

**The Dark Night of the Soul**  
BY ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS  
TRANSLATED BY DAVID LEWIS

I.  
In a dark night,  
With anxious love inflamed,  
O, happy lot!  
Forth unobserved I went,  
My house being now at rest.

II.  
In darkness and in safety,  
By the secret ladder, disguised,  
O, happy lot!  
In darkness and concealment,  
My house being now at rest.

III.  
In that happy night,  
In secret, seen of none,  
Seeing nought myself,  
Without other light or guide  
Save that which in my heart was burning.

IV.  
That light guided me  
More surely than the noonday sun  
To the place where He was waiting for me,  
Whom I knew well,  
And where none appeared.

V.  
O, guiding night;  
O, night more lovely than the dawn;  
O, night that hast united  
The lover with His beloved,  
And changed her into her love.

VI.

On my flowery bosom,  
Kept whole for Him alone,  
There He reposed and slept;  
And I cherished Him, and the waving  
Of the cedars fanned Him.

VII.

As His hair floated in the breeze  
That from the turret blew,  
He struck me on the neck  
With His gentle hand,  
And all sensation left me.

VIII.

I continued in oblivion lost,  
My head was resting on my love;  
Lost to all things and myself,  
And, amid the lilies forgotten,  
Threw all my cares away.