



## Saravanda! Dances of New Spain

### Tracing the African and Mesoamerican Origins of the Sarabande and the Chaconne Texts and Translations

#### I. Puebla, New Spain, ca. 1624

The End of Matins for Christmas

##### **Xicochi conetzintle.**

Caomiz huihui joco in angelos me,  
Aleloya.

Gently sleep, little Child.  
Cry no more, for the angels are here.  
Alleluia.

##### **Eso rigor e repente<sup>1</sup>**

Juro aquí se ni yo si quito  
Que aunque naçe poco branquito  
Turu somo noso parente  
No tenemo branco grande  
Tenle primo tenle calje  
Husihe husiha para çia  
Toca negriyo tambor itiyo  
Canta parente:

That rigor suddenly, I swear  
here I do not even know if I take  
that though he is born a little white,  
He is also a relative.  
we don't have one  
either here or in the street.  
hooseehey, hoosihah, for the aunt  
play your drum, little Black!  
Sing for your relative:

##### [Estrillo]

Sarabanda tenge que tenge  
Sumbacasu, Cucumbe,  
Ese noche branco seremo  
O Jesu que risa tenemo  
O que risa Santo Tome!

Saraband, tinkay kay tinkay,  
Sumbacasu, Cucumbe,  
Tonight, we will be white!  
O Jesus, we are laughing so hard!  
O how we laugh, São Tomé!

##### [Copla]

Vamo negro de Guinea  
A lo pese britto sola  
No vamo negro de Angola  
Que saturu negla fea

Let's go, Black from Guinea!  
At least yell alone.  
We won't be Blacks from Angola  
born from an ugly Black woman.

Que remo que niño vea  
Negro pulizo y galano  
Que como san oso hermano  
Tenemo ya fantasia.

We want the child to see  
A polished and gallant Black  
That, like his brother,  
We already fancy ourselves.

Toca viyano y follia  
Baylaremos alegremente

Play the Viyano and Follia!  
We will dance cheerfully!

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<sup>1</sup> The ensemble does not endorse the coarse, racist language in these texts, but it values the African elements in the music that sets them. Please see the program notes for more information.

[Copla]

Gargantiya regranate  
Yegamo a lo siquitiyo  
Mantey ya reboçico  
Confite curubaçate

[Y] de curia te faxue  
La guante camisa  
Capisay ta de frisa  
Cañutiyo de tabaco!

Toca preso pero beyaco  
Guitarria alegremente.

[Estribillo]

Sarabanda tengo que tengo  
Sumbacasu, Cucumbe,  
Ese noche blanco seremo  
O Jesu que risa tenemo  
O que risa Santo Tome!

**A la xacara xacarilla**

De buen garbo'y lindo porte,  
Traygo por plato de corte  
siendo pasto de la villa.  
A la xacara xacarilla  
De novedad de novedades  
Aunque'a mas de mil navidades,

Que'alegra la navidad,  
Vaya, vaya de xacarilla  
Que'el altissimo se'humilla!  
Vaya, vaya, de xacara,  
Que'el amor pasa de rraya, vaya, vaya!

[Coplas]

1. Agora que con la noche  
Se suspenden nuestras penas  
Y'a pagar culpas ajenas  
Nace'un bello Benjami  
Si'el Rey me'escuchara'a mi  
O que bien cantara yo  
Como ninguno canto  
Del niño mas prodigioso.

2. Con licençia de lo hermoso,

Rejoice in your throat!  
We arrive at the place  
and keep rejoicing  
with exuberant joy.

and tuck in the shirt,  
the elegant shirt,  
step in a hurry  
out of your work!

Play your cheerful guitar  
Fast but beautifully!

Saraband, tinkay kay tinkay,  
Sumbacasu, Cucumbe,  
Tonight, we will be white!  
O Jesus, we are laughing so hard!  
O how we laugh, Saint Thomas!

To the singer, the little singer!  
With good grace and cute bearing  
I bring [it] as a courtly dish,  
The fodder of the town.  
To the dance, the little dance  
About the news of news!  
Although [it's been] more than a  
thousand Christmases,  
What a joy [this] Christmas.  
Go, go for the dance!  
That the most high humbles Himself!  
Go, go, for the dance!  
Love crosses the line, go, go!

