

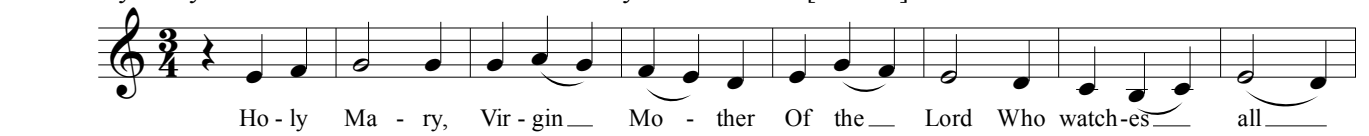
Eno pouco e eno muito

Cantigas de Santa Maria no. 354

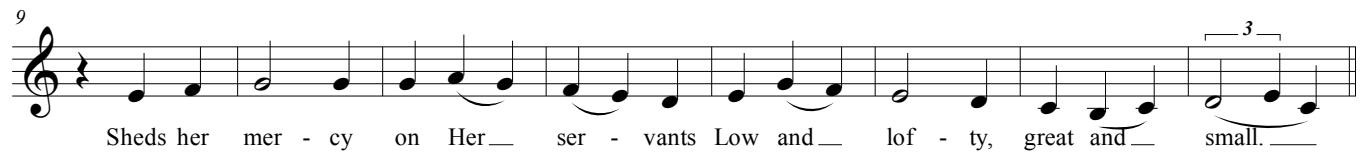
Alfonso el Sabio (Alfonso X), King of Castille and León (1221-1284)

Trans. Carol Anne Perry Lagemann (SCA Kasha Alekseeva)

How Holy Mary saved from death a little animal they call doneziña [a ferret].*



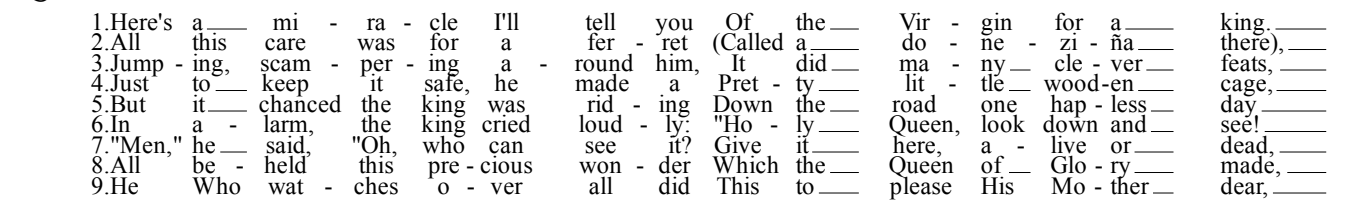
Ho - ly Ma - ry, Vir - gin Mo - ther Of the Lord Who watch-es all



Sheds her mer - cy on Her ser - vants Low and lof - ty, great and small.



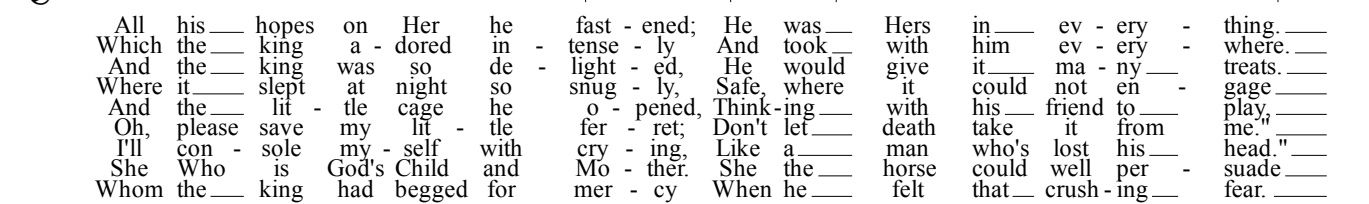
1. Here's a mi - ra - cle I'll tell you Of the Vir - gin for a king.
2. All this care was for a fer - ret (Called a do - ne - zi - ña there),
3. Jump - ing, scam - per - ing a - round him, It did ma - ny cle - ver feats,
4. Just to keep it safe, he made a Pret - ty lit - tle wood - en cage,
5. But it chanced the king was rid - ing Down the road one hap - less day
6. In a - larm, the king cried loud - ly: "Ho - ly Queen, look down and see!
7. "Men," he said, "Oh, who can see it? Give it here, a - live or dead,
8. All be - held this pre - cious won - der Which the Queen of Glo - ry made,
9. He Who wat - ches o - ver all did This to please His Mo - ther dear,"



All his hopes on Her he fast - ened; He was Hers in ev - ery - thing.
Which the king a - dored in - tense - ly And took with him ev - ery - where.
And the king was so de - light - ed, He would give it ma - ny treats.
Where it slept at night so snug - ly, Safe, where it could not en - gage.
And the lit - tle cage he o - pened, Think - ing with his friend to play,
Oh, please save my lit - tle fer - ret; Don't let death take it from me."
I'll con - sole my - self with cry - ing, Like a man who's lost his head."
She Who is God's Child and Mo - ther. She the horse could well per - suade
Whom the king had begged for mer - cy When he felt that crush - ing fear."



In Her mer - cy, Ho - ly Ma - ry Brought him sor - row har - row - ing,
They would hunt for birds to - ge - ther, As a close, de - vot - ed pair;
He gave thanks to God in Hea - ven For a gift, so cute and sweet.
With the cat, who sees in dark - ness, And who earns its liv - ing wage.
But a fer - ret's ve - ry quick, and Sud - den - ly, with - out de - lay,
Those who heard were ve - ry trou - bled, For no com - fort could there be.
But in Hea - ven's bound - less mer - cy, Ma - ry heard the prayer he said,
Not to tread with hooves so hea - vy, Not to kill it where it played.
May our Lord be blessed for - e - ver; May the Queen our prais - es hear;"



Which be - came a great e - la - tion That the king would long re - call.
Fer - rets can be ve - ry cle - ver, Co - ming when their mas - ters call.
He a - dored the lit - tle fer - ret; No - thing else could so en - thrall.
Eat - ing lit - tle things like fer - rets That in cor - ners creep and crawl.
To be - neath the hor - se's hooves, it Took a swift and fear - some fall.
For the horse the king was on was Hea - vy, bred to tramp and brawl.
And from un - der - neath the hors - es Popped the nim - blest beast of all.
This She asked Her Son in Hea - ven, In His vast, ce - les - tial hall.
May Their per - fect grace and mer - cy On our souls for - e - ver fall."