

Joby Talbot's *Path of Miracles*

RONCEVALLES

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

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

Aldi hartan, Herodes erregea eliz elkarteko batzuei gogor erasotzen hasi zen. Santiago, Joanen anaia, ezpataz hilarazi zuen.
Ver ce temps-là, le roi Hérode se mit à persécuter quelques-un de membres de l'Église. Il fit mourir par l'épée Jacques, frère
de Jean.

*Now about that time Herod the king stretched forth his hands to vex certain of the church. And he killed James, the brother of John with the
sword.*

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.

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

James, son of Zebedee, brother of John,
at that time preached in Spain and the western places.
– *Breviarium apostolorum, 8th c.*

He was the first to preach in Galicia
– *Mirages de Santiago, 15th c.(Gallegan)*

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

The sacred bones of the blessed apostle taken to Spain
– *Floro, 8th c.*

*Et despois que o rrey Erodes mādou matar en Iherusalem, trouxerō o
corpo del os diçipolos por mar a Galiza*

After King Herod killed him in Jerusalem,
his disciples took the body by sea to Galicia
– *Mirages de Santiago*

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 Galician shore.

abandonnant à la Providence la soin de la sepulture,

*O ajutor omnium seculorum,
O decus apostolorum,
O lus clara galicianorum,
O avocate peregrinorum,
Jacobe, suplantatur viciorum
Solve nostrum
Cathenes delitorum
E duc a salutem portum*

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.

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

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 heaven.

St. Julian of Cuenca,
Santa Casilda, pray for us.

abandoning to Providence the care of the tomb
– *Legenda (Fr)*

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.

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:

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.
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.

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 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*

LEON

*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 13th c.*

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.

Wind from the hills
Dry as the road,

Sun overhead,
Too bright for the eye.

*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 13th c.*

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, the same sun.

*Quam dilecta tabernacula tua,
Dominum virtutem*

How admirable are thy tabernacles,
O Lord of Hosts
– *Psalm 84*

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

Here daylight gives an image of
The heaven 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 still be praising be
– *Psalm 84*

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

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.

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.

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.

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.

Herr Santiago
Grot Sanctiagu
Eultreya esuseya
Deius aia nos.

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

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

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

Jacobo propicio
Veniam speramus

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*

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

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

James, let us hope
for pardon through your favor,

*Et quas ex obsequio
Merito debemus
Patri tam eximio
Dignes laudes demus*

and let us give
this worthy praise,
which we rightfully owe
to so excellent a father.

At the Western edge of the world
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
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,

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 this 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.

Robert Dickinson