



Song of praise number twenty three

(A tentative translation which isn't valid yet! It is just a try.)

A Song for the purpose of love

louo is my friend, nothing is too little for me.

Upon pasturages of fresh green he leads me to rest.

Along calming waters he guides me.

My Ego he heals.

He leads me into the tracks of behaving right

to give appropriate heed of his name.

In case, however, I walk in the valley of deepest dark

I don't get in panic about any wickedness,

since indeed you are a pillar of protection for me.

Your guiding staff and your support

they will console me.

Directly in front of my eyes you prepare a table

fully aware of my enemies watching.

You anoint my head with anointing oil.

My cup is filled and overflows.

It is guaranteed that (only) what is good and what is love will follow me

during all the days of my lasting life.

And I will dwell in the home of louo all the length of these days.