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Song in English continues from page 75 14 "-Ah!" says he, "the star that shines all around us. Hides from my sight a precious treasure! I just lost in my only daughter The freedom of my voice and my eyes; She was kidnapped in my own house! Was there ever a darker treachery? This affair Makes my torture." Saying these words, he faints! 15 The holy abbot embraces and consoles him. And promises that he'll pray God for him. God, enlightening him, promises That soon will be the end of his worries. He withdraws, after this gentle encouragement; The storm over, he seems to be in the port. His soul hopes That this dear heavenly Father Will make him see his daughter before he dies. 16 Always worrying and always lonesome. Although he be very weak, frail and despaired. Still he returns one day at the monastery Where is detained away from him this beloved woman His heart gripped by a secret feeling, He bows low and asks with tears The permission To be At least one hour with Brother Emerand. 17 He is lead to the small cell Where God secretly cherishes Euphrosine. First the saint pulls down her cowl Over her extremely ravaged face. And then she receives her dear father. And converses with him about renouncement From all this life Where people abound. In all states of life, on nothing else but discontent. 18 "Remember, Paphnutius," she continues, 'That here below nothing can bring satisfaction; That we must think about our eternal life. And that for the love of God man must leave everything. If your daughter has made such a good choice. Should her happiness be a cross for you? No, on the contrary. Try, as she did. To please Jesus, the King of kings." 19 Deep secrets! Divine Providence That does not want to reveal this treasure! Paphnutius sees his dear Euphrosine, When he still claims searching for her. Without seeing it, he has before his eyes the object of his desires. He hears her voice but does not know her. And whatever he does, God wants him to pass Thirty-eight years repeating "Alas!" 20 Oh! what a fight! Grace and nature Thrust here all the darts of love! The girl sees her father weeping. And at that sight she starts weeping also. She tells him in steady terms: "Do not cry anymore over the one you cry. Chase away your lamentations, Stop your fears; I hope in God that one day you will see her." 21 A long time after living in his homeland. He goes and sees his dear comforter. Having heard about the final illness That will unite him to his gentle Creator. He is allowed to admire once again The dying features of his living picture. He contemplates him And loses heart. Seeing that he is within an inch of the tomb. 22 Our sick man holds back at the monastery The good Paphnutius, for three more days. After which she tells him: "Dear father. Live in peace, I will now be ending my course. Do not weep anymore, and remain content. Because you have Euphrosine in front of you; See my face. God, in his kindness. Makes me pass out to be a monk in this convent!" 23 Here Pathnutius, dropping on the floor. Mingles his joy with his displeasure. His heart swells and suddenly tightens. As he heaves and holds his sighs. The saint then shouts to her dear father: "Stand up, increase your efforts. And when my life Will end. Do not allow anyone to touch my body." 24 Having finally reached the term of her life. And just about to breathe her last. Her content heart always seems to be



gaining strength. And it despises the weight of death. When the assault of a very certain demise Brings in her not even the least human reaction, Her holy soul Passes, without fear. From misery to supreme happiness. 25 "Heaven grant!" Paphnutius repeats a hundred times. As soon as Euphrosine has flown up to her God. "Heaven grant that after you I die Of the same death and at this very place! Lovable daughter, support of my old years. Be sensitive to my bitter regrets, Pray that I die In your residence; Already I die to all sweet feelings. 26 "I lost everything when I lost sight of you; I was dying with the desire to see you. And now your presence is killing me; I possess you while ceasing to have you! My good Saviour, ah, do preside here: What! my rest gives birth to my worry! My joy Is my sadness; My daughter is dead, ah! may I also die!" 27 Hearing these cries, everyone in the monastery. Sighing, come and join Paphnutius. After finding out about this new Mystery, They all admire and regret Emerand. Paphnutius gets permission to live in this refuge Where, without respite, Euphrosine used to pray. He sighs there. Till his last breath. Meditating on the pains she endured. 28 Chaste Euphrosine, incomparable hermit. Your constancy astonishes the strongest of all men. We think about your admirable life Which was so high above our feeble efforts. Obtain for us to be at least more constant In enduring and suffering all unfortunate accidents. And that at every moment. Our soul may die To all things that pass in the course of time. END We are grateful to Fr. Daniel Boudreau for translating the 28 verses of this song. His charge for this work was a simple prayer. We should all be grateful, and offer up one in his honour. iVRMOUR TRANSPORTATION SYSTEMS ARMOUR TRANSPORTATION SYSTEMS, one of the most reUable names on the road, is here to deliver. It's a network comprised of four leading companies in the highway transportation industry...Armour Transport...Drury Transfer...Diamond's Transfer and Pole Star Transport. Maritime owned and operated, servicing Atlantic Canada and beyond, Annour Transportation Systems is dedicated to getting the job done right. fPaieStar Diamonds Armour DRURYS SYDNEY 149 York Street, Sydney, N.S. BI P 686 Phone 539-4185 • Toll Free 1 -800-565-4186 • Fax 562-0205 "Driven to Deliver ... 1 hat s Arnioii On Time...Ever