1. Now that on this night  
Our sentences are suspended,  
And to pay for someone else's sins,  
A beautiful Benjamin is born.  
If the King would listen to me,  
O, how well I would sing.  
I sing like no one else  
of the most prodigious child.

2. With license from the beautiful One,

Rayos desembayma'ardientes.  
Escuchen me los valientes  
esta verdadera' historia  
Que' al fin se canta la gloria  
Y' a' el la cantan al naçer  
General se vio' el plaçer  
Quel velo' a la tierra' embia.

3. Que' en los ojos de Maria  
Madrugaba' un claro sol  
Con celestial arrebol  
Mostro la' aurora mas pura  
Muchos siglos de' hermosura  
En pocos años de hedad  
Sino sol era deidad  
Y' el sol es quien la' avestido.

[Estrillo]

A la xacara xacarilla  
De buen garbo' y lindo porte,  
Traygo por plato de corte  
siendo pasto de la villa.  
A la xacara xacarilla  
De novedad de novedades  
Aunque' a mas de mil navidades,

Que' alegra la navidad,  
Vaya, vaya de xacarilla  
Que' el altissimo se' humilla!  
Vaya, vaya, de xacara,  
Que' el amor pasa de rraya, vaya, vaya!

**Dame albrïa mano Anton**

Que Jesu nace en Guinea!  
Quien lo pari?  
Una lunçuya y un viejo su pagre son.  
Yebamo le culaçion, yegamo aya!  
¡Que ese cosa me panta!  
He he, y como que yegare y mirare  
Ha ha, y como que yegara y lo mirara.

[Estrillo]

Y turu lo negro lo bayara!

[Coplas]

Su magre sacomo treya;

Lightning strikes and burns me.  
The brave listen to me,  
This true story,  
That at last sings the glory,  
And they sing it at [the] birth,  
And pleasure was seen by all  
That the veil sends to the earth.

What is in Mary's eyes [is]  
A bright sun [that] rose early  
With a heavenly glow  
Showing the purest dawn,  
Many centuries of beauty  
In a few years of age;  
But the sun was the Godhead,  
And it was the sun who vested her.

To the singer, the little singer!  
With good grace and cute bearing  
I bring [it] as a courtly dish,  
The fodder of the town.  
To the dance, the little dance  
About the news of news!  
Although it's been more than a  
thousand Christmases,  
What a joy [this] Christmas.  
Go, go for the dance!  
That the most high humbles Himself!  
Go, go, for the dance!  
Love crosses the line, go, go!

Be joyful, brother Anton,  
That Jesus was born in Guinea!  
Who gave birth to him?  
A Virgin and an old man are his parents.  
Let's bring him candles; let's go there!  
That's what excites me!  
Heh heh! And that's how we'll go and look.  
Ha ha! And that's how we'll arrive and  
behold him.

And all the Black people will dance for  
Him!

His mother is like a star;

Ya lo niño parindero,  
Cumulo y orandero  
Las mi guitaída eya!

Ya bullimos pie por beya;

Yegamo aya!  
Que ese cosa me panta!  
He he, y como que yegare y mirare

[Estríbillo]

Y turu lo negro lo bayara!

[Copla]

Turu negroco gayero  
Subi luego locagaya!  
Ye bemole asi su un sayo  
Unas panas y un sombrero.

Yo quere mira primero!  
Yegamo aya!  
Que ese cosa me panta!  
He he, y como que yegare y mirare

[Estríbillo]

Y turu lo negro lo bayara!

**Te Deum laudámus:**

Te Dominum confitémur.  
[Chant] Te ætérnum Patrem  
Omnis terra venerátur.  
[Polyphony] Tibi omnes Angeli;  
Tibi coeli et univérsae potestátes.  
[Chant] Tibi Chérubim et Séraphim  
Incessábili voce proclámant:  
[Polyphony] Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus,  
Dóminus Deus Sábaoth.  
[Chant] Pleni sunt coeli et terra  
Majestátis glóriæ tuæ.  
[Polyphony] Te gloriósus;  
Apostolórum chorus  
[Chant] Te Prophetárum  
Laudábilis número;  
[Polyphony] Te Mártyrum candidátus  
Laudat exércitus.  
[Chant] Te per orbem terrárum

Already, the newborn baby  
Is like a modest and holy one.  
I have my little guitar now!

