



*The
Bride's
Song*

Meditations on
St. John of the Cross'

"The Spiritual Canticle"

written by Paul Buis

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Introduction

The Bride's Song is a series of meditations on St John of the Cross' spiritual masterpiece **The Spiritual Cantic**.

The Spiritual Cantic is a commentary which St John of the Cross wrote on his poem by the same name. This work follows the progressive path of the soul from the latter stages of the proficient, through spiritual betrothal, to the stage of spiritual marriage.

May you find the rich depth of St John of the Cross' teaching become real for you as you meditate with his spiritual wisdom and guidance.

First Meditation (Stanza 1)

“One thing I ask of the Lord; this I seek: to dwell in the Lord's house all the days of my life, to gaze on the Lord's beauty, to visit his temple. For God will hide me in his shelter in time of trouble, will conceal me in the cover of his tent; and set me high upon a rock.” (Psalm 27:4-5)

Darts of Fire

Beyond affections of her heart
And partial notions of her mind,
He is hidden -- she must depart:
To reach His light, she becomes blind.

Love severs her heart's selfish ties;
Faith guides her feet on paths unknown.
From hope, pangs of yearning arise,
To live for the Bridegroom alone.

She recollects herself inside,
Enamored by His mystery;
Enthralled with His call to abide,
Alone with Him in sanctity.

He quickens her ardent desire,
With caresses of love divine;
Igniting her heart in its fire
Of darts – she yields to ev'ry tine.

Her wounds remain, deep and burning;
Her heart pierced with divine yearning.

May the Bridegroom pierce our hearts with His love and
increase our yearning for Him.

Second Meditation (Stanza 2,3)

“On my bed at night I sought him whom my heart loves - I sought him but I did not find him. I will rise then and go about the city; in the streets and crossings I will seek Him whom my heart loves. I sought him but I did not find him. The watchmen came upon me as they made their rounds of the city: Have you seen him whom my heart loves?” (Song of Songs 3:1-3)

Pursuit

Her darkened mind is powerless,
To ponder His word or to gaze;
Her aimless will is in distress,
Unable to cling to His ways.

Her memory falls to despair,
Uncertainty has displaced hope;
In suffering beyond compare,
She turns to her angel to cope.

She pursues Him persistently:
Seeking His virtues on the heights,
Embracing truth in poverty,
Mortifying self through the nights.

She leaves consolations aside,
And strives to free her heart of all
Comforts -- with the cross, they collide
And block Spirit like a brick wall.

On His path, she is in pursuit;
Unwavering and resolute.

May the Bridegroom grant us the strength of a resolute will to
pursue Him relentlessly through the purifications of the night.

Third Meditation (Stanza 4-6)

“He is the image of the invisible God, the first-born of all creation; for in him all things were created, in heaven and on earth, visible and invisible, whether thrones or dominions or principalities or authorities- all things were created through him and for him. He is before all things, and in him all things hold together...For in him all the fullness of God was pleased to dwell.” (Colossians 1:15-19)

Creator’s Majesty

Beneath the satin of the night,
The silken lilies of the field
Glisten with dewdrops at first light --
Creator’s majesty revealed.

The angels, in their purity,
Reflect the Lord’s revealing light;
Mortals, in their fragility,
Draw His mercy’s redeeming might.

Creation, made in His image,
Reflects the divine properties;
Yet hidden remains His visage --
He’s only revealed by degrees.

This knowledge is partial and dim;
Beyond the bounds of her weak mind
And heart, her soul yearns to know him
In truth – all other means are blind.

His grandeur exceeds all notions --
They’re drops in the deepest oceans.

May all of creation join our prayer in yearning to know the
Creator in the fullness of His Son.

Fourth Meditation (Stanza 7-8)

“you should put away the old self of your former way of life, corrupted through deceitful desires, and be renewed in the spirit of your minds, and put on the new self, created in God's way in righteousness and holiness of truth.” (Ephesians 4:20,22-24)

His Touch

The insights of her spirit's guide,
And teachings of the faith she's heard,
Inspire her to look inside,
And ponder the Incarnate Word.

The Word Made Flesh is rooted deep,
In her soul and humbly concealed.
From Him, pure love and graces seep;
Gently, His substance is revealed.

The divine touches of His grace,
Consume and transform her by love,
As she is prepared for her place --
Centered on life drawn from above.

