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Cantoría

¡A La Fiesta!

St Lawrence's Church
Tuesday 8 July 7.00pm

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this concert*



Cantoría

Jorge Losana *tenor & conductor*

¡A La Fiesta!

Villancicos, Jácara and Dances from the Spanish Baroque

A la fiesta, zagales	José de San Juan 1687-1747
Gitanillas Cortesanas	José de Torres 1670-1738
Una noche que los Reyes (Xácara de Reyes)	José de San Juan

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Españoletas	
Suspended Cielos	Joan Cererols 1618-80
A quién visteis pastores	Juan Bautista Comes 1582-1643
Serafín que con dulce armoní	Joan Cererols

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Xácaras	
Jilguerillo canoro	José Martínez de Arce 1662-1721
Vaya, pues, rompiendo el ayre	Sebastián Durón 1660-1716
Xácara del Fandanguillo	Juan Francés de Iribarren 1699-1767

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Fandango	Santiago de Murcia 1673-1739
Oigan la jacarilla	José Martínez de Arce 1662-1721
Soberana María	? Mateo Romero
	Romances y letras de a tres voces. s. XVII. National Library of Spain
De repiques de campanas	José de San Juan

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This concert is being recorded by BBC Radio 3 for broadcast on 20 July. We would be grateful if you could silence mobile phones and any electronic devices, and avoid coughing whilst the musicians are performing – thank you!

The music of the Spanish Baroque is a constant celebration of contrast. Through its villancicos, jácaras, españoletas and fandangos, churches were filled with popular rhythms, exuberant colours and a vitality that overflowed the boundaries of worship. In this programme, Cantoría invites us on a journey into the heart of the Baroque celebration: a space where the sacred and the profane are woven together in a collective song of life, joy, and the mystery of faith.

Far from the solemn conventions we often associate with sacred music, the works gathered here are designed to move, surprise and delight the listener. This is no coincidence: Baroque villancicos were one of the Catholic Church's most effective tools to draw people into liturgical celebrations – particularly at Christmas, Epiphany or the Assumption. These pieces were sung in the vernacular, featured popular characters (shepherds, gypsies, rogues, soldiers) and borrowed rhythms and forms from street music. In many ways, they were theatrical interludes within the liturgy: brief musical scenes full of humanity, humour and emotion.

This programme also offers a chance to discover – or rediscover – the figure of **José de San Juan** (1687–1747), one of the most fascinating composers of the early eighteenth century in Spain. His music, like that of his contemporaries José de Torres, Joan Cererols or Sebastián Durón, reveals a sensitivity closely aligned with operatic theatricality, yet always deeply rooted in the Spanish villancico tradition: a hybrid, multifaceted and profoundly expressive musical form.

I. Villancicos for Christmas and Epiphany

The first part of the concert opens with *A la fiesta, zagales*, a work by San Juan that, from its very title, places us at the heart of Christmas joy. It is a direct call to the 'zagales' – young shepherds – to join in the celebration of Christ's birth. The music radiates infectious energy, full of rhythmic refrains and lively interplay between voices.

Next comes *Gitanillas Cortesanas*, a gem by José de Torres in which Baroque exoticism is placed at the service of theatrical storytelling. The gypsy girls are not mere picturesque figures: they represent the voice of the people entering the sacred space, dancing and singing before the Christ Child with irreverent grace.

In *Una noche que los Reyes*, also by San Juan, the narrative tone becomes more explicit. This piece belongs to the genre of the **xácara**, a sung and danced scene that often features comic or marginal characters. Here, the Three Kings take centre stage in a story sung with dramatic flair and rhythmic momentum – almost like a miniature chamber opera.

II. Between Heaven and Earth

The second part of the programme explores a more contemplative repertoire, while still retaining festive energy. The *Españoletas*, by various composers, connect us with the elegant courtly dances of Spain, with their graceful phrasing and balanced rhythm.

Joan Cererols, a monk from Montserrat, composed two of the most iconic pieces of the Catalan Baroque. *Suspended Cielos* is a meditative piece that offers contrast to the rhythmic exuberance of the surrounding works, inviting a moment of introspection. In contrast, *Serafin que con dulce armonía* regains a luminous tone, with harmonies that rise like the voices of the seraphim toward the divine.

Between the two, *A quién visteis, pastores* by Juan Bautista Comes merges the popular and the cultivated in a direct dialogue with the audience. The question in the text (“Whom did you see, shepherds?”) becomes almost a theatrical address, as if the shepherds – or the performers themselves – were speaking directly to the listeners.

III. The Jácara as Baroque Theatre

The third part immerses us fully in the world of the **jácara**: short sung and danced scenes that combine comic texts, lively rhythms and implied theatricality. *Xácaras* (by various authors) offers a glimpse into this rich and dramatic tradition, directly linked to the Golden Age of Spanish theatre.

Jilguerillo canoro, by Martínez de Arce, returns to the pastoral tone with an almost caricature-like style, in which the goldfinch’s song becomes a symbol of joy and lightness.

Vaya, pues, rompiendo el ayre, by Sebastián Durón, is a perfect example of the exuberant, refined and affectively varied Spanish courtly Baroque. In *Xácara del Fandanguillo*, Iribarren fuses two worlds: the rhythm of the fandango – an Andalusian dance with popular roots – and the dramatic structure of the *xácara*, creating a work of strong theatrical impact.

