



## PATH OF MIRACLES SUNG TEXTS

Libretto by Robert Dickinson

All texts are sung, except translations which are shown in bold text with brackets. Parentheses indicate overlapping text. A recording is available on [YouTube](#).

### 1. Roncesvalles

*Herr Santiagu  
Grot Sanctiagu  
Eultreya esuseya  
Deius aia nos.*

***/O Santiago  
Great Santiago  
God help us now  
And evermore. - Dum Pater Familias /***

κατ εκεινον δε τον καιρον επεβαλεν ηρωδης ο βασιλευς τας χειρας κακωσαι τινας των  
απο της εκκλησιας  
ανειλεν δε ιακωβον τον αδελφον ιωαννου μαχαιρ

*Herr Santiagu  
Grot Sanctiagu  
Eultreya esuseya  
Deius aia nos.*

Eodem autore tempore misit Herodes rex manus ut adfligeret. Eodem autore tempore  
misit Herodes rex manus ut adfligeret. Quosdam de ecclesia occidit autem Iacobum  
fratrem Iohannis gladio. Quosdam de ecclesia occidit autem Iacobum fratrem Iohannis  
gladio. Iacobum fratrem Iohannis gladio. Eodem, eodem, eodem...

En aquel mismo tiempo el rey Herodes echó mano a algunos de la iglesia para maltratarles. Y mató a espada a Jacobo, hermano de Juan.

Ver ce temps-là, le roi Hérode se mit à persécuter quelques-un de membres de l'Église. Il fit mourir par l'épée, Il fit mourir par l'épée, Il fit mourir par l'épée Jacques, frère de Jean...

Aldi hartan, Herodes erregea eliz elkarteko batzuei gogor erasotzen hasi zen. Santiago, Joanen anaia, ezpataz hilarazi zuen.

(Eodem autore tempore misit Herodes rex manus ut adfligeret. Quosdam de ecclesia occidit autem Iacobum fratrem Iohannis gladio...)

Now about that time Herod the king stretched forth his hand to vex certain of the church. And he killed James, the brother of John, with the sword. (-Acts 12.1-2)

Um dieselbige Zeit legte der König Herodes die Hände an, etliche von der Gemeinde, sie zu peinigen. Er tötete aber Jakobus, den Bruder des Johannes, mit dem Schwert.

*Herr Santiago,  
Grot Sanctiagu...*

Before this death the Apostle journeyed, preaching the word to unbelievers. Returning, unheeded, to die in Jerusalem – a truth beyond Gospel.

*Jacobus, filius Zebedaei, frate Iohannis, Hic Spaniae et occidentalia loca praedicat, foy el o primeiro que preegou en Galizia.*

Herod rots on a borrowed throne,  
while the saint is translated to Heaven and Spain,  
the body taken at night from the tomb,  
the stone of the tomb becoming the boat  
that carries him back *ad extremis terrarum*,  
back to the land that denied him in life.

*Huius beatissimi apostoli  
sacra ossa ad Hispanias translata;*

*Et despois que o rrey Erodes mādou matar en Iherusalem, trouxerō o corpo del os diçipolos por mar a Galiza, trouxerō o corpo del os diçipolos por mar a Galiza, mar a Galiza.*  
[After King Herod killed him in Jerusalem, his disciples took the body by sea to Galicia.]

From Jerusalem to Finisterre,  
from the heart of the world  
to the end of the land

in a boat made of stone,  
without rudder or sail.  
Guided by grace to the shore of Galicia.

*Abandonnant à la Providence La soin de la sepulture.*  
[Abandoning to Providence the care of the tomb. –*Legenda (Fr.)*]

(Eodem autore tempore misit Herodes rex manus ut adfligeret quosdam de ecclesia  
occidit autem Iacobum fratrem Iohannis gladio, Iacobum fratrem Iohannis gladio,  
Iacobum fratrem Iohannis gladio.)

