



**Raquel Andueza  
&  
La Galanía**

***I am madness***

**National Centre for Early Music**

**Saturday 13 May 2023 7.00pm**

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**Raquel Andueza** *soprano*

&

**La Galanía**

**Pierre Pitzl** *baroque guitar*

**Jesús Fernández Baena** *theorbo*

**Pablo Prieto** *violin*

***I am madness***

Yo soy la locura	<b>Henry du Bailly</b> d. 1637
La Ausencia	<b>Anonymous</b> 17th century
De Mis Tormentos y Enojos	<b>Anonymous</b> 17th century
Chacona	<b>Anonymous</b> 17th century
Arrojome las Naranjicas	Lyrics: <b>Anonymous</b> 17th century *
Si vos Pretendéis Quererme	<b>Enrico Radesca</b> d. 1625
Una Batalla de Amor (Zarabanda)	Lyrics: <b>Anonymous</b> 17th century *
Folías	<b>Anonymous</b> 17th century
Tanta Copia de Hermosura	<b>Anonymous</b> 17th century
Zarabanda del Catálogo	Lyrics: <b>Anonymous</b> 17th century *
Sé que me Muero	<b>Jean-Baptiste Lully</b> 1632-87
Pasacalles	<b>Anonymous</b> 17th century
Vuestros Ojos	<b>Anonymous</b> 17th century
Jácara de la Trena	Lyrics: <b>Francisco De Quevedo</b> 1580-1645 *

\* Melodies reconstructed by Álvaro Torrente

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*With thanks to Ambiente for supplying wines*



‘Yo soy la locura, la que sola infundo plazer y dulçura y contento al mundo.’  
*I am madness, the one that alone infuses pleasure and sweetness and contentment  
to the world.*

Our programme features secular Spanish music and settings of Spanish lyrics that were discovered in other European collections. From this, we deduce that musicians from other countries were inspired to set Spanish poems to their own melodies and that the influence of Spain, both political and through emigration, was so great at the time that these melodies were deemed worthy of inclusion in French, Italian and English collections. We also highlight reconstructions of lost or forgotten Spanish dance tunes: folias, zarabandas and jácaras. Many lyrics and also the scores of seguidilla and zarabandas were destroyed, possibly because of their explicit content, the zarabanda having been banned by the Royal Council in 1583. However, it is commonly believed that the jácara was lost because it formed part of the oral tradition and therefore had no written music.

Spanish vocal music of this period is characterised by the rhythmic treatment of the text, its variety and the use of homophonic textures. Most of these works use the strophic form; their melodies are an excellent example of popular dances from across Europe, but mainly Italy, all of which were based on bassi ostinati. In this music we find that passion, jealousy, love, sweetness, restlessness, expectation, sadness, reproach, and even death in the name of love, are intertwined and merged into a perfect Baroque chiaroscuro.

## **La Galanía**

The 2014 GEMA award-winning ensemble La Galanía is one of the leading Spanish groups specialising in the baroque repertoire. It was founded in 2011 by Raquel Andueza and Jesús Fernández Baena to interpret baroque music from both the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, using historically informed techniques, and to collaborate with other Spanish and international musicians who also specialise in this repertoire. In 2014 La Galanía was named the Best Baroque Group by the Association of Spanish Groups of Early Music. Its members also perform with other groups worldwide, including Hespèrion XXI, Al Ayre Español, Orquesta Barroca de Sevilla, Private Musicke, Orchestra of the Age of the Enlightenment and L'Arpeggiata.

Following its debut at Pamplona Cathedral with Pergolesi's *Stabat Mater*, La Galanía has performed in venues and at festivals in the Americas, Hong Kong, Moscow and Tokyo as well as in Europe. In January 2011 the group released its

first CD, *Yo soy la locura*, on its own record label, Anima e Corpo, and received distinction in the Spanish Association of Classical Music Festivals' FestClásica Awards. The subsequent CDs, *Alma mía*, *Pegaso*, *Yo soy la locura 2* and *Miracolo d'amore*, were similarly received with critical acclaim. In autumn 2019 La Galanía released its most recent recording, *El baile perdido*, a collection lyrical dance music from the Spanish Golden Age.

