CAROLS AND LULLABIES

I. OH, MI BELÉN!
OH MY BETHLEHEM, OH MY BETHLEHEM, YOUR HOUR HAS COME, BELOVED ONE.
OH MY BETHLEHEM, THE LIGHT YOU RADIATE CEASELESSLY IS LIKE A BEACON GUIDING US ON OUR JOURNEY, NIGHT AND DAY.

II. EL DESEMBRE CONGELAT
FROZEN, CONFUSED, DECEMBER RETREATS. THE WORLD ADMIRES APRIL, CROWNED WITH FLOWERS, WHEN A DIVINE BLOSSOM IS BORN IN A GARDEN OF LOVE—OF A BEAUTIFUL, FERTILE, AND BUDDING ROSE. THE FIRST FATHER BROUGHT ABOUT THE DARK NIGHT THAT CASTS A GLOOM OVER THE WORLD AND CLOUDS THE SIGHT; YET AT MIDNIGHT, THE SUN SHINES FORTH FROM A BEAUTIFUL DAWN THAT ENAMORS THE HEAVENS. THE MONTH OF MAY HAS BLOOMED—THOUGH NOT YET FULLY - INTO A PURE, WHITE LILY OF RARE FRAGRANCE, SENSED ACROSS THE GLOBE FROM EAST TO WEST, ALL SWEETNESS AND BLISS.

III. ALEGRÍA
MARY MAKES HER WAY TOWARD BETHLEHEM WITH HER BELOVED HUSBAND, ACCOMPANIED BY THE ALL-POWERFUL GOD.
JOY AND DELIGHT, FOR THE VIRGIN JOURNEYS WITH HER HUSBAND TOWARD BETHLEHEM. UPON ARRIVING IN BETHLEHEM, THEY IMMEDIATELY SOUGHT LODGING. NO ONE WOULD TAKE THEM IN, FOR THEY APPEARED SO POOR. THE LITTLE BIRDS OF THE FOREST, SEEING THE COUPLE PASS BY, SANG MELODIES TO THEM WITH THEIR HARMONIOUS TRILLS.
JOY, FOR THE VIRGIN JOURNEYS WITH HER HUSBAND TOWARD BETHLEHEM.

IV. A LA NANITA NANA
LULLABY, OH LULLABY, HUSH NOW, SLEEP. MY JESUS IS SLEEPY—BLESSED BE HE—HUSH NOW, SLEEP. LITTLE SPRING FLOWING CLEAR AND MELODIOUS; NIGHTINGALE IN THE WOODS, SINGING AS YOU WEEP. BE SILENT WHILE THE CRADLE SWAYS. HUSH NOW.
V. LAS POSADAS
DO YOU WANT ME TO TAKE YOU AWAY FROM THE STRAW? DO YOU WANT ALL THE SHEPHERDS TO ADORE YOU? HUSH NOW, LITTLE ONE; THE CHILD IS LULLED TO SLEEP. MY DEAR FATHER, MY GOD AND LORD, WHO JOYFULLY ENDURED THE BITING COLD—HUSH NOW, LITTLE CHILD; THE CHILD IS LULLED TO SLEEP.

VI. CAMPANA SOBRE CAMPANA
BELL UPON BELL, AND ONE ABOVE THE BELL. LOOK OUT THE WINDOW AND YOU WILL SEE THE CHILD IN THE CRADLE. BELLS OF BETHLEHEM, RUNG BY THE ANGELS—WHAT TIDINGS DO YOU BRING? WITH YOUR FLOCK GATHERED IN, WHERE ARE YOU GOING, LITTLE SHEPHERD? I AM GOING TO THE STABLE TO BRING FRESH CHEESE, BUTTER, AND WINE. BETHLEHEM, BELLS OF BETHLEHEM, RUNG BY THE ANGELS—WHAT TIDINGS DO YOU BRING? WHILE THE STARS STILL SHINE, SHEPHERD, WHERE DO YOU WISH TO GO? I AM GOING TO THE STABLE; PERHAPS THE CHILD WILL LET ME SLEEP BESIDE HIM. BETHLEHEM, BELLS OF BETHLEHEM, RUNG BY THE ANGELS—WHAT TIDINGS DO YOU BRING? WITH YOUR FLOCK GATHERED IN, WHERE ARE YOU GOING, LITTLE SHEPHERD? I AM GOING TO THE STABLE TO BRING FRESH CHEESE, BUTTER, AND WINE.

VII. EL BELÉN TOCAN A FUEGO
IN BETHLEHEM, A FIRE BLAZES; FLAMES LEAP FROM THE STABLE, FOR THEY SAY THE REDEEMER OF SOULS HAS BEEN BORN.
THE FISH LEAP AND DANCE IN THE RIVER; THEY LEAP AND DANCE TO SEE GOD BORN. THE FISH LEAP AND DANCE IN THE WATER; THEY LEAP AND DANCE TO SEE THE DAWN BEING BORN.

IN THE STABLE OF BETHLEHEM, A CRIMSON CARNATION WAS BORN; TO REDEEM THE WORLD, IT HAS TURNED INTO A PURPLE LILY. THE FISH LEAP AND DANCE IN THE RIVER, ETC.

THE VIRGIN WASHES SWADDLING CLOTHES AND HANGS THEM ON THE ROSEMARY BUSH; THE LITTLE BIRDS WERE SINGING, AND THE WATER WENT ALONG LAUGHING.THE FISH LEAP AND DANCE IN THE RIVER, ETC.

VIII. EL NOI DE LA MARE
WHAT WILL WE GIVE THE MOTHER'S BOY? WHAT WILL WE GIVE HIM THAT WILL TASTE GOOD? WE WILL GIVE HIM RAISINS ON A SET OF SCALES; WE WILL GIVE HIM FIGS IN A BASKET. WHAT WILL WE GIVE THE MOTHER'S BOY? WHAT WILL WE GIVE THE BEAUTIFUL LITTLE BOY? RAISINS AND FIGS, WALNUTS AND OLIVES. RAISINS AND FIGS, AND HONEY AND CURD. TAM-PA-TAN-TAM, THE FIGS ARE GREEN. TAM-PA-TAN-TAM, THEY WILL RIPEN. IF THEY DON'T RIPEN BY EASTER, THEY WILL RIPEN BY PALM SUNDAY.

IX. CHIQUIRRIQUITÍN
OH, THE TINY LITTLE ONE, NESTLED IN THE STRAW! OH, THE TINY LITTLE ONE, BELOVED OF THE SOUL! BENEATH THE ARCH OF THE HUMBLE STABLE, MARY, JOSEPH, AND THE CHILD ARE REVEALED. BETWEEN THE OX AND THE MULE, GOD IS BORN, AND IN A POOR MANGER, HE HAS BEEN LAID.

X. EL RORRO
HUSH NOW, LITTLE CHILD; GO TO SLEEP, MY LITTLE JESUS. FROM THE ELEPHANT TO THE MOSQUITO, KEEP SILENT; MAKE NO NOISE. HUSH NOW, LITTLE CHILD; GO TO SLEEP, MY LITTLE JESUS. BLESSED NIGHT, NIGHT OF JOY; BLESSED IS SWEET, DIVINE MARY; HEAVENLY CHOIRS WITH THEIR SWEET VOICES—BLISS AT THIS BIRTH.