

HAPPINESS HAPPINESS

The child is born this night
I do not have to take him take to him
my heart that uses him as diapers

Happiness, happiness, happiness
happiness, happiness and pleasure,
the Child is born This night,
in the Portal of the Bethlehem.

The virgin is washing
with his chunk of soap,
him there have been punctured the hands,
hands of my heart.

Happiness, happiness, happiness
happiness, happiness and pleasure,
the Child is born This night,
in the Portal of the Bethlehem.

OH THE CHIQUIRRITÍN CHIQUIRRITÍN

*Oh, the Chiquirritín, Chiquirritín
put in the manger;
Oh, the Chiquirritín, queridín, darling soul.*

Between an ox and a mule God is born, and in a poor
manger have collected.

SAYING.

Below the rim of the portal,
is found Mary, Joseph and baby.
SAYING.

Do not look angry, my son, look at me with eyes that I
look at.

SAYING