

Porque trovar é cousa en que jaz

Cantigas de Santa Maria: Prologue

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

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This is the Prologue of the Songs of Holy Mary, concerning the things which are necessary in the art of composing songs.*

1. Be - cause com - pos - ing songs is such an art,
2. Such pru - dence and such in - sight are not mine
3. My aim is on - ly to a - dore and praise
4. I pray that She ac - cept the songs I sing,
5. Her love is such that who Her love ob - tains
6. So from my La - dy's side I'll ne - ver leave,
7. I pray, if She would will it so to be,

5
Re - quir - ing un - der - stand - ing from the start,
As much as I would have by my de - sign,
The Vir - gin, Mo - ther of the Lord we raise,
For through these songs Her mi - ra - cles I bring
Be - comes more wor - thy to re - ceive its gains,
For if I right - ly serve Her I'll re - ceive
9 The words I sing would please Her ut - ter - ly

13
The good com - pos - er must pos - sess a heart
But still I try to e - le - vate each line
O Ho - ly Ma - ry, wor - thy to a - maze
To ears who will re - spond be wor - ship - ping,
And once he earns it, al - ways it re - mains,
Her bless - ing and Her beau - ti - ful re - prieve,
And that if She is pleased, She give to me

17
Of sense and in - sight and a pru - dent mind,
And show the lit - tle and that is known to me;
Be - yond all else cre - a - ted on this earth.
For o - ther la - dies I will sing no more;
Un - less he turn his back on God a - bove
Which She has al - ways gra - cious - ly con - ferred
21 The good re - ward She gives to those who bring

So he can un - der - stand and speak his part,
And with the aid of Pro - vi - dence di - vine,
And thus, I wish to - day and all my days
With this, I may re - co - ver ev - ery - thing
And sad - ly he his wick - ed - ness sus - tains.
On those who hum - bly beg and sim - ply grieve,
21 Their hearts to feel Her love a - dor - ing - ly.

For songs that touch the soul are so de - signed.
I may a - chieve my aim to some de - gree.
To be Her trou - ba - dour for all I'm worth.
I wast - ed on the loves I sang be - fore.
No o - ther way is there to lose Her love.
For such a prayer Our La - dy al - ways heard.
Who has this pledge of Her will glad - ly sing.