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Folk Cycle in a Spanish New Mexican Village: Customs and Ceremonies of Birth, Marriage, and Death

Salvador Perez

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FOLK CYCLE IN A SPANISH NEW MEXICAN VILLAGE

Customs and Ceremonies

of

Birth, Marriage, and Death

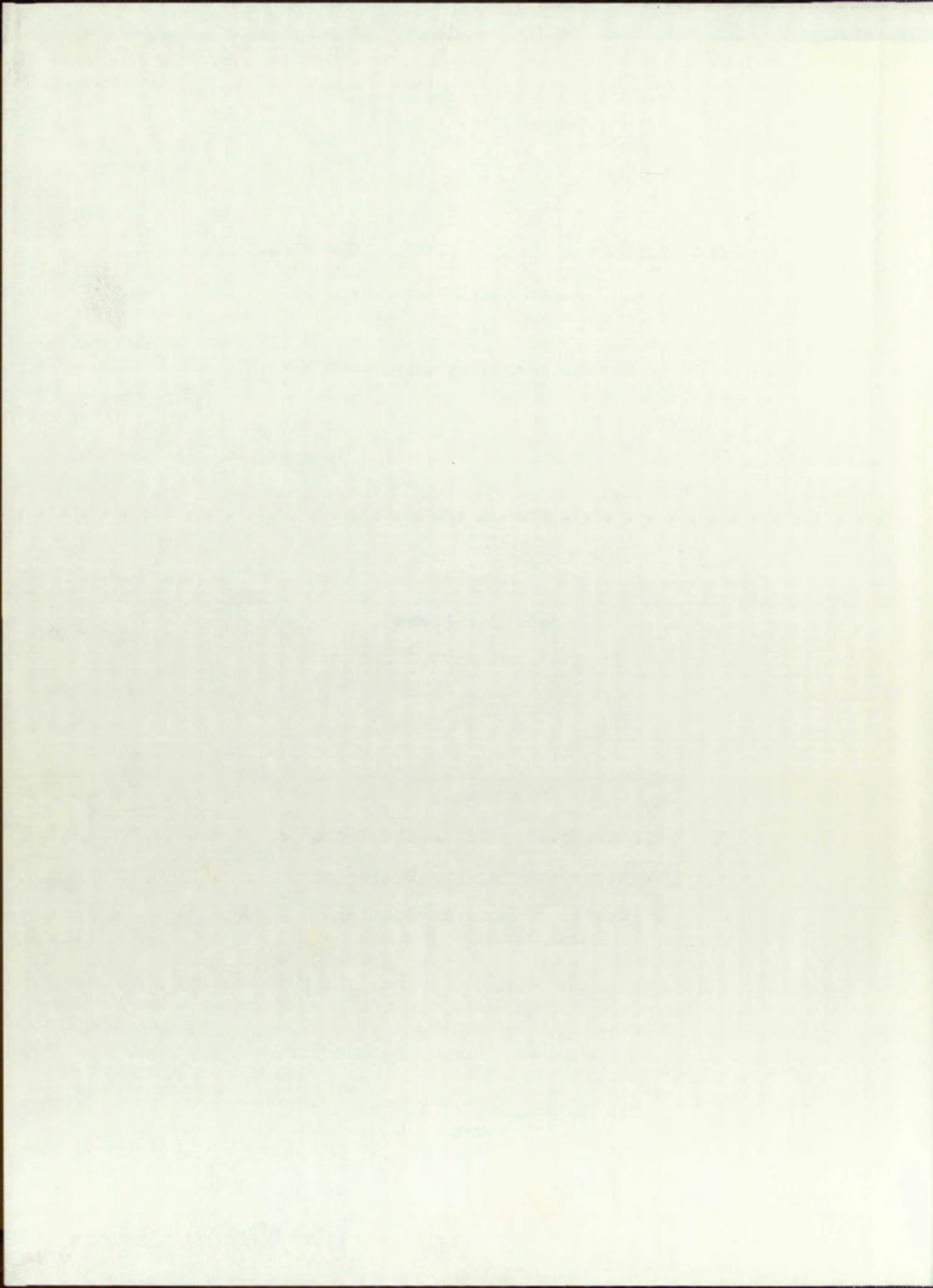
By

Salvador Perez

A Thesis

In partial fulfillment of the
Requirements for the Degree of
Master of Arts in Spanish

The University of New Mexico
1949



This thesis, directed and approved by the candidate's committee, has been accepted by the Graduate Committee of the University of New Mexico in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of

MASTER OF ARTS

E. Castetter
DEAN

Aug. 1, 1949
DATE

FOLK CYCLE IN A SPANISH NEW MEXICAN VILLAGE

CUSTOMS AND CEREMONIES

OF

BIRTH, MARRIAGE, AND DEATH

BY

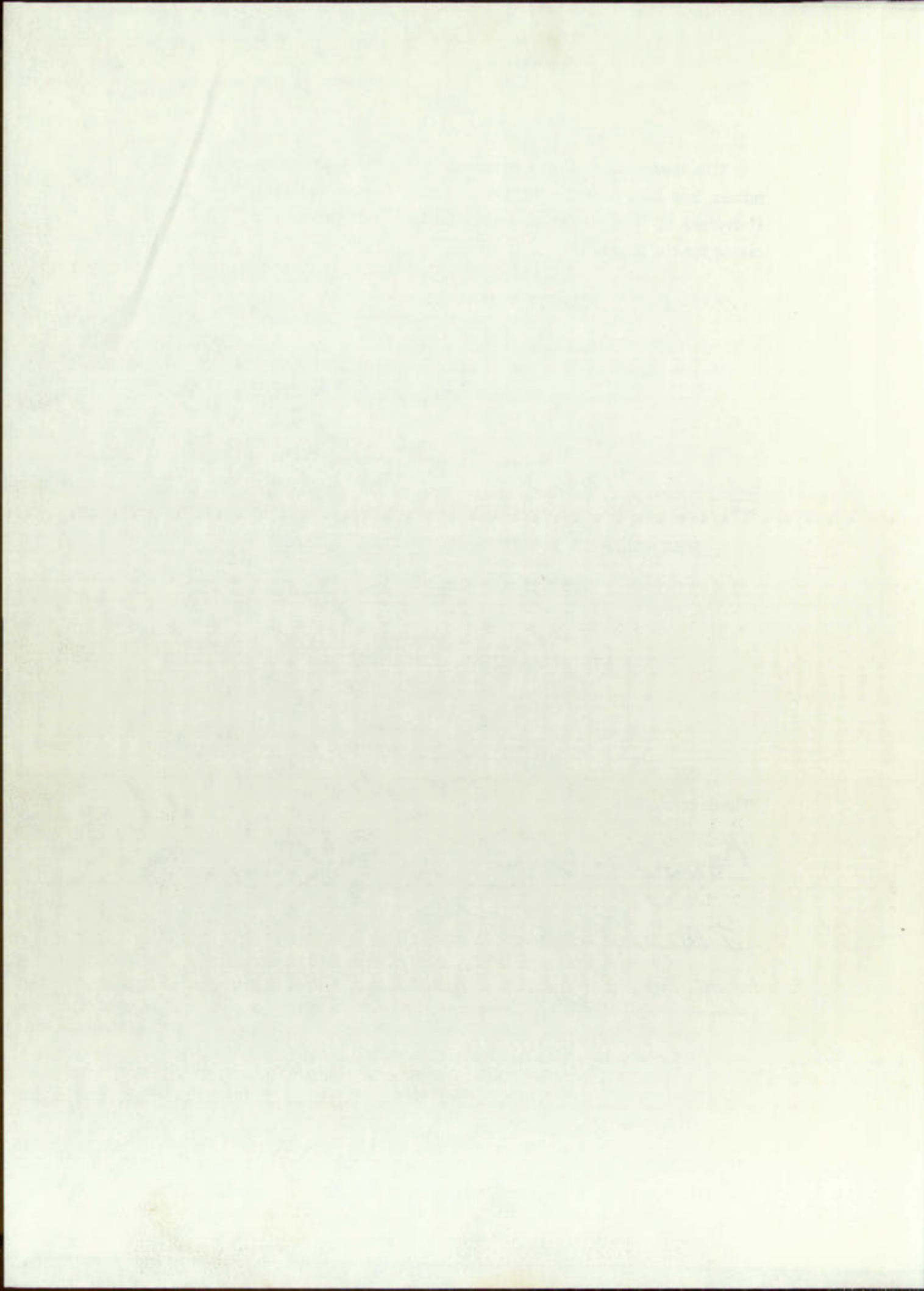
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CHAPTER I

THE PROBLEM AND DEFINITIONS OF TERMS USED

The Spanish American village of Chimayo is in the northern part of Santa Fe county. Nestling in the foothills of the eastern slope of the Sangre de Cristo (Blood of Christ) range. The valley farm land is watered by the Santa Cruz river, and it grows chile, beans, melons, corn, garden vegetables, apricots, apples, plums, and enjoys a proverbial immunity from killing frost although it has an altitude of 6,872 feet.

Chimayo derives its name from the Tewa Indian Tsimajo,¹ meaning 'flaking stone of superior quality', although such stone is not existent in this vicinity. The Indians say that Chimayo used to be a Tewa Indian Pueblo, then called Tsimajo (onwi 'pueblo'). This pueblo was situated where the church now is, there used to be a pool, called Tsimajo pokwi (pokwi 'pool').² The earth or mud of this pool is thought to have healing properties. Dr. Hewett furnishes the following information about Chimayo:

¹John Peabody Harrington, The Ethnogeography of the Tewa Indians (29th Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology 1907-'08. Washington, D. C.: Government Printing Office, 1916), p. 341.

²Ibid., p. 342.

Chimayo was originally an Indian pueblo, a pueblo of blanket weavers. There is a famous old shrine at the place. It was originally an Indian shrine. After the pueblo became Mexicanized a church was built by the shrine and pilgrimages were made to the shrine from all over the Southwest. The church built at the shrine is in the custodianship of the people of purest Indian descent. In a grotto is the curative earth. Boards in the floor are taken up in order to get at the earth. People used to carry the earth away with them. Articles of silver, brass, and glass were deposited at the place. The earth was consecrated.³

Elements of Catholic and secular customs and practices are most abundantly present as part of popular practice in all the community of Chimayo. This is in large due to the fact that the Spanish people retain the effect of instructions received generations ago from the priests and from their ancestors. The customs and practices may take the form of religious or secular festivals or fiestas. This constitutes a large part of the Chimayo folklore.

La ciencia del folklore es aquel ramo del saber humano que recoge, clasifica y estudia con criterio científico los materiales del saber popular en su sentido más amplio para interpretar, en cuanto sea posible, la vida y el alma de los pueblos a través de los siglos. Su principal objeto es estudiar para la ciencia las creencias, las costumbres, los cuentos, los cantos, las adivinanzas y refranes populares, y todos los demás materiales y noticias que se conservan entre las gentes humildes e incultas. La ciencia del folklore estudia también las costumbres y ritos relativos a la vida material y espiritual del hombre, como la religión, la muerte,

³Ibid., p. 342 See Chapter V, page 66 for comment upon "people of purest Indian descent."

las enfermedades, los hechizos y brujerías, las fiestas guerreras y religiosas, el matrimonio, etc. El folklore abarca, por consiguiente todos los asuntos que constituyen el saber popular, distinto de la ciencia técnica. De manera que la mejor y breve definición que podíamos dar del folklore es la siguiente: El folklore es la expresión directa y verdadera de la psicología del hombre primitivo.⁴

The inhabitants of Chimayo are famous for the beautiful blankets which they weave. Sarapes or Chimayo blankets, as they are called are among the most colorful and attractive blankets made in New Mexico. Sarapes are woven everywhere in the little village on upright looms. Although they tend to have the same color combinations, but no two are of the same design. Despite this fact, those familiar with the blankets can recognize them by the weave and by minor details of design.

I. THE PROBLEM

Statement of the problem. It is the purpose of this study to investigate the trends of the Spanish customs and practices in the community of Chimayo. Included are elements known as: birth, marriage, fiestas and death.

Delimitations of the problem. In view of the fact

⁴Aurelio M. Espinosa, La Ciencia del folklore Habana, 1929. p. 16. The view-point of folklorists in recent years has broadened to include popular ways of thought and traditional psychology in all classes of society as well as the primitive. For this study (which deals with a rural and somewhat primitive group), prof. Espinosa's definition has been taken.

that Chimayo is typically rural Spanish, the study is limited to this region only. In this study no attempt is made to analyze the culture into the details of its historical components. This work tends only to offer a study of customs and rituals used in this community.

Importance of the study. The study of the customs and practices is no longer a novelty, as many have claimed. It is, rather, a field that has been explored by such reliable investigators as Dr. Ralph Steele Boggs, Arthur L. Campa, Aurelio M. Espinosa, Juan Rael and others. This field represents the every day philosophy and beliefs of the Spanish people.

II. DEFINITIONS OF TERMS USED

Birth. Birth is an act or fact of coming into life, or of being born; also, act of bringing forth. Origin; beginning.⁵ As the term is developed here it embodies the ritual of preparation, supervision, and celebration of the fact of giving life.

Marriage. The state, status, or mutual relation of husband and wife; marriage is a religious ceremony for the purpose of giving church sanction to the union of man and woman in wedlock. Here the occasion is found for merry-making and dance which may continue indefinitely.⁶

⁵Noah Webster, Webster Collegiate Dictionary (Springfield, Mass: G. and C. Merriam Co, 1920), p. 104.

⁶Ibid., p. 601.

that Chinese is typically a very young people, the study is limited to this region only. In this study no attempt is made to explain the culture from the material of the historical documents. This work tends only to offer a study of customs and beliefs as they are in this community.

Importance of the study. The study of the customs and practices is no longer a novelty, as many have claimed. It is, rather, a field that has been explored by such well-known investigators as Dr. Hilda Sabato, Robert, Arthur, J. Gump, and others. This field represents the early day ethnology and beliefs of the Spanish people.

III. DEFINITION OF TERMS USED

Birth. Birth is an act of coming into life, or of being born; also, act of bringing forth. It is the beginning of the life as the body is developed from it and the initial of propagation, sustenance, and education of the race of living life.

Marriage. The union, sexual, or mutual relation of husband and wife; marriage is a religious ceremony for the purpose of giving sacred sanction to the union of man and woman in wedlock. Here the sanction is found for matrimony and hence sacred and religiously.

¹When we speak of the study of the customs and practices of the Spanish people, we mean the study of the customs and practices of the Spanish people in this community.

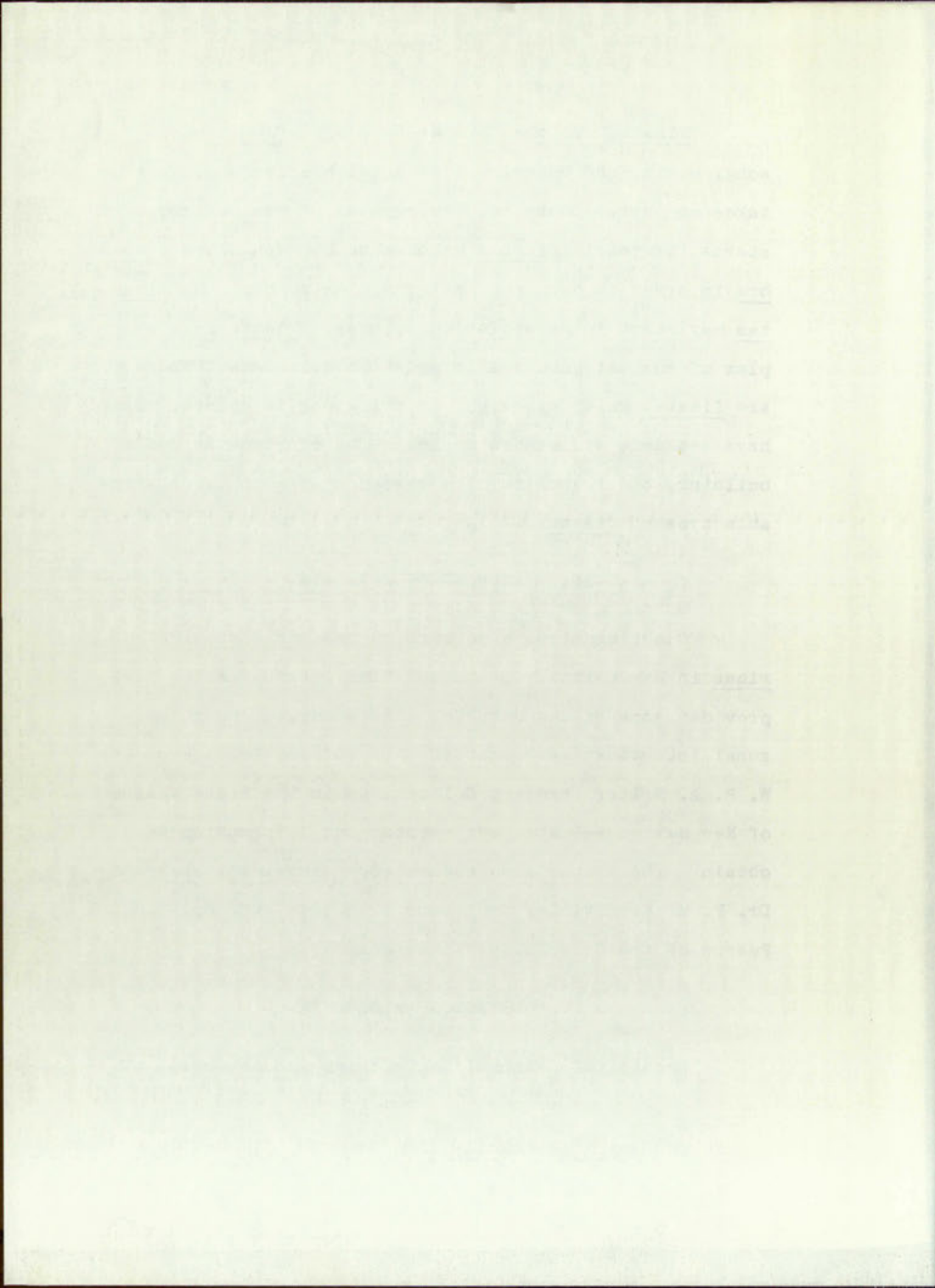
Fiesta. To the Spaniard the word fiesta means song, music, and dance. It is a celebration where sorrow takes no part. Santa Fe, the capital of New Mexico, starts its yearly fiestas by burning Old Man Gloom Zozobra in order to burn away all troubles so that the fiestas may start in gaiety and happiness. Fiesta is a complex of customs gathered in order to celebrate. There are fiestas which are civil or religious in nature. Some have set date and others do not. The constructing of a building, the launching of a vessel belong to the changeable type of fiesta.

III. SOURCES OF THE DATA

Questionnaires were sent to the Sociedades Folklóricas in New Mexico. Responses from these agencies have provided some of the data for this study, although personal interviews gave most of this information. From the W. P. A. Writers Project Collections in the State Museum of New Mexico valuable suggestions and information was obtain. The writer also acknowledges invaluable help of Dr. F. M. Kerchville, professor R. Sender and, Dr. T. M. Pearce of the University of New Mexico.

IV. METHOD OF PROCEDURE

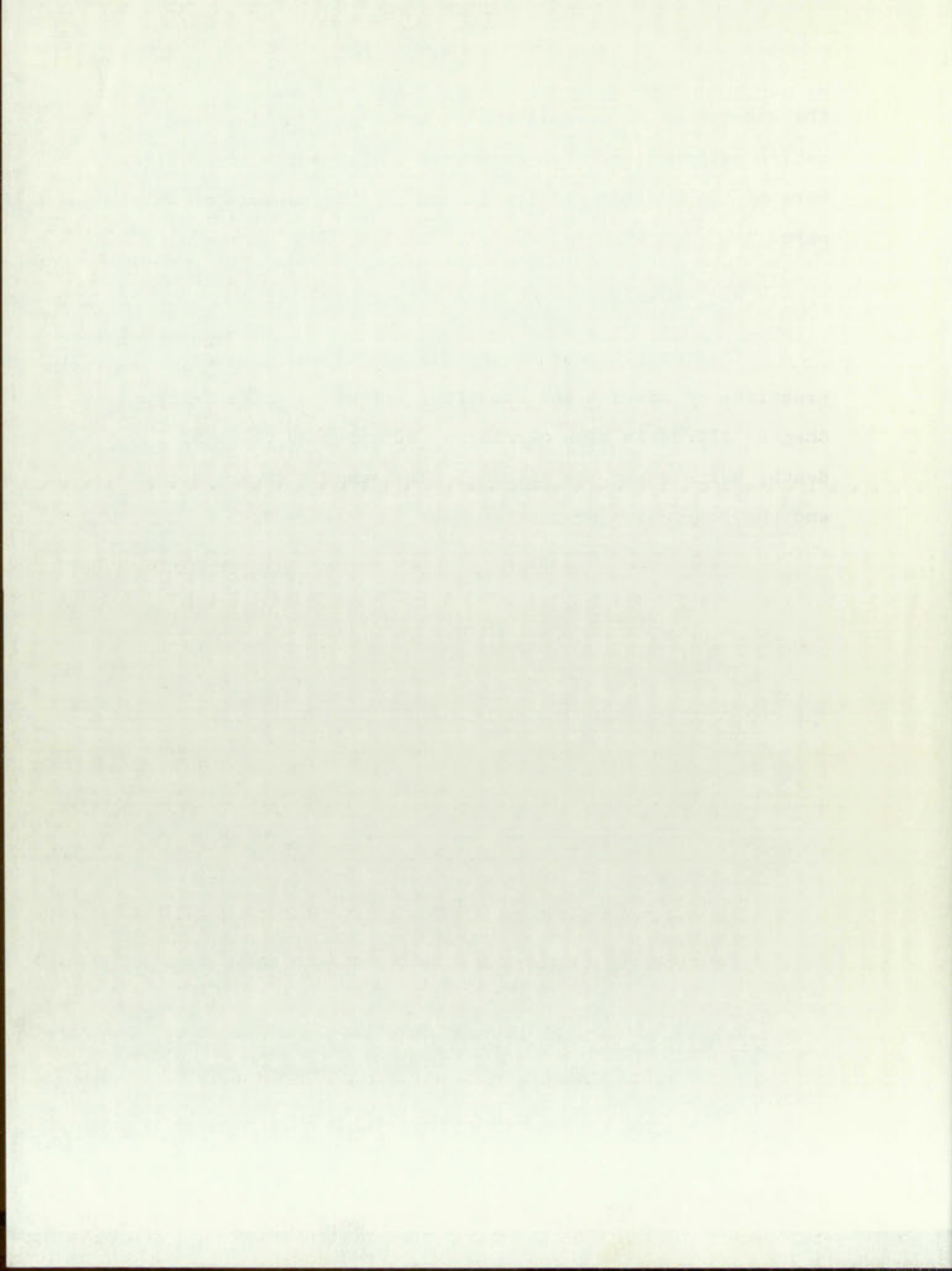
Records of personal conferences and materials of



the questionnaire were assembled and filed. All information gathered was then organized to present a clear picture of the customs and traditions of the folklore of Chimayo.

V. ORGANIZATION OF REMAINDER OF THE STUDY

Chapter II presents the historical and popular practices of customs and traditions of birth and infancy. Chapter III deals with marriages. Chapter IV tells of death, burials and the alabado. The summary of the study and the conclusion arrived at make up Chapter V.



CHAPTER II

BIRTH AND INFANCY

There is no end to the precaution which must be taken by an expectant mother and no condition is more perilous than that of a woman with child. The women of Chimayo as a rule, take very good care of themselves during pregnancy. They interrupt their daily routine of work not only for the time necessary to give birth, but throughout the period of pregnancy.

The midwife, or curandera,⁷ as she is called, gives the expectant mother care and advice. She advises the expectant mother not to overwork, not to lift heavy objects, to be careful not to fall or to get angry, and to take daily walks, not to sleep near a window where the moonlight would shine upon her, for fear that the baby would be marked or born with out a hand or a foot, or with some other important member of its body missing, eaten by the moon. During an eclipse of the moon she should wear a bunch of keys tied to her waist, otherwise she must remain indoors to avoid a bad effect upon her unborn child.

⁷Partera is another name given in Spanish to the midwife in Chimayo.

CHAPTER II

SIXTH AND SEVENTH

There is no end to the preparation which must be

taken up an expectant mother and no condition is more

perilous than that of a woman with child. The woman of

Colony as a rule, takes very good care of themselves dur-

ing pregnancy. They observe their daily routine of

work not only for the time necessary to give birth, but

throughout the period of pregnancy.

The midwife, or *matrona*, as she is called, gives

the expectant mother care and advice. She advises the

expectant mother not to overwork, and to take every op-

portunity to be careful not to fall or to get hurt, and to

take every precaution not to step near a window where the

moonlight might shine upon her, for fear that the baby

would be marked or born with out a hand or a foot, or

with some other important member of her body missing.

Even by the moon. During an eclipse of the moon she

should wear a bunch of keys tied to her waist, otherwise

she will remain indoors to avoid a bad effect upon her

unborn child.

There is another name given in Spanish to the

midwife in Colony.

In Chimayo, sex of the baby is unimportant. Usually the expectant mother will want a baby girl, and if it's a boy, the father will be more than pleased. The mother should be at home and in bed in order to assure an easy and safe delivery. She is advised of this fact by the midwife beforehand. Those who help in the delivery are close friends and relatives. The father remains at home and willing to help if needed. Medicines used are few. The mother is massaged with olive oil to keep the foetus in the right position. Besides, the mother is given sweet water to drink, either before or after delivery. If there is no curandera, some experienced women may help, encouraging the patient and applying pressure at the waist or abdomen. Much of the work has to come from the patient herself through child-birth effort. After the baby is born it is given a bath with olive oil. The umbilical cord is never thrown away but is generally buried. This is done more as a mark of respect rather than a formal rite.

The child after it is bathed in oil, is brought to the mother for nursing. Formerly, it was customary in Chimayo for the mother to stay in bed for thirty days, and not until she was active once more could they baptize the child and celebrate the occasion.⁸ At present, however,

⁸The ancient custom of baptism is still preserved in Chimayo. The child is baptized in the Catholic church except in the event of it being mortally ill, when it is sprinkled with water in the home.

In China, sex of the baby is unimportant. Usually
if the expectant mother will want a baby girl, and if it's
a boy, the father will be more than pleased. The mother
should be at home and in bed in order to secure an easy
and safe delivery. She is advised at this time by the
midwife to remain in bed. There she helps in the delivery and
other friends and relatives. The father remains at home
and willing to help if needed. Medicines used are few.
The mother is massaged with olive oil to keep the lochia
in the right position. Besides, the mother is given
sweet water to drink, either before or after delivery.
If there is no epidural, some experienced women may help
encouraging the patient and applying pressure to the waist
or abdomen. Much of the work has to come from the pa-
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The child after it is bathed in oil, is brought
to the mother for nursing. Normally, it can suckle
in China for the mother to stay in bed for thirty days
and not until she was active once more could they begin
the child and celebrate the occasion. At present, however,

The common custom of nursing is still practiced
in China. The child is nursed in the mother's arms
except in the event of a very early delivery, when it is
usually nursed in the arms of the father.

only two weeks of confinement is necessary, depending on the health of the mother.

Baptism. In most cases the padrinos⁹, or godparents and the name of the child have been chosen before its birth, but if no name has been chosen the padrinos ask the parents what name they wish to give the child. Sometimes they have no choice and the sponsors select the name. In naming the child the almanaque, "almanac," is often consulted and upon ascertaining what Saint's Day it is, the child is immediately consecrated to the Saint upon whose day it was born. In addition to the Guardian Angel, the Saint in question now becomes the child's protector. It is customary to give a child more than one name such as Jorge Enrique if a boy or Ana Luisa if a girl, and always one of the names is that of the Saint on whose day the child was baptized. In some cases the child's Saint's Day or baptism day is observed, rather than his birth day.

The godparents of the first born child are usually the parents of the mother and those of the second born are the parents of the father. The godparents take oath, to assume all responsibility for rearing and training of the child if it becomes an orphan.

Before baptism the child is called angelito, "little" angel." The belief is prevalent that if it dies before the baptismal rite is observed, the angelito will not go

⁹Another name is "Padres Espirituales" that is, sponsors or spiritual guardians.



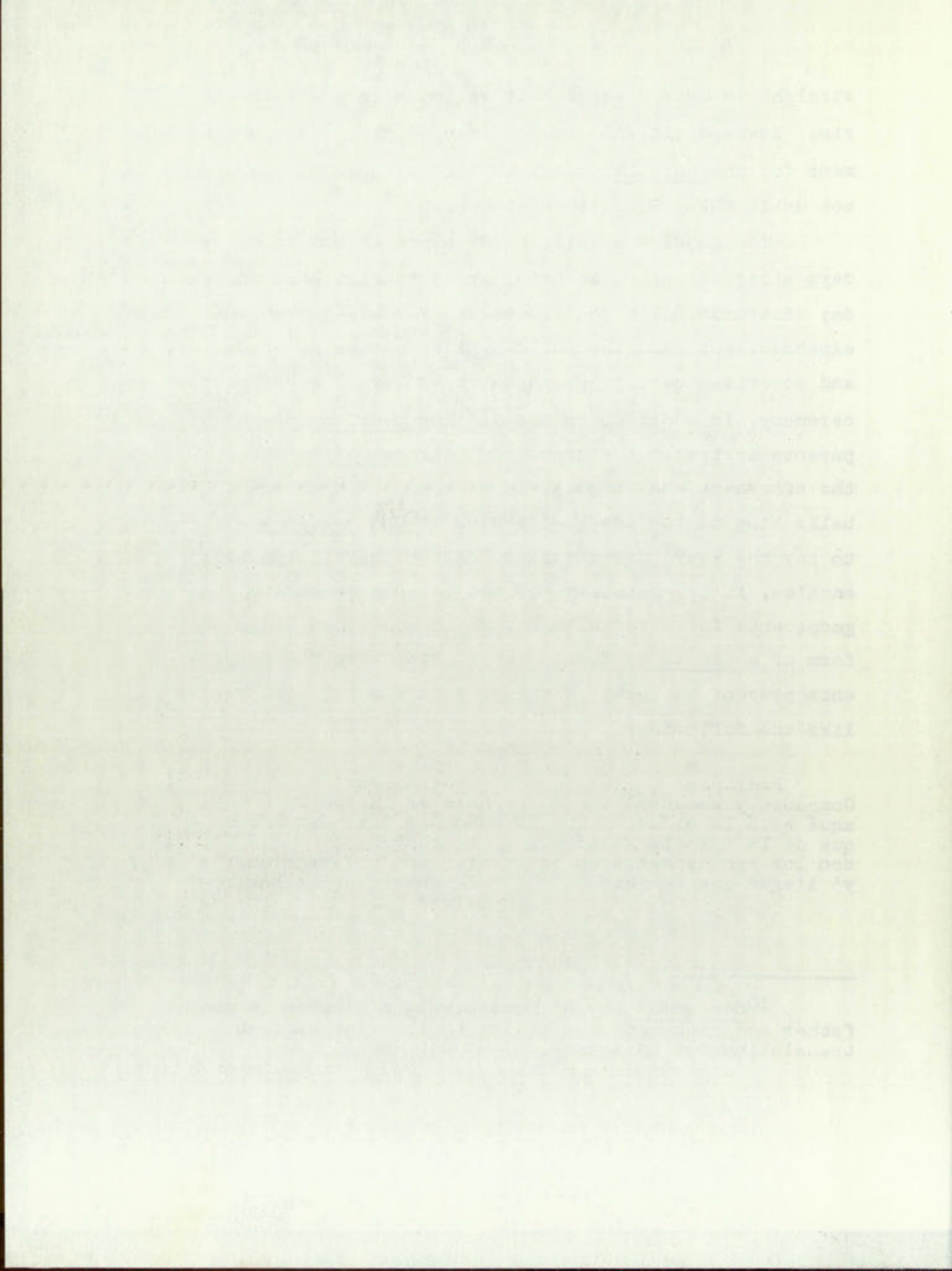
straight to heaven because it was born in the state of sin. Instead, it will go to limbo, a place of confinement for the angelito until it becomes pure of sin and not until then, will it reach heaven.

The baptism usually takes place thirty to forty days after the child is born; it is usually held on Sunday afternoon. The godparents pay for all the church expenses, and send the child a gift consisting of dainty, and sometimes costly, garments to be worn the day of the ceremony, in addition to money. The padrinos or godparents arrive at the house of their compadres early in the afternoon and immediately proceed to the church. The bells ring during the christening if the padrinos wish to pay the extra fee involved. After the liturgical ceremonies, it is customary for the parents to invite the godparents for a festal meal, which sometimes takes the form of a fiesta or feast. It starts, when the godparents present the baby to the parents singing some verses like the following:

Padrinos
 Compadre y comadre¹⁰
 aquí está la niña
 que de la iglesia salió
 con los santos sacramentos
 y' l'agua que recibió.

Godparents
 Here is the child
 who has just come from
 the church,
 with the holy sacraments
 and the water it has received

¹⁰Compadres is the name given in baptism to the father and mother of the child; there is no English translation for this name.



Padres

Recíbete prenda adorada
Que de la iglesia saliste
Con los santos sacramentos
y' l'agua que recibiste.

Parents

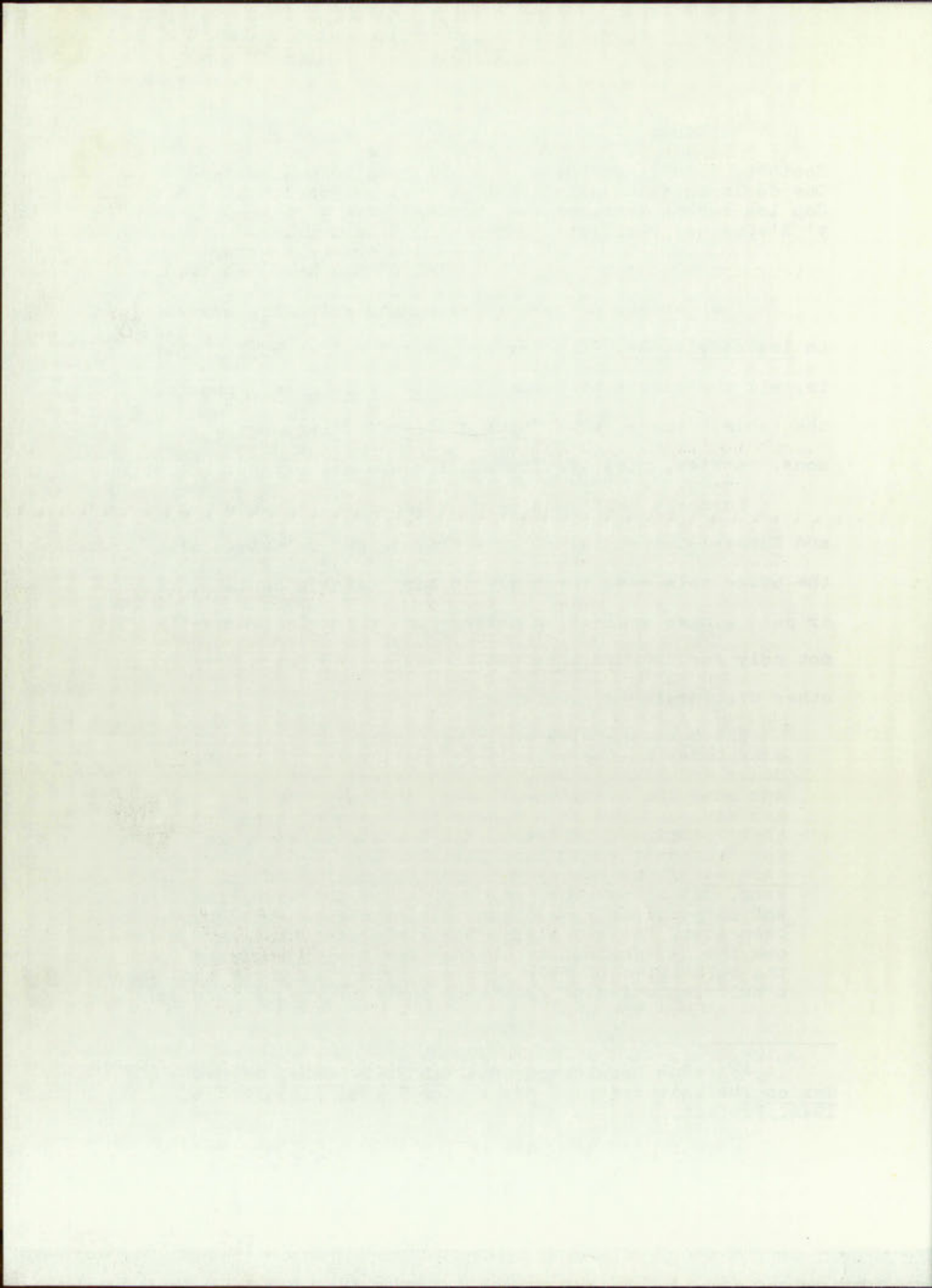
I receive you, my pre-
cious jewel,
Who have just come from
the church,
With the holy water
Which you have received.

The parents prepare refreshments which are served to los convidados, "the invited ones," buffet style; that is, all the guests are asked to pasar a la mesa, "pass to the table," where cakes, bizcochitos, candies, nuts, raisons, cookies, pies, fruits and liquors are served.

Formerly bautismos were as important as weddings and funerals; that is, all the friends and relatives of the principals were invited. In such cases a cantador or paid singer would sing ballads and improvise verses not only for the padrinos and compadres, but also for other distinguished guests.

The Spanish folksong in New Mexico owes its existence today to the relatively small group of troubadours and singers who, for centuries, have composed and sung the traditional songs of Spain, Mexico, and New Mexico. Had it not been for their efforts and their continued interest, the Spanish folksong in the Southwest would have perished long ago. The cantadores of New Mexico were not the only ones who sang, but it was they who kept alive the tradition and perpetuated a heritage that otherwise would have been lost. We acknowledge today the debt that we owe the New Mexican troubadour for having enriched the repertoire of folk singing during its three and ¹² a half centuries of existence north of the Rio Grande.

¹²Arthur León Campa, Spanish Folk-Poetry in New Mexico The University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque 1946. Preface.



Bautismos are among the folk customs quickly receding from the Spanish Colonial folk pattern and little is left outside of the indispensable Catholic baptismal ceremony.¹³

Taboos during infancy. During infancy there are many taboos to be observed for the baby. In Chimayo, it is considered an ill omen for anyone to make a child laugh too much, since this is believed to cause the child to become dumb. There is a belief among the Chimayos that if a child is a mute, the malady can be cured by a kiss on the mouth from one who has just received Holy Communion. If a child appeals to one at first sight, it is an ill omen. The people of Chimayo believe that the child may suffer some malady as the result. Sickness attributed to this ill omen is called in Spanish mal de ojo. A more direct contribution to the knowledge of mal de ojo is given by the Texas Folk-Lore Society:

If some child was taken sick, its ailment was likely to be pronounced a case of ojo (eye). The mother of the child could usually remember some person who had admired it, and this person, no doubt, had the evil eye. Now, if the admirer had used the precaution to touch the child, it would not have been affected. This belief accounts for the fact that a Mexican will rarely ever express admiration of a child without touching it. So the person must be sent for to undo what she, or he,

¹³Aurora Lucero White, "Bautismos," (unpublished material gathered by the New Mexico Writers Project, S-340, Santa Fe, New Mexico, August, 1936), p. 3.

had done. There are various cures. Sometimes the treatment is as simple as merely rubbing the child; then, again, the guilty person must take an egg, make the sign of the cross with it on the patient's head, forehead, and chest, in turn, then break the egg, and place the yolk in a dish at the head of the bed in which the child sleeps that night. The next morning, if the child have a real case of ojo, the yolk of the egg will be cooked, and the child will be cured.¹⁴

In view of the sympathetic sensitiveness of all severed portions of the body, it is natural that care is taken of the child's first teeth when they fall out. It is a belief that if the child takes the teeth and throws it to the sun repeating this words;

Sol, sol,
Toma este diente
y dame otro mejor.

will bring the child a new tooth.

When a baby smiled in his or her sleep, it was supposed to be seeing angels.

¹⁴Ruth Dodson, "Folk-Curing Among the Mexicans," Tone the Bell Easy, Texas Folk-Lore Society, 10:84-85, Austin, Texas, 1932.



CHAPTER III

MARRIAGE

Marriage in Chimayo is not a matter of sentiment, nor yet one of convenience alone. Even though the marriage is arranged by the parents, the young people are usually the deciding factors, and the formality of courtship is not frowned upon.

There is no set age for marriage in Chimayo. Youths do not marry either very young or very old; the average for girls is about 18 and for boys, 19 or 20. It was also the custom of the girls and boys to find a mate within the village.

The couples are called novios, sweethearts, and, in recent times the courtship as well as the wedding ceremony has lost many of the most picturesque and curious traditional formalities.