We are already hurrying our feet to  
dance;

Let's go there!  
That's what excites me!  
Heh heh! And that's how we'll go and look.

And all the Black people will dance for  
Him!

All the Black people in high spirits  
Now raise up great celebration!  
Soft and smooth as velvet  
Are his pants and hat.

I want to see him first!  
Let's go there!  
That's what excites me!  
Heh heh! And that's how we'll go and look.

And all the Black people will dance for  
Him!

We praise thee, O God:  
We acknowledge thee to be the Lord.  
All the earth doth worship thee,  
The Father everlasting.  
To thee all Angels cry aloud:  
The Heavens, and all the powers therein.  
To thee Cherubim and Seraphim  
Continually do cry:  
Holy, Holy, Holy,  
Lord God of power and might.  
Heaven and earth are full  
Of the majesty of thy glory.  
The glorious company  
Of the Apostles praise thee.  
The goodly fellowship of the  
Prophets praise thee.  
The noble army of Martyrs  
Praise thee.  
The holy Church throughout all

Sancta confitétur Ecclésia:  
 [Polyphony] Patrem imménsæ majestátis;  
 [Chant] Venerándum tuum verum  
 Et únicum Fílium;  
 [Polyphony] Sanctum quoque Paráclitum Spíritum.  
 [Chant] Tu Rex glóriæ, Christe.  
 [Polyphony] Tu Patris sempitérnus es Fílius.  
 [Chant] Tu ad liberándum  
 Susceptúrus hóminem,  
 Non horruísti Vírginis úterum.  
 [Polyphony] Tu, devícto mortis acúleo,  
 Aperuísti credéntibus regna coelórum.

[Chant] Tu ad dexteram Dei sedes,  
 In glória Patris.  
 [Polyphony] Judex créderis esse ventúrus.

Te ergo quæsumus,  
 Tuis fámulis súbveni,  
 Quos pretiósó sángine redemísti.

[Chant] ÆtéRNA fac cum sanctis tuis  
 In glória numerári.  
 [Polyphony] Salvum fac pópulum tuum, Dómine,  
 Et bénedic hæreditáti tuæ.  
 [Chant] Et rege eos,  
 Et extólle illos usque in ætérnum.  
 [Polyphony] Per síngulos díes benedícimus te.  
 [Chant] Et laudámus nomen tuum in sæculum,  
 Et in sæculum sæculi.  
 [Polyphony] Dignáre, Dómine, die isto  
 Sine peccáto nos custodíre.  
 [Chant] Miserére nostri, Dómine,  
 Miserére nostri.  
 [Polyphony] Fiat misericórdia tua,  
 Dómine, super nos,  
 Quemádmódu[m] sperávimus in te.  
 [Chant] In te, Dómine, sperávi:  
 Non confúndar in ætérnum.

The world doth acknowledge thee:  
 The Father of an infinite Majesty;  
 Thine honourable, true,  
 And only Son;  
 Also the Holy Ghost, the Comforter.  
 Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ;  
 Thou the everlasting Son of the Father.  
 When thou tookest upon thee  
 To deliver man, thou didst not  
 Abhor the Virgin's womb.  
 Having overcome the sharpness of death,  
 Thou didst open the Kingdom of  
 Heaven to all believers.  
 Thou sittest at the right hand of  
 God in the glory of the Father.  
 We believe that thou shalt come to be  
 our Judge.