[lagalania.com](http://lagalania.com)

## **Raquel Andueza**

Born in Pamplona, Raquel Andueza began her musical training when she was six years old. She studied at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama, receiving her bachelor of music with honours and the School Singing Prize, followed by studies with Richard Levitt, Lisa Paglin and Marianna Brilla.

Raquel Andueza has collaborated with various groups including La Colombina, L'Arpeggiata, Orquesta Barroca de Sevilla, Gli Incogniti, La Tempestad, Al Ayre Español, El Concierto Español, Private Musicke, La Real Cámara, Hippocampus, B'Rock, and Orphénica Lyra. She performs as a soloist in festivals and auditoriums internationally; in 2012 she made her debut at New York's Carnegie Hall and at the BBC Proms. She has been directed by world-renowned conductors including William Christie, Fabio Biondi, Emilio Moreno, Pablo Heras-Casado, Jacques Ogg, Monica Huggett, Eduardo López Banzo, Christina Pluhar, Richard Egarr, Ottavio Dantone, Christian Curnyn, Sir Colin Davis and José Ramón Encinar.

Aware of the importance of vocal health to performers, she dedicates time to teaching and is invited to give classes and lectures at universities and at music festivals. She has been giving classes at her own studio in Pamplona since 2018.

Raquel Andueza also contributes to film and television soundtracks and has been featured in films including *Exodus* (Ridley Scott, 2014), *¡Atraco!* (Eduard Cortés, 2012), *Tous les soleils* (Philippe Claudel, 2011) and *Dissección de una tormenta* (Julio Soto Gúrpide, 2010). She has recorded for labels such as Warner Classics, Virgin Classics, Glossa, K617, NB Musika, Accentus, OBS Prometeo, and Zig-Zag Territoires as well as her own label, Anima e Corpo.

[raquelandueza.com](http://raquelandueza.com)

### **Yo soy la locura**

Yo soy la locura  
la que sola infundo  
placer, placer y dulzura  
y contento al mundo.  
Sirven a mi nombre  
todos mucho o poco  
y no, no, no hay un hombre  
que piense ser loco.  
Yo soy la locura  
la que sola infundo  
placer, placer y dulzura  
y contento al mundo.

### **La Ausencia**

No partáis mi dulce vida  
ni aquí sola me dejéis,  
vos que el alma mía tenéis  
con mil llamas encendida.  
Cómo podré yo sufrir  
que lexos de mí viváis,  
vos que la lux priváis  
de mis ojos sin morir.

No merece esta mía fe  
estar de vos apartada,  
pues mi libertad amada  
por vos mi vida dexé.

Lloraré yo vuestra ausencia  
desdichada y muy penosa,  
sola viuda y congoxosa  
por no veros de presencia.  
Quedaré, mas será firme  
más que peña mi affición,  
llevad vos mi corazón  
pues yo no puedo partirme.

### **De Mis Tormentos y Enojos**

De mis tormentos y enojos  
ganados con fe y pasión,  
la culpa tiene en los ojos  
y la pena en el corazón.

### **I am madness**

*I am madness  
the one who alone infuses  
pleasure, pleasure and sweetness  
and content into the world.  
Everyone serves my name,  
a lot or a little  
and no, there is no man  
who believes himself to be crazy.  
I am madness  
the one who alone infuses  
pleasure, pleasure and sweetness  
and content into the world.*

### **The Absence**

*Do not leave my sweet life  
Nor leave me here alone,  
you who have my soul  
ignited with a thousand flames.  
How can I bear  
that you live far from me,  
you who deprive the light  
from my eyes without dying.*

*This faith of mine does not deserve  
To be separated from you,  
since for you  
I left my beloved freedom.*

*I will mourn your absence  
an unhappy and very painful,  
lonely and grieving widow  
for not seeing you in person.  
I will stay, but my devotion  
will be firmer than a rock,  
take my heart with you,  
For I cannot tear myself apart.*

### **Of my torment and displeasure**

*Of my torment and displeasure  
won with faith and passion,  
the blame is in my eyes  
and the sorrow in my heart.*

Si dentro de un falso pecho  
se encobre el engaño y mal,  
¿qué culpa tiene el leal  
de lo que el traidor ha hecho?

