

Quena Virgen ben servirá

Como Santa María feze estar o monge trezentos anos ao canto da passarinna, porque lle pedía que lle mostrasse qual éra o ben que havían os que éran en Paraíso.

Quena Virgen ben servirá a Paraíso irá.

E daquest' un gran miragre | vos quér' éu óra contar,
que fezo Santa María | por un monge, que rogar
Il' ía sempre que lle mostrasse | qual ben en Paraís' há

Quena Virgen ben servirá...

e que o viss' en sa vida | ante que fosse morrer.

E porend' a Goriõsa | vedes que lle foi fazer:
fez-lo entrar en ña hórta | en que muitas vezes ja

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entrara; mais aquel día | fez que ña font' achou
mui crara e mui fremosa, | e cab' ela s' assentou.

E pois lavou mui ben sas mãos, | diss': “Ai, Virgen, que será Quena Virgen ben servirá a Paraíso irá.

se verei do Paraíso, | o que ch' éu muito pidí,
algún pouco de séu viço | ante que sáia daquí,
e que sábia do que ben óbra | que galardôn haverá?”

Quena Virgen ben servirá...

Tan tóste que acabada | houv' o monj' a oraçôn,
oiu ña passarinna | cantar lógu' en tan bon son,
que se escaeceu seendo | e catando sempr' alá.

Quena Virgen ben servirá...

Atán gran sabor havía | daquel cant' e daquel lais,
que grandes trezentos anos | esteve assí, ou mais,
cuidando que non estevéra | senôn pouco, com' está

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monj' algũa vez no ano, | quando sal ao vergéu.
Des i foi-s' a passarinna, | de que foi a el mui gréu,
e diz: “éu daquí ir-me quéro, | ca hoi mais comer querrá

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O convent'. “E foi-se lógo | e achou un gran portal
que nunca vira, e disse: | “Ai, Santa María, val!
Non é est' o méu mōesteiro, | pois de mi que se fará?”

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Des i entrou na eigreja, | e houvéron gran pavor
os monges quando o viron, | e demandou-ll' o prïor,
dizend': “Amigo, vós quen sodes | ou que buscades acá?” Quena Virgen ben servirá...
Diss' el: “Busco méu abade, | que agor' aquí leixei,
e o prïor e os frades, | de que mi agora quitei
quando fui a aquela hórta; | u séen quen mio dirá?”

Quena Virgen ben servirá...

Quand' est' oiú o abade, | teve-o por de mal sen,
e outrossí o convento; | mais des que soubéron ben
de como fora este feito, | disséron: “Quen oïrá

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nunca tan gran maravilla | como Déus por este fez
polo rógó de sa Madre, | Virgen santa de gran prez!
E por aquesto a loemos; | mais quena non loará

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mais d' outra cousa que seja? | Ca, par Déus, gran ereit' é,
pois quanto nós lle pedimos | nos dá séu Fill', a la fé,
por ela, e aquí nos móstra | o que nos depois dará”

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How Holy Mary caused a monk to listen to the song of a bird for three hundred years because
he asked Her to show him what manner of bliss
those in Paradise enjoyed.

He who serves the Virgin well will go to Paradise.

And so, I wish to tell you now of a great miracle

which Holy Mary performed for monk who always begged Her to show him what manner of
bliss there is in Paradise. He who serves...

and to grant that he might see it in his lifetime

Behold what the Glorious One did for him.

She made him enter into a garden which on many occasions he had entered before. He who
serves...

However, that day She caused him to find a very clear and beautiful fountain, and after he sat
down beside it and washed his hands, he said: "Oh, Virgin..." He who serves...

“if only, as I have so often asked, I might see some of the beauty of Paradise before I leave this
world and might know what reward awaits he who

has lived a good life here.” He who serves...

When the monk had finished his prayer, he heard a little bird begin to sing in such beautiful tones, that he became completely entranced and gave it all his attention. He who serves...

He took such great pleasure in the marvelous song that he remained thus for three hundred long years or more, thinking he had been there only a little while, He who serves...

as a monk on occasion will take a little stroll in the garden. Then the bird flew away, which saddened him greatly, and he said: "I will leave this place now, it is time for dinner." He who serves...

He departed at once and found a large gate which he had never seen, and he said: "Holy Mary, protect me! This is not my monastery! What will become of me?" He who serves...

He entered the church, and the monks were startled when they saw him. The prior asked him: "My friend, who are you and what seek you here?"

He who serves...

He replied: "I seek my abbot; I left him here just now, and the prior and the friars who were just here when I went to that garden. Who can tell me where they are?" He who serves...

When the abbot heard this, he took it for madness and so did the community. However, as soon as they learned of how it had happened, they said: "Who will ever hear... He who serves... of such a great miracle as God has performed for this monk because of the intercession of His Mother, the Peerless Holy Virgin? Let us praise Her for this, who would not... He who serves... above all else? For, in God's name, it is only right, since all we ask of Her, Her Son grants us because of Her persuasion. Here He reveals to us what He will grant us later.” He who serves...