómo qué, cómo qué?"  
"A que só me toca a mí,  
y el porque yo me lo sé."  
"Cómo qué, cómo qué?"  
"Pues quitémonos de ruidos  
y cantemos a las tres."  
"Tres a tres y una a una,  
vaya, vaya de xácará, pues."

### Coplas

En el mesón de la luna  
junto a la Puerta del Sol  
del cielo de una doncella  
en tierra un lucero dió.  
A ser galán de las almas  
el Verbo al hielo nació,  
que lo tomó con fineza  
pero con poco calor.

Sin duda el Jayán divino  
- ya naçe a morir de amor,  
pues cuando se emboza el rostro  
me descubre el corazón.  
Por ser de la Trinidad  
vino por la redempción.  
Metióse en Santa María,  
ya dado en San Salvador.  
"Tres a tres y una a una,  
vaya, vaya de xácará, pues!"

Metióse en cuna de nieve,  
que no es nuevo en su afición  
dexarse llevar del agua  
el espíritu de Dios.  
Al soberano Cupido  
desde que naçe le hirió

### Los que fueren de buen gusto

"All those who have good taste,  
listen to the nice new xácará  
I'm going to sing in Bethlehem."  
"A jaunty style and voice are always  
needed, so I'll sing it too."  
"What's all this, what's all this?"  
"I'm the one to do it, because I know  
how to."  
"What's all this, what's all this?"  
"Come on, let's stop shouting  
and let's sing all three of us together."  
"Three by three and one by one,  
on to the xácará, then!"

### Stanzas

In the Moon Inn  
next to the Gate of the Sun,  
a young girl brought down from  
heaven a star to us on earth.  
So as to become the suitor of souls  
the Word of God was born to the  
freezing world, which took him with  
grace but with little warmth.

Doubtless the divine Giant willed his  
birth that he might die of love,  
for when he hides his face  
he opens up his heart to me.  
Being one of the Trinity  
he came down for our redemption.  
He entered unto Holy Mary  
and so became our Holy Saviour.  
"Three by three and one by one,  
on to the xácará, then!"

He settled into a snowy cradle,  
for there is nothing new, given his love,  
in the spirit of God being borne  
along by water.  
The sovereign Cupid was wounded  
by the arrow from the moment of birth,



la flecha, que en el desnudo  
hiere más presto el harpón.  
A matar vi-vino a la muerte,  
picado de que el amor  
le dió una herida mortal,  
y fue porque le encarnó.  
Que no se caiga el portal  
es un milagro de Dios.  
Bien puede el Jayán haçer  
cuenta que ha naçido hoy.  
“Tres a tres y una a una,  
vaya, vaya de xácara, pues!”

Se anda perdonando vidas,  
muy preçiado de león,  
y le suele haçer llorar  
el más pobre pecador.  
El naçer en la campaña  
es prueba de su valor,  
y esperarle cuerpo a cuerpo  
es cosa de confesión.  
El sangriento açero esgrime  
Herodes, que en su región  
contener mala conçiencia  
deseaba ver de Dios.  
Bien haya la xacarilla  
y el padre que la engendró,  
y a las que también la cantan  
buenas Pascuas las dé Dios!  
“Tres a tres y una a una,  
vaya, vaya de xácara, pues!”

#### **Un ciego que contrabajo**

Un ciego que contrabajo  
canta coplas por la calle  
por alegrar oy la fiesta  
es ciego a natibitate  
Oyganle oiganle  
que ya viene cantando  
y canta del çielo,  
de tejas abajo.

for a dart wounds flesh  
more readily when naked.  
He came to slay death,  
spurred on by love's  
having dealt him a mortal blow,  
and 'twas because he was incarnated.  
That the gates [of Bethlehem] did not  
fall down is one of God's miracles.  
Well may the Giant remark that  
today he has been born.  
“Three by three and one by one,  
on to the xácara, then!”

