

1st HISPASONG INTERNATIONAL COMPOSITION CONTEST: SONG

Spain has a great tradition of “Cancioneros”, has a lot of them and of a enormous beauty and quality. Composers like Francisco Asenjo Barbieri, played an important role as musicologists, rescuing them, and other composers like Manuel de Falla or Joaquin Rodrigo, with incredible harmonizations.

Hispasong wants to share with all the world the beauty of Spanish “Cancioneros” and reviving the spirit of the nationalism in music. So we will provide here the score, the lyrics, the English translation and some useful information.

ABOUT THE SONG

“The lads of Monleon” is a folk Spanish romance from Monleón, a village of Salamanca, orally transmitted. In 19th century Dámaso Ledesma, a musicologist, collected folk songs of different places of Salamanca in a song book entitled “Cancionero salmantino”, published in 1907 and awarded by the Royal Academy of Fine Arts of San Fernando.

THE SONG

It's a strophic song with a lot of verses, depends of the version. This is the score in the “Cancionero salmantino” of Dámaso Ledesma.

Los mozos de Monleón.

Tómada en Villá de los Alamos (Ledesma)

(M=48)

Los mo - zos de Mon - le - ón se fue - ron a - rar tem -
 - pla - no Al - sa! y o - le! se fue - ron a - rar tem - pla no
 Pa - rar dir a la jo - ri - za y re - mu - dar con des - pa - cio.....
 Ah! - Ah! y re - mu - dar con des - pa - cio.....

Here you are the lyrics and the English translation.

ROMANCE DE LOS MOZOS DE MONLEÓN	BALLAD OF THE LADS FROM MONLEÓN
<p>Los mozos de Monleón se fueron a arar temprano, para ir a la corrida, y remudar con despacio. Al hijo de la veñuda el remudo no le han dado. -"Al toro tengo de ir, aunque lo busque prestado." -"¡Permita Dios, si lo encuentras, que te traigan en un carro, las albarcas y el sombrero de los siniestros colgando!"</p> <p>Se cogen los garrochones, marcha las navas abajo, preguntando por el toro, y el toro ya está encerrado. En el medio del camino, al Vaquero preguntaron qué tiempo que tiene el toro. -"El toro tiene ocho años. Muchachos no entréis a él; mirar que el toro es muy malo, que la leche que mamó se la di yo por mi mano."</p> <p>Se presentan en la plaza</p>	<p>The lads from Monleón Went to plough early To go to the bullfight And change clothes calmly. The son of the widow The clothes have not given. -"I must go to the bullfight, Even if it is with loaned clothes." -"Let God, if you find them, That you be brought in a cart The shoes and the hat Hanging from the left side!"</p> <p>The spears are taken, Go down the plain, They ask where the bull is But the bull is already locked. In the middle of their way They asked the cowboy How old is the bull. -"The bull is eight years old. Boys, don't go for the bull, Look, the bull is very evil That the milk he sucked I gave from my own hands."</p> <p>Four lads very splendid</p>

cuatro mozos muy gallardos;
Manuel Sánchez llamó al toro;
nunca le hubiera llamado,
por el pico de una albarca
toda la plaza arrastrado;
cuando el toro lo dejó
ya lo ha dejado muy malo.

-“Compañeros, yo me muero;
amigos, yo estoy muy malo;
tres pañuelos llevo dentro,
y éste que meto son cuatro.”
-“¡Que llamen al confesor,
para que vaya a auxiliarlo!”
No se pudo confesar,
porque estaba ya espirando.
Al rico de Monleón
le piden los bues y el carro,
para llevar a Manuel Sánchez,
que el torito le ha matado.

A la puerta la veñuda
arrecularon el carro.
-¡Aquí tenéis vuestro hijo
como lo habéis mandado!
Al ver a su hijo así,
para tras se ha desmayado.
A eso de los nueve meses
Salió su madre bramando,
los vaqueriles arriba
los vaqueriles abajo
preguntando por el toro
el toro ya está enterrado.

Madres las que tengáis hijos
no le echéis la maldición
que yo se la eché al mío
y así me sucedió.

Arrive in the bullring
Manuel Sanchez, beckoned the bull;
He should never have beckoned,
The bull's horn got stuck in one of his shoes
And dragged him all around the ring
When the bull stopped,
He left him hurt bad.

-“Fellows, I am dying.
fellows, I am very bad;
I have three handkerchiefs in my wound
And with this one there are four”.

-“Call the priest
to give him confession!”
But he couldn't confess,
He was expiring.
They ask the rich man in Monleón
For his oxen and his cart,
To carry Manuel Sanchez home.
Because the bull has killed him.

In front of the widow's door
They went back the cart.
-“Here you are you son
Just us you have demanded!”
When she saw her son,
She fainted.
After nine months
His mother went out bellowing,
Meadows up
Meadows down
Asking for the bull
The bull is already buried.

Mother, the ones that have sons
Don't curse them
I put a curse on mine
And so it happened.

YOUR TURN

The score is the "leitmotiv", the Spanish lyrics must be respected in the new composition. You can harmonize the song, you can create a new song in classical style, or maybe in jazz style. Your turn, your ideas.

LINKS

Maybe you need some ideas about how to compose. Here you are:

Lorca's versión with Teresa Berganza in classical style:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IrfdUzaGGmo>

Ana Belén, a modern style:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Fu1h-R9aqJQ>

Lorca y la Argentinita, the original record for Lorca's version (Lorca playing piano)

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WvCKrwpw-bw>

A choral version

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EYPBsv4ghhk>

A very deep and original versión by an important ethnologist and a country woman. Bad record, but emotive.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IRCRqrhferQ>

Another folk version by one of the Hispasong Singers Group:

https://www.youtube.com/my_videos_edit?video_id=g8aWfAMoPPU&feature=vm&ns=1

Any doubts you have or any help you need, please, write to hispasong@gmail.com or info@hispasong.com

Thanks and good luck

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