



*Christmas in Latin America, Then and Now*

*VocalArt Singers, Director Suzanne Tiemstra  
and*

*Ars Voce, Director Mark Wells*

*Sunday, November 23, 2008, 4:00 pm*

*St. Mary Catholic Church, Grand Rapids, MI*

## CONCERT PROGRAM

Processional - *Hanacpachap* anonymous, pub. Perez Bocanegra (1631, Peru)

### Traditional Villancicos

*Niño lindo* (Beautiful child)

*A la media noche* (At the hour of midnight)

*A la puerta del cielo* (At the gates of heaven)

*Vamos todos a Belén* (Let us go to Bethlehem)

A la Nanita Nana

arr. Dave and Jean Perry

arr. Mary Donnelly/George L. O. Strid

arr. Sally K. Albrecht

arr. Philip Kern

arr. Ed Henderson

VocalArt Singers

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### Music from Seventeenth and Eighteenth Century Cathedrals

*Xicochi, xicochi conetzintle*

*Tarara qui yo soy Antón*

*Los coflades de la estlaya*

*Dame albriciã mano Anton*

Gaxpar Fernandez (1566, Portugal-1629 Mexico)

Antonio de Salazar (1650 Spain-1715 Mexico)

Lynda Hensel and Rebecca Nyberg, sopranos

Juan de Araujo (1646 Spain-1712 Mexico)

Lynda Hensel and Rebecca Nyberg, sopranos

Gaspar Fernandez

Ars Voce

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*Sacros Celestes*

*Ay Galeguiños*

*Dios itlaço nantzine*

Manuel Gaytan y Arteaga (fl. 1760, Spain)

soloist Carol Garey

Fabián Ximeno (1595-1654, Mexico)

Don Hernando Franco (fl. 1575-1585, Mexico)

VocalArt Singers

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### Music in the Twentieth Century

*Navidad Nuestra* (Our Christmas)

Ariel Ramirez (b. 1921, Argentina)

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### Sing-Along

*El diciembre congelat* (Cold December winds)

*Campana sobre campana* (Bell after bell)

*En el Portal a Belén* (At the stable in Bethlehem)

traditional Catalanian carol

traditional Andalucian carol

traditional Puerto Rican carol

(Please refrain from applause until the end of each group of pieces.)

## PERFORMERS

### Vocal/Art Singers

Members: Deborah Black, Genia Brown, Julio Cano, Carol Garey, Joyce MacDonald, Kenneth Mosley, Barbara Poulas, Dianne Shapiro, Rick Shapiro, John Tiemstra, John Vesbit.

Founder/Director: Suzanne Tiemstra formed the choir twenty years ago as Grand Rapids Cantata Choir. She holds a Bachelor of Music from Westminster Choir College (Princeton, NJ) and a Master of Music from Temple University (Philadelphia, PA). An internationally-known authority on the subject, her book, The Choral Music of Latin American 1550 to the Present: A Guide to Research and Compositions, was published by Greenwood Press in 1992. She continues to keep the world's only comprehensive index of that repertoire, and to lecture and write on the subject for academic, professional and community organizations.

Accompanist: D'Anne Ibarra, has a Bachelor of Music Education from Wayne State University, and a Master of Education from Calvin College. She teaches music in the Rockford Public Schools, and is a popular accompanist for area groups and individuals.

### Ars Voce

Members: Soprano: Kathy Christner, Marguerite Grupke, Rebecca Nyberg, Lynda Hensel. Alto: Lucy Lower, Jaynan Montague, Judy Taylor. Tenor: Jon Liebrandt, Mark Wells. Bass: Steve Case, Brooks Grantier.

Director: Dr. Mark Wells who co-founded Ars Voce in 1999, also serves as the Music Assistant to the Battle Creek Boy Choir and Girls Chorus, accompanist for the Battle Creek Community Chorus, keyboardist for the Battle Creek Symphony and Music Associate at St. Philip Catholic Church in Battle Creek. A native of Kentucky, he received his music education at the University of Louisville School of Music and the Cincinnati College Conservatory of Music.