He goes about forgiving our lives,  
prized greatly as a lion,  
yet tears are brought to his eyes  
by the poorest sinner.  
His birth on the battlefield  
is proof of his valor,  
and to encounter him hand to hand  
is a matter for the confessional.  
Like Herod he wields a bloody blade,  
seeking, in the name of the Lord,  
to suppress evil thinking  
within his kingdom on earth.  
Hurrah for our little xácara  
and for the father who begot it,  
and as for those who sing it,  
may God grant them a happy Christmas!  
“Three by three and one by one,  
on to the xácara, then!”

#### **Un ciego que contrabajo**

A blind man sings  
verses in his deep bass voice  
today in the street to make  
the Nativity merry.  
Hear him, hear him,  
for along he comes singing,  
and he sings about heaven  
without help from on high.

Fue la santa navidad,  
de Adan hija de verdad,  
por via recta  
segun su genealogia  
Lo demuestra paso a paso,  
y fue el caso susedido,  
que Adan de Eua era marido  
Como çierto Autor lo prueua,  
Y a esta Eua le dio gana  
de morder una mançana,  
Y mordiola que fue culpa  
golpe en bola, y pecado garrafal,  
Y fue tal, que alcanso a feas y lindas  
pero no la dieron gindas, ni ensalada,  
pues quedo ella condenada,  
y todo el mundo comun.

*tumbe, tumbe que tumbe tum, tumbe*

Viendo el sumo consistorio como  
dise el reportorio, por un bocado  
todo el mundo condenado.  
Dixo el Padre puesto en medio,  
buen remedio que el çegundo,  
vaia a redimir el mundo  
y el dara un remedio fixo.  
Que es buen hijo y s ino  
vera para que naçio nasca,  
y muera que no faltara  
quien quiera, darle muerte como digo,  
Ni un amigo que le benda aunque se  
ahorque pero llebara buen porque,  
su pecado, pues rebentara el cuitado,  
por donde es bueno el atum.

*tumbe, tumbe que tumbe tum, tumbe.*

The holy Nativity was  
Adam's true daughter;  
it can be traced in a straight line  
according to his lineage, and  
it can be demonstrated step by step  
that such was the case.  
Adam was the husband of Eve  
as a certain Maker can prove,  
And Eve took it into her head  
to bite an apple,  
and she bit from it and  
was guilty, blameworthy and  
profoundly sinful.  
The sin was such that she  
condemned not only herself but all  
the common world.

*tumbe tumbe que tumbe tum, tumbe*

And thus it came to pass  
that a single mouthful  
condemned the entire world.  
The Father said that he would  
devise a plan to redeem the  
world once and for all  
The remedy is his holy Son  
who is born to the flesh  
for to die, or rather,  
to be put to death.  
He shall lack not for a “friend”  
who shall sell him and later  
hang himself but from this  
evil shall spring  
forth the good.

*tumbe, tumbe que tumbe tum, tumbe.*



**Gloria** (from Missa Ego Flos Campi)

Gloria in excelsis Deo:  
Et in terra pax hominibus  
bonae voluntatis.  
Laudamus te, benedicimus te,  
adoramus te, glorificamus te,  
gratias agimus tibi propter  
magnam gloriam tuam.

Domine Deus Rex caelestis  
Deus Pater omnipotens,  
Domine Fili unigenite  
Iesu Christe.  
Domine Deus, Agnus Dei  
Filius Patris

Qui tollis peccata mundi  
miserere nobis,  
qui tollis peccata mundi  
suscipe deprecationem nostram,  
qui sedes ad dexteram Patris  
miserere nobis.  
Quoniam tu solus sanctus,  
tu solus Dominus,  
tu solus altissimus, Iesu Christe  
miserere nobis  
cum sancto spiritu  
in gloria Dei Patris. Amen.

**Hermoso amor que forxas tus flechas**

Hermoso amor que forxas  
tus flechas de las paxas  
temblando a mis rigores  
ardiendote a tus ancias.