Ellos fueron causadores  
de tantos desasosiegos,  
que pues han sido traidores  
que sean con llorar ciegos.

### **Arrojome las Naranjicas**

Arrojome las naranjicas  
con los ramos del verde azahar,  
arrojámelas y arrojélas,  
y volviómelas a arrojar.

En el jardín del Amor  
la niña hermosa estaba,  
las naranjicas tomaba  
de su mano y con la flor;  
y por hacerme favor  
me las comenzó a tirar,  
arrojámelas y arrojélas,  
y volviómelas a arrojar.

Dos naranjas me tiró  
y en el aire las cogí,  
luego yo se las volví  
y ella me las recogió;  
a tirar me las volvió  
con el gusto de acertar,  
arrojámelas y arrojélas,  
y volviómelas a arrojar.

Duró gran rato esta guerra  
de naranjas, con donaire,  
porque andaban por el aire  
sin que cayesen en tierra;  
al fin dijo '¡cierra, cierra,  
que no es tiempo de burlar!',  
arrojámelas y arrojélas,  
y volviómelas a arrojar.

### **Si vos Pretendéis Quererme**

Sy vos pretendéis quererme,  
quereros e siempre yo,  
Y sy no no no no no no no.

*If deceit and evil are concealed  
within a false heart,  
what fault does the loyal one have  
for what the traitor has done?*

*They were the cause  
of so much unrest,  
for they were traitors,  
let them weep blindly with regret.*

### **Throw me the Oranges**

*Throw me the oranges  
with the branches of the green orange blossom,  
throw them at me and throw them at him,  
and he threw them back to me.*

*In the garden of love  
stood the beautiful girl,  
the orange ones she drank  
from her hand with a flower;  
and for doing me a favour.  
He started throwing them at me,  
throw them at me and throw them at him,  
and he threw them back to me.*

*Two oranges he threw me  
And in the air I caught them,  
then I returned them  
and she picked them up for me;  
she threw them to me with the pleasure of  
getting it right,  
throw them at me and throw them at him,  
and he threw them back to me.*

*This war of oranges lasted a long time,  
with grace,  
because they were airborne  
without falling to the ground;  
At last, he said 'finish, finish,  
that it is not time to mock!'  
Throw them at me throw them at him,  
and he threw them back to me.*

### **If you pretend to love me**

*If you pretend to love me  
love you and always me  
And if not, no no no no no no no.*

Querer bien y ser querido,  
es un bien muy celebrado,  
Y sy no no no no no no no.

Como amar sin ser amado,  
ques un muy triste partido,  
Sy el amor que os he tenido,  
ma mostrais contento estoy.

Padezer sin esperar,  
ningun Amante lo quiera,

Puis con el bien que s'espera,  
in dolor se hà da passar  
Sy en Amor pensays pagar,  
quereros e siempre yo  
La primera vez que os vi  
Senora su os acordas

Muy faborecido fui de  
a questo que me negays.  
Quereros e sy me gays,  
lo que alli se me mostro.

### **Una Batalla de Amor'**

Una batalla de Amor  
entre un galán y una dama,  
con sus armas en la cama,  
cantar quiero con primor.

El que no fuere amador  
no me escuche aunque yo cante, que  
destemplaná el discante, la prima, bajo y  
tenor.

Mas quien de amores  
precia gustará de este placer,  
mucho más que no de ver  
el tesoro de Venecia.  
Ora, ¡sus!, pues, comencemos,  
y diremos, y diremos  
de estos valientes guerreros  
cómo salieron en cueros.

Bien armados, bien armados,  
sin padrinos ni criados,  
atabales ni trompetas,  
porque en batallas secretas  
se ven los enamorados.