### Instruments/ists

We are very grateful to our guest musicians who have given of their time, resources and talents so generously:

Julio Cano, charango and pan flute	Brooks Grantier, accordion.
Jonathan Marshall, guitar	
Josh Dunigan, percussion.	Jen Beahan, percussion and flute

## PROGRAM NOTES

The music for this concert can be described as a fusion between the musical styles and traditions brought from Europe, Africa, and the indigenous peoples of the Central and South Americas - unique developments that resulted in truly original compositions. The use of indigenous languages and the mixture of verbal imagery also reveal the syncretism of native and Roman Catholic beliefs, and the socio-political climate during colonial times. The creative efforts of many fine composers and the music of Nueva España deserve to be much more widely known than they are today. The sources of this creativity can be traced through the centuries to the music of today in Latin America, North America, and Europe.

*Hanacpachap*, a processional hymn to the Virgin, is the first piece of polyphony published in the Americas. It's twenty-one verses are in Quechua, the Incan language that is still spoken today.

Gaspar Fernandez (d. 1632), a singer at the Cathedral of Évora, Portugal, emigrated to Guatemala City and became Chapelmaster at the cathedral. Then, for 26 years he served the cathedrals of Puebla and Mexico City. A keen observer of indigenous cultures, he composed in various dialects including Náhuatl, Tlaxcalan, Galician, and Portuguese. *Xicochi xicochi*, a lullaby, is in classical Náhuatl, a dialect still spoken today in Mexico.

Antonio de Salazar spent his career as *maestro de capilla* in Puebla, and then in Mexico City. In 1696 he supervised the installation of a new pipe organ at Mexico City. All of his music is sacred, and tends to be conservative in style. He was known for composing colorful extended villanaicos such as *Tarara*, a dialogue between two singers, in the style of the *morisco*, which is related to the modern Morris-Dance.

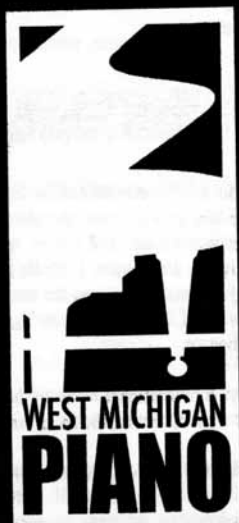
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Juan de Araujo was born in Extremadura, Spain. Educated at the University of San Marcos in Lima, Peru, under the composer of the first opera written and staged in the Americas. Politically active, he was banished by the Viceroy of Lima, became a priest in Panama, and returned to Lima as *Maestro* of the cathedral. He later held the same post in Sucre, Bolivia. His music is arguably the finest in the Americas and Europe in his day, and *Las Coflades* has strong references to the African influences in Peruvian culture.

Manuel Gaytan y Arteaga (fl. 1760) was born in Spain, where he became the Chapelmaster of the Córdoba Cathedral. Although he never saw *Nueva España*, many of his manuscripts have been found in Peru, including the only copy of this "mini-cantata," *Sacros Celestes*.

Don Hernando Franco belonged to a noble family of indigenous Mexicans who adopted the name of his Spanish music instructor, Hernando Franco. This was common practice in his time.

Fabián Ximeno was Chapelmaster of the Mexico City Cathedral from 1648-1654. His Christmas villancico *Ay, galeguños* addresses the large contingent in the city of immigrants from Galicia, a region of Spain. Church composers often used dialects and musical elements from the ethnic groups in their parishes to help them to feel like part of the Church family.

Ariel Ramirez is a "crossover" composer of works in many styles, from classical to folk, and urban popular music. He studied piano and classical composition in Spain, Italy and Vienna. Several of his works, such as *Misa Criolla* and *Navidad Nuestra* are based on Andean folk music rhythms and genres. His style is melodic and vocal as well as strongly rhythmic, making his music popular around the globe. *Navidad Nuestra*, written in 1964, sets texts by Felix Luna, with whom he often collaborated.

*Navidad Nuestra*, composed in 1964, is a folk drama of the nativity of Jesus Christ using the rhythms and traditions of Hispanic America. Ariel Ramirez, still living in Buenos Aires, Argentina, is a "cross-over composer who incorporates folk and popular elements in his music. For example, a *chamame* is the basis of the Annunciation movement, and a *huella pampeana* underlies the Pilgrimage to Bethlehem. Ramirez often collaborated with the poet Felix Luna, who provided the lyrics for *Navidad Nuestra*. The poetic translation given here is somewhat free.

**I. La Anunciación (The Annunciation):** the Angel Gabriel comes to the beautiful Mary and tells her that she will give birth to a son who would be the Son of God.

