



# EL CANTAR DEL DESTIERRO

*Entrebecant*

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**Livia Camprubí** – fiddle – Narration

**Beatriz Peña** – vocals, hurdy-gurdy, percussion - Doña Ximena

**Alaia Belaunzaran** – Romanesque harp, alboka – maiden of nine years

**Pablo F. Cantalapiedra** – vocals, percussion, recorder – Mio Çid



Recorded in September 2024 at **Armando Records** (Valladolid).

With the voice of **Joaquín Díaz** as the Count of Barcelona.

Bell from the Monastery of San Pedro de Cardena recorded by **Tan:talán**.

Back cover photo by **Adrián Núñez Martínez**.

Group photo by **Juan Goikoetxea**.

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Graphic design and layout by **Pablo Barea Vera**.



**Everything is raised by the earth**



## EL CANTAR DEL DESTIERRO

1. *De los sos ojos tan fuertementre llorando*
2. *Plange, Castella misera.* E-BULh s/n  
(Códice de las Huelgas, s. XIV)
3. *Los de mío Çid a altas voces llaman*
4. *Baile de rueda.* Trad. Burgos
5. *Cantiga de Santa María 302. A Madre de Jesú-Christo.* E-E j.b.2 (Códice Princeps, s. XIII)
6. *Martín Antolínez, el Burgalés Cumplido*
7. *Conditor Kyrie.* Códice de las Huelgas
8. *A madre de Jesú-Christo* (II)
9. *Apriessa cantan los gallos e quieren que-  
brar albores*
10. *Plange quasi virgo.* Response
11. *¡Merced, ya Çid, Barba tan Complida!*
12. *Todo lo cría la tierra.* Trad. Norte de  
Burgos (Cancionero de Olmeda)
13. *Grand yantar le fazen al Buen Campeador*
14. *Quinte estampie reial.* F-Pn Français 844  
(Manuscript du Roi, s. XIII)
15. *Entraba Mio Çid por la Taifa de Toledo*
16. *Meçaddar* – Zidane
17. *A Madre de Jesú-Christo.* (III)
18. *Bien puebla el otero, firme prende las  
posadas*
19. *A Madre de Jesú-Christo.* (IV)
20. *Cuando vido Mio Çid que Alcoçer non  
se le dava*
21. *Inperayritz de la Ciutat Joyosa.* E-MO  
MS1 (Llibre Vermell de Montserrat, s. XIV)
22. *Llegaron las nuevas al Conde de  
Barcelona*
23. *Tocs occitans* – Trad. Catalana
24. *Yà, cavalleros, apart fazed la ganança*
25. *Segundo baile de rueda.* Trad. Burgos
26. *Aguijaba el Conde e penssava de andar*
27. *Segundo baile de rueda* (II) - Trad Burgos

Libreto  
Booklet  
Libretto  
Livret



**From his eyes — so strongly did he weep,**

He turned his head — and looked about to see.

He saw the doors wide open — and the locks unbarred,

The perches empty — no cloaks, no furs there hung,

No falcons, no hawks upon their jesses tied.

My lord the Cid sighed — for great was his sorrow.

My lord the Cid spoke — calm and measured were his words:

“Thanks be to thee, O Lord and Father in Heaven!

This have my evil enemies brought upon me.”

My lord the Cid, Ruy Díaz, — through Burgos he rode;

With him there rode — sixty banners bold.

Out came to see him — both women and men,

Burghers and their ladies — leaned from their windows then,

Weeping from their eyes — all uttered but one cry:

“God, what a noble vassal — if only he had a worthy lord!”





## PLANGE, CASTELLA MISERA

**Plange, Castella misera,**

Plange pro rege Sancio.

Quem terra, pontus, ethera,

Ploratu plangunt anxio.

Casum tuum considera

Patrem plangens in filio,

Qui etate tam tenera,

Concusso regni solio,

Sedes sentit et vulnera.

Weep, miserable Castile,

Weep for King Sancho.

Whom earth, sea, and ether,

Lament with anxious wailing.

Consider your downfall

Weeping for the father in the son,

Who in such tender age,

With the throne of the kingdom shaken,

Feels the seat and the wounds.

