

The Canticle of Brother Sun

by Saint Francis

Most high, all-powerful, all good, Lord!
All praise is 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, through all that you
 have made,
And first my lord Brother Sun,
Who brings the day; and light you give to us
 through him.

How beautiful is he, how radiant in all his
 splendor!
Of you, Most High, he bears the likeness.

All praise be yours, my Lord, through Sister Moon
 and Stars;
In the heavens you have made them, bright
And precious and fair.

All praise be yours, My Lord, through Brothers
 Wind and Air,
And fair and stormy, all the weather's moods,
By which you cherish all that you have made.

All praise be yours, my Lord, through Sister Water,
So useful, lowly, precious and pure.

All praise be yours, my Lord, through Brother Fire,
Through whom you brighten up the night.
How beautiful is he, how gay! Full of power and
 strength.

All praise be yours, my Lord, through Sister Earth,
 our mother,
Who feeds us in her sovereignty and produces
Various fruits with colored flowers and herbs.

All praise be yours, my Lord, through those who
 grant pardon
For love of you; through those who endure
Sickness and trial.

Happy those who endure in peace,
By you, Most High, they will be crowned.

All praise be yours, my Lord, through Sister Death,
From whose embrace no mortal can escape.

Woe to those who die in mortal sin!
Happy those She finds doing your 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.

(This prayer is a translation by Benen Fahy, OFM, from *St. Francis of Assisi: Writings and Early Biographies*, edited by Marion A. Habig [Chicago: Franciscan Herald Press, 1973]. Copyright © 1973 by Franciscan Herald Press. Used with permission of Franciscan Herald Press.)