

Como somos per consello do démo perdudos

Cantigas de Santa Maria no. 119

Alfonso el Sabio (Alfonso X), King of Castille and León (1221-1284)

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How Holy Mary took a judge from the devils who were carrying him away and returned him to his house and told him to confess, for he was to die the next day.*

5 Just like we are by the De - vil lost be - yond re - trie - val, **Fine**

9 That's the way that by the Vir - gin we are saved from e - vil.

13
1. Lis - ten to this tale and learn a les - son you can car - ry:
2. He held the po - si - tion of a judge in - side the ci - ty,
3. He en - joyed his bread and wine but did - n't like to tra - vel
4. One day as he sat a - lone, pre - par - ing for his din - ner,
5. "Quick - ly," said the voic - es, "quick - ly seize this man and take him

17
It's a - bout a mi - ra - cle per - formed by Ho - ly Ma - ry
Where he had a life - style that was com - fort - 'ble and pret - ty.
On the high - ways to ar - rest the thieves and o - ther rab - ble,
Wait - ing for com - pan - ions who were on - ly slight - ly thin - ner,
From the ci - ty where he wastes his time. We want to break him!"

21 **D.C. al Fine**
For a man in Spain who fell in - to the hands of de - vils
Morn - ings were for lunch - es and the af - ter - noons for din - ners;
So in - stead, he'd just ar - rest the home - less and the starv - ing,
Screams and shouts he heard out - side, so loud they were im - mo - ral,
Think - ing that he'd heard some ri - ot - ers who thought to harm him,

And was ta - ken to fill - ing tor - tured in their god - less re - vels.
Pock - ets were for with - ered hands the coin of o - ther sin - ners.
Tak - ing from their with - ered hands the liv - ing they were carv - ing.
Like there was a fist - fight or a great and fear - some quar - rel.
He com - mand - ed all his men to grab their shields and arm them.

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6. And he went outside to put a stop to all the brawling,
Saying, "In God's name, this kind of fighting is appalling!"
Suddenly a troop of demons grabbed him; they were chanting.
Some were black as night, and some had horns, and some were ranting.

7. Grabbing him, they took him out of town and held him over
An enormous pit, mulberry black and green as clover,
And they tried to throw him in along with other victims
Whom they'd captured recently according to their dictum.

8. Boiling like a cauldron were the slimy depths below him,
And the judge was terrified; he knew that they would throw him.
Then the Holy Virgin entered, just as he was praying.
"Do not touch him with your filthy talons!" she was saying.

9. When the devils heard these words, they fled in fear and madness,
Leaving our poor judge to face the Holy Virgin's sadness.
But she spoke so gently and she did not let him languish,
For she does not wish to see her servants live in anguish.

10. Even though this man had always taken justice lightly,
He had prayed to Holy Mary, clinging to her tightly.
That is why she freed him from the pit of vile aggression,
Telling him to make amends and make a full confession.

11. "Do your penance for your sins," she said; "admit them fully.
Settle your accounts, be kind, and don't be such a bully.
Put your faith in me and in my Son, and keep it steady.
You could die at any moment, and you should be ready."

12. She continued speaking: "Go to work and cease to sorrow,
For your soul will leave this earth, and you will die tomorrow.
Make sure that it goes directly to our Lord in heaven;
Don't disgrace the saints above now that you've been forgiven."

13. Saying this, the Virgin placed him in a lovely valley,
And from there he left without a dilly or a dally.
Reaching home, he went to church and, full of resolution,
He confessed his sinning and received God's absolution.

14. All who saw him there confessing felt instinctive pity.
When he died the next day, there were tears throughout the city.
When his soul had left his body, angels came in glory,
Taking him away in triumph, and here ends the story.