

אוֹדָה לַאֵל

I shall give thanks to God, who tests the heart,
When the morning stars sing together.
So take care of your soul, my friend:
She is turquoise, agate, and jasper.
Her light is like the light of the sun,
Like the light of seven mornings in one,
Like the light of seven mornings.

And inside of you, my friend,
Lives a spark of the Most High.
Let it burn, but not devour.
Let it shine in the morning hour,
Let it shine in the morning.

So awaken yourself, my friend,
For each night your soul arises to heaven,
To give account for all you've done
Before the Maker of the morning sun,
Before the Maker of the morning.

May you lie down in peace, my friend,
May you rise up full of wonder.
Wrap yourself in the One,
Morning after morning,
Morning after morning.