De que suerte zeñido  
Podras vibrar las jaras  
si te apriçiona el yelo  
y te nieua la escarcha

**Gloria**

Glory be to God on high:  
And in earth peace,  
goodwill towards all people.  
We praise thee, we bless thee,  
we worship thee, we glorify thee,  
we give thanks to thee  
for thy great glory.

O Lord God, heavenly King,  
God the Father almighty,  
O Lord the only-begotten Son  
Jesu Christ,  
O Lord God, Lamb of God,  
Son of the Father

That takest away the sins of the  
have mercy upon us.  
Thou that takest away the sins of the  
world, receive our prayer.  
Thou that sittest at the right hand of  
God the Father have mercy upon us.  
For thou only art holy,  
thou only art the Lord,  
thou only O Christ, art most high  
have mercy upon us  
with the Holy Ghost in  
the glory of God the Father. Amen.

**Hermoso amor que forxas tus flechas**

Beauteous love, you who forge  
your darts from straw,  
trembling at my harshness,  
burning in your longing

In what manner will you, held fast,  
be able to let fly your arrows  
if ice holds you prisoner and  
the frost snows upon you?

Si no es que dan tus ojos  
Rayos que soles fraguan  
quando te ven qual niño  
con las manos faxadas

Mas ay que disparas  
suspiros ardientes  
que el pecho me abrasan  
Y con lagrimas tiernas  
Rindes las almas

Yngenioso artificio  
tuuo tu idea rara  
en humanas finezas  
Por Redimir desgracias

**A Belén**

-Sor Juana Inés de La Cruz (1648-1695)  
From *Villancicos de la Natividad de  
Cristo Señor Nuestro, que se cantaron en  
la S. I. Catedral de la Puebla de los  
Ángeles el año de 1678.*

A dónde vais, Zagales? A Belén,  
a ver maravillas que son para ver.  
Decidnos, Zagales,  
cómo lo sabéis?  
En los aires lo cantan los Ángeles  
con voces sonoras. Oíd, atended!

*Coplas*

--Hoy veréis en un portal  
la Palabra enmudecida,  
la Grandeza en pequeñez,  
la Inmensidad en mantillas.  
Todos.--Qué maravilla!

--De una Estrella nace el Sol,  
el Mar se estrecha a una orilla,  
y una Flor en otra flor,  
infante Fruto se anima.  
Todos.--¡Qué maravilla!

If not that your eyes send forth  
beams that forge suns  
when they see such a child as you  
with assaulted hands

But oh you let fly  
ardent sights  
that burn my breast  
and with tender tears  
you give back souls.

Your clever device,  
your rare idea,  
to redeem misfortunes  
through kind human acts.

**A Belén**

-Sor Juana Inés de La Cruz (1648-1695)  
From *Christmas carols for our Lord  
Jesus Christ sung at the Cathedral of  
Puebla de los Angeles in the year 1678.*

Shepherds, where are you going?  
To Bethlehem, to see something  
wonderful. Tell us, shepherds,  
how do you know about this?  
The angels are singing it throughout  
the air with sonorous voices. Listen!

*Stanzas*

Today you will see in a stable  
the silent Word  
Greatness made small and  
Immensity wrapped in a swaddle  
All- How amazing!

From a Star the Sun is born  
the Sea narrows at the shore  
and from a Flower within a flower  
the young Fruit comes to life  
All- How amazing!



--El Impasible padece,  
el Fuego ardiendo se enfría,  
la Divinidad se humana  
y la Rectitud se inclina.  
Todos.--¡Qué maravilla!

--De Quien todos tiemblan,tiembla;  
baja la Soberanía,  
enflaquecese el Valor  
y llora la misma Risa.  
Todos.--¡Qué maravilla!

--La tierra es un Cielo ya  
en esta Noche que es Día;  
el Eterno es temporal,  
y es muerte lo que fue Vida.  
Todos.--¡Qué maravilla!

--La Verdad hoy se disfrazo,  
la Fuerza se debilita,  
la Omnipotencia se abrevia  
y clara la Luz se eclipsa.  
Todos.--Qué maravilla!

