

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



Sunday, May 5, 2024 · 3:00 pm
St. David's Church, Baltimore

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,[‡] tenor

Sarah Buskirk, soprano

T. J. Callahan, bass-baritone

Gwen Cudek,[§] mezzo-soprano

Opal Clyburn-Miller, tenor

Valerie Dzielski, soprano

Jeffrey Grabelle,[§] treble viol

Mira Fu-En Huang,[‡] soprano and percussion

Daniel Isaacs, Baroque guitar

Katerina Kotar,[‡] bass viol

Michael Manganiello, bass, Juan de Granada

Christian Marshall, bass viol

Merrick Ohata,[‡] recorders

Thomas Potts,[‡] lute

Sarah Shodja,[‡] recorders

William Simms,[‡] lute, vihuela, and Renaissance guitar

Joris Valkenberg, countertenor

Leah Wenger, soprano

Colin Wu,[‡] tenor viol

Mara Yaffee,[‡] 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

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 llevaba
 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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