*To love well and be loved,  
it is very much celebrated  
And if not, no no no no no no no.*

*To love without being loved  
Is a very sad fate,  
I know the love I have had for you,  
you show me I'm content.*

*To suffer without hope  
no lover wants it,*

*With the good that is hoped for,  
one must endure pain,  
If you think to repay with love,  
Love me and always be mine.  
Lady, do you remember  
The first time we met*

*I was very favoured  
by what you now deny me.  
Love me and it is me  
Who will be grateful for what you show me.*

### **A Battle for Love**

*A battle of love  
between a gentleman and a lady,  
with their weapons in bed,  
I want to sing beautifully.*

*The one who was not a lover  
don't listen to me even though I sing, as it will  
upset the harmony, the soprano, alto and tenor.*

*But who pride themselves in love  
will enjoy this pleasure,  
much more than seeing  
the treasure of Venice.  
Now, let's start,  
and we will say, and we will say  
how these brave warriors  
ended up naked.*

*Well-armed, well-armed  
without patrons or servants,  
drums or trumpets,  
because lovers are seen in secret battles.*

En batalla, en batalla,  
ella con broquel se halla  
y él con un puñal sin punta,  
que entiende que a él se apunta  
pasarla por una banda.

¡A la zarabanda,  
que el Amor me lo manda!

Ella fiada en su broquel  
ningún miedo tiene de él,  
porque sabe que con él  
tiene una treta segura.

¡Para su ventura,  
Zarabanda dura!

El puñal de aquel encuentro  
se lo metió hasta el centro  
y ella, que lo sintió dentro  
con herida tan süave,  
dice ‘¡Ay, cómo me sabe  
un poquito antes que acabe!’  
Y mirando su herida,  
la mano al puñal asida  
dice “¡Ay de mí, dolorida!,  
¿cómo entraste aquí y por dónde?”

¡Ay, adónde, adónde?  
Por en casa del conde.  
Y enlazándose los brazos  
se dieron cien mil abrazos,  
haciendo las piernas lazos  
hasta que llegue la hora.

¡A la matadora,  
a la perra mora!

Ella, que se ve morir,  
le comenzó a decir:  
‘viene, ¿quieres venir?’  
Ven, mi vida, que te espero.’  
¡Madre, que me muero,  
llámenme al barbero!  
¡Que me muero, madre,  
llamen la comadre!

*In battle, in battle,  
she with a shield is found  
and he with a blunt dagger,  
who understands that he is aiming  
to pass it through one side.*

*To the sarabande,  
that love commands me!*

*She trusted in her shield,  
no fear of him  
because she knows that with him  
she has a sure trick.*

*To her luck,  
sarabande, endure!*

*The dagger of that encounter  
he stabbed her to the centre  
and she, who felt it inside  
with such a soft wound,  
said ‘Oh, how do you know me  
a little before it ends!’  
And looking at her wound,  
the hand grasped the dagger  
she says ‘Oh I am in pain!  
how did you get in here and where?’*

*Oh, where, where?  
By the count’s house.  
And linking arms  
a hundred thousand hugs were given,  
holding legs tight  
until the time comes.*

*To the killer,  
to the dog of a moor!*

*She, who sees herself dying,  
began to say:  
‘It’s coming, do you want to come?’  
Come, my life, I wait for you.’  
Mother, I’m dying  
call the barber!  
I’m dying, mother,  
call the midwife!*



Él dice: 'Espera, mi bien,  
que quiero morir también,  
ten ya compasión de quien  
a la muerte se condena.'

¡María tan buena,  
María de la puebla!

La dama le iba aguardando  
y el galán apriesa dando,  
y muriendo y suspirando  
han cumplido su deseo.

¡Qué me bamboleo,  
madre, que me muero!  
Al fin se vieron a un punto,  
ella muerta y él difunto,  
y echaron el resto juntos  
por no perder coyuntura.

Para su ventura,  
zarabanda y dura.

En esta guerra de Amor  
el que muere es vencedor,  
que revive el amador  
por morir a cada hora

con la matadora,  
con la perra mora.

