

# Quen a omagen da Virgen

## Cantigas de Santa Maria no. 353

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

Trans. Carol Anne Perry Lagemann (SCA Kasha Alekseeva)

How a little boy an abbot was rearing in his cloister took food to the Holy Child which the statue held in Her arms, and the Child told him that he and the abbot would eat with Him very soon.\*

When the bless - ing of the Vir - gin or her no - ble Son we see,  
no - thing else on Earth is — great - er; no - thing else could e - ver be.

1.I will sing to you a — sto - ry. It's a — tale you'll want to hear  
2.We could ne - ver en - ter — Hea - ven, For our — paths were blocked by Eve,  
3.But our res - cue comes from Ma - ry, in Whom wis - dom's deep and broad,  
4.Here the mi - ra - cle was wit - nessed; Ma - ny — peo - ple told me so.  
5.In des - pair, he went to — see a Near - by — ab - bot, a good man,  
6.In the mo - na - ste - ry — his Ap - pren - tice - ship was soon be - gun,

Of a mi - ra - cle by — Ma - ry, She who al - ways holds us — dear,  
For she ate the out - lawed ap - ple And made A - dam, too, re - ceive  
She who sought and seeks for ways that We may have good - will — from God,  
In the coun - try - side near Ve - nice Lived a — man whose life — was woe,  
Who was saint - ly, who was friend - ly, Giv - ing e - very - one — a — hand,  
And he was so ve - ry — hap - py, Be - ing loved and called "my son",

Whe - ther it's be - cause she — loves us Or be - cause she hopes to steer  
Pu - nish - ment for hav - ing — eat - en. God our Lord was sure - ly grieved.  
God, Her Son, and God, Her Fa - ther, Who keeps those who give Him laud  
He was rich, but though he — la - bored, He had no re - sults to show,  
And he asked to leave his — young son With the ab - bot, who would plan  
And the ab - bot told him free - ly, "Mine is yours un - til — you're done."

All our paths from sin and sor - row And to make us whol - ly — free.  
He was an - gry and He — told them Pa - ra - dise they'd ne - ver see.  
Al - ways and for - e - ver with Him In His bliss - ful pu - ri - ty.  
All his child - ren died but one boy, Suf - fer - ing where he — could see.  
All his feed - ing and his — rais - ing. And the ab - bot did a - gree.  
He spent all his free time play - ing in the clois - ter joy - ful - ly.

7. Once the boy was sweetly playing  
In the cloister, not too wild,  
And he went to church, for he wanted  
To see Mary and Her Child.  
When he stood in awe of the statue,  
He with true affection smiled,  
And he wished for this Child he'd  
Feel that love eternally.
8. After that, he always went there,  
Visiting each day he could.  
He were humbled by the statue,  
But to be with it felt good,  
And he had no thought of repayment,  
Wanting to do as he should.  
No one fed the baby statue,  
And he worried ceaselessly.
9. When he saw the hungry baby,  
He wished deep within his heart  
That it would be time for dinner  
So the plan he made could start.  
When he ate, he separated  
From his food the larger part,  
And he guarded it in secret,  
Keeping it excitedly.
10. When the time for food was over,  
He ran to the sacred place,  
To the altar went directly,  
Knelt before the statue's base  
As he'd seen the monks give offerings,  
And with sweet and earnest face,  
Asked one question of the baby,  
Made a simple, humble plea.
11. He began by telling Jesus,  
“I am poor, and little, too,  
But the food that I was given,  
I will set aside for You.  
And I beg You, Friend, to eat it.  
You know what I say is true:  
No one feeds You, so if You don't eat,  
Very hungry You will be.”
12. Fifteen days the child went hungry,  
And the Son of Mary ate.  
And so pleased was Holy Jesus  
That He blessed the little plate,  
And He said, “We'll eat together  
In a little while. Just wait—  
We will soon be with My Father,  
And we'll dine at His decree.”
13. But the abbot, who was caring,  
Saw the boy was losing weight  
And was growing slowly weaker,  
That alone he always ate.  
Said the abbot, “Child, please listen:  
If you do not clean your plate  
Of the healthy food I give you,  
Sick you'll get, and rapidly.”
14. Then the child spoke to the abbot,  
Saying, “Meat and wine and bread  
To me, oh, my loving Father,  
You have always kindly fed,  
But I'm giving most of the food to  
The dear Child that's here instead.  
Every day I save a portion,  
Which I take Him faithfully.”
15. After he had gently listened,  
Then the abbot said, “My son,  
Who might be the precious Child whom  
You love most of everyone?”  
And the boy said, “On the altar,  
It's the lovely Lady's Son,  
No one gives him any food, but  
He is deeply loved by me.”
16. When the abbot heard him say this,  
Then he asked, “My son, please tell:  
Does He eat the food you give Him?”  
He was answered very well.  
“Yes, He eats each bite I bring Him,  
More than I could eat myself.  
But He always ate in silence  
‘Til he spoke today to me.
17. “He invited me to join Him  
And His Father when they dine.”  
Said the abbot, “I believe you.  
This is certainly a sign  
That you will indeed in Heaven  
Eat a feast with the Divine,  
And so I request to join you  
When you meet the Deity.”
18. Then the abbot called the brothers,  
Saying, “Friends, who have served God  
Faithfully for many seasons  
In this world that's foul and flawed,  
I'm resigning as your abbot.  
By our Lord be ever awed!  
You should look to Don Mateus;  
Your new abbot he will be.”
19. And he told the monks what happened,  
How the boy had been so wise,  
What they spoke about together:  
God the Son in statue's guise.  
And he said, “Oh what a blessing  
Is the Son of God on high,  
Such reward the Spiritual Lady  
Gives to those who love dearly.”
20. When the night was almost over  
But the sun had yet to rise,  
First the boy and then the abbot  
Fell down ill with piercing cries,  
As I tell you in this story.  
When the sixth of hours came by,  
When Lord Jesus died for sinners,  
They both died so reverently.