**II. La Peregrinación (The Pilgrimage):** Joseph and Mary make the traditional long and arduous journey to Bethlehem, and have difficulty finding a place to stay.

**III. Nacimiento (The Nativity):** the night when Jesus is born is calm, signifying that peace in the world that has been promised from the past.

**IV. Los Pastores (The Shepherds):** shepherds come to see the nativity, bringing simple gifts of flowers and herbs. The shepherds come from places in Argentina: Pinchas and Chuque, San Pedro and Pomán. Even the cowboy Julio Romero comes in from afar. This is how we celebrate Christmas - with gifts and love and joy in our hearts.

**V. Los Reyes Magos (The Three Kings):** following the star, the three Kings (Melchor, Gaspar Baltasar) come from afar, bringing honey cakes and a warm poncho of alpaca yarn. When the baby Jesus awakens, there is laughter and great joy.

VI. **La Huida (The Flight [to Egypt]):** to insure that Jesus does not live, King Herod proclaims that all newborn boys will be killed. The Holy Family flees to Egypt to keep Jesus safe.

VII.

## TEXTS

*Hanapachap cussicuinin huaran cacta muchas caiqui. Yupairuru pucocmallqui runa cunap suyacuinin callpannacapa quemicuinin, Huacias caita.* Joy of heaven, I'll worship you each day at dawn. Source of the seeds, bearer of the plants, waited by the human race, support my feeble strength. Take pity on my tears.

*Uyarihuai mucha caita, Diospa rampan Diospa maman. Yurac toc to hamancaiman. Yupascalla, collpascaita. Juahuarquiman siyuscaita, Ricuchillai.* Answer my prayers, bearer of God, mother of God, beautiful lily of white and yellow, for all that I have offered you, for all that I wait for.

*A la media noche, al rigor del hielo, nace Jesu Christo, redentor del cielo. A la media noche, el gallo cantaba, y en su voz decia, y a Christo ha nacido.* At the hour of midnight, in the midst of winter, bright with heaven's starlight, born was our redeemer. At the hour of midnight, roosters were all crowing, "Christ our heavenly sunlight comes, His peace bestowing."

*A la puerta del cielo venden zapatos para los angelitos que andan des calzós. Duermete niño, arru, arru.* At the gate of Heaven they are selling shoes for the angels who walk barefoot. Sleep, little baby.

*Niño lindo, ante ti me rindo, eres tu la Luz.* Beautiful child, in your presence I kneel. Beautiful child, you are the Light.

*Vamos todos a Belén con amor y gozo. Adoremos al Señor, nuestro Redentor. La noche fué día, un angel bajó, nandando entre lucesque así nos habló: Feleces pastores, la dicha triunfó; el cielo se rasga, la Vida nació.* Let us go to Bethlehem with love and joy. Let us adore our Saviour, our Redeemer. Night became day, an angel descended, swimming in the light. This is what he said: "Let us to Bethlehem with love and joy. Let us adore our Savior, our Redeemer." Joyous shepherds, the prophecy is fulfilled; Heaven is opened, Life is born.

*A la nanita nana ea, duerme el Niño Jesús es noche buena, bendito sea. De la estrella en el cielo cantan los angeles. Venid reyes, pastores al portal de Belén. Vengan a adorar le Niño en la cuna. A la nanita nana, nanita ea. A la nanita nana....Alabad la llegada de un Hijo Redentor que en Belén ha nacido al mundo un Salvador. Duermete Niño, duerme Niño en la cuna. Duerme allien su pesebre el Redentor milagroso Mesias, el Niño Dios. A la nanita nana....* Brilliant star in the heavens, angels sing, can you hear? Come, Kings and shepherds, to Bethlehem. Come and see the babe in the manger. Sing to the child Redeemer, for in Bethlehem is born the Savior of the world. Sleep, little child in the manger. Here in the manger sleeps the Savior, miraculous Messiah, Son of God. Come and adore the child in the manger.

\* \* \*

*Xicochi conetzintle caomiz hui hui joco in angelos.* Go to sleep, my little babe, as the angels play their music.

*Tarara qui yo soy Anton. REFRAIN: Tarara qui yo soy Anton, ninglito li nacimiento, qui lo canto lo mas ymijo. Yo soy Anton molinela y ese niño qui nacio hijo es li unos la lablala, li tula mi estimacion.* Tada, I'm 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.