--Ya la Riqueza es pobreza,  
y el Poderoso mendiga,  
y el León, que siempre vence,  
Cordero se sacrifica.  
Todos.--Qué maravilla!

--Hombres: escuchad prodigios  
que son mas que humanas dichas:  
Dios es Hombre, el Hombre es Dios,  
que entre sí se comunican.  
Todos.--Qué maravilla!

--El que no tuvo principio,  
su ser en tiempo principia!

The Impassible one suffers  
the ardent Fire cools down  
the Divine is made human  
and Rectitude gives in  
All- How amazing!

That whom all fear, He now shivers  
Sovereignty descends  
courage weakens  
and laugh cries  
All- How amazing!

Earth is heaven  
in this Night that is Day  
the Eternal is temporal  
and death what once Life was  
All- How amazing!

Today Truth is disguised  
Strength weakens  
Omnipotence debilitates  
and the clear Light overshadows  
All- How amazing!

Wealth becomes poverty  
and the Powerful one begs,  
and the lion, who always wins,  
is sacrificed as a Lamb.  
All- How amazing!

Men, listen to these prodigies  
that are beyond the human:  
God is Man and man is God,  
and among them they communicate  
All- How amazing!

The one who does not have a beginning  
his being in time starts.

### A siolo flasiquiyo

"A siolo flasiquiyo!"  
"que manda siol Thome"  
"tenemo tura trumenta  
templarita cum cunsielta?"  
"Si siolo ven pote auisa bosa mise,  
que sa lo moleno ya,  
cayendo de pularrisa  
y muliendo pol bayla  
llamalo llamalo aplisa."  
"Que a veniro lo branco ya,  
y lo niño aspelandosa,  
y se aleglala, ha ha ha ha,  
con lo zambamba, ha ha ha ha,  
con lo guacambe con lo cascave."  
"Si siñolo Thome,  
repicamo lo rrabe  
ya la panderetiyo Anton  
baylalemo lo neglo al son."

Responsion  
*Tumbucutu cutu cutu*  
y toquemo pasito querito  
no pantemo a lo niño sesu.

Turu neglo de Guinea  
que venimo combirara  
A detla e su criara,  
munglave con su liblea  
y pluke lo branco vea  
quere branco nos selvimo  
con vaval de un tamo plimo  
y haleme a lo niño bu.

De merico y silujano  
se vista Mi[n]guel aplisa  
pues nos culase su clisa  
las helilas con su mano  
bayle el canario y viyano  
mas no pase pol detlas  
de mula que da lasas  
de toro que dira mu.

### A siolo flasiquiyo

"Ah, Mr. Francisco!"  
"At your command, Mr. Tomás!"  
"Do we have all the instruments  
tuned up together?"  
"Yes sir, you could well  
tell your lady that the dark-skinned  
folk are about to appear, falling  
about with laughter and dying to  
start dancing." "Call them out right  
away, for the White One has come  
now - the resplendent Child - and  
he will rejoice, ha ha ha ha!, with the  
zambomba [friction drum], ha ha  
ha ha!, with guacambe-dancing and  
bell-ringing." "Yes, Mr. Tomás, we'll  
strum the rebec and Antón jingling  
the tambourine, all we black people  
will dance to their sounds."

Response  
*Toomboocootoo...*  
and let's play gently, softly,  
lest we disturb baby Jesus.

All of us, blacks from Guinea,  
have come and we'll invite  
Andrea and her maid,  
and Mongrave in his livery.  
And so that the White One may see  
we love white, we'll dress  
in fine, fleecy white cotton  
and give the babe a bit of a scare.

Let Miguel dress up quickly  
as a doctor-surgeon,  
so the knife in his hand  
may heal our wounds.  
Dance the canario and the villano,  
but don't step behind  
a mule that kicks out,  
nor a bull that goes moo.



Antoniyo con su sayo  
que tluxo re pueltorrico  
Saldra vestiro re mico  
y Miguel de papangayo  
Y quando yegue adorayo  
al niño le dira asi  
"si tu yo lamo pol mi  
yo me aleglamo pol tu.