We therefore pray thee,  
 Help thy servants,  
 Whom thou hast redeemed with thy  
 precious blood.  
 Make them to be numbered with  
 Thy Saints in glory everlasting.  
 O Lord, save thy people  
 And bless thine heritage.  
 Govern them  
 And lift them up for ever.  
 Day by day, we magnify thee;  
 And we worship thy name ever,  
 World without end.  
 Vouchsafe, O Lord,  
 To keep us this day without sin.  
 O Lord, have mercy upon us;  
 Have mercy upon us.  
 O Lord, let thy mercy  
 Lighten upon us,  
 As our trust is in thee.  
 O Lord, in thee have I trusted;  
 Let me never be confounded.

## II. Early History of the Sarabande

### Saravanda española muy facil

Andale, zarabanda,  
 Que el amor te lo manda.  
 La zarabanda esta presa

Come, sarabande,  
 As love demands.  
 The sarabande is the prize

De amores, de'un licenciado.  
Andale, zarabanda,  
Que el amor te lo manda.

Of lovers, of a scholar.  
Come, sarabande,  
As love demands.

Toma el licor, niña,  
Toma del quello de mi redoma.  
Tomalo, vida mia,  
Con prestesa y alegria.  
Toma el licor, niña,  
Toma del quello de mi redoma.

Take the liquor, girl;  
Take the rest of my vial.  
Take it, my life,  
With eagerness and joy,  
Take the liquor, girl;  
Take the rest of my vial.

[Aria di saravanda in varie partite] [Two Sarabandes from the Ballet de Monseigneur de Navarre]

**Cloris, veux tu savoir**

L'effet de ton pouvoir?  
Cléante nuit et jour  
Brûle d'amour.  
C'est luy qui plein de foy  
Dedans son âme  
Chérit le flame  
Qu'il nourrit pour toy.

Cloris, do you want to know  
The effect of your power?  
Cléante burns with love  
Night and day.  
It is he who is full of faith;  
Within his soul,  
He cherishes the flame  
That he nourishes for you.

Prends garde que ses yeux  
Plus brillants que les cieux  
Vont perdre leur clairté  
Pour ta beauté.  
Tu lis sa passion  
Dans son visage  
Vivante image  
De l'affection.

Beware, lest his eyes,  
More brilliant than the skies,  
Could lose their clarity  
Because of your beauty.  
You read his passion  
On his face,  
The living image  
Of affection.

Les soupirs et les pleurs,  
Témoins de ses douleurs,  
Finiront-ils ses jours  
Sans ton secours?  
Faut-il que les appas  
D'une inhumaine,  
Oltre la peine,  
Donnent le trespas?

Will the sighs and the tears,  
Proof of his pains,  
End his days  
Without your help?  
Must the charms  
Of a heartless woman,  
In addition to pain,  
Cause his death?

[Premiere Air des Espagnols] [Sarabande from Sonata in F Major]

### III. Early History of the Chaconne

**O vezzosetta dalla chioma d'oro**  
Dolce ristoro d'ogni mio tormento

O charming one with the golden hair,  
Sweet relief from all my torment,

Dhè fa contento il mio grave martire  
O Vezzosetta non mi far morire

O ritrossetta ch'hai sì bello il seno  
Dhe fa sereno il mio dolente stato  
E fa felice il mio grave martire  
O ritrossetta non mi far morire!

O giovanetta dalla bella mano  
Non far ch'in vano spenda la mia fede  
Ma dà mercede al mio grave martire  
O Giovanetta non mi far morire!

O Sdegnosetta ch'hai sì crudo il core  
O mai d'ardore il tuo bel seno accendi

E dolce rendi il mio grave martire  
O Sdegnosetta non mi far morire!

O bella figlia dal soave rio  
Voglimi il viso, ormai dolce, e pietoso

E da riposo al mio grave martire  
O Bella figlia non mi far morire!

**Acceso mio core,**

Dhe fuggi l'ardore  
Di questa crudele,  
Di questa infedele.

Se li dici che l'ami  
Si fa sorda e si ride  
Che farai, cor dolente?  
Morrai sicuramente.

No, no, no, non vò più'amare,  
Poiche sempre io a penare.

Tu vedi, Cor mio,  
Che spento è 'l desio  
E morta è la fede,  
D'haver tua mercede.  
O se parli, ò sospiri  
Non odirti si finge  
E se mostri 'i martiri  
Di duol le guancie tinge

Ah, make my martyr's grave happy!  
O charming one, don't let me die!

