

*The Secret Music at Tordesillas*  
*Music for Joan the Mad*

**THE PEABODY RENAISSANCE ENSEMBLE**

Mark Cudek,\* director, guitar, and percussion  
Adam Pearl,\* choral coach

William Simms, guest alumnus, medieval lute, vihuela, Renaissance guitar  
Michael Manganiello, bass, Juan de Granada  
Mara Yaffee, guest alumna, soprano, narrator



Thursday, May 2, 2024 · 7:30 pm  
Leith Symington Griswold Hall

**2023-24**  
CONCERT SEASON

Program inspired by the novel by Marjorie Sandor.

**Prologue to Act I**

Anonymous (late 15th century)  
***Propiñan de Melyor***  
Sarah Shodja, recorder

Juan del Encina (1468–1529)  
***Si abrá en este baldres***

“My father’s fingers moved swiftly up and down the neck of his oud...”  
Michael Manganiello

Anonymous, Arabic  
***Calvi Arabi***  
William Simms, medieval lute

Author’s note  
Mara Yaffee

Anonymous, Arabic  
***Calvi Arabi***  
William Simms, vihuela

“The vihuela is a small plucked instrument...”  
Mara Yaffee

Luys da Narvaez (1490–1547)  
***Passeavase’l rey Moro***  
Mira Fu-En Huang, soprano

Diego Pisador (1509–1557)  
***La mañana de Sant Juan***  
Valerie Dzielski, soprano

“On the second day of January, 1492...”  
Michael Manganiello

Juan del Encina  
***Una sañosa porfía***  
Ryan Alexander, tenor

\*Faculty

“I have always had a weakness for small sounds...”  
Michael Manganiello

Alonso Mudarra (ca.1510–1580)  
***Triste estava el Rey David***  
**Asa Zimmerman, vielle**

“Juan del Encina...surely, this is a familiar name...”  
Michael Manganiello

Anonymous  
***So ell enzina***  
**T. J. Callahan, bass-baritone**

Juan del Encina  
***¡Cucú, cucú, cucucú!***  
**Joris Valkenberg, countertenor**

Juan del Encina  
***Tan buen ganadico/Amor con fortuna***

INTERMISSION

## **Prologue to Act II**

Anonymous  
***Tiento***  
**Thomas Potts, vihuela**

Francisco Guerrero (1528–1599)  
***Ave maria***

?Juan de Anchieta (1462–1523)  
***O Bone Jesu***  
**Joris Valkenberg, countertenor**

Juan Vasquez (ca.1500–ca.1560)  
***Zagaleja de lo verde***

“‘All Spain is Sad’, composed by Juan del Encina...”  
Michael Manganiello

Juan del Encina  
***Triste España sin ventura***  
**Thomas Potts, vihuela**

Cristóbal de Morales (1500–1553)  
***Emendemus in Melius***

“I am an old man now...”

Michael Manganiello

Anonymous, Sephardic

**La Serena**

Michael Manganiello, bass

**Una hija tiene ell Rey**

Sarah Shodja, recorder

Asa Zimmerman, vielle

**Morena me llaman**

Leah Wenger, soprano

“What happens to music in such times as these?...”

Michael Manganiello

**Nani, nani**

Mara Yaffee, soprano

**Durme, durme**

Ryan Alexander, tenor

“The queen and I write some small things together...”

Michael Manganiello

Diego Ortiz (ca.1510–ca.1576)

**Recercada Ottava**

Christian Marshall, bass viol

**Recercada Segunda**

Sarah Shodja, recorder

“The palace was already half-empty...”

Michael Manganiello

Juan del Encina

**Ay, triste que vengo**

Jeffrey Grabelle, treble viol

Opal Clyburn-Miller, tenor

“I love, sometimes, to think of all the gaps and holes that fill our histories...”

Michael Manganiello

**Todos los bienes del mundo**

**Oy comamos y bebamos**

*The Secret Music at Tordesillas* by Marjorie Sandor was published June 15, 2020, by Hidden River Press, Philadelphia, and won Hidden River’s inaugural Tuscarora Award for Historical Fiction. The novel went on to win a Gold Medal for Historical Fiction in the Foreword Indies competition.

