

Sacred the enclosing welkin of dawn

As the blazing red pours over the firmament
The first light runs through my outstretched hands
I see your face, shining on me
Puissance never running dry

Thy maul and staff
They comfort me

Thou art my shepherd, I shall not want
Thy maul and staff, they comfort me
Thou maketh me to lie down in pastures green
Thou leadest me beside the still waters
Bright sun of the night

Begetter, sempiternal force, fire of existence
Sparks of life emit when you strike
Your mallet's target is never missed
No man can fathom the vastness in your hand

Sucellos
Atir aissom
Rodatis buiotutos
Celle!

The times surrender, sun of the Otherworld
The wolf's hunt won't be in vain
As the raven homes and finds the isle
Nantosuelta's noble servant

Escorting the soul
Into the darkness where life is born