O little girl who has such beautiful breasts,  
Ah, give serenity to my painful state,  
And make my martyr's grave happy;  
O little girl, don't let me die!

O young girl with a beautiful hand,  
Don't let me spend my faith in vain,  
But reward my martyr's grave;  
O young girl, don't let me die!

O disdainful girl whose heart is so raw,  
O never enflame your beautiful breast with  
passion,

And make martyr's grave sweet;  
O disdainful girl, don't let me die!

O beautiful daughter of the sweet stream,  
Turn your face, now sweet and  
compassionate, to me,

And give rest to my martyr's grave;  
O beautiful daughter, don't let me die!

Afire is my heart.  
Ah, flee the ardor  
Of this cruel one,  
Of this unfaithful one.

If you say that you love her,  
She becomes deaf and she laughs.  
What will you do, painful heart?  
You will surely die.

No, no, no, I don't want to love anymore,  
Because I'm always suffering.

You see, my heart,  
How dull the desire is,  
And faith is dead,  
To have your reward.  
Or if you speak, or sigh,  
Don't debase yourself; pretend.  
And show the martyrs  
That your cheeks are tinged with pain.

No, no, no, non vò più'amare,  
Poiche sempre o a penare.

No, no, no, I don't want to love anymore,  
Because I'm always suffering.

**Zefiro torna** e di soavi accenti  
L'aer fa grato e' il pié discioglie a l'onde  
E, mormoranda tra le verdi fronde,  
Fa danzar al bel suon su'l prato I fiori.

Return, O Zephyr, and with gentle motion  
Make pleasant the air and move the grasses in waves,  
And murmuring among the green branches  
Make the flowers in the field dance to your sweet sound.

Inghirlandato il crin Fillide e Clori  
Note temprando lor care e gioconde;  
E da monti e da valli ime e profonde  
Raddoppian l'armonia gli antri canori.  
Sorge più vaga in ciel l'aurora, e'l sole,  
Sparge più luci d'or; più puro argento  
fregia di Teti il bel ceruleo manto.

Crown with a garland the heads of Phylla and Chloris  
With notes tempered by love and joy,  
And from mountains and valleys high and deep,  
And sonorous caves that echo in harmony.  
The dawn rises eagerly into the heavens, and the sun  
Scatters rays of gold, and of the purest silver,  
Like embroidery on the cerulean mantle of Thetis.

Sol io, per selve abbandonate e sole,  
l'ardor di due begli occhi e'l mio tormento,  
vuol mia ventura, hor piango, hor canto.

But I, in abandoned forests, am alone.  
The ardor of two beautiful eyes is my torment. Come  
As my fate wills it, now I weep; now I sing.

[Diverse bizzarrie sopra la Vecchia Sarabanda o pur Ciaccona] [Chaconne from *Phaëton*]  
[Chaconne en rondeau]

**Un sarao de la chacona**  
Se'hizo'el mes de las rosas  
Huvo millares de cosas  
Y la fama lo pregona

A chaconne soirée  
Was given in the month of roses.  
There were a thousand reasons,  
And fame proclaims it.

[Estribillo]  
A la vida vidita bona  
Vida, vamonos a chacona!

To the good life!  
Let's go dance the chaconne.

[Copla]  
Porque se caso Almadán?  
Se hizo un bravo sarao.  
Dançaron hijas de'Anao  
Y los nietos de Milán.  
Un suegro de don Beltrán  
Y una cuñada de Orfeo  
Conmençaron un guineo  
Y a cabolo un amaçona  
Y la fama lo pregona

Why did Almadán marry?  
There was an incredible party.  
Anao's daughters danced,  
and Milan's grandchildren.  
One of Don Beltrán's fathers-in-law  
And Orpheus's sister-in-law started  
Then a Guinean,  
And finally an Amazonian,  
And fame proclaims it.

[Estribillo]  
A la vida vidita bona

To the good life!

Vida vamonos a chacona!