The old Spanish custom of courtship is still adhered to, and, all proposals of marriage are made to the father, or, if he be dead, to the mother, who is supposed to be the rightful keeper of her daughter's affection. If a boy likes a girl and desires to make her his wife, he tells his troubles to his father, who thereupon writes a very business like letter to the father of the young lady, asking the hand of his daughter in mar-



riage for his son. When the parents of the boy go to the house of the parents of the girl, they carry the letter proposing the marriage of the girl with their son:

Sr. don fulano de tal y Sra.
Estimados Señores:

Por ésta sabrán que ponemos en conocimiento de ustedes las pretensiones de nuestro querido hijo fulano que se ha inclinado en ponerse en matrimonio con la estimada y honrada hija de ustedes, Srta. fulanita a quien ha escogido para su esposa, y esperamos que ustedes pongan en conocimiento de nuestro hijo a quién lo ofrecemos como el sirviente de ustedes, y tomar el enlace matrimonial en el caso que ustedes y ella resuelvan la tal pretensión, y nos avisen el resultado que ustedes y ella determinen que nosotros por nuestra parte procuraremos reiterar las más sólidas pruebas de nuestra fé.

Quedamos con alto respecto sus servidores.
Fulano y fulana de tal.¹⁵

The answer is given in another letter by the parents of the girl accepting or rejecting the proposal. It is also understood that if 10 days elapse and there is no letter it means that the answer is yes:

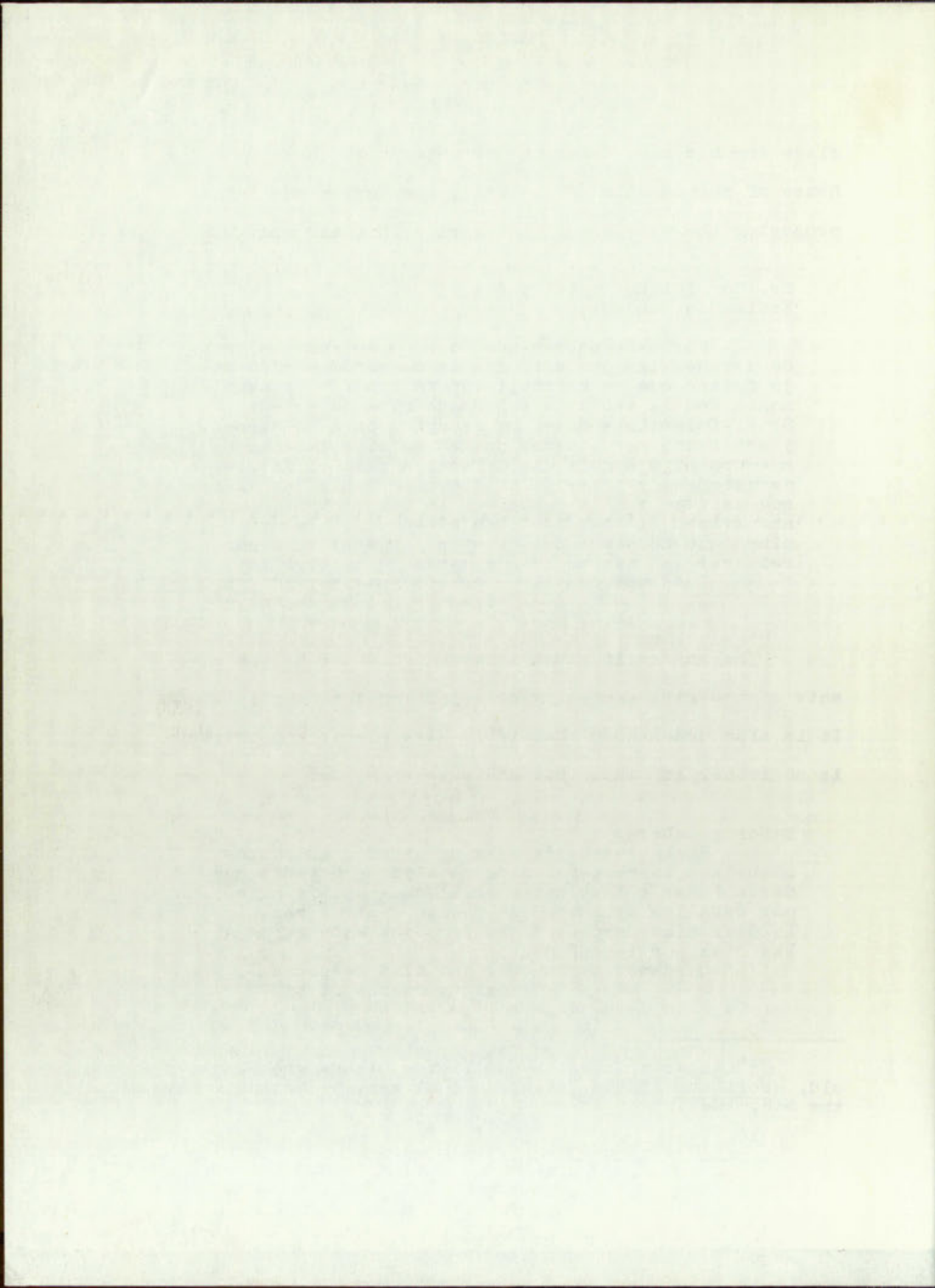
Señor y Señora:

En la respuesta a la de ustedes en consecuencia a la pretensión de su hijo de ustedes que desea tomar enlace matrimonial con nuestra hija, por ésta les avisamos que pueden venir a recibirla diez días después de la fecha de esta carta a las diez por la mañana.

Quedamos de ustedes con alto respecto.¹⁶
Fulano y fulana de tal.

¹⁵Letter written by don Victor Ortega age 90 years old, escribano of the Village of Chimayo, Nw Mexico. May the 5th, 1947.

¹⁶Ibid.,

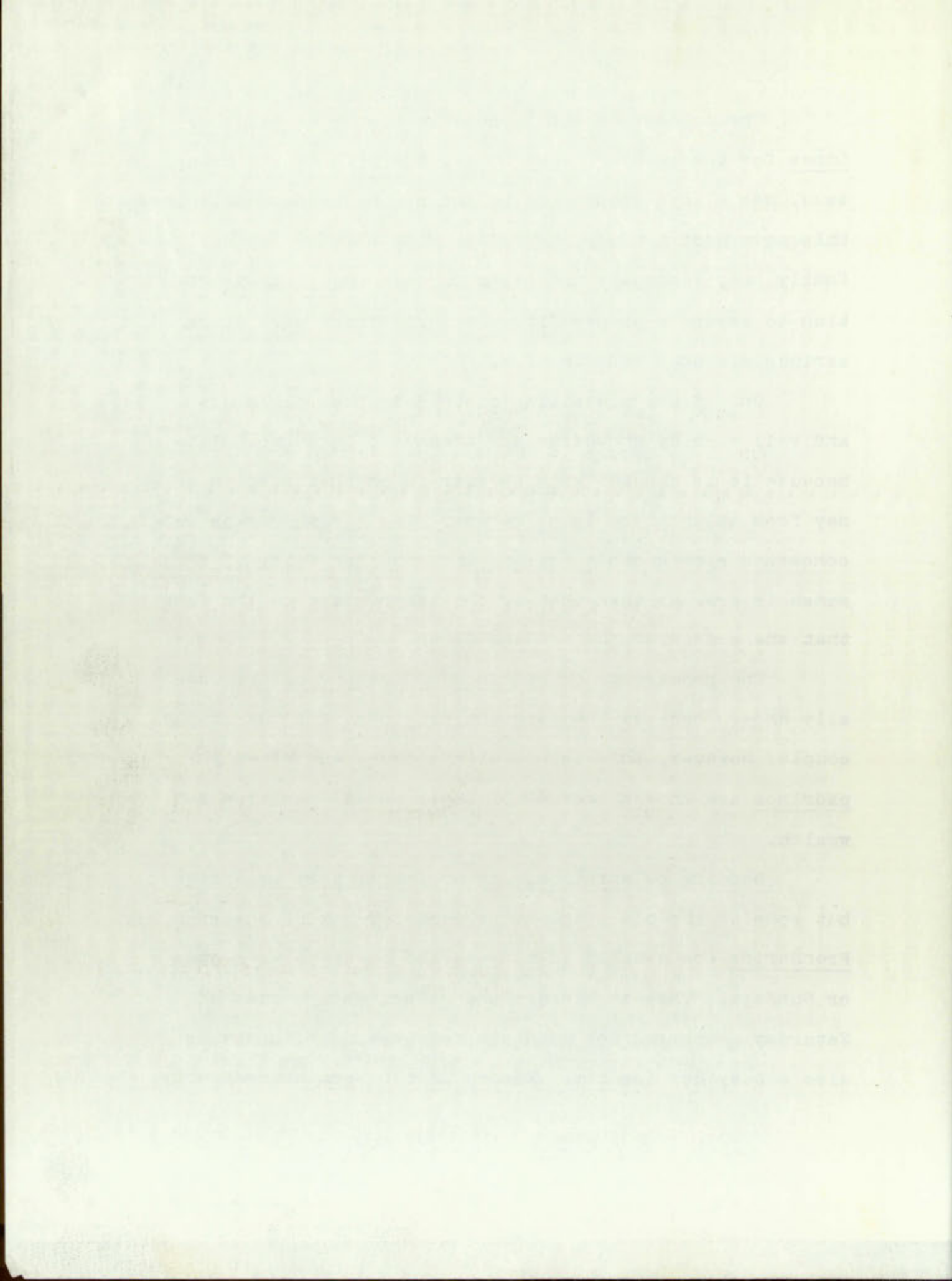


The bridegroom still presents his bride with Las Doñas for the wedding. Las Donas, the gift of the trousseau, was always chosen and bought by the bridegroom. In this more modern times the bride, with a member of her family, may accompany the groom on this shopping expedition to assure a proper fit. Formerly there were often serious mistakes made in size.

One of the prevailing customs is that the dress and veil worn by the bride are treasured throughout life because it is thought good to wear it on that last journey from which there is no return. The wedding dress is concerned with another belief; that the longevity of the woman is greater than that of the man because of the fact that she preserved the wedding dress.

The godparents or padrinos of the novios are usually chosen because they are the very best friends of the couple; however, this is not always true, and often the padrinos are chosen because of their social position and wealth.

Wedding celebrations are no longer very extensive, but some of the old rites and customs are still observed. Prendorios are usually in midweek and never on week ends or Sundays. This is because the priest is too busy on Saturday preparing for Sunday's services, and Sunday is also a busy day for him. Monday is too soon after Sunday,

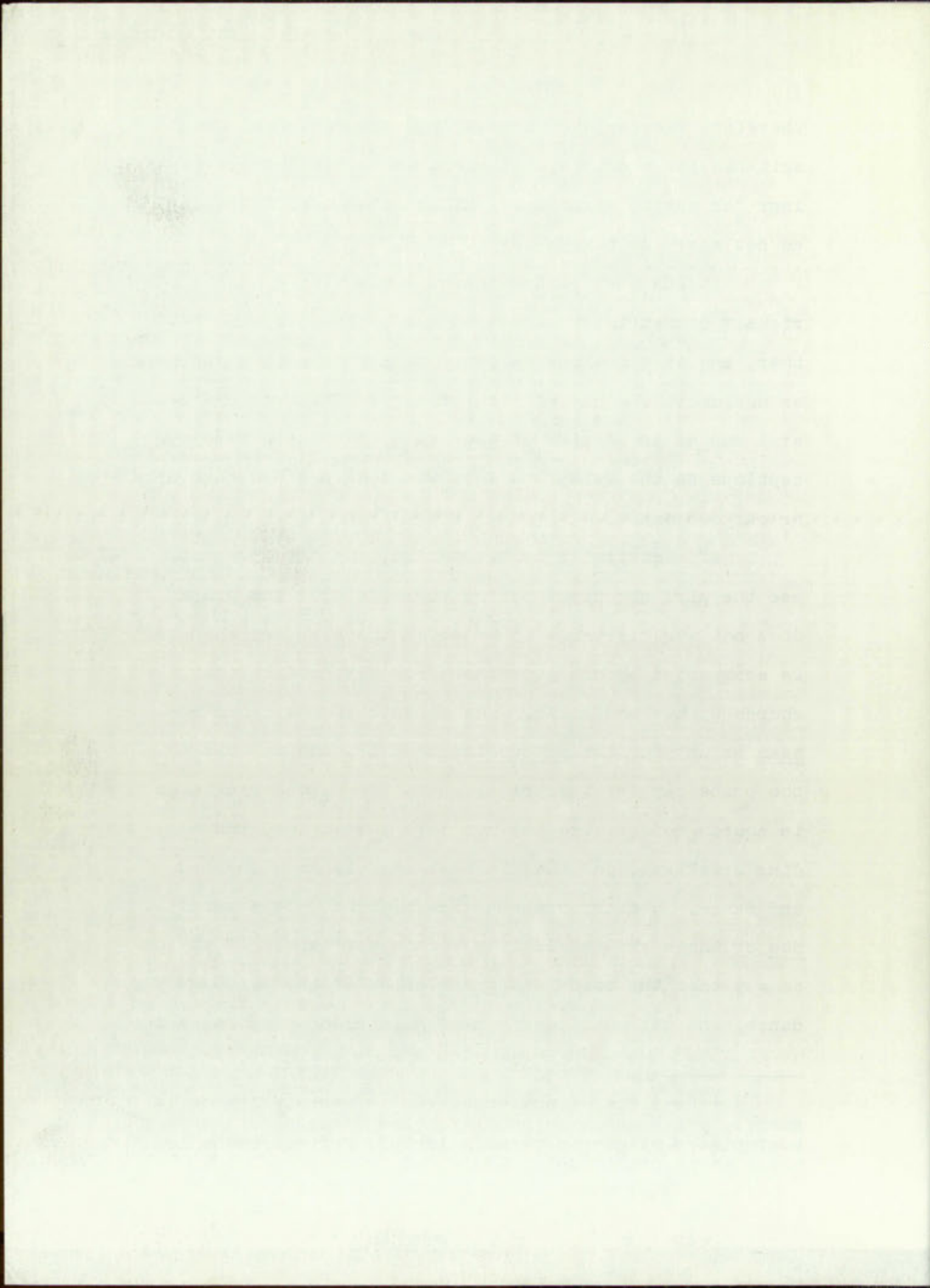


Therefore Tuesday and Thursday are the days that are suitable for weddings, but there is an old Spanish saying: "en martes ni te cases ni te embarques."¹⁷ Tuesday do not marry or take a trip.

It was very seldom that a young lady thought seriously of matrimony unless it was proposed by the father, and it sometimes happened that the parties had never met until the day of the marriage. This was the general custom in affairs of the heart, but there were exceptions to the rule, and love was made now and then after our own manner.

If a couple is to be married, the boy does not see the girl the night before the wedding. The groom does not see his bride to be until the next day when he is accompanied by his godmother from his home to the church by her godfather. The parents of the groom costean or pay for the prendorio; however, the parents of the bride pay for the bridal gown. The prendorio takes in church doings like the marriage ceremonies, the wedding breakfast, and the fiesta that follows with food and dance. Wedding presents are brought by the convidados or those who are invited to the marriage. It is customary that the bride and groom stay for the wedding dance, and not until early next morning do they leave for

¹⁷Este día estaba consagrado a Marte, dios de la guerra, y a toda clase de ejercicios corporales que robusteciesen el cuerpo para la lucha. Por eso todos los placeres se prohibían al individuo.



their luna de miel or honey moon.

The dance or baile is given at the house of the bride. The sala or room where the dance is to take place is provided with comfortable seats arranged around the wall leaving the middle of the room unobstructed for dancing. The walls are ornamented with looking-glasses, flowers, paper decorations, and the usual number of saints. In one corner of the room, and perched upon the topmost seats, are the musicians, which are usually one harpist and two with violins. The room next to the sala de baile is fitted up like a barroom for the occasion, and upon the ample shelves are all kind of fluid refreshments both mild and strong. In the center of this same room is also a table filled with numerous plates of cakes and sweetmeats, bizcochitos, nuts, raising, candies, pies, and fruits for the convidados.

Upon entering the house and returning from the church, the padrinos of the novios present and give back the newlyweds to their parents by saying the following:

"El padrino y la madrina
saben su obligación,
de entregar estos novios
y echarles la bendición."

The sponsors know well
their duty,
that of returning these
newlyweds to their parents,
and upon them their blessing
bestow.

The novios then ask their parents for the blessing:

"Padres queridos échenos
su bendición,

Parents beloved give us
your blessing,

que somos sus hijos
nacidos del corazón.

For we are the children
born of your love.

after the blessing all go to the sala to receive the con-
gratulations of friends and refrescos refreshments are
served. It is at the dance where the verses of the en-
trega are said, a version is here given.

ENTREGA DE NOVIOS

Aquí les traigo a sus hijos
ya se los vengo a entregar
los traigo matrimoniados
del alto matrimonial.

Ya los tomé de la mano
y los presenté al altar
y el padre les amonestó
el anillo pastoral.

El padre con que cariño
los presenta al altar,
y les aconseja que nunca
en la vida se les a de
olvidar.

Hizo Dios con su poder
a Adán con sabiduría
y le quitó una costilla
y de allí formó a la mujer.

Cuando Adán despertó del sue-
ño,
al ver todo hizo alarde
te recibo por esposa
por obedecer al Padre.

La señora del presente
por consiguiente le dijo
Es mandamiento sagrado
guardar respeto al marido.

Al novio me dirijo
que escuche y ponga cuidado
que no deje marchitar esa flor
que Dios le ha dado.

HERE ARE THE NEWLYWEDS

Here are your children
now to you I deliver them
I bring them properly wed
from the highest tribunal.

I took them by the hand
and to the altar presented
them
and the priest forewarned them
with the pastoral ring.

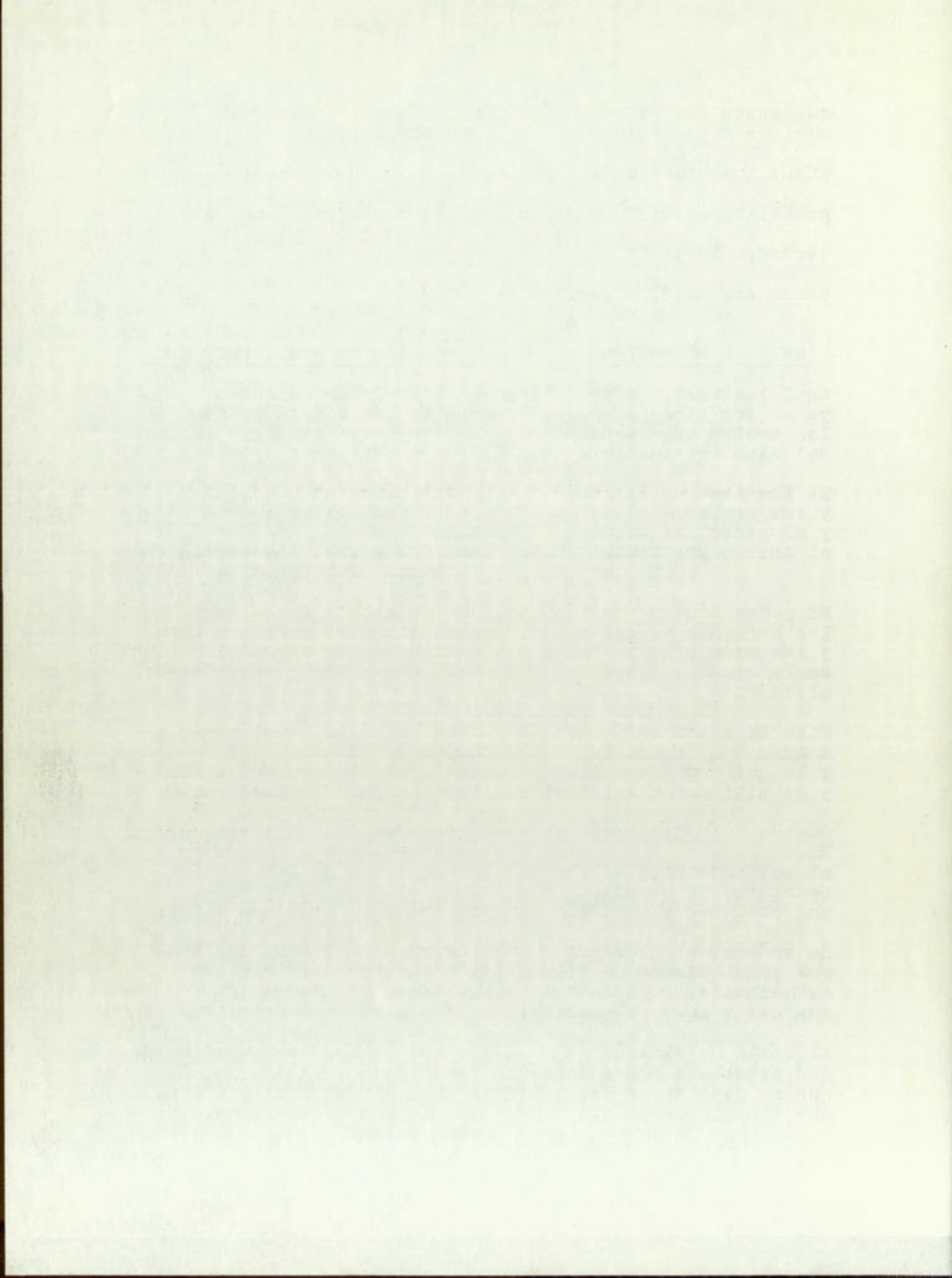
The priest to the altar
with kindness presents them
and in such a way advises them
that never shall they forget.

Twice with his great power
God made Adam
and from him removed a rib
from which he formed woman.

When Adam from his slumber
awakened,
great alarm he felt
I accept you as my wife
in order to obey the Father.

The spouse of Adam replied
and consequently replied
It is a Holy Sacrament
one's husband to respect.

To the bridegroom these words
I address
Let him carefully attend
for to God he shall have to
make amends.



Esa cruz que Dios le ha dado That cross that to him God
no la vaya a abandonar has given
porque se hará responsable let him not abandon it
delante del justo tribunal. because he shall have to
make amends,
Before the Great Tribunal.

Ya salieron de la iglesia : Now they have left the Church
salieron los dos unidos the two have left united
y dos compañeros que presente and two companions who were
fueron present
esos fueron sus testigos. those two alone were witnesses.

Todo este río para abajo Along the course of this river
corre el agua cristalina runs the water very clear
donde se lavan las manos 'tis here the sponsors may
el padrino y la madrina. wash their hands
of their godchildren.

El padrino y la madrina To discharge their duty
ya saben su obligación how well the sponsors know
entregar a sus ahijados to return their children
y echarles la bendición. and upon them their blessing.

El matrimonio de la iglesia The Sacrament of matrimony
no es para un día ni pa' dos is not for one day or two
es para una eternidad it is for eternity
estando vivos los dos. provided both shall live.

Yo me despido de ustedes I from thee take my leave
con alegre armonía with joyous harmony,
que Dios los haga felices May God make you happy
como a José y a María. even as Joseph and Mary.

Yo me despido de ustedes I from thee take my leave
de todos en general from thee and all in general
si en algo me equivoqué if some fault I have committed
me deben de dispensar. may I your indulgence gain.

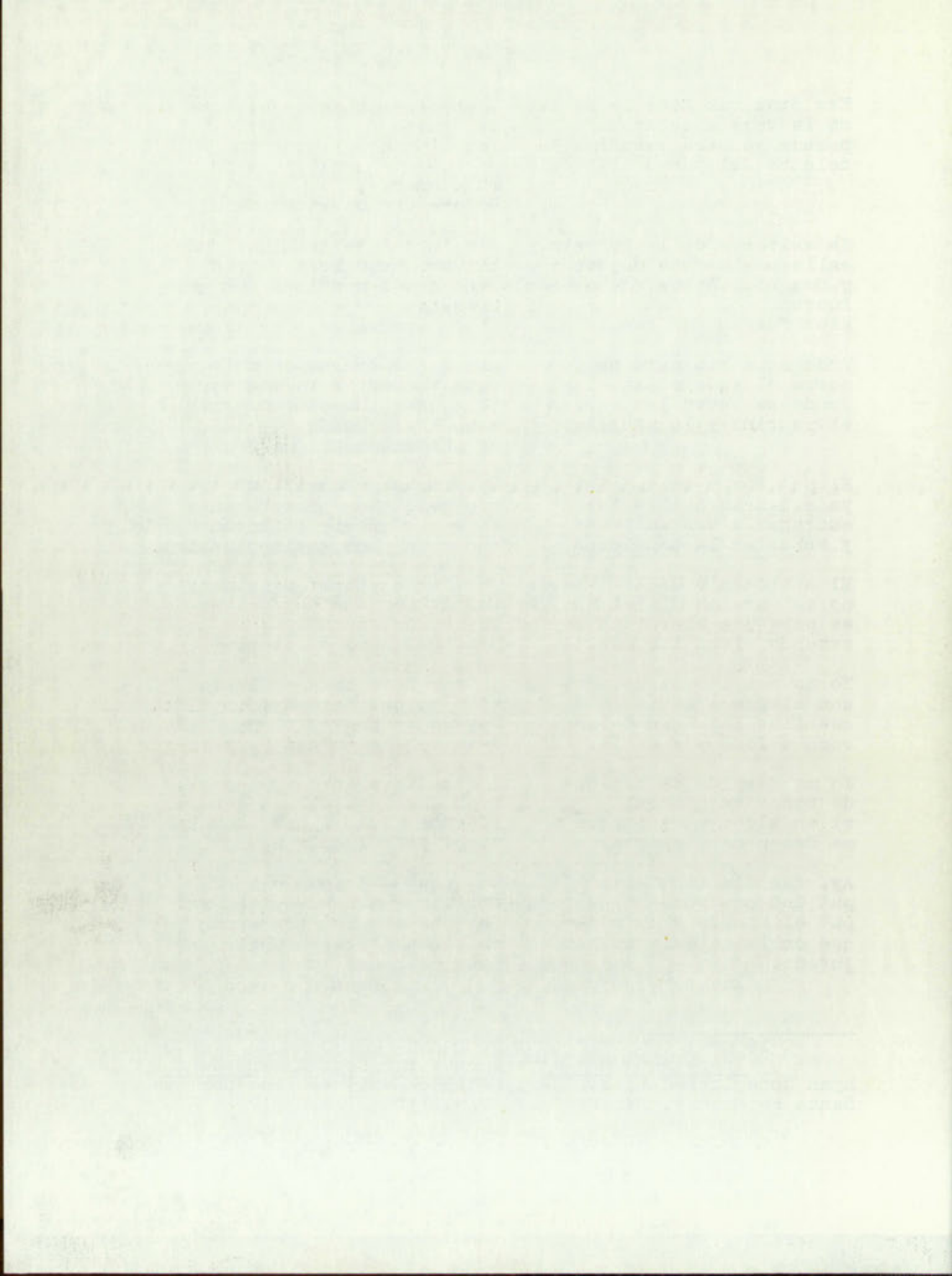
Ay, que día tan feliz Oh, what a joyous day
pa' los que toman el estado for those who have been wed
pa' el hombre y la mujer for the man and the woman
que en la iglesia se han who in the church their troth
jurado. have pledged.

Amen. 18

Amen.

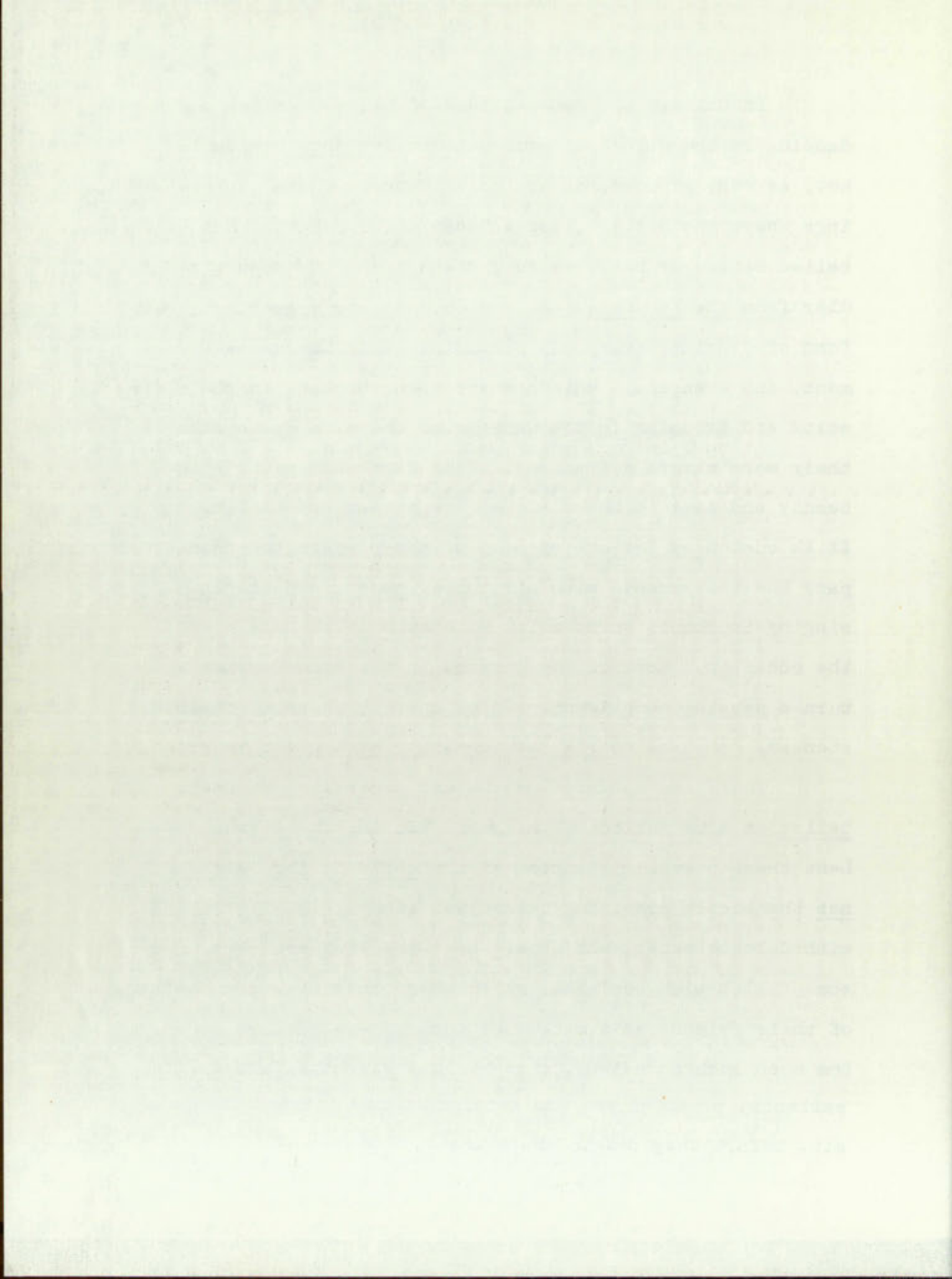
18

Entrega de novios was obtained from the cuaderno
hymn book loaned by Mr. Hermenejildo Martínez from Chimayo,
Santa Fe County, New Mexico. January the 14, 1947.



In Chimayo the general name of all assemblies where dancing is the principal amusement is fandango, which is not, as many suppose, a particular dance. Those gatherings where the better classes "most do congregate" are called baile, or ball, which differs in no other particular from the fandango. All in Chimayo are exceedingly fond of dancing, everybody participates in the amusement, and even small children are seen whirling in the waltz and tripping in the dance with the same gusto as their more mature companions. They dance and waltz with beauty and ease to the music of the guitar and violin. It is customary for one or more of the players to accompany the instruments with his voice, componiendo coplas singing impromptu words which he adapts to the music and the occasion. Most of the persons in the room receive in turn a passing compliment. Unfortunately these improvised stanzas, composed to fit the occasion, were never recorded.

There are manners and customs prevailing at these bailes at some period of the year. During the season of Lent there prevails a custom of the baile de los cascarnes the people providing themselves with egg-shells filled with Cologne water, and other sweet-smelling articles, some filled with confetti, which they break over the heads of their friends as a matter of fun. There is also a custom upon such occasions, that you may kiss the fair assailants, provided you can catch them and inflict the penalty before they regain their seats.



CHAPTER IV

DEATH AND BURIALS

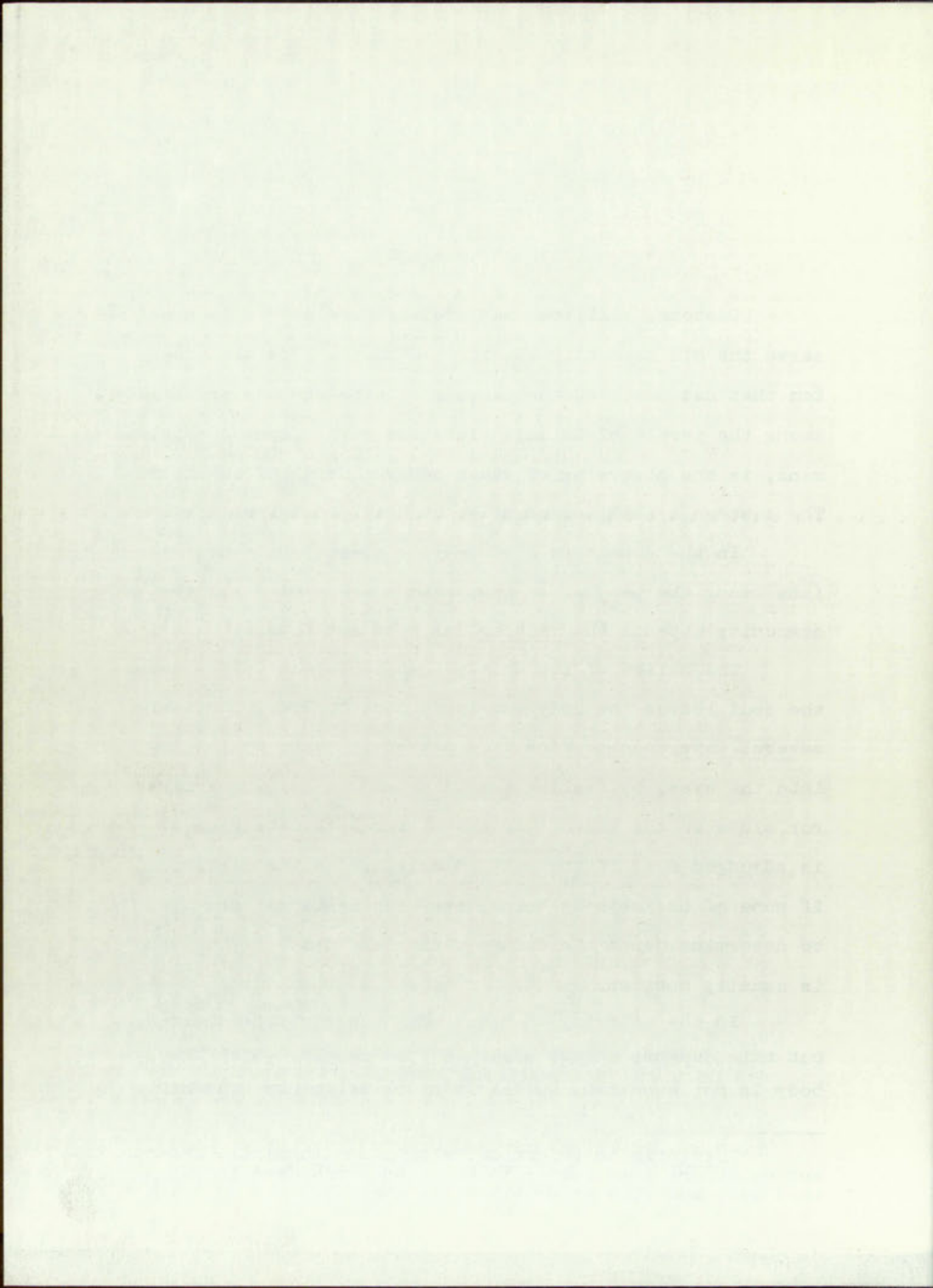
Customs, religious and social, have served to preserve the old community spirit in Chimayo. One old custom that has survived the passing of time and has prevailed among the people of Chimayo since the early days of settlement, is the observing of wakes before burial of the dead. The custom is still observed in its full, original form.

In the community of Chimayo a great family tie exists among the people, so that when someone dies all the community attends the velorio¹⁹ or wake and funeral rites.

The belief of the Chimayo people is that after death the soul leaves the body and is subject to God. There are several ways to determine if a person is dead: by looking into the eyes, by feeling the pulse and by holding a mirror close to the mouth. In the mirror test, the patient is adjudged dead if there is no moisture on the mirror. If none of the methods which have been mentioned are used to determine death the change that takes place in the body is usually noticed.

In the majority of cases the dead are not embalmed, but this depends on the wealth of the people. When the body is not embalmed, burials take place twenty four hours

¹⁹Velorio is a form of religious custom; all friends and neighbors are invited to help honor the dead in which they pray and sing at an all night wake.



after death. Those in charge of preparing the body for burial are usually personal friends or relatives. The body is washed clean with soap and water. Adults are dressed in black; young children are dressed in white. The body of a girl is dressed in white and crowned with fresh or artificial flowers. Children's bodies are called angelitos. The body is usually laid inside of the house on top of an improvised table, with a soft pillow supporting the head. The body is covered with a white sheet. Flowers are brought or sent by the mourners and are placed around and over the corpse. The hands clasp a rosary, and a crucifix is placed over the chest. The wake or velorio, is confined to one night only, during which the rosary is said several times. Wakes are social affairs where food, drinks, and cigarettes are given. Alabados²⁰ are sung by the men while the women mourn. The same food served for baptismal rites and wedding feasts is served for a velorio, with perhaps posole hominy and bizcochitos sweet cookies added.

When a coffin is used for burial it is made of green rough lumber. If it is an angelito one man puts it on his back and takes it to the burial place. If the

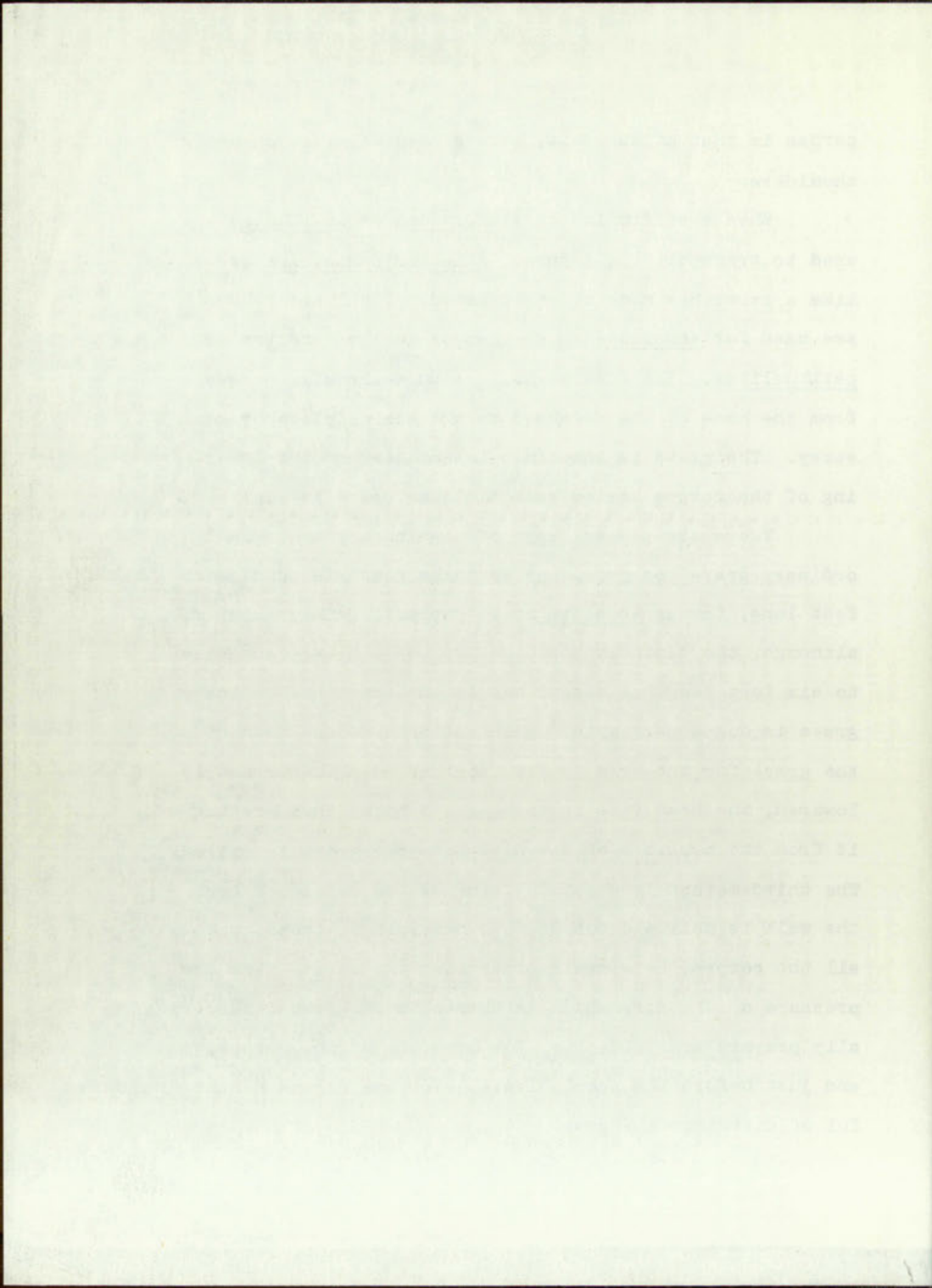
²⁰Dr. T. M. Pearce comments that "alabados are the most sacred traditional hymn of praise, honoring Christ, The Blessed Sacrament, The Holy Trinity or The Virgin. Alabanzas are hymns in honor of the saints or the church. They are frequently written by local compositores." It is at the velorios or wakes that the alabados or hymns are sung.



corpse is that of an adult, several men carry it on their shoulders.

