

Quen quer que na Virgen fia

Cantigas de Santa Maria no. 167

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

Trans. Carol Anne Perry Lagemann (SCA Kasha Alekseeva)

This is how a Moorish woman took her dead son to Holy Mary of Salas, and She revived him for her.*

Those who trust in the Vir - gin and ask her For her help will be helped. It is sure - ly —

5 so, E - ven if their faith is — fo - reign and a — fo - reign law they fol - low. **Fine**

10

1. Here's a sto - ry — that will — prove it: What the — Vir - gin —
2. This poor mo - ther was dis - tressed and Did not — know what to
3. She en - trust - ed the child to the Vir - gin And gave an of - fer -
4. I will take my son — to — Sa - las; At this — ve - ry —
5. And she went at — once to — Sa - las, And she — did not —
6. All night long she — kept her — vi - gil With the — mer - cy of
7. When the mo - ther — saw — this — hap - pen, She was — o - ver -

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did — in — Sa - las For a sim - ple — Moor - ish — wo - man,
do — and — was a — fraid, But she saw how Christ - ian — wo - men
ing — as — best she — might. All her Moor - ish — neigh - bors were out - raged
mo - ment, I — leave. I will bring a — wax - en — fi - gure
waste a - ny time at — all Car - ry - ing her lit - tle — son there,
Ma - ry — in — view. And what then did Ho - ly — Ma - ry,
come with a - maze - ment and joy, For it had been three lone - ly days since

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Who from Bor - ja — bore a — great — cross. She was mo - ther —
Went to — Sa - las seek - ing Ma - ry's aid, And she knew of the
At this — shock - ing and sac - ri - li - gious sight. But she said, "May
Of my — son for the Vir - gin — to — re - ceive. I'll keep vi - gil —
Though her friends were cer - tain - ly ap - palled. En - ter - ing the —
Queen of — Hea - ven, — de - cide to — do? Ma - ry re - sur -
19 life had — made its — way through her — boy. Grate - ful - ly, she be -

23

to a — son, whom She loved dear - ly — and then she — lost. He had —
mi - ra - cles that Ma - ry grant - ed when the — wo - men prayed. So she —
God de - fend me, Friends, I must do what I — think is — right, And I be -
in the — church where Ho - ly Ma - ry — watch - es while I — grieve, And I'll —
town of Sa - las, To the Vir - gin cry - ing — out she called, "If this —
rect - ed the boy, and Did it with - out a - ny de - lay, — too, For Her —
23 came a — Christ - ian And from then on — all her — days em - ployed To serve
D.C. al Fine

died from a — grave ill - ness. She felt — o - ver - whelming — sor - row.
ga - thered up her — cou - rage And to — Sa - las — read - ied her - self to — go.
lieve my faith is — strong - er Than your doubts, how - e - ver large they grow.
pray that She takes pi - ty On my — ne - ver - end - ing — sor - row,
faith is real, re - turn him, And I will serve You where - e - ver — I — go."
great and ho - ly — po - wer pass - es — all that — a - ny of us — can know.
God and serve the — Vir - gin, her de - vo - tion — ev - ery — day to — show.

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