## PEABODY RENAISSANCE ENSEMBLE

Mark Cudek,\* director  
Adam Pearl,\* vocal coach

**Ryan Alexander**, tenor

**Elizabeth Beckman (JHU staff)**, soprano

**Joshua Bornfield**,<sup>‡</sup> tenor

**Sarah Buskirk**, soprano

**T. J. Callahan**, bass-baritone

**Gwen Cudek**,<sup>§</sup> mezzo-soprano

**Opal Clyburn-Miller**, tenor

**Valerie Dzielski**, soprano

**Jeffrey Grabelle**,<sup>§</sup> treble viol

**Mira Fu-En Huang**,<sup>‡</sup> soprano and percussion

**Daniel Isaacs**, Baroque guitar

**Katerina Kotar**,<sup>‡</sup> bass viol

**Michael Manganiello**, bass, Juan de Granada

**Christian Marshall**, bass viol

**Merrick Ohata**,<sup>‡</sup> recorders

**Thomas Potts**,<sup>‡</sup> lute

**Sarah Shodja**,<sup>‡</sup> recorders

**William Simms**,<sup>‡</sup> lute, vihuela, and Renaissance guitar

**Joris Valkenberg**, countertenor

**Leah Wenger**, soprano

**Colin Wu**,<sup>‡</sup> tenor viol

**Mara Yaffee**,<sup>‡</sup> soprano, narrator

**Jen Zhan**, alto

**Asa Zimmerman**, vielle

**Bryce Elliot Zimmerman**, countertenor

\* Faculty  
§ Guest Artist  
‡ Guest Alumni Artist

## PEABODY RENAISSANCE ENSEMBLE

The Peabody Renaissance Ensemble (PRE) was founded in 1988 at the Peabody Institute of Johns Hopkins University by its director, Mark Cudek. PRE is comprised of students, alumni, and staff of Peabody and the Johns Hopkins University as well as guests from the Baltimore-Washington early music community. PRE consists of a vocal ensemble and a mixed instrumental consort of violas da gamba, vielle, recorders, lute, guitars, vihuelas, and percussion. In recent years the ensemble has at times incorporated renaissance violin, rebec, cornetto, sackbut, oud, virginals, and dulcimer. PRE alumni have performed with Apollo's Fire (Cleveland Baroque Orchestra), Baltimore Consort, Boston Camerata, Chatham Baroque, Early Music Access Project, Folger Consort, Hesperus, Indianapolis Baroque Orchestra, Indianapolis Early Music Festival Band, Juilliard 415, Les Arts Florissant, Musica Pacifica, New York Collegium, Parthenia, Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra, Piffaro, Portland Baroque, Relic Ensemble, Waverly Consort, and many others.

## PROGRAM NOTES

*The Secret Music at Tordesillas* is Marjorie Sandor's debut novel, and fifth book. Her linked story collection, *Portrait of My Mother Who Posed Nude in Wartime* won the National Jewish Book Award for Fiction in 2004, and an essay collection, *The Night Gardener: A Search for Home*, won a 2000 Oregon Book Award in literary nonfiction. She is also the editor of an international short fiction anthology, *The Uncanny Reader: Stories from the Shadows*, published in 2011 by St. Martins Press. She lives in Corvallis, Oregon, with her husband, the writer Tracy Daugherty. For more information go to [marjoriesandor.com](http://marjoriesandor.com)

## NOVEL SYNOPSIS

"It is April, 1555, and Juana I of Castile, the Spanish queen known as "la loca," has died after 47 years in forced seclusion at Tordesillas. Her last musician, Juan de Granada, refuses to depart with the other servants, forcing two functionaries of the Holy Office of the Inquisition to interrogate him in the now-empty palace. But is it really empty? Or is there, as the Holy Office suspects, a heretic hidden on the premises, a *converso* secretly practicing the forbidden rites of Judaism? Only Juan de Granada knows the answer, and his subversive tale is at once a ballad of lost love and a last gambit to save a life—and a rich cultural and spiritual tradition on the verge of erasure."

