Rorate Caeli: Saturday Mass of Our Lady in Advent

Saturday 7 December 2024 at 7:30 a.m.

SUNG BY REBECCA CLABORN, KATHERINE HILL & MARGARET CORMIER

Offertory Motet (PLEASE BE SEATED)

Salve, Virgo virginum

English, 14th century Hail, Virgin of virgins,

mother of the Father,

Hail, lily of the valley,

drop of purest dew;

our hope is in thee.

Hail, royal Virgin,

portal of salvation,

knowing no man;

our hope is in thee.

our hope is in thee.

and salvation:

for it is God whom you bear.

with the divine offspring;

Hail, means of our hope

hail to thee, through whom

Hail, ornament of beauty,

The pious zeal of our priest

of glory and wholesomeness;

the guilty and saved rejoice together.

Hail, for thou art made fruitful

hail, light of lights,

ray of brightness.

Salve virgo virginum parens genitoris, salve lumen luminum, radius splendoris. Salve flos convallium stilla veri roris: nostra spes in te.

Salve virgo regia porta salutaris, veri viri nescia, quia deum paris.

Ave, quia deica prole fecundaris; nostra spes in te.

Ave nostre spei finis et salutatis. ave per quam rei

letantur cum tutis. Ave speciei,

decus et salutis; nostra spes in te.

Communion Motet

Veri floris sub figura

(PLEASE REMAIN KNEELING OR SEATED)

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German, ca. 1180

from the Hortus Deliciarum,

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Hail, Virgin of virgins, mother of the Father, hail, light of lights, ray of brightness. *Hail, lily of the valley, drop of purest dew;* our hope is in thee.

Hail, royal Virgin, portal of salvation, knowing no man;

for it is God whom you bear. Hail, for thou art made fruitful with the divine offspring;

our hope is in thee.

Hail, means of our hope

and salvation:

hail to thee, through whom

the guilty and saved rejoice together.

Hail, ornament of beauty, of glory and wholesomeness;

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from the Hortus Deliciarum, German, ca. 1180

The pious zeal of our priest

Veri floris sub figura

Quem produxit radix pura, Cleri nostri pia cura Florem fecit misticum Preter usum laicum Sensum trahens tripicum Floris a natura.

Floris decor non decrescit, Qui non aret nec marcescit Sic flos ille casum nexit, Quem produxit virginis Ortus expers seminis, Quem nostre propaginis Modus expavescit.

Aurum faber suo more Ignis domands in ardore Flexu ducit leviore Sic conflavit media ignem pium gratia, Quo flecti iustitia Posset a rigore.

Ex hoc igne pietatis
Flos emersit caritatis
In incude castitatis,
Quem faber paraclitus
Formavit divinitus,
Inflectens humanitus
Aurum deitatis.

His flos multis argumentis Sensum pie movet mentis. Sceptrum regis prepotentis Signat auri pretium, Rubor latus saucium Splendor vero gaudium, Christi resurgentis. has shown the mystic flower beneath the appearance of a true flower, sprung from a pure stem. Paying no heed to the custom of lay people he drew a pictured meaning from the nature of the flower.

The beauty of a flower does not decrease if it neither dries nor fades.

Likewise, the flower the Virgin brought forth can never fall.

It grew without a seed.

Mankind, so limited in means of perpetuation, worships her in fear.

The craftsman, through his skill, shapes in gentle forms the gold he softens in the heat of the fire. Likewise, the grace come amidst men has inflamed a fire of piety; thanks to it, justice can bend and become less severe.

From this fire of piety there came forth, on the anvil of purity, the flower of charity to which the craftsman, the paraclete, gives his shape in godhead, fashioning in human shape the gold of divinity.

By these manifold meanings the symbol of the flower aroused the understanding of pious hearts. The sceptre of the powerful King marked with this sign the value of gold. His purple is the wounded side, and his splendour is the joy of the risen Christ. Quem produxit radix pura, Cleri nostri pia cura Florem fecit misticum Preter usum laicum Sensum trahens tripicum Floris a natura.

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