

The Canticle of the Sun

Here begin the praises of the creatures which the blessed Francis made to the praise and honor of God while he was ill at St. Damian's.

Most high, omnipotent, good Lord, praise, glory and honor and benediction all, are Thine. To Thee alone do they belong, most High, and there is no man fit to mention Thee.

Praised be my Lord, for brother sun,
the which lights up the day, and through him dost Thou brightness give;
and beautiful is he and radiant with splendor great;
of Thee, most High, signification gives.

Praised be my Lord, for sister moon and for the stars,
in heaven Thou hast formed them clear and precious and fair.



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Praised be my Lord for brother wind
and for the air and clouds and fair and every kind of weather,
by the which Thou givest to Thy creatures nourishment.

Praised be my Lord for sister water,
the which is greatly helpful and humble and precious and pure.

Praised be my Lord for brother fire,
by the which Thou lightest up the dark.
And fair is he and gay and mighty and strong.

Praised be my Lord for our sister, mother earth,
the which sustains and keeps us
and brings forth diverse fruits with grass and flowers bright.



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Praised be my Lord for those who for Thy love forgive
and weakness bear and tribulation.
Blessed those who shall in peace endure,
for by Thee, most High, shall they be crowned.

Praised be my Lord for our sister, the bodily death,
from the which no living man can flee.
Woe to them who die in mortal sin;
blessed those who shall find themselves in Thy most holy will,
for the second death shall do them no ill.

Praise ye and bless ye my Lord, and give Him thanks,
and be subject unto Him with great humility.

St. Francis of Assisi

Translated by Stephen Donovan, in Robinson, 1906