— From Hidden River Press

## DIRECTOR'S NOTE

I was fortunate to see an announcement about Marjorie Sandor's *The Secret Music at Tordesillas* shortly after the book was published in June 2020 and as the subject matter is near and dear to my heart, I quickly purchased a copy. I devoured it, becoming more enthralled with each page! Marjorie's poetic writing style, the subject matter, the historical detail (especially with regards to the music), and the fact that music itself is one of the stars of the book, made me immediately envision a collaboration. When I finished reading the postscript in which Marjorie mentions that the true inspiration of the novel was La Nef's recording of *Music for Joan the Mad*, I was determined to meet and work with her.

Long-time PRE fans will find it no surprise that I chose this repertoire for my final concert as the director of this amazing ensemble. This is my favorite rep and I've made sure all the students I come in contact with are exposed to and get to perform it. Additionally, my experience programming the Baltimore Consort's recording "Adío España" had also immersed me in music that would have been familiar to Queen Juana. Much of the repertoire on this recording comes from the palace song book (*Cancionero de Musica Palacio*) of her parents, Ferdinand and Isabella. Another favorite repertoire of mine is the traditional music of the Spanish Jews (Sephardim) which further connects with the story of *The Secret Music of Tordesillas*. The skeleton for a collaboration was apparent. When the Baltimore Consort performed in Marjorie's hometown of Corvallis, Ore. in December of 2021, we had the opportunity to meet in person and create the beginnings of the script for this program. During my visit, between performances, rehearsals, meetings with Marjorie, and Covid tests, I was the fortunate recipient of Marjorie, and husband Tracy Daugherty's, hospitality. I can still taste the lovely Spanish wine they served!

*The Secret Music at Tordesillas* is one of my favorite books and I am simply thrilled to present this collaboration to the Baltimore early music community. I hope you enjoy this performance and will read, and fall in love with, this wonderful book as I did.

P.S. Reading this book which begins with a separated family of a marginalized ethnicity during the Trump "reign" was poignant and at times painful. Let us always remember!

— Mark Cudek

*Special thanks to Interim Chair of Historical Performance, John Moran, for his unwavering support; faculty members of Peabody's Historical Performance Dept. (especially Adam Pearl); to Larry and Alice Brown, Lisa Green-Cudek, and Edie Stern; Rev. J Todd Bruce and Douglas Buchanan of St. David's Episcopal Church, and to all the donors to the Peabody Renaissance Ensemble and Peabody's Historical Performance Department*

## TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

### Si abrá en este baldrés (villancico)

Si abrá en este baldrés  
Mangas para todas tres

Tres mocas d'aquesta villa  
Desollaban una pija  
Para mangas a todas tres.  
Tres mocas d'aqueste barrio  
Desollaban un carajo  
Para mangas a todas tres

Si abrá...

Desollaban una pija  
Y faltoles una tira  
para mangas a todas tres  
Y faltoles una tira  
La'una a buscalla yba  
Para mangas a todas tres

Si abrá...

Desollaban un carajo:  
Y faltoles un pedaco  
Para mangas a todas tres  
Y faltoles un pedaco  
La'una a buscalla yba  
Para mangas a todas tres

Si abrá...

### Paseavase el rey moro (romance)

Paseábase el rey moro  
por la ciudad de Granada  
Cartas le fueron venidas  
Cómo Alhama era ganada  
¡Ay, mi Alhama!

Las cartas echó en el fuego  
y al mensajero matara,  
Echó mano a sus cabellos  
Y las sus barvas mesava  
¡Ay, mi Alhama!

Quatro a quatro, cinco a cinco,  
Juntado se ha gran batalla  
Allí habló un moro viejo,  
Que era alguazil de Granada:  
¡Ay, mi Alhama!

¿A qué nos llamaste, rey?  
¿A qué fue nuestra llamada?  
Para que sepáys, amigos,  
Que eran la flor de Granada.  
¡Ay, mi Alhama!

From this skin shall we cut sleeves  
for all three?