Her old self, like butter or stone,
Can yield beneath His divine touch
Or resist Him – at which He'll hone
Her heart 'til it yields to His clutch.

For love, the old self's put to death;
That Spirit may be her soul's breath.

May the Bridegroom grant us the grace of humility we need to
yield beneath His touch so that we may be transformed
completely according to His will.

Fifth Meditation (Stanza 9-10)

“O God, you are my God -- for you I long! For you my body yearns; for you my soul thirsts, Like a land parched, lifeless, and without water. So I look to you in the sanctuary to see your power and glory. For your love is better than life; my lips offer you worship!” (Psalm 63:2-5)

Dark Yearning

No thing nor creature can begin,
To fill the void left in her heart
By His absence – this wound within,
Though caused by love, tears her apart.

Only His pure presence can quench
This thirst as parched as desert sand;
She yearns for His mercy to drench
Her wound with the touch of His hand.

Her whole being just aches to cling
To Him and never leave His side;
All that keeps her away will sting
Her heart as long as she’s denied.

“O Light of my soul, be revealed!
You are what animates my sight.
When Your dark absence is repealed,
Your presence will vanquish my night!”

Her soul’s eyes, kept for Him alone,
Stare through the dark toward His throne.

May the Bridegroom be revealed to our parched hearts which
thirst so deeply for His presence.

Sixth Meditation (Stanza 11-12)

“Jesus said to them in reply, ‘Amen, I say to you, if you have faith and do not waver, not only will you do what has been done to the fig tree, but even if you say to this mountain, ‘Be lifted up and thrown into the sea,’ it will be done. Whatever you ask for in prayer with faith, you will receive.” (Matthew 21:21-22)

Furnace of Faith

A faith like crystal, pure and clear,
Enables her soul to perceive
His real presence, hidden, but near --
Impelled by His grace, to believe.

As a furnace houses its fire:
Shielding its flame; yielding its heat,
So faith contains His truth entire:
Glory concealed; graces replete.

His presence flares up from inside,
And warms her deeply to the core:
Faith draws Beloved to His bride;
Love’s substance flows like molten ore.

In love, He will transform her soul,
Into His image by His grace;
In faith, His truth is infused whole,
Though His image is but a trace.

She yearns for His entirety;
Promised for all eternity.

May the Bridegroom grant us the gift of a pure and unwavering faith that will enable us to receive Him fully in His truth.

Seventh Meditation (Stanza 13)

“I know a man in Christ who fourteen years ago was caught up to the third heaven--whether in the body or out of the body I do not know, God knows. And I know that this man was caught up into Paradise--whether in the body or out of the body I do not know, God knows -- and he heard things that cannot be told, which man may not utter... And to keep me from being too elated by the abundance of revelations, a thorn was given me in the flesh, a messenger of Satan, to harass me, to keep me from being too elated. Three times I besought the Lord about this, that it should leave me; but he said to me, ‘My grace is sufficient for you, for my power is made perfect in weakness.’ I will all the more gladly boast of my weaknesses, that the power of Christ may rest upon me.” (2 Corinthians 12:2-4, 7-9)

In Flight

The pangs of love consume her heart;
For Him, she'd gladly leave her flesh.
In pure spirit, He will impart
Himself, as bride with Bridegroom mesh.

A weak mortal, she can't receive
Him, without leaving all by night;
To the extent she can believe,
He will draw her soul into flight.

He provides for her in all ways;
She entrusts all she leaves behind
To Him for whom her soul is praise.
In flight, Soul with soul are entwined.

Yet she is called back to her place:
Weighted by flesh, as is His will;
Grounded after their flight of grace:
Groaning for Him; wounded and still.

Each flight refreshes and restores,
Her soul in Him as He sustains,
Her in suspension, as she soars,
To heights of love which Spirit reigns.

The soul that's quenched will thirst for more;
Love lives for love as ne'er before.

May the Bridegroom draw us deeply into the mystery of
Himself as we seek Him with the most earnest of loves.

Eighth Meditation (Stanza 14-15)

“Lord, your love reaches to heaven; your fidelity, to the clouds. Your justice is like the highest mountains; your judgments, like the mighty deep; all living creatures you sustain, Lord. How precious is your love, O God! We take refuge in the shadow of your wings. We feast on the rich food of your house; from your delightful stream you give us drink. For with you is the fountain of life, and in your light we see light.” (Psalm 36:6-10)

Betrothed

A glimpse of His immensity
And grandeurs lifts her loving praise,
To heights of new intensity –
She dances in His divine rays.

