

A soul to God reaches

My soul longs for the Most High,
Like a lightwinged bird that does it's best
To reach it's native land in spring
In hope to have some peace and rest.

Magnificent is my Lord.
His deeds are great and can't be gone away
He saves from sufferings
And shows a blindman a right way

Neither a liar nor a cad
Can get almighty's frontier.
A righteous man will be highly praised,
A sinner'll be sentenced severe

This main idea is a background to all
That's been already said and thought,
As in the beginning was the word
And the word was God.

Wherever I go, whatever I do
I pray my Lord in holiness.
To him my prays I dew
And ask him kindness.

Not to wonder again in the mist
I aspire to him every hour.
Everything that alive on the Earth
Is only in his great power.

On heavens and in the depth of the sea
I glorify and sing to God.
In earthly joy and grief
I kneel and thank him lot.

*With love to all
e-archimandrit ~~Antony~~
Antony (Baburin)
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