

Psaume à Jésus p.? l.15-30, p.126; l.1, l.13-22

Thou madest the world a harp for thyself, playing
unceasingly.

...

What portrait-painter can paint this unadorned face?
Or what eagle can ascend as thou ascendest?

...

Thou leapest from the heart to the tongue, from the
tongue to these hearers.

What Light can I find to compare with thy rays?
What smell is there in the world that is like thy
fragrant smell?

I will not fail to bless thee.

My intelligence has not rested, I thinking of thy wonders.

My Reason has not stirred from searching in thy secrets.

My Thought has not stirred from...in thy mysteries.

My Counsel has not stirred from seeking after thy marvels.

... my Intention ascend, it desiring to comprehend thee.

I dived to the depth of the abyss, desiring to comprehend thy depth.

My Lord.

I swam in the breadth of the sea, desiring to comprehend thy breadth.

My Lord.

Who is able to comprehend thee and who to understand thee?

Many marvels of thy begetting, the wonders of thy cross.

When I say " thy begetting", yet who created thee?

My Lord.