

THE CANTICLE OF THE CREATURES

St. Francis of Assisi (1224)

Most high, all-powerful, good Lord,
all praise be yours, all glory, all honor, and all blessing.

To you alone, Most High, do they belong,
No mortal lips are worthy to pronounce your name.

All praise be yours, my Lord, in all your creatures,
especially Sir Brother Sun who brings the day;
and light you give us through him.

How beautiful he is, how radiant in his splendor!

Of you, Most High, he is the token.

All praise be your, my Lord, for Sister Moon and the Stars;
in the heavens you have made them, bright and precious and fair.

All praise be yours, my Lord, for Brother Fire
by whom you brighten the night.

How beautiful he is, how gay, robust, and strong!

All praise be yours, my Lord, for Sister Earth, our mother,
who feeds us, rules us,
and produces all sorts of fruit and colored flowers and herbs.

All praise be yours, my Lord, for our Sister Physical Death
from whose embrace no mortal can escape.

Woe to those who die in mortal sin!

Happy are those she finds doing your most holy will!

The second death can do no harm to them.

Praise and bless my Lord

And give him thanks and serve him with great humility.