

The Miracle of Juan Diego's Cloak

A peasant had a vision a long, long time ago
A vision of a woman, who came to save our souls
She said her name was Mary and told him tenderly
To build a place of worship for all those who believe

She said go to the bishop and tell him what you see
Tell him of your vision and where the church should be
The bishop didn't believe him and sent him on his way
But she told him to go back in a vision that same day

Again, he met the bishop who once again declined
He said to ask the woman for a miracle, a sign
So later, on that same day, she appeared again
She said come back tomorrow, the proof she'd give to him

However, on the next day he did not make the trip
He took care of his uncle who was ill and very sick
But early the next morning she appeared again
His uncle had recovered and she instructed him

To go and gather roses on a hill not far away
And take them to the bishop later on that day
And when his cloak was opened, he let the flowers fall
And there was Mary's image, mother to us all

Did you know Mary's image is still vibrant today?
Millions come to see it, to honor her and pray
A church built on a hillside, an everlasting shrine
Our Lady, Guadalupe, so heavenly divine

Words and Music by Johnny Prill

Johnny Prill Music, BMI

© 2025