[Copla]

Salio la caga lagarda  
Con la muger del enclenque  
Y de camora el palenque  
Con la pastora Lisarda  
La mezuquina donna albarda  
Treppe con pasta Gonzalo  
Y un ciego dio con un palo  
Tras de la braga lindona.  
y la fama lo pregona

[Estribillo]

A la vida vidita bona  
vida vamonos a chacona!

[Copla]

Salio en medico galeno  
Con capines y corales  
Y cargado de atabales  
El manto Diego moreno  
El engannador vierno  
Salio tras la traga malla  
Y la manta de cazalla  
Con una moica de arjona  
Y la fama lo pregona

[Copla]

A la vida vidita bona  
vida vamonos a chacona!  
Salio Ganasa y Cisneros  
Con sus barbas chamuscadas  
Y dandose bosetadas  
Ana Jarte y oliberos  
Con un sartal de torteros  
Salio Esculapio el doctor

Y la madre del Amor  
Puesta ala le y de Bayona  
y la fama lo pregona

[Estribillo]

A la vida vidita bona  
vida vamonos a chacona!

Let's go dance the chaconne!

Then the shitty hag came out  
With the wife of the puny guy  
And the sounds of trouble  
With the shepherdess Lisarda.  
The stingy Donna Albarda  
Climbs with pastor Gonzalo  
And hits a blind man with a stick  
Behind the short ridge.  
And fame proclaims it.

To the good life  
Let's go dance the chaconne!

He came out as a physician  
With cabins and chorales,  
And loaded with drums,  
The cloak of Diego the dark,  
The deceptive winter!  
He came out after swallowing the net  
And the hunting blanket  
With a Mojica from Arjona.  
And fame proclaims it.

To the good life  
Let's go dance the chaconne!  
Ganasa and Cisneros came out  
With their singed beards  
And slapping each other,  
Ana Jarte and olive trees,  
With a string of little discs.  
Esculapio the doctor came out

And the mother of love  
Setting wing and from Bayonne  
And fame proclaims it.

To the good life  
Let's go dance the chaconne!

[Copla]

Salio la Raza y la Traza  
Todas tomadas de orin  
Y danzando un matachin  
El Ñafe y la Viaroza  
Entre la raza y la traza  
Se levanto tan grad lid  
Que fue menester que el zid  
Que baylase una chacona  
y la fama lo pregona

[Estribillo]

A la vida vidita bona  
vida vamonos a chacona!

[Copla]

Salio una carga de Aloé  
Con todas sus sabindiias  
Luego bendiendo ale lixas  
Salio grolla en un pié  
Un Africano sinse e  
Un negro y una gitana  
Cantando a la dina dana  
Y el negro la dina dona  
y la fama lo pregona

[Estribillo]

A la vida vidita bona  
vida vamonos a chacona!

[Copla]

Entraorn treynta domingos  
Con veinte lunes a cuestras  
Y cargo con eis zestas  
Un Aluo dando Respingos  
Juana contingo lo mingos  
Salio las bragas enjutas  
Y mas de quarenteas putas  
Huyendo de Barzelona  
y la fama lo pregona

[Estribillo]

A la vida vidita bona  
vida vamonos a chacona!

The Race and the Trace came out  
All of the piss was out of them  
And they were dancing a Matachin,  
The Ñafe and the Viaroza.  
Between the Race and Trace  
He woke up so happy  
That it was necessary for El Sid.  
Let him dance a chaconne!  
And fame proclaims it.

To the good life  
Let's go dance the chaconne!

A load of aloe came out  
With all its wisdom;  
Then blessing Ale Lixas,  
A crane came out on one foot,  
An African man is without himself,  
A Black man and a gypsy,  
Singing to the Dina Dana,  
And the Black man, the Dina Dona  
And fame proclaims it.

To the good life  
Let's go dance the chaconne!

Enter thirty Sundays  
With twenty Mondays in tow  
And I take eight siestas  
A stunning luxury.  
Juana contains the boys  
The skinny underclothes  
And more than forty whores  
Fleeing from Barcelona  
And fame proclaims it.

To the good life  
Let's go dance the chaconne!