

The Posadas



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"Las Posadas is a nine-day celebration with origins in Spain, nowadays celebrated chiefly in Mexico and Guatemala, beginning December 16th and ending December 24th, on evenings (about 8 or 10 PM).

Posada is Spanish for "lodging", or "accommodation"; it is said in plural because it is celebrated more than one day in that period

Typically, each family in a neighborhood will schedule a night for the Posada to be held at their home, starting on the 16th of December and finishing on the 24th. Every home has a nativity scene and the hosts of the Posada act as the innkeepers. The neighborhood children and adults are the pilgrims (*peregrinos*), who have to request lodging by going house to house singing a traditional song about the pilgrims. All the pilgrims carry small lit candles in their hands, and four people carry small statues of Joseph leading a donkey, on which Mary is riding. The head of the procession will have a candle inside a paper lamp shade. At each house, the resident responds by refusing lodging (also in song), until the weary travelers reach the designated site for the party, where Mary and Joseph are finally recognized and allowed to enter. Once the "innkeepers" let them in, the group of guests come into the home and kneel around the Nativity scene to pray (typically, the Rosary). Latin American countries have continued to celebrate this holiday to this day, with very few changes to the tradition. In some places, the final location may be a church instead of a home. Individuals may actually play the various parts of Mary (María) and Joseph with the expectant mother riding a real donkey (*burro*), with attendants such as angels and shepherds acquired along the way, or the pilgrims may carry images of the holy personages instead. At the end of the long journey, there will be Christmas carols (*villancicos*), children will break open piñatas by striking these colorful papier-maché objects with bats while blindfolded to obtain candy hidden inside, and there will be a feast. Traditionally, it is expected to meet all the invitees in a previous procession. They also play pinata. Pinatas are made out of clay." *From Wikipedia*

Adentro

En el nombre del cielo
 os pido posada
 pues no puede andar
 mi esposa amada

No seas inhumano,
Tennos caridad,
que el Dios de los
cielos te lo premiara

Adentro

Venimos rendidos
Desde Nazaret
yo soy carpintero
de nombre jose.

Posada te pide,
amado casero,
por solo una noche
la Reina del Cielo.

Mi esposa es Maria,
es Reina del Cielo
y madre va a ser
del Divino Verbo.

Dios pague, senores,
vuestra caridad,
y que os colme el cielo
de felicidad.

Afuera

Aqui no es meson
sigan adelante
Yo no debo abrir,
no sea algun Tunante.

Ya se pueden ir
y no molestar
porque si me enfado
Os voy a apalear

Afuera

No me importa el nombre,
dejenme dormer,

Pues que yo les digo
que no hemos de abrir

Pues si es una reina
Quien lo solicita,
como es que do noche
anda tan solita?

Eres tu, Jose?
Tu esposa es Maria?
Entren, peregrinos,
no los conocia

Dichosa la casa
que alberga este dia
a la Virgen pura.
la Hermosa Maria!

Outside Singers
In the name of Heaven
Please give us some shelter,

for she cannot walk
my beloved wife.

Please show us some mercy;
Do grant us this favor,
For the God of heaven
Will be sure to repay you.

Outside Singers

We are very tired
Came from Nazareth
Joseph is my name
Carpenter by trade.

I'm asking you for shelter
O beloved host
For a single night
for the Queen of Heaven.

My wife is Mary
She's the Queen of Heaven

And is
To the Holy Word.

May God reward you,
For your charity,
And may Heaven fill you

Inside Response

You are not at an inn
So keep on your way
For I cannot open
You might be a rogue.

You can keep on walking
And do stop knocking
For if I get angry
I will beat you badly.

Inside Response

I don't care for the name:
Let me go to sleep,
because as I told you

I won't open to thee.

If it is a queen
Who's asking for help
Why is she lonely
In this freezing night?

So your name is Joseph?
And your wife is Mary?

Enter you pilgrims;
I was not aware

Blessed is the house
that shelters this day
the pure Virgin,
the beautiful Mary.

Todos

Entren, Santos Peregrinos,
reciban este Rincon
que aunque es pobre la morada,
os la doy de corazon.

Oh, peregrina agraciada, oh,
bellisima Maria. Yo te ofrezco
el alma mira para que tengais posada.

Humildes peregrinos
jesus, Maria y Jose.

el alma doy por ellos.
mi Corazon tambien.

Cantemos con alegria
todos al considerer
que Jesus, Jose ya Maria
nos vinieron a honrar.