### **Al dormir el sol**

Al dormir el sol, en la cuna del alva  
con arrullos  
con halagos con olores le mezen le  
aplauden  
le cantan los Angeles puros los  
zefiros gratos  
las fertiles flores las liquidas fuentes  
las rapidas aves las debiles auras.  
Y todos humildes dicen aUna voz  
*roro rororo dormid, dormid niño Dios.*

Los Angeles puros con dulce canzion  
la cuna le mezen al dormido amor.  
No le disperteis, no, no pues su  
amante voz el aire repite con leve  
rumor:  
*roro rororo dormid, dormid niño Dios.*

Los zefiros gratos con huella  
veloz moviendo las plantas no pisan  
la flor.  
No le disperteis, no, no pues su  
acorde union se inflama y entona  
con tierno fabor: *roro rororo dormid,  
dormid niño Dios.*

Las fertiles flores con salvas de olor  
perfumes exalan en suave prision.  
No le disperteis, no, no pues su  
inspiracion el catre le mullen  
cantando una voz:  
*roro rororo dormid, dormid niño Dios.*

Antonio, wearing the smock  
he brought from Puerto Rico,  
will come out dressed as a monkey,  
and Miguel as a parrot.  
And when he goes up to adore  
the babe he'll say to him:  
"if you cry for me,  
I'll be made happy by you."

### **Al dormir el sol**

When the sun sleeps in the cradle of  
dawn,  
with cooing, soothing words and  
sweet scents  
do the pure Angels, the pleasant  
breezes, the plentiful flowers, liquid  
fountains, the swift birds, the airy  
currents rock Him, praise Him, and  
sing to Him in humbled unison:  
*roro rororo, sleep, sleep Divine Child.*

The pure Angels with dulcet strains  
gently rock Love asleep in his cradle.  
Hush! Wake him not, no; and the  
sweet-voiced breeze reports in  
hushed tone:  
*roro, rororo, sleep, sleep, Divine Child.*

The agreeable zephyrs do nimbly  
trip amidst grasses without treading  
the bloom.  
Hush! Wake him not, no; and their  
harmonious congress with passion  
and tender sentiment intone:  
*roro, rororo, sleep, sleep, Divine Child.*

The bountiful blossoms exhale  
volleys of perfume from petaled  
prison. Hush! Wake him not, no;  
their aromatic breathiness fluffs up  
his crib, and sings with one voice:  
*roro, rororo, sleep, sleep, Divine Child.*

### **Hombres, victoria, victoria!**

Hombres, victoria, victoria!  
que contra todo el infierno el llorar  
de un niño tierno asegura nuestra  
gloria.

El sobresalto y la guerra nació de  
nuestra cayda  
y agora Dios nos combida  
con gloria y paz en la tierra.

Vida y alegre victoria  
nos da apesar del infierno,  
el llorar de un niño.

### **Tarara tarara qui yo soy Anton**

Tarara tarara qui yo soy Anton  
ninglito li nacimiento  
qui lo canto lo mas y mijo

Yo soy Anton molinela  
y ese niño qui nacio  
hijo es li unos lablalola  
li tula mi estimacion.

Pul eso mi sonajiya  
cascabela y atambo  
voy a bayla yo a Belena,  
putilica y camalon

Milalo quantu pastola  
buscando a la niño Dios,  
van curriendo a las pultale  
pala daye la adolacion.

La sagala chilubina  
vistila li risplandor,  
las conta sus viyancica,  
gluria cun compas y son.

### **Hombres, victoria, victoria!**

Victory, men!  
The crying of a tender child  
assures our glory against all of Hell.

Terror and war were born of our fall  
and God prophesies to us  
glory and peace on earth.

Life and joyous victory  
He gives us in spite of Hell.  
The crying of a tender child.

### **Tarara tarara qui yo soy Anton**

Tada, tada, I am Anthony,  
black by birth,  
and I sing loud and clear.