IV. Epilogue: From Fandango to Bells

The concert closes with *Fandango* by Santiago de Murcia, an instrumental piece marked by vibrant rhythms, the use of an ostinato bass and an almost hypnotic drive. It distills the essence of the programme: movement, passion, and closeness.

The final three pieces are dedicated to Marian devotion, each in a different tone. *Oigan la jacarilla*, again by Martínez de Arce, brings the festive energy of the *jácara* into a sacred context. *Soberana María*, an anonymous work from the holdings of the National Library of Spain, speaks to the richness of the oral and written tradition passed down through centuries.

Finally, *De repiques de campanas*, another piece by San Juan, leaves us with a festive and brilliant sonic image: bells ringing, the faithful leaving Mass, and music as a bridge between the sacred and the everyday. But there is also a deeper duality at play: that of the sacristan, who, bell in hand, is charged with marking the rhythms of liturgical and communal time. With his peals, he announces midnight Mass, celebrates the Messiah's arrival, or accompanies the joys of the Assumption. But he must also sound the **carracas** during Holy Week – a dry, rough instrument that marks death, mourning, and silence. Thus the celebration ends, and the same gesture that calls us to joy is transformed into a sign of austerity and reflection. In this final image, Cantoría pays tribute to the complexity of the Baroque: a deeply human art that embraces both the joyful and the tragic, the popular and the divine, the theatrical and the sincere.

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A la fiesta, zagales

A la fiesta zagales dichosos,
al sainete pastores alegres,
que con músicas forma este valle
en obsequio del Sol que amanece.

A la fiesta, al aplauso, al sainete,
zagales pastores alegres, dichosos,
que ya empezar quiere.

Una serenata Amor represente,
pues nace al sereno del cano Diciembre,
A la fiesta, que es fiesta del hombre
el ver que al abismo su traza estremece.

To the feast, happy shepherd lads,
to the play, joyful shepherds,
for with music this valley is filled,
in homage to the Sun that rises.

To the feast, to the applause, to the play,
shepherd lads, joyful and blessed,
for now it longs to begin.

Let a serenade be offered by Love,
for He is born in the calm of ancient
December.

To the feast – for it is the feast of mankind,
to see that His very form shakes the abyss.

Tres sacras personas formarla pretenden,
y en una que baja las tres resplandecen.
A la fiesta, que de hombre vestido,
hoy sale a las tablas de un pobre pesebre.

Three sacred Persons seek to shape it,
and in One who descends, all three shine
bright. To the feast – for clothed in human
form, today He appears upon the stage of a
humble manger.

Sainete del mundo es ver cómo tiemble,
Luzbel, que no logra saber lo que teme,
y acechando con miedos y estragos,
venga en la sangre de los inocentes.

A farce of the world is to see how it
trembles,
Lucifer, unable to know what he fears,
and lurking in dread and destruction,
takes vengeance in the blood of the
innocents.

A la fiesta, zagales dichosos,
al sainete, pastores alegres,
que con músicas forma este valle
en obsequio del Sol que amanece.

To the feast, happy shepherd lads,
to the play, joyful shepherds,
for with music this valley is filled,
in homage to the Sun that rises.

Copla:

Aquel sacro ingenio, autor excelente,
de cielos y tierra, formó en una imagen
el más soberano poema viviente.

Verse:

That sacred genius, an excellent author,
of heavens and earth, formed in a single
image the most sovereign living poem.

Pero en él cayendo un borrón aleve,
le borró la gracia y no hubo carácter
que bien se leyese.

But upon it falling a sly blot,
it erased the grace, and there was no
character that could be well read.

Gitanillas Cortesanas

Gitanillas cortesanas, a la estrella de Jacob,
volandí, volandico, ay, que cantad a una voz.
Que hoy nace la estrella fija del sol,
y cantando, bailando todas festejen
la luz de su arbor.

Courtly little gypsy girls, to the star of
Jacob,
Volandí, volandico! Oh, how you sing with
one voice.
For today is born the star, fixed in the sun,
and singing, and dancing, let all celebrate
the light of its dawn.

Repicad las castañetas,
redoblad las zapatetas,
tras, tras, tras, el pandero se haga rajas.
Ala, ala, hágase fiesta,
a la luz que amanece, no ciñó el alba.

Let the castanets ring,
let the little shoes pound,
tras, tras, tras! Let the tambourine be split!
Come on, come on – let there be festivity
for the rising light that was not bound by
the dawn.

Copla:

Porque nace la estrella, el sol madruga,
a decir a los hombres buena ventura.
Ay, qué buena ventura.

Coronada de rayos
nace esta estrella,
cuyas puntas coronan
cielos y tierra,
¡ay, que, que, que!,
cielos y tierra.

A la puerta del cielo
la estrella nace
por señas que en su mano
tiene la llave,
¡ay, que, que, que!,
tiene la llave.

Es bienaventurada
y tan perfecta
que por su bella gracia
no la preserva,
¡ay, que, que, que!,
no la preserva

Sus señales anuncia
blanco lucero
que después de encarnado
zerá zangriento,
¡ay, que, que, que!,
zerá zangriento.