Three girls from our town  
were flaying a pija  
to make sleeves for all three.  
Three girls from our quarter  
were flaying a carajo  
to make sleeves for all three.

From this skin...

They were flaying a pija,  
they had no strip  
to make sleeves for all three.  
They had no strip.  
one went off to find one  
to make sleeves for all three.

From this skin...

They were flaying a carajo,  
they had no strip  
to make sleeves for all three.  
they had no strip  
one went off to find one  
to make sleeves for all three.

From this skin...

As the Moorish king took a walk  
Through the city of Granada,  
Reports were brought to him  
Telling how Alhama was taken.  
Alas, my Alhambra!

He threw the reports in the fire  
And killed the messenger;  
He tore out his hair  
And plucked out his beard  
Alas, my Alhambra! !

Four by four, five by five  
A great battalion formed,  
There spoke an aged Moor  
Who was the governor of Granada;  
Alas, my Alhambra

“Where have you summoned us, O King?  
What meant that call to arms?”  
“So that you know, my friends,  
The great loss of Alhama.”  
Alas, my Alhambra

Combátenla prestamente:  
Ella está bien defensada.  
De que el rey no pudo más,  
Triste se boluió a Granada.  
¡Ay mi Alhama!

### **La Mañana de Sant Juan (romance)**

La Mañana de Sant Juan  
Al punto que alboreava,  
Gran fiesta hazen los Moros,  
Por la vega de Granada.  
Rebolviendo sus cavallos,  
Jugando y van a las canas,  
Ricos pendones en ellas,  
Labrados por sus amadas,  
Y sus aljubas vestidas,  
De sedas finas y grana.

También los mirava el rey,  
De los alixares do estava,  
Quando vino un Moro viejo,  
Sangrienta toda la cara;  
Las rodillas por el suelo,  
Desta manera hablara:  
“Con tu licencia, el rey,  
Dire una nueva muy mala,  
Que ese infante Don Fernando,  
Tiene a Antequera ganada.”

Juntados mil de cavallos,  
Para hazer gran cavalgada,  
Quando llegan a Alcalá,  
Una escaramuça travan.  
Los Cristianos eran muchos,  
Mas llevavan orden mala;  
Los Moros son de guerra,  
Tómanles la cavalgada,  
Con tal vitoria, los Moros,  
Vuélvense para Granada.

### **Una sañosa porfía (romance)**

Una sañosa porfía  
Sin ventura va pujando.  
Ya nunca tuve alegría  
ya mi mal se va ordenando.

Ya fortuna disponía  
Quitar mi próspero mando,  
Qu’el bravo león d’España  
Mal me viene amenasando.

Su’es pantosa artillería  
Los adarves derribando:  
Mis villas y mis castillos,  
Mis ciudades vaganando.

La muy gran caballería  
Héla, Vierne relumbrando,  
Sus huestes l peonaje  
El aire viene turbando.

They quickly assaulted the town;  
It was well defended.  
When the Moorish king could fight no more,  
He sadly returned to Granada.  
Alas, my Alhambra

On the morning of Saint John  
At the very crack of dawn,  
The Moors were celebrating,  
In the meadows of Granada.  
Stirring their horses,  
They jousted with canes for lances,  
Bearing bright pennants,  
Handmade for them by their ladies,  
They were dressed in robes,  
Of fine silk and scarlet.

The king also looked out at them,  
From the Palace of Arms, where he was,  
When an aged Moor came up to him,  
His face all bloodied;  
With his knees upon the ground,  
This is what he said:  
“With your permission, O King,  
I have very bad news,  
That Prince Don Fernando,  
Has captured Antequera.”

A thousand men on horses,  
Assembled to ride forth with great force,  
When they arrived at Alcalá,  
They joined in battle with their foe.  
There were many Christians,  
But in a poor array;  
The Moors, who were in battle order,  
Took over the battle;  
With such a victory, the Moors,  
Returned to Granada.

A furious struggle  
Haplessly encroaches.  
I have never known joy  
My downfall now approaches.

Fortune has already ordained  
To deprive me of my prosperous rule;  
For the brave lion of Spain,  
Is threatening me grievously.

