

Quen na Virgen groriosa

Cantigas de Santa Maria no. 256

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

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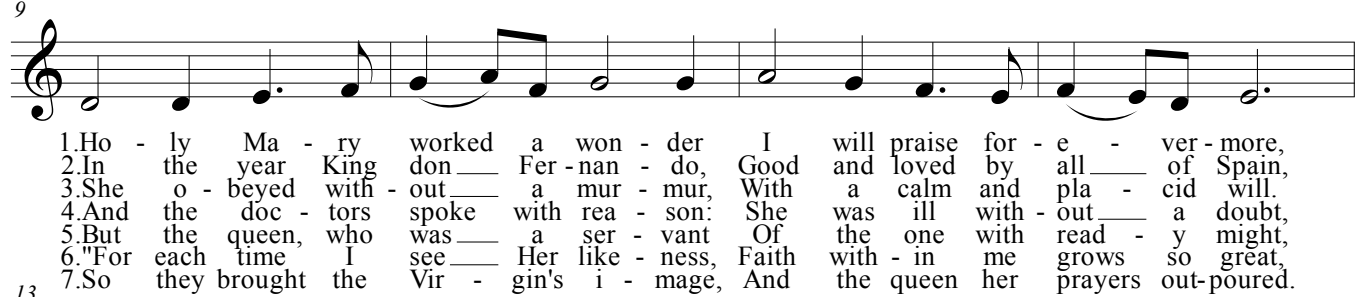
How Holy Mary cured Queen Beatriz of a grave illness because she prayed to Her image in great hope.*



Place your hope u - pon the Vir - gin, Her whose Glo - ry an - gels tell;



E - ven if you're sick and dy - ing, She will sure - ly make you well.



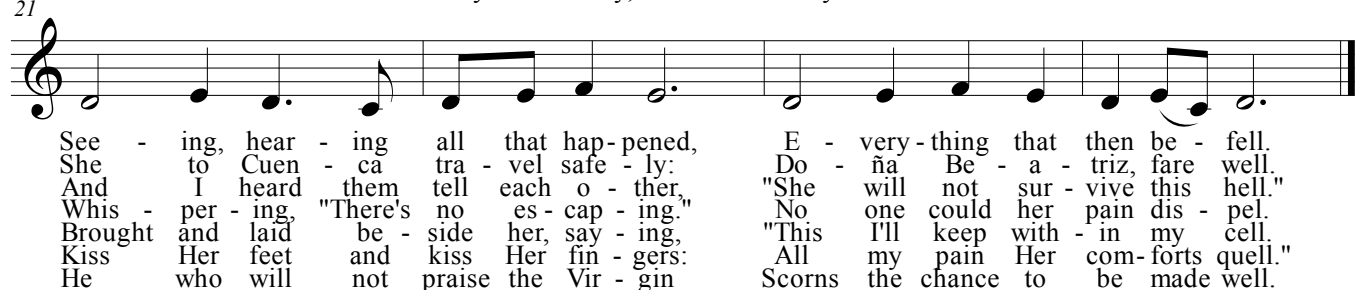
1. Ho - ly Ma - ry worked a won - der I will praise for - e - ver - more,
2. In the year King don - Fer - nan - do, Good and loved by all of Spain,
3. She o - beyed with - out a mur - mur, With a calm and pla - cid will.
4. And the doc - tors spoke with rea - son: She was ill with - out a doubt,
5. But the queen, who was a ser - vant Of the one with read - y might,
6. "For each time I see Her like - ness, Faith with - in me grows so great,
7. So they brought the Vir - gin's i - mage, And the queen her prayers out-poured.



As She will do in the fu - ture And as She has done be - fore.
Won Ca - pi - lla for the Christ - ians, Set - tled it as his do - main,
But when she ar - rived in Cuen - ca, All could see she'd fall - en ill.
For the time of birth was on her, But the child would not come out
Vir - gin Glo - ri - ous and Ho - ly, Queen of Spi - rit and of Light,
I be - lieve I will re - co - ver From this pale and death - ly state:
17 With no o - ther cure or treat - ment, By the po - wer of the Lord,



I was young, but I re - mem - ber, For I stood out - side the door,
To the queen he sent a mes - sage, Ask - ing that while he com - pained
From Mont - pel - li - er came doc - tors, Heal - ers of un - e - qualed skill,
And she had so great a fe - ver, All who came there hung a - bout,
Had an i - mage of the Vir - gin, Fine - ly wrought of me - tal bright,
Bring it close, oh, bring it clos - er; I will kiss Her while I wait,
21 There was born a health - y ba - by, And my mo - ther was re - stored.



See - ing, hear - ing all that hap - pened, E - very - thing that then be - fell.
She to Cuen - ca tra - vel safe - ly: Do - ña Be - a - triz, fare well.
And I heard them tell each o - ther, "She will not sur - vive this hell."
Whis - per - ing, "There's no es - cap - ing." No one could her pain dis - pel.
Brought and laid be - side her, say - ing, "This I'll keep with - in my cell."
Kiss Her feet and kiss Her fin - gers: All my pain Her com - forts quell."
He who will not praise the Vir - gin Scorns the chance to be made well.