



HYMNS

RORATE CAELI — DROP DOWN, YE HEAVENS

The Advent prose, from Isaiah

The Church's Advent longing for the Saviour



LATIN

R. Rorate caeli desuper, et nubes pluant iustum.

Ne irascaris, Domine, ne ultra memineris iniquitatis:
ecce civitas Sancti facta est deserta:
Sion deserta facta est, Ierusalem desolata est:
domus sanctificationis tuae et gloriae tuae,
ubi laudaverunt te patres nostri. **R.**

Peccavimus, et facti sumus tamquam immundus nos,
et cecidimus quasi folium universi:
et iniquitates nostrae quasi ventus abstulerunt nos:
abscondisti faciem tuam a nobis,
et allisisti nos in manu iniquitatis nostrae.
R.

ENGLISH

R. Drop down, ye heavens, from above,
and let the skies pour down righteousness.

Be not wroth very sore, O Lord, neither
remember iniquity for ever:
thy holy city is a wilderness,
Sion is a wilderness, Jerusalem a
desolation:
our holy and our beautiful house,
where our fathers praised thee. **R.**

We have sinned, and are as an unclean
thing,
and we all do fade as a leaf:
and our iniquities, like the wind, have
taken us away:
thou hast hid thy face from us,
and hast consumed us, because of our
iniquities. **R.**

Vide, Domine, afflictionem populi tui,
et mitte quem missurus es:
emitte Agnum dominatorem terrae,
de Petra deserti ad montem filiae Sion:
ut auferat ipse iugum captivitatis nostrae.

℟.

Consolamini, consolamini, popule meus:
cito veniet salus tua:
quare maerore consumeris,
quia innovavit te dolor?
Salvabo te, noli timere:
ego enim sum Dominus Deus tuus,
Sanctus Israel, Redemptor tuus. ℟.

See, O Lord, the affliction of thy people,
and send him whom thou wilt send:
send forth the Lamb, the ruler of the
earth,
from Petra of the desert to the mount of
the daughter of Sion,
that he may take away the yoke of our
captivity. ℟.

Comfort ye, comfort ye my people;
my salvation shall not tarry:
why wilt thou waste away in sadness?
why hath sorrow seized thee?
Fear not, for I will save thee:
for I am the Lord thy God,
the Holy One of Israel, thy Redeemer. ℟.

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