His awesome artillery  
Is destroying my ramparts.  
Conquering my castles,  
My towns and cities.

The great host of his cavalry  
Behold how it shines as it comes on!  
His infantry and all his forces  
Stir the air.

Córreme la morería,  
los campos viene talando;  
mis compañías y caudillos  
viene venciendo y matando.

Las mezquitas de Mahoma  
En iglesias consagrando:  
Las moras lleva cautivas,  
Con alaridos llorando.

Una generosa Virgen  
Esfuerzo les viene dando;  
Un Famoso caballero  
Delante viene volando.

Al çielo dan apellido:  
Viva'l Rey Don Fernando;  
Viva la muy gran Leona,  
Alta Reyna prosperanda.

**Triste 'stava el rey David (romance)**

Triste 'stava el rey David,  
Triste y con gram passion,  
Quando le vinieron nuevas  
De la muerte de Absalon.

Quando le vinieron nuevas  
De la muerte de Absalon,  
Palabras tristes de zia  
Salidas del coraçon

Ellos mismos fueron cauda  
De tu muerte y mi passion  
No te quisiera ver muerto  
Sino vivo en mi prision

**So ell enzina, so ell enzina (villancico)**

So ell enzina, so ell enzina

Yo me iva, mi madre  
A la romería  
Por ir más devota,

Fuy sin compañía  
So ell enzina...

Halléme Perdida  
En una montiña;  
Echéme a dormir  
Al pie d'ell enzina.  
A la media noche

Recordé, mezquina,  
Halléme en los braços  
Del que [yo] más quería.

¡Muy bendita sía,  
La tal romería!

He overruns my Moorish lands,  
Devastating the fields;  
My troops and their captains  
Are conquered and slaughtered.

He converts the mosques of Mohammed  
Into consecrated churches;  
he takes captive Moorish women  
While they weep with loud cries.

A benign Virgin  
Inspires them with strength;  
A renowned knight (St. James of Spain)  
Flies before them.

They call out to the heavens:  
Long live our Lord King Ferdinand.  
Long live the great lioness,  
The gracious, prosperous Queen.

King David was sad,  
saddened with great suffering  
when he heard the news  
of the death of Absalom.

When he heard the news  
of the death of Absalom,  
sad words he spoke,  
that came from his heart.

These very same words were the legacy  
Of your death and my suffering  
I did not want to see you dead  
But rather alive in my prison

Beneath the holly oak, the holly oak.

Oh mother, I was going around  
On pilgrimage,  
And to be fully devoted,

I went alone.  
Beneath the holly oak...

I found I had lost my way  
On the mountainside,  
Thus I lay down to sleep  
At the foot of the holly oak,  
In the middle of the night,

I woke up, all miserable,  
And found myself in the arms  
Of the one I loved the best,

Oh, be blessed,  
That pilgrimage!



**¡Cucú, cucú, cucucú! (villancico)**

¡Cucú, cucú, cucucú!  
Guarda no lo seas tú .

Compadre, debes saber,  
Que la más buena muger,  
Rabia siempre hipo de fer.  
Harta ben la tuya tú.

¡Cucú...

Compadre, as de guardar,  
Para nunca encornudar,  
Si tu muger sale a mear,  
Sal junto con ella tú.

¡Cucú...

**Tan buen ganadico (villancico)**

Tan buen ganadico  
Y más en tal valle  
Plaser es guardalle.

Ganado d'altura  
Y más de tal casta,  
Muy presto se gasta  
En mala pastura.

Y'en Buena verdure  
Y más en tal valle  
Plaser es guardalle.  
Tan buen ganadico...

Está muy viçioso  
Y siempre calando  
No anda balando  
Ni es enojoso;

Antes de rreposito  
En qualquiera valle  
Plaser es guardalle.  
Tan buen ganadico...

**Ave Maria (motet)**

Ave Maria, gratia plena,  
Dominus tecum;  
benedicta tu in mulieribus,  
et benedictus fructus ventris tui, Jesus.  
Sancta Maria, Regina coeli,  
dulcis et pia, o Mater Dei,  
ora pro nobis peccatoribus,  
ut cum electis [te] videamus.