All Sing

Enter holy pilgrims,
receive this corner,
For though this dwelling is poor,
I offer it with all my heart.

Oh, graced pilgrim.
oh, most beautiful Mary
I offer you my soul
so you may have lodging.

Humble pilgrims,

Jesus, Mary and Joseph,
I give my soul for them
And my heart as well.

Let us sing with joy,
all bearing in mind
that Jesus, Joseph and Mary
honor us by
having come.

Vamos Todos A Belen

Vamos todos a Belen Con amor y gozo;
Adoremos al Senor nuestro Redentor
Derrama una estrella divino dulzor
Hermosa doncella nos da al Salvador

La noche fue dia; un angel bajo nadando
Entre luces, que asi nos hablo

Felices pastores, la dicha triunfo;

El cielo se rasga, la vida nacio.

Felices suspiros mi pecho dara
Y ardiente mi lengua tu amor cantara

Los Pecos en el Rio

La Virgen esta lavando
Y tendiendo en el romero,
Los pajarillos cantando,
y el romero floreciendo.
Pero mira como beben los peces en el rio
Pero mira como beben por ver al Dios nacido,
Beben y beben y vuelven a beber,
Los Peces en el rio por ver a Dios nacer.

La Virgen se esta peinando,
entre Cortina y Cortina,
sus cabellos son de oro,
el peine de plata fina

La Virgen va caminando
Por entre aquellas palmeras,
El Niño mira en sus ojos,
El color de la vereda.

Venid, Fieles Todos

Venid, fieles todos, a Belén vayamos
Gozosos, triunfantes y llenos de amor,
Y al rey de los cielos humilde veremos

Venid, adoremos, venid, adoremos,
Venid, adoremos a Cristo al Señor.

En pobre pesebre yace el reclinado,
Al mundo ofreciendo eterna salvación.
Al santo Mesías, el verbo humanado.

Cantad jubilosas, celestas criaturas:
Resuenen los cielos con vuestra canción.
Al Dios bondadoso Gloria en las Alturas!

Jesus, celebramos tu bendito nombre
Con himnos solemnes de grato looor,
Por siglos eternos la humanidad te honre.

O Come all Ye Faithful

O come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold him, born the King of angels;

REFRAIN:

O come, let us adore him, O come, let us adore
him

O come let us adore him Christ the Lord

Sing choirs of angels, sing in exultation
Sing, all ye citizens of heav'n above!

Glory to God, all glory in the highest

REFRAIN

Yea, Lord, we greet thee, born this happy
morning

Jesus to thee be all glory giv'n, Word of the
Father, now in flesh appearing

Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

Hark! The herald angels sing: 'Glory to the
newborn King;

Peace on earth, and mercy mild, God and
sinners reconciled!

Joyful, all ye nations rise, Join the triumph of
the skies;

With angelic hosts proclaim: "Christ is born in
Bethlehem."

Hark the herald angels sing, "Glory to the

newborn King.”

Christ, by highest heav’n adored, Christ the
evelasting Lord;

Late in time, behold him come, Offspring of a
virgin’s womb.

Veiled in flesh the God-head see! Hail
th’incarnate Deity!

Pleased as man with us to dwell; Jesus, our
Emmanuel!

Hark the herald angels sing, “Glory to the
newborn King.”

Hail the heav’n-born Prince of Peace! Hail the
Sun of Righteousness!

Light and life to all he brings, Ris’ne with
healing in his wings.

Mild he lays his glory by, Born that we no more
may die,

Born to raise us from the earth, Born to give us

second birth.

Hark the herald angels sing, “Glory to the newborn King.”

Joy to the World

Joy to the world, the Lord is come, let earth receive her King

Let every heart prepare him room

And heav’n and nature sing, and heav’n and nature sing

and heav’n and heav’n and nature sing.

Joy to the World! The Savior reigns; Let us our songs employ;

While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains

Repeat the sounding joy, Repeat the sounding joy,

repeat, repeat the sounding joy.

He rules the world with truth and grace, and

makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love, and wonders of his
love,
and wonders, wonders of his love

Away in a Manger

Away in a manger no crib for a bed, the little
Lord Jesus lay down his sweet head
The stars in the sky look down where he lay, the
little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing, the baby awakes, but little
Lord Jesus no crying he makes
I love thee, Lord Jesus, look down from the sky,
and stay by my cradle till morning is nigh

Be near me, Lord Jesus, I ask thee to stay, close
by me forever and love me, I pray

Bless all the dear children in thy tender care,
And fit us for heaven to live with thee there