Por cuenta de Dios corra
con lo que influye
y por cuenta del hombre
para sus luces,
¡ay, que, que, que!,
para sus luces.

Su influencia es benigna
y tanto alienta
que aun el mismo sol vive
de su influencia,
¡ay, que, que, que!,
de su influencia.

Verse:

Because the star is born, the sun rises early
to bring good fortune to mankind.
Oh, such good fortune!

Crowned with rays
this star is born,
whose points crown
heaven and earth,
oh, how wondrous!
Heaven and earth!

At the gate of heaven
the star is born,
bearing in her hand
the key as a sign,
oh, how wondrous!
She holds the key!

She is most blessed
and so perfect
that by her gracious beauty
she preserves us,
oh, how wondrous!
She preserves us!

Her signs are heralded
by the white morning star,
who, once incarnate,
will bleed red,
oh, how wondrous!
He will bleed red!

Let her act by God's will
in all she influences,
and by man's account
guide all his lights,
oh, how wondrous!
Guide all his lights!

Her influence is kind,
and so sustaining,
that even the very sun
lives by her power,
oh, how wondrous!
By her power!

Es el norte seguro
del navegante,
que, aunque siempre le ciga,
no ha de marearse,
¡ay, que, que, que!,
no ha de marearse.

Por nacer tan hermosa
y tan benigna
tiene estrella con todos
cuantos la miran,
¡ay, que, que, que!,
cuantos la miran.

Al dragón con su planta
dio en la cabeza
de tal modo que le hizo
ver las estrellas,
¡ay, que, que, que!,
ver las estrellas.

Quiso luego tentarla
descalabrando,
maz le echó a los infiernos
con doz mil diablos,
¡ay, que, que, que!,
con doce mil diablos.

Una por una alegrí
laz criaturaz
y así toda la alaba
una por una,
¡ay, que, que, que!,
una por una.

Una noche que los Reyes

Una noche que los Reyes hallar logran a
su Dios,
¿Cómo Anton no hay xacarilla?
Hu, hu, hu, ya no hay Antón.
¿Qué es hu, hu?
que refunfuño,
¿y por qué?
por sí o por no.
Pues sepamos

She is the sure North
for the sailor,
who, though ever blindfolded,
will never lose his way,
oh, how wondrous!
He won't lose his way!

So lovely is her birth,
so gentle and gracious,
she shines like a star
to all who behold her,
oh, how wondrous!
All who behold her!

With her foot she struck
the dragon's head,
so hard she made him
see the stars!
Oh, how wondrous!
See the stars!

He tried to tempt her,
to wound her down,
but she cast him to hell
with twelve thousand devils!
Oh, how wondrous!
Twelve thousand devils!

One by one she gladdens
all creatures below,
and thus all praise her,
one by one,
oh, how wondrous!
One by one!

One night when the Wise Kings
managed to find their God,
how is it, Antón, there's no *xacarilla*?
Hu, hu, hu – there's no Antón anymore.
What's 'hu, hu'?
It's me grumbling.
And why?
For no reason... or for any reason.
Well, let's find out

¿qué hay que sepan?
el motivo y la razón,
hu, hu, hu, pues si lo digo,
sabrán tanto como yo.

Es preciso en tal noche como ésta,
que es todo alegría, no haber desazón.

Hu, hu, hu, pues si yo veo tan sin razón,
soberbio el hombre y humilde un Dios,
no es preciso estar un hombre, hu, hu, hu,
de malísimo humor, hu, hu hu.

Dices bien y es bueno el tema
¿y qué es lo que anhelas hoy?
que conmigo refunfuñen
todos juntos a una voz,
por que manden los Reyes
que se enmiende este error,
pues proponlo y seguiremos como dice tu
canción.
Hu, hu, hu, Señor divino, remedianos,
pues que te precias de Redentor.

Una noche que los Reyes hallar logran a
su Dios,
ya hay xacarilla, que la ha hecho Antón.
hu, hu, hu, ya hay xacarilla,
que la ha hecho Antón.

Coplas:

I.
¿Cómo ha de sufrir el mundo
entre bestias a su autor
si otros bestias con ser hombres
tan afortunados son?
Hu, hu, hu,
Pues yo sé que esto,
sucede hoy.
Nace y nace entre las pajas
sin abrigo ni calor
y en colchones de damasco
suele dormir un fregón.
Yo conozco a uno
y aun más de dos.

What is there to know?
The cause and the reason.
Hu, hu, hu, if I say it,
they'll know as much as I do.

On a night such as this which is full of joy,
there must be no sourness.

Hu, hu, hu, but when I see such injustice—
man proud, and God humble—
how can a man not be, hu, hu, hu,
in a terribly bad mood? Hu, hu, hu!

You speak well, and it's a worthy theme.
And what is it you wish for today?
That you all grumble along with me,
all together in one voice!
So the Kings may command
that this error be corrected.
Then say it, and we will follow,
as your song declares:
Hu, hu, hu, Divine Lord, help us,
since You claim the name of Redeemer.

One night when the Wise Kings
managed to find their God,
now there is *xacarilla*,
for Antón has made it so!
Hu, hu, hu! Now there is *xacarilla*,
for Antón has made it so!