**O Bone Jesu (motet)**

O Bone Jesu  
Illumina oculos meos,  
ne unquam obdormiam in morte,  
nequando dicat inimicus meus  
praevaluisti adversus eum.  
In manus tuas, Domine,

Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuck-cuckoo!  
Be careful not to be one.

Neighbor, you ought to know,  
That the best-behaved wife,  
Always has a violent urge to do it.  
Be sure to satisfy your wife yourself.

Cuckoo...

Neighbor, you must watch,  
Never to grow horns,  
If your wife goes out to pee,  
Go along with her.

Cuckoo...

So much fine cattle,  
and moreover in such a valley,  
it is a pleasure to watch them.

Mountain cattle  
and others of such breeds,  
very quickly wear out  
in poor pasture.

But in lush greenery  
And moreover in such a valley  
it is a pleasure to watch them.  
So much fine cattle....

It's a spectacular sight –  
and they move along silently  
without lowing,  
nor are they troublesome;

Before bedding down  
in any valley  
it is a pleasure to watch them.  
So much fine cattle....

Hail Mary, full of grace,  
the Lord is with thee;  
blessed art thou among women,  
and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus.  
Holy Mary, Queen of heaven  
sweet and merciful, O Mother of God,  
pray for us sinners,  
that with the elect we may gaze [upon thee].

O good Jesus  
Illuminate my eyes,  
lest I sleep in death,  
lest my enemy say  
that I prevailed against him.  
Into thy hands, Lord,

commendo spiritum meum;  
redemisti me, Domine,  
Deus veritatis.  
O Messias, locutus sum in lingua mea,  
Notum fac mihi Domine finem meum.

### **Zagaleja de lo verde (canción)**

Zagaleja de lo verde  
Muy hermosa' en tu mirar  
Quédate'a Diós alma mia  
Que me voy deste lugar  
Yo me voy com mi Ganado  
Zagala d'aquest'exido,  
No me verás en el prado  
Entre las las yervas tendido  
Desde agora me despido  
De mi plazer y holgar  
Quédate'a Diós alma mia  
Que me voy deste lugar

### **Triste España sin ventura (romance)**

Triste España sin ventura  
todos te deben llorar.  
despoblada d'alegría  
para nunca en ti tornar.

Tormentas, penas, dolores  
te vinieron a poblar.  
Sembrote Dios de placer  
porque naciese pesar.

Spoken:

Hizote de mas dichosa  
para mas te lastimar.  
Tus victorias y triunfos  
ha se hovieron de pagar.

Spoken:

Pues que tal pérdida pierdes,  
dime en qué podrás ganar,  
pierdes la luz de tu gloria  
y el gozo te gozar.

Pierdes toda tu Esperanza  
no te queda que esperar,  
pierdes Pritan alto  
hijo de Reyes sin par.

Llora, llora, pues perdiste  
quien te había de ensalçar.  
En su tierna juventud  
te lo quiso Dios llevar.

do I commend my spirit;  
thou hast redeemed me,  
Lord, God of truth.  
O Messiah, I have spoken:  
Lord, let me know my end.

Shepherdess of the green,  
very beautiful in your looks,  
God be with you, my soul,  
I am going from this place.  
I am going with my flock,  
shepherdess of this pasture;  
you will not see me in the field,  
lying among the grasses.  
From henceforth,  
I say goodbye to my pleasure and leisure.  
God be with you, my soul,  
I am going from this place.

Sad, joyless Spain,  
everyone should weep for you.  
Barren, devoid of happiness  
that shall never return.

Storms, sorrows, pains  
came and took residence in you.  
God sowed pleasures in you  
so pains would grow.

He made you happier  
so as to better hurt you.  
Your victories and achievements  
you had to pay dearly.

Since you keep sustaining such losses,  
tell me, what should you ever win?  
you lose the light of your glory  
and the joy of being joyful.

You lose all your hope,  
and are left with nothing to hope for,  
you lose Pritan, up high,  
the son of peerless kings.