**The men of my Cid — called out in mighty voice**

But those within — would give them no reply.  
My Cid spurred his horse — and rode up to the gate,  
He set his foot from the stirrup — and gave it a hard blow;  
The door opened not, for well it was fast barred.  
A maiden of nine years — appeared before his sight:

“Ah, Campeador — in good hour thou girdedst thy sword!  
The king hath forbidden — his letter came last night,  
With great care written — and strongly sealed it was.  
We dare not open — nor shelter thee at all;  
Else should we lose — our goods and our homes,  
And worse than that — the eyes from out our faces.  
Cid, in our misfortune — thou gainest nothing here;  
But may the Creator help us — with all His holy virtues.”

**BAILE DE RUEDA**

**A MADRE DE JESÚ-CHRISTO  
(INSTRUMENTAL VERSION)**



**Martín Antolínez — the worthy man of Burgos,**

To my Cid and his men — brought bread and wine in plenty;

He bought it not, for he had it with him already,

And with all good victuals — well were they supplied.

My Cid the Campeador — paid him full and fair,

And all the others too — who served him faithfully there.



**“To thee I give thanks, O God, who rulest Heaven and Earth!**

Let Thy virtues aid me, O glorious Saint Mary!

From here I depart Castile, since I have earned the king's wrath;

I know not if ever again I shall enter it in all my days.

May Thy grace defend me, O Glorious One, in my exile,

And help me and guard me by night and by day!

If Thou dost so, and fortune grant me favor,

I vow to Thy altar rich and noble gifts;

And this I pledge in duty — that a thousand masses be sung therein.”

## CONDITOR KYRIE

**Conditor Kyrie**, omnium ymas  
creaturarum, eleison.

Kyrie eleison.

Kyrie eleison.

*Lord, Creator of all living beings, have  
mercy.*

*Lord, have mercy.*

*Lord, have mercy.*

Christe patris unice, natus es  
de virgine, nobis eleison.

Christe eleison.

Christe eleison.

*Christ, only Son of the Father,  
born of the Virgin, have mercy on us.*

*Christ, have mercy.*

*Christ, have mercy.*

Spiritus alme tua nos reple  
gracia eleison.

Kyrie eleison.

Kyrie eleison.

*Spirit most kind, fill us with Your grace,  
have mercy.*

*Lord, have mercy.*

*Lord, have mercy.*

**Soon the cocks crow, and the first signals of the day are coming**

When the Campeador arrived at the abbey,  
And that good man of God, abbot don Sancho,  
Was saying matins as day broke.  
And Doña Jimena was there with five worthy ladies  
Praying St. Peter and the Creator:  
“You, who guide all men, protect mio Çid Campeador.”



Recibi este libro consenti y quito, o sea,

una gofina y uno se que de los otros  
mas Lado de la.

entran al se la quinta angaria Para

Delos los oios tan fuerte muerite lorando  
Tornaua la cabeza, estaua los cutando  
Vio puerttas abiertas, vers sin camados  
Alenduas uarias sin pieles, sin mantos  
E sin falcones, sin adtores mudados  
Sospito myo qd ca mucho aue gñdes ayudados  
ffablo myo qd bie tan mesurado  
Quado au senca padre q estas en alto  
Esto me an buecto myos enemigos malos  
Qui puenllan de aguar allí sielta lasriendas  
allí rida de buiar ouieto la corneja diestra  
E emtiado a buiaros ouieto la siniettra  
E eao myo ead las ombros, en grames la mosta  
Albicia albarllines ca echados lomos de tina  
Eyo qd Eyo dia por burgos en tua  
En su cõpana <sup>siempre</sup> r. pondones que loz er emiados, uenon  
Duntelca, buntelca por las siniettras son  
Elorando delos oios tan auien el dolor  
Talas sus bocas todos dya una voz  
Que q bue ballalo si ouiesse bue Benoz  
Combien le ven de



## PLANGE QUASI VIRGO

**R.** Plange quasi virgo,

plebs mea,  
ululate pastores,  
in cinere et cilicio:  
quia veniet dies domini  
magna et amara valde.