Verses:

I.
How can the world endure
its Maker among beasts,
when other beasts, though men,
live such fortunate lives?
Hu, hu, hu!
Well, I know that
this still happens today.
He is born among the straw,
without shelter or warmth,
while some kitchen hand
sleeps on damask cushions.
I know one like that,
and even more than two.

Sigue Antón el bello tema
para alegrar a tu Dios,
pues la *xacarilla*
es de primor.

2.

Nace y por guiar los Reyes
sin estrella se quedó,
enseñando que en el mundo
no hay más estrella que Dios,
mas la del necio,
lo es el doblón.
Hu, hu, hu,

Vienen a sus pies tres cetros
tan humildes que en su honor
ni hay Altezas, ni Excelencias,
pues cada uno trae un don,
Pero hoy hay dones, hu
Sin ton ni son.
Sigue Antón el bello tema
para alegrar a tu Dios,
pues la *xacarilla*
es de primor.

3.

Al Rey Herodes preguntan
y él a engañarlos tiró
mas, qué ha de hacer un judío,
viendo hacer inquisición?
temiendo el fuego,
negarse al sol.
Llegan y entre mula y buey
hallan al Infante Dios
que tratar con animales
ya es empezar su pasión.
Que es un trabajo,
Que solo Dios
Sigue Antón el bello tema
para alegrar a tu Dios,
pues la *xacarilla*
es de primor.

Sing on, Antón, this lovely theme,
to gladden your God,
for this *xacarilla*
is a gem.

2.

He is born, and to guide the Kings,
He left them without a star,
showing that in this world
there is no greater star than God.
But for the fool,
that star is gold.
Hu, hu, hu!

Three sceptres come to his feet,
so humble that in his honour
there are no Highnesses, no Excellencies
each one brings a gift.
But today there are gifts,
without rhyme or reason.
Sing on, Antón, this lovely theme,
to gladden your God,
for this *xacarilla*
is a gem.

3.

They ask King Herod,
and he tried to deceive them
but what can a Jew do
when faced with an inquisition?
Fearing fire,
he denies the Sun.
They arrive and, between ox and mule,
find the Infant God
dealing with animals
is already the start of his Passion.
Such a burden,
Only God could bear it.
Sing on, Antón, this lovely theme,
to gladden your God,
for this *xacarilla*
is a gem.

4.

Atisbó la mula un negro
y dos coces le tiró
que como él a hablar no acierta
le tuvo por herrador,
que hay hartos blancos,
que negros son.
Vuelven por otro camino,
que su ciencia les dictó
a saber mudar consejo
según viene la ocasión,
Porque repitamos,
la alegre voz.
Sigue Antón el bello tema
para alegrar a tu Dios,
pues la xacarilla es de primor.

Suspended Cielos

Suspended cielos vuestro dulce canto,
Tened, parad, escuchad
la más nueva consonancia,
que forman en su distancia
lo eterno y lo temporal.

Escuchad, que entonan las jerarquías
en sonoras armonías
contrapunto celestial,
y con sollozos tiernos
un niño soberano
a los ángeles lleva
el canto llano.

Copla a 4:

Las fugas que el primer hombre
formó en desatentos pasos
al compás ajusta un niño
de las perlas de su llanto.

Copla a dúo:

Divina cláusula sea
deste eterno canto llano,
que forma en su movimiento
de cada punto un milagro.

4.

A mule spotted a Black man
and gave him two kicks,
for, since he couldn't speak well,
it mistook him for a farrier.
There are plenty of whites
who act just as rough.
They return by another road,
as their wisdom led them,
knowing how to change advice
according to the occasion.
Let us repeat then
his joyful voice!
Sing on, Antón, this lovely theme,
to gladden your God,
for this *xacarilla* is a gem.

Suspend, O heavens, your sweet singing,
hold, stop, and listen
to the most novel harmony
now formed across the distance
between the eternal and the temporal.

Listen – how the angelic choirs
in sonorous harmonies
sing celestial counterpoint.
And with tender sobs,
a sovereign child
draws the angels
into plainchant.

Verse for Four Voices:

The fugues once set in motion
by man's distracted steps,
a child now brings into measure
with the pearls of his weeping.

Duet:

Let there be a divine cadence
in this eternal plainchant,
which, in every movement,
makes a miracle of each note.

A quién visteis pastores

¿A quién visteis pastores?
Decidlo a todos,
y anunciadlo a voces.
Vimos al Hijo del Padre,
nacido de Virgen Madre,
¿a quién visteis?
Vimos la gloria en Belén,
¿y a quién más?
vimos también,
por aquí por allí volar y cantar
escuadras de ángeles bellos
y al sol y al alba con ellos
temblar de frío y llorar.

Copla:

¿Cómo viene Dios sagrado?
Humanado.
¿Qué pretende en su venida?
Darnos vida.
¿Dónde visteis gloria tal?
En un portal.
¿Para quién es tanto cielo?
Para el suelo.
Y entre la nieve y el hielo,
¿qué visteis más que notar?