Cry, cry, for you lost  
he who was to sing your praises.  
In his tender youth  
God saw fit to take him.

**Emendemus in melius (motet)**

Emendemus in melius quae  
 ignoranter peccavimus;  
 ne subito praeoccupati die mortis,  
 quaeramus spatium poenitentiae,  
 et invenire non possimus.

Attende, Domine, et miserere;  
 quia peccavimus tibi

Tenor voice:

Memento, homo quia pulvis es  
 et in pulverem reverteris.

**La Serena (traditional)**

Si la mar era de leche,  
 Los barkitos de kanela,  
 Yo me mancharía 'ntera  
 Por salvar la mi bandera.  
 Si la mar era de leche,  
 Yo m' aría un pishkador.  
 Peshkaría las mis dolores  
 Kon palavrikas d'amor.

En la mar hay una torre  
 En la torre hay una Ventana  
 En la Ventana hay una hija  
 Que'a los marineros alma.

Dame la manoto Palomba  
 Para suvir a tu nido  
 Maldicha que durmes sola  
 Vengo a dormir contigo.

**Morena me llaman (traditional)**

Morena me llaman, yo blanca naci  
 De pasear galana mi color perdi.

Vestido de verde y de altelí

Qu'ansi dize la novia con el tchelibi.

Escalrica le hizo d'oro y de marfil  
 Para que suva el novio a dar Kidushin.  
 riage.

Dizime, galana, si quieres venir.

Los velos tengo fuertes. No te puedo.

Morena me llama el hijo del rey  
 Si otra vez me llama yo me voy con el.

**Nani nani (traditional)**

Nani nani  
 Nani kere el ijo  
 El ijo de la madre  
 De chiko se aga grande  
 Ay, durmite mi alma  
 Ke tu padre viene  
 kon muncha alegria

Nani..

Ni es mas hermoza  
 Ni es mas valida  
 Ni ella llevava  
 Mas de las mis joyas

Let us amend for the better in those things  
 in which we have sinned through ignorance;  
 lest suddenly overtaken by the day of death,  
 we seek space for repentance,  
 and be not able to find it.

Hearken, O Lord, and have mercy:  
 for we have sinned against thee.

Tenor voice:

Remember, O man, that thou art dust,  
 and to dust thou shalt return.

**The Mermaid**

If the sea was made of milk,  
 In the little cinnamon boats,  
 I'd drench myself entirely,  
 To save my flag.

If the sea was made of milk,  
 I'd become a fisherman,  
 I'd fish for my sorrows  
 With words of love.

If the sea is a tower  
 In the tower is a window  
 In the window is a girl  
 That loves sailors.

Give me your hand, my dove,  
 To come up to your nest.  
 Unlucky are you that sleep alone,  
 I am coming to sleep with you.

They call me the dark one, but I was born white  
 With my beauty showing, my color disappeared.

Clad in green and scarlet,

Thus the betrothed speaks to her master.

A ladder of gold and ivory was made  
 So the betrothed can climb up and bless the mar-

Tell me, my beauty, if you want to come up.

My veils are thick and I cannot see.

The kings son calls me the dark one  
 If he calls me again, I will go with him.

Lullaby, lullaby  
 The boy wants a lullaby,  
 The mother's son,  
 Who although small will grow.  
 Oh, go to sleep my dearest,  
 Your father is coming home,  
 Full of so much joy.

Lullaby...

She's not as beauty as I,  
 Nor is she worthy of me,  
 She doesn't wear,  
 As much jewelry as I do.

**Durme, durme (traditional)**

Durme, durme hijiko de Madre,  
Durme, durme s'in ansio y dolor

Sienti joya palavrikas de tu Madre.  
Las palavras di Shema Yisrael.

Durme, durme hijiko de Madre,  
Con hermozura de Shema Yisrael.

**Ay, triste, que vengo (villancico)**

Ay, triste, que vengo  
vencido de amor  
magüera pastor.

Más sano me fuera  
no ir al mercado  
que no que viniera  
tan aquerenciado;

que vengo, cuitado,  
vencido de amor  
magüera pastor.