The pangs of love yield to His peace;
His betrothed is enrapt in joy
And gentle love which just increase --
Her heart has found its true employ.

She tastes His goodness so sublime,
In union with Him and all things,
His presence and power are prime --
These wonders of the King of kings!

His gentle whisper fills her ear;
In silence, sweet wisdom is heard;
Nuances of His ways made clear,
Lift her with the Incarnate Word.

Her soul drinks deep tranquility;
Held steadfast in humility.

May the Beloved lift each of us to Himself in this sweet and
tranquil union of His love.

Ninth Meditation (Stanza 16-17)

“Then your light shall break forth like the dawn, and your wound shall quickly be healed; your vindication shall go before you, and the glory of the Lord shall be your rear guard. Then you shall call, and the Lord will answer, you shall cry for help, and he will say: Here I am! If you remove from your midst oppression, false accusation and malicious speech; if you bestow your bread on the hungry and satisfy the afflicted; then light shall rise for you in the darkness, and the gloom shall become for you like midday; then the Lord will guide you always and give you plenty even on the parched land. He will renew your strength, and you shall be like a watered garden, like a spring whose water never fails.” (Isaiah 58:8-11)

Amidst Her Flowers

The flowers of her virtues fair,
Fragrant with delicate bouquet,
Adorn her inner garden, where
Beloved with His betrothed lay.

Enrapt with Him in her garden,
Walled in this citadel of prayer,
Guarded by grace; all stilled within
Enjoined with Him and unaware.

She offers Him her precious gift,
Which rouses wild beasts of prey
Who storm her heart to strike and sift
Her -- leaving all in disarray.

Deadened and dry, her arid heart,
Calls for His mercy's gentle rain
To renew all they've torn apart,
And to plant peace amidst the pain.

With angst, she awaits His return,
Like springtime sun on dormant fields;
She calls to His Spirit to burn
With all the life and love He wields.

She knows He will return to lay
Amidst her flowers' bright array.

May the Spirit of the Beloved nourish the flowers of virtues
and prepare the interior garden within us for His coming.

Tenth Meditation (Stanza 18-19)

“For the mind that is set on the flesh is hostile to God; it does not submit to God's law, indeed it cannot; and those who are in the flesh cannot please God. But you are not in the flesh, you are in the Spirit, if in fact the Spirit of God dwells in you. Any one who does not have the Spirit of Christ does not belong to him. But if Christ is in you, although your bodies are dead because of sin, your spirits are alive because of righteousness. If the Spirit of him who raised Jesus from the dead dwells in you, he who raised Christ Jesus from the dead will give life to your mortal bodies also through his Spirit which dwells in you.” (Romans 8:7-11)

Shelter

The cravings of the senses caged
Her soul in a chaotic churn;
Against her spirit's peace, they waged
A war to coerce, strike, and burn.

Now deprived of their nourishment,
These cold reptiles lie in wait:
To gorge themselves on her, they're bent,
With appetites that never sate.

She urges Him to hide within
The inner sanctum of her place;
Where spirit is shielded from sin,
And gardens are guarded by grace.

Beyond the reaches of her foes,
Hidden deeply in her abode,
A wellspring of His essence flows --
In pure spirit, He is bestowed.

He shelters her from all her grief;
Still, senses linger like a thief.

May the Pure Spirit of Jesus dwell in the deepest silence of our beings, hidden from the turmoil of our senses.

Eleventh Meditation (Stanza 20-21)

“No more shall men call you ‘Forsaken,’ or your land ‘Desolate,’ but you shall be called ‘My Delight,’ and your land ‘Espoused.’ For the Lord delights in you, and makes your land his spouse. As a young man marries a virgin, your Builder shall marry you; and as a bridegroom rejoices in his bride so shall your God rejoice in you.” (Isaiah 62:4-5)

Perfect Bloom

The vast banquet of His delights,
Set on the table of His will,
Sates the greatest of appetites --
Her deepest yearnings have their fill.

Virtues, stable and purified,
Unswayed by emotions’ extremes,
Animate all where they abide --
Yielding new life like desert streams.

Now one with Him like wood and fire,
The wild beasts dare not draw near;
Nor can they disturb her desire --
For perfect love casts out all fear.