When a coffin is not used, andas or parihuelas are used to transport the corpse. Andas or parihuelas are like a stretcher made of solid board. Small stretchers are used for angelitos which then are called anditas or parihuelitas. The funeral procession walks all the way from the home of the deceased to the burial place or cemetery. The grave is sometimes incomplete and the lowering of the corpse has to wait till the grave is finished.

There are several ways of digging a grave. The ordinary grave for grown-ups is three feet wide and seven feet long, for an angelito it is proportionately shorter, although, the depth is the same for both, being from five to six feet deep. A second way is that when the ordinary grave is dug a cavity is dug in the wall at the head of the grave for the head to fit, so that when the corpse is lowered, the head fits in this second hole, thus freeing it from the pressure of the dirt when the grave is filled. The third method is about the same as the second, except the wall is hallowed out to fit, not just the head, but all the corpse, here again protecting the corpse from the pressure of the dirt which is thrown in the grave. Usually prayers are said after the lowering of the corpse, and just before the people leave, each one throws a handful of dirt into the grave.



Not all burials are made in the cemetery. Sometimes, with special permission from the church, the burial is made in the church yard, and at other times in the family estate or burial grounds.

There are no beliefs among the people of Chimayo that the spirit of the deceased after it leaves the body, stays here upon earth. There is, however, a belief that when such a thing occurs, it is because the deceased has made a manda, or promise that was never fulfilled during his or her lifetime. In that case the spirit remains upon earth until someone fulfils this manda. It is believed that the muerto or the spirit will appear trying to communicate a message to some living person, that if the manda is not fulfilled the spirit of that corpse will never rest in peace.

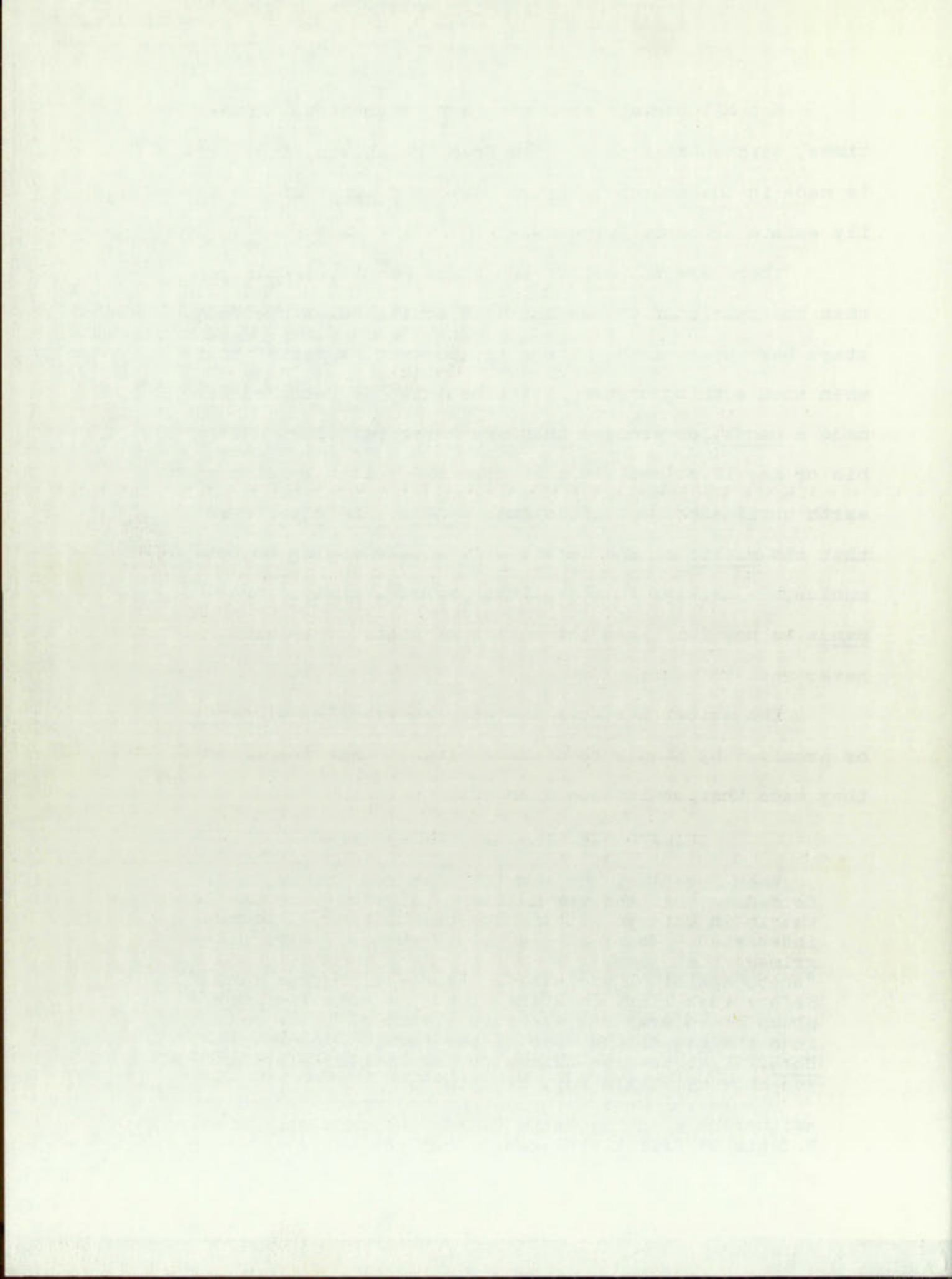
The writer has come accross two examples of mandas or promises by people to do something if that for which they made the promise was granted:

CHIMAYO THE VILLAGE TIME HAS BLEST

When Josefina, who sometimes washes for me, informed me that she was making a pilgrimage to the Santuario in Chimayo with Pablo, her brother, I became interested. To my knowledge, it was her third pilgrimage that year.

"What, again!" I exclaimed. "Who's sick this time?" Before answering, Josefina wiped the suds from her plump brown arms and tucked a strand of black hair into the bow at the nape of her neck. "No one, señora. I go to give thanks for my little Refugio, you know my little boy, Refugio?"

Yes, I knew Refugio. He had once smashed to smithereens a choice Santa Clara bowl of mine. "When Refugio he fall in the tub of boiling water and burn



his back and arms, I make a promise to San Felipe if Refugio get well I go to the Santuario and pray. Re-fugio is much well now. I go mañana."

That's a long trip to make in Pablo's rattling old truck," I said.

"Oh, sí," she replied, shrugging indifferently. "You'll bring back a little box of dirt from the church, I suppose," I said.

"Oh, sí," Josefina plunged her arms into the tub again.

"You would like some, too?" she asked. "Well....."

"I hesitated, "I guess not. Thank you just the same."

Suddenly I decided that I wanted to go to the village myself. The weather was perfect. Besides, I had decided to send several of the Chimayo blankets east for Christmas. Why not go and get them?

"Come along with me tomorrow, Josefina," I said. "Pablo is probably busy hauling gravel anyhow."

And so it was agreed.

We left Albuquerque on a late November day...

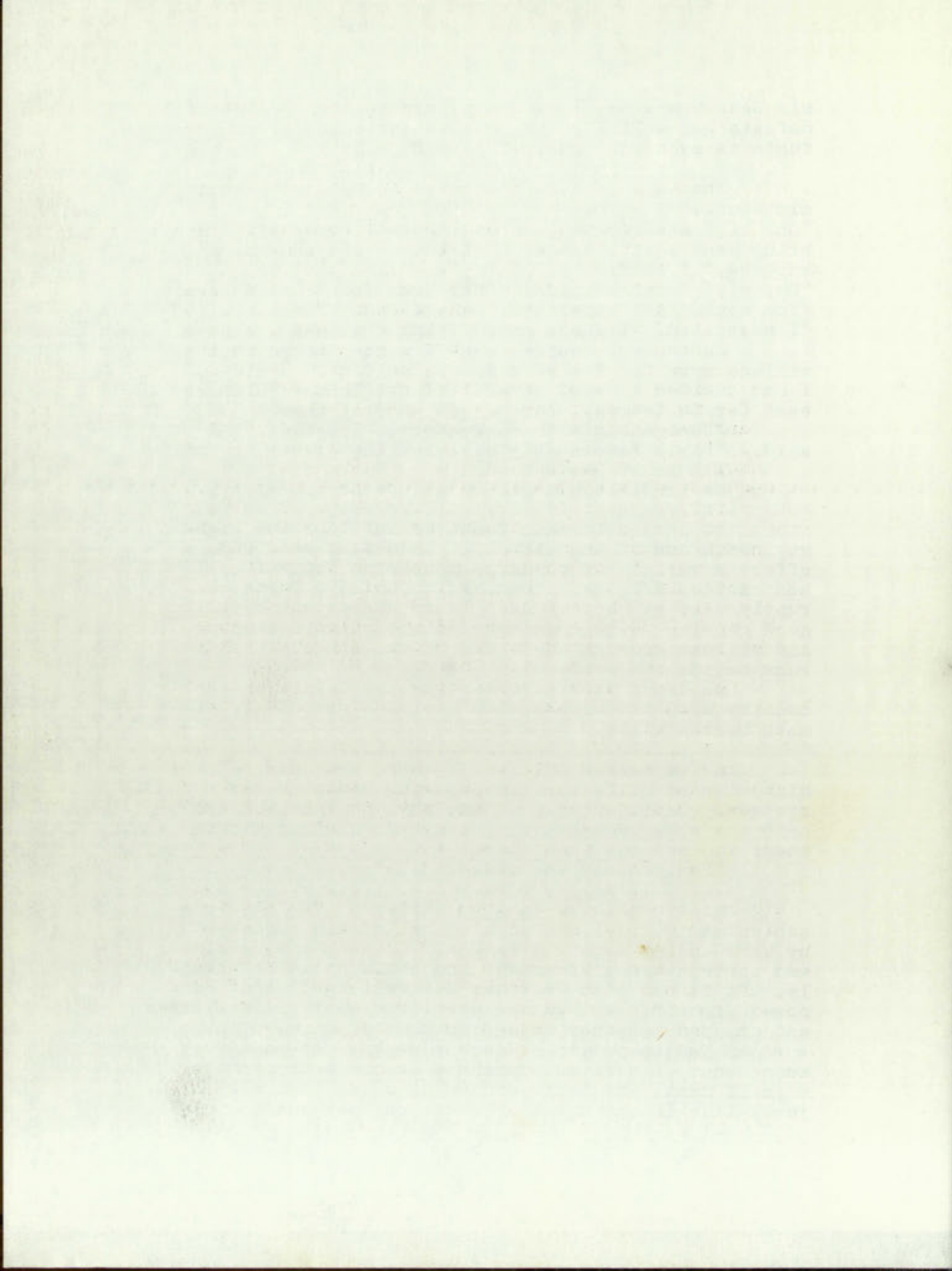
.....
We passed through Santa Fe and took the highway north out of the city. It is a fine road and offers a variety of scenery—mountains and valleys and castles of rock. The road to Chimayo turns abruptly east at Santa Cruz. It is narrow but kept in good repair. Here and there, clups of cottonwoods and willows grow on the banks of the acequia that runs beside the road.

We drove slowly, absorbing the beauty of the country with its blue-rimmed horizons and bleak, almost barren hills.

.....
As we neared Chimayo, I noted that many of the high rounded hills were topped with great wooden crosses. Outlined against the sky, they caught and held the eye. Wonderingly, I asked Josefina about them; who had put them there.

"Penitentes, she answered..."

.....
Toward noon we came to Chimayo. It lies in a sun-warmed valley, dotted with hills, and protected by surrounding mountain ranges. Cottonwoods, willows and apricot trees flourish, and chile grows abundantly. It is not just "another New Mexico village" composed of halfdozen hamlets scattered over the hillsides and grouped together under the name of Chimayo, a word of Indian origin. Roads rise and dip—one never knows what lies beyond: perhaps an orchard; perhaps a small casa, its door-yard swept clean, and set jewel-like in the midst of a garden; perhaps a clus-



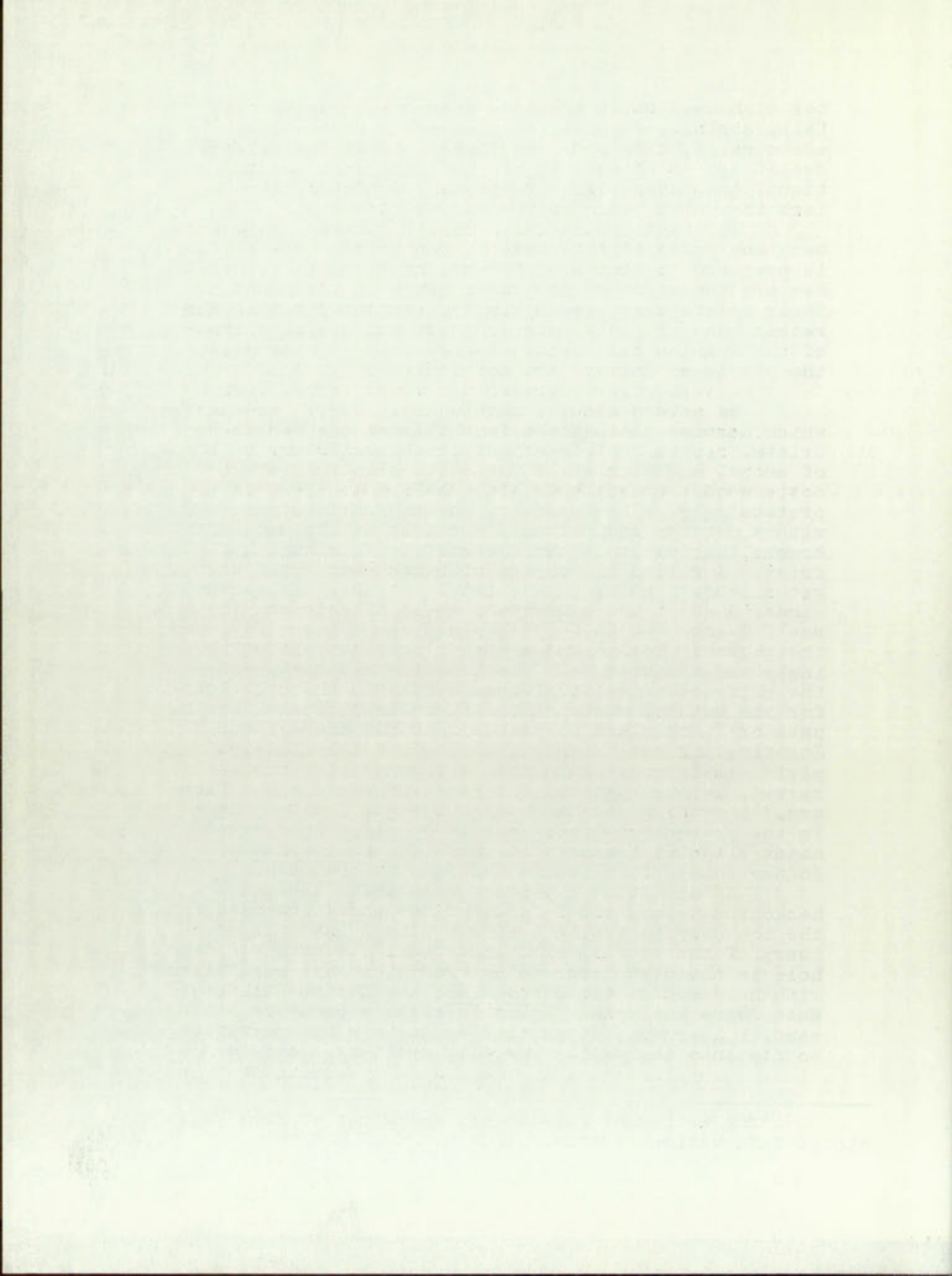
ter of houses built around a common square. In the fall, strings of chile, scarlet against the brown adobe walls, hang from the flat roofs of the village dwellings. So beautiful are the brilliant decorations, one loses sight of the many hundreds of dollars they will bring in the market place.

To enter the secluded little village is to turn back the pages of time several centuries. The visitor is prepared to find a different, haunting atmosphere. Few are the signs of progress. Here in the homes of their forefathers live a kindly, contented people who retain much of the gentle courtesy and quaint customs of the Spanish colonists. Contrary to popular belief, the people of Chimayo are not Indians.

.....
We walked along a curving road toward the church, which nestles against the foothills of the Sangre de Cristo. It is a plain modest little building, built of adobe, and with walls not quite plumb. Giant cottonwoods spread their limbs before and over it protectingly. The façade of the church is ornamented with a portico and balcony, enclosed at the ends with towers that extend above the roof to form twin belfries. A walled churchyard with hand-made wooden gates lends dignity to the little shrine. We women wandered about the churchyard while Hilario and the small Juana went to fetch the old man whose wife owned the church. Feeble and almost blind, he came obligingly and admitted us. The interior was cool, and the whitewashed walls gleamed softly in the dim light, for the builder was sparing of windows. There were no pews or benches and no boards upon the adobe floor. Josefina and her friends knelt before the altar, a plain simple one, ornamented with many pictures and carved, painted santos, and vases of waxed paper flowers. Something caught in my throat as I stood there in the presence of those humble people, their bowed heads slightly luminous in the light that sifted to softer tones, filtered in through the open door.

After a time I became aware that Josefina was beckoning to me, and I followed her and Juana through the low door to the left of the altar, into the sanctuary of the sacred well. The "well" is merely a deep hole in the dirt floor which tradition says was filled with holy mud by the Santo Niño, the Christ Child. When Juana knelt and filled Josefina's paper bag with sand, I learned that married women were not permitted to dip into the well.²¹ The dirt would be treasured

²¹The writer of this thesis could not confirm this bit of information as true.



through the months, bits of it finding their ways into the homes of all Josefina's friends and relatives. In time of sickness, it would be mixed with water and taken like medicine.

The little sanctuary was very interesting. Testimonials of "cure" were written everywhere—on the white, plastered walls, the pictures and on bits of paper placed upon the altar.

Outside the church we found several of the villagers—men in bright blue suits; women in their black mantillas—entering the churchyard. One of them carried a child, pale and thin from a recent illness, and for whom, I judged they had come to pray.

.....
 "Yes, chiles. The most important crop around here. A most picturesque industry. The chiles have to be strung into ristras and hung on the houses to dry. The result is an unconscious attainment of rare beauty. Come back in October and I'll take you for a ride up Santa Cruz valley. You'll think a festival is on."²²

The second of the examples of mandas or promises is the following:

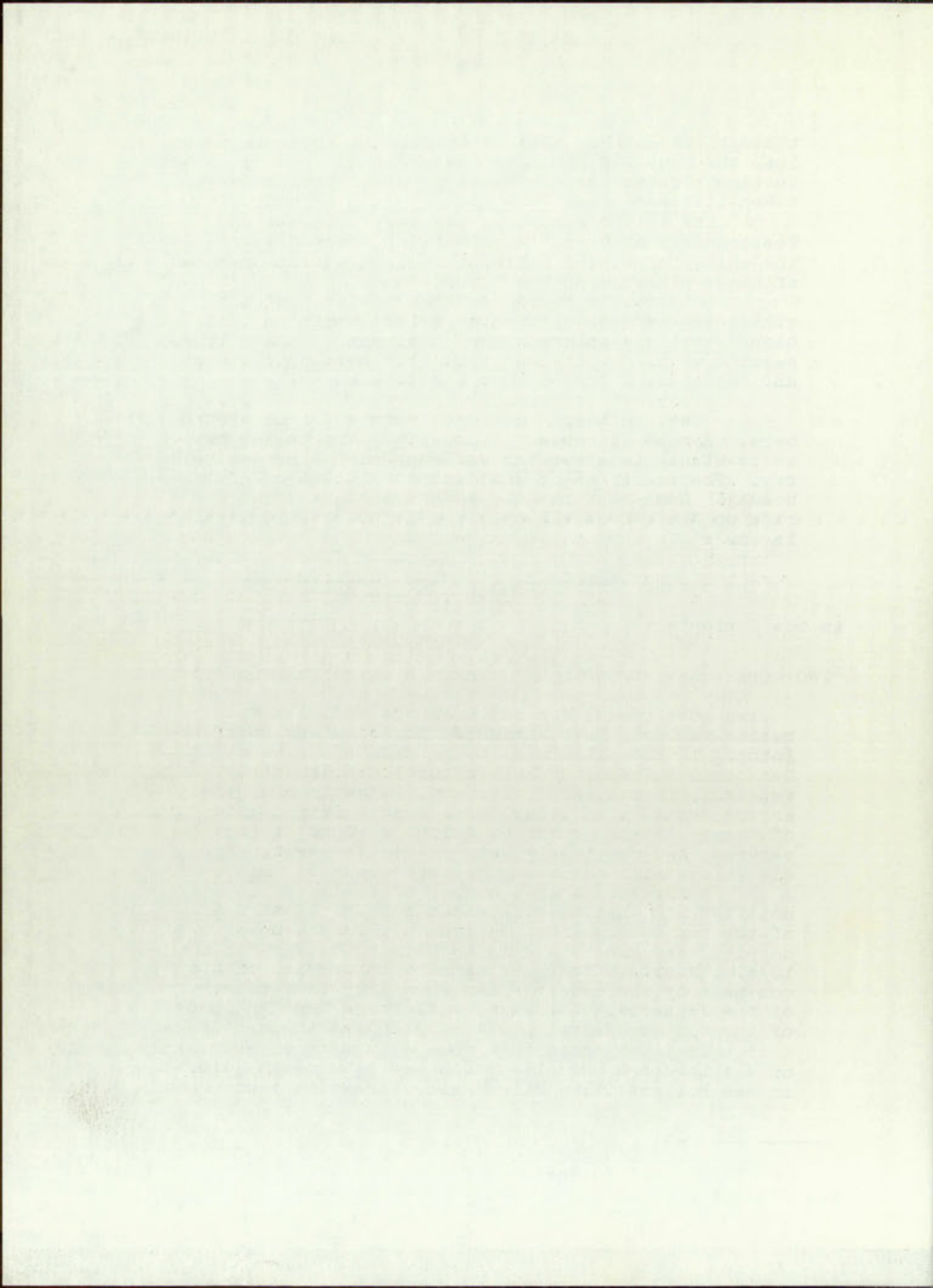
"TWO MORE WOMEN INTEND MAKING TREK TO CHIMAYO TOMORROW"

Two more women, Mrs Eddie Tafoya and Miss Teresita Mahboub, have announced their intention of joining in the pilgrimage being made tomorrow to El Santuario Chimayo, by Bataan survivors and other veterans, former S/Sgt. Jesus M. Silva in charge of arrangements, said today. Mrs. Bessie Smith, wife of former S/Sgt. Arthur B. Smith, a 200th CA (AA) veteran, had previously said she would march. Eddie Tafoya will accompany his wife as will Smith.

Silva said that a number of families had notified him that they intended to take advantage of the two buses being provided by Bruns General hospital and make the trip to Chimayo Sunday for the 10 a.m. Mass. This is being said in keeping with a vow made by the returned men when they were prisoners of the Japanese. The buses will leave from in front of the Old Governors' place at 8:30 and anyone may go.

It is expected that some Albuquerque veterans of all theaters and all creeds are welcome to join; it was not possible, Silva said, to estimate how many

²²Amy Passmore Hurt, "Chimayo, The Village Time Has Blest," New Mexico Magazine, 12:10-12, November, 1934.



will report at the meeting place, in front of the Sanchez-Salazar Funeral home at 6 a.m.

The Rev. Salvador Gene, pastor of Santa Cruz Catholic church, who has jurisdiction over the noted shrine will say the Mass.

The picturesque chapel, framed in enormous cottonwoods, is the subject of many legends. A well in a side shrine is supposed to have miraculous virtues in its clay; for years pilgrims have made the trip to the chapel from all over the Southwest.

Curiously, in view of its eminence, the chapel, the deed title of which is "El Santuario del Señor Esquipula" is not so old by comparison with other mission churches and shrines.

Best authority places the building date as "early in the nineteenth century." Ex-Governor L.B. Prince made it 1826; another historian has placed the date as several years after the Chimayo uprising in 1838."

Benjamin M. Read in the August 1916, issue of El Palacio, who was assigned by the then Archbishop I. B. Pitabl to make a study of the chapel's history, wrote: "I must state that I am authorized to say that the Catholic church representatives in the archdiocese, either archbishop or priests, notwithstanding their consideration for the good faith of the people, have never paid the least attention to the so-called miracles supposed to have been brought at the Santuario."

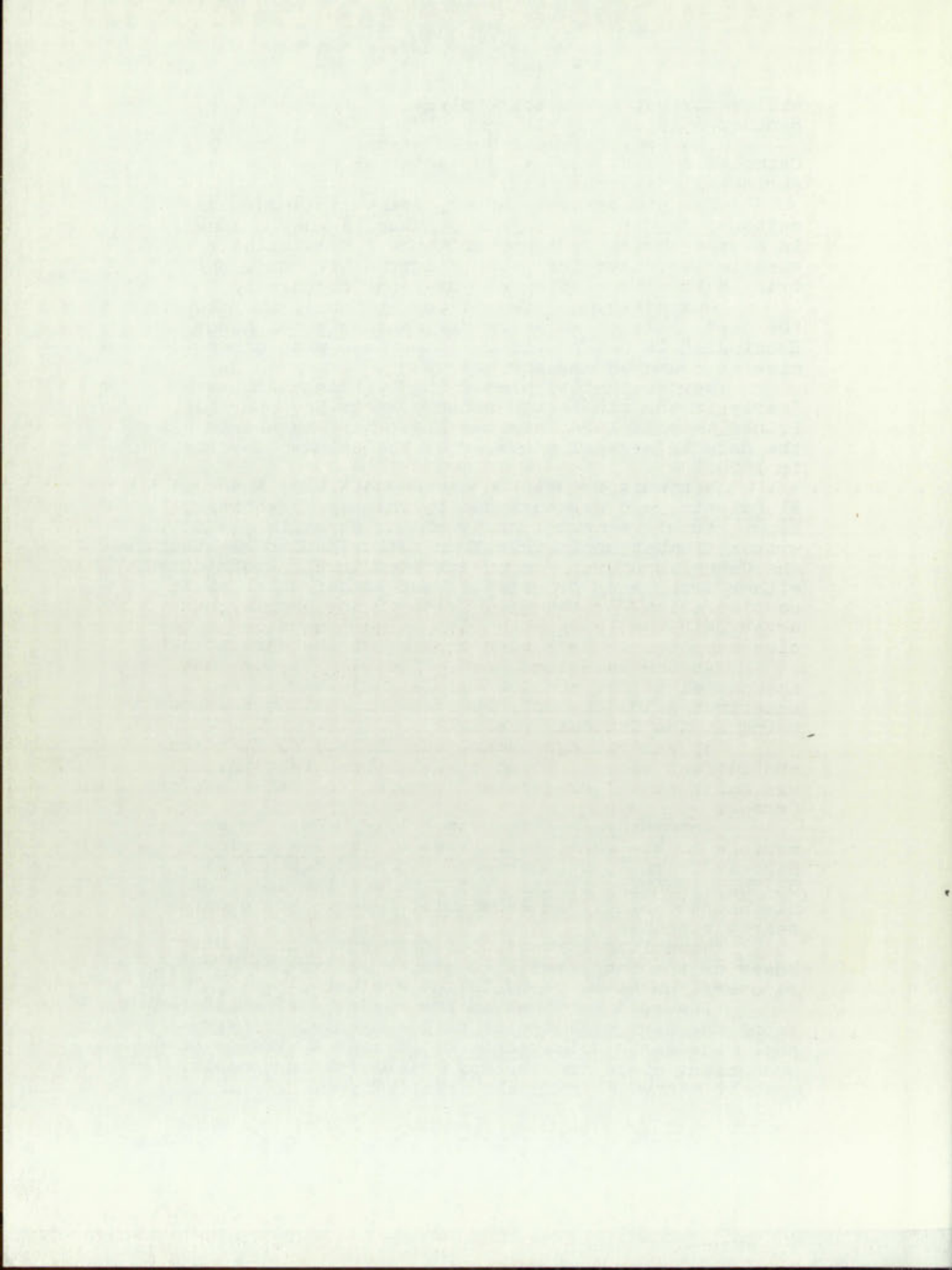
At the same time Read officially states that the chapel is not that of Our Lady of Lourdes as is sometimes said, the only Lourdes chapel in the state being at the San Juan pueblo.

By general agreement, the chapel, 60 feet long and 24 feet wide with adobe walls three feet thick, was built at the expense of Bernardo Abeyta, a wealthy farmer.

According to Elizabeth Willis DeHuff in an article in the June, 1931 issue of the New Mexico Highway Journal, Don Bernardo had been deathly ill. One day, sunning in his patio, he saw the image of his patron saint, San Esquipula, approaching along a nearby acequia.

Stumbling forward, Don Bernardo fell on his knees as the image vanished and in return for his recovery, he vowed to build the shrine.

The wood carvings in the chapel are considered among the best examples of native Spanish iconography. The Santo Niño, santo on horseback, the painted-wood altar piece and the huge vigas resting on elaborately carved corbels all testify to the loving care



expended on their chapel by the country men.

Maintained as a private shrine by Don Bernardo and later by his daughter, Mrs. Carmen Chávez, the chapel has been under ecclesiastical control but a comparatively short time. As Read points out, chapels must be built by written permission of the authorities and continued under their direction. He says there is record of such permission in the early nineteenth century.

In 1929 the Chávez family disposed of the chapel to a friend who began dismantling it and selling the rare carvings. The late E. Dana Johnson, editor of the Santa Fe New Mexican, heard of this and made it one of his many crusades; the Society for the Restoration and Preservation of Spanish Missions and the Society of Revival of Spanish Colonial Arts of which Mary Austin was head, became interested.

A contribution of \$6,000 by Yale alumnus to Mary Austin made it possible to acquire the property; luckily the person to whom the person to whom the valuable Santo Niño carving had been sold, was a collector who was willing to restore it to the shrine.

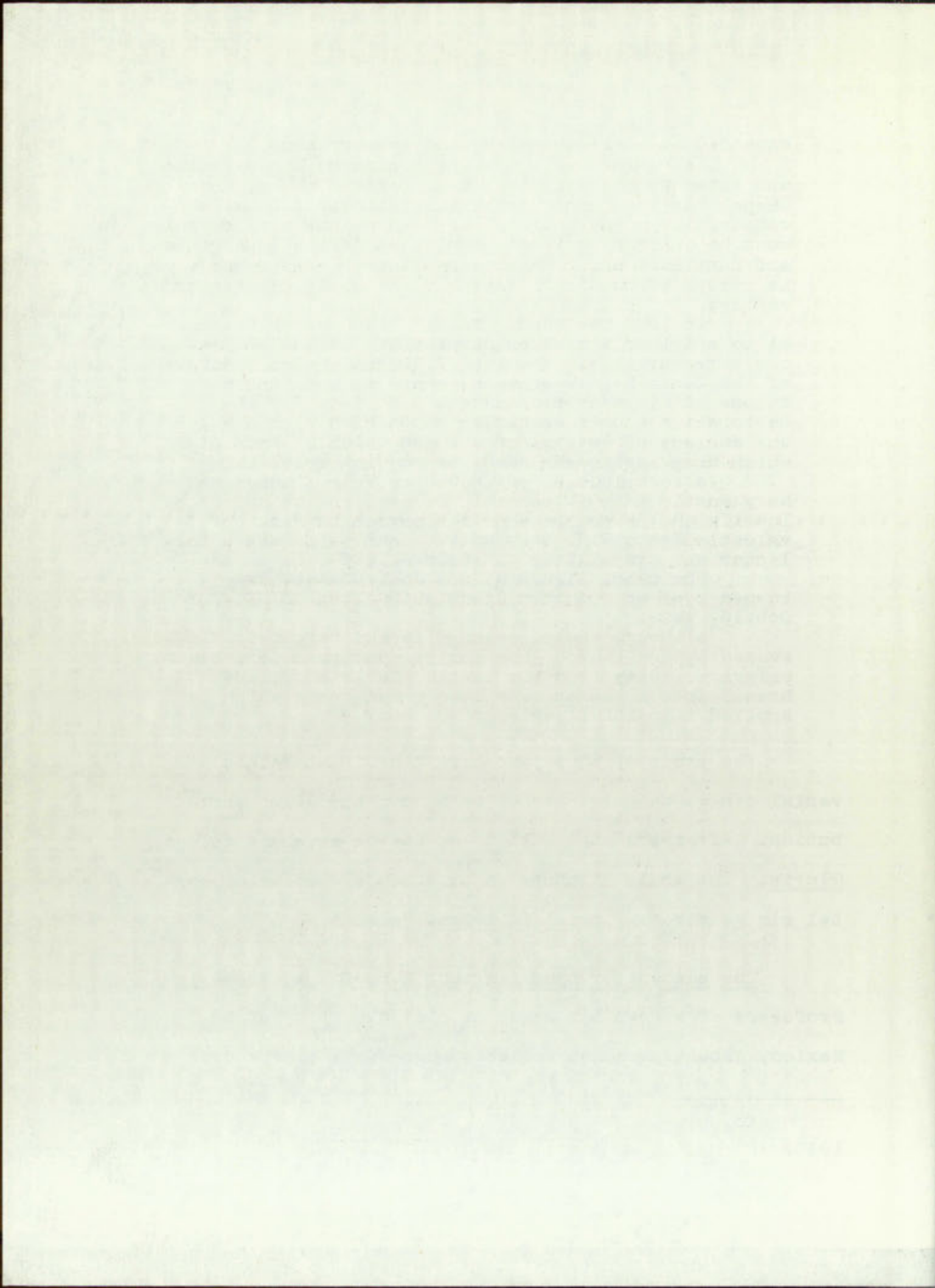
The deed, signed by Don José Chávez, was turned over to the then Archbishop Albert T. Daeger Oct. 15, 1929.

Although the supposed miracles have been disavowed by the church, the shrine continues to attract pilgrims. Clay from the little pit is sometimes brewed into a tea or made into a mud paste which is applied to painful parts of the body.²³

The souls of those who have died in the state of venial sin go to Purgatory to be burned and make retribution. Afterward they will go to heaven which is called Gloria. The souls of those who died in the state of mortal sin go directly to el infierno, hell.

The alabado or hymn. Arthur León Campa, formerly Professor of Modern Languages at the University of New Mexico, Albuquerque has collected much folk literature

²³Article in The Santa Fe New Mexican, April 26, 1946.



from New Mexico and has this to say in regards to the alabado:

The tendency to write in octosyllabic verse is evident also in the religious poetry of New Mexico. (Northern New Mexico) The alabado, a curious fusion of various elements, is the name that designates the religious composition sung to a slow and monotonous movement.

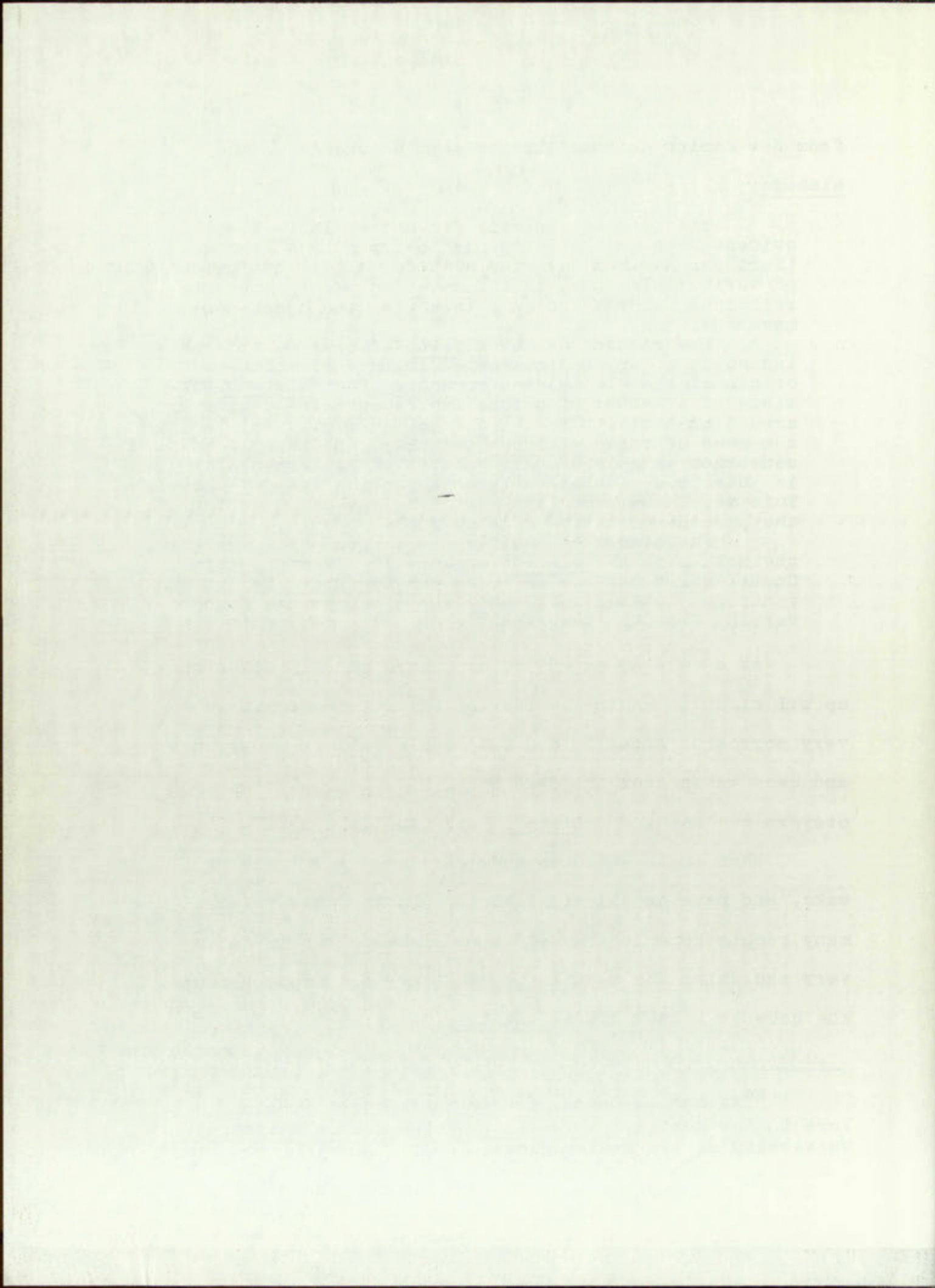
The content of the alabado affords an interesting study to anyone interested in investigating the origin of the old Spanish romance. Each alabado consists of a number of octosyllabic cuatrains centering around an incident in the life of a Saint. By placing a number of these alabados together, one is able to construct an epic of that Saint's life. Especially is this true of those written about the life of Christ. This may throw some light into the age-old question of the precedence of the epic over the romance.

The oldest compositions are assonated, but for the most part the alabado appears in alternate rhyme. Occasionally one may be found varying from the conventional octosyllabic, and less often is one found varying from the cuatrain.²⁴

At a wake of an adult, neighbors and relatives stay up all night to mourn the loss of their friend. It is a very sorrowful occasion and the people talk in undertones and keep watch over the dead body, they tell stories and prayers are said, and alabados are usually sung.

When an infant dies they also hold a velorio or wake, and have an all night vigil. During this velorio many people come to pray and sing alabados but is not a very sad thing for a child to die, they are happy because the baby is like a little angelito, angel.

²⁴Arthur L. Campa, "A Bibliography of Spanish Folklore in New Mexico," University of New Mexico Bulletin, University of New Mexico Press, 1930.



At Chimayo the most popular of the doings at a velorio or wake besides saying prayers and cuentos is the singing of alabados. Nearly all those that go to a wake take along their cuadernos, hymn books, which contain all kind of alabados. The late Mr. Victor Ortega of Chimayo whose name has been mentioned before, gave the writer permission to write some of these alabados from his cuaderno.

The first pattern of these alabados is sung to the deceased person not invoking any saint, but rather lamenting the parting of the body and soul from this earth. It is the dead person speaking of his last journey and giving advice to those who are remaining here on earth as to the kind of life they should live before they too will go on this journey.

YA SE LLEGÓ LA HORA Y TIEMPO THE HOUR HAS NOW ARRIVED

Adios, mi acompañamiento,
Donde me estaban velando,
Ya se llegó la hora y tiempo,
De que me vayan sacando.