Vs 1. *Puleso mi sonajiya cascabela y atambo voy a bayla yo a Belena, pultilica y camalon.* I will go to Bethlehem, and with my rattle, my bells and my tambourine I will dance the Puerto Rico and Cameroun.

Vs. 2. *Milalo quantu pastola buscanto a la niño Dios, van curriendo a las pultale, pala da ye la adolacion.* Just look at all those shepherds searching for the God-child. They run to the stable to offer their adoration.

Vs. 3. *La sagala chilibina vistila li risplendor, las contasus viyancica, gluria cuncompas y son.* The youthful cherubs, splendidly dress, sing their villancicos with good rhythms and fine sounds.

*Los coflades de la esleya vamo turus a Beleya y velemo a Ziola beya conciolo en lo potal Vamo, Vamo curreno aya Oylemo un viyansico que lo compondla Flastico ziendo gayta su fosico, y luego, lo cantala Blaico Pellico, Zuanico i Toma y lo estiliviyo dila: Gulumbe, gulumbe, gulumba Guache, moleniyo de Safala. Vamo abel que traen de Angola a ziolo y a ziola Baltasarle con Melchola y mi plimo Gaspar. Vamo, vamo currendo aya.* We, the brothers of the Star, are all heading towards Bethlehem to see the beautiful mother and her child in the cradle. Let's go there a-running, and we'll hear a villancico that Francis composed on his bagpipe. Then, little Blaise will sing it, Peter, John and Thomas, and the refrain goes like this: Gurumbe, gurumbe, gurumba, Humble folks, the blacks of Safara. Let us go and see, we who come from Angola, the Mother and Child. Balthazar, Melchior, and my cousin Gaspar. Let's go there running. *Garumbe, barumbe, gurumba, Humble folks, the blacks of Safala.*

*Vamo siguiendo la estleya (eya) lo negliyo coltezano (vamo) pus lo roy e cun te suro (turo) de calmino los tlesban (aya). Galumbe...* Let us go following the star (eya!), the black courtiers (go!). Since all the magi with their treasures (all!) are all three on route (aya!). *Gurumbe...*

*Vamo turuz loz Neglitos (plimos) pues nos yeba nostla estleya (beya) que sin tantus neglos folma (noche) m u c h a lus en lo potal (eza). Blasco, Pellico, Zuánicos y Toam plimos, beya noche abla. Gurumbe...* Let's go, all blacks (cousins), since the star guides us (beautiful), and without so many black people (at night) there will be much light in the manger (there will). Blaise, Peter, John, and Thomas, fair will be our dance. *Gurumbe...*

*Vaya nuestra cofladia (linda) Pues que nos yebala eztleia (muezla) tlas lo Rey e pulque aya (danza) que pala al niño aleglan (yra). Gurumbe...* Let's go, all our brotherhood (so fair), since the star guides us (ours), led by the Magi, (dancing) to make the child happy (we'll go). *Gurumbe...*

*Vamo alegle al potariyo (plimo) Velemo junto al peseble (bueye) Que sin tantuz neglos folman (neglo) Much lus en lopotal (eza) Blasco, Pellico, Zuánicos y Toam Plimo neglo buey e eza. Gurumbe...* Blaise, Peter, John, and Thomas Cousing and black folks And oxen and donkeys. *Gurumbe...*

*Los coflades de Estleya vamos turus a Beleya... Puesque nos yeba la eztleia Tlas lo Rey e pulque aya (danza). We, the brothers of the star are all heading to Bethlehem...[as at the beginning].*

*Dame albricia mano'Anton que Jisu naç'en Guinea. Que lo pari? Una lunçuya y'un Viejo pagreson. yebamo le culaçion, ye gamo aya, que'ese cosa me panta,* Let's bring him something to eat. Lend me your ear, brother Anthony, for Jesus is born in Guinea! Who gave birth to him? A virgin and an old man are the parents. Let's go, for this thing amazes me.

*He he he'y como que yegare y mirare. Ha ha ha y como y yegara y lo mirara y turu lo negro lo bayara. Su magre sacomo treya Ya lo niño parindero cumu lubo y'orandero las mi gualida eya. ya bullimos pie por beya. Yegamo aya Que ese cosa me panta...* Hey, hey, I'll go and look, Hey, hey, I'll go and marvel, and all the black folk will dance. His mother is like a star, and her son is squalling, I'll take my guitar, and run to see. Let's go...

