

# Como póden per sas culpas

## Cantigas de Santa Maria no. 166

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

Trans. Carol Anne Perry Lagemann (SCA Kasha Alekseeva)

This is how Holy Mary cured in Her church in Salas a man who was crippled in his body and limbs.\*

Just as by our own of - fens - es We are bro - ken and un - feel - ing,

5 We can be re - stored to whole - ness By the Ho - ly Vir - gin's heal - ing. **Fine**

10  
1. For there lived a man whose sin - ning Was so ter - ri - ble and shock - ing  
2. He grew tired of liv - ing bad - ly And with al - ways be - ing sick - ly,  
3. He, no long - er slow in move - ment, Went to Sa - las to de - liv - er  
4. No un - to the Ho - ly Vir - gin We will of - fer thanks and prais - es,

15  
That his arms and legs had fro - zen, Keep - ing him from e - ven walk - ing.  
And he swore if he got bet - ter, He would go to Sa - las quick - ly,  
All the bees - wax he could car - ry With the at - ti - tude of a gi - ver.  
For She heals when we're in pain, and All Her gra - cious - ness a - ma - zes.

20  
For five years, he sat un - mov - ing, All his joints and mus - cles lock - ing,  
Tak - ing as an of - fer - ing there The best bees - wax he could pick. He  
And he went a - long so nim - bly, Like no pain had made him shi - ver,  
When we ask, She al - ways an - swers And us low - ly sin - ners rais - es,

25 **D.C. al Fine**  
Ev - ery - one a - round him act - ing Like his face was un - ap - peal - ing.  
Was at once com - plete - ly cured and Went out - side, his health re - veal - ing.  
Like his feet were used to walk - ing And no stones could send him reel - ing.  
And we owe Her ev - ery - thing, so We are wor - ship - ing and kneel - ing.