

Il cantico delle creature

San Francesco d'Assisi (c. 1182-1226)

[Benedicamus Domino.]

Altissimu, omnipotenti, bon Signore,
tue son le laude, la gloria e l'onore et onne benedictione
Ad te solo Altissimo, se konfano
et nullu omu ene dignu Te mentovare.

Laudato e, mi Signore, cum tucte le tue creature,
spetialmente messor lo frate sole,
lo quale jorna, et illumini 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 le quale a le tue creature dai sustentamento.

Laudato si, mi Signore, per sor' acqua,
la quale è multo utile, et humele, et pretiosa et casta.

Laudato si, mi Signore, per frate focu,
per lo quale ennallumini la nocte,
et ello è bellu, et jucundo, et robustoso et forte.

Laudato si, mi Signore, per sora nostra matre terra,
la quale ne sustenta e governa,
e produce diversi fructi, con colorite fiori et herba.

Laudato si, mi Signore, per quilli, che perdonano per lo tuo amore
e sostengo infirmitate et tribulatione.
Beate quilli, che sosterrano i pace,
ka de Te, Altissimo, sirano incoronati.

Laudato si, mi Signore, per sora nostra morte corporale,
da la quale nullu homo vivente po skappare.
Guai a quilli, ke morrano ne le peccata mortali.
Beati quilli, che se trovarà ne le tue sanctissime voluntati;
ka la morte secunda nol farrà male.

Laudato et benedicete mi Signore, e rengratiate,
e servigeli cum grande humilitate.

[Alleluia.]

Canticle of Created Things

St. Francis of Assisi (c. 1182-1226)

{We praise thee, Lord.}

Most high, omnipotent, good Lord.

yours are the praises, the glory and the honor and every blessing.

To you alone, Most High, are they suitable
and no man is worthy to speak of you.

I praise you, my Lord, with all your creatures,
especially our master and brother the sun,
by which you illuminate the day;
and he is beautiful and radiant with great splendor;
from you, Most High, he takes his meaning.

I praise you, my Lord, for our sister the moon and the stars;
in heaven you have made them clear and precious and beautiful.

I praise you, my Lord, for our brother the wind
and for the air both cloudy and clear in all seasons,
which gives sustenance to all your creatures.

I praise you, my Lord, for our sister water,
which is most useful, and humble, and precious and pure.

I praise you, my Lord, for our brother fire,
by which you illuminate the night,
and he is beautiful, and joyous, and vigorous and strong.

I praise you, my Lord, for our sister mother earth,
which sustains and governs us,
and produces diverse fruits, with colorful flowers and grass.

I praise you, my Lord, for those who forgive through your love
and endure infirmities and tribulations.

Blessed are they who endure in peace,
for through you, Most High, they will be crowned.

I praise you, My Lord, for our sister bodily death,
from whom no living man escapes.

Woe to those who die in mortal sin.

Blessed are those who will be found living by your most sacred wishes;
for the second death will not harm them.

Praise and bless my Lord, and give thanks,
and serve him with great humility.

[Alleluia.]

Translation by C. B.