

Quen Santa María quisér defender

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

How Holy Mary saved the painter whom the devil had tried to kill because he painted him ugly.*

5

If Ho - ly Saint Ma - ry keeps — watch o - ver you, The

De - vil no mis - chief or — da - mage can do. 1.And
 2.He
 3.The
 4.The

9

here is a — mi - ra - cle — done by the Saint That
 paint - ed the — De - vil as — ug - ly as sin, As
 paint - er said, "I thought that you — un - der - stood! I
 De - vil got — an - gry and — could - n't sit still. He

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proves this is — true: How She — heard the com - plaint That
 ug - ly as — a - ny - thing — e - ver has been. "Why
 do this the — same rea - son — a - ny - one would. You
 threw a big — fit and he — threat - ened to kill The

17

came from a — paint - er who, — when he would paint, Would
 hate me?" the — De - vil soon — asked in cha - grin, "And
 al - ways do — e - vil and — ne - ver do good, And
 paint - er who — said this, and — with — wick - ed will, He

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paint — Her as love - ly for — peo - ple to view. —
 why — make me look - ly to — all — who come through?"
 from — your great e - vil your — ug - li - ness grew. —
 looked — for the chance to let — mis - chief en - sue. —

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

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5. And one day he spied him at work in the church.

A portrait of Mary was near to his perch.

He made her so fair that a scrupulous search

Would never find any so lovely and true.

6. The Devil, in whom every wickedness lies,

Used devilish skill to make windstorms arise,

Just like when a thunderstorm darkens the skies.

He stirred up the wind, and it blew and it blew.

7. The wind came inside and went whirling around.

It whooshed past the stand where the painter was found

And knocked the whole platform straight down to the ground.

He screamed, "Mary, save me, or else I am through!"

8. She saved him at once and did not let him fall,

For he held a paintbrush, fine-pointed and small.

She made that brush stick and stay there on the wall.

The Devil had lost, for it stuck there like glue.

9. So crash went the timbers, and everyone came

To see what had happened and who was to blame.

They all saw the Devil run out in his shame,

As black as the night, but now red-blushing too.

10. Then they saw the painter stuck there on the wall.

They gave thanks and praises that he did not fall

To Her who gave birth to the Lord above all,

Who helps when Her people cry out for Her to.