Transformed into His own being,
As far as mortal state can hold,
Beyond all knowledge and seeing --
Beatitude that can’t be told.

A perfect flower in full bloom:
The wedding of bride and Bridegroom.

May the Bridegroom take us completely unto Himself,
perfecting us in union with His loving will.

Twelfth Meditation (Stanza 22-23)

“But whoever is joined to the Lord becomes one spirit with him.” (Corinthians 6:17)

In His Embrace

Consecrated to Him alone,
Apart from all that drew away,
A pure and perfect love is known --
Greater than all words can convey.

In perfect peace, stable and strong,
Sheltered from her enemies' reach,
An abundance of delights throng
Her being without lull or breach.

The depths of His secrets are shown:
His covenant made on the cross
To redeem mortals as His own
By grace, cleansing them from all dross.

Redemption's pinnacle is reached,
In souls espoused to the Bridegroom;
Just as the shroud of death was breached,
And He emerged from death's stone tomb.

Her being is whole and complete;
In His embrace, grace is replete.

May the Bridegroom claim us and transform us completely as
His espoused so that we may realize the fullness of His
promise of redemption.

Thirteenth Meditation (Stanza 24-25)

“Put on then, as God's chosen ones, holy and beloved, heartfelt compassion, kindness, humility, gentleness, and patience, bearing with one another and forgiving one another, if one has a grievance against another; as the Lord has forgiven you, so must you also do. And over all these put on love, that is, the bond of perfection. And let the peace of Christ control your hearts, the peace into which you were also called in one body. And be thankful.” (Colossians 3: 12-15)

Loving Praise

His greatest gifts are the virtues --
Each of them strong, peaceful and meek;
Armored by love, her soul subdues
Her enemies and all they wreak.

Love animates and enkindles,
Love for Him in all works and things;
His peace, in all, seldom dwindles --
The virtues yield life like wellsprings.

She follows Him along His way,
Following the footprints He leaves,
Traces of love and their bouquet
Enamor all her soul believes.

A spark of His love sets ablaze
Her heart with a great flame of joy,
In gratitude and fiery praise,
With all her being can employ.

Culminating with love outpoured,
She reveres her Bridegroom and Lord.

May the love of the Bridegroom enamor our hearts and animate the virtues that He nourishes to perfection in us.

Fourteenth Meditation (Stanza 26)

“How precious is your love, O God! We take refuge in the shadow of your wings. We feast on the rich food of your house; from your delightful stream you give us drink. For with you is the fountain of life, and in your light we see light.”
(Psalm 36:8-10)

Water And Light Divine

The infusion of perfect love
Supplants the lesser loves she held;
Divine wisdom lifts her above,
As old ways of knowing are quelled.

The brilliance of the Divine light,
Engulfs the candle of her mind;
Yielding supernatural sight --
The world's wisdom's left behind.

As torrents of Divine love pour
Over puddles of her esteem,
Her soul is flooded to its core
Displacing her heart's old regime.

A new profound simplicity,
Awakens in her whole being;
An innocent felicity,
Governs her knowing and seeing.

Love and Wisdom have redefined,
With innocence, her heart and mind.

May the Bridegroom recreate our hearts and minds in the model of His own purity and simplicity with Divine love and wisdom.

Fifteenth Meditation (Stanza 27-28)

"I pray not only for them, but also for those who will believe in me through their word, so that they may all be one, as you, Father, are in me and I in you, that they also may be in us, that the world may believe that you sent me. And I have given them the glory you gave me, so that they may be one, as we are one, I in them and you in me, that they may be brought to perfection as one, that the world may know that you sent me, and that you loved them even as you loved me." (John 17:20-23)

Love Perfected

The Bridegroom submits to His bride
With most perfect humility:
Exalting her soul to His side,
In absolute fidelity.

As one in will, in heart, and mind,
Love governs all movements at source;
Her former ways no longer bind --
His Word, through her, runs its full course.

All that she has and is are used
To serve Him, with love's sheer delight;
Bridegroom with bride, as one, are fused --
Full sun with her faint candlelight.

What joy the soul knows with her Lord!
Bitter and sweet both share love's taste;
Walking with Him, in one accord --
A spousal love most pure and chaste.

She carries out His will in all;
Attending at His beck and call.

May the Bridegroom perfect us in His love and enable us to
carry out His will with attentive fidelity.