Di jueves en villa  
Viera una doñata  
Quise rrequerilla  
Y'aballó la pata

Aquella me mata  
vencido de amor  
magüera pastor.

Ay, triste, que vengo...

**Todos los bienes del mundo (villancico)**

Todos los bienes del mundo  
pasan presto y su memoria,  
salvo la fama y la gloria.

El tiempo lleva los unos,  
a otros fortuna y suerte.  
y al cabo viene la muerte,  
que no nos dexa ningunos.

Todos los bienes del mundo...

La mejor y más ventura  
pasa presto y su memoria,  
salvo la fama y la gloria.

La fama bive segura,  
aunque se muera el dueño;  
los otros bienes son sueño  
y una çierta sepultura.

La mejor y más ventura  
pasa presto y su memoria,  
salvo la fama y la gloria.

Sleep, sleep, mother's little one,  
Sleep, free from worry and grief

Listen, my joy, to your mother's words,  
The words of Shema Yisrael

Sleep, sleep, mother's little one,  
with the beauty of Shema Yisrael.

Alas, sad, you see me  
Overcome with love  
Although a simple shepherd.

I would have been better off  
Had I not gone  
Whence I returned  
So smitten by love;

Now here I am, miserable,  
Overcome with love  
Although a simple shepherd.

Thursday in the village  
I saw a young woman  
I wanted to court her  
And she fled

That woman kills me;  
I am overcome with love  
Although a simple shepherd

Alas, sad, you see me...

All worldly goods  
and their memories are soon forgotten,  
save fame and glory.

Time brings wealth to some,  
happiness to others,  
But death finally comes to all,  
sparing no one.

All worldly goods...

All goods are incidental,  
quickly gone from memory,  
save fame and glory.

Fame surely lives on,  
even if he who earned it dies;  
All other goods are a dream,  
and an inevitable grave.

The largest fortune soon fades away,  
as does its memory,  
save fame and glory.

**Oy comamos y bebamos (villancico)**

Oy comamos y bebamos  
y cantemos y holguemos  
que mañana ayunaremos.

Por onrra de sant Antruejo  
paremonos oy bien anchos,  
enbutamos estos panchos,  
recalquemos el pellejo,  
Oy comamos y bebamos...

Que costrumbr'es de concejo  
que todos hoy nos hartemos,  
que mañana ayunaremos.

Oy comamos y bebamos...

Honremos a tan buen santo  
Porque en hambre nos acorra  
Comamos a calca porra  
Que mañana ay gran quebranto

Comamos bebamos tanto  
Hasta que nos rebentemos  
Que mañana ayunaremos.

Oy comamos y bebamos...

Beve, Bras; mas tú Beneyto,  
beve Pidruelo y Llorente  
Beve tú primeramente  
quitarnos has deste preito

En beber bien me deleyto,  
Daça, Daca, beberemos,  
Que mañana ayunaremos.  
Oy comamos y bebamos...

**Cuando el rey Nimrod (Chorus)**

Avraham Avinu, Padre kerido  
Padre bendicho, lus de Israel.

Today let us eat and drink.  
Let us sing and be merry,  
For tomorrow we shall fast.

In honor of Saint Antruejo [i.e. for Carnival]  
Let us do ourselves proud,  
And stuff our stomachs,  
And stretch the skin.  
Today let us eat and drink...

Such custom is good advice,  
That we should fill ourselves today,  
For tomorrow we shall fast.

Today let us eat and drink...

Let us honor such a good saint,  
Who protects us in our hunger,  
Let us eat all,  
For tomorrow we fast.

Let us eat and drink so much  
Until we burst,  
For tomorrow we shall fast.

Today let us eat and drink...

Drink, Bras, and you Beneyto,  
Drink, Pidruelo and Llorente  
You shall drink first  
To save us from this fate.

I take much joy in drinking,  
Come on, let's drink,  
For tomorrow we shall fast.  
Today let us eat and drink...

Abraham our Father, beloved father,  
Blessed father, light of Israel.

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