*Grot Sanctiagu*  
*Eultreya esuseya*  
*Deius aia nos, nos, nos...*

O ajutor omnium seculorum,  
O decus apostollorum,  
O lus clara galicianorum,  
O avocate peregrinorum,  
Jacobe, suplantatur viciorum  
Solve nostrum  
Cathenes delitorum  
E duc a salutem portum.  
**[O judge of all the world,  
O glory of the apostles,  
O clear light of Galicia,  
O defender of pilgrims,  
James, destroyer of sins,  
deliver us from evil and lead us to safe harbour.]**

At night on Lebredon  
by Iria Flavia  
the hermit Pelayo  
at prayer and alone.

Saw in the heavens  
a ring of bright stars  
shining like beacons  
over the plain.

And as in Bethlehem  
the Magi were guided  
the hermit was led  
by this holy sign.

For this was the time  
given to Spain

for St. James to be found  
after eight hundred years

in Compostella, by the field of stars,  
in Compostella, by the field of stars,  
in Compostella, by the field of stars,  
in Compostella, by the field of stars.

*Herr Santiago,  
Grot Sanctiagu,  
Herr Santiago,*

*Herr Santiago  
Grot Sanctiagu  
Eultreya esuseya  
Deius aia nos.*

## **2. Burgos**

Innkeepers cheat us, the English steal,  
The devil waits at the side of the road.  
We trust in words and remnants, prayers and bones.  
We know that the world is a lesson  
As the carved apostles in the Puerta Alta  
Dividing the damned and the saved are a lesson.  
We beat our hands against the walls of heav'n.

St. Julian of Cuenca, pray for us.  
Santa Casilda, pray for us.  
Remember the pilgrim robbed in Pamplona,  
Cheated of silver the night his wife died;  
Remember the son of the German pilgrim  
Hanged as a thief at the gates of the town,  
Hanged at the word of an innkeeper's daughter.

Innkeepers cheat us, the English steal,  
The devil waits at the side of the road.

We trust in words and remnants, prayers and bones.

*Santiago Peregrino:*  
**[Wandering St. James]:**

His arm is in England, his jaw in Italy,  
And yet he works wonders.  
The widower, the boy on the gallows –

He did not fail them.  
He did not fail them.

One given a horse on the road by a stranger,  
One kept alive for twenty-six days,  
Unhurt on a gallows for twenty-six days.  
His jaw is in Italy, yet he speaks.  
The widower robbed in Pamplona:  
Told by the Saint how the thief  
Fell from the roof of a house to his death.

His arm is in England, yet the boy,  
The pilgrim's son they hanged in Toulouse  
Was borne on the gallows for twenty-six days  
And called to his father: Do not mourn,  
For all this time the Saint has been with me.

*O beate Jacobe.*  
[O blessed James]

Innkeepers cheat us, the English steal.  
We are sick of body, worthy of hell.

The apostles in the Puerta Alta  
Have seen a thousand wonders;  
The stone floor is worn with tears,  
With ecstasies and lamentations.  
We beat our hands against the walls of heaven.

*Santiago Peregrino:*

The devil waits in a turn in the wind  
In a closing door in an empty room.  
A voice at night, a waking dream.

Traveller, be wary of strangers,  
Sometimes the Saint takes the form of a pilgrim,  
Sometimes the devil takes the form of a saint.  
Pray to the Saints and the Virgen del Camino,  
To save you as she saved the man from Lyon  
Who was tricked on the road by the deceiver,  
Tricked by the devil in the form of St. James  
And who killed himself from fear of hell;

The devil cried out and claimed his soul.  
Weeping, his companions prayed.  
Saint and Virgin heard the prayer

And turned his wound into a scar,  
From mercy they gave the dead man life.

Innkeepers cheat us, the English steal,  
We are sick of body, worthy of hell.  
We beat our hands against the walls of heaven  
And are not heard.  
We pray for miracles and are given stories;  
Bread, and are given stones.  
We write our sins on parchment  
To cast upon his shrine  
In hope they will burn.

We pray to St. Julian of Cuenca,  
To St. Amaro the Pilgrim,  
To Santa Casilda,  
To San Millan and the Virgin of the Road.  
We pray to Santiago.

We know that the world is a lesson  
As the carved apostles in the Puerta Alta  
Dividing the damned and the saved are a lesson.  
We pray the watching saints will help us learn.

