

SONG OF THE SOUL

whose pleasure is in knowing God
by faith

by St. John of the Cross

The spring that brims and ripples oh I know
in dark of night.

Waters that flow forever and a day
through a lost country—oh I know the way
in dark of night.

Its origin no knowing, for there's none.
But well I know, from here all sources run
in dark of night.

No other thing has such delight to give.
Here earth and the wide heavens drink to live
in dark of night.

Though some would wade, the wave's unforded still.
Nowhere a bottom, measure as you will
in dark of night.

A stream so clear, and never clouded? Never.
The wellspring of all splendor whatsoever
in dark of night.

Bounty of waters flooding from this well
invigorates all earth, high heaven, and hell
in dark of night.

A current the first fountain gave birth to
is also great and what it would, can do
in dark of night.

Two merging currents of the living spring—
from these a third, no less astonishing
in dark of night.

O fountain surging to submerge again
deep in the living bread that's life to men
in dark of night.

Song of the waters calling: come and drink.
Come, all you creatures, to the shadowy brink
in dark of night.

This spring of living water I desire,
here in the bread of life I see entire
in dark of night.