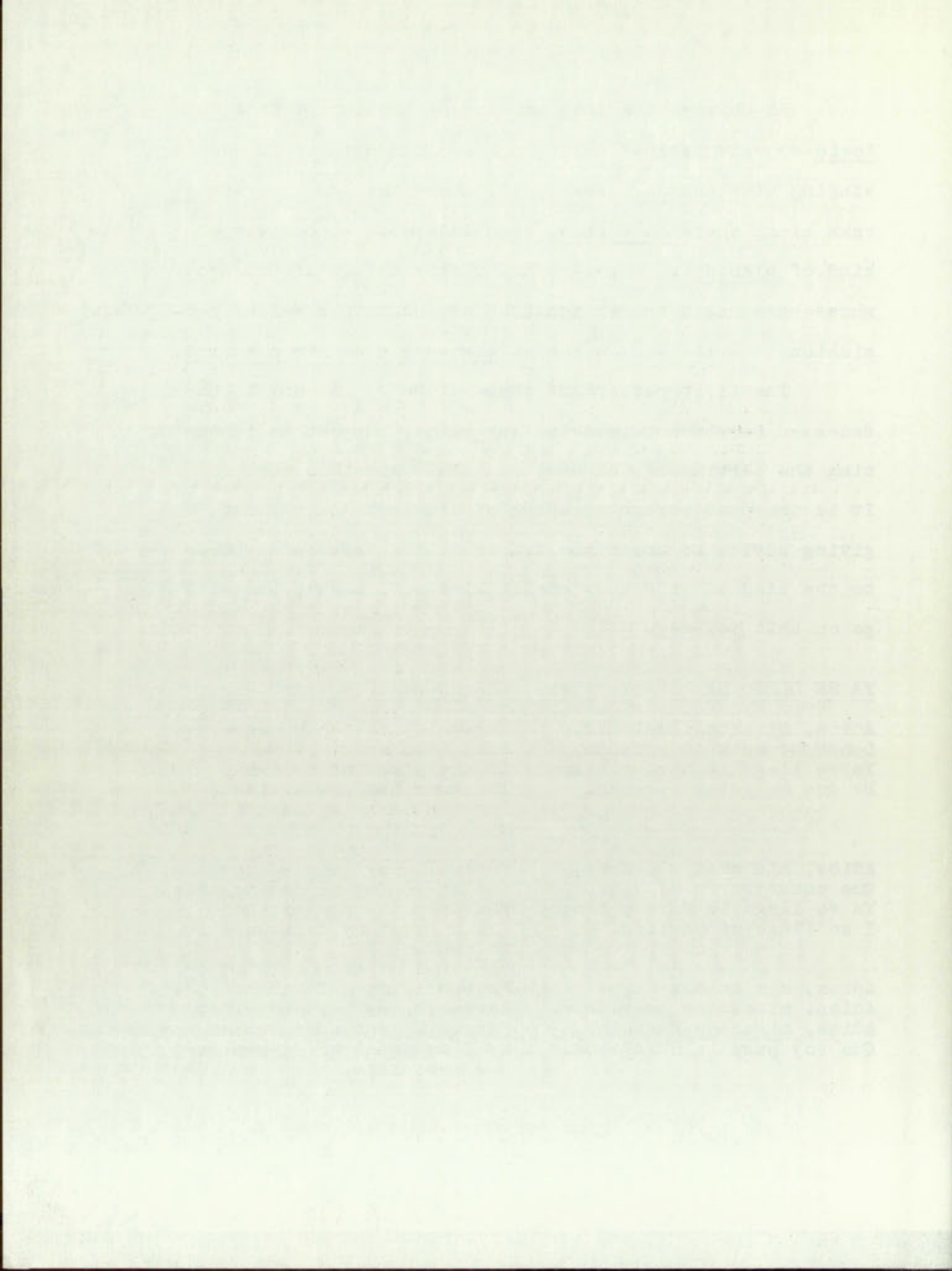
Farewell, those who have accompanied me,
At the place of my wake,
The hour has now arrived,
For the carrying out of my body.

Adios, mis amados padres,
Que conservaron mi vida,
Ya se llegó la hora y tiempo,
Y se llegó mi partida.

Farewell, my beloved parents,
Who cared for me during life,
The hour has now arrived,
The hour of my departure is at hand.

Adios, mis amados hijos,
Adios, mi esposa querida,
Adios, mi acompañamiento,
Que voy para la otra vida.

Farewell, my beloved children,
Farewell, my beloved wife,
Farewell, those who accompany me,
As I am about to depart for the next life.



Adios, todos mis parientes,
Adios, mi dulce morada,
Adios, mi acompañamiento,
Que ya voy en mi jornada.

Adios, acompañamiento,
Se llegó la hora postrera,
Acompañenme en mi entierro,
A mi casa verdadera.

A que penosa jornada!
A que camino tan estrecho!
Me voy para la otra vida,
Adios, acompañamiento!

Ya se me acabó el aliento,
Ya se me acabó el sentido,
Dejo todos mis designos,
De este mundo entretenido.

Acompañenme a mi entierro,
Ya mi alma está separada,
Ya va a comulgar sus culpas,
De sus vida desastrada.

Adios, acompañamiento,
Que ya voy al camposanto,
Y toditos mis parientes,
Gimiendo en amargo llanto.

Ya me separo de todos,
Y del mundo en general,
Hasta el vernos en la gloria,
Después del juicio Universal.

Es posible, Dios de mi alma,
Que yo me llegue a ver,
Dentro de una sepultura,
Donde mi cama será.

La sepultura es mi cama,
Y la tierra mi propio centro,
Se atemorizan las almas,
Al considerarme adentro.

Ya van para el cementerio,
Prosiguiendo en la oración,
Y a toditos mis parientes,
Se les parte el corazón.

Farewell, all my relatives,
Farewell, my sweet shade,
Farewell, those who accompany me,
As I am already on my journey.

Farewell those who accompany me,
My last hour has arrived,
Accompany me on my funeral,
To my true resting place.

O, what a tedious journey!
O, what a narrow path!
I am departing for the next life,
Farewell, those who accompany me!

My strength has already departed,
My senses have already left me,
I leave all the designs,
Of this troublesome world.

Accompany me in my funeral,
My soul is already separated,
It is about to confess its faults,
Those of its wretched life.

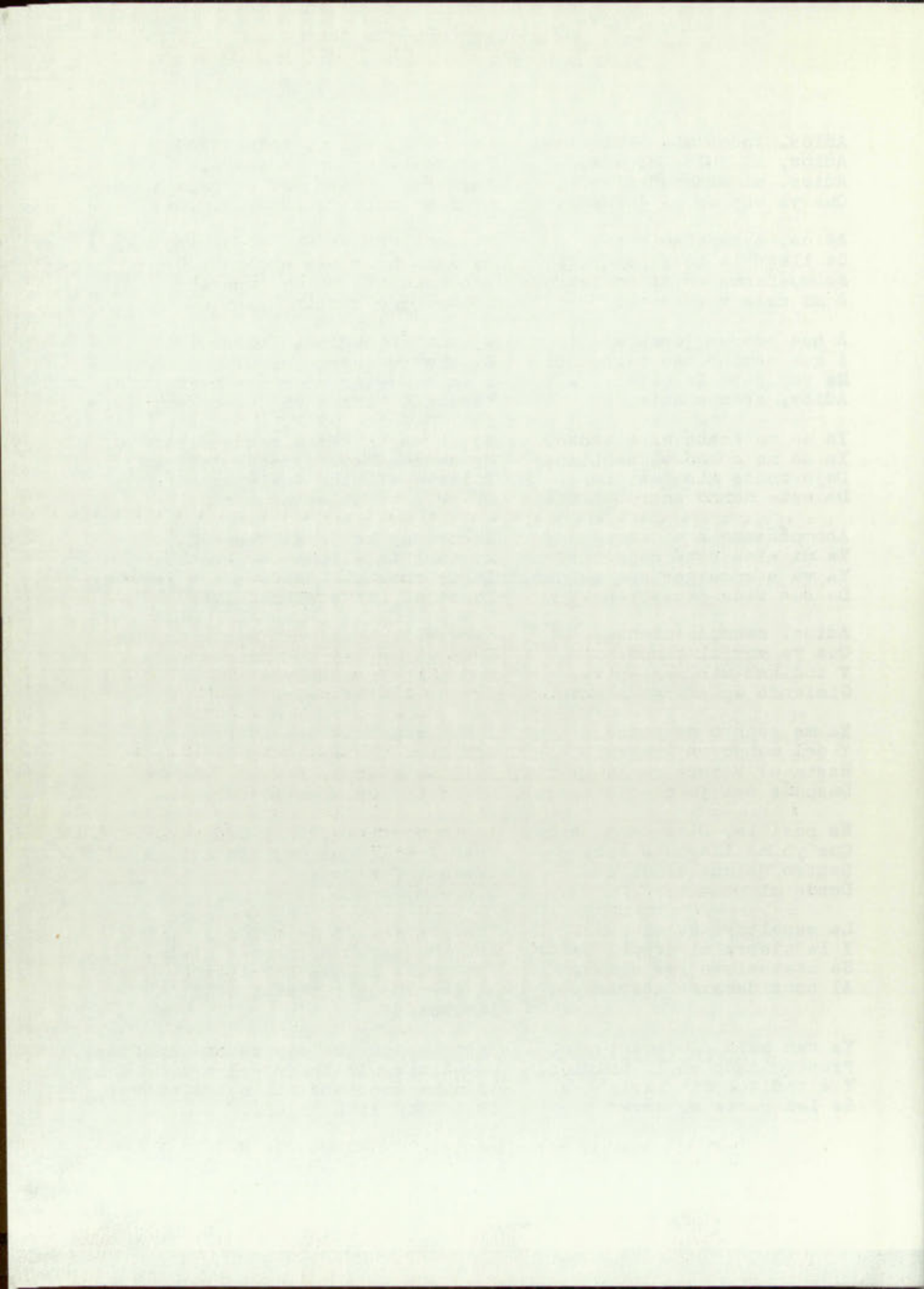
Farewell, those who accompany me,
I am on my way to the cemetery,
And all my relatives
Crying bitter tears.

I now separate myself from all,
And from the world in general,
Till we meet in heaven,
After the universal judgement.

Is it possible, O my God,
That I will one day see myself,
Inside of a grave,
Where my couch is to be.

The grave will be my bed,
And the earth my proper place,
The souls become horrified,
At the thought that I will
lie inside.

They are on the way to the cemetery,
Continuing in their prayers,
And the heart of all my relatives,
Is broken with grief.



Corazones temblarán,
Tan solo al considerar,
De este paso tan amargo,
Que todos lo tienen que dar.

Esta vida es un engaño,
Este mundo es un desvelo,
Y los seres un rebaño,
Para sustentar el duelo.

De la tierra fui formado,
La tierra me produjo,
La tierra me ha sustentado,
Y a la tierra estoy ofrecido.

Dios me creó con su poder,
Y su Espíritu Divino,
Y esperó de su bondad,
Me guié por buen camino.

Adios, acompañamiento,
Ya todo está concluido,
Pónganme en la sepultura,
En la tierra del olvido.

De la nada fui formado,
Por obra de mi Creador,
Y en el juicio universal,
El será mi protector.

A Dios me postro humilde,
De mi culpa arrepentido,
El me perdonará,
Lo mal que le he servido.

En Dios espero reposo,
En Dios espero consuelo,
Que, el juicio terminado,
Me abra las puertas del cielo.

Adios, por última vez,
Que me ven sobre la tierra,
Pónganme en mi sepultura,
En mi casa verdadera.

Soy de mi Jesús cofrado,
Soy de Jesús y seré,
Porque con mi voluntad,
A Dios me entregué.

Hearts will tremble,
At the thought,
Of this bitter journey,
All of us will have to make.

This life is an illusion,
This world a tiresome experience,
And all human beings the means,
Of nourishing the affliction.

From the earth I was formed,
The earth produced me,
The earth has nourished me,
To the earth I am being offered.

God created me by his power,
And his Divine Spirit,
And I hope by His kindness,
That He will guide me along
the right path.

Farewell those who accompany me,
Everything is already settled,
Put me in my grave,
Where I will lie forgotten.

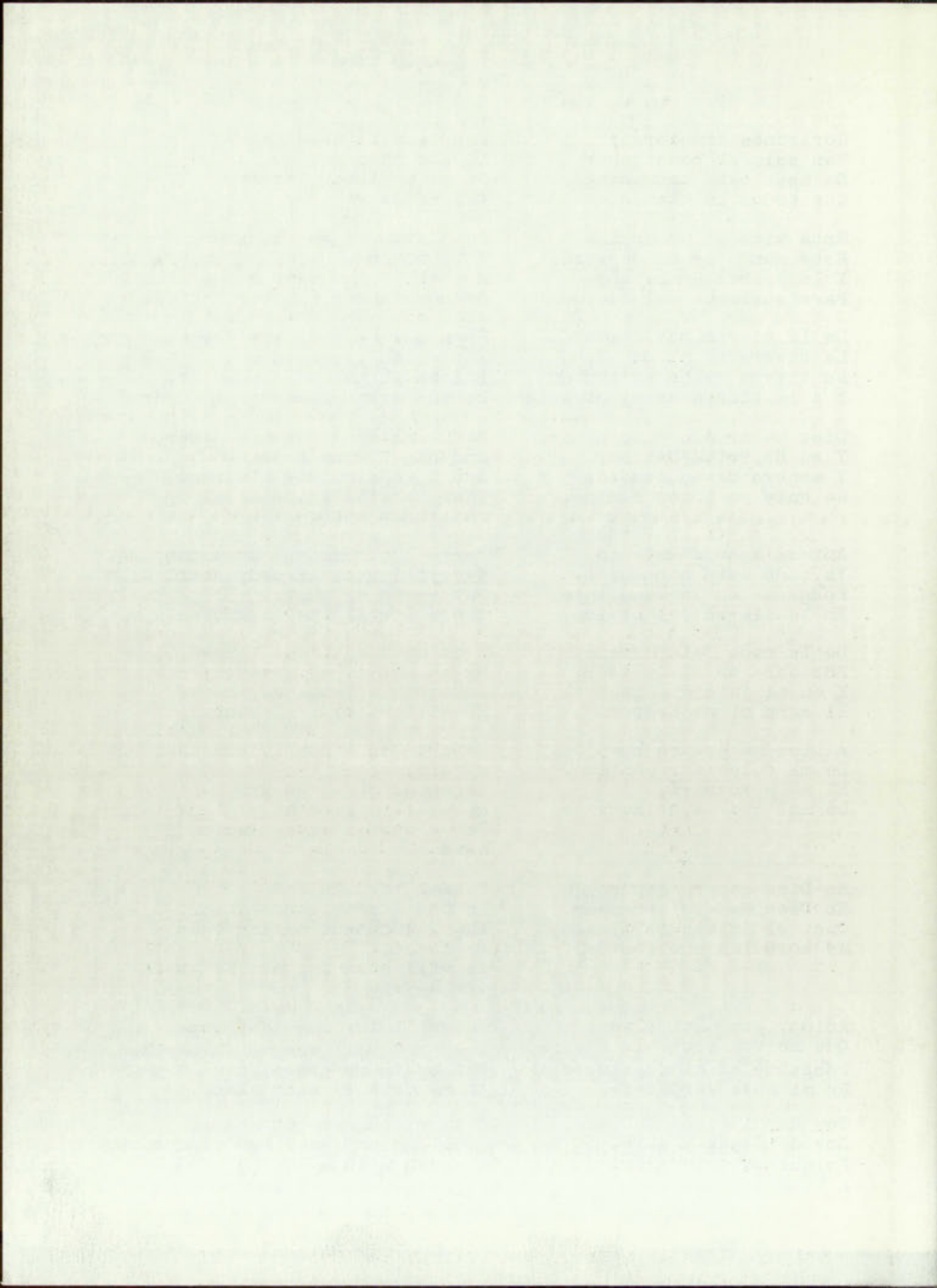
From nothing I was formed,
By an act of my Creator,
And on the last judgement,
He will be my protector.

Before God I humbly prostrate
myself,
Repented of my faults,
He will forgive me,
For the evil way in which I
have served Him.

I seek rest in God,
In God I seek consolation,
That, judgment having been
rendered,
He will open for me the gates
of heaven.

Farewell for the last time,
That you will see me on earth,
Put me in my grave,
In my true resting place.

I am a confrere of Jesus,
I belong to Jesus and always be,
Because with my will,
I gave myself to God.



Adios, todos en general,
 Résenme un sudario,
 Aquí me acompañaron,
 Y voy a quedar sepultado.
 Amen.²⁵

Farewell all in general,
 Say the last prayer for me,
 You have accompanied me,
 Here I will remain burried.
 Amen.

AVE MARÍA PURÍSIMA

Me atormenta noche y día,
 Un cuidado y sin cesar,
 Ay Jesús del alma mía,
 Sí, me tengo que salvar.

Después de esta fragil vida,
 Dónde me voy a parar?
 Ay Jesús del alma mía,
 Sí, me tengo que salvar.

Que me importa la riqueza,
 Si no me salva mi Dios,
 No me vale la nobleza,
 Si al fin me quedo sin Dios.

No permita tu clemencia,
 En mi tan atroz pesar,
 Ay Jesús del alma mía,
 Tu bondad me a de salvar.

Si en el abismo de penas,
 La culpa me va arrojar,
 Entre fuegos y cadenas,
 Si allí siempre se llorará.

En aflicciones eternas,
 Como me ató el pecar,
 Ay Jesús del alma mía,
 Ahora me salvarás.

Si por un solo pecado,
 Dios al ángel condenó,
 Si del jardín delicioso,
 Al hombre lo desterró.

Cómo no? temo la culpa,
 Que a mi me condenará,
 Ay Jesus del alma mía,
 Cómo me podré salvar?

HAIL, PUREST MARY

I am tormented night and day,
 By fear which will not leave me,
 Beloved Jesus of my soul,
 I must and shall be saved.

After this frail life is over,
 Where will I come to rest?
 Beloved Jesus of my soul,
 I must and shall be saved.

Of what use to me are riches,
 If God will not redeem me,
 Noble blood is of no worth to me,
 If in the end I lose my God.

Of your great mercy I do ask,
 To save me from such a sorrow,
 Oh beloved Jesus of my soul,
 Your kindness must surely save me.

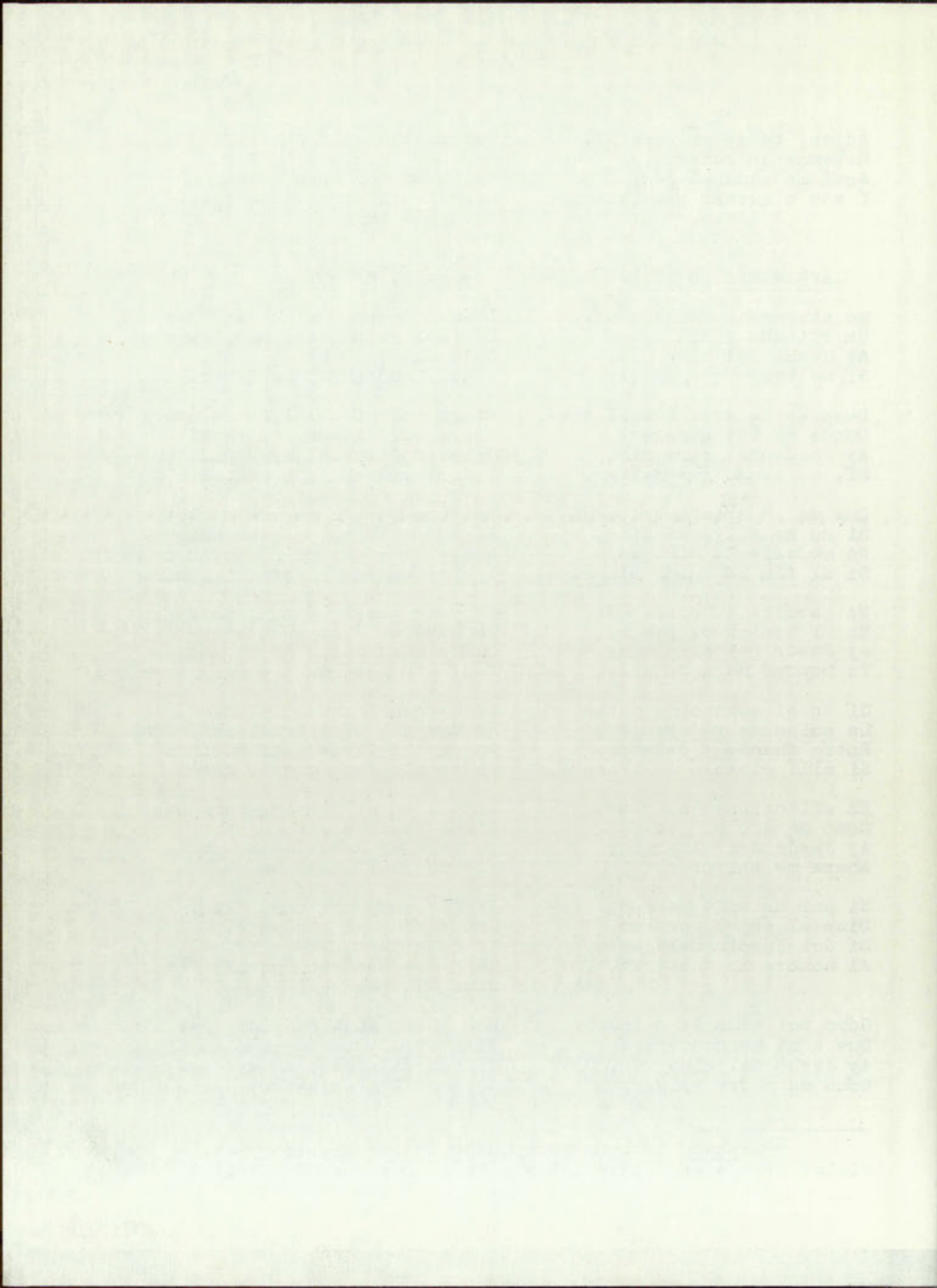
If by sin I should plunged,
 In the pit of eternal suffering,
 Among its flames and chains,
 There to weep forever more.

Amidst never ceasing torments,
 Since chained I am by sin,
 Oh beloved Jesus of my soul,
 Now you must save me.

If for only one small sin,
 God condemned the angel,
 If from that garden of delight,
 He drove man out for his first sin.

How then, should I not fear sin,
 Will surely be my condemnation,
 Oh beloved Jesus of my soul,
 How can I ever saved?

²⁵Alabado or hymn from the Cuaderno loaned by Mr.
 Victor Ortega of Chimayo, Santa Fe County. New Mexico.



Si la muerte inevitable,
Mi culpa deve acabar,
Si del cuerpo miserable,
Luego me has de despojar.

Si el morir es inevitable,
¿Dónde va el alma a parar?
Ay Jesús del alma mía,
Deveras me salvarás.

Este momento terrible,
Algún día a de llegar,
Lo terruño y lo visible,
En el tendras que dejar.

Pues trabaja lo posible,
Si no quieres morir mal,
Ay Jesús del alma mía,
Antes me quiero salvar.

Si el Juez divino y airado,
Luego me e de presentar,
Como vivo descuidado,
Terrible me juzgarás.

Y si vivo en el pecado,
Justo me condenará,
Ay Jesús del alma mía,
Ya no me podré salvar.

La alegría pasa luego,
De Dios la gloria perdí,
Durar sin fin el fuego,
Yo insensato, no temí.

Ya jamás tendre consuelo,
Porque quise yo mi mal,
Ay que pude y ya no puedo,
Que no me quiere salvar.

Ay de mi, que ardiente quedo,
Y no me puedo aliviar,
Ay Jesús del alma mía,
Ya no me podré salvar.

Amen.²⁶

If inevitable death,
Will to my sins put an end,
If from this vile body of mine,
You will drive me out.

If death cannot be avoided,
Where will my soul come to rest?
Oh beloved Jesus of my soul,
You must surely, save me.

That moment so dread and awful,
Some day must surely come,
All you see, all things earthly,
You'll liave behind on that
last day.

Make every endeavor possible,
If you do not wish to die in sin,
Oh beloved Jesus of my soul,
I wish to be saved.

If that Judge divine and angry,
I must face at once, then why
do I persist in my sinful life?
How dread your sentence will be.

And if I persist in sinning,
In justice you must condemn me,
Oh beloved Jesus of my soul,
Then I could not be saved.

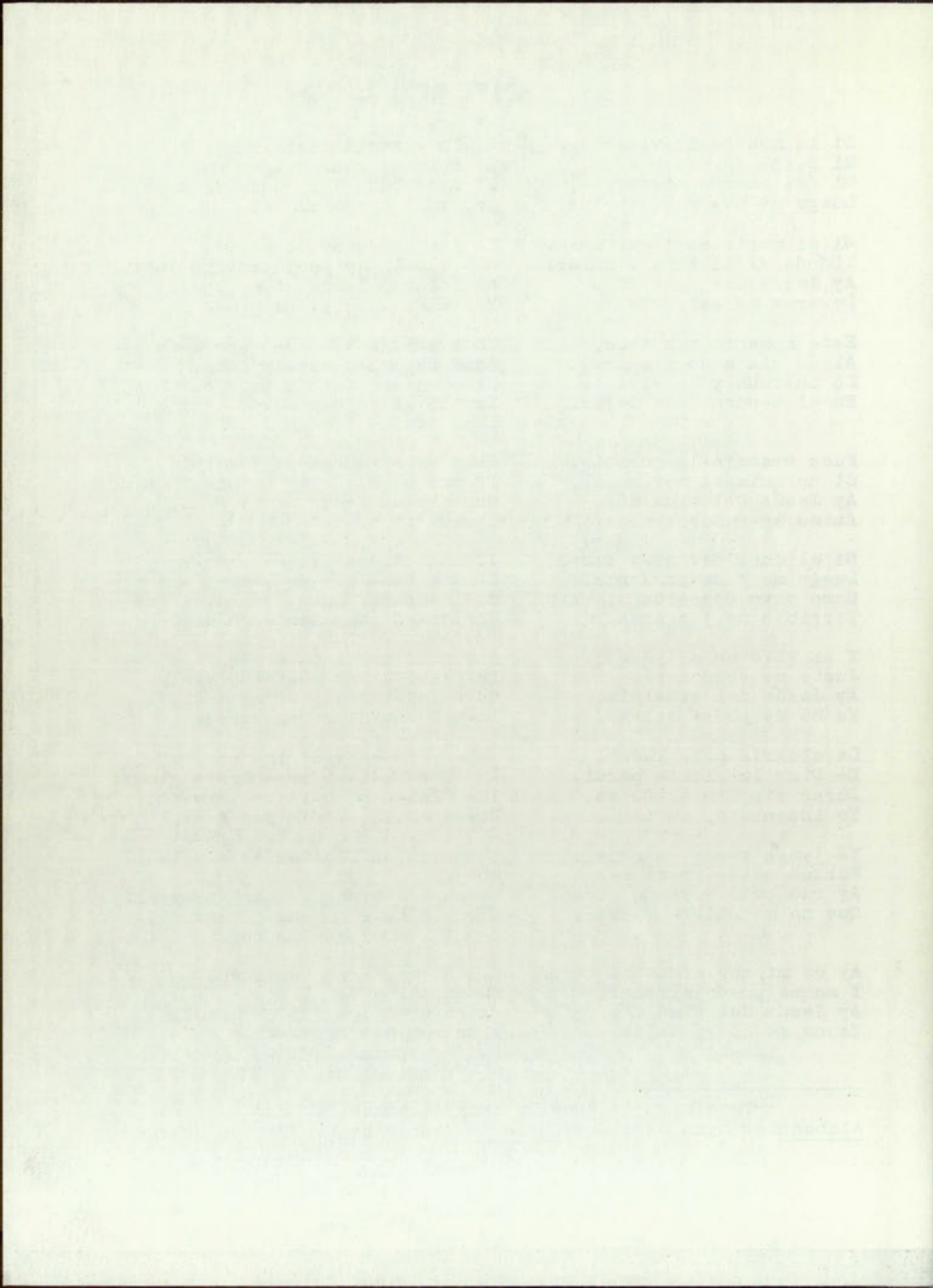
Gayety is only of the moment,
And for that to lose God's glory,
The flames of hell are eternal,
How foolish, I did not fear.

Consolation I never more will
know,
Because I brought this on myself,
I could have but now I cannot,
He will not save me now.

All of me, I am consumed,
But nothing can I do,
Oh beloved Jesus of my soul,
I cannot now be saved.

Amen.

²⁶This hymn is usually sung at wakes of dead persons.
Alabado or hymn from the Cuaderno loaned by Mr. Victor Ortega



RECUERDA SI ESTÁS DORMIDO

Recuerda si estás dormido,
Deja de vivir atroz,
Porque el vivir divertido,
Hombre, has olvidado a Dios.

Recuerda del año y mes,
Y el día de tu promesa,
Engañaste a Jesucristo,
Juraste con ligereza.

Como fuistes engañado,
Hombre despierta y advierte,
Entre las horas del día,
Te acercas más a la muerte.

Si de esa manera sigues,
Sin llegarte a comulgarte,
Como puedes alcanzar,
El don que el Señor te ofrece.

Vuelve, vuelve pecador,
Vuelve, vuelve arrepentido,
Vuelve a la casa de Dios,
En pos de Cristo tu amigo.

Allí recibirás la gracia,
Y el Sacramento divino,
Mira a Cristo en esa mesa,
Hombre ingrato, entretenido.

Amen.²⁷

AGONÍA

Mira, mira, pecador
Que si vives en pecado,
Puedes anochecer bueno,
Y amanecer condenado

IF ASLEEP THOU ART, WAKE UP

If asleep thou art, wake up,
Leave that weak life you
are leading,
For in living indifferently,
Man, You have forgotten God.

Remember the year and the month,
And the day of your conversion,
Jesus Christ you have deceived,
Lightly you took your oath.

How you were deceived,
Man! arouse yourself and re-
member,
That as the hours of the day
go by,
You draw nearer unto death.

If you continue in this way,
Without partaking of Holy
communion,
How then can you attain,
To the grace which the Lord
extends to you.

Sinner, turn back, turn back,
Turn back, turn back, repented,
Return to the house of God,
In search of Christ your friend.

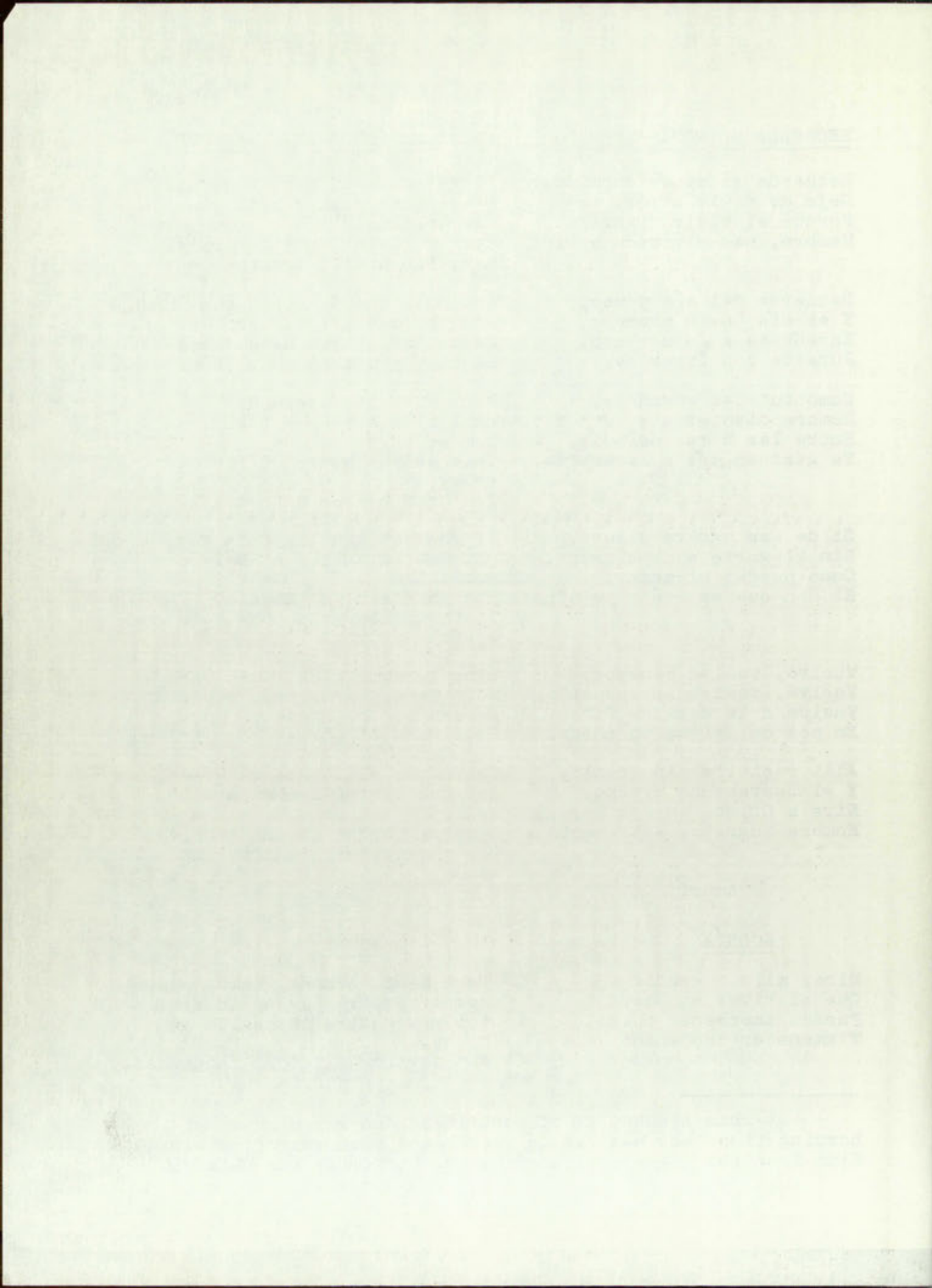
There you will receive grace,
And the Divine Sacrament as
well,
Behold, Christ at that table,
Oh, ungrateful, indifferent
man.

Amen.

AGONY

Take heed, sinner, take heed,
For if you're living in sin,
You may retire in health at
night,
And morning find you condemned.

²⁷This Alabado is of contrition and repentance, exhorting those who hear it to repent and turn away from sin. Hymn from the Cuaderno loaned by Mr. Victor Ortega Chimayo.



Mira que es breve tu vida,
Y que vas muy a la posta,
Caminando hacia la muerte,
Piénsalo bien, que te importa.

Remember your life is a short one,
And you are rushing headlong,
Towards your inevitable death,
Take heed, for it greatly concerns you.

Triste, turbado y confuso,
Temeroso y aun temblando,
Entre batallas y penas,
Estarás agonizando.

Sad, amidst confusion,
Fearful and trembling confronted,
With struggle and weary trials,
Death's agony will overtake you.

Piénsalo bien, que te importa,
Para que enmiendes tu vida,
Y lo hagas cuanto antes,
Porque ya estás de partida.

Take heed, for it greatly concerns you,
Mend your ways of living,
The sooner the better for you,
For your life is near its end.

Cuando agonizando estés,
Y roncándote ya el pecho,
Y con la vela en la mano,
¿Qué quisieras haber hecho?

When death over take you,
And his rattle sounds in your throat,
With the candle in your hand,
Is there something you've left undone?

Presto llegará este trance,
Porque la vida es muy corta,
No lo tengas en olvido,
Piénsalo bien, que te importa.

That time will surely come,
For life is very short,
Keep this ever in mind,
Take heed, for it greatly concerns you.

Que pálido y que terrible,
Estarás amortajado,
Sin tener ya de este mundo,
Nada de cuanto has juntado.

How pallid and dreadful you'll be,
Wrapped in the winding shroud,
Entirely alone and bereft,
Of worldly wealth you may have gathered.

Piénsalo bien, que te importa,
Y mira que sepultado,
Entre tierra, podre y huesos,
Has de quedar olvidado.

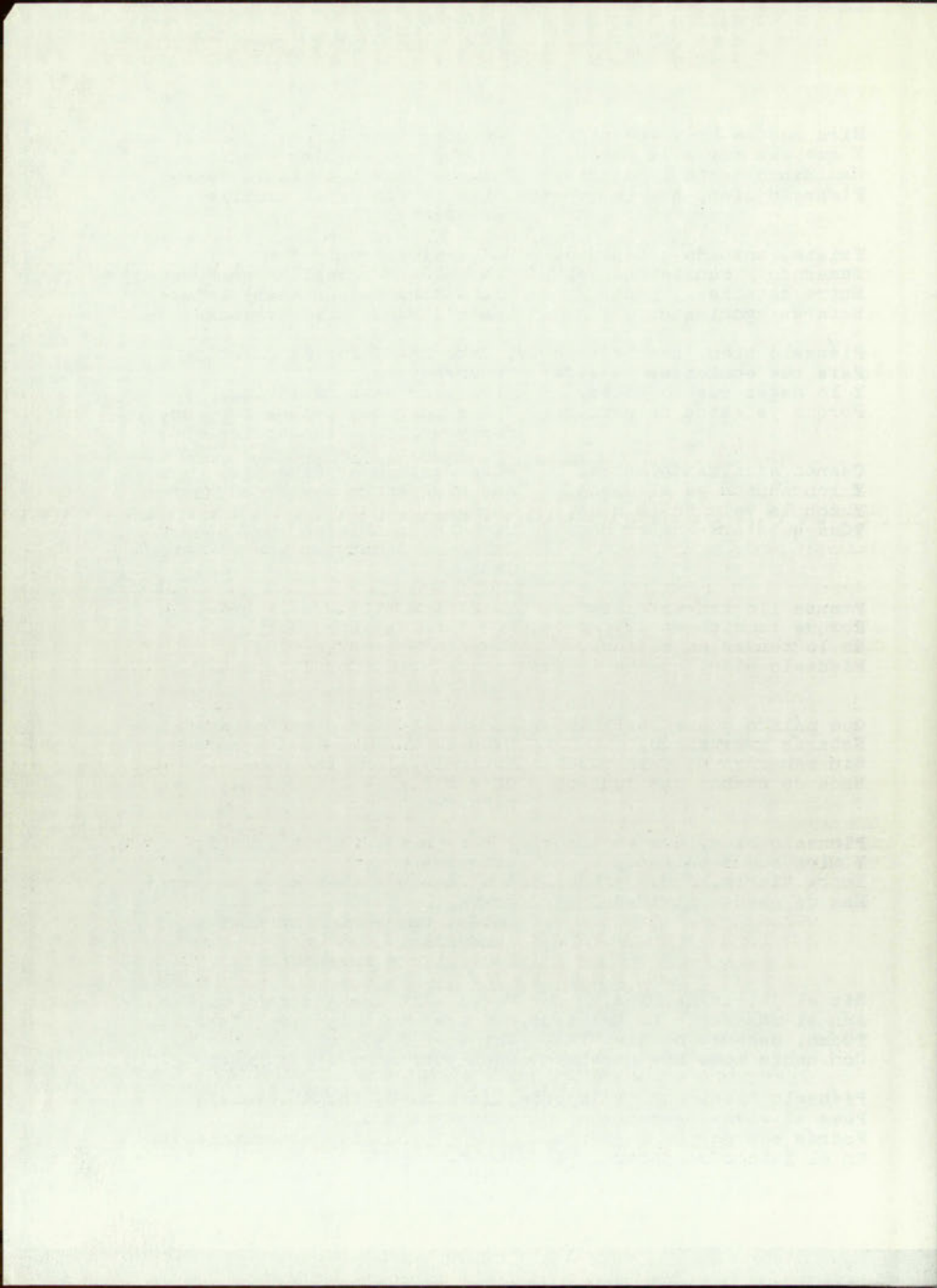
Take heed, for it greatly concerns you,
And remember that once in your grave,
Amidst the worms and dust of corruption,
You will be forgotten.

Sin el juicio de Dios,
Aún el más santo ha temblado,
¿Cómo, pecador no tiembles,
Con tanto como has pecado?

Faced with the judgment of God,
The most saintly have trembled,
Why should you not be fearful,
When your sins are so many.

Piénsalo bien, que te importa,
Pues si vives descuidado,
Podrás ser por tu descuido,
En el juicio condenado.

Take heed, for it greatly concerns you,
For if you live without taking heed,
This very indifference will consign you to eternal flames.



En perpetuos alaridos
Están allá en el infierno,
Echando a Dios maldiciones,
Y rabiando en fuego eterno.

With eternal and ceaseless
bemoanings,
Condemned souls writhe in the
pit,
Blaspheming God in their fury,
Raving amidst eternal flames.

Piénsalo bien, que te importa,
Para el fuego librarte,
Y si no lo piensas puedes,
sin pensarlo, condenarte.

Take heed, for it greatly
concerns you,
For if you do not think about it,
To save yourself from the flames,
It may be that not thinking,
condemned you will be.

Amen.²⁸

Amen.

NO TARDES EN ARREPENTIRTE

DO NOT TARRY IN REPENTING

No tardes en arrepentirte
Pecador de tus pecados,
Mira que por esa culpa,
Hay muchos condenados.

Do not tarry in repenting,
Sinner of your sins,
As on account of not doing so,
There are many souls condemned.

Los que están hoy condenados,
Pensar ir a los cielos,
Y tú pensarás lo mismo,
Siguiendo el camino de ellos.

Those who are already condemned,
Might think that they will go
to heaven,
And you, perhaps think as they,
Following the path they have trod.

Si aun huyendo de las culpas,
Es difícil el salvarse,
¿Cómo siguiendo los vicios,
Quieres tú pensarás lo mismo?

