

Mediaeval Baebes, The Undivided

From Me Shineth the gathered glory of the sun
Which lightens all the world: from Me the moon
Draws silvery beams, and fire fierce loveliness.

For all things that live
Are the Divided. and that which sits apart, is
The Undivided.

I penetrate the clay, and lend all shapes
Their living force; I glide into the plant
root, leaf, and bloom

For all things that live
Are the Divided. and that which sits apart, is
The Undivided.

Becoming vital warmth, I glow in glad, respiring frames, and pass
With outward and inward breath

For all things that live
Are the Divided. and that which sits apart, is
The Undivided.