

CANTICLE OF THE CREATURES

Highest, omnipotent good Lord!

Yours are the praises, the glory, and the honour
And all blessing To you, alone, Most High, do they belong.

No human lips are worthy to pronounce Your name.

Praised be You, my Lord with all Your creatures

Especially our brother, Master Sun

Who brings the day and the light

that warms us he that is beautiful and radiant In all his splendour!

He brings meaning of You, O Most High.

Praised be You, my Lord for Sister Moon and the Stars;

In the heavens You have made them precious and beautiful.

Praised be You, my Lord through Brothers Wind

And air, and clouds and storms, and all the weather,

Through which You give sustenance Your creatures.

Praised be You, my Lord for Sister Water;

So very useful, and humble and precious, and chaste.

Praised be You, my Lord for Brother Fire,

Through whom you brighten the night.

He who is beautiful and gay and vigorous and strong.

Praised be You, my Lord for our sister Mother Earth

Who feeds and governs us, and produces various fruits

And coloured flowers and plants

Praised be You, my Lord for those who forgive out of love for You;

And endure sickness and trial.

Happy those who endure in peace

For by you, Most High, they shall be crowned.

Praised be You, my Lord for our Sister Bodily Death,

From whose embrace no living person can escape.

Woe to those who die in mortal sin!

Happy those she finds doing your most holy will.

The second death can do no harm to them!

Praise and bless my Lord and give thanks

And serve him with great humility.