If even fleeing from temptation,
It is difficult to be saved,
How on living a life of vice,
Do you not wish to be condemned?

Pecador que estás dormido,
Despierta ya del pecado,
Mira que ahora Dios te llama,
Y después no serás llamado.

Sinner ye who are asleep,
Awaken from sin,
Take note that God now calls you,
And afterwards you will not be
called.

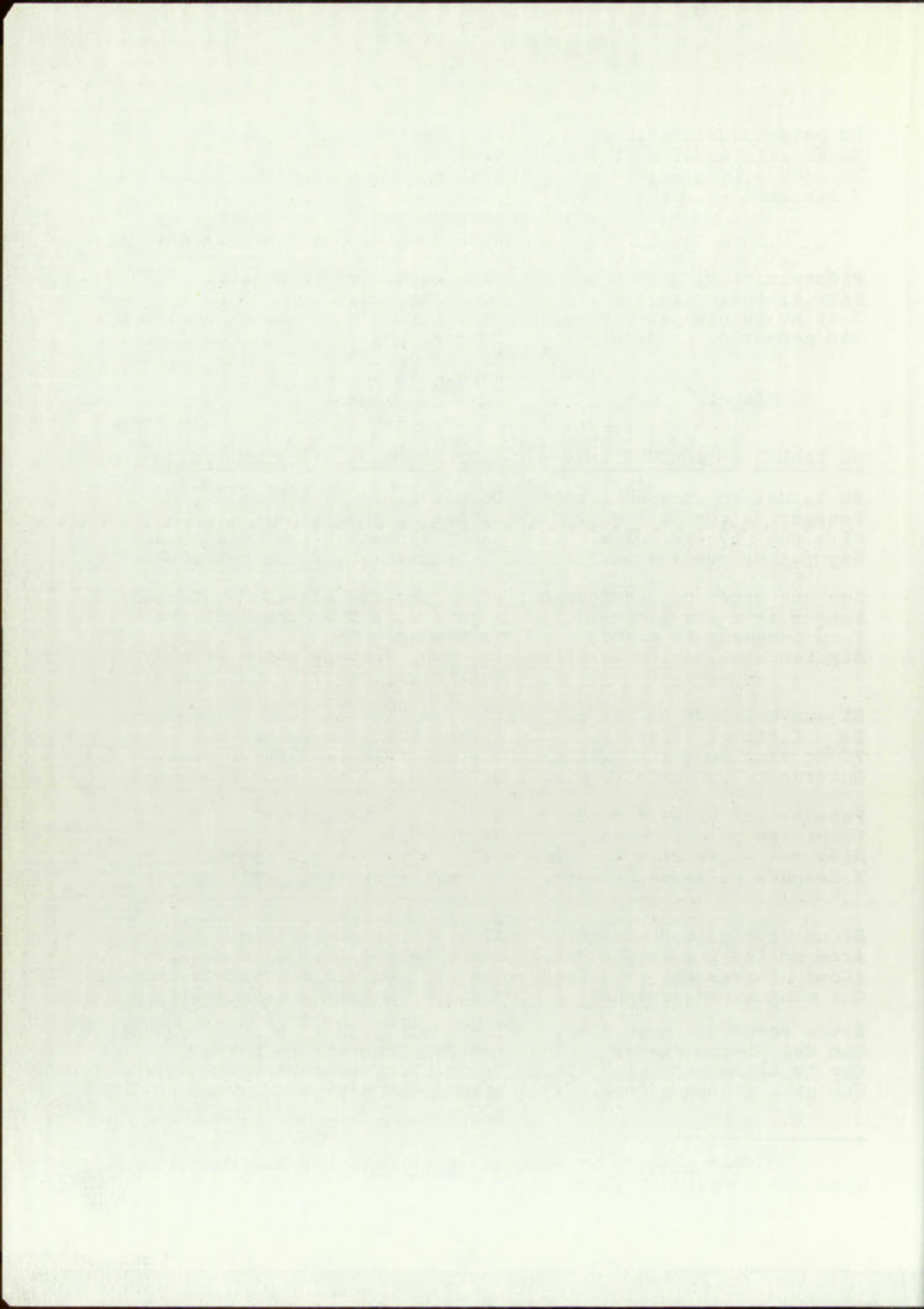
Si un discípulo de Cristo,
Arde en las llamas eternas,
¿Cómo piensas mal cristiano,
Qué ninguno se condena?

If a disciple of Christ,
Burns in the eternal flames,
How can you believe bad Christian,
That no one condemns himself?

Estas voces que oyes alma,
Son del Divino Pastor,
Que te llama para el cielo,
Con gran piedad y amor.

These calls that you hear o soul,
Are from the Divine Pastor,
Who calls you to heaven,
With great pity and love.

²⁸This alabado is sung at velorios wakes and sometimes
when the individual is dying.



El demonio te persigue,
Delante de tu convención,
Que de Dios tu te alejes,
Mira cual te está mejor.

The devil pursues you,
Irrespective of your promise,
Tempting you to deviate from God,
Consider which is better for you.

Si comulgando en pecado,
Judas te condena luego,
¿Cómo no confiesas bien,
Ni temes eterno fuego?

If you partake of the Eucharist
in sin,
Judas will at once condemn you,
As you do not confess your sins
fully,
Now do you fear the eternal fire?

Si cuidados de la tierra,
Y de hombres te han desvelado,
¿Cómo no te quita el sueño,
El cuidado de ser condenado.

If worldly affairs,
And of men who have caused you
to lose your sleep,
Why does not the fear of being
condemned, cause you to lose
sleep?

De este instante que es tu vida,
Espera una eternidad,
De gloria si a Dios sirves,
Y de penas si obras mal.

From the worth of this instant
which is your life time, Hope
for an eternity,
Of glory if you serve God,
And of suffering if you live an
evil life.

Si a la hora de la muerte,
Os podrás tomar sustento,
¿Cómo guardas para entonces,
El hacer tu testamento?

If at the hour of death
You are able to gain sustenance,
Why will you wait till then,
To make your testament?

Mira que es cierto cristiano,
Que te has de condenar,
Si a los que te han agrabiado,
No tratas de perdonar.

Consider that it is certain o
Christian,
That you will be condemned,
You do not try to forgive.

No te atrevas a dormir,
Una sola noche en pecado,
Que pueda ser que dormido,
Mueras y seas condenado.

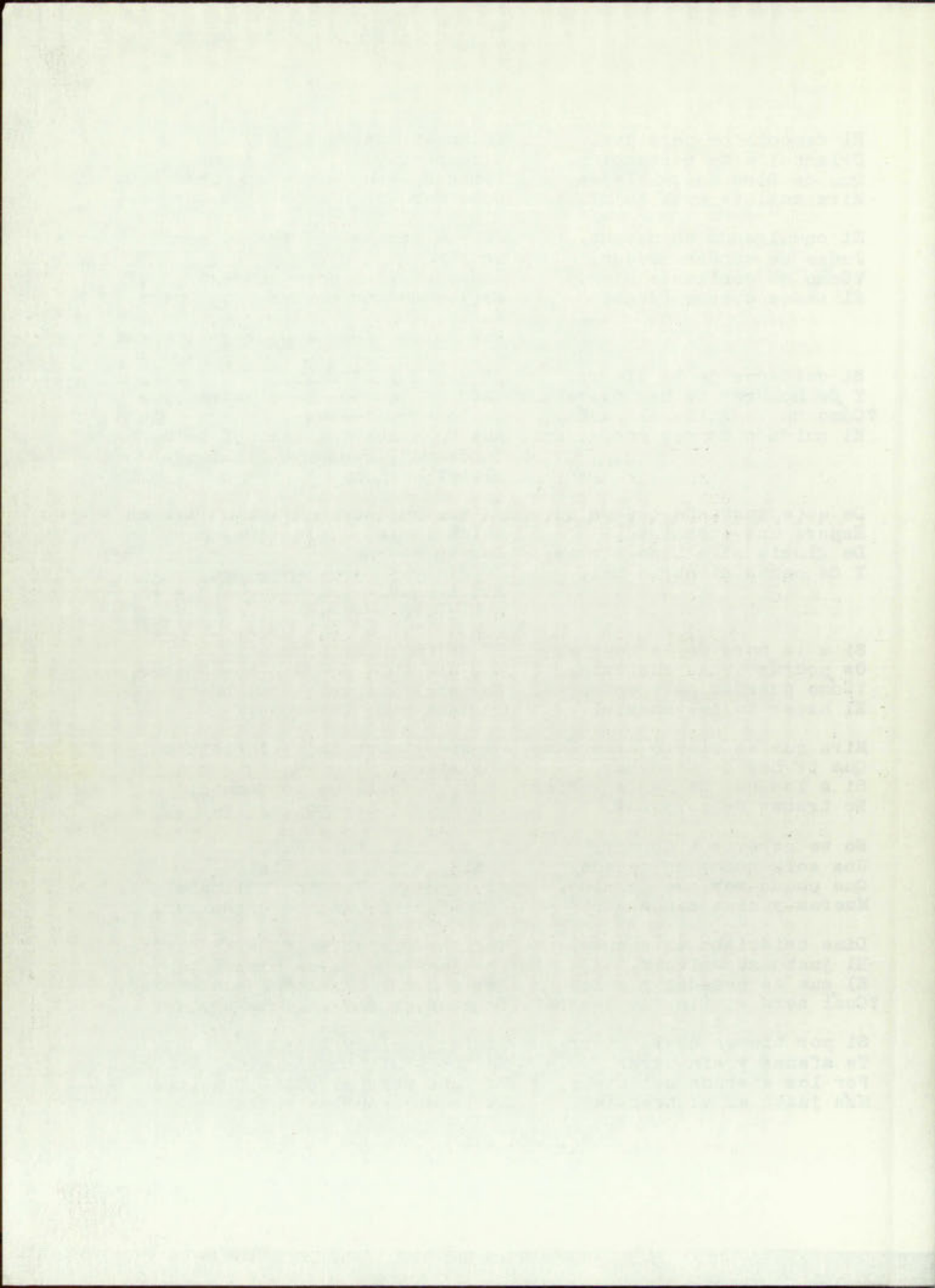
Do not dare to sleep,
A single night in sin,
As it might be that during sleep,
You will die and be condemned.

Dime cristiano si apenas,
El justo se salvará,
El que es pecador y malo,
¿Cuál será el fin que tendrá?

Tell me Christian if with difficulty,
The just one saves himself,
The one who is sinful and wicked,
To what an end will he arrive?

Si por bienes de la tierra,
Te afanas y sin parar,
Por los eternos del cielo,
Más justo es el trabajar.

If for worldly gain,
You toil without ceasing,
For the eternal ones of heaven,
It is more worthy to labor.



Quien tiene enemigos dicen,
No ha de dormir descuidado,
Pues como pecador no duermes,
Teniendo pecados tantos.

He who has enemies they say,
Should not sleep at ease,
As being a sinner you do not
sleep,
Having so many sins.

Cuando el demonio te enlistase,
Y te consientas en pecado,
Eso no responde luego,
Que pierdas a mi Dios.

When the devil enlists you,
And you go hand in hand with
sin,
That will be of no avail to
you
When you lose my God.

Amen. ²⁹

Amen.

ROMPED, ROMPED MIS CADENAS

BREAK, BREAK MY SHACKLES

Romped, rompé mis cadenas,
Líbrame libertad,
Cuán terrible son mis penas,
Piedad, Cristiano, piedad.

Break, break my shackles,
Tender me freedom,
O, how horrible is my grief,
Pity, Christian, pity.

Una chispa que saliera,
De este fuego tenebroso,
Montes y mares furiosos,
En un punto consumiera.

If only a spark went out,
Of this tenebrous fire,
Forests and furious seas,
In one place would consume.

Ya que pones vuestras llamas,
Compasivas a pagar,
Cuán terribles son mis penas,
Piedad, Cristiano, piedad.

As you put your flames,
Compassionate to pay,
O, how horrible is my grief,
Pity, Christian, pity.

Con más acerbo dolor,
Al reprobó en el infierno,
Atórménta en fuego eterno,
La justicia del Señor.

With the acutest of pain,
The reprobate in hell,
Is tormented by eternal fire,
The Lord's justice.

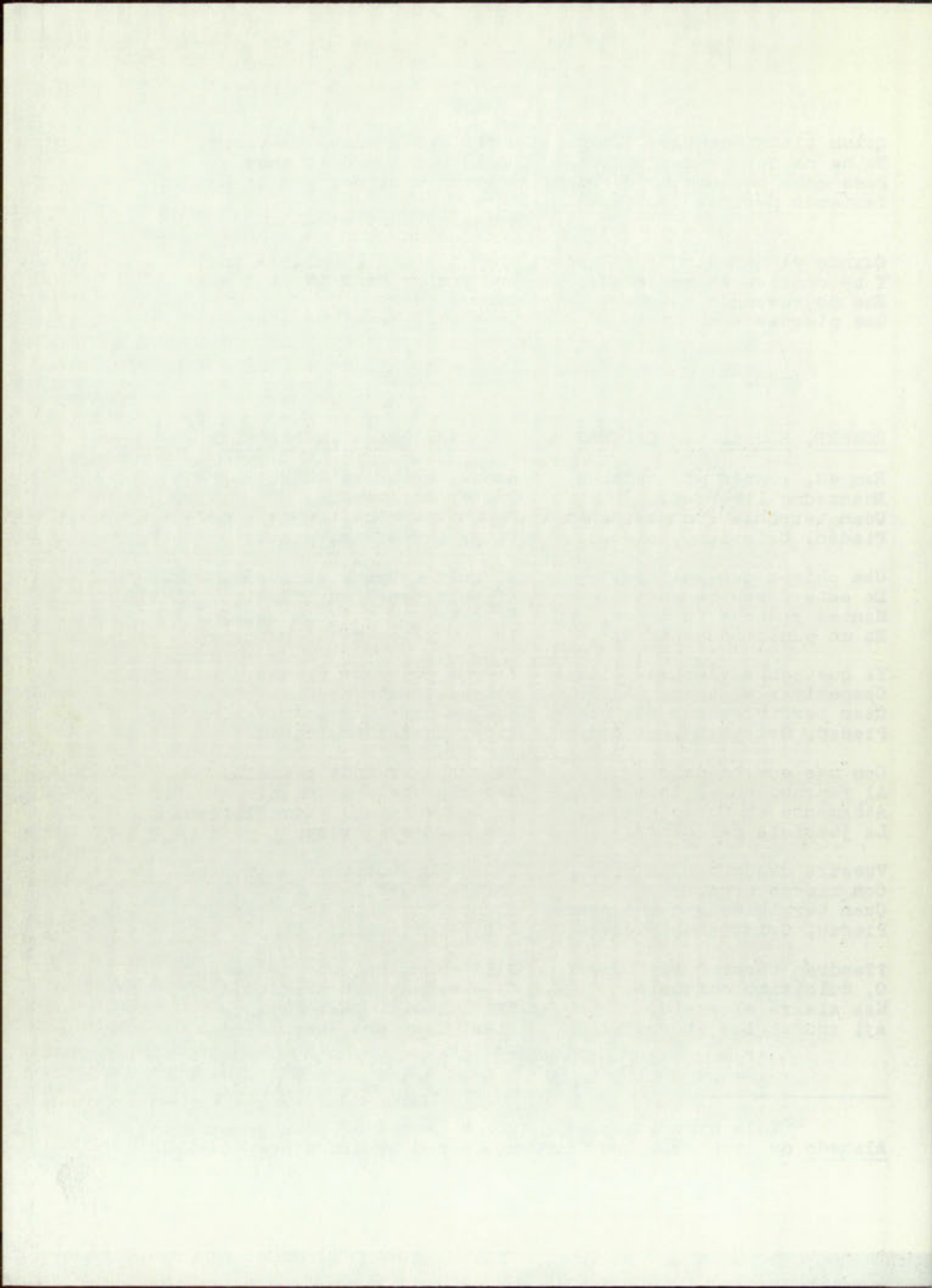
Vuestra deuda con la mía,
Con tiempo paga,
Cuán terribles son mis penas,
Piedad, Cristiano, piedad.

Your debt together with mine,
In time pays,
O, how horrible is my grief,
Pity, Christian, pity.

¿Tendrán término mis males?
O, dulcísimo consuelo,
Mas alzaré el vuelo,
Ay! son siglos eternos.

Will my pains come to an end?
O, sweetest consolation,
Still I will take flight,
Alas! They are eternal cen-
turies.

²⁹This hymn is usually sung at wakes of dead persons.
Alabado or hymn from the Cuaderno loaned by Mr. Victor Ortega.



Los instantes que paso,
Sin ver a Dios Su beldad,
Cuan terrible son mis penas,
Piedad, Cristiano, piedad.

The moments that pass,
Without seeing God's beauty,
O, how terrible is my grief,
Pity, Christian, Pity.

Mil veces, necio de mi,
Por un momentario gusto,
En tus manos, O, Rey justo,
Y en una prisión caí.

A thousand times, imprudent
me,
For a momen's pleasure,
In Thy hands, O just King,
And to a prison I came.

Hoy siquiera con mi suerte,
Amigos, escarmentad,
Cuan terribles son mis penas,
Piedad, Cristiano, piedad.

Today, by my fate, at least,
Take heed my friends,
O, how terrible is my grief,
Pity, Christian, pity.

Mirad que no son extraños,
Los que sugragios imploran,
Ay! son amigos y lloran,
Sin alivio largos años.

Behold, as they are not un-
welcome,
Those who implore your aid,
Alas! They are friends who
weep,
Without mitigation, for many
years.

Fué por ventura fingida,
Vuestra primera amistad,
Cuan terrible son mis penas,
Piedad, Cristiano, piedad.

'Twas perchance, feigned,
Your first friendship,
O, how terrible is my grief,
Pity, Christian, pity.

Soy tu padre hijo querido,
Quien tu compañía reclama,
Penando en horrible llama,
No me dejes en olvido.

I am your father, dear son,
Who demands your company,
Suffering in horrible flames,
Do not leave me in oblivion.

No las ternezas me pagues,
Con desamor y crueldad,
Cuan terribles son mis penas,
Piedad, Cristiano, piedad.

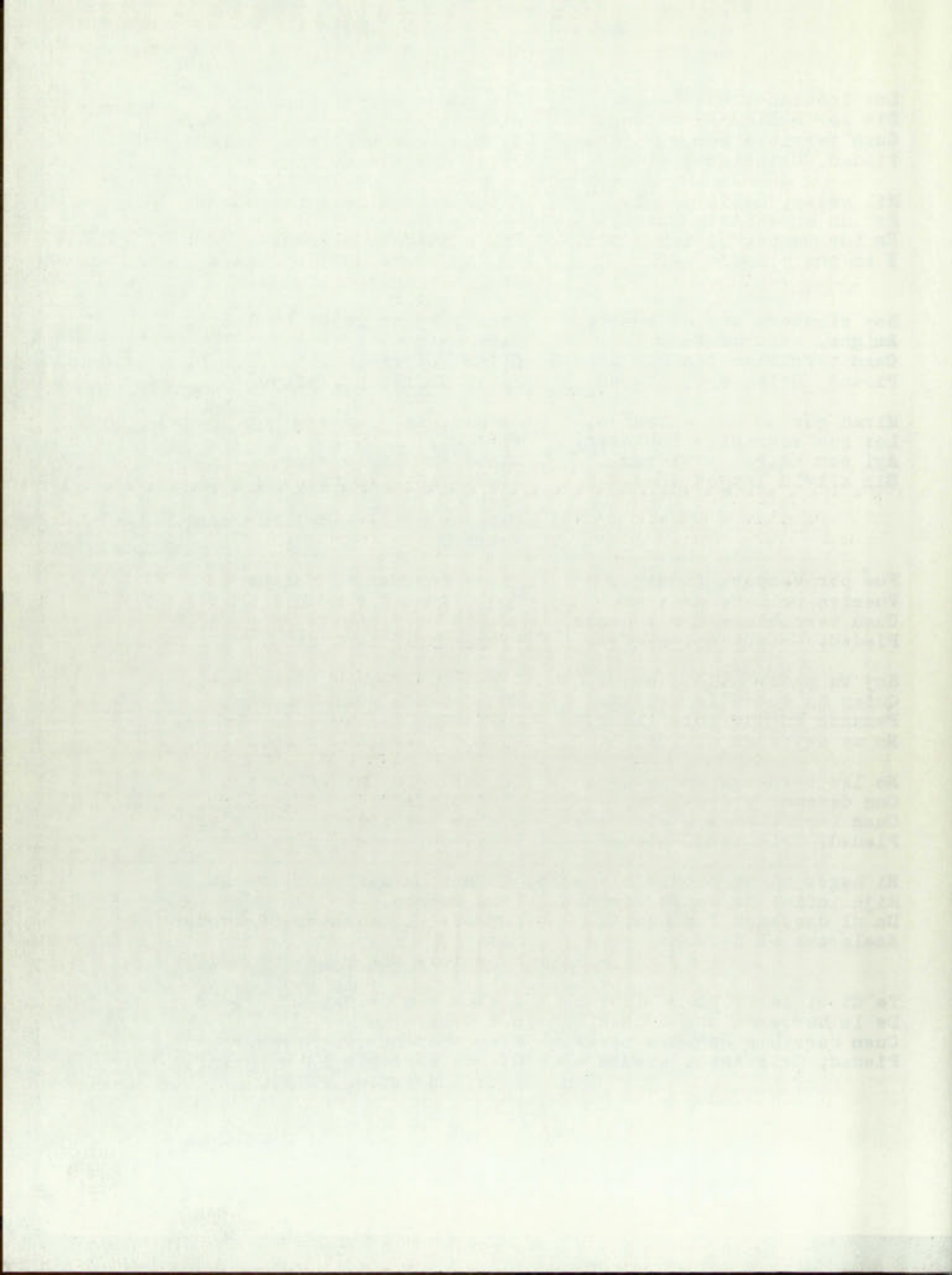
Do not repay my affection,
With disregard and cruelty,
O, how terrible is my grief,
Pity, Christian, pity.

Ni hagas tu de bronce el pecho,
Hija infiel de madre tierna,
Da el descanso luz eterna,
Acelérame el derecho.

Do not harden your breast
like bronze,
Ungrateful daughter of tender
mother,
Expediate the right to me.

Te di el ser y no me libras,
De la horrenda obscuridad,
Cuan terrible son mis penas,
Piedad, Cristiano, piedad.

I gave you being, and you do
not deliver me,
From this horrid darkness,
O, how terrible is my grief,
Pity, Christian, pity.



Sacrificios, oraciones,
Piadosos ofrecimientos,
Limosnas y sacramentos,
Ayunos y humillaciones.

Sacrifices, prayers,
Pious offerings,
Charities and sacraments,
Fasts and humiliations.

Aceptara por rescate,
De Dios la inmensa bondad,
Cuan terrible son mis penas,
Piedad, Cristiano, piedad.

Will accept as ransome,
The immense kindness of God,
O, how terrible are my sufferings,
Pity, Christian, pity.

Tus huesos y tu memoria,
Pronto también losa fría,
Cubrirá, mas que alegría,
Cuando en los remos de gloria.

Your bones and your memory,
Soon, also, shall be cold
granite,
Will cover, rather than pleasure,
When in the oars of Glory.

Ya infelices te aclamemos,
La celestial claridad,
Cuan terribles son mis penas,
Piedad, Cristiano, piedad.

We, already unhappy, will cry
for The,
Celestial charity,
O, how terrible is my grief,
Pity, Christian, pity.

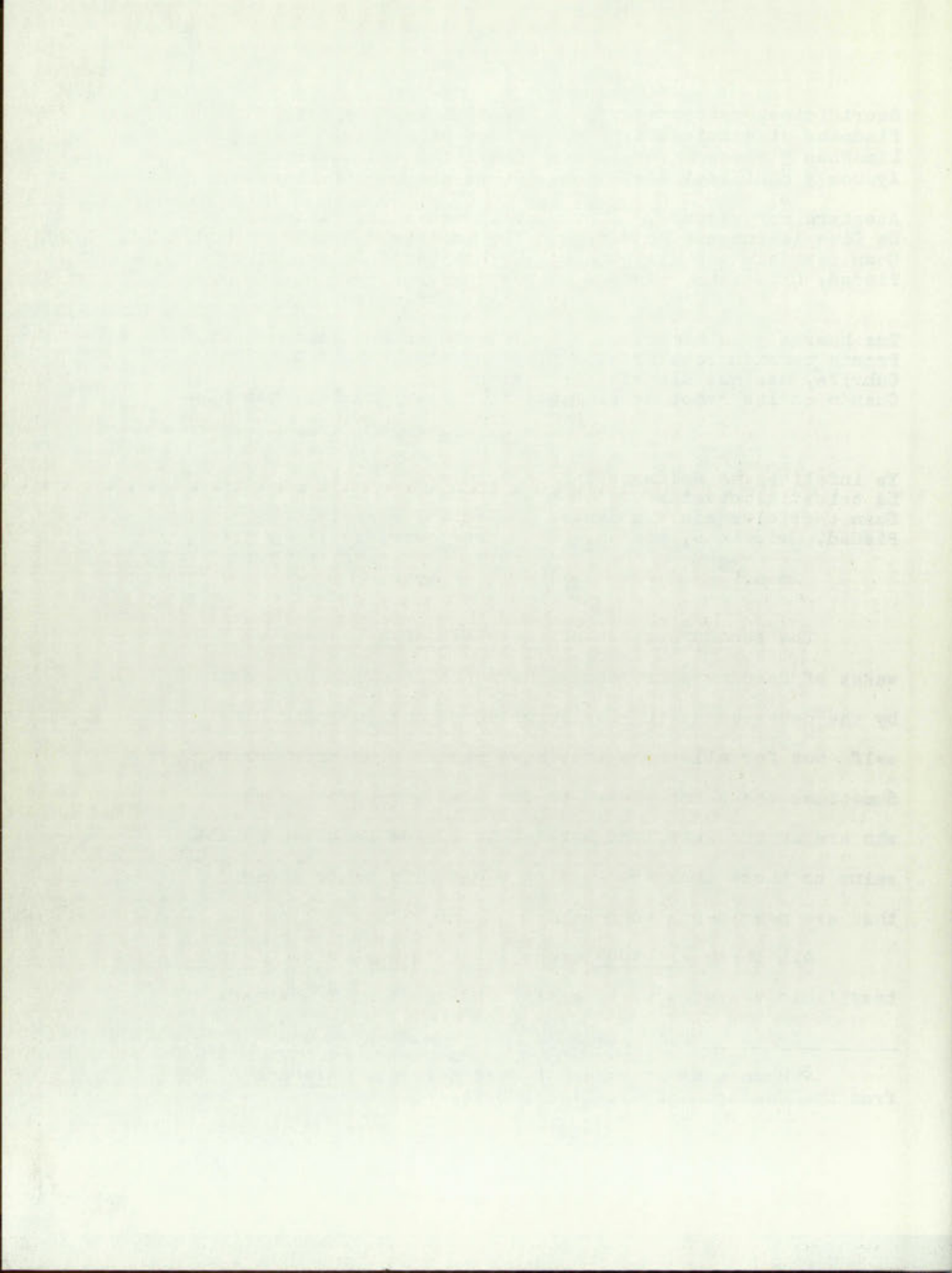
Amen. ³⁰

Amen.

The second pattern of these alabados is sung at wakes of dead persons, and we have the invoking of a saint by the deceased asking for forgiveness not just for himself but for all those that have parted from this world. Sometimes the saint speaks to the dead person or to those who are at the wake, and here again advice is given by the saint to those that are leading a bad life or to those that are near death to repent.

All these alabados are written in quatrains of octosyllabic verse, sung to a slow and monotonous movement.

³⁰Hymn sung at wakes of dead persons. Alabado
from the Cuaderno of Mr. Victor Ortega of Chimayo, New Mex.



JESÚS AMOROSO

Jesús amoroso,
Dulce Padre mío,
Pésame, Señor,
El haberte ofendido.

Duélete de mí,
Madre dolorosa,
Madre de tormentos,
Y madre piadosa.

El cuerpo de Cristo,
Esa es nuestra luz,
Y su amada madre,
Y el Dulce Jesús.

Madre divinísima,
Y nuestra señora,
Ruega por nosotros,
Como intercesora.

Fuistes despreciado,
Mí Divina Luz,
Y fuistes clavado,
En la santa cruz.

Cuan agudo dolor,
Y tan cruel tormento,
Sentíó, Padre mío,
En su Santo Cuerpo.

En la santa cruz,
Fuistes recostado,
Fuistes escupido,
Fuistes blasfemado.

En una columna,
Cruelmente azotado,
Fuistes, Padre mío,
Hasta bofeteado.

Allí traes el madero,
Una cruz muy pesada,
Y en tu Santo Cuerpo,
Traes una lanzada.

Ay! Madre amorosa,
Llena de dolor,
Mirando la sangre,
De mi Redentor.

LOVING JESUS

O Loving Jesus,
My Sweet Father,
It grieves me, O Lord,
To have offended Thee.

Have pity on me,
Mother of Sorrows,
Anguished mother,
And pious mother.

The body of Christ,
It is our light,
And so is His beloved mother,
And the Sweet Jesus.

Most divine mother,
And our mistress,
Pray for us
As our intercessor.

You were despised,
My Divine Light,
And you were nailed,
On the holy cross.

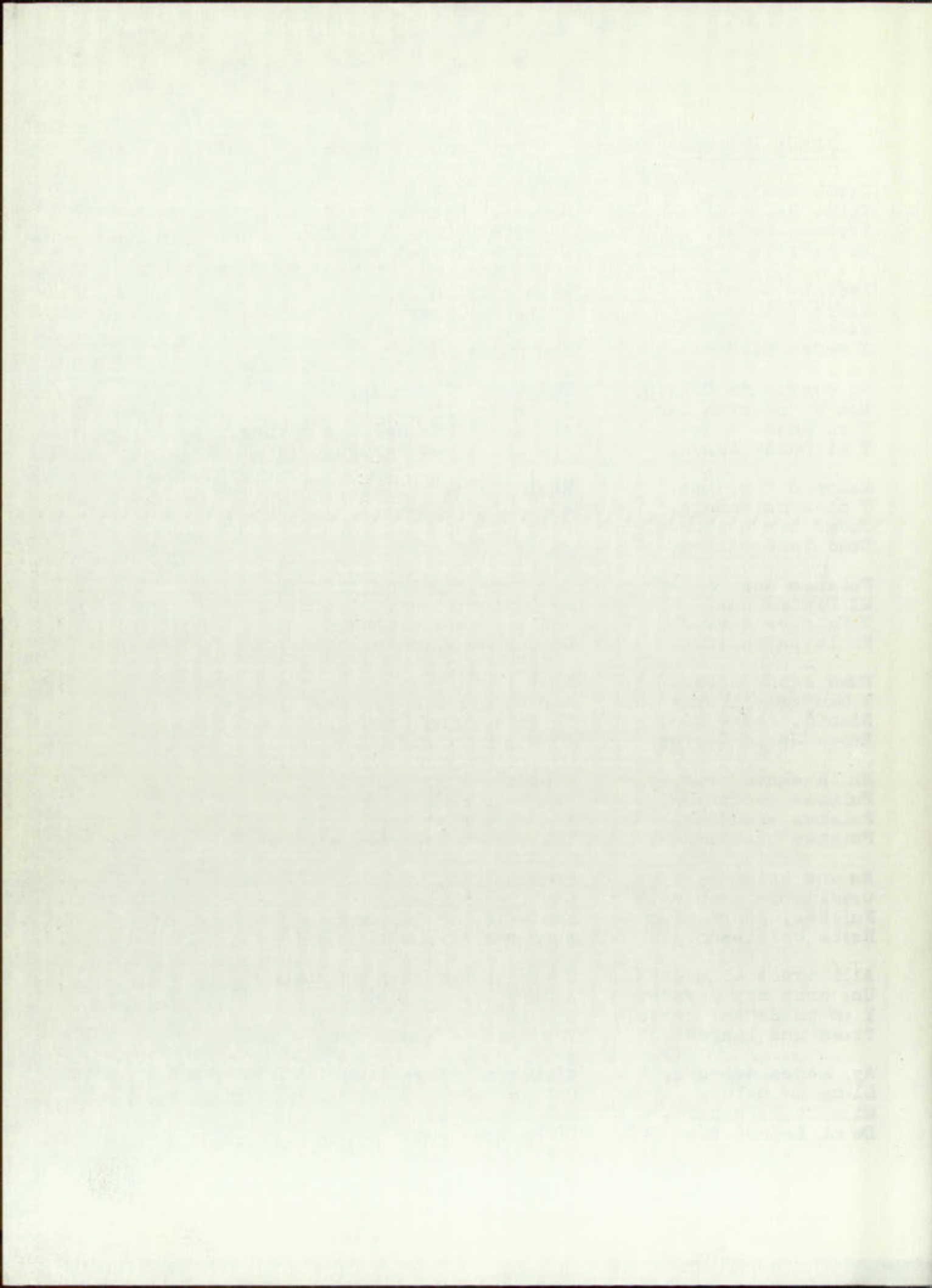
What acute pain,
And so cruel a torture,
He felt, O my Father,
In His Holy Body.

Upon the holy cross,
You were made to recline,
You were spat upon,
You were blasphemed against.

In a column,
Cruelly whipped,
You were, my Father,
And even slapped.

There you go with the beam,
A very heavy cross,
And in Your Holy Body,
You carry a wound from a lance.

O! Loving Mother!
Full of sorrow,
Seeing the blood,
Of my Redeemer.



El Rey de los Cielos,
Mi Dios, humillado,
Padre Prodigioso,
Y Sacramentado.

The King of the Heavens,
My God, humiliated,
Father Prodigious,
And living in the Blessed
Sacrament.

Espero, Dios mío,
Por tu gran pasión,
Perdonarás mis culpas,
Como Redentor.

I hope, my God,
That by your great passion,
You will forgive my faults,
As Redeemer.

Duélete de mí,
Y de estos pecadores,
Por esos tormentos,
Y graves dolores.

Have pity on me,
And on these sinners,
By those torments,
And serious pains.

Allá viene María,
A ver la pasión,
Y las llagas frescas,
De nuestro Señor.

There comes Mary,
To see the passion,
And the fresh wounds,
Of our Lord.

Y su Hijo Sagrado,
Con Su eterna luz,
Allá lo atormentaron,
En la Santa Cruz.

And her Sacred Son,
With His eternal light,
There they tortured Him,
On the Holy Cross.

Madre verdadera,
¿Ya viste la cruz?
Donde fué clavado,
El Dulce Jesus.

True mother,
Have you seen the cross?
Upon which was nailed,
The Sweet Jesus.

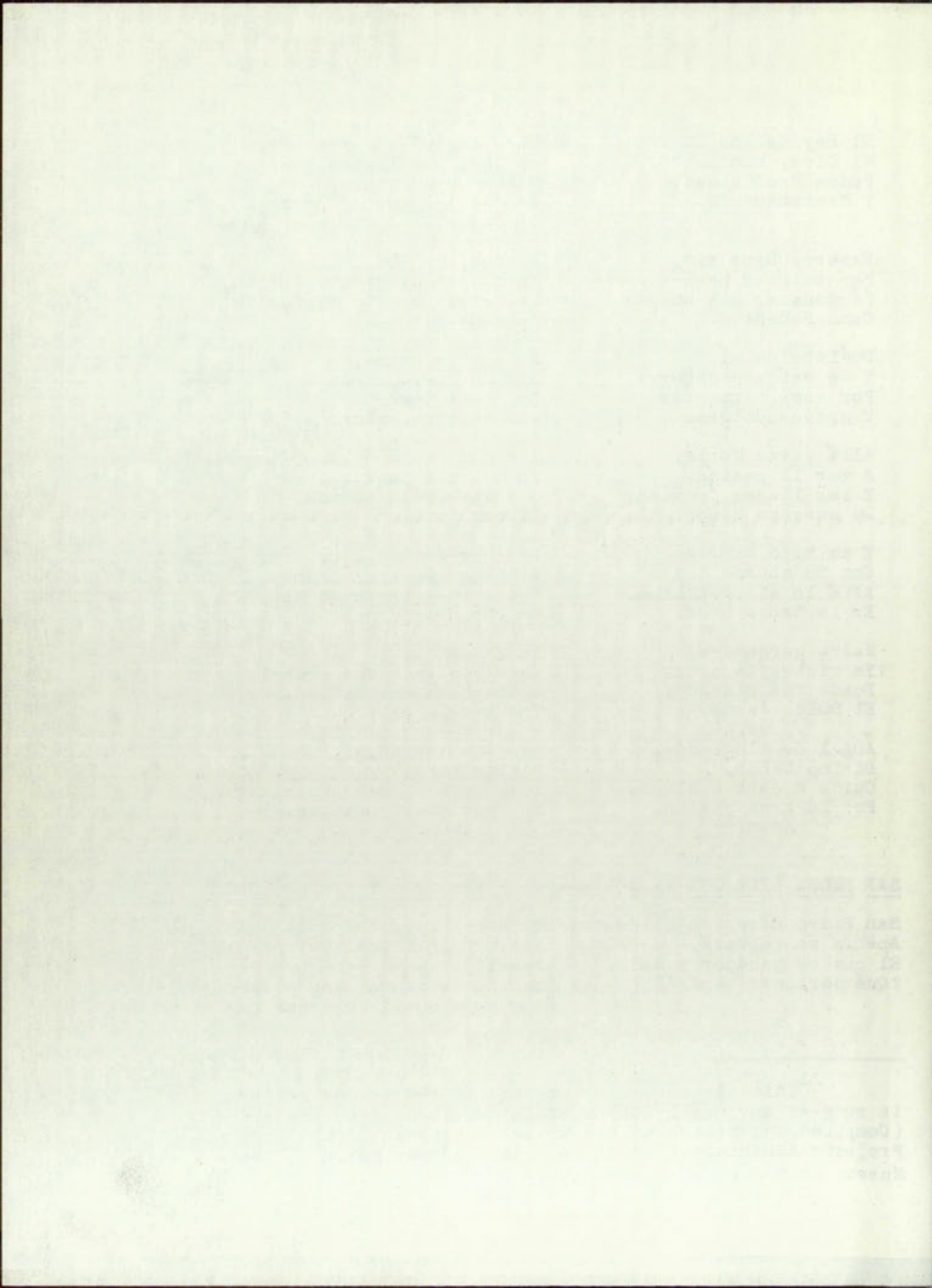
Ángel de mi guarda,
Divino Señor,
Cuida nuestras almas,
Por Tú gran pasión.
Amen.³¹

My Guardian Angel,
Divine Lord,
Take care of our souls,
By Your great passion.
Amen.

SAN PEDRO DICE QUE EL JUSTO—ST. PETER SAYS THAT THE JUST

San Pedro dice que el justo,	St. Peter says that the just one,
Apenas se salvará,	Will have difficulty in saving
El que es pecador y malo,	himself,
¿Qué paradero tendrá?	One who is sinful and wicked,
	To what end will he come?

³¹This alabado which belongs to the second pattern is sung at any wake. Source of information, from the ALABADOS (Compiled by Workers of the Writers' Program of the Work Projects Administration in the State of New Mexico) State Museum at Santa Fe, New Mexico.



Su sangre de Dios vertida,
Hoy no concede el perdón,
Si no mudas de vida,
Será tu condenación.

God's blood for us shed,
Today begets us forgiveness,
If you do not change your
ways of life,
It will be your condemnation.

Un cuidado sin cesar,
Me atormenta noche y día,
San Pedro del alma mía,
Si no me he de salvar.

A worry that does not close,
Torments me day and night,
St. Peter, beloved of my soul,
If I am not to be saved.

Sólo un tormento me falta,
Que sufrir en el infierno,
Sin acto de contrición,
Pena eterna, fuego eterno.

Only one torment is lacking,
That of suffering in hell,
Without act of contrition,
Eternal suffering, and burning.

Con intención de pagar,
Si no vuelves al contado,
Solo haciendo la gloria,
Siempre estaras en pecado.

With the intention to pay,
If you do not return cent by
cent,
Only having a good time,
You will be always in sin.

La deuda del oficial,
El joven y el jornalero,
Están viviendo en pecado,
Por no pagársela luego.

The debt to the official,
The young and the daylaborer,
Are living in sin,
Because they do not pay him
promptly.

Ni el adultero, ni el joven,
Que tienen pecados feos,
No entraran, dice San Pedro,
Al reino de Dios, ni al cielo.

Neither the young man, nor
the adult,
Who have wicked sins,
Will not enter, says St. Peter,
The kingdom of God, or Heaven.

El que niega, cubre o calla,
Al confesar sus pecados,
Ya al infierno, ya sin duda,
Por no haberlos confesado.

The one who denies, conceals
or does not reveal,
To the confessor his sins,
He goes to Hell, without doubt,
For not having confessed them.

Piensa, pecador, y advierte,
Si esta noche te murieses,
Si murieses en pecado,
Piensa, piensa a donde fueras.