*Weep like a virgin,  
my people;  
wail, sepherds,  
in ashes and sackcloth,  
for the great and very bitter day  
of the Lord will come.*

**Ψ.** Accingite vos, sacerdotes,  
et plangite, ministri altaris,  
aspergite vos cinere.

*Gird yourselves, O priests,  
and lament, ministers of the altar;  
sprinkle yourselves with ashes.*

**P.** Quia veniet dies Domini  
magna et amare valde.

*For the great and very bitter day  
of the Lord will come.*

**“Mercy, my Cid — bearded one so noble!**

Before you stand — I and your daughters,  
They are infants yet — so young in their days,  
With these my ladies — who serve and tend to me.  
I see it well — that you are set to depart,  
And from you — we shall not part while we live.  
Give us your counsel — for the love of Saint Mary!”

He bowed his hands — the bearded one so venerable,  
His daughters — he took into his arms,  
He pressed them to his heart — for dearly did he love them.  
From his eyes he wept — and sighed so strongly:

“Ah, Doña Ximena — my faithful wife,  
As my own soul — so dearly have I loved you.  
You see it now — that in life we must part;  
I shall go forth — and you shall remain behind.  
May it please God — and Holy Mary,  
That with these my hands — I may yet wed my daughters,  
And that good fortune — and some days of life remain,  
And you, my noble wife — be ever served by me!”

## EVERYTHING IS RAISED BY THE EARTH

Everything is raised by the earth,  
Everything is consumed by the sun,  
Everything can be done by money.  
Everything is conquered by love.





**A great feast they prepared — for the good Campeador.**

They rang the bells — in Saint Peter's tower with clamor.

Through Castile — the proclamations went sounding,

How from his land — my Cid the Campeador departs;

Some leave their homes — and others their honors.

On that very day — at the bridge of Arlançon,

A hundred and fifteen knights — together were gathered;

All inquiring — for my Cid the Campeador;

Martín Antolínez — joined himself to them.

They went toward Saint Peter's — where he who was nobly born abode.

**QUINTE ESTAMPIE REIAL**

**My Cid entered — the Moorish land of Toledo,**

It was still day — the sun not yet set.  
He ordered his men to be seen — my Cid the Campeador;  
Without counting the footmen — and all the valiant men,  
He reckoned three hundred lances — each bearing its pennon.

“Feed the horses early — if the Creator give you health!  
Let him who will eat — and he who will not, mount up;  
We shall cross the sierra — fierce and vast it is,  
The land of King Alfonso — this night we may leave behind.  
Whoever seeks us after — will then find our trail.”

The Campeador — rode out from his ambush,  
Around he rode — and reached Castejón without fail.  
Moors and Moorish women — he took as his spoil,  
And all that was gained — was what lay round about them.

**MEÇADDAR**

**A MADRE DE JESÚ-CHRISTO III**  
**(INSTRUMENTAL VERSION)**

**Well did he people the hill — and firmly pitched his lodgings,**  
Some toward the mountains — and others toward the water.  
The good Campeador — who in good hour girded sword,  
Around the hill — close by the stream,  
Commanded all his men — to dig a trench about,  
So that by day nor night — none might strike them unawares,  
And that all might know — my Cid had there his dwelling set.

**A MADRE DE JESÚ-CHRISTO IV**  
**(INSTRUMENTAL VERSION)**

**When my Cid perceived — that Alcocer would not yield,**

He devised a stratagem — and delayed it not at all:

He left one tent standing — and the others he removed,

He took the slope below — with his standard raised on high,

Their hauberks they donned — and their swords they girded fast,

In battlewise arrayed — to draw them to the ambush.

When the men of Alcocer saw it — God, how proud they grew!

God, how joyful — was the bearded one,

That Álvar Fáñez — had paid the thousand masses,

And that he brought greetings — from his wife and his daughters!

God, how well content was the Cid — and how great his rejoicing!

“Now Álvar Fáñez — mayest thou live many days!”