### **Tanta Copia de Hermosura**

#### *Estribillo*

Tanta copia de hermosura  
Junto amor que mi deseo  
Le remite a la ventura  
La duda de hacer su empleo.

#### *Coplas*

Cual entre las flores bellas,  
la abejuela susurrante  
con el pico de diamante,  
el néctar chupa de aquellas.

#### *Estribillo*

Tanta copia de hermosura .....

#### *Coplas*

Cual entre las flores bellas .....

*He says: 'Wait, my love,  
I want to die too,  
have mercy on  
who death has condemned.'*

*Maria so good,  
Maria from the town!*

*The lady was waiting for him  
and the gallant rushes to her,  
and dying and sighing  
they have fulfilled their desire.*

*How I am swaying,  
mother, I'm dying!  
At last, they met at a point,  
she dead and he deceased,  
and together they gave their all  
so as not to miss the opportunity.*

*For his luck,  
sarabande and hard.*

*In this war of love  
he who dies is victorious,  
for the lover revives  
by dying every hour*

*with the killer,  
with the black dog.*

### **So much Abundance of Beauty**

#### *Chorus*

*So much abundance of beauty  
together with love that my desire  
Leads me to the unknown  
Doubting whether to act upon it.*

#### *Couplets*

*Which among the beautiful flowers,  
the whispering bee  
with the diamond beak,  
sucks nectar from them.*

#### *Chorus*

*So much abundance of beauty .....*

#### *Couplets*

*Which among the beautiful flowers,.....*

### **'Zarabanda del catálogo'**

Tengo el gusto hecho  
a cualquier mujer  
donde es mi querer  
queda satisfecho,  
éntrame en provecho  
hermoso y no feo,  
¡téneme, deseo,  
que me bamboleo!

De cualquier doncella  
ando enamorado,  
que es dulce bocado  
cuando gozo de ella,  
que el gusto y querella  
mucho me apresura.  
¡Ala, ven, ventura,  
ala, ven y dura!

Siéntome abrasar  
por casada honesta  
que en medio la fiesta  
la veo temblar;  
y por despachar  
mucho se apresura.  
¡Ala, ven ventura,  
ala, ven y dura!

Con la que es viuda  
gusto de su trato  
que me realegra  
el rato que la veo desnuda,  
espetera aguda,  
diestra en el meneo.  
¡Téneme, deseo,  
que me bamboleo!

El soltero gusto ámolo  
en extremo,  
porque nunca temo  
que me dé disgusto,  
doile muy al justo  
en el enrizadero.  
¡Ay, que me muero,  
ay, que me muero!

Si pica de dama  
y de ello presume,

### **'Sarabande from the catalogue'**

*I have a taste  
For any woman  
where my love  
is satisfied,  
benefits me  
beautiful and not ugly,  
have me, desire,  
I wobble!*

*Of any maiden  
I'm in love,  
who is a sweet bite  
when I enjoy her,  
the pleasure and desire  
rushes me greatly.  
Come on fortune,  
come on and last!*

*I feel myself burning  
for a married woman  
that in the middle of the party  
I see her tremble;  
and to hurry things up  
she rushes a lot.  
Come on fortune,  
come on and last!*

*With the widow  
I enjoy her company  
that makes me happy  
the time that I see her naked,  
a sharp skewer,  
in the right hand.  
Hold me, desire,  
I wobble!*

*As a bachelor, I love it  
in extreme,  
because I never fear  
it will bring me trouble,  
it suits me just right  
in my bachelorhood.  
Oh, I'm dying,  
oh, I'm dying!*

*If she is a lady  
and boasts of it,*

huéleme a perfume,  
cuando está en la cama;  
muerde, aprieta y brama,  
de dulzores llena.  
¡María tan buena,  
María de la puebla!

Si es entrada en días  
con esta me pego,  
que me enseña luego  
cien mil niñerías  
y las ansias mías  
tienen gran recreo.  
¡Téneme, deseo,  
que me bamboleo!

Por quien más me muero  
es por una beata,  
que está como gata  
en el mes de enero  
y toma el puntero  
tan amesurado,  
¡para Antón pintado,  
Antón colorado!

