

## The Canticle of Brother Sun

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, 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 he is, 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 and 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.

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All praise be Yours, my Lord, through Sister Death-of-the-Body,  
From whose embrace no mortal can escape.  
Woe to those who die in mortal sin,  
Happy those She finds doing Your 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.