

Muito bon miragr' a Virgen

Cantigas de Santa Maria No. 225

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

Trans. Carol Anne Perry Lagemann (SCA Kasha Alekseeva)

How a priest during mass ate a spider which fell into the chalice. It crawled about between his skin and the living flesh, and Holy Mary caused it to come out through his fingernail.*

Might-y is the Vir - gin, Who makes love - ly mi - ra - cles to show it,

5 So the fool who's lost and doubt - ing may per - ceive the truth and know it.

9

1. I will tell you all a - bout it, this great deed, a won - der tru - ly.
2. All the mi - ra - cles you've heard of, if com - pared to one a - no - ther,
3. But one day, I swear, in Au - gust, on the Feast of the As - sump - tion,
4. Then he saw that in the cha - lice an e - nor - mous spi - der clam - bered
5. Af - ter he had drunk the spi - der, and it crawled a - round in - side him,

13

It is mar - vel - ous and dread - ful to the ear, so lis - ten du - ly,
Could not be as strange as this one, more u - nique than a - ny o - ther.
Mass to this Most Per - fect La - dy in his song had its re - sump - tion.
Through the Blood, the strang - est won - der, and his heart in - tense - ly ham - mered.
God did not al - low its ve - nom to in - fect his flesh and blight him.

17

Ren - dered by the Ho - ly Vir - gin Who bore God for us un - ru - ly.
Here's what hap - pened to a priest who sang the mass of Christ's own Mo - ther.
Af - ter all his in - can - ta - tions and the Sa - cred Host's con - sump - tion,
But he ga - thered all his cou - rage, like a true and no - ble Span - iard,
Though it was a - live and mov - ing, God would ne - ver let it bite him,

21

There in Ci - u - dad Ro - dri - go un - to us did She be - stow it.
He was known as quite the sing - er; Sweet - ly would his voice in - tone it.
He be - gan to drink the Blood of Je - sus Christ and to ex - tol it.
And he swal - lowed Blood and spi - der; down his ten - der throat it float - ed.
But be - neath his sup - ple skin there was a crawl - ing bulge to show it.

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*Trans. Kathleen Kulp-Hill, "Songs of Holy Mary of Alfonso X, the Wise"

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6. Never causing him pain or harm, though it was never stationary,
Was the spider, through the power of the Holy Virgin Mary.
When he stood in sunlight, he could see the spider, huge and hairy,
Through his skin so fair and lucent. He to all the people showed it,
7. Saying, “God makes me a martyr for my sinning, cold and greedy,
So I pray unto the Virgin and I make Her this entreaty
That She ask Her Son to give me soon my death and make it speedy
Or remove this anguish from me. He can save me, and I know it.”
8. Up his spine the hateful spider crept, exultant and appalling;
Down along his spleen and to his chest and stomach it went crawling.
Up his right arm and his left, it went without so much as stalling
With its very hairy body, such that anyone would loathe it.
9. Then one day at nones he rested, in the sunshine calmly sitting,
When his arm began to tingle with a tickle unremitting,
So he scratched. Before he knew it, suddenly his skin was splitting.
From beneath his fingernail crawled out the spider, foul and bloated.
10. Just as it squeezed out, he caught it, and he could not be evaded;
Then he swiftly pulverized it and he in his wallet laid it.
When he said his mass that Sunday, then with tranquil face he ate it.
It was swallowed down like food, and its delicious taste he noted.
11. When the people saw him stand there free of damage and diseases,
They gave praise to Holy Mary, Mother of our Savior Jesus.
From that day, the priest was righteous, doing as Our Father pleases,
Never greedy, never lustful, firmly to his faith devoted.