Amo a fregoncillas,  
que son muy saladas  
y en las rinconadas  
las hago cosquillas,  
que traen esas faldillas  
oliendo a poleo.  
¡Téneme, deseo,  
que me bamboleo!

Quiero a la villana,  
y es la que más quiero,  
que si ve dinero  
es blanda como cera  
y en la delantera  
no hay palmo vedado,  
¡para Antón pintado,  
para Antón colorado!

Al fin sea mujer  
de cualquiera suerte,  
que hasta la muerte  
yo la he de querer,  
y he de envejecer

*she smells of perfume,  
when she is in bed;  
bites, squeezes and moans,  
full of sweetness.  
Maria so good  
Maria from the town!*

*If she is in her prime,  
I stick to her,  
then she shows me  
a hundred little ways,  
and my desires  
have great delight.  
Hold me, desire,  
I wobble!*

*Who else am I dying for?  
it's for a pious one  
that is like a cat  
in the month of January  
and she takes the pointer  
so measured,  
for Antón is painted,  
red Antón!*

*I love serving maids  
who are so savoury  
and in the corners  
I tickle them,  
what do those skirts bring  
the scent of pennyroyal.  
Hold me, desire,  
I wobble!*

*I want the peasant girl,  
and she is the one I love the most,  
because if she sees money  
she is soft as wax  
and in the front  
there is no forbidden inch,  
for Antón is painted  
red Antón!*

*Finally, she may be any woman  
with any luck,  
that until death  
I have to love her  
and I have to grow old*

en esta demanda,  
¡ándalo, zarabanda,  
que el amor te lo manda!

### **Se Que me Muero**

Sé que me muero de amor  
y solicito el dolor.  
Aún muriendo de querer  
de tan buen ayre adolezco,  
que es más de lo que padezco  
lo que quiero padecer.  
Y no pudiendo exceder  
a mi deseo el rigor.  
Lisonxéame la suerte  
con piedad tan advertida,  
que me asegura la vida  
en el riesgo de la muerte.  
Vivir de su golpe fuerte  
es de mi salud primor.

### **Vuestros ojos**

Vuestros ojos tienen d'Amor no sé qué,  
que me yelan, me roban, me hieren,  
me matan, a fe.  
¿Por qué me mirays  
con tanta aflicción,  
y al mi coraçón,  
me aprisionáys?  
Que si vos me miráys yo os acusa.

### **Jácara de la Trena**

Ya está metido en la trena  
tu querido Escarramán,  
que los alfileres vivos  
me prendieron sin pensar.  
Andaba a caza de gangas,  
y grillos vine a cazar,  
que en mí cantan como en haza las noches  
de por San Juan.

Entrándome en la bayuca,  
llegándome a remojar  
cierta pendencia mosquito,  
que se ahogó en vino y pan,  
Al trago sesenta y nueve,

*in this pursuit,  
come on, sarabande,  
love commands it!*

### **I know that I am dying of Love**

*I know that I'm dying of love  
and I request the pain.  
Still dying of love  
I suffer from such good air,  
which is more than what I suffer  
what I want to suffer.  
And not being able to exceed  
to my desire the rigor.  
Flatter me luck  
with mercy so warned,  
that ensures my life  
at risk of death.  
Live off your strong blow  
It's my health cousin.*

### **Your Eyes**

*Your eyes have something of love, I don't know  
what,  
They blind me, they steal me, they hurt me,  
They kill me, by faith.  
Why are you looking at me,  
with so much affliction,  
and imprison my heart,  
If you look at me, I accuse you.*

### **Jácara in the clink**

*He is already in the clink,  
your dear Escarramán,  
the sharp pins  
caught me without thinking.  
I was bargain hunting,  
and I came to hunt crickets,  
that sing to me as if in haze  
during the nights of San Juan.*

*Entering the tavern,  
started to get soaked  
a certain mosquito got in my way  
and drowned in wine and bread.  
At the sixty-ninth sip,*

que apenas dije 'Allá va',  
me trujeron en volandas  
por medio de la Ciudad.