Sixteenth Meditation (Stanza 29)

“She had a sister named Mary (who) sat beside the Lord at his feet listening to him speak. Martha, burdened with much serving, came to him and said, ‘Lord, do you not care that my sister has left me by myself to do the serving? Tell her to help me.’ The Lord said to her in reply, ‘Martha, Martha, you are anxious and worried about many things. There is need of only one thing. Mary has chosen the better part and it will not be taken from her.’” (Luke 10:39-42)

The Fruit of Contemplation

The Bridegroom’s love is the reason
For her existence here on earth;
She draws life from their communion --
All other means have far less worth.

Having counted all else as loss,
In faith and love He is her gain;
Like gold that’s purified from dross,
No greater treasure she’ll attain.

All her service to Him is drawn,
From their union of heart and will;
As night is banished by the dawn,
Love bursts forth to feed and fulfill.

Her contemplation’s a wellspring
Of His Spirit, pouring out grace,
On souls in need before the King --
Love circles all in Its embrace.

Hid with Him in humility,
Her prayers are works of charity.

May the Bridegroom captivate our hearts and wills so completely in union with Him, that we abandon all but love as our means of serving Him.

Seventeenth Meditation (Stanza 30)

“Daughters of kings are your lovely wives; a princess arrayed in Ophir's gold comes to stand at your right hand. Listen, my daughter, and understand; pay me careful heed. Forget your people and your father's house, that the king might desire your beauty. He is your lord;... All glorious is the king's daughter as she enters, her raiment threaded with gold; In embroidered apparel she is led to the king. The maids of her train are presented to the king. They are led in with glad and joyous acclaim; they enter the palace of the king.” (Psalm 45:10-11, 14-16)

Garlands Of Grace

Together, bride with Bridegroom weave
Garlands of glories and virtues,
To adorn her soul and receive
Mutual joy, which love imbues.

In the trials of youth were formed
The first virtues at a great cost;
In the dark deserts were transformed,
Her faith and hope as self was lost.

Perfected by the strength and grace,
Of His love, which now binds and holds
Each of these virtues in their place,
Her soul's adorned in fragrant golds.

These garlands are bound by one thread
Of love so strong, yet exquisite;
Woven with Spirit's gifts, they spread,
His fragrant glories that emit.

With love's perfect beauty and grace,
Virtues adorn her soul like lace.

May we weave garlands of glories and virtues with the
Bridegroom on the day of joy when we are called to His side.

Eighteenth Meditation (Stanza 31-32)

“If you ask anything of me in my name, I will do it. If you love me, you will keep my commandments... Whoever has my commandments and observes them is the one who loves me. And whoever loves me will be loved by my Father, and I will love him and reveal myself to him... Whoever loves me will keep my word, and my Father will love him, and we will come to him and make our dwelling with him.” (John 14:14-15,21,23)

Ascent Of Love

Descending in merciful love,
Cleansing her soul within its place,
Infused, His love lifts her above
Her former ways – she's borne by grace.

Absorbed into His own being,
By grace alone, she gains a share
Of life in Him; her eye seeing
His countenance beyond compare.

How strong is the love which has wrought
This grace, perfecting all her soul!
By faith and love, all that she's sought
Is known in Him – with Him, she's whole!

Her love, strengthened as gold by fire,
Unwavering, steadfast and pure,
Untouched by vice or stray desire,
Captivates Him with coy demure.

With utmost tenderness and love,
Love with Beloved rise above.

May the Bridegroom purify us in His mercy and lift us to
Himself in His loving grace, that we may gaze upon His
beauty and dwell with Him in love.

Nineteenth Meditation (Stanza 33-35)

“When the disciples heard this, they were greatly astonished and said, ‘Who then can be saved?’ Jesus looked at them and said, ‘For human beings this is impossible, but for God all things are possible.’ Then Peter said to him in reply, ‘We have given up everything and followed you. What will there be for us?’ Jesus said to them, ‘Amen, I say to you that you who have followed me, in the new age, when the Son of Man is seated on his throne of glory, will yourselves sit on twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel. And everyone who has given up houses or brothers or sisters or father or mother or children or lands for the sake of my name will receive a hundred times more, and will inherit eternal life.” (Matthew 19:25-29)

The Gaze of Grace

He looked upon her soiled soul,
And cleansed her of her former ways;
His eyes of mercy made her whole --
He clothed her with grace in His gaze.