*Ora pro nobis, Jacobe,  
A finibus terrae ad te clamavi.*  
[Pray for us James;  
From the end of the earth I cry to you. –Psalm 61]

### 3. León

*Li soleus qui en moi luist est mes deduis,  
Et Dieus est mon conduis.*  
[The sun that shines within me is my joy, and God is my guide. –Anon., 13<sup>th</sup> cen.]

We have walked  
In Jakobsland:  
Over river and sheep track,  
By hospice and hermit's cave.

We sleep on the earth and dream of the road,  
We wake to the road and we walk.

*Li soleus qui en moi luist est mes deduis,  
Et Dieus est mon conduis.*

Wind from the hills

Dry as the road,  
Sun overhead,  
Too bright for the eye.

Rumours of grace on the road,  
Of wonders:  
The miracles of Villasirga,  
The Virgin in the apple tree.  
The Apostle on horseback –  
A journey of days in one night.  
God knows we have walked  
In Jakobsland:  
Through the Gothic Fields,  
From Castrogeriz to Calzadilla,  
Calzadilla to Sahagun,  
Each day the same road, each day the same sun.

*Quam dilecta tabernacula tua, Dominum virtutem.*  
*Quam dilecta tabernacula tua, Domine.*  
[How admirable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts. –Psalm 84]

Here is a miracle.  
That we are here is a miracle.

*Li soleus qui en moi luist est mes deduis,*  
*Et Dieus est mon conduis.*

Here daylight gives an image of  
The heav'n promised by His love.

*Beate, qui habitant in domo tua, Domine;*  
*In saecula saeculorum laudabant te.*  
[Blessed are they that dwell in thy house; they will eternally praise thee. –Psalm 84]

We pause, as at the heart of a sun  
That dazzles and does not burn.

*Li soleus qui en moi luist est mes deduis,*  
*Et Dieus est mon conduis*

#### 4. Santiago

The road climbs through changing land.  
Northern rains fall  
On the deepening green of the slopes of the valley,  
Storms break the summer's heat;  
At Foncebadon a pass can be lost,  
In one night, to the snow.

*(Beate, qui habitant in domo tua, Domine;  
In saecula saeculorum laudabant te.)*

**[Blessed are they that dwell in thy house; they will eternally praise thee. –Psalm 84]**

The road climbs for days through the highlands of Bierzo,  
To the grassland and rocks  
Of the Valcarce valley.  
White broom and scrub-oak,  
Laburnum and gorse  
Mark the bare hills  
Beside the road.

At O Cebreiro, mountains.  
The road follows the ridgetop by meadows of fern, by fields of rye.

*Laudabant te.*  
**[Praising thee]**

By Fonfria del Camino, by Triacastela.  
Towns are shadows  
The road leaves behind.  
It moves over the slate hills  
Palas do Rei. Potomarin.  
The names are shadows.

*Laudabant te.*  
By meadows of fern, fields of rye...

Then, from the stream at Lavacolla  
To the foot of Monte de Gozo,  
A morning;  
From the foot of Monte de Gozo  
To the summit of Monte de Gozo  
The road climbs,  
Before the longed-for final descent  
To Santiago, descent  
To Santiago.

*Herr Santiago  
Grot Sanctiagu  
Eultreya esuseya  
Deius aia nos.*

*Ver redit optatum  
Cum gaudio, cum gaudio,  
Flore decoratum  
Purpureo, purpureo;  
Ver redit optatum  
Cum gaudio, cum gaudio,  
Flore decoratum  
Purpureo, purpureo;  
Aves edunt cantus  
Quam dulciter, quam dulciter,  
Cantus est amoenus  
Totaliter, totaliter.*

**[Longed-for spring returns, with joy, adorned with shining flowers. The birds sing so sweetly, the woods burst into leaf, there is pleasant song on every side. –Carmina Burana]**

*Ver redit optatum  
Cum gaudio, cum gaudio,  
Flore decoratum  
Purpureo, purpureo;  
Quam dulciter, quam dulciter, quam dulciter,  
Totaliter, totaliter.*