I am Anthony the Moor  
and the newborn child,  
son of working folk,  
has all my esteem.

And thus with my rattle,  
my bells, and my tambourine,  
I shall go to Bethlehem, to dance  
the Puerto Rico and the Cameroun.

Just look at all those shepherds  
searching for the God-child,  
they run to the stable  
to offer their adoration.

The youthful cherubs,  
splendidly attired,  
sing out their carols  
with good rhythm and fine sounds.



### Ay galeguíños

Ay ay galeguíños, ay ay que lo veyo  
mas ay que lo miro  
ay que lo veyo en un pesebríño  
Ay ay o filo de Deus, ay ay que a la terra vino  
ay ay que lo veyo, mas ay que lo miro  
ay que lo veyo en un portaliño

Ay soen gantiñas [gaitiñas]e dai mil boltiñas  
ay tocai las flautiñas  
tambem los pandeiros  
ay ay que face pucheros  
por mis amoríños.

Ay fagamosle festas  
que entre duas bestas, ay que muito le cuestas  
naçer sendo nobre  
Ay ay no terra tan pobre  
por os pecadiños.

### Convidando está la noche

Convidando está la noche  
aquí de músicas varias  
Al recién nacido infante  
canten tiernas alabanzas

Ay, que me abraso, ay! divino dueño, ay!  
en la hermosura, ay! de tus ojuelos, ay!  
Ay, cómo llueven, ay! ciento luceros, ay!  
rayos de gloria, ay! rayos de fuego, ay!  
Ay, que la gloria, ay! del portaliño, ay!  
ya viste rayos, ay! si arroja hielos, ay!  
Ay, que su madre, ay! como en su espero, ay!  
mira en su lucencia, ay! sus crecimientos, ay!

Alegres cuando festivas  
unas hermosas zagales  
Con novedad entonaron  
juguetes por la guaracha.

### Ay galeguíños

Oh, Galician folk, Oh, I see him,  
Oh, I look at him,  
Oh, I see him in a manger.  
Oh, the Son of God, Oh, He came to earth,  
Oh, I see him, Oh, I look at him,  
Oh, I see him in his little cradle.

O let the bagpipes sound  
and the pipes play  
as well as the tambourines,  
for he smiles  
as I cuddle him.

Oh, let us celebrate him,  
born so poor amidst the beasts ,  
he who is so noble  
yet born so poor  
for our sins.

### Convidando está la noche

Night-time was an invitation  
for various bands  
to sing tender, joyful hymns  
to the new-born babe.

Ah, how I burn, divine master,  
in the beauty of your little eyes!  
Ah, how a hundred stars pour down  
rays of glory, rays of fire! Ah, how the  
glory of the little gate [of Bethlehem] is  
bathed in sunlight even as it shoots out icy  
shafts! Ah, how his mother, as if in hope,  
watches him grow in the light he creates!

Whereupon some lovely, festive girls  
intoned novel  
comic interludes as  
the guaracha was being danced.

En la guaracha, ay! le festinemos, ay!  
mientras el niño, ay! se rinde al sueño, ay!  
Toquen y bailen, ay! porque tenemos, ay!  
fuego en la nieve, ay! nieve en el fuego, ay!  
Pero el chicote, ay! a un mismo tiempo, ay!  
llora y se ríe, ay! qué dos extremos, ay!  
Paz a los hombres, ay! dan de los cielos, ay!  
a Dios las gracias, ay! porque callemos, ay!

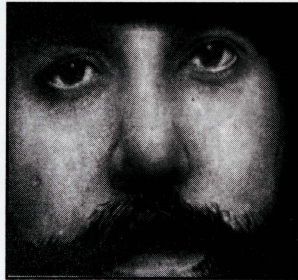
Let us toast the child with our *guaracha*  
while he goes to sleep! Let them play and  
dance, because we have fire in the snow,  
snow in the fire! But the little fellow at  
one and the same time cries and laughs,  
what two extremes! Peace from heaven  
to all men is given; let all give thanks to  
God, that we now may be silent!

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