

# Mal s' á end' achar

## Cantigas de Santa Maria no. 317

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

Trans. Carol Anne Perry Lagemann (SCA Kasha Alekseeva)

How Holy Mary took vengeance on the squire who kicked the door of Her church.\*

Ven - geance will be - fall A - ny - one who

5 tries to de - se - crate Ma - ry. **Fine**

9  
1. That's what hap - pened in Ga - li - cia, peo - ple swore,  
2. Ho - ly Ma - ry of the mount - ain it was named,  
3. On a feast in Au - gust, the As - sump - tion Day,  
4. He ar - rived, the squire I just now said was there,  
5. Seiz - ing her, he threw her down up - on the sand,

13  
To a squire who tried to wreck the church - 's door  
The dis - tin - guished her - mi - tage where he was shamed  
That was when the squire was there, or so they say.  
And he saw a pil - grim girl he thought was fair.  
But the Lord de - nied the vi - cious crime he planned:

17  
With an an - gry roar, In a fu - ry  
And Her ven - geance flamed. Ma - ny pil - grims  
Peo - ple came to pray, Crowds of wor - ship  
She ig - nored his stare, So he grabbed her  
For she dodged his hand And made for the

21 **D.C. al Fine**  
that was mind - less and sca - ry.  
came to wor - ship and tar - ried.  
ers, at peace and un - wa - ry.  
arm, but she yelled how dare he.  
church, es - cap - ing him bare - ly.

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6. People ran to help her when her cries were heard,  
And she begged for safety from the threats he  
    slurred,  
For each savage word  
From his cursing mouth was wicked and scary.

7. Uncontrollable was he, so they took fright;  
All the doors were bolted to prevent a fight,  
And they prayed for might:  
“Help us, Mother of our God, Holy Mary!”

8. Once the squire had noticed that she ran away,  
He set out to catch her, growling at his prey,  
“Dumb-ass bitch, you’ll pay—  
By my hand, I’ll teach you to be contrary.”

9. When he reached the church and saw the doors  
    were closed,  
Screaming in his rage and swearing, he proposed  
That the doors opposed  
He would kick to bits, burst in, take his fair fee.

10. He was bold and foolish, and he really tried  
To effect the threat he’d boorishly supplied,  
And he stood in pride,  
Raising up his foot and shouting, “Beware me!”

11. Here is just what happened, as I heard from folk:  
He could not break down the door with any stroke,  
But his leg he broke,  
For God hates to see us treated unfairly.

12. And not only did he injury sustain,  
But he fainted dead away from shock and pain,  
And he went insane,  
And he couldn’t speak a whisper, or barely.

13. Mary’s name was all he could say anymore.  
After that, insane and maimed, he wandered, poor,  
Begging door to door,  
Living with the crime that he had to carry.