Acorrer-nos póde e de mal guardar
Cantigas de Santa Maria no. 86

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

How Holy Mary saved the pregnant woman from being drowned in the sea and caused her to have her child beneath the waves.*

She, the Mother of our Lord, is true and sure, And
She will pro - tect us if we trust in Her.

1. Her a - bi - li - ty to res - cue is pro - found, Shield - ing a - ny -
2. In the o - cean which en - cir - cles all the world, Where the sea by
3. Full a - stound - ing was the mi - ra - cle I tell: Ma - ry for Saint
4. Of Saint Mi - chael, an - gel, one who saw God's face, Is a her - mi -

one who Her fa - vor has found. She once saved a wo - man who al - most was
Corn - wall in Great Bri - tain swirled, The Mo - ther so ho - ly Her po - wer un -
Mi - chael the waves did com - pel; He is the com - pan - ion of Saint Ga - bri -
tage on an isle in that place, Where come ma - ny pil - grims to pray for God's

drowned: A mar - ve - lous won - der She made to oc - cur.
furled: I'll tell of the won - der to which I re - fer.
el, The one who to Ma - ry was God's mes - sen - ger.
grace And that for their sins He would give them the cure.

5. To that sacred place the people honor showed,
But at only low tide could they take the road;
At high tide the seawater over it flowed:
To leave or to enter nobody could stir.

6. Once a pregnant woman thought that she would go,
And she went to cross when the water was low;
The sea rose and trapped her because she was slow,
For much did the baby her walking deter.

7. She could not escape, no matter how she sped.
Very soon the water was over her head,
And seeing that she and her child would be dead,
She started to cry out to Mary the pure.

8. Never, thought she, would she walk upon the earth
When the sea came roaring for all it was worth;
And then did the time come for her to give birth,
And there was no way to escape or endure.

9. Oh, but when she prayed, the Virgin heard her plea.
She spread out Her sleeve over her lovingly
And helped her to safely give birth in the sea.
At Her will, the waves calm and motionless were.

10. After Holy Mary, most glorious one,
For that happy woman this wonder had done,
At once she rejoiced and took up her new son
And went to Saint Michael, the tale to confer.

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