

Rorate Coeli

Now in our wilderness are wells
And, where were barren rocks, are trees:
And vineyards blossom on the hills.
Streams sing, where desolation was.

For, falling on the world by night,
The dew of heaven shines and sings;
And Jesus, in that holy quiet,
Wakens our wilderness with springs.

Some hunters walk among the trees,
Beside the bridges, fishers smile,
And pilgrims, in a shady place,
Take their repose beside a well.

Land that was barren smiles with wheat,
Fields once fallow fill with fruit.
Happy the one that God made great!
Happy the house where He lies hid.

The modest house where Jesus slept,
That Holy Womb, was Mary's faith.
Hope was the well where pilgrims dipped,
And watered our wilderness of wrath:

And falling on the world by night
The dew of heaven shines and sings,
And Jesus, in this holy time,
Wakens our wilderness with springs.