*Turu negro co gayero subi luego lo cagaya, ye bemole'asi su'un sayo unas panas y un Yo quere mira primero, sembrero. ye gamo aya, que'ese cosa me panta,* All the blacks bring gifts to the young one, a gown, some corduroy, and a sombrero. I want to see him first! Let's go...

*Sacos celestes coros, dulces cantores diestros que con respeto y pasmo, a vuestro Rey eterno mirais desnudo y pobre, temblando al crudo cierzo cantad en sus alabanzas contrinos y gorjeos, porque h nacido humano. Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis.* Holy, heavenly voices sweet songs are singing. O look upon your Savior, see your eternal King, however naked, poor and trembling against the cruel wind. Sing your songs with quavers and trills, for a child is born. He comes to us! Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will.

*Sigan cantando hoy zagales, puesto que viene Dios tierno infante dando humiliado prendas bastantes de que ya el cielo firma las paces por medio suyo con los mortales.* Shepherds, today come sing without ceasing, for God comes as a tender babe laid in a humble stable, so that the heavens could bestow peace among us mortals.

*Alaben todas las gentes al diviuno verbo encarnate. Laudamus te le repitan por sus obras admirables.* All the people sing praises to the divine word incarnate. We praise you for your wondrous deeds.

*Ay galeguños, ay que lo veyo mas; miro en un pesebriño. O filo de Deus, que a la terra vino en un portaliño. Ay soen gaitanas y dai mil boltinas, ay tocai las flautinas, tambien los pandeiros. Ay, que face pucheros por mis amoriños.* Oh, Galicians, I see him! I see him in a little manger. The Son of God who came to earth, lies in a little cradle. Sound the bagpipes and make a thousand drumbeats, play the flutes, also the tambourines! Oh, he smiles when I cuddle him.

*Dios itlaço nantzine cemihca ichpochtle, cenca timitz totlatlauhtilya, mato parximotlatoti. Yn il huicac ixpantzinco inmottazo conetzin Jesu Christo. Ca om pa timo yeztica y mi ha huactzinco; yn mottazo conetzin y Jesu Christo. Dios itlaço...* Beloved Mother of God, eternal Virgin, most exalted, may you intercede at the appointed time in the realm of the dead for us and our ancestors. In heaven you are in the honored presence of your beloved offspring, Jesus Christ, for there your heart is close to your beloved child, Jesus Christ.



## NAVIDAD NUESTRA

**I. Anunciación.** *Jinete de un rayo rojo ne volando el Angel Gabriel, con sable punta de estrella que vuela "Plate cabacate." Que Dios te salve Maria, la mos bonita cuñatai. La flor esta floreciendo. Crece en el sangre tu "cuchumi." Soy la esclava del Señor llevaneo su corazón. Capullo que se hace flor y se abrirá en Navidad.*

Flying on a fiery ray, the Angel Gabriel comes flying to see her, with a star-pointed saber he flies over the earth. For God has chosen Mary, the most beautiful vessel, [who says:] "I am the servant of the Lord, carrying his heart." Wonderful is the flower that blooms for us on Christmas Day.

*Al pago donde se encueltra Dios. Mamó parehó Angelito que tan contento te vuelves vos. La mas hermosa "cuñatai." Los ojos son dos estrellas, su voz el canto de un yeruti. Soy la esclava del Señor llevaneo su corazón. Capullo que se hace flor y se abrirá en Navidad.* The Angel returns to the place where he finds the child, the little one nursed at the breast. The Angel says, "I have seen the Queen of the World, the most beautiful maid. Her eyes are two stars, her voice is the song of a yeruti."

**II. La Peregrinación.** *A la huella, la huella, José y Maria, por la panpas helados cardos y ortigas. A la huella, la huella, cortando campo. No hay cobijo ni fonda si gan andande. Florecita del campo clavel del aire, si ninuino tealoo adonde naces. Donde naces florcita que estás creciendo, palomita a sustada grillo sin sueño. A la huella, la huella, José y Maria con un Dios escondido nadie sabia. A la huella, la huella, los peregrinos prestenme una tapera para mi niño. A la huella, la huella, Soles y lunas, los ositos de almendra, piel de aceiruna. Ay burrito del campo, ay buey barcino, que mi niño ya viene, háganle sitio. Un ranchito de quincha, solo me ampara, Dios allientos amigos, La luna clara. A la huella, la huella José y Maria con un Dios escondido nadie sabia. A la huella, la huella, huellita, José y Maria.*