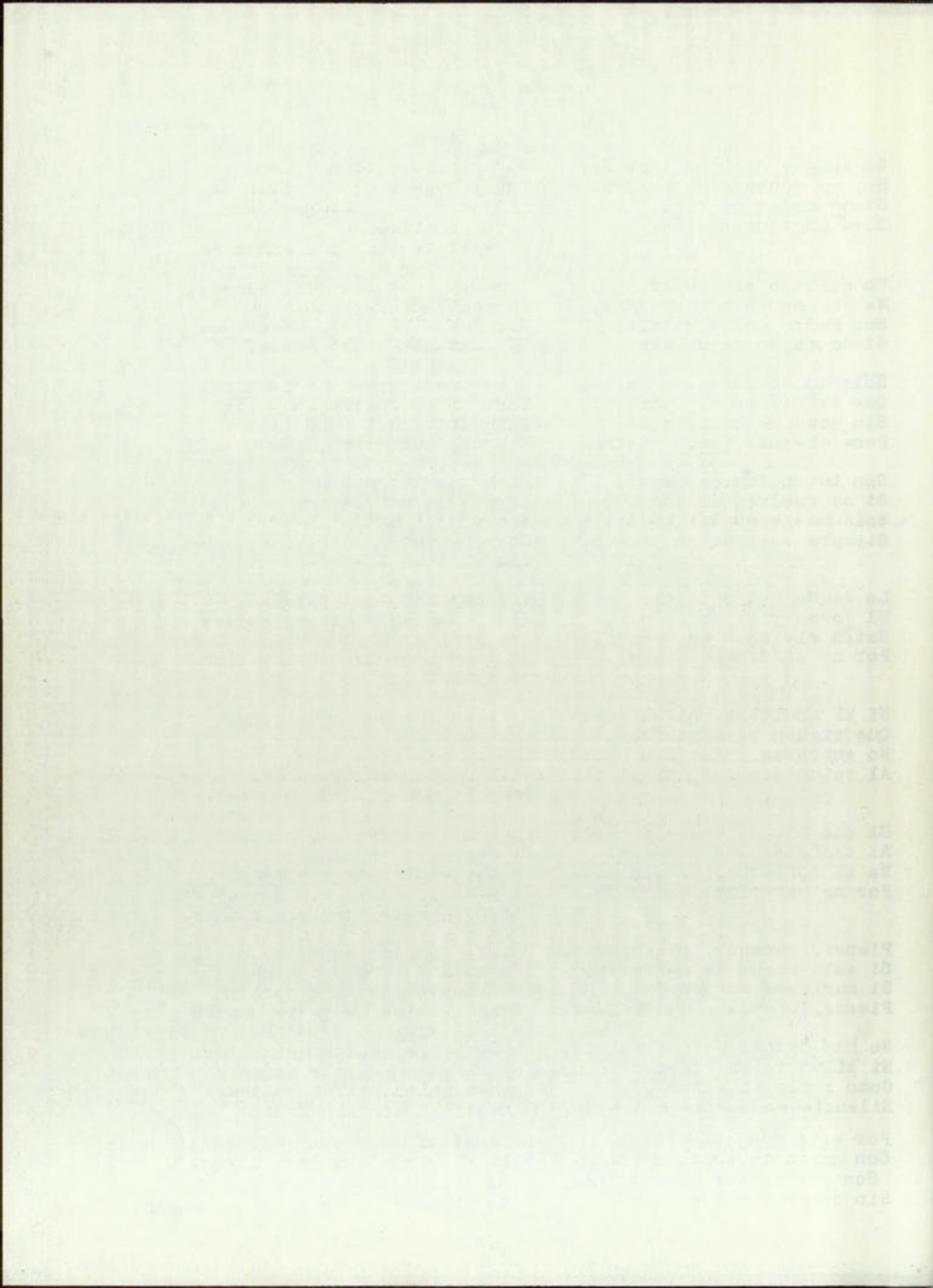
Think, sinner, and take heed,
If you should die tonight,
Should you die in sin,
Think, think where you would go.

No hay deudas porque sufrir,
Ni silencio en vuestro pecho,
Como suple el abismo,
Silencio en un fuego eterno.

No debts for which to suffer,
Nor silence in your breast,
As that which Hell furnishes,
Silence in eternal burning.

Por esta doncella joven,
Con quien te abrás quemado,
Son nuevas sus confesiones,
Sin dolor y sin enmienda.

Because of this young maiden,
With whom you may have liked,
Your confessions are new,
Without ache and without amendment.



Dime, San Pedro de mi alma,
 Está ni vida abierta,
 Que el que muriese en gracia,
 Le abres la estrecha puerta.

Amen.³²

Tell me, St. Peter of my soul,
 My soul is on the watch,
 The one who dies in grace,
 You open the narrow door for him.

Amen.

MISERICORDIA SOBERANO DUEÑO

Ten misericordi⁴,
 Soverano Dueño,
 De las almas todas,
 Que aprisiona el fuego.

Si están detenidas,
 En segundo encierro,
 Son esposas tuyas,
 Que en gracia murieron.

Bien sabemos todos,
 Que por defectos suyos,
 Los tienen penando,
 En tal cautiverio.

Bien sabéis,
 Que has dicho que ninguno,
 Al cielo entrará manchado,
 Pero valga el ruego.

Batallas de penas,
 Por vuestros tormentos,
 Dales, pues la mano,
 Que suban al cielo.

Quebrad las prisiones,
 Apagad el fuego,
 Que las martirizan,
 Tan voraz incendio.

Abridles las puertas,
 De abrigo siempre,
 Para que inspiren,
 Algún consuelo.

MERCY SOVEREIGN MASTER

Have mercy,
 Sovereign Master,
 Upon all those souls,
 Which are confined to the fire.

If they have been detained,
 In a temporary confinement,
 It is by Your manacles,
 As they died in grace.

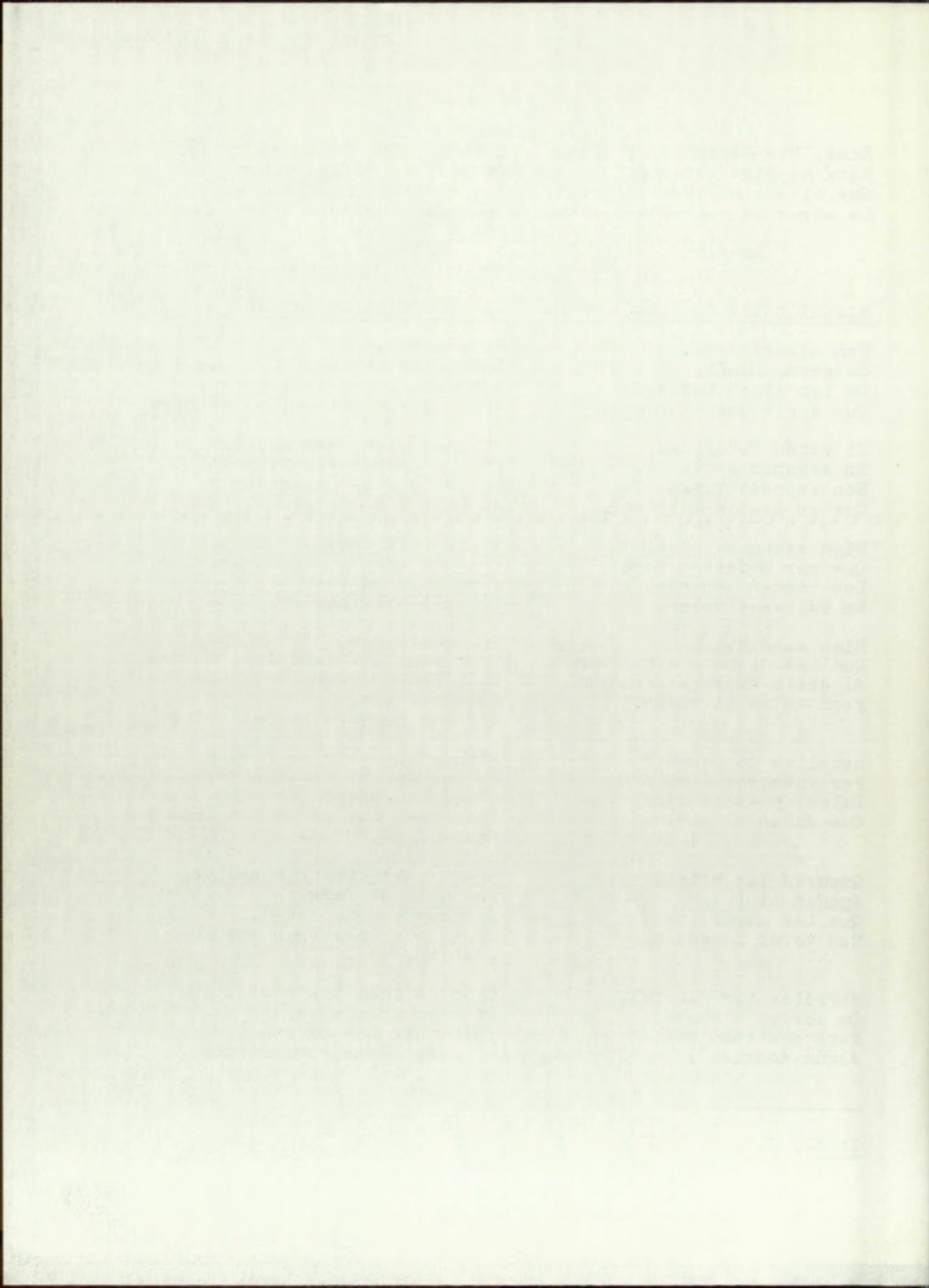
It is well known,
 That on account of their sins,
 They must suffer,
 In that confinement.

You well know,
 That you have said that no one,
 Will enter heaven with the
 taint of sin,
 May our prayers be deserving.

Struggling with suffering,
 On account of their sins,
 Give them then, Thy hand,
 That they may be helped into
 heaven.

Break apart their shackles,
 Put out the fires,
 As they are tortured,
 By such a voracious conflagration.

Open to them the doors,
 Of shelter always,
 That they may breathe,
 At least some consolation.



Salid almas santas,
A volar al cielo,
Que el santo rosario,
Ha apagado el fuego.

Pues el mismo Dios,
De gran compasión lleno,
Consuelo le manda,
A nuestros tormentos.

Salid a gozar,
De su rostro bello,
A mirar la hermosura,
De Su rostro excelso.

No olvidéis las almas,
Las que con anhelo,
Se alivian las penas,
En el cautiverio.

Salid a gozar,
De Su rostro bello,
Sus misericordias,
Aquí contaremos.

Adios almas santas,
Hasta que en el cielo,
Juntos en una voz,
Glorias cantaremos.
Amen.³³

PECADOR, A MI ESCUCHA

Pecador, a mi escucha,
Que se acaba la misión,
Y te quedas obstinado,
En tu culpa, adiós, adiós.

Cuando quieras no podrás,
Entonces dirá el Señor,
"Muchos avisos te he dado,
Buscando tu salvación."

Pecador ingrato, advierte,
Que ya me falta la voz,
Y te quedas obstinado,
En tu culpa, adiós, adiós.

Sally forth holy souls,
And fly to heaven,
As the Holy Rosary,
Has put out the flames.

As the selfsame God,
Full of great compasion,
Sends forth consolation,
To our torments.

Go forth to enjoy,
The sight of His fair counte-
nance,
To look upon the beauty,
Of His sublime countenance.

Do not forget those souls,
Those that with eagerness,
Alleviate their suffering,
In their confinement.

Sally forth to enjoy,
His Fair countenance,
His unbounded mercy,
Let us praise.

Farewell! Holy souls,
Till in heaven we,
All together in one voice,
Shall sing glory.
Amen.

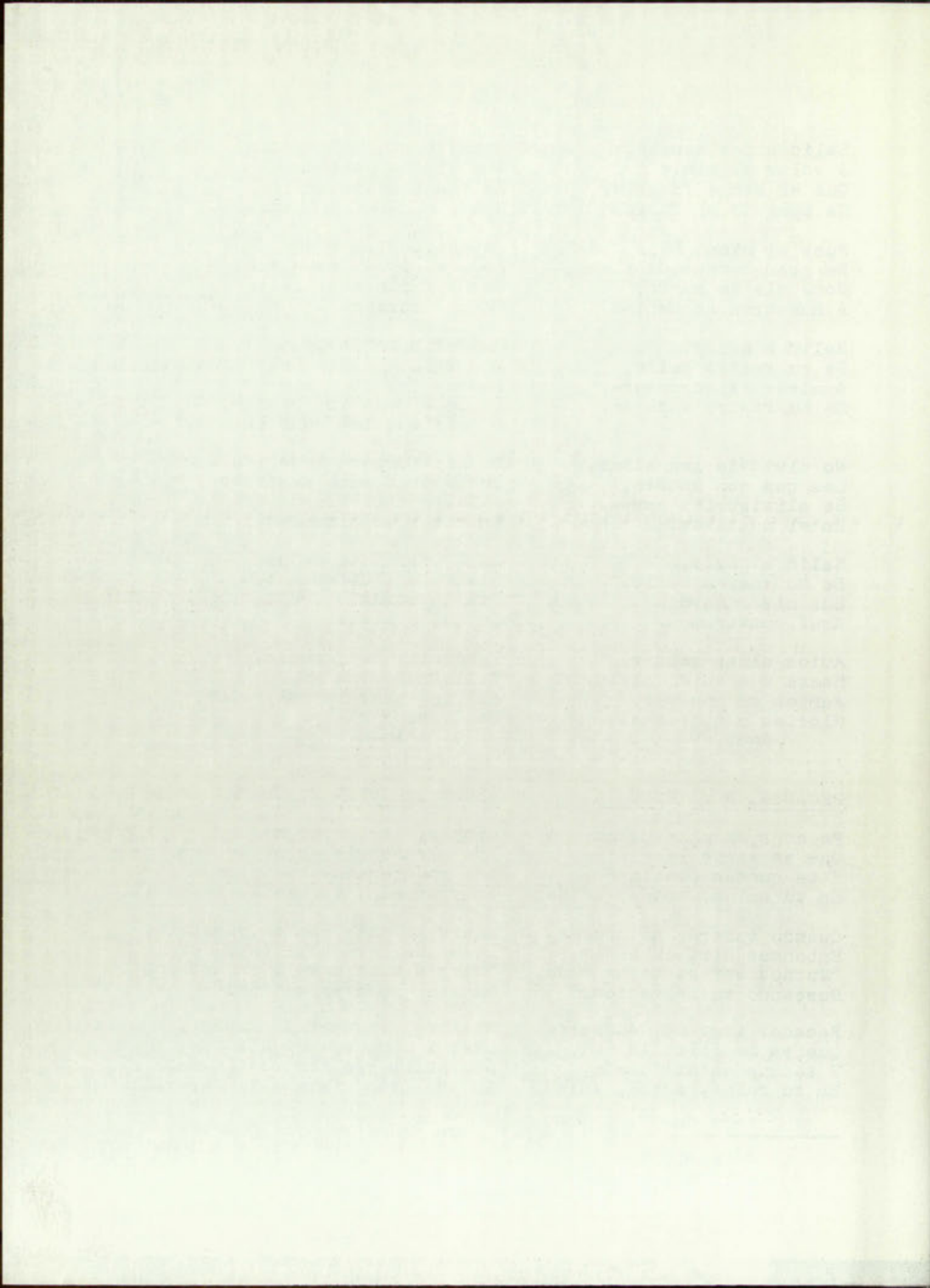
SINNER, LISTEN TO ME

Sinner, listen to me,
The mission is about to end,
And you remain obstinate,
In your sin, farewell, farewell.

Later it will not be possible,
Then the Lord will say,
"Many a time have I warned you,
Seeking your salvation."

Observe, ungrateful sinner,
That I lack speech already,
And still you are obstinate,
In your sin, farewell, farewell.

³³Ibid., W.P.A.



Lo que siento, lo que siento	What grieves me, what grieves me,
Pecador, tu perdición,	Sinner, your perdition,
Lo mas mejor de mi parte,	The very best on my part,
Y tú de la tuya no.	And you of yours, no.

O cuantos servicios te he dado,	Oh, how much service have I
Como a la oveja, el pastor,	rendered,
Y te quedas obstinado,	As the shepherd to his sheep,
En tu culpa, adiós, adiós.	And yet you remain obstinate,
	In your sin, farewell, farewell.

Son estos los postreros,	These are the last,
Avisos de tu misión,	Warnings of your mission,
Quieres aguardar mañana,	You wish to await the morrow,
No estando seguro ni hoy.	Not being secure, even today.

Ya me voy triste de tí,	Sadly, I'm leaving you,
Desgraciado pecador,	Unfortunate sinner,
Y te quedas obstinado,	And you remain obstinate,
En tu culpa, adiós, adiós.	In your sin, farewell, farewell.

Mira que Dios, amoroso,	Observe that God, lovingly,
Está ofreciendo el perdón,	Is offering you forgiveness,
Vuelve a Dios no seas terco,	Return to God, do not be stubborn,
Oye mi triste clamor.	Heed my sad cry of affliction.

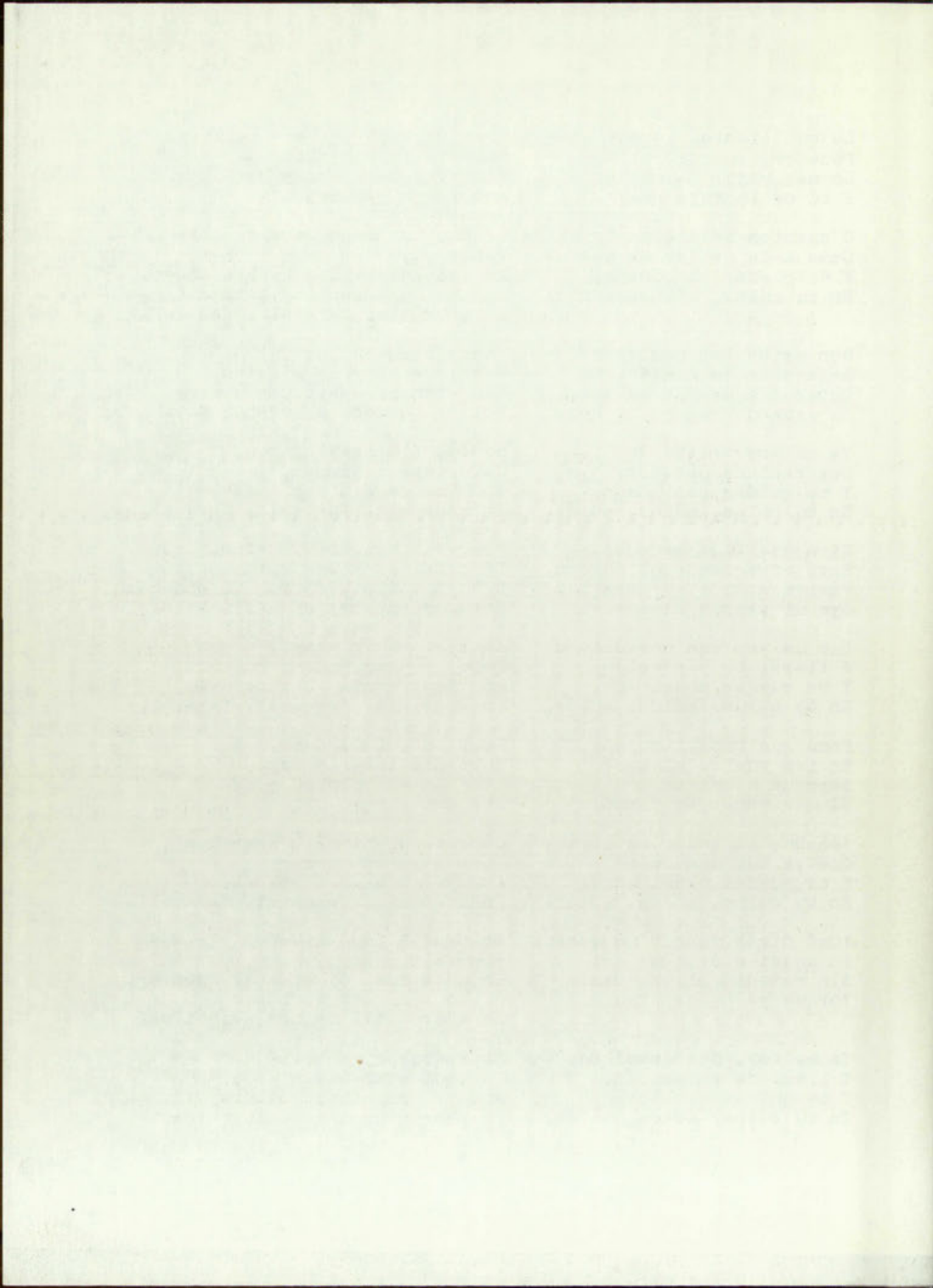
Que me voy con pesadumbre,	As I leave in grief,
A llorar tu perdición,	To weep over your perdition,
Y te quedas obstinado,	And you remain obstinate,
En tu culpa, adiós, adiós.	In your sin, farewell, farewell.

Tome que Dios, enojado,	Fear God, indignant,
En ira vuelva el amor,	Turn His love to rage,
Haga un ejemplar contigo,	Make an example of you,
El que tanto te llamó.	The one who so often called you.

Pecador ingrato, advierte,	Ungrateful sinner, take heed,
Que ya voy con dolor,	That I go in sorrow,
Y te quedas obstinado,	And you remain obstinate,
En tu culpa, adiós, adiós.	In your sin, farewell, farewell.

?Qué dirás cuando te veas,	What will you say when you see
En aquel eterno ardor,	yourself,
Sin remedio ni esperanza,	In the midst of eternal burning,
Porque ya no hay redención?	Without succor or hope,
	As there will be no redemption?

Ya me voy, desconsolado,	Discouraged, I leave,
Y lleno de compasión,	Full of compassion too,
Y te quedas obstinado,	And you remain obstinate,
En tu culpa, adiós, adiós.	In your sin, farewell, farewell.



La sangre que por tus culpas, The blood which for your sins,
 Jesucristo derramó, Jesus Christ shed,
 Te servirá por sí misma, Will of itself suffice,
 De eterna condenación. To be your eternal condemna-
 tion.

Ya me voy con sentimiento, I leave now, regretfully,
 Ya desfalleció mi voz, My voice is weakened,
 Y te quedas obstinado, And you still remain obstinate,
 En tu culpa, adiós, adiós. In your sin, farewell, farewell.

Advierte que con Sus gracias, Observe that in His graces,
 Hijo mío, me miró, Son of mine, I see myself,
 Y por tanto que no saber, And because you don't know how,
 Te estas en tu misión. If you are in your mission.

Lo que dirija tu suerte, What will guide your lot,
 Sin que admita apelación, Without permitting appeal,
 Y te quedas obstinado, And you remain obstinate,
 En tu culpa, adiós, adiós. In your sin, farewell, farewell.

Ya me voy, triste de tí, I take leave of you, sadly,
 Herido de compasión, Touched by compassion,
 Y te quedas con tus vicios, And you remain with your vices,
 A pesar de la misión. Notwithstanding the mission.

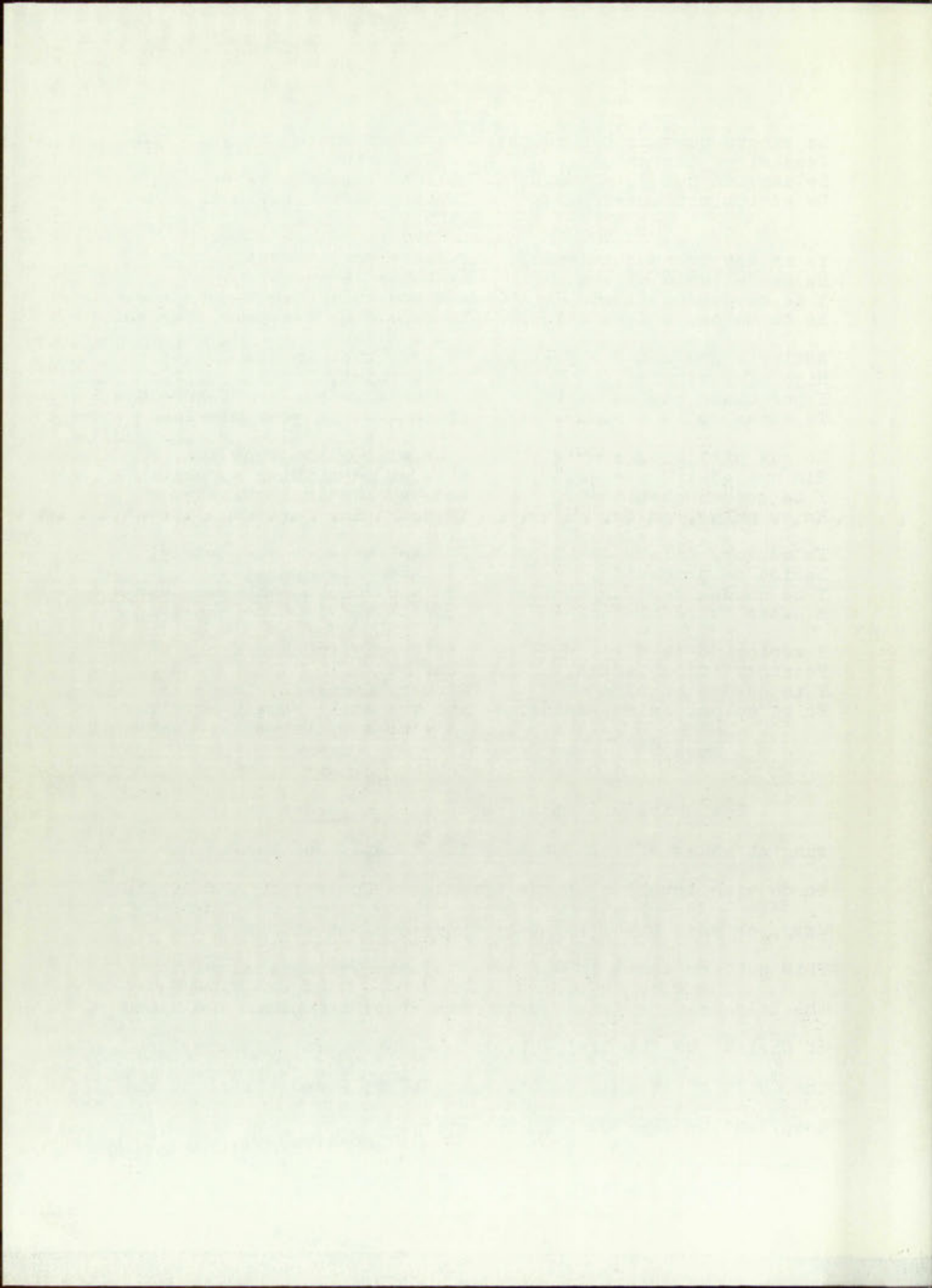
Y adolorido te digo, And deeply touched I say to
 Pecador, Adios, Adios, you,
 Y te quedas obstinado, Sinner, farewell, farewell!
 En tu culpa, Adiós, Adiós. And you still remain obstinate,
 In your sin, farewell, farewell!

Amen.³⁴

Amen.

The third and final pattern of alabados which are sung at wakes of dead persons in Chimayo, New Mexico has to do with invoking of the Lord Jesus Christ, or the Virgin Mary, or some other saint by those present at the wake. This pattern takes in alabados to the Divine Passion, to the Holy Beam or Cross during the crucifixion, to the Blood of Christ, to the Divine Light, to the Sorrow of Mary, to the Child of Atocha, to St. Agnes of Hill and Plain, to the Moon, and to the Souls in Purgatory.

³⁴Ibid., W.P.A.



BENDITO EL SANTO MADERO

Bendito el Santo Madero,
 Árbol de la Santa Cruz,
 En quien fuimos redimidos,
 Con sangre de mi Jesús.

En la cruz, mi Redentor,
 Con tres clavos fué clavado,
 El cuerpo de mi Jesús.

Ver, Cristiano pecador,
 La muerte de mi Jesús,
 Que, por terneros amor,
 Quiso morir en la cruz.

Se verá un árbol tan fuerte,
 ¿Como este Santo Madero?
 Pues, ocupa el mundo entero,
 Cristiano, en el tuvo su muer-
 te.

Cristo murió por nosotros,
 Para que vivamos con luz,
 Y dejó en nuestra defensa,
 A la Santísima Cruz.

El enemigo y la culpa,
 Lo tenían prisionero,
 Cristo en su santo madero,
 Eternamente me ocultó.

Allégate al confesor,
 Cristiano, y veras la luz,
 Que el madero de la cruz,
 Será nuestra defensa.

Pues la Santísima Cruz,
 Es la señal del Cristiano,
 En ella de pies y manos,
 Clavaron a mi Jesús.

En la cruz está la custodia,
 En la Hostia la cruz está,
 En el juicio universal,
 La cruz con Cristo.

Adoremos a Jesús,
 Todos postrados al suelo,
 Y la Santísima Cruz,
 Abre las puertas del cielo.

BLESSED BE THE HOLY BEAM

Blessed be the Holy Beam,
 Tree of the Holy Cross,
 On which we were redeemed,
 By the blood of my Jesus.

On the cross, my Redeemer,
 With three nails was nailed,
 The body of my Jesus,

See, Christian sinner,
 The death of my Jesus,
 Who, because He loved us,
 Wished to die on the cross.

Will there be a tree so strong,
 As this Holy Beam?
 It covers the whole world,
 Christian, on it He died.

Christ died for us,
 That we may live in the light,
 And He left for our defense,
 The Holy Cross.

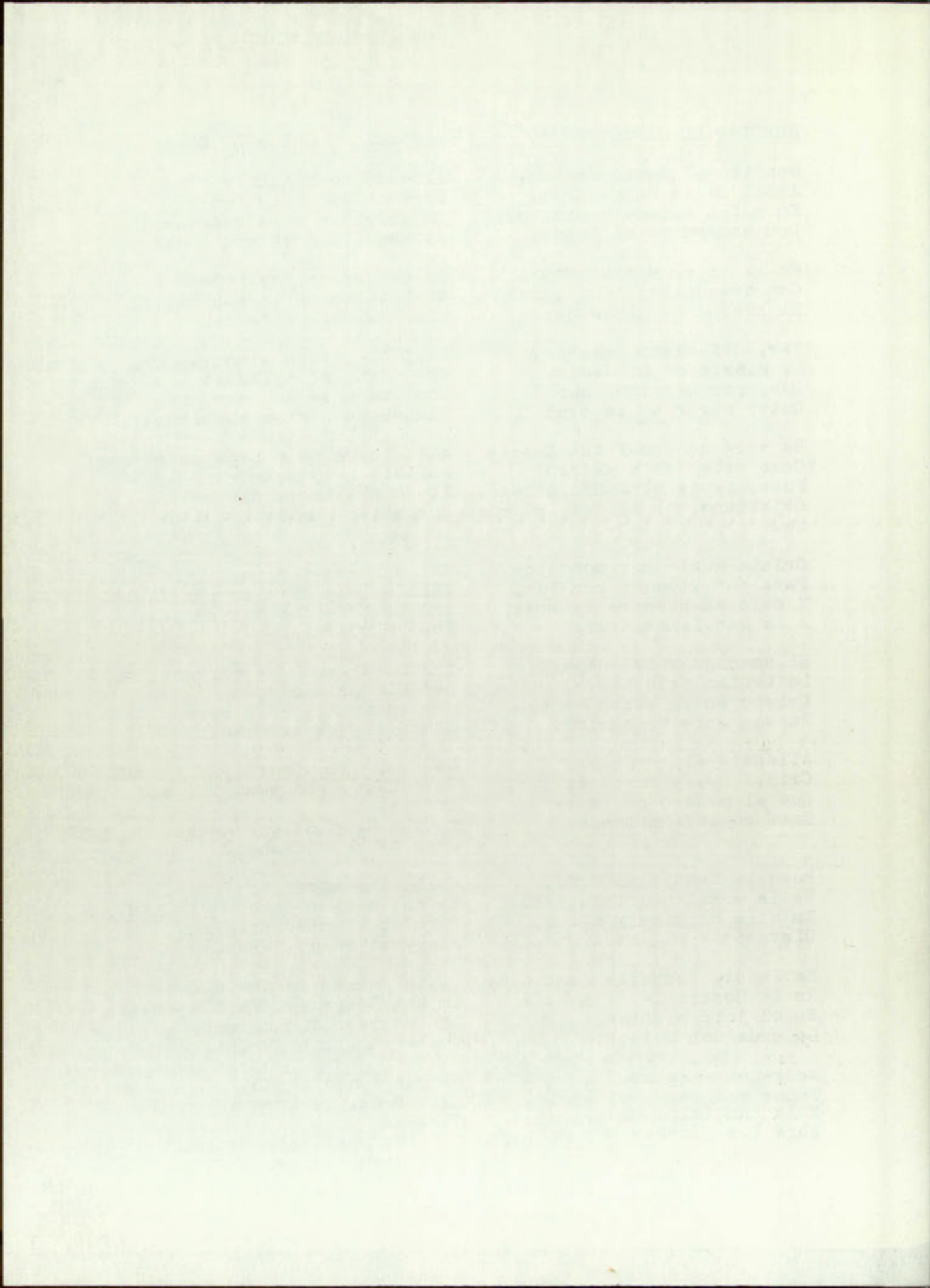
The enemy and the offense,
 Had Him prisoner,
 Christ in His Holy Beam,
 Eternally cloaked me.

Go to the confessor,
 Christian, and you will see
 the light,
 As the beam of the cross,
 Will be our defense.

Well, the most Holy Cross,
 Is the mark of the Christian,
 Upon it, hands and feet,
 They nailed my Jesus.

On the cross is the custody,
 In the Eucharist is the cross,
 On the day of judgment,
 The cross with Christ.

Let us adore Jesus,
 All of us, prostrated on the
 ground,
 And the most Holy Cross,
 Will open the gates of heaven.



En fin, Santísima Cruz
Yo me despido de ti,
Cuando Dios me llame al juicio,
Ruega a mi Creador por mí.

Amen.³⁵

In fine, most Holy Cross,
I will take leave of Thee,
When God calls me to give
an account of myself,
Pray to my Creator for me.

Amen.

ADIÓS SANGRE DE CRISTO

Adiós Sangre de Cristo,
Remedio Universal,
Permíteme Señora,
Te vuelva a visitar.

Tu eres la nueva alianza,
Que el Padre prometió,
Y por esa confianza,
Te aclama el pecador.

Tu eres la fuente viva,
Del pueblo de Israel,
Que Dios estableció,
Conque aplacar la sed.

Adiós vino bendito,
De la humana redención,
Libra a tus esclavos,
De mala tentación.

Eres Vino consagrado,
En la Santa Comunión,
Que todos los cofrados,
Contemplan tu pasión.

Adiós Sangre de Cristo,
Adiós, adiós, adiós,
Fuistes el Vino Vivo,
En la cena del Señor.

Adiós Sangre de Cristo,
Del nuevo testamento,
Tu eres el Vivo Vino,
Del Santo Sacramento.

Tu, Santísimo Raudal,
Limpia mi corazón,
Con Gracia Celestial,
Dame tu bendición,

FAREWELL, BLOOD OF CHRIST

Farewell, Blood of Christ,
The universal Remedy;
Give leave, my Lady,
That I may partake again.

You are the new Covenant,
Promised by the Father,
And in this faith confiding,
Sinners seek Thy aid.

You are the Living Fountain,
Of the tribes of Israel,
Established by the Father,
To appease tormenting thirst.

Farewell, blessed wine,
Symbol of human redemption,
Ever guard your servants,
From the peril of temptation.

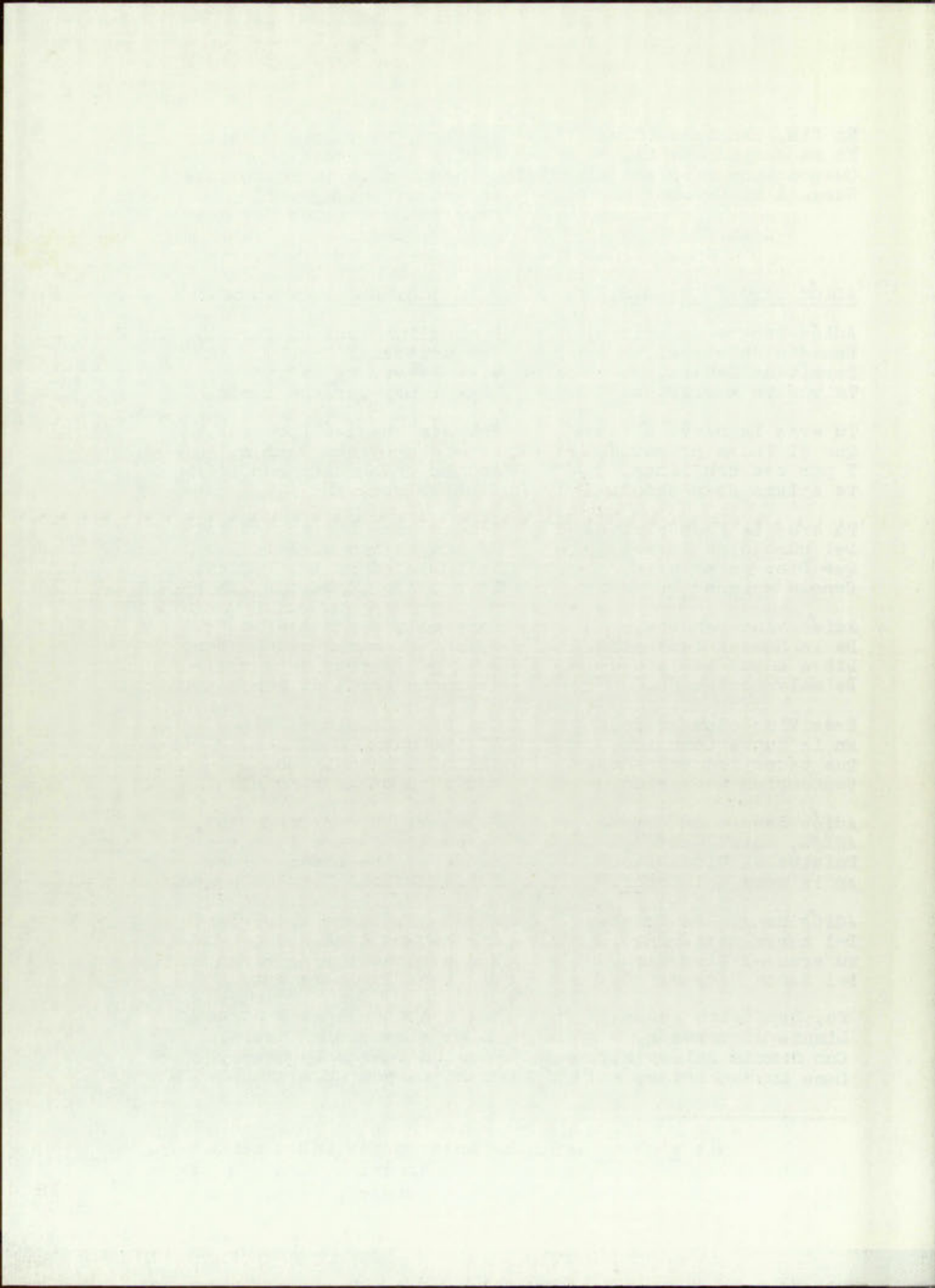
You are the Sacred Wine,
Of the Holy Communion,
All of the brethren,
Meditate on Your Passion.

Farewell, Blood of Christ,
Farewell, farewell, farewell,
You were the Living Wine,
Served at the Lord's Supper.

Farewell, Blood of Christ,
Of the new testament,
You are the Living Wine,
Of the holy Sacrament.

You are the Blessed Stream,
Which cleanses my heart,
Through Your Holy Grace,
Grant me your blessing.

³⁵This alabado which belongs to the third pattern
is sung at any wake. Source of information, from the cua-
derno loaned by Mr. Victor Ortega, Chimayo, New Mexico.



O, Bálsamo Eficaz,
Donde Longino logró,
El recobrar su vista,
Allí se convirtió.

Oh, Balsam so full of virtue,
Where Longino regained,
The power of sight,
And straightway was converted.

O, Sangre vertida,
Por el segundo Adán,
Endonde los pecadores,
Se lograrian limpiar,

Oh, Blood which was shed,
By the second Adam,
Where all sinners,
May be cleansed of sin.

Tu eres el agua pura,
Remedio de virtudes,
Al enfermo con ternura,
Pronto le dais salud.

Thou art pure water,
A Remedy full of virtue,
Tenderly you restore,
The sick man and give him health.

Adiós, Sangre de Cristo,
Remedio Universal,
Permíteme que vuelva,
A tu mesa a frecuentar.

Farewell, Blood of Christ,
The Universal Remedy,
Give leave, that I return,
To sit at Your table.

Medicina de eficacia,
En que se puede confiar,
A todos llenas de gracia,
En la mesa celestial.

Oh, efficacious medicine,
In which we can fully trust,
You fill everyone with grace,
At the Celestial table.

Adiós, Sangre querida,
Dame sincero amor,
Que triste despedida,
Dejasteis a mi Dios.

Farewell, beloved Blood,
Fill me with a sincere love;
What a sad parting this is,
To leave my beloved God.

Adiós, Vino Bendito,
Por tu bendita Pasión,
Aquí recibo contrito,
Tu Santa Redención.
Amen.³⁶

Farewell, Blessed Wine,
Of Your Blessed Passion,
Contritely, now, I accept,
Your Holy Redemption.
Amen.

