

# The Canticle of the Creatures

St Francis of Assisi

Most High, all-powerful, good Lord,  
all praise is yours, all glory, all honour,  
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 you have made,  
and first my lord **Brother Sun**, who brings the day;  
and through whom you give us light.  
How beautiful is he, how radiant in all his splendour;  
Of you, Most High, he bears the likeness.  
All Praise be yours, my Lord, through **Sister Moon** and the 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, humble, precious and pure.  
All praise be yours, my Lord, through **Brother Fire**,  
through whom you brighten up the night.  
How beautiful is he, how cheerful! Full of power and strength.  
All praise be yours, my Lord, through our **Sister Mother Earth**,  
who sustains us and governs us,  
and produces various fruits with coloured 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 are 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 them no harm.  
Praise and bless my Lord, and give him thanks  
And serve him with great humility.