

Canticle of the creatures

by saint Francis of Assisi

*Altissimu, onnipotente, bon Signore,
tue so' le laude, la gloria
e l'honore et onne benedictione.
Ad te solo, Altissimo, se konfàno et nullu homo ène
dignu te mentovare.*

*Laudato sie, mi' Signore, cum tucte le tue creature,
spetialmente messor lo frate sole,
lo qual è iorno, et allumini noi per lui.
Et ellu è bellu e radiante cum grande splendore,
de te, Altissimo, porta significatione.*

*Laudato si', mi' Signore, per sora luna e le stelle,
in celu l'ài formate clarite et pretiose et belle.*

*Laudato si', mi' Signore, per frate vento
et per aere et nubilo et sereno et onne tempo,
per lo quale a le tue creature dai sustentamento.*

*Laudato si', mi' Signore, per sor'aqua,
la quale è multo utile et humile et pretiosa et casta.*

*Laudato si', mi' Signore, per frate focu,
per lo quale ennallumini la nocte,
et ello è bello et iocundo et robustoso et forte.*

*Laudato si', mi' Signore, per sora nostra matre terra, la
quale ne sustenta et governa, et produce diversi fructi
con coloriti flori et herba.*

*Laudato si', mi' Signore,
per quelli ke perdonano per lo tuo amore,
et sostengo infirmitate et tribulatione.
Beati quelli ke 'l sosterrano in pace, ka da te, Altissimo,
sirano incoronati.*

*Laudato si' mi' Signore per sora nostra morte
corporale, da la quale nullu homo vivente pò skappare:
guai a quelli ke morrano ne le peccata mortali; beati
quelli ke trovarà ne le tue santissime voluntati, ka la
morte secunda no 'l farrà male.*

*Laudate et benedicete mi' Signore' et ringratiare et
serviatei cum grande humilitate*

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.

Be praised, my Lord, through all your creatures, especially
through my lord Brother Sun, who brings the day; and you
give light through him.

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

Be praised, my Lord, through Sister Moon and the stars; in
the heavens you have made them, precious and beautiful.

Be praised, my Lord, through Brothers Wind and Air, and
clouds and storms, and all the weather, through which you
give your creatures sustenance.

Be praised, My Lord, through Sister Water; she is very
useful, and humble, and precious, and pure.

Be praised, my Lord, through Brother Fire,
through whom you brighten the night. He is beautiful and
cheerful, and powerful and strong.

Be praised, my Lord, through our sister Mother Earth, who
feeds us and rules us, and produces various fruits with
colored flowers and herbs.

Be praised, my Lord,
through those who forgive for love of you; through those
who endure sickness and trial.

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

Be praised, my Lord, through 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.



*Saint Francis of Assisi composed most of this poem in late 1224, the most beautiful in the Italian language, at the end of his life. He was almost blind and very ill because of the stigmata (wounds on his hands, feet and stomach). He was always in a small dark room. And it was in this darkness that he composed this praise to the creator, observing the stars and the four elements. He later added a stanza about forgiveness and another about our sister, death.