

Himno que la junta Guadalupana de puebla consagra a Maria Santísima de Guadalupe, al cumplirse los trescientos años de su aparición en México. ca. 1831. (Broadside, 21cm x 16cm)

English Translation: "Hymn that the Junta Guadalupana of Puebla consecrates to the most Holy Mary of Guadalupe, upon completing three hundred years since her apparition in Mexico."

Chorus:

Don't ever be too far, Never break your promise,
If we are your children: Oh Mother, the pious!

Verse 1

You choose, you consecrate
This holy place;
In it you establish
Your garden of grace:
Your breast, and your eyes
And your soul you give us,
And here forever,
You resolve to live. *Chorus*

Verse 4

No hateful herb
That Satan grows
Neither thorny hill
Nor arid vale
Neither rain, nor frost,
Nor cruel hurricane
Continues to hinder
The joyful cornfield. *Chorus*

Verse 2

Praise not your mountains
Happy Judea,
Since greater good fortune
Befell Tepeyac:
The same visitation
Another John receives
And outlasts three centuries
And returns once again. *Chorus*

Verse 5

The neophyte Diego,
Who hears you descend,
Cloaks himself and runs
With swift footfall:
You yourself seek him
Oh sweet goodness!
You yourself to the pursuit
Of the neophyte you go. *Chorus*

Verse 3

Come from on high
Your concern solicited by
The uncultivated lands
Of Mexico to plough,
And you break the ground,
And you sow the wheat,
And to Christ you harvest
In a field of fruitful splendor. *Chorus*

Verse 6

From the control that you have
He sees by signal,
In rock and saltpeter
The roses to appear;
And in rustic *tilma*
Of little worth they gain
To be painted with them
Your chaste beauty. *Chorus*

Verse 7

Divine effigy!
Immortal portrait,
Miraculous brush
Of nard and narcissus
In it your virtues
Are copied,
Your lights, your fervor,
Your love and your humility. *Chorus*

Verse 8

Wanting to teach us
With great clarity,
Which you alone can
Illustrate to the world;
Stars of the heavens
They gave you for dress,
And rays all around
The body of the sun. *Chorus*

Verse 9

Your hands at your breast,
Tempered to look on,
Your face serene,
Modest in attitude,
In all you show us
Simple truth,
Sweetness you preach,
You announce peace. *Chorus*

Verse 10

Your heavenly Image
In fragile *ayat*
Neither time consumes
Nor niter erases.
If a linen as bronze
You could keep,
Will your incorruptible faith,
Your love ever fail? *Chorus*

Verse 11

Piety, which we see
In mortal danger,
Greater than it was
Three centuries before:
The vain idols
Fell; but now there are
Rousseau and Voltaire
Much more horrible still. *Chorus*

Verse 12

No, pious Mother
You do not want to leave
The People, to whom you gave
Favor without equal.
Happiness forever
With you will be,
And the glorious hymn,
And the beautiful song. *Chorus*