The jewels of virtues adorn
His bride -- her beauty draws his eye;
His friendship has replaced the scorn
He felt when sin drew her awry.

How precious is her purity,
And mesmeric is her meekness;
Hidden in her obscurity,
Her gaze consoles with its caress.

Alone with Him, in solitude,
Her eyes return His loving gaze.
How wondrous this beatitude!
Her soul basks in His loving rays.

Love with beloved look to see
Deep in their eyes -- eternity.

May the Bridegroom purify us and endear us to Himself with
His loving gaze.

Twentieth Meditation (Stanza 36-37)

“But as it is written: ‘What eye has not seen, and ear has not heard, and what has not entered the human heart, what God has prepared for those who love him,’ this God has revealed to us through the Spirit. For the Spirit scrutinizes everything, even the depths of God... We have not received the spirit of the world but the Spirit that is from God, so that we may understand the things freely given us by God. And we speak about them not with words taught by human wisdom, but with words taught by the Spirit, describing spiritual realities in spiritual terms... For ‘who has known the mind of the Lord, so as to counsel him?’ But we have the mind of Christ.” (1 Corinthians 2:9-10,12-13,16)

Caverns of Christ

Jewel-encrusted veins of ore,
Hidden in caverns deep and high,
Await her – she’s called to explore;
In pondering Him, He draws nigh.

In Wisdom, the Truth’s vast treasure
Of immense joy and awesome grace,
Flow with knowledge beyond measure --
He is revealed in His embrace.

The purest gems of greatest prize,
Are formed in the depths of the cross:
As she’s transformed, the old self dies --
Diamonds emerge from what was dross.

With gentle love, He leads His bride
Into the depths of mystery;
Lover’s secrets He will confide,
Abounding in joy and beauty.

His wisdom is a vast, rich mine;
In her, His ore He will refine.

May the Bridegroom guide us into the beauty and joy of His
mysteries by the light of His Spirit's wisdom.

Twenty-First Meditation (Stanza 38-39)

“His divine power has granted to us all things that pertain to life and godliness, through the knowledge of him who called us to his own glory and excellence, by which he has granted to us his precious and very great promises, that through these you may escape from the corruption that is in the world

because of passion, and become partakers of the divine nature...Therefore, brethren, be the more zealous to confirm your call and election, for if you do this you will never fall; so there will be richly provided for you an entrance into the eternal kingdom of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.” (2 Peter 1:3-4,10-11)

United By Breath And Flame

She loves Him with His love alone:
Eternal bond stronger than death,
Drawn from Spirit, before His throne --
Sharing His life and very breath.

His breath unites her to His source,
In His bosom intimately;
With joy, she contemplates this force,
Uniting all to Trinity.

His breath returns to Him in songs
Of jubilant and perfect praise;
Heaven's choirs, for which she longs,
Resound with harmonies they raise.

The living flame of Love ignites:
It burns perfect and painlessly,
Consummating all it unites,
Unto itself – one Deity.

His Spirit, living breath and flame,
Unites her to His life and name.

May the Bridegroom unite us to Himself, perfecting us in the
breath and flame of His Spirit.

Twenty-Second Meditation (Stanza 40)

“I rejoice heartily in the Lord, in my God is the joy of my soul; for he has clothed me with a robe of salvation, and wrapped me in a mantle of justice, like a bridegroom adorned with a diadem, like a bride bedecked with her jewels.” (Isaiah 61:10)

The Bride’s Song

Her being is in harmony:
From her spirit good order flows;
Foes are subdued for His glory;
Her strength is the love He bestows.

Detached from all that is not Him,
Dwelling with Him within her soul,
She resounds a resplendent hymn
To Jesus, with words to extol:

“With strength and flowing grace, we dwell,
Adorned with riches and grandeurs;
Our union is a citadel,
From which Your Spirit’s love outpours.

How can a bride’s love be expressed
For her Bridegroom, perfect in grace?
With heaven, her soul’s richly blessed;
Love’s essence flows from His embrace!”

Her joy, a pure felicity,
Resounds for all eternity.

May the most sweet Jesus, Bridegroom of faithful souls, be pleased to bring all who invoke his name to this marriage.”
(Spiritual Canticle, stanza 40)

References

Scripture quotations are adapted from several Catholic editions

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