¿Qué nos trae de su cielo? - El consuelo
¿Y qué ofrece humilde y manso? - Tu
descanso
¿Quién lo puso en tal dolor? - Su grande
amor
¿Y qué llora su grandeza? - Tu tibieza, tu
tibieza
Pues, entre tanta pobreza
¿qué visteis, qué,
qué visteis, qué, de admirar,
qué visteis, qué, de admirar?

Whom did you see, shepherds?
Tell it to everyone,
and proclaim it aloud.
We saw the Son of the Father,
born of a Virgin Mother.
Whom did you see?
We saw the Glory in Bethlehem.
And whom else?
We also saw
here and there flying and singing
squadrons of beautiful angels,
and with them, the sun and the dawn
shivering from the cold, and weeping.

Verse:

How does the sacred God come?
Made human.
What does He seek in coming?
To give us life.
Where did you see such glory?
In a stable.
For whom is so much heaven?
For the earth.
And among the snow and ice,
what else did you see worth noting?

What does He bring us from His heaven?
Consolation.
And what does He offer, humble and
meek?
Your rest.
Who placed Him in such sorrow?
His great love.
And what makes His greatness weep?
Your coldness, your coldness.
Then, amid such poverty,
what did you see, what,
what did you see, what,
so worthy of wonder?

Serafín que con dulce armonía

Serafín que con dulce armonía,
la vida que nace requebrando estás,
cántale glorias mirándole en penas
que amante y quejoso, su alivio es un ¡ay!

Tan fragantes, lucientes y bellas
en cielo y en tierra distantes se ven,
las estrellas vestir de colores,
las flores brillar y las selvas arder.

Coplas:

1. Tan fragantes, lucientes y bellas
en cielo y en tierra distantes se ven
las estrellas vestir de colores,
las flores brillar y las selvas arder.
2. Hoy el hombre suspenso y absorto
ignora, cobarde, lo mismo que ve:
pues mirar tan divino lo humano
en cosa que apenas se puede entender.
3. Una noche de siglos tan largos
dobladas las luces habrá menester
y por eso amanecen dos soles
que bañan de luz el portal de Belén.

Jilguerillo canoro

Jilguerillo canoro, no cantes,
que duerme el Amor.
Jilguerillo no dejes el canto,
que no duerme, no.

Jilguerillo gorjeos suspende,
que duerme el Amor.
Jilguerillo prosigue los quiebros,
que no duerme no.

Si duerme templando los ojos,
clarines del sol.
No duerme, pues arde su pecho
con tierna pasión.

Seraph, who with sweet harmony
serenades the newborn Life,
sing Him glories as you behold Him in
sorrow, so loving and afflicted,
His only comfort is a sigh.

So fragrant, so radiant and fair
appear across heaven and earth
the stars dressed in colours,
the flowers shining,
and the forests ablaze.

Verses:

1. So fragrant, radiant, and beautiful,
in heaven and on earth they are seen from
afar: the stars dressing in colours,
the flowers shining and the forests burning
2. Today, man-suspended and absorbed-
cowardly ignores even what he sees:
for to perceive something so divine in the
human is something scarcely
comprehensible.
3. A night from such long centuries
will require double the light,
and for that reason two suns rise
to bathe with light the portal of
Bethlehem.

Little songbird, do not sing,
for Love is sleeping.
Little songbird, do not abandon your song,
for He is not sleeping – no.

Little songbird, suspend your warbling,
for Love is sleeping.
Little songbird, continue your trills,
for He is not sleeping – no.

If He sleeps, it is only softening His eyes,
trumpets of the sun.
He does not sleep, for His chest burns
with tender passion.

Si duerme quien sueña del hombre el
perdón,
haciendo dormido que no ve su error.
Si duerme el Amor.

Vaya, pues, rompiendo el ayre

Vaya pues rompiendo el aire
la jacarilla de garbo
que como nacida viene
a la noche por lo guapo,
a la salud del Rey niño
que al hielo está tiritando.

Silencio, atención, aplauso,
ay, Jesús, que de risa me caigo
y hasta el sol está tiritando.
No chisten, callen,
silencio, atención, aplauso.

Copla:

Jácara va de lo bravo
de ese jayán formidable
que pegará fuego al mundo
el día que se enojare,
ese que hace creer
que hoy es el día que nace,
cuando sabemos que tiene
tanta edad como su padre.

Xácara del Fandanguillo

Xácara de fandanguillo
ha de haber la Nochebuena
pues me brinda en los arroyos
un punteado de perlas.

Échese la jacarilla,
¿y qué caso? cosa nueva
y más si uced se nos viene
recordando al Niño penas,
con el Diablo del pecado
dacá Adán y toma Eva.

If Love sleeps, it is He who dreams
of man's forgiveness,
pretending in His slumber
not to see his sin.
If Love sleeps.

Let the jacarilla full of flair
go breaking through the air,
for she comes as if born
for this night, so full of charm,
in honour of the Christ Child King
who is shivering in the cold.

Silence, attention, applause,
Ay, Jesus! I'm laughing so hard I might fall,
even the sun is shivering!
No whispering, be quiet-
silence, attention, applause!

Verse:

A jácara comes, bold and brave,
about that formidable lout
who would set the world on fire
the day he gets angry,
the one who makes people believe
that today is the day he is born,
when we know he is
just as old as his Father.