Como ánima del sastre  
suelen los diablos llevar,  
iba en poder de corchetes  
tu desdichado jayán.

Al momento me embolsaron  
para más seguridad  
en el calabozo fuerte  
donde los Godos están.  
Hallé dentro a Cardeñoso,  
hombre de buena verdad,  
manco de tocar las cuerdas  
donde no quiso cantar.

Sobre el pagar la patente  
nos venimos a encontrar  
yo y Perotudo el de Burgos:  
acabóse la amistad.  
Hizo en mi cabeza tantos  
un jarro que fue orinal; y  
o con medio cuchillo  
le trinché medio quijar.

Y otra mañana a las once,  
víspera de San Millán,  
con chilladores delante  
y envaramiento detrás,  
A espaldas vueltas me dieron  
el usado centenar,  
que sobre los recibidos  
son ochocientos y más.

Fui de buen aire a caballo,  
la espalda de par en par,  
cara como del que prueba  
cosa que le sabe mal;

Inclinada la cabeza  
a Monseñor Cardenal;  
que el rebenque sin ser Papa,  
cría por su potestad.

A puras pencas se han vuelto  
cardo mis espaldas ya,  
por eso me hago de pencas  
en el decir y el obrar.

*Just as I said 'There it goes',  
they carried me away  
through the city.*

*Like the soul of the tailor  
the devils usually carry,  
your unfortunate fellow  
was in the hands of the constables.*

*At that moment they bundled me  
for more security  
in the strong dungeon  
where the Goths are.  
I found Cardeñoso inside,  
real good man,  
unable to play the strings  
where he did not want to sing.*

*About paying the patent  
we come to meet  
me and Perotudo the one from Burgos:  
friendship is over.  
When he smashed a chamber pot on my head;  
And I with a half knife,  
I carved half his jaw.*

*And another morning at eleven,  
the eve of San Millan,  
with squealers in front  
and rabble behind,  
on my back they gave me  
a hundred lashes,  
Adding to the  
eight hundred and more.*

*I rode calmly on my horse,  
the back wide open,  
my face as if trying  
something that tastes bad;*

*I bowed my head  
to Monsignor Cardenal;  
who used the whip without being Pope,  
created by power.*

*My back has become thorny,  
just from the struggles alone,  
that's why I toughen up  
in my words and actions.*

Agridulce fue la mano,  
hubo azote garrafal,  
el asno era tortuga,  
no se podía menear.  
Porque el pregón lo entendiera  
con voz de más claridad,  
trujeron al pregonero  
las Sirenas de la Mar.

Envíanme por diez años  
¡sabe Dios quién los verá!  
q que, dándola de palos,  
agravié toda la Mar.

Si tienes honra, la Méndez,  
si me tienes voluntad,  
forzosa ocasión es ésta  
en que lo puedes mostrar.

Que tiempo vendrá, la Méndez,  
que alegre te alabarás  
que a Escarramán por tu causa  
le añudaron el tragar.

A Mama, y a Taita el viejo,  
que en la guardia vuestra están,  
y a toda la gurullada  
mis encomiendas darás.

Fecha en Sevilla, a los cientos  
de este mes que corre ya,  
el menor de tus Rufianes  
y el mayor de los de acá.

*Bittersweet was the hand,  
the beating was severe,  
the donkey was sluggish,  
could not move.  
Because the proclamation  
was made in a clear voice,  
they brought the Sea Sirens  
to the town crier.*

*They sent me away for ten years  
God knows if I will see them!  
For by beating my drum,  
I have wronged the whole sea.*

*If you have honour, Méndez,  
if you have goodwill towards me,  
this is a strong opportunity  
where you can demonstrate it.*

*The time will come, Méndez,  
When you will be glad to praise yourself  
that for your sake Escarramán  
had to swallow his pride.*

*To Mama, and to Taita the old man,  
who are in your guard,  
and all the gang  
give my greetings.*

*Dated in Seville, on the hundreds  
of this current month,  
the youngest of your Ruffians  
and the eldest of those here.*