On the trail Joseph and Mary cross the frozen fields. Through thistles and nettles on the path, cutting across the countryside. There is neither shelter nor inn. Keep walking, little flower of the field, carnation of the air. If no one shelters you where will you be born? Where will you be born, little flower, frightened dove, unsleeping cricket? On the path, Joseph and Mary, with a hidden God. No one knew. On the path, suns and moons, two little almond eyes and olive skin. The bright moon. "Oh, little country donkey, Oh spotted ox, my child is coming, make room for him. Only a stable of straw protects me, two friendly spirits and the bright moon. Joseph and Mary, with a hidden God.

**III. El Nacimiento.** *Noche anunciada, noche de amor, Dios ha nacido petalo y flor. Todos silencio y serenidad, paz a los hombres, es navidad. En el besebre mi redentor es mensajero de paz y amor. Cuando sonrie se hace la luz, y en sus bracitos crece una cruz. Angeles canten sobre el portal. Dios ha nacido, es navidad. Esta es la noche que prometio Dios a los hombres y ya llegó. Es noche buena, no hay que dormir. Dios ha nacido, Dios esta aqui.*

Night foretold, night of love. God is born, petal and flower. All is silence and peace, peace for all men, for it is Christmas. My Savior in the manger is the messenger of peace and love. When he smiles, he is radiant, and in his little arms grows a cross. Angels sing over the door. God is born, it is Christmas. This is the night God promised to man and that was foretold. It is Christmas Eve, don't go to sleep. God is born, God is here.

**IV. Los Pastores.** *Ah! Vengan pastores dal campo, que el Rey de los Reyes ha nacido ya. Vengan antes que amanesca que ya apunta el dia y la noche se va. Albahaca y cedrón, tomillo y laurel, que el Niño se duerme al almanecer. Lleguen de Pinchas y Chuquis de aminga y San Pedro de arauco y Pomán. Antes que nadie le adore quesillos y flores le vamu a llevar. Albahaca y cedrón, tomillo y laurel, que el Niño se duerme al almanecer. Pidanle a Julio Romero caballos de paso y su mula de andar, con cajas y con guitarras iremos cantando por el olivar. Albahaca y cedrón, tomillo y laurel, que el Niño se duerme al almanecer. Ay Navidad de Aimogasta! Alojya y añapa ho habra de faltar. Mientras la luna riojana se muere de ganas de participar. Albahaca y cedrón, tomillo y laurel, que el Niño se duerme al almanecer. Ah! Come, shepherds from the field, for the King of Kings has been born. Come before dawn, for day is breaking and night is passing. [Bring] Basil and verbena, thyme and bay for the Child sleeping in the manger. Come from Pinchas and Chuquis, from Aminga and San Pedro, from Arauco and Pomán, and adore him above all others. Ask Julio Romero to bring his horses and pack mule. And with drums and guitar we will go singing in the olive grove. Oh, Christmas in Aimogasta! We must not run out of carob winr.. While the moon of Rioja is dying to take part..*

*V. Los Reyes Magos. Llegaron ya los reyes y erantes Melchor, Gaspar y el negro Baltazar. Arrope y miel le llevarán y un boncho blanco de alpaca real. Changos y chinitas duerman sé que ya Melchor, Gaspar y Baltazar, todos los regalos dejarán para jugar mañana al despertar. El Niño Dios muy bien lo agradeció, comió la miel y el poncho lo abrigó, y fué después que los miró y a media noche el sol relumbró.*

Now arrive the kings, and they are three: Melchior, Gaspar, and the black Balthazar. They are bringing jelly and honey, and a poncho of royal white wool. Boys and girls, go to sleep. Now Melchor, Gaspar y Balthazar, will leave all of the presents to play with tomorrow when you wake. The Infant God thanked them very much, ate the honey and put on the poncho. And after that he looked at them, and at midnight the sun shone forth.