A xácara de fandanguillo
there must be on Christmas Eve,
for the streams offer me
a string of pearl-like notes.

Let the *jacarilla* begin-
and what of it? Something new!
Even more so if you come along
reminding the Child of sorrows,
with the Devil of sin,
'Here goes Adam, and take Eve.'

Aunque fuera del asunto,
no trataré cosas de esas.
Échese la jacarilla,
porque al Dios niño divierta.

Más silencio, quedo,
que parece, que sosiega,
es amante fino y tierno
no es posible que se duerma.

Pues el fandanguillo corra,
vaya jacarilla buena,
cuando el susurro del viento
es instrumento que suena
y los arroyuelos forman
un punteado de perlas.

Jacarilla, jacaranda,
suene vaya, corra, ea,
despachemos con el fandanguillo
fandanguillo que alegra.

Copla:

Entre las noches del mundo
hubo una noche serena
buena mas con mucho frío
verbi gratia como esta.

Ay qué buena jacarilla,
suene, vaya, corra, ea,
despachemos con el fandanguillo
fandanguillo que alegra.

En quietud estaba todo pues al sosiego se
entregan, cuando las ovejas duermen, los
pastores cuando velan.

Ay qué buena jacarilla, suene, vaya, corra,
ea, despachemos con el fandanguillo
fandanguillo que alegra.

Apareció de repente una luz como una
hoguera, que unos le llamaron globo, otros
llamaron cometa.

Even if it's off-topic,
I won't speak of such things.
Let the *jacarilla* begin,
so the Child-God may be entertained.

But hush now, quiet-
it seems He's calming.
He's a fine and tender lover,
He could not possibly be asleep.

Then let the *fandanguillo* run,
go on, good *jacarilla*,
when even the whisper of the wind
becomes a sounding instrument,
and the little streams form
a string of pearled notes.

Jacarilla, jacaranda,
sound out, go on, run-ea!
Let's finish with the *fandanguillo*,
that little *fandanguillo* that brings joy.

Verse:

Among the nights of the world
there was a calm night,
a good one, though very cold,
verbi gratia, like this one.

Ay, what a fine *jacarilla*!
Let it sound, go on, run-ea!
Let's finish with the *fandanguillo*,
that *fandanguillo* that brings joy.

Everything was at rest,
for all had given themselves to stillness
when the sheep were sleeping,
and the shepherds keeping watch.

Ay, what a fine *jacarilla*!
Let it sound, go on, run-ea!
Let's finish with the *fandanguillo*,
the *fandanguillo* that brings joy.

Suddenly there appeared a light like a
bonfire, which some called a globe,
and others called a comet.

Ay qué buena jacarilla, suene, vaya, corra,
ea, despachemos con el fandanguillo
fandanguillo que alegra.

Que tuvieron temor grande todos es cosa
muy cierta, porque la esfera se ardía, pero
se halaba la tierra.

Ay qué buena jacarilla, suene, vaya, corra,
ea, despachemos con el fandanguillo
fandanguillo que alegra.

Empezaron a hacer juicio
Como los cometas siempre viendo una
cosa tan nueva no son anuncios de guerra,
los zagales, porque en éstos se vio ahora,
pues a voces no fue boba la inocencia.
cantaron paz las esferas.

Ay qué buena jacarilla, suene, vaya, corra,
ea, despachemos con el fandanguillo
fandanguillo que alegra.

Un astrólogo del cielo
Viendo que el común sosiego en el aire
les enseña entre los hombres alienta,
cosas grandes en las pajas, pudo respirar
alegre y Dios, sobre todo, en ellas. toda la
naturaleza.

Ay qué buena jacarilla, suene, vaya, corra,
ea, despachemos con el fandanguillo
fandanguillo que alegra.

Enseñóles el empíreo
Nació Cristo *verbum caro* estrechado en
una cueva, ya su nacimiento alternan el
siervo gózalo todo, los ángeles en el
viento y el poderoso en miseria. dulces
alegres cadencias.

Ay, what a fine *jacarilla*!
Let it sound, go on, run-*ea*!
Let's finish with the *fandanguillo*,
the *fandanguillo* that brings joy.

That they were greatly afraid,
there is no doubt about it,
for the heavens were burning,
though the earth was being drawn upward.

Ay, what a fine *jacarilla*!
Let it sound, go on, run-*ea*!
Let's finish with the *fandanguillo*,
the *fandanguillo* that brings joy.

They began to judge seeing such a new
thing for comets, as always,
are not signs of war, the shepherd lads,
because in this case, it was now seen
clearly that innocence was no fool,
cried out aloud: the spheres sang of peace.

Ay, what a fine *jacarilla*!
Let it sound, go on, run-*ea*!
Let's finish with the *fandanguillo*,
the *fandanguillo* that brings joy.

An astrologer of the heavens,
seeing in the air how it teaches them
great things among the straw,
and God, above all, in them,
could now breathe with joy
since calm prevailed among men,
and all of nature rejoiced.

Ay, what a fine *jacarilla*!
Let it sound, go on, run-*ea*!
Let's finish with the *fandanguillo*,
the *fandanguillo* that brings joy.

