

Porque ben Santa Maria

Cantigas de Santa Maria no. 327

Alfonso X el Sabio, King of Castile and León (1221-1284)
 Trans. Carol Anne Perry Lagemann (SCA Kasha Alekseeva)

How Holy Mary cured the priest whose legs turned backward because he made undergarments from a cloth he stole from the altar.*

Since the Ho³ - ly Vir - gin Ma - ry Gives Her gifts, as - tute and wise,

He who steals from Her is ve - ry Fool - ish in the Vir - gin's eyes.

1. On this to - pic, if you'll hear me, Here's a won - der - daz - zling
 2. It was fit - ting, done with rea - son, Just as she is al - ways just.
 3. It was just a - bout a va - ra, Long - er than a per - son's arm.
 4. At this church, a priest was work - ing, Saw the al - tar so ar - rayed.
 5. When the un - der - pants were fi - nished, And he went and tried them on,
 6. Scream - ing in dis - tress and an - guish, He cried out with all his might,
 7. All those pre - sent heard his er - ror, And they saw his weep - ing face.
 8. To the church they took him quick - ly, Through the pain that he en - dured,

That Saint Ma - ry, Je - sus' Mo - ther, Did to O - de - mi - ra bring.
 Once a wo - man gave some fa - bric As an of - fer - ring in trust
 It was thin and fine - ly wo - ven, Made with e - le - gance and charm,
 He be - gan to co - vet great - ly, That fine cloth where it was laid.
 He lay down for peace - ful slum - ber, But he could not e - ven yawn.
 "Oh, fair Mo - ther of the Sa - vior, Do not let me die to - night!"
 He, in full re - pen - tance, called for, Li - nen fa - bric to be placed
 Pray - ing Hea - ven's Queen to aid him, And the Good - will La - dy heard.

Of Her works in that good ci - ty Grate - ful - ly the peo - ple sing;
 To a church of Ho - ly Ma - ry, An - cient as the re - gion's dust,
 And there - fore, this help - ful wo - man Placed it safe - ly out of harm
 So he stole it from the al - tar, Brought it home, and or - dered made
 When he closed his eyes, it pierced him, And his kept him up 'til dawn:
 He be - gan a full con - fess - ion, With a coun - te - nance con - trite
 On the al - tar, so it would be Co - vered as be - fit its grace.
 Ho - ly Vir - gin Ma - ry lis - tened, And he was com - plete - ly cured.

Ma - ny won - ders She has made there, But this one would take the prize.
 Stand - ing on the ci - ty's out - skirts, Un - der an - da - lu - sian skies.
 As an al - tar cloth for Ma - ry, Since it was the per - fect size.
 Un - der - pants to co - ver up his Naught - y parts from peo - ple's eyes.
 Both his legs were bend - ing back - ward, 'Til his heels dug in his thighs.
 Of the sin that he com - mit - ted In sin - cere, des - pair - ing cries.
 So, my friends, if you can hear me, Don't de - base the Queen on High.
 All the peo - ple sang Her prais - es, Raised Her name up to the skies.