

Eno pouco e no muito

Alfonso X. el Sabio

(1221-1284)

Cantigas de Santa Maria, No.354

Refrain



E-no pou - co e no mui-to, en to - do lles faz mer - ce - e
a-os séus sérvos a Vir- gen, Ma - dre do que to-do ve - e.

Stanza



Des-to di - rei un mi - ra-gre gran-de que fez a Re - í - nna,
Ma-dre de Déus Je-sú Cristo, a un rei que muito tií-nna



9 en e - la sa as - pe - ran - ça, ca lle fez ve - er a - gi - nna
pe-sar e prazer mui gran-de dũ - a ren por sa mer - ce - e.

Refrain:

Eno pouco e no muito,
en todo lles faz mercee
aos séus sérvos a Virgen,
Madre do que todo vee.

Stanza I

Desto direi un miragre
grande que fez a Reínnna,
Madre de Déus Jesú-Cristo,
a un rei que muito tiínnna
en ela sa asperança,
ca lle fez veer aginna
pesar e prazer mui grande
dũa ren por sa mercee.

Stanza II

Este pesar foi por ùa
bestiola que muit' amava
el Rei, que sigo tragía
e a que mui ben criava,
a que chaman donezinna
os galegos, e tirava
con ela aves das cóvas,
e de taes hóme vee.

Stanza III

Pero esta outras cousas
muitas e bõas fazia
trebellando e saltando,
onde gran prazer havia
aquele Rei; e por aquisto
atán gran ben lle quería
que tiínnna que fezera
Déus en dar-lla gran mercee.

Stanza IV

E por esto lle fezera
de fust', en que a guardava,
ũa arca mui ben feita,
e dentro a enserrava
porque mal non recebesse,
ca muito se receava
do gato, que ena noite
mellor ca no día vee.

Stanza V

Onde ll' avêo un día,
indo per ùa carreira,
que a quis tirar da arca;
e com' ela é ligeira,
caeu ontr' os pés das bestas,
e foi en atal maneira
que el Rei con coita disse:
“Santa María, mercee!

Stanza VI

guarda-me mia donezinna
que a non pérça per mórte.”
E quantos alí estaban
houvéron gran desconórte;
ca lle pose o cavalo
del Rei o pé atán fórte
sobr' ela, e el Rei disse:
“Ai, varões, quena vee?

Stanza VII

dade-mia qual quér que seja,
sequér viva, sequér mórta,
e conortar-m-ei con ela
come quen se mal conórta.”
Entôn fez Santa María,
a que é dos céos pórtta,
que de so o pé saísse
viva pola sa mercee.

Stanza VIII

Entôn quantos alí éran
e viron tal maravilla
que fezo a Groriosa,
que é de Déus Madr' e Filla,
en fazer que o cavalo,
que con séu pé tan mal trilla,
nona matasse. E esto
fez aquel que todo vee

Stanza IX

per prazer da Groriosa,
sa Madr', a que comendada
a houv' el Rei, u do pé
do cavalo foi trillada.
Porên seja el bēito
e ela seja loada,
e semp' ambos de nós hajan
piédade e mercee.

Transl: Carol Anne Perry Lagemann

How Holy Mary saved from death a little animal
they call doneziña [a ferret].

Refrain:

Holy Mary, Virgin Mother
Of the Lord Who watches all
Sheds her mercy on Her servants
Low and lofty, great and small.

Stanza I

Here's a miracle I'll tell you
Of the Virgin for a king.
All his hopes on her he fastened;
He was Hers in everything.
In Her mercy, Holy Mary
Brought him sorrow harrowing,
Which became a great elation
That the king would long recall.

Stanza II

All this care was for a ferret
(Called a doneziña there),
Which the king adored intensely
And took with him everywhere.
They would hunt for birds together
As a close, devoted pair;
Ferrets can be very clever,
Coming when their masters call.

Stanza III

Jumping, scampering around him
It did many clever feats,
And the king was so delighted,
He would give it many treats.
He gave thanks to God in Heaven
For a gift so cute and sweet.
He adored the little ferret;
Nothing else could so enthrall.

Stanza IV

Just to keep it safe, he made a
Pretty little wooden cage,
Where it slept at night so snugly,
Safe, where it could not engage
With the cat, who sees in darkness,
And who earns its living wage
Eating little things like ferrets
That in corners creep and crawl.

Stanza V

But it chanced the king was riding
Down the road one hapless day
And the little cage he opened,
Thinking with his friend to play,
But a ferret's very quick, and
Suddenly, without delay,
To beneath the horse's hooves, it
Took a swift and fearsome fall.

Stanza VI

In alarm the king cried loudly:
'Holy Queen, look down and see!
Oh, please save my little ferret;
Don't let death take it from me.'
Those who heard were very troubled,
For no comfort could there be:
For the horse the king was on was
Heavy, bread to tramp and brawl.

Stanza VII

'Men', he said, 'Oh, who can see it?
Give it here, alive or dead,
I'll console myself with crying,
Like a man who's lost his head.'
But in Heaven's boundless mercy,
Mary heard the prayer he said,
And from underneath the horses
Popped the nimblest beast of all.

Stanza VIII

All beheld this precious wonder
Which the Queen of glory made,
She Who is God's Child and Mother.
She the horse could well persuade
Not to tread with hooves so heavy,
Not to kill it where it played.
This She asked Her Son in Heaven,
In His vast celestial hall.

Stanza IX

He Who watches over all did
This to please His Mother dear,
Whom the king had begged for mercy
When he felt that crushing fear.
May our Lord be blessed forever;
May the Queen our praises hear;
May Their perfect grace and mercy
On our souls forever fall.