

CANCIÓN DE POSADAS / POSADAS SONG

ESPAÑOL

Los Peregrinos...

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

Los Hosteleros...

Aquí no es mesón,
sigan adelante,
no les puedo abrir,
no vaya a ser un tunante.

Los Peregrinos...

No sean inhumanos
Dennos caridad
Que el dios de los cielos
Se lo premiará.

Los Hosteleros...

Ya se pueden ir,
y no molestar
Porque si me enfado
Los voy a apalear

Los Peregrinos...

Venimos rendidos
Desde Nazaret
Yo soy carpintero
De nombre José

Los Hosteleros...

No me importa el nombre
Déjenme dormir
Pues yo ya les digo
Que no hemos de abrir

Los Peregrinos...

Posada le pido,
amado casero,
pues madre va a ser,
la reina del cielo

ENGLISH

The Pilgrims...

In the name of the heavens
I request lodging from you,
Because she cannot walk,
My beloved wife.

The Innkeepers...

This is not an inn,
Go on ahead
I cannot open up for you
In case you're a crook.

The Pilgrims...

Don't be cruel,
Give us charity
So the god in heaven
Will reward you.

The Innkeepers...

You can go now and
Don't bother us,
Because if I get upset
I'm going to beat you.

The Pilgrims...

We come tired
From Nazareth
I am a carpenter
Whose name is Joseph.

The Innkeepers...

Your name doesn't concern me
I'm going to sleep
Because I already told you
That we don't have to open up.

The Pilgrims...

I've asked you for lodging
Dear innkeeper
Because the mother is going to be
The queen of the heavens.

Los Hosteleros...

Pues si es una reina,
quien lo solicita,
¿cómo es que de noche
anda tan solita?

Los Peregrinos...

Mi esposa es María
Reina del cielo
Y madre va a ser
Del divino verbo

Los Hosteleros...

Eres tú José
Tu esposa es María
Entren peregrinos
No los conocía

Los Peregrinos...

Dios pague señores
Nuestra caridad
Y os colme el cielo
De felicidad

TODOS...

Dichosa la casa
Que abriga este día
A la virgen pura
La hermosa María.
Entren Santos Peregrinos,
Reciban este rincón,
que aunque es pobre la morada,
os la doy de corazón.

The Innkeepers...

Then if it is a queen
Who requests it
How is it that at nighttime
She's traveling so alone?

The Pilgrims...

My wife is Mary
Queen of the heavens
And she's going to be the mother
Of the divine oath.

The Innkeepers...

You are Joseph,
Your wife is Mary
Come in travelers!
I didn't recognize you.

The Pilgrims...

May God pay gentlemen,
For our charity
And may the heavens overwhelm you
With Happiness!

Everyone...

Happy is the house
That shelters today
The pure virgin,
The beautiful Mary.
Enter holy pilgrims
Receive this haven
That although it's a poor dwelling
I offer it to you from the heart.