## IMPERAYRITZ DE LA CIUDAT JOYOSA

### *(Cantus)* Imperayritz de la ciutat joyosa

De paradís ab tot gaug eternal  
Neta de crims de virtuts habundosa  
Mayre's de Dieu per obra divinal  
Verges plasen ad fas angelical  
Axi com sotz a Dieu molt graciosa  
Plàcaus estar als fizels piadosa  
Pergant per lor al Rey celestial

Rosa fragran de vera benenança  
Fons de mercé iamaís ne defallen  
Palays d'onor on se fech l'aliança  
De deu e d'hom per nostre salvamen

E fo ver Dieus e hom perfetamen  
Ses defallir en alcuna substança  
E segons hom mori senes dubtança  
E com ver dieus levéch del monimen.

*(Tenor)* Vexell de patz, corona d'esperança,  
port de salut, be segur de tot ven,  
vos merextes de tenir la balança  
on es pesat be dreytureramen,  
e pesa may's vot're fill excellen,  
mort en la crotz per nostra delivrança,  
quels peccats d'om en fayt nen cobegança  
al be fizel confes e peniden.

*(Cantus)* Empress of the joyful city  
Of paradise with all eternal joy  
Pure of crimes, abundant in virtues  
Mother of God by divine work  
Virginal pleasures in angelic fashion  
As pleasing as under God's grace  
Pleasing to be merciful to the faithful  
Praying to the celestial King.

Fragrant rose of true benevolence  
Source of mercy that never fails  
Honor where the alliance is made  
Of God and man for our salvation

And she was truly God and man perfectly  
Without failing in any substance  
And as man dies without doubt  
And as true God rose from the sepulcher.

*(Tenor)* Garden of peace, crown of hope,  
Haven of health, sheltered from every wind,  
You deserve to hold the scales  
Where it is weighed justly in Judgment,  
And your excellent Son weighs more  
Dead on the cross for our salvation  
Than the sins out of greed  
Of the good faithful confessing and penitent.

**News came at last — to the Count of Barcelona:**

That my Cid Ruy Díaz — was riding through all his lands.  
Great was his anger — and sorely did he take it to heart.  
The Count was a proud man — and spoke in vanity:

“Great wrongs hath done me — my Cid of Vivar;  
Within my own court — great offence he gave me;  
He struck my nephew — and made no amends;  
Now he rides through the lands — that are under my command;  
I gave him no challenge — nor renewed our friendship,  
But since he seeks me thus — I myself shall go to meet him!”

**TOCS OCCITANS**

**“Now, my knights — set apart the spoils;**

Make haste to arm yourselves — and ready all your gear;  
Count Don Remond — will give us mighty battle,  
Of Moors and Christians both — he brings a host in plenty;  
For aught in the world — he would not let us go unchallenged.  
Since he will come upon us — here let the battle be fought;  
Tighten your saddles — and don your arms with speed.”

## SEGUNDO BAILE DE RUEDA

**The Count was spurring on — and thought to advance,**

He turned his head — and looked behind his back;

Fear came upon him — lest my Cid might turn again;

Yet never would the noble one — for all the world do such a deed,

A treachery so vile — as he had never done nor would.

The Count had gone his way — and he of Vivar turned back,

He joined with all his men — and began to rejoice,

For the booty they had won — was wondrous and great;

So rich were his followers — they scarce knew all they had!

## SEGUNDO BAILE DE RUEDA II

**Entrebescant** brings together four young performers and researchers specializing in medieval and traditional Iberian repertoires. We look at the medieval period through its music, aiming to reveal social situations that, we believe, remain relevant today.

**Alaia Belaunzaran, Livia Camprubí, Bea Peña y Pablo F. Cantalapiedra** join forces in Entrebescant, uniting our dedication to historical and traditional music with our passion for history and ancient literature.

Through research and the study of original sources, we explore the connections between oral and written traditions and the contexts and places that shaped them. By means of legends, epic songs, and proverbs, we seek to bring into our own time the figures of distant ages — lives that still invite reflection in the present.





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The friends and families who came to hear us and shared their honest impressions.

And the audiences who have welcomed us here and there, receiving our music with generosity.

To all of you — thank you from the heart.







Translations

