

A Hymn to
Our Lady of
GUADALUPE

Un himno a Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe

500
YEARS
1531-2031

La Guadalupana

Complete Lyrics of “La Guadalupana” in Spanish (Source: Manuel Esperón and Ernesto Cortázar)

Original lyrics in Spanish:

Desde el cielo, una hermosa mañana,
Desde el cielo, una hermosa mañana,
La Guadalupana, la Guadalupana,
La Guadalupana, bajó al Tepeyac.

Suplicante juntaba sus manos,
Suplicante juntaba sus manos
Y eran Mexicanos, y eran Mexicanos
Y eran Mexicanos su porte y su faz

Su llegada llenó de alegría,
Su llegada llenó de alegría,
De luz y armonía, de luz y armonía,
De luz y armonía, todo el Anáhuac.

Junto al monte pasaba Juan Diego,
Junto al monte pasaba Juan Diego,
Y acercose luego, y acercose luego,
Y acercose luego al oír cantar.

“Juan Dieguito” la Virgen le dijo,
“Juan Dieguito” la Virgen le dijo,
“Este cerro elijo, este cerro elijo,
“Este cerro elijo, para hacer mi altar.”

Y en la tilma entre rosas pintada,
Y en la tilma entre rosas pintada,
Su imagen amada, Su imagen amada,
Su imagen amada, Se dignó dejar.

Desde entonces para el Mexicano,
Desde entonces para el Mexicano,
Ser Guadalupano, ser Guadalupano,
Ser Guadalupano es algo esencial.

English Lyrics:

From heaven on a beautiful morning,
From heaven on a beautiful morning,
The Guadalupan Lady, the Guadalupan Lady,
The Guadalupan Lady came down to Tepeyac.

The suppliant joined her hands,
The suppliant joined her hands,
And they was Mexican—yes, they were Mexican,
Mexican were her bearing and her face.

Her arrival filled with happiness,
Her arrival filled with happiness,
With light and harmony, with light and harmony,
With light and harmony, the whole Anáhuac.

By the mountain Juan Diego was passing,
By the mountain Juan Diego was passing,
And he approached quickly, approached quickly,
He approached quickly when he heard singing.

“Little Juan Diego” the Virgin said,
“Little Juan Diego” the Virgin said,
“This hill I choose, this hill I choose,
“This hill I choose for my altar to be built.”

And on the tilma that was painted among roses,
And on the tilma that was painted among roses,
Her beloved image, Her beloved image,
Her beloved image She deigned to leave.

Since then, for the Mexican,
Since then, for the Mexican,
To be a Guadalupan, to be a Guadalupan,
To be a Guadalupan is something essential.