

135. Que faran del pobre Juan

Villancico à 4

Miguel de Fuenllana

¡Que fa- rem del po- bre Juan! De la fa- ra- ri- run fan, de la fa- ra- ri- ran- fan. Sa mu-
 Que faran del pobre Juan, de la farafirunfan, ma

ller se n'es a- na- da. Llo- at si- a Deu! ¿A hont la n'i- rem a ser- car? De la
 muller sa nes anada lloat sea deu a on la irema seacar, de la fariri

fa- ra- ri- run- fan, de la fa- ra- ri- run- fan. A l'hos- tal de sa ve- hi- na. ¡Llo-
 runfan, al ostal de sa vain lloat sea

at si- a Deu! ¡Llo- at si- a Deu! Y di- gau lo meu ve-
 deu, y digao lo meu

hi. De la fa- ra- ri- run- fan, de la fa- ra- ri- run fan. Ma mu- ller si l'ha- veu
 bein, de la faririrunfan, ma muller si la beu vist lloat

1) Bracketed notes added by editor to fit words.

vis-ta. ¡Llo-at si-a Deu! Per ma fe lo meu ve-hi, per ma fe lo

sea 1) deu par ma fe lo meu bein, de la fariri-

meu ve-hi, de la fa-ra-ri-run-fi, fa-ra ri-run-fi, tres jorns

runfin, ij. tres jorns

há que no l'he vis-ta. ¡Llo-at si-a Deu, llo-

ha qui nan la vista lloat sea diu ij.

at si-a Deu! Es-ta nit ab mi so-pá. De la fa-ra-ri-run-

sta nit ab mi sopa, de la faririrunfa

fan. Y entant s'es trans-fi-gu-ra-da. ¡Llo-at si-a Deu! Ell s'en tor-ná á

y en tan ses transfigurat lloat sia diu el se tornara a

1) "e" in orig.

2) "e" in orig.

son os-tal. De la fa-ra ri-run-fan. Et tro-ba
 su ostal de la fari-rirunfa et tro-

sos in-fants que plo-ran. ¡Llo-at si-a Deu! Non plo-reu, los me-us
 bals infans que ploreu lloat sea deu non ploreu les meos

in-fants, non plo-reu, los me-us in-fants. De la fa-ra-ri-run fan, fa-ri-
 infans, de la faririrun-fa.

run-fan. O ma-la do-na, o ma-la do-na, O ma-la
 O mala dona reprovada: o mala dona re-

do-na re-pro-va-da. ¡Llo-at si-a Deu, llo-at si-a Deu!
 provada lloat sia deu, ij.

1) Rhythm flag missing in orig.

My attempt at translation:

What will we do with poor John!
His wife has left him.
Praise God!

Where shall we seek her?
At his neighbors' hostel
Praise God!

And ask the neighbors,
have you see my wife?
Praise God!

By my faith, my neighbors,
I have not seen her for three days.
Praise God!

Tonight she will eat soup with me.
And as you are transfigured
Praise God!

He returned to his hostel
and found his children crying.
Praise God!

Do not weep, my children
Oh, evil, damned woman.
Praise God!