*Ver redit optatum  
Cum gaudio, cum gaudio,  
Flore decoratum  
Purpureo, purpureo;  
Aves edunt cantus  
Quam dulciter, quam dulciter,  
Cantus est amoenus  
Totaliter, totaliter.*

*Ver redit optatum  
Cum gaudio, cum gaudio,  
Flore decoratum  
Purpureo, purpureo;  
Aves edunt cantus  
Quam dulciter, quam dulciter,  
Cantus est amoenus  
Totaliter, totaliter, totaliter, totaliter....*

*Jacobo dat parium  
Omnis mundus gratis  
Ob cuius remedium  
Miles pietatis  
Cunctorum presidium  
Omnis mundus gratis  
Cunctorum presidium  
Est ad vota satis.*

[The whole world freely gives thanks to James; through his sacrifice, he, the warrior of godliness, is a great defense to all through their prayers. –*Dum pater familias*]

*Ver redit optatum  
Cum gaudio, cum gaudio,  
Flore decoratum  
Purpureo, purpureo;*

*O beate Jacobe  
Virtus nostra vere  
Nobis hostes remove  
Tuos ac tuere  
Ac devotos adibe  
Nos tibi placere.*

[O blessed James, truly our strength, take our enemies from us and protect your people, and cause us, your faithful servants, to please you.]

*(Aves edunt cantus  
Quam dulciter, quam dulciter,  
Cantus est amoenus  
Totaliter, totaliter, totaliter, totaliter.... )*

*Jacobo propicio  
Veniam speramus  
Et quas ex obsequio  
Merito debemus  
Jacobo propicio  
Veniam speramus  
Patri tam eximio  
Dignes laudes demus.*

[James, let us hope for pardon through your favor, and let us give the worthy praise, which we rightfully owe to so excellent a father.]

*(Ver redit optatum...  
Flore decoratum...*

*Jacobo dat parium  
Omnis mundus gratis  
Ob cuius remedium*

*Miles pietatis.  
Jacobus dat parium  
Cunctorum presidium...*

*Beate Jacobe...*

*Ver redit optatum  
Cum gaudio, cum gaudio  
Flore decoratum,  
Purpureo, purpureo...*

*Aves edunt cantus  
Quam dulciter, quam dulciter,  
Cantus est amoenus  
Totaliter, totaliter, totaliter, totaliter....)*

*Herr Santiagu  
Grot Sanctiagu  
Eultreya esuseya  
Deius aia nos.  
(totaliter, totaliter, totaliter...)*

*Herr Santiagu  
Grot Sanctiagu  
Herr Santiagu  
Grot Sanctiagu  
(totaliter, totaliter, totaliter...)  
Herr Herr Herr Herr Herr*

*Herr Santiagu  
Grot Sanctiagu  
Herr Santiagu  
Grot Sanctiagu  
Herr Herr Herr Herr Herr Herr*

*Herr Santiagu  
Grot Sanctiagu  
Herr Santiagu  
Grot Sanctiagu  
Herr Santiagu  
Grot Sanctiagu  
Herr Santiagu  
(totaliter, totaliter, totaliter...)  
esuseya*

*Herr Santiago*  
*Santiago*  
*Grot Sanctiagu*  
*Eultreya esuseya*  
*Deius aia nos.*

At the Western edge of the world  
(*Laudabant te.*)  
We pray for our sins to fall from us  
As chains from the limbs of penitents.

We have walked out of the lives we had  
(*Laudabant te.*)  
And will return to nothing, if we live,  
Changed by the journey, face and soul alike.

We have walked out of our lives  
To come to where the walls of heaven  
Are thin as a curtain, transparent as glass, transparent as glass.  
Where the Apostle spoke the holy words,  
Where in death he returned, where God is close,  
Where saints and martyrs mark the road.

Santiago, *primus ex apostolis*,  
Defender of pilgrims, warrior for truth,  
Take from our backs the burdens of life,  
What we have done, who we have been;  
Take them as fire takes the cloth  
They cast into the sea at Finisterre.

Holy St James, great St. James,  
God help us now and evermore.  
Holy St James, great St. James, great St. James  
God help us now and evermore.