*VI. La Huida. ¡Vamos, vamos, burrito a purá! Si no te apuras los van a pillar. Largo el camino, largo el salitral. Ya tocan a degollar. Ya está sangrando el puñal. Si no te apuras los van a pillar. ¡Vamos, vamos, burrito a purá! Niño bonito no lloris, mi amor, ya llegaremos a tierra mejor. Duermete, ya no lloris, ouna en mis brazos te haré. Bombos legüeros en mi corazón. ¡Vamos, vamos, burrito a purá!*

Let's go! Move on, little donkey. If you don't, they will catch them! Long is the road through the saltbed. Already they have begun the massacre, the sword is bloody already. Beautiful child, do not cry, my love, soon we will arrive in a better land. Sleep now, and do not cry. In my arms I will cradle you. Distant drums pound in my heart. Let's go!

### Sing Along Texts

*El desembre congelat. Confús es retiras, Abril de flors coronat, Tot el món admira Quan en un jardí d'amor Neix una di vina flor. D'una ro ro ro, D'una sa sa sa, D'una ro, d'una sa, D'una rosa bella, Fecunda y poncella. Vs. 2. El primer Pare causá La nit tenevrosa Que a tot el mon ofusca La vista penosa. Mes en una mitja nit Brilla el sol que n'és eixit D'una bel bel bel, D'una la la la, D'una bel, d'una la, D'una bella aurora, Que el cel enamora.*

Cold December's winds were stilled In the month of snowing, As the world fell dark one night, Spring-time's hope was growing; Then one rose tree blossomed new, One sweet Flower on it grew. On the tree once bare, Grew the rose so fair, Ah, the rose, see the rose, On the rose tree blooming, Sweet the air perfuming. Vs. 2. When the darkness fell that night, Bringing sweet reposing, All the land was hid from sight, Sleep our eyes was closing. Suddenly there calm a gleam, From the sky a wondrous beam Of a heav'nly star, Giving light afar; Ah, the star, see the star, In the heavens glowing, Brightness ever growing.

*¡Campana sobre campana! Asomate a la ventana, Veras a un Niño en la cuna.*

REFRAIN: *Belén, campanas de Belén, Qué los angeles tocan. Que nuevas me traís?*

*Recogido tu rebano A dónde vas pastorcito Voy a llevar al portal, Requesón, man teca y vino. [Refrain.]*

Vs. 2. *Si aun las estrellas alumbran Pastor, dónde quieres ir? Voy al portal por si el Con El me deja dormir. Niño. [Refrain.]*

**Bells over Bethlehem pealing.** God's sacred presence revealing! There in a cradle is resting. Jesus, the earth's richest blessing.

REFRAIN: The bells, the bells of Bethlehem Are ringing out the tidings, "Goodwill to all mankind."

Leave your sheep and come, oh shepherds, Presents bring the Babe so lowly. Bring some cheese and bring some wine For the mother Mary holy. [Refrain.]

Vs. 2. Shepherds, if you will but hasten, Mary the beautiful Virgin, May grant that you may be keeping Watch o'er the dear Baby sleeping. [Refrain.]

*En el portal a Belén Ha nacido en un portal, Llenito de telarañas Entre la mula y el buey, El Redentor de las almas.* REFRAIN: *Este es un lerum, la maruxina, Est es un lerum en el portal; Vaya prosigo este cantar, Vaya prosigo este cantar, Lerum, lerum, lerum, la!* Vs. 2. *En el portal de Belén Hay estrella, sol y luna; La Virgen y San José Y el Niño que está en la cuna.* [Refrain.]

**In the stable in Bethlehem** He is born within a stable, In the bitter cold of winter; Twixt the ox and ass he's lying, Heaven's Babe, the world's Redeemer. REFRAIN: Sing we of Jesus, of the dear baby, Oh, what a wondrous gift from above! He has our hearts, and all of our love! He has our hearts, and all of our love! Lerum, lerum, lerum. la! Vs. 2. There within the dusty stable, Sun and moon and stars are shining, Virgin Mary and her Joseph, And the Babe were all reclining. [Refrain.]



### SPECIAL CONTRIBUTIONS

St. Mary's Church congregation and staff, for hosting this concert: Rev. Dick Host, Director of Music

Larry Barton, Secretary Sue Krestakos, and Custodian Tom Botham.

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West Michigan Piano (Ken Wieringa and Dennis Buteyn), for providing the piano.

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### CONTRIBUTIONS

#### Oratorio Circle (\$500- 999)

Michael O'Neill

John and Suzanne Tiemstra

West Michigan Piano

#### Cantata Circle (\$250-499)

Fred and Linn Keller

Kenneth Mosley, in memory of Mrs. Matilda Mosley

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