POR SER MI DIVINA LUZ

BECAUSE YOU ARE MY DIVINE LIGHT

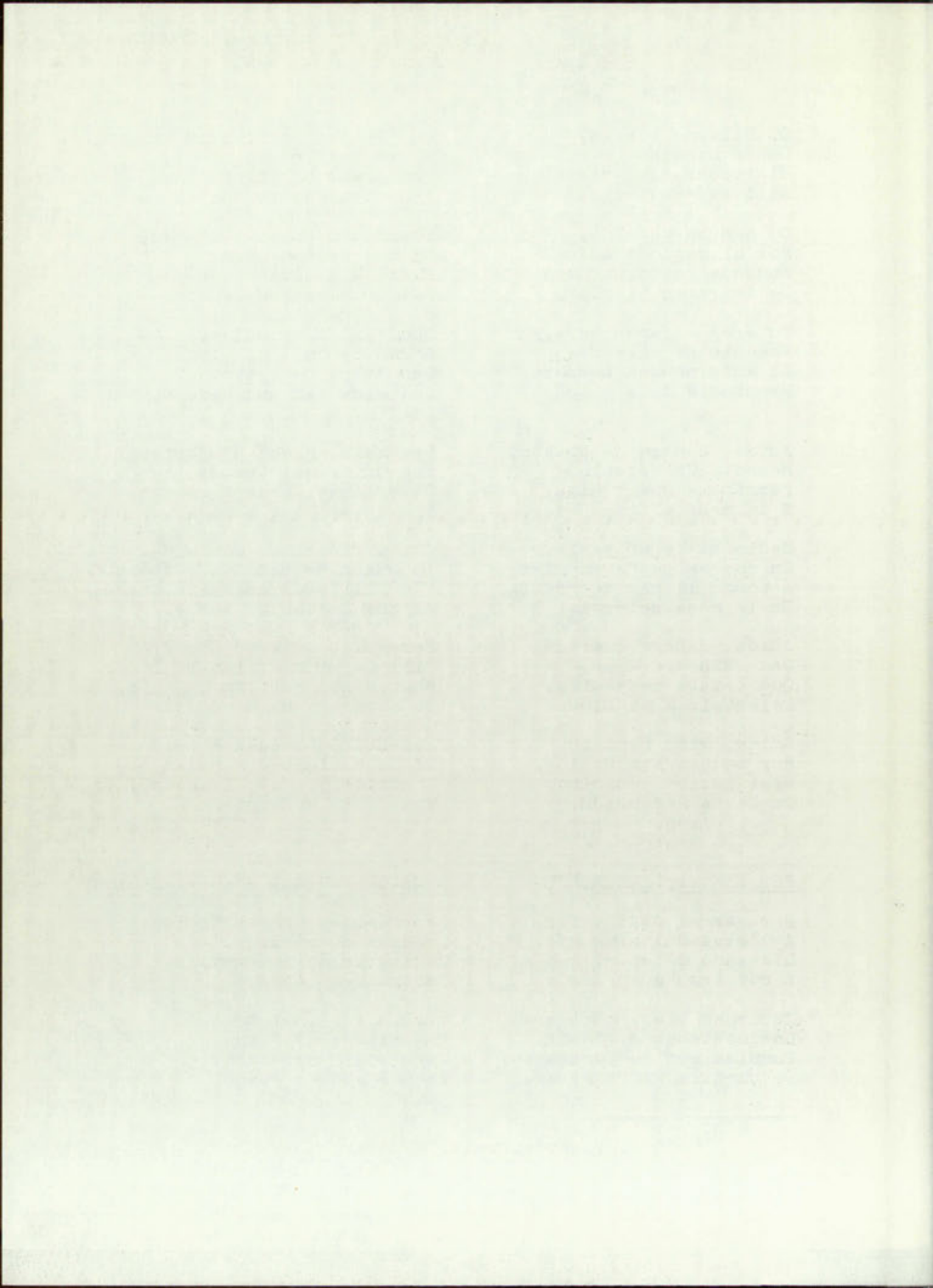
Por ser mi divina luz,
Ay Jesús del alma mía,
Llevando de mi compañía,
A nuestro Padre Jesús.

Because You are my divine light,
O Jesus of my soul,
Taking in my company,
Our Father Jesus.

Escuchen bien, pecadores,
Los esclavos de Jesús,
Cumplan con su juramento,
De nuestro Padre Jesus.

Listen well, sinners,
The slaves of Jesus,
Carry out your oath,
To our Father Jesus.

³⁶Ibid., Victor Ortega.



Escuchen bien los confrades,
Alabemos a Jesús,
Y contemplen en los clavos,
De nuestro Padre Jesús.

Oíganme bien, pecadores,
Contemplan en esta luz,
Que es la divina corona,
De nuestro Padre Jesús.

Hoy clamamos los cofrades,
Clamamos aquí esta luz,
Para llevar amoroso,
A nuestro Padre Jesús.

Pecadores, pecadores,
Que padecen por Jesús,
Que veneran hoy los clavos,
De nuestro Padre Jesús.

En los brazos estrechado,
Aquella divina luz,
Y en su compañía llevan,
A nuestro Padre Jesús.

Hermanos, que verdaderos,
Acompañan a Jesús,
No quebranten el misterio,
De nuestro Padre Jesús.

Los cofrades que veneran,
Aquella divina luz,
Y en su compañía llevan,
A nuestro padre Jesús.

La dolorosa pasión,
Que Jesús sufrió por vos,
Cumplan con su juramento,
Y agradecimiento a Dios.

Felices los que a Dios sirven,
En su sagrada pasión,
Y reciben su cuerpo,
En la santa Comunión.

Hermanos que con su cruz,
Van padeciendo por Vos,
Allá llegaron a su reino,
Agradeciéndole a Dios.

Listen well, the confreres,
Let us praise Jesus,
And meditate on the nails,
Of our Father Jesus.

Hear me well, sinners,
Meditate on this light,
Which is the Divine Crown,
Of our Father Jesus.

Today we, the confreres, cry out,
Cry out for this light,
So as to carry lovingly,
Our Father Jesus.

O sinners, sinners,
Who suffer for Jesus,
Who venerate the nails,
Of our Father Jesus.

Bound to the arms of the cross,
That divine light,
And in their company they carry,
Our Father Jesus.

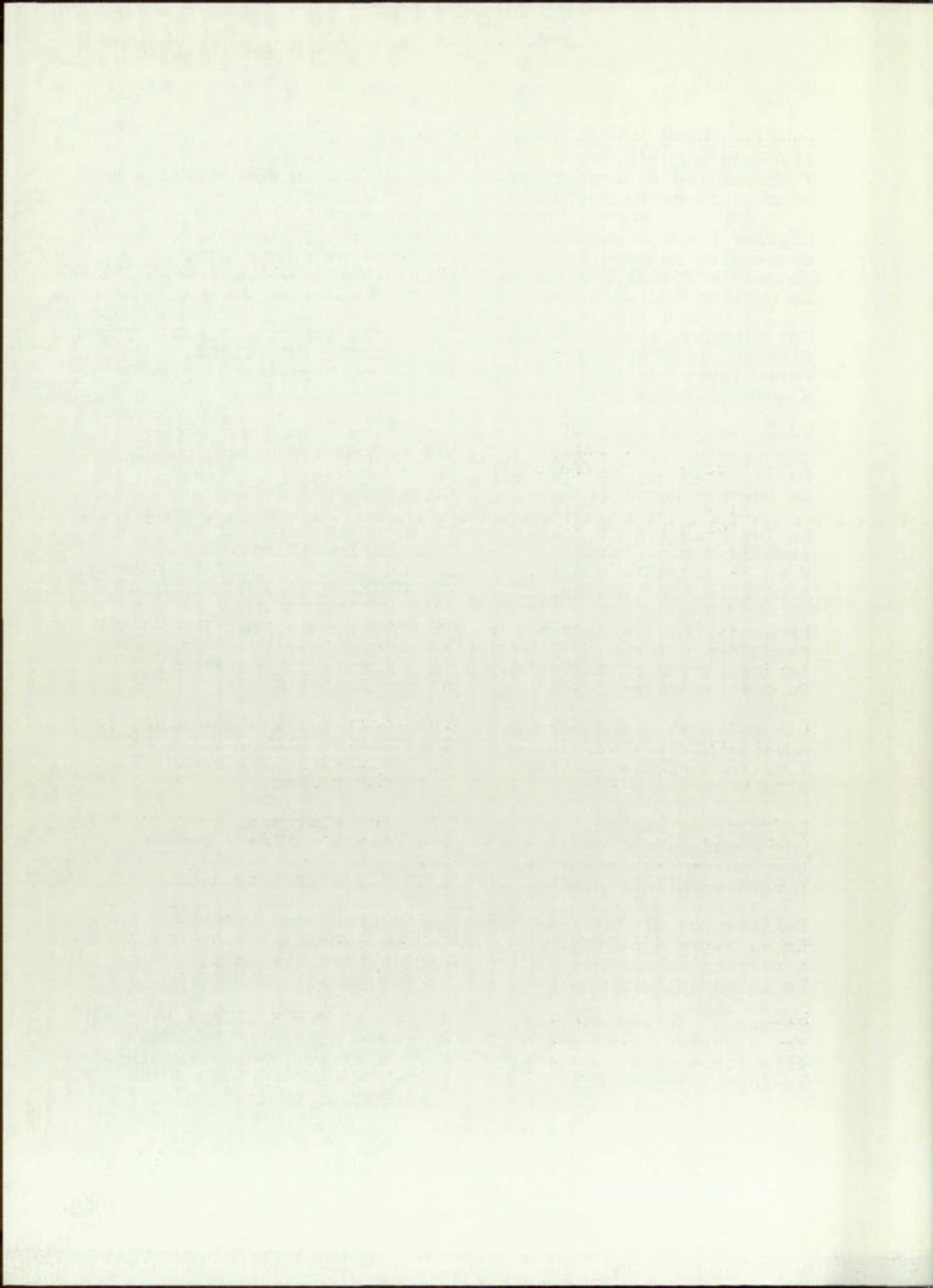
Confreres, who truly,
Accompany Jesus,
Do not break the mystery,
Of our Father Jesus.

The confreres who worship,
That Divine Light,
And in their company carry,
Our Father Jesus.

The sorrowful passion,
That Jesus suffered for us,
Carry out your oath,
And be grateful to God.

Happy those who serve God,
In His sacred passion,
And receive His Body,
In the Holy Communion.

Confreres who with their cross,
Go forth suffering for Thee,
They will arrive at his king-
dom,
Grateful to God.



Los que creen en la iglesia,
Y en esta divina luz,
Son esclavos verdaderos,
De nuestro Padre Jesús.

Those who believe in the Church,
And in this Divine Light,
Are true slaves,
Of our Father Jesus.

Vamos todos de rodillas,
Alabando aquí esta Luz,
Con un Credo y una Salve,
A nuestro Padre Jesus.
Amen.³⁷

Let us all go on our knees,
Praising this Light,
With a Creed and a Salutation,
To our Father Jesus.
Amen.

EL PADRE NUESTRO

THE OUR FATHER

Dulce Jesús mío,
Yo te alabo con afecto,
Y te bendigo y saludo,
Resandote el Padre Nuestro.

My sweet Jesus,
I praise Thee with affection,
And I bless and salute Thee,
Saying the Our Father.

Por las agonías y penas,
Y los velos que te rompieron,
Ángeles y hombres te alaban,
Señor que estás en los cielos.

For the agony and pain,
The flesh that they tore from
Thee,
Angels and men praise Thee,
Lord who art in heaven.

Tu amor se abojó del cielo,
Para remedio del hombre;
Todos juntos te alabamos,
Santificado sea tu nombre.

Thy love came down from heaven,
As a remedy to mankind;
All together we praise Thee,
Hollowed be Thy name.

Los tormentos que pasaste,
En tu premisa de ida,
Yo te pido, Amado Padre,
Que se haga tu voluntad.

The torments that Thou suffered,
Precedent to your going,
I pray Thee, Loving Father,
That Thy will be done,

Por tu sagrada pasión,
Hijos somos de María;
Tu nos sustentas el Alma,
Con el pan de cada día.

Through Thy sacred passion,
We are sons of Mary;
You sustain our souls,
With Thy daily bread.

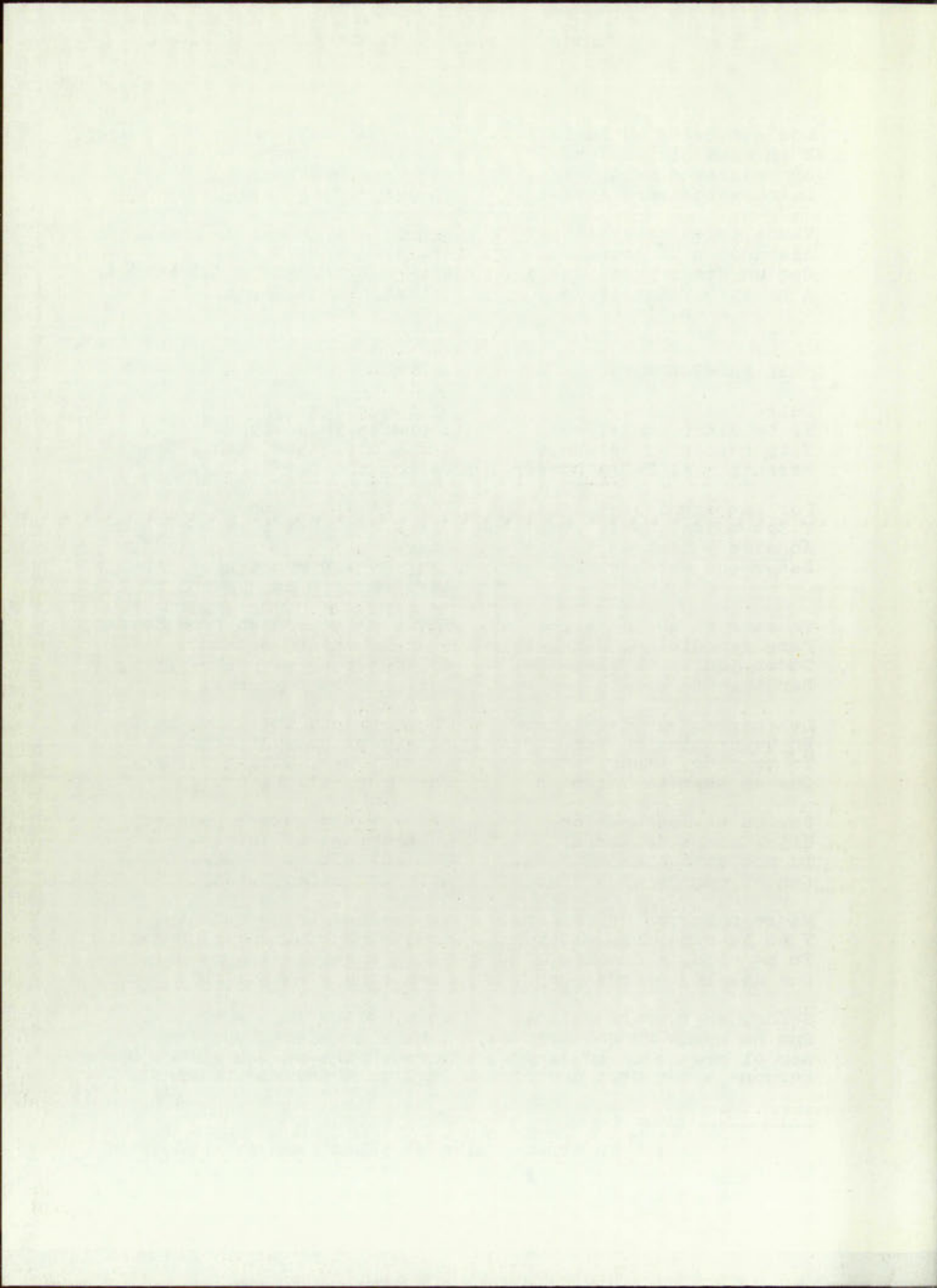
Madre nuestra fué fiadora,
Y en la esperanza estoy,
Yo te pido, madre mía,
Que nos lo concedas hoy.

Thy Mother is our surety,
And in her I place my hope,
I beg thee, loving mother,
That thou grant us this today.

Señor, en vuestra salida,
Aun he hecho muchos errores,
Por el precio de tu sangre,
Perdona a nuestros deudores.

Lord, after Thy departure,
I have committed many errors,
Through the merits of Thy blood,
Forgive those who trespass
against us.

³⁷This hymn is sung also at wakes held at moradas of the Penitente Fraternity "Nuestro padre Jesús" is the name of a statue of Jesus. Source of information, from Victor Ortega.



Mil alabanzas te doy,
Con todo mi corazón,
Por el dolor de tus llagas,
No caigamos en tentación.

A thousand praises I give Thee,
With all my heart,
By the pain of Thy wounds,
Let us not fall into temptation.

La esperanza tengo en Dios,
Y de la gloria gozar,
Tened piedad de nuestras almas,
Libranos de todo mal.

My trust is in God,
In His glory to find joy,
Have pity on our souls,
And deliver us from all evil.

Si tus palabras habláis,
En el árbol de la cruz,
Y nosotros en la tierra,
Digamos "Amen, Jesús."
Amen.³⁸

Your last words spoken,
On the tree of the cross,
We repeat here on earth,
And say; "Amen, Jesus."
Amen.

EL DOLOR DE NUESTRA MADRE

THE SORROWS OF OUR MOTHER

Que dolor tan grande,
Tuvo nuestra madre,
Al ver a su hijo,
Derramar su sangre.

What great sorrow,
Our mother must have had,
When she saw her son,
Shed His Blood.

Que niño tan tierno,
Lo can a prender,
Ya se llegó la hora,
Que va a padecer.

What a young child,
They are going to seize,
But the hour has arrived,
When He must suffer.

En una columna,
Lo ponen de blanco,
A crucificarlo,
Y a hacer viestro llanto.

In a column,
They place Him as a target,
To crucify Him,
And cause your great grief.

A una santa cruz,
Lo hacen levantar,
Esa eterna luz,
Nos ha de salvar.

A holy cross,
They make Him lift,
That Eternal Light,
Will save us.

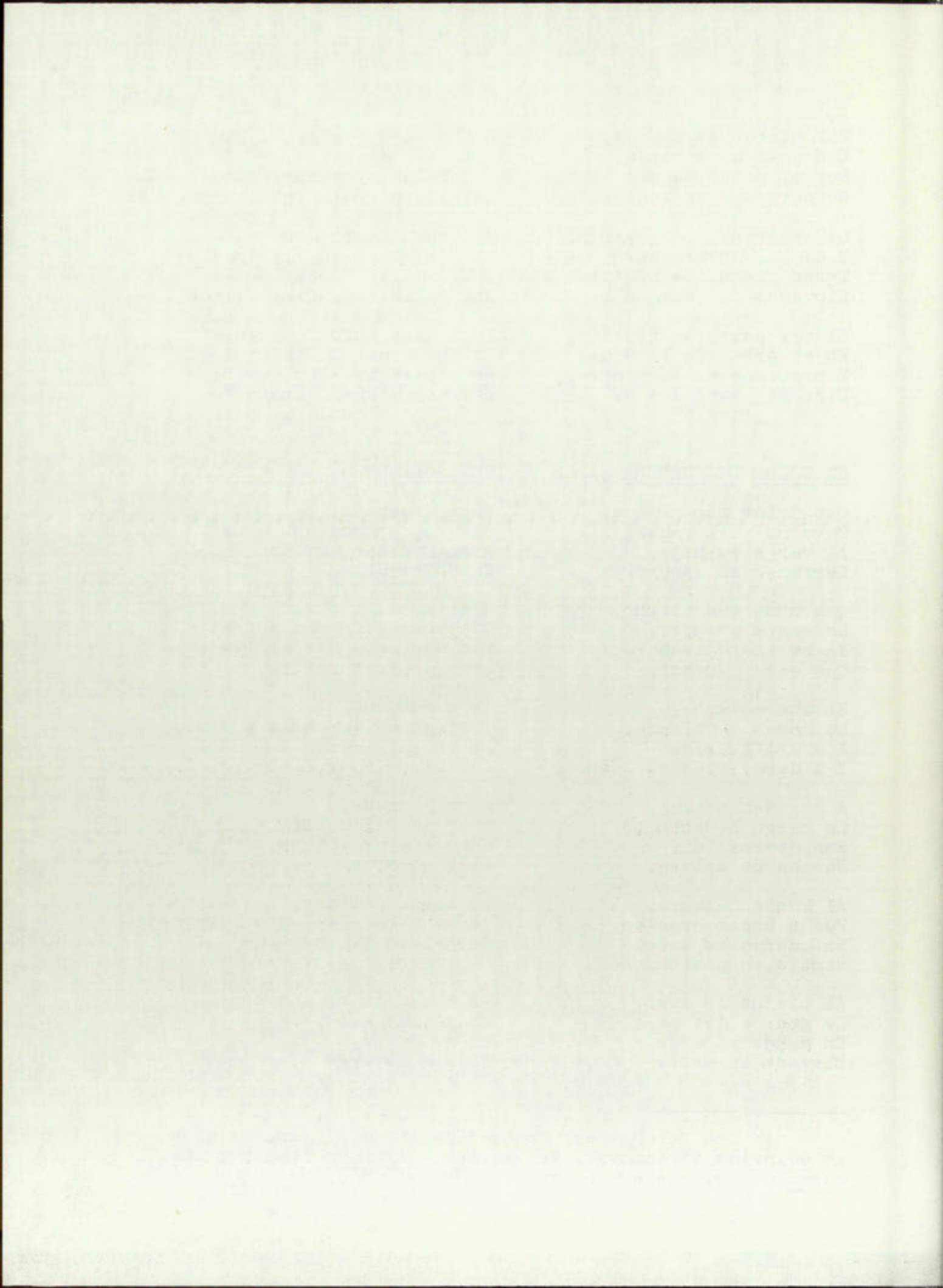
Al Monte Calvario,
Fue a hacer oración,
Su cuerpo sagrado,
Sintió su pasión.

To Mount Calvary,
He went to pray, His Holy body,
Perceived His passion

Al pie de la cruz,
Le ataron los pies,
En donde a Jesús,
Clavado lo veis.

At the foot of the cross,
They tied His feet,
Where Jesus,
Nailed you see.

³⁸The "Our Father" transcribed into a hymn, as sung
at velorios in Chimayo, New Mexico. Alabado from the Cua-
derno of Mr. Victor Ortega.



Con una cruel lanza,
Le abren el costado,
Agua y sangre santa,
Cristo ha derramado.

Los clavos sangrientos,
Suspenden sus brazos,
Queda sin alientos,
Todo hecho pedazos.

Que sogá tan grueza,
Lleva en su garganta,
Le estiran con fuerza,
Que besa su planta.

De crueles espinas,
Corona le hicieron,
Con ellos rompieron,
Sus ciénes divinas.

Con varas y juncos,
Fuistes azotado,
Llevan al sepulcro,
Tu cuerpo sagrado.

María Magdalena,
Le va a acompañar,
Fue tanta su pena,
Que quizo expirar.

Corderito manzo,
De mí eterna luz,
Sea vuestro descanso,
Al pie de la cruz.

Mas de cinco mil,
Azotes le dieron,
Y con una cruel lanza,
El pecho le abrieron.

Clavado en la cruz,
Lo crucificaron,
Alzandolo en alto,
Allí lo afrentaron.

Mira madre a tu hijo,
Cuan atormentado,
En un leño fijo,
Que triste ha quedado.

Salio su madre,
A ver a su hijo muerto,
De heridas y sangre,
Su cuerpo cubierto.

With a cruel lance,
They open His side,
Water and Holy Blood,
Christ has shed.

The bloody nails,
Hold His arms suspended,
He is very weak,
His body torn to pieces.

What a heavy rope,
He carries about his neck,
They pull Him so hard,
That He kisses His feet.

Out of cruel thorns,
They made Him a crown,
With them they pierced,
His divine temples.

With rods and whips,
You were lashed,
They took to the sepulcher,
Your sacred body.

Mary Magdalene,
Is going to accompany her,
Her grief was so great,
That she almost expired.

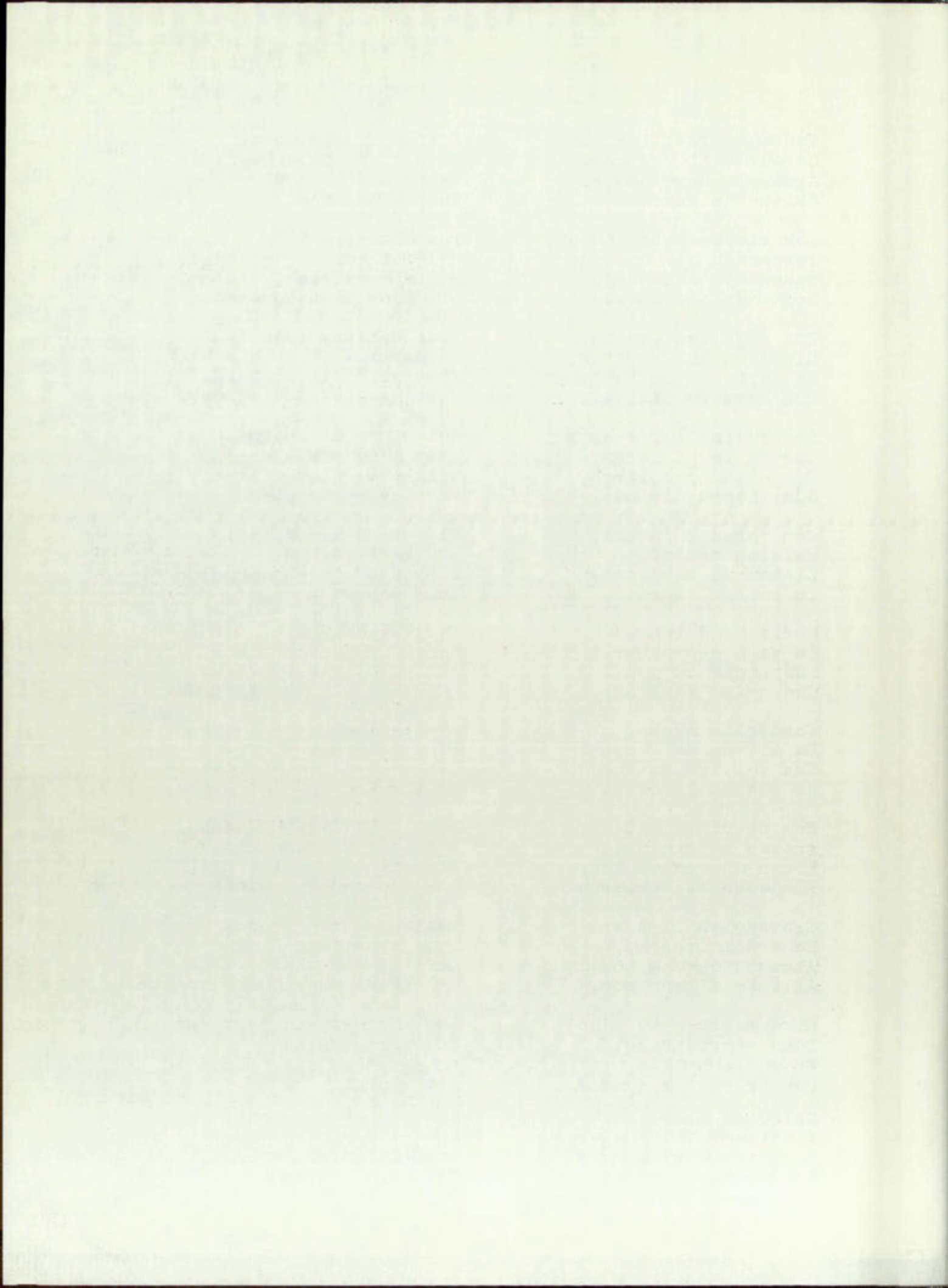
Gentle lamb,
Of my eternal light,
Let your place of rest be,
At the foot of the cross.

More than five thousand,
Lashes they gave Him,
And with a cruel lance,
They opened His side.

Nailed to the cross,
They crucified Him,
Lifting Him aloft,
And there they outraged Him.

Look mother, at your son,
How tortured,
On a wooden beam fastened,
How mournful He is.

His mother came out,
To see her dead son,
With blood and wounds,
His body covered.



Después que expiró,
Lo echan al sepulcro,
Y en la cruz dejó,
Señales al mundo.

After He died,
They placed Him in the sepulcher,
And in the cross He left,
Tokens to the world.

Llorar, cristianos, llorar,
Llorar esta triste suerte,
Y llorar hasta la muerte,
De María su soledad.
Amen. ³⁹

Weep, christians, weep,
Grieve for this sad lot,
And mourn till death,
The solitude of Mary.
Amen.

A NUESTRA SEÑORA DEL SOCORRO

TO OUR LADY OF SUCCOUR

Flacos nacimos, desnudos;
El llorar fué nuestra voz,
Y supimos desde luego,
Lo que es tristeza y dolor,
Afligidos nuestros padres,
Al mirarnos sin vigor,
Invocaron, Virgen santa,
Tu eficaz intercesión.

Naked and weak we are born,
Our voices are first used in weeping,
And from the first know and feel,
only sadness, pain and sorrow;
Our parents, distressed and troubled,
at seeing us so weak and feeble,
invoked your powerful aid, Oh Holy Virgin.

Sed al triste consuelo,
Madre del Salvador,
Imploramos tu favor,
Gimiendo en este triste suelo,
Imploramos tu favor;
Virgen míranos con amor.

Grant comfort to those who grieve,
Oh Mother of the Saviour,
We implore your favor,
As on earth we live lamenting,
We implore your favor,
Virgin, look on us with love.

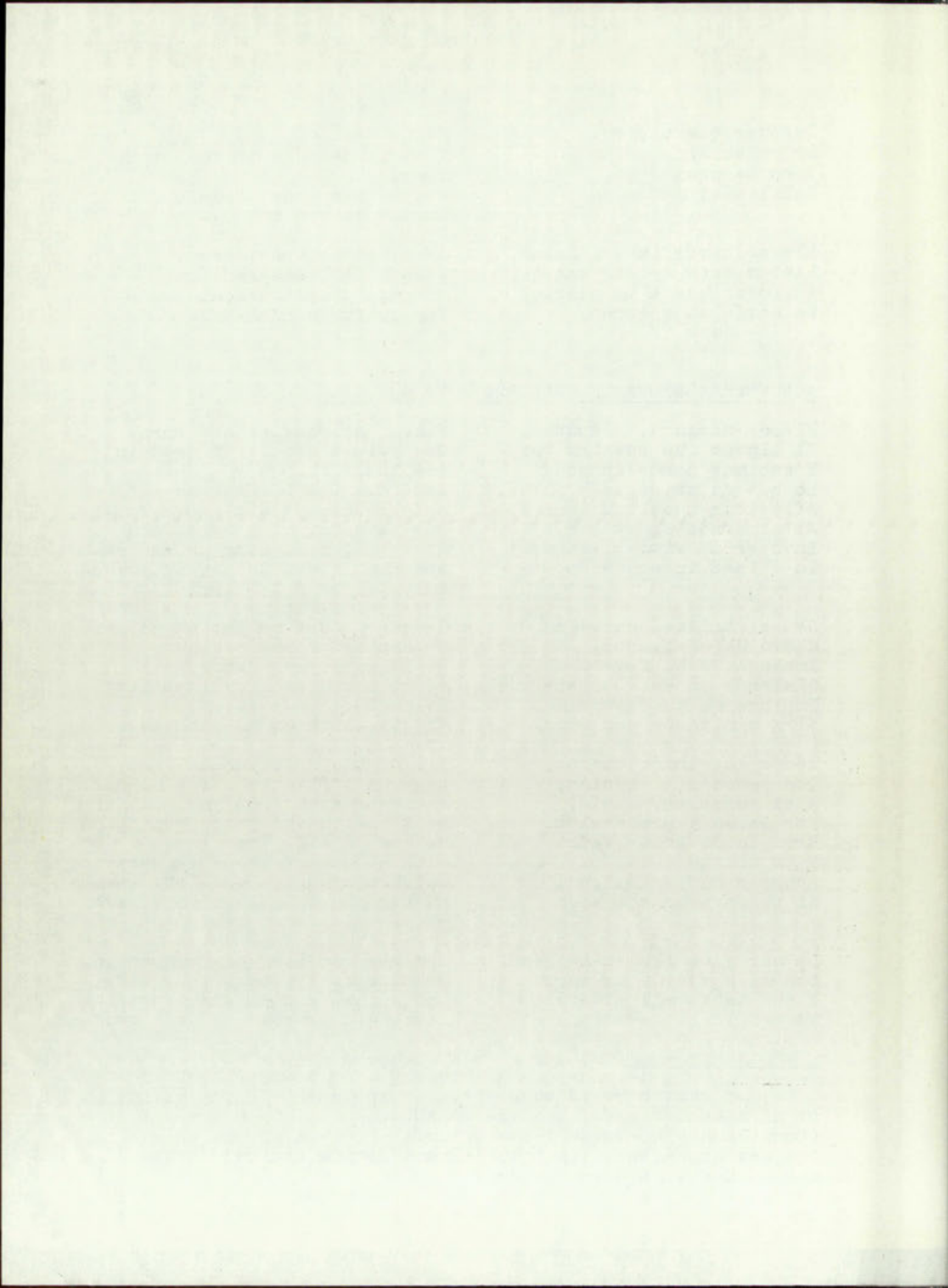
Todos los infortunados,
Que padecen aflicción,
A ti recurren, María,
Por salud y protección.
Eres tu de todos Madre,
Y tu tierno corazón,
Acoge a todos benigno,
Si te invocan con amor.

All of the unfortunate ones,
to whom affliction is a burden,
seek strength from you, Oh Mary,
seek health and your protection,
Mother of all, Thou art,
with a heart full of compassion,
which benignly casts its warmth,
on all who with love your favor seek.

La mar y tierra atestiguan,
Los milagros de tu amor,
Y por tanto mil altares,
Te erigió la devoción.

The sea and land are witnesses,
to miracles through your love,
and a thousand altars everywhere,
have been erected by your devotees.

³⁹This hymn is sung at wakes in honor of some saint, or of some deceased. Source of information, from the ALABADOS (Compiled by Workers of the Writers' Program of the Work Project Administration in the State of New Mexico) State Museum Santa Fe, New Mexico.



Recuerda el hombre piadoso,
Que tu amparo le salvó,
Y él entona en todas partes,
Dulces himnos en tu loor.

The pious man can ne'er forget,
The saving grace of your protection,
And thro' enout the whole world,
his hymns of praise ascend to
you.

Por ser, Virgen la mas pura,
El Divino Redentor,
Rescatar, queriendo al hombre,
Por su Madre te escogió,
Tu le meciste en tus brazos,
En tu regazo durmió,
Contemplaste embelesada,
Su belleza, su candor.

Oh Virgin, thy incomparable
purity, the Divine Redeemer
with hopes of the redemption
of mankind, chose you to be His
Mother.
You held Him close in your arms,
deep slumber found Him on your
lap, while you gazed upon His
beauty enraptured with the
purity of face.

Cuando Herodes, el tirano,
El más astuto y feroz,
Buscaba al Dios infante,
Para darle muerte atroz,
Madre tierna y amorosa,
Le abrazaste con amor,
Y sin dejarle un instante,
Huiste de aquel traidor.

When that tyrant of tyrants,
The wily and ferocious Herod,
sought out the Child Jesus,
With cruelty murderous intent,
You, Oh gentle, loving mother,
held Him close in love's arms,
And your trust never forsaking,
Fled from that cruel and bloody
tyrant.

Cantas tus glorias al cielo,
Con amor en dulce son;
Te confiesa todo el orbe,
Virgen Madre del Señor.
En ti ponen su confianza,
El justo y el pecador,
Esperando tu socorro,
De tu tierno corazón.

Heaven with your praises rings,
Hymns of sweetest harmony;
All the Universe acclaims you,
Virgin Mother of Our Lord.
In you the sinner and the just
have rixed their trust and hope,
ever expectant of willing aid
dictated by your tender heart.

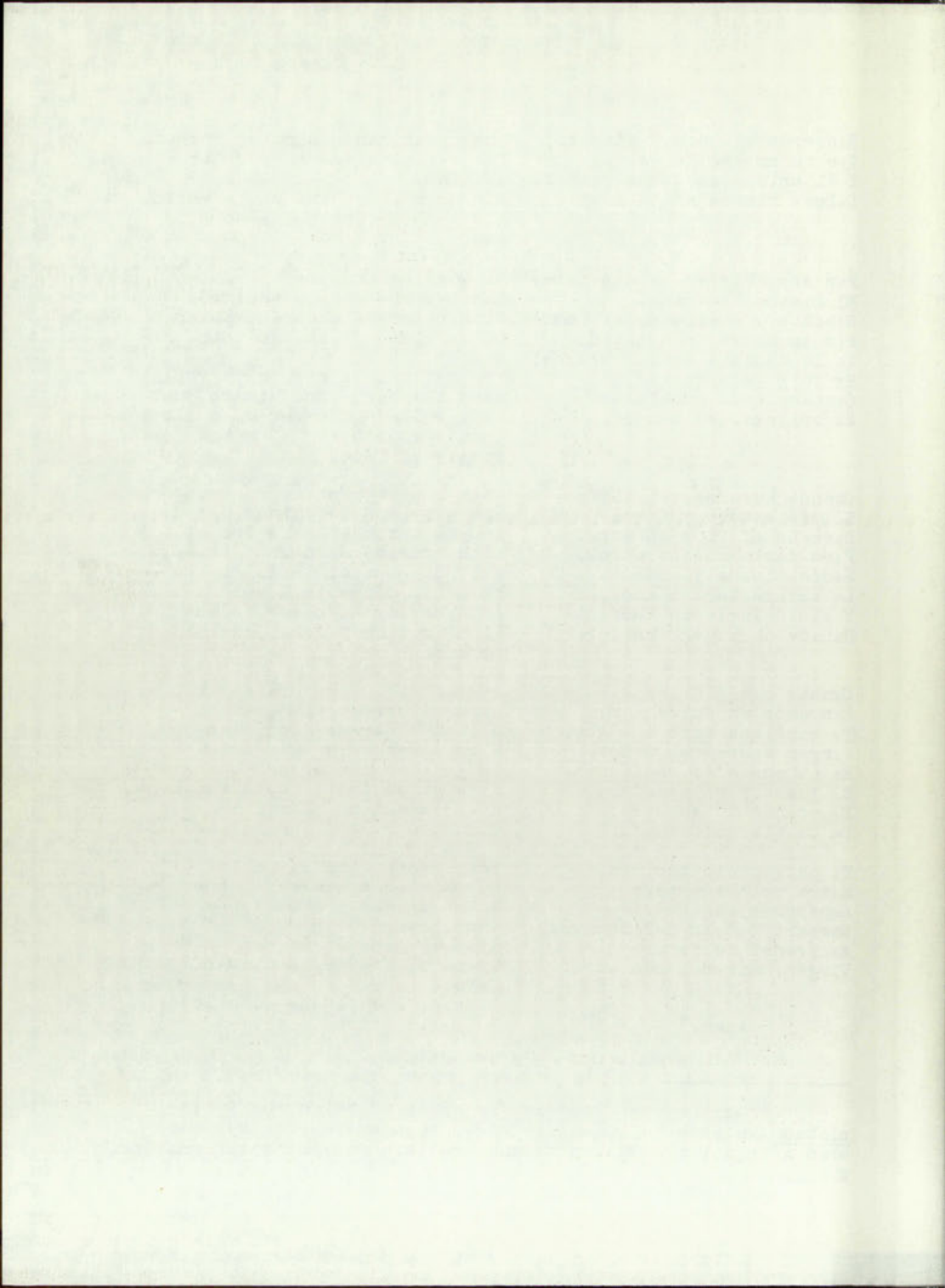
Tu patrocínio imploro,
Madre del Redentor;
Ampárenos tu favor;
Nuestra Señora del Socorro,
Ampárenos tu favor;
Virgen, miranos con amor.

Your protection we implore,
Our Saviou's blessed mother;
Grant us the protection of
your love,
Blessed Lady of Succor
Grant us the protection of your
favor,
Virgin, look on us with love.

Amen.⁴⁰

Amen.

⁴⁰Our Lady of Succour, is appealed to in the following
alabado in cases of dire distress, when surrounded by foes,
when affliction seems to be unbearable. Source of information,
W.P.A.



AL SANTO NIÑO DE ATOCHA

A tu santuario bendito,
Gracias venimos a darte,
Y a eternamente alabarte,
Niño de Atocha infinito.

Entre escarchas y pajitas,
Nació el Mesias verdadero,
Y todo el mundo, por entero,
Le canta Las Mañanitas.

Cuando nació nuestro Bien,
O que prodigio se vio,
Y por eso canto yo,
En el portal de Belen.

Yo te saludo, Niñito,
Con Cánticos de alegría,
Diciéndote Ave María,
Niño lindo, Manuelito.

En el alto firmamento,
Se ve una estrella brillar,
O que gracia, que portento,
De tu reino celestial.

Ya cantan los pajaritos,
En las cumbres mas bonitas,
Cantando con sus boquitas,
Estas Lindas Mañanitas.

La luna, sol y estrellas,
Las flores mas exquisitas,
También las niñas doncellas,
Te cantan Las Mañanitas.

