

A CANTICLE FROM THE EMPTINESS



A Translation of The Canticle of St. Francis of Assisi

Magnificent, Omnipotent, Good My Protector,
You alone are praised,
You alone have glory,
You alone are honorable,
You alone are all blessing.

You, alone, Superb One, have these things,
And no man has dignity from
Mentioning You.

Thank you, Dear Protector, for the creatures You play,
Especially for the Manager, Brother Sun,
Through Whom You give us morning and illumination.

And the intense splendour of His effulgent beauty.

He is the door to You, Costly Friend.

Thank you, Dear Protector, for Sister Moon and the Stars,

In the heavens they are the form of Clarity,

And Perfection, and Comeliness.

Thank you, Dear Protector, for Brother Wind,

And for air and clouds

And mild and wild weather,

Which are the support to

All the creatures You play.

Thank you, Dear Protector, for Sister Water,

Who is much used and humble,

And precious, and clean.

Thank you, Dear Protector, for Brother Fire,

Through Whom the night is enlightened:

Of nature supremely beautiful and festive,

And roaring, and ferocious.

Thank you, Dear Protector, for our Sister, Mother Earth,

Who feeds and regulates us,

And makes many fruitful plants

With colored flowers and medicines.

Thank you, Dear Protector, for those who forgive debts

In order to please You

And for those who accept disease

And persecution.

Happy are those who accept events,

For, from You, Most Precious,

They will receive a crown.

Thank you, Dear Protector, for our Sister

The Death of our Career,

She Whose embrace no man

Who lives can evade.

Woe upon those who, like pigs,

Die without contrition.

Happy are those She finds doing

What You approve of their doing.

For them the second death

Will make no trouble.

Adoration and benediction, Sweet Master,

And gratitude and service for You,

From utter emptiness.

The Rev. David R. Graham

Adwaitha Hermitage

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