The empyrean showed them
Christ born, *verbum caro*,
cradled in a cave,
alternating in the wind
the angels' sweet and joyful cadences-
the servant rejoicing in all,

Ay qué buena jacarilla, suene, vaya, corra,
ea, despachemos con el fandanguillo
fandanguillo que alegra.

Vieron un Niño, una Virgen,
Los pastores le adoraron y un Varón que
le contempla, y a quien vino, por fineza,
Jesús, María y José para darse en sacrificio,
y toda la gloria en tierra, le tributaron
ofrendas.

Ay qué buena jacarilla, suene, vaya, corra,
ea, despachemos con el fandanguillo
fandanguillo que alegra.

Oigan la jacarilla

Oigan, oigan la xacarilla
oigan si quieren oírla,
miren que viene esta noche
al niño como nacida.
Atiendan, escuchen, reparen,
oirán maravillas.
Que aunque es de un niño la historia
es tan hombre cuando nace,
que querer decir sus hechos
es la vida perdurable.
Atiendan, escuchen,
si quieren que cante.
Oigan miren, tengan, pasen.

Copla:

Zagalas y zagalejos,
oigan, escuchen, atiendan,
que quiero, estimo y adoro
sol, hermosura, belleza
de un niño Jesús qué gracia,
que tiritita, que gorjea
entre el heno, entre las pajas.
A rigores, a inclemencias
de la nieve, de la escarcha,

the mighty in misery.

Ay, what a fine *jacarilla*!

Let it sound, go on, run-ea!

Let's finish with the *fandanguillo*,
the *fandanguillo* that brings joy.

They saw a Child, a Virgin,
and a Man watching over them –
Jesus, Mary, and Joseph – and all the glory
on earth.

The shepherds adored Him,
and the One who came, in kindness,
to offer Himself in sacrifice,
they offered Him their gifts.

Ay, what a fine *jacarilla*!

Let it sound, go on, run-ea!

Let's finish with the *fandanguillo*,
the *fandanguillo* that brings joy.

Listen, listen to the *xacarilla*,
listen – if you wish to hear it.
See how tonight it comes
to the Child as if born for Him.
Pay attention, listen, take notice,
you will hear wonders.
For although it is the story of a Child,
He is so much a man when He is born,
that to speak of His deeds
is to speak of everlasting life.
Pay attention, listen,
if you want me to sing.
Listen, look, take, come through.

Verse:

Shepherd girls and shepherd lads,
listen, hear, pay attention,
for I love, esteem, and adore
the sun, the beauty, the radiance
of the Child Jesus-what grace!
He shivers, He chirps,
among the hay, among the straw,
enduring harshness and the bitterness
of snow, of frost,

del aire que el hielo engendra,
cuajando arroyos y fuentes
de plata, cristal y perlas.

of the air born from ice,
freezing streams and fountains
into silver, crystal, and pearls.

Soberana María

Soberana María, con vuestro canto,
arrullad a mi niño, no llore tanto.
Nocturnas estrellas que en dulce descanso
reposáis los cuerpos del largo cansancio.
¿Cómo a Dios eterno de dejáis llorando?
Arrullad a mi niño, no llore tanto.

Sovereign Mary, with your song,
lull my Child, may He not cry so much.
Nocturnal stars, who in sweet rest
give repose to bodies from long weariness,
how can you leave the eternal God
weeping?
Lull my Child, may He not cry so much.

Templad las escarchas del invierno helado
que el infante tierno es Rey delicado:
abrigad la Virgen entre vuestro brazos.

Soften the frost of the frozen winter,
for the tender Infant is a delicate King:
wrap the Virgin in your arms.

Coged el aljófar de los ojos claros,
mirad que es tesoro de precio tan alto,
que una gota suelda todos nuestros daños.

Gather the dew from His clear eyes,
for know that it is a treasure of such high
worth that a single drop redeems all our
sorrows.

De repiques de campanas

De repiques de campanas,
aunque hay hecho mucho ya,
le quedó algo que hacer nuevo
de Belén al sacristán.

From peals of bells,
although much has already been done,
there remained something new
for the sacristan of Bethlehem to do.

Oid zagalejos, oídme tocar.
Oid zagalejos, oídle tocar.
Al alba en María que ilustra el portal,
dan, dan, dan, dan, dan.
y a muerto en la culpa al mísero Adán.
Dilón, dylan.
Oídmе tocar,
que al ver cómo el niño le redimirá,
y en un Viernes Santo hoy nace a espirar,
mezclando el repique con el lamentar.
Din, din, din, din, dilán.
Dirán las carracas: carrá, carracrá.
Uníendose todo a un mismo compás,
a muerto, a repique, cuaresma y festejo
las voces dirán: dilindin, dilán.

Hear me, little shepherd boys, hear me play.
Hear me, little shepherd boys, hear him
play.
At dawn in Mary, who lights up the stable,
dan, dan, dan, dan, dan,
and for the sin of miserable Adam, a death
toll.
Dilón, dylan.
Hear me play,
for seeing how the Child will redeem him,
and how today, on a Good Friday, He is
born to die,
mixing the ringing with the lament.
Din, din, din, din, dilán.
The wooden clappers will say: carrá,

Esta confusión tiene novedad,
día, que en mundo la más alta hay,
como nacer hombre niño que es deidad.
Oid zagalejos, oídos tocar.

