

Rorate cœli desuper, Drop down dew ye Heavens. It is through Our Lady that the Dew of God in Person finally came down from Heaven to fulfill the longings of the prophets of old. For us monks of Our Lady of Clear Creek Abbey these chants of the Advent Season are part of our daily bread. Chanting is what we do seven times each day and once during the night. Our monastery is the fulfillment of a dream that started in the 1970s. After many years preparing in France, several of us Americans, along with monks from France and other countries, came to found at Clear Creek on the threshold of the Third Millennium. We began with 13 monks and are now about 60. We hope this recording will help you participate in the truth and beauty of the Advent Season, knowing that proceeds from the recording will help us continue to build *something beautiful for God, a monastery to last a thousand years.*

- Abbot Philip Anderson



1. Advent Chant: Rorate cœli

Text: Based on texts from Isaiah; 17th Century composition.

Latin

℟. Rorate cœli desuper, et nubes pluant justum.

1. Ne irascaris, Domine, ne ultra memineris iniquitatis: ecce civitas Sancti facta est deserta, Sion deserta facta est, Jerusalem desolata est. Domus sanctificationis tuæ et gloriæ tuæ, ubi laudaverunt te patres nostri.

℟. Rorate cœli desuper, et nubes pluant justum.

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

℟. Rorate cœli desuper, et nubes pluant justum.

3. Vide, Domine, afflictionem populi tui, et mitte quem missurus es. Emitte Agnum dominatorem terræ, de petra deserti ad montem filiæ Sion, ut auferat ipse jugum captivitatis nostræ.

℟. Rorate cœli desuper, et nubes pluant justum.

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

℟. Rorate cœli desuper, et nubes pluant justum.

English

℟. Drop down dew, ye heavens, from above, and let the clouds rain the Just One.

1. Be not angry, O Lord, and remember no longer our iniquity: behold the city of Thy sanctuary is become a desert, Sion is made a desert. Jerusalem is desolate, the house of Thy holiness and of Thy glory, where our fathers praised Thee.

℟. Drop down dew, ye heavens, from above, and let the clouds rain the Just One.

2. We have sinned, and we are become as one unclean, and we have all fallen as a leaf; and our iniquities, like the wind, have taken us away. Thou hast hid Thy face from us, and hast crushed us by the hand of our iniquity.

℟. Drop down dew, ye heavens, from above, and let the clouds rain the Just One.

3. See, O Lord, the affliction of Thy people, and send Him whom Thou hast promised to send. Send forth the Lamb, the ruler of the earth, from the rock of the desert to the mountain of the daughter of Sion, that He may take away the yoke of our captivity.

℟. Drop down dew, ye heavens, from above, and let the clouds rain the Just One.

4. Be comforted, be comforted, my people; thy salvation shall speedily come: why wilt thou waste away in sadness?

Why hath sorrow seized thee? I will save thee; fear not: for I am the Lord Thy God, the Holy One of Israel, Thy Redeemer.

℟. Drop down dew, ye heavens, from above, and let the clouds rain the Just One.

French

℟. Cieux, répandez d'en haut votre rosée ; et que les nuées fassent pleuvoir le Juste.

1. Ne vous irritez plus, Seigneur, ne vous souvenez plus désormais de notre iniquité. Voilà que la cité du Saint est devenue déserte, Sion est dans la solitude, Jérusalem est désolée, cette maison consacrée à votre culte et à votre gloire, où nos pères ont chanté vos louanges.