Los ángeles en el cielo,
Y las criaturas toditas,
Repiten con grande anhelo,
Estas bellas Mañanitas.

El preso en el calabozo,
Suspira con mucho amor,
Tu has de ser mi defensor,
Niño lindo, milagroso.

Adiós, niñito de Atocha,
Adiós, Bello y milagroso,
Que estás en ese nichito,
En tu divino santuario.

TO THE HOLY CHILD OF ATOCHA

To thy blessed sanctuary,
Thanks we come to give Thee,
And to eternally praise Thee,
Infinite Child of Atocha.

Amid white frost and straw,
Was born the true Messiah,
And all the world over,
Sings this morning song to Him.

When our Supreme Goodness was
born, O, what a wonder was seen,
And for that reason I sing,
In the porch of Bethlehem.

I salute Thee, Little Child,
With songs of joy,
Saying to you Hail Mary,
Beautiful Little Child,
Emmanuel!

In the high firmament,
A star is seen, shining,
O, what grace! what a Prodigy,
Of Thy Celestial kingdom!

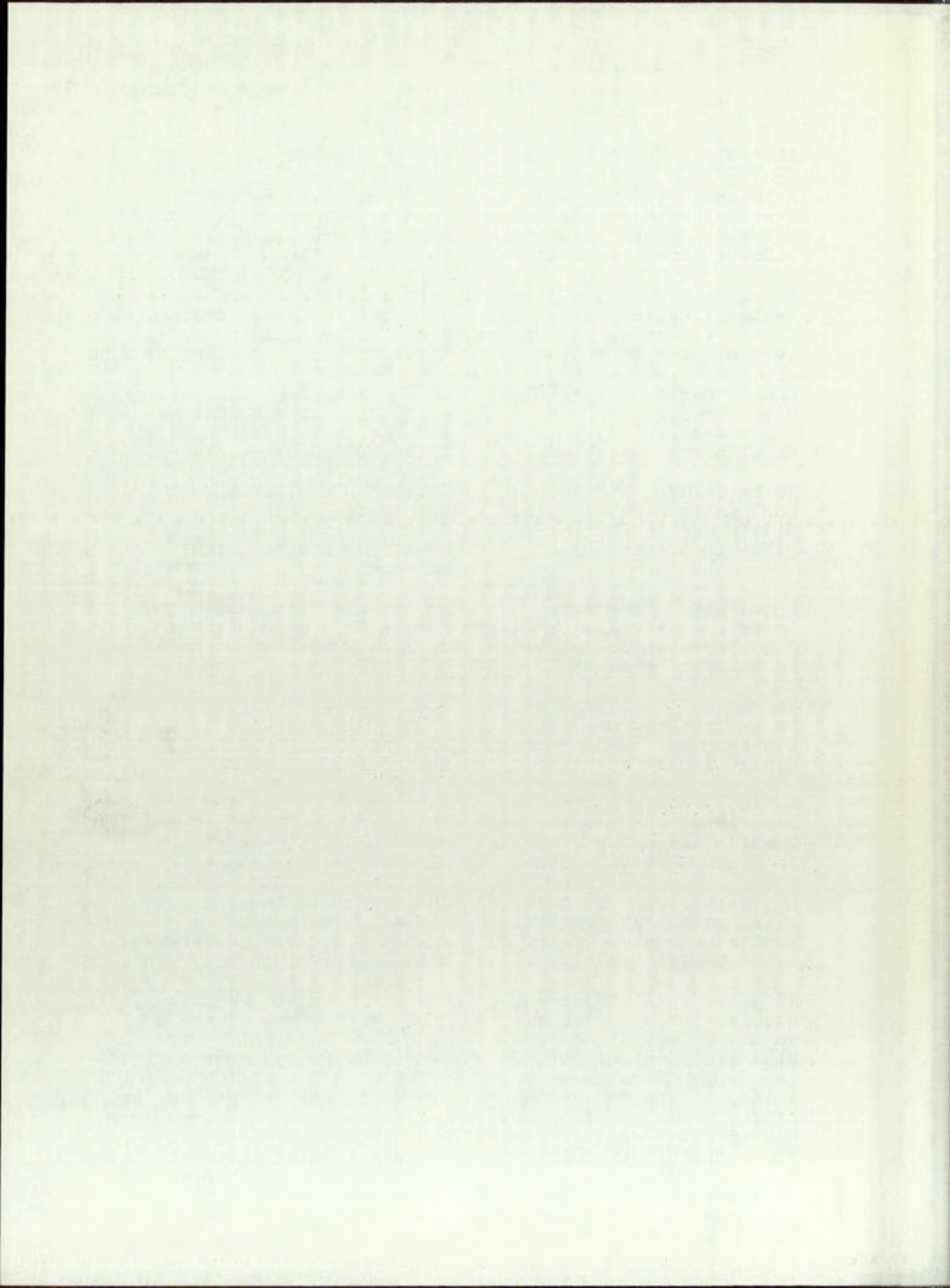
The birds are already singing,
On the highest tops of the trees,
Singing with their little throats,
This beautiful morning song.

The moon, the sun and the stars,
The most exquisite flowers,
Also the little maidens,
Sing to Thee this morning song.

The angels in heaven,
And all creatures,
Repeat with great eagerness,
This beautiful morning song.

The prisoner in the prison,
Sighs with great affection,
Thou must be my defender,
Beautiful, miraculous Child!

Farewell, Little Child of Atocha,
Farewell, Fair and miraculous
one,
Who are in that little niche,
In Thy Divine Sanctuary.



Adiós, niño de Atocha,
Dueño de mi corazón,
Fídele a tu eterno Padre,
Que me eche su bendición.
Amen. ⁴¹

Farewell, Little Child of Atocha,
Owner of my heart,
Ask Thy Eternal Father,
To give me His blessing.
Amen.

SANTA INÉS DEL CAMPO

Santa Inés del Campo,
Tus milagros bellos,
Por los que te aclaman,
Ruego a Dios por ellos.

Tus milagros bellos,
Yo mil veces canto,
Libra al que te aclama,
Santa Inés del Campo.

Con este tu nombre,
Al demonio espanto,
Mira a tus devotos,
Santa Inés del Campo.

Pasastes tú tormentos,
Sin número tanto,
Por librar al hombre,
Santa Inés del Campo.

En una cuevita,
De aquel llano santo,
Fue tu habitación,
Santa Inés del Campo.

A los caminantes,
Los mereces tanto,
Que la acompañasen,
Santa Inés del Campo.

Aquí cantaremos,
Este nombre santo,
Postrados a ti,
Santa Inés del Campo.

Postrado de rodillas,
Ofresco yo mi llanto,
Y tu nos consueles,
Santa Inés del Campo.

SAINT AGNES OF HILL AND PLAIN

St. Agnes of hill and plain,
Your wondrous miracles I know,
For those who plead with you,
Intercede with God for them.

Of your wondrous miracles,
A thousand times I sing,
Guard him who calls on you,
Saint Agnes of hill and plain.

With this, your beloved name,
I will the devil dismay,
Look down upon your devotees,
Saint Agnes of hill and plain.

You who tortures underwent,
Too numerous to recount,
In order to free mankind,
Saint Agnes of hill and plain.

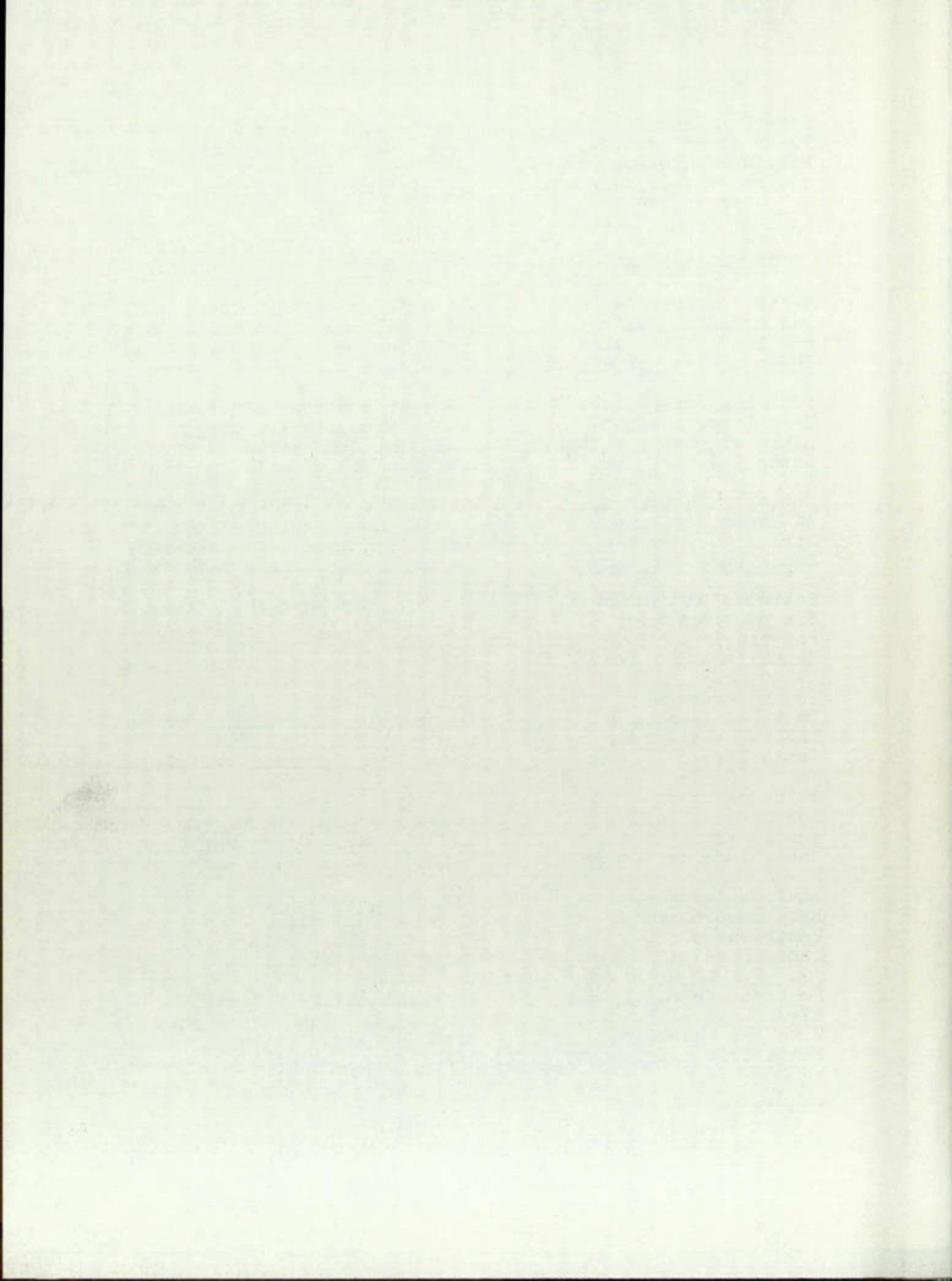
A little hidden cave,
On those blessed plains of God,
was your holy habitation,
Saint Agnes of hill and plain.

Pilgrims of trail and road,
Stand ever in need of you,
And of your holy company;
Saint Agnes of hill and plain.

Praises here we sing,
To your holy name,
Prostrate here before you;
Saint Agnes of hill and plain.

In all humility I kneel,
In supplication before you,
Grant us consolation,
Saint Agnes of hill and plain.

⁴¹Ibid., W.P.A.



Adiós, Santa Inés,
Adiós, Madre mía,
Con tu gran poder,
Seas nuestra guía.

En fin Santa Inés,
Te ofrezco yo mi canto,
Por que nos perdonas,
Santa Inés del Campo.

Amen.⁴²

Farewell, St. Agness, goodbye,
Farewell, beloved mother mine,
Through your gracious favor,
Be our strength and guide.

And so Saint Agnes deign give
ear,
As this hymn I sing you you,
And grant us pardon one and all,
Saint Agnes of hill and plain.

Amen.

DIOS TE SALVE, LUNA HERMOSA

HAIL, BEAUTIFUL MOON

Dios te salve, Luna Hermosa,
Dios te salve, Luz del Día,
Dios te salve, Gran Señora,
Y Dios te salve, María.

Hail, beautiful moon,
Hail, light of day,
Hail, Great Mistress,
And Hail Mary.

Los ángeles en el cielo,
Los hombres, en alabanzas,
La boca llena digamos,
Virgen, llena eres de gracia.

The angels in heaven,
Men, in praise of thee,
In full voice let us say,
Virgin, thou art full of grace.

Rendidos a tus santos pies,
Virgen, merced te pedimos,
Concédenosla, Señora,
Pues, el Señor es contigo.

Submissive, at thy holy feet,
O Virgin, we ask favor of thee,
Grant it to us, O Mistress,
As the Lord is with thee.

Más hermosa que la luna,
Y más linda que el sol, eres,
Desde el principio del mundo,
Señora, Bendita tu eres.

More beautiful than the moon,
And fairer than the sun,
From the beginning of the world,
O Mistress, Blessed art thou.

Por quién fuistes concedida,
Sagrada María, bien puedes,
Tenerte por la preferida,
Entre todas las mujeres.

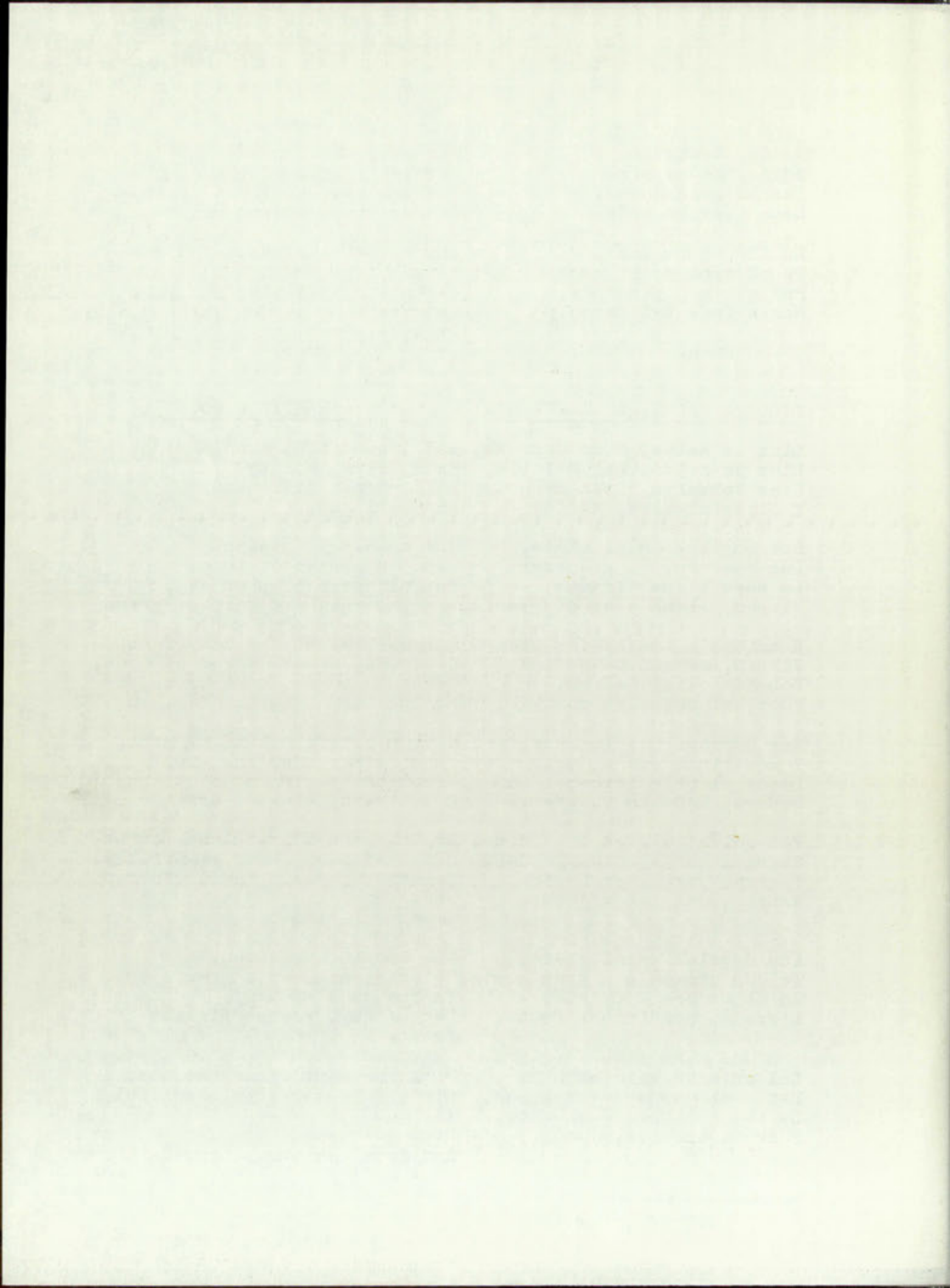
By Him, who allowed thee to be,
O Sacred Mary, thou rightfully,
Consider thyself the preferred
one,
Among all women.

Los ángeles en el cielo,
Te dan gloria con gran gusto,
En el nombre de María,
Digamos, Bendito el fruto.

The angels in heaven,
Glorify thee with great joy,
In the name of Mary,
Let us say, Blessed is the
fruit.

Del oriente sale el sol,
Dando al mundo hermosa luz,
De tus ojos nació el alba,
Y de tu vientre, Jesús.

From the east rises the sun,
Giving the world its beautiful
light,
From your eyes the dawn was born,
And from thy womb, Jesus.



Quien, dichosa, mereciera,
Ser tu esclava, Madre Mía,
Con un letrero en el pecho,
Diciendo, Santa María.

Desde que te coronaron,
Con diamantes y flores,
Te suplicamos Señora,
Ruega por los pecadores,

Eres templo de David,
Y del cielo esclava fuerte,
Danos la mano, Señora,
En la hora de nuestra muerte.

En fin, Divina Señora,
Danos tu divina luz,
La boca llena de gracia,
Díganos, Amen, Jesús.
Amen.⁴³

Who, fortunate, would deserve,
To be thy slave, mother of mine,
With a sign on his breast,
That would read, Holy Mary.

Since the day they crowned thee,
With diamonds and flowers,
We entreat thee, O Mistress,
To pray for sinners.

Thou art David's temple,
And of heaven, a strong
bondwoman,
Extend us thy hand, O Mistress,
In the hour of our death.

In conclusion, Divine Mistress,
Give us thy divine light,
With a mouthfull of grace,
Let us say, Amen, Jesús.
Amen.

A LAS ÁNIMAS

Salgan, salgan, salgan,
Ánimas de penas,
Que el Rosario rompe,
Grillos y cadenas.

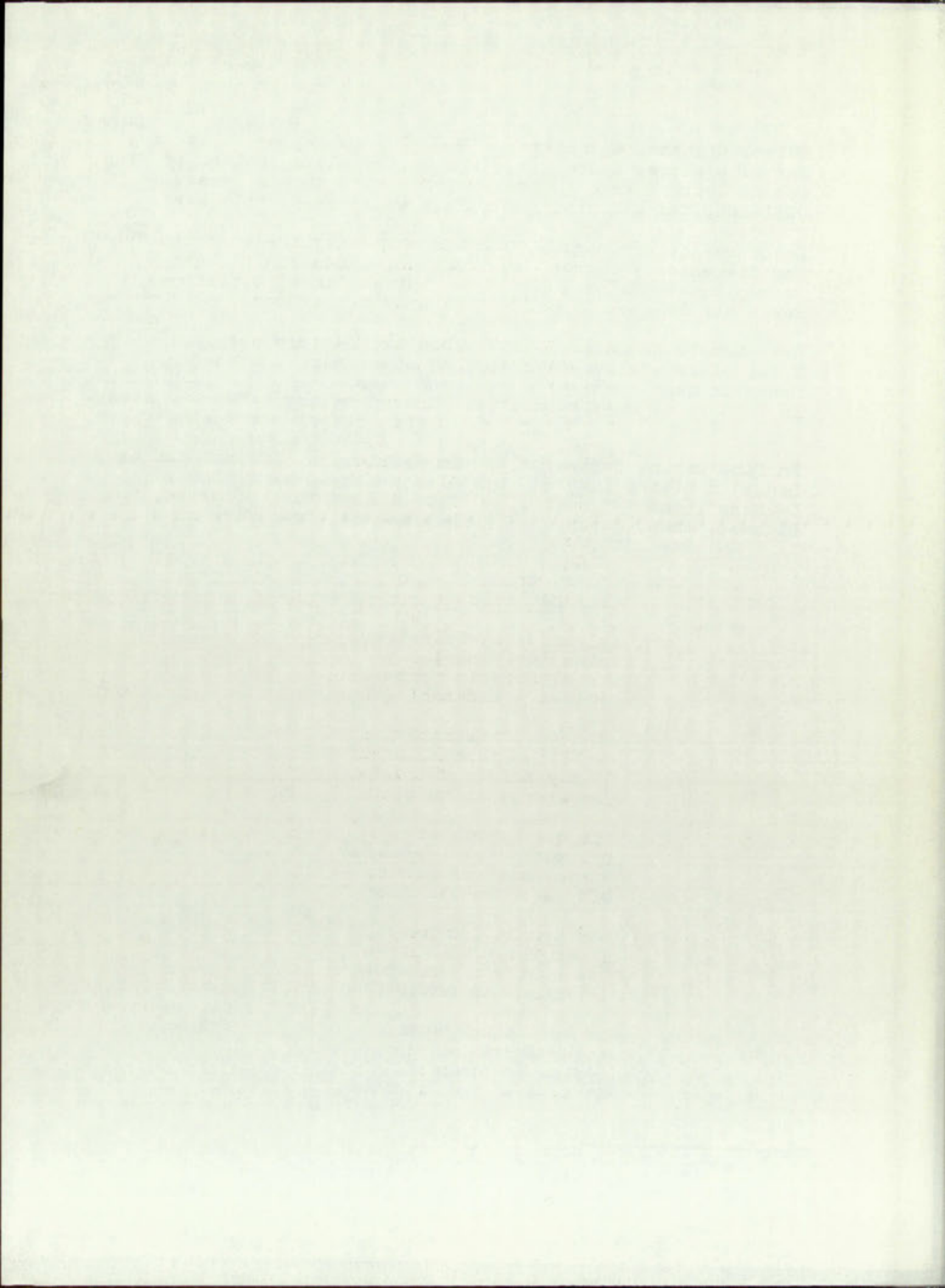
Atended, Cristianos,
Católicos pechos,
Si hay dolor que pueda,
Compararse al nuestro.

Los que transitaís,
Del mundo los cercos,
Mirad nuestras penas,
Oíd nuestros lamentos.

Son tantas las penas,
Y tan largo el tiempo,
Que aquí son mil años,
Del mundo un momento.

Es tal la amargura,
Y tan fuerte el fuego,
Que no lo apagará,
De agua el mundo entero

⁴³Ibid., W.P.A.



O vosotros, todos,
Los hijos de Adán,
Atended y ved,
Si hay dolor igual.

Es incomprensible,
Lo que padecemos,
Por no ver a Dios,
¡Que graves tormentos!

El no ver a Dios,
Es un gran dolor,
Y sentimos más,
por su dulce amor.

Es nuestro martirio,
El oír del infierno,
Muchas maldiciones,
Contra un Dios eterno.

Padres, hijos, deudos,
Que estando con Dios,
Nosotros lo haremos,
Hacedlo por Dios.

No nos olvidéis;
Que esta caridad,
Con Dios la hallaréis,
Y no por casualidad.

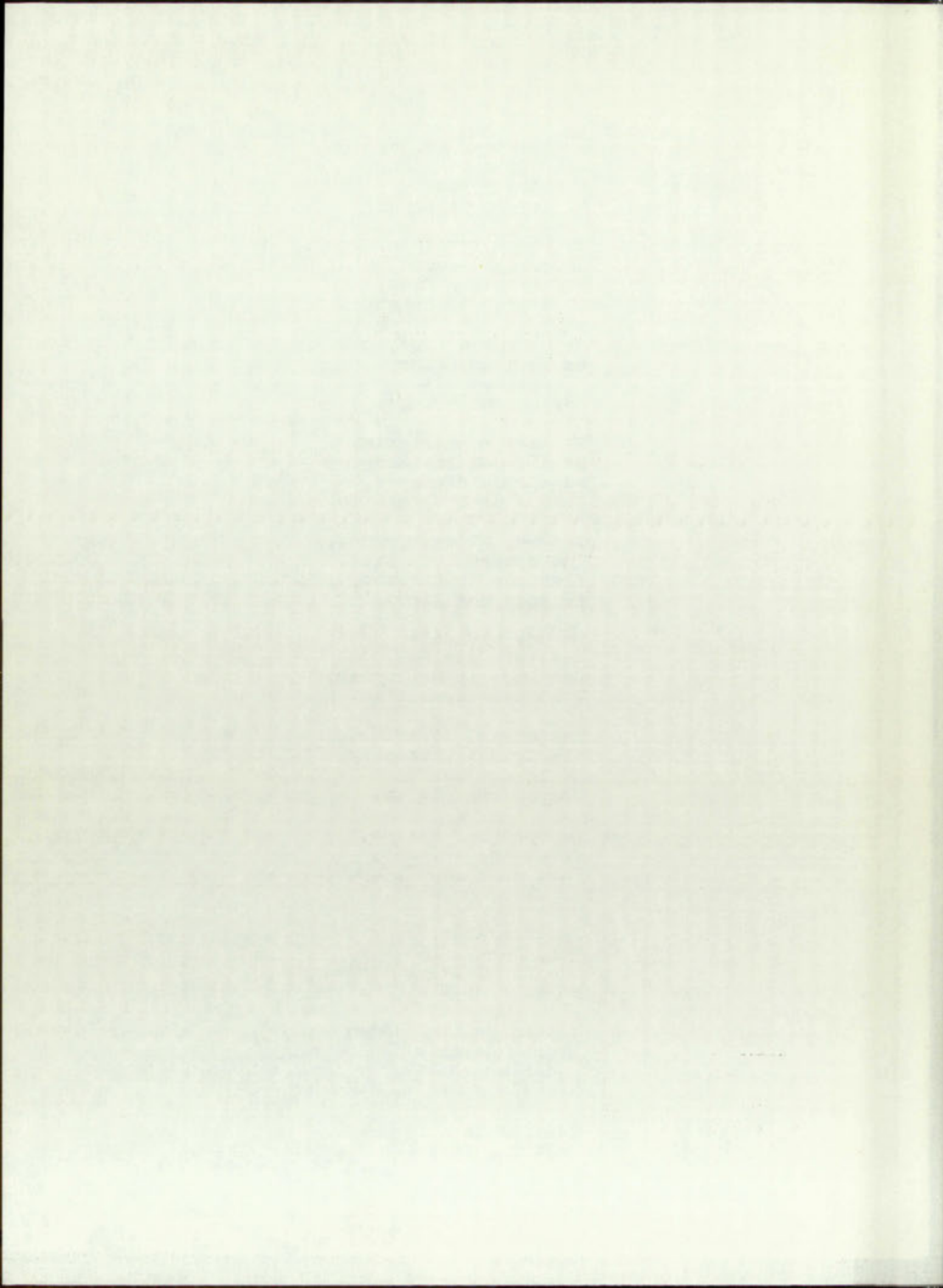
Las misas, Rosarios,
Via Crucis, limosnas,
Es lo que nos da,
Una eterna gloria.

De vosotros fieles,
Todas nos valemos,
Pues como impedidos,
Por si no podemos.

Pedidle a Jesús,
Rogadle a María,
Que nos lleve a todos,
En su compañía.

Vengan ya las almas,
Llenas de alegría,
A darle gracias,
A Jesús y María.

Que las ha librado
De tanto tormento



Y las ha sacado,
De aquel fuego horrendo.

Salid victoriosas,
Subid a los cielos,
Y rogad por todas,
Los de este destierro.

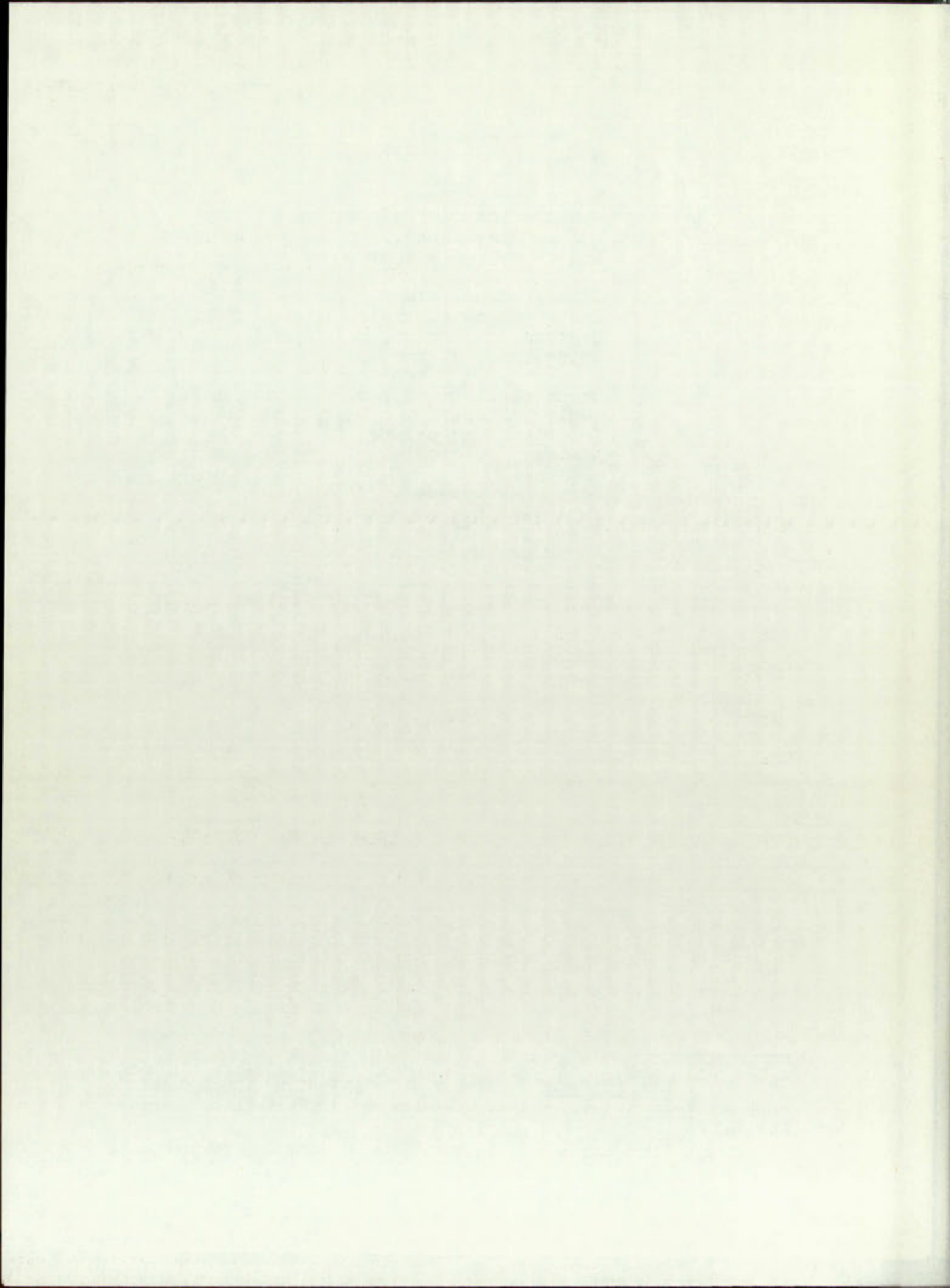
Adiós, adiós, almas,
Hasta que en el cielo,
Logremos el vernos,
En descanso eterno.

Desde el cielo vednos,
Gemir y llorar,
Con riesgo de perder,
A Dios y su gloria.

Por penas basadas,
Y glorias que gozáis,
Almas ya felices,
Rogad por nosotros.

Amen. ⁴⁴

⁴⁴This alabado is the most popular of the hymns sung at velorios or wakes. Source of information, from the W.P.A.

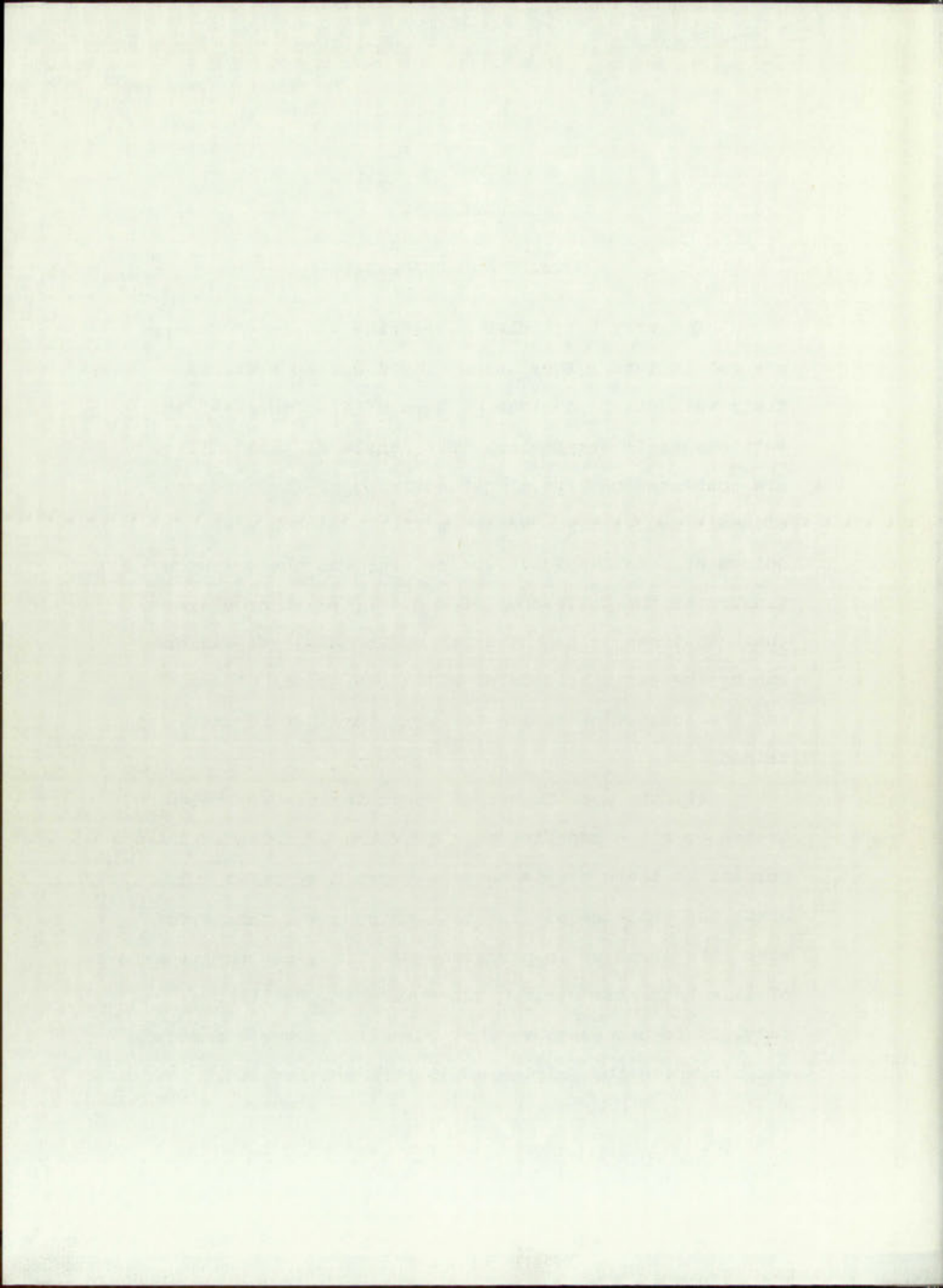


CHAPTER V

SUMMARY AND CONCLUSION

Contrary to popular belief the people of Chimayo are not Indians. They have no more Indian blood in their veins than do other members of Spanish American settlements in New Mexico. The people of this village are contented to live almost entirely on the products of their own valley. Money is little needed where requirements for happiness are so few; and the community illustrates the philosophy of content, which proclaims that happiness is not attained by the many possessions, but by the satisfactions of a few real wants of man, and the absence of desire for anything that is unattained.

All the more important steps in life are celebrated by rites and fiestas. This is particularly important to these people because these ceremonies celebrate the entrance of life into this world, the period when life prepares to propagate new life, and the departure of life from this world. Since life in itself is a mystery, it is necessary to show respect for those factors which concern the initiation of life and its end.



The Chimayo people tend to be strongly religious, and the rites and fiestas of birth, marriage and death occupy much of social and economic life. Modern ideas are taking the place of the archaic ways- the new against the old. The mental and psychological attitudes toward customs and traditions are slowly fading away. The life cycle is the same, however, and at times even with these modern ways of thinking and with these new beliefs, these people turn to the old primitive ways when the real crisis comes.

Every day throughout the year, men women and children from all directions may be seen approaching the shrine at Chimayo, in wagons, in carriages, in automobiles, on horses, or on foot; but all inspired with full faith in the supernatural remedial power. To the general public Chimayo appeals because of this, and also because of its blankets and its chili; to the writer it remains a place of tender memory because of the hospitable tienda de abarrotes or grocery store which belonged to Don Victor Ortega who was also post master, justice of the peace, counsellor of the village, at times even taking the place of the priest in a velorio or entierro. The writer acknowledges the invaluable help of Mr. Victor Ortega and his family in completing this study.



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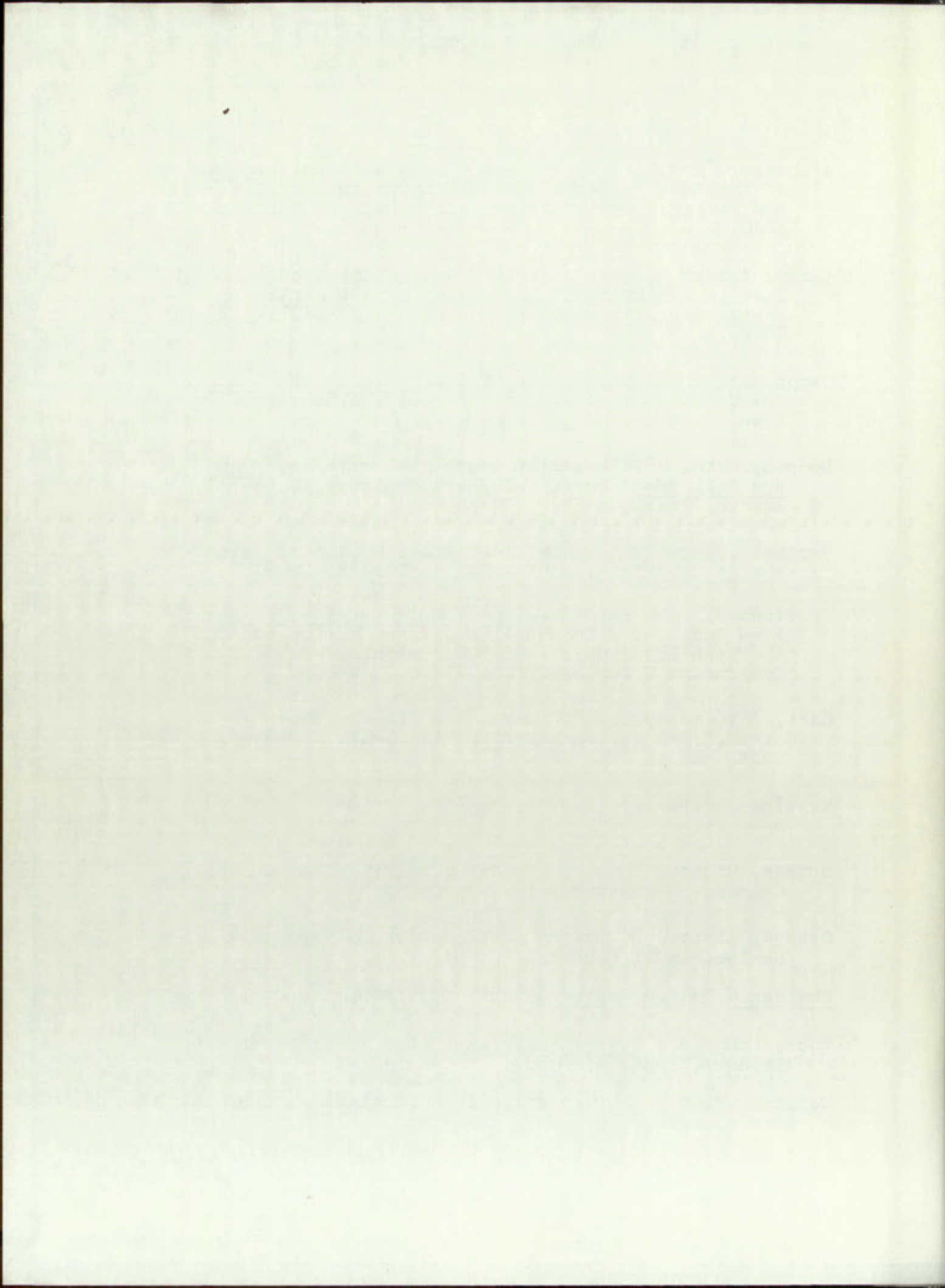
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