Copla:

Tocóse el alba en María,
preservada antes de Adán,
para Madre de Dios hombre,
sin la mancha original.

carracrá.

All joining together in the same rhythm:
death knell, festive peal, Lent and rejoicing
the voices will say: dilindin, dilán.

This confusion holds a novelty:
a day higher than any in the world-
such as a child being born as man, who is
also God.

Hear me, little shepherd boys, hear me
play.

Verse:

At dawn was struck in Mary,
preserved before Adam,
to be Mother of God made man,
without original sin.

Cantoría

Inés Alonso *soprano*

Carmen Callejas *soprano*

Belén Herrero *alto*

Juan Manuel Morales *alto*

Jorge Losana *tenor & conductor*

Oriol Guimerá *tenor*

Lluís Arratia *bass*

David Guitart *bass*

Jaume Gurimarc *violin I*

Sara Balasch *violin II*

Marc de la Linde *viola da gamba*

Jeremy Nastasi *theorbo*

Iñaki de la Linde *percussion*

Joan Seguí *organ*

Cantoría specialises in the performance of Iberian Renaissance and early Baroque polyphony. Their fresh, natural approach and connection with audiences have become hallmarks of their performances, as they continue to build a national and international career. They have performed in over 14 countries, bringing Renaissance music to some of Europe's most prestigious festivals. In 2024, they were ensemble-in-residence at the Festival Oude Muziek Utrecht and made their debut at Laus Polyphoniae in Antwerp and the Muziekgebouw in Amsterdam. That same year, they embarked on their first US tour and became ensemble-in-residence at the Ambronay Festival. Notable 2024 appearances also included performances at the All'Improvisato Festival in Gliwice (Poland), Brighton Early Music Festival, Castell de Peralada and the Wigmore Hall.

This year the ensemble makes its debut at internationally renowned venues such as the Concertgebouw in Amsterdam, the Salle Gaveau in Paris, and BOZAR in Brussels, further solidifying their presence on major European stages. Cantoría have been featured on major radio stations, including BBC Radio 3, France Musique, Deutschlandfunk, SWR3, Radio Clásica, Catalunya Música and Nederlandse Publieke Omroep 2. In 2024, they were named among the year's best classical music highlights by *El País* (Babelia, December 2024).

Their debut CD of *Ensaladas* by Mateo Flecha released in 2022 at the Centre Culturel d'Ambronay (France) won the *Diapason Découverte* award, the *Melómano de Oro* and the *Preis der deutschen Schallplattenkritik*. That same year, they premiered their innovative production *Lenguas Malas*, a project exploring satire and language through Spanish Renaissance music.

Founded in 2016 at the ECOS International Festival of Early Music in Sierra Espuña (Murcia) and emerging from the Escola Superior de Música de Catalunya (ESMUC) in Barcelona, Cantoría quickly gained recognition for their youthful, vibrant, and engaging performances. In 2018, they were selected for the three-year EEEmerging+ programme, winning the Audience Prize at the Ambronay Festival. Beyond performances at major early music festivals, Cantoría have performed at institutions such as the Prado Museum, the National Library of Spain and the Library of Catalonia.

In 2024, Cantoría expanded their repertoire and the number of singers, marking a significant evolution in their sound and artistic ambitions. For the first time, they have developed programmes for larger vocal ensembles and chamber orchestras—an exciting challenge embraced enthusiastically by both audiences and critics. This new format allows Cantoría to explore a broader repertoire and showcase their versatility.

Cantoría collaborates with the Spanish National Research Council (CSIC), ESMUC, Pompeu Fabra University, and the University of Murcia to promote and recover Iberian polyphonic repertoire, as well as with the Complutense Institute of Musical Sciences (ICCMU). They receive support from the National Institute of Performing Arts and Music (INAEM), the Institute of Cultural Industries and Arts of the Region of Murcia (ICARM), and the Catalan Institute of Cultural Enterprises (ICEC).

cantoriamusic.com

Jorge Losana

Jorge Losana is a singer, director, educator and cultural entrepreneur. Born in Murcia, he moved to Barcelona in 2016 and founded the vocal ensemble Cantoría. He is also the director of ECOS Festival Internacional de Música Antiga de Sierra Espuña, which every summer brings together the best young international talent in early music in the Region of Murcia, as well as the Baroque orchestra and historical music workshop of the University of Murcia.

He is frequently invited as a speaker, jury member and professor at international forums such as Early Music America, the Brighton Live Young Artists Scheme, the International Young Artist's Presentation in Antwerp, the Estella Early Music Week, and the S-Eeemerging project. He collaborates with media outlets such as Melómano Digital and Total Baroque Magazine, and has produced international recordings for labels such as Deutsche Grammophon, Carus Verlag, Ambronay Productions, and Rondeau Production.

After spending a few years as a visitor at the Hochschule für Musik und Darstellende Kunst Mannheim, he studied choral conducting at the Conservatory of Music in Murcia, music education at the University of Murcia, and classical and contemporary singing at the Escola Superior de Música de Catalunya in Barcelona, where he also specialized in historical singing through a masters degree in Early Music Performance. He completed his studies with a masters degree in advanced vocal ensemble studies at the Schola Cantorum Basiliensis in Basel.

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