

**Translation George Burrows , Eric Cross (School of Arts and Cultures,  
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Be silent, you winds, and do not murmur, you branches, because my soul is resting in sweetness.

Sweet love, dear Jesus, who does not desire to love thee; come transfix me. If you strike me, there are no injuries: your strokes are sweet because I live totally in you.

O blessed soul, O happiest triumph, O most fortunate joy!

Give garlands, give flowers; may your honours crown me; give noble palms. Let the winds arise and the blessed, fortunate spirits breathe the resplendent breezes of heaven.

Alleluia.