

Rorate Caeli: Saturday Mass of Our Lady in Advent

Saturday 21 December 2024 at 7:30 a.m.

SUNG BY MARGARET CORMIER & KATHERINE HILL

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Offertory Motet (PLEASE BE SEATED)

Edi beo þu

English, 13th century

Edi beo þu, hevene-quene,
folkes frovre and engles blis,
moder unwemmed and maiden clene
swich in world non oþer nis.
On þe hit is wel eþ sene
of alle wimmen þu havest þet pris;
mi swete levedi, her mi bene
and reu of me gif þi wille is.

*Blessed are you, queen of heaven,
people's comfort and angel's bliss
Mother unblemished and maiden pure,
such in this world none other is.
It is clear for all to see,
that of all women you bear the prize;
My sweetest lady, hear my prayer,
and have pity on me if it is your will.*

þu astege so þe daiȝ rewe
þe deleð from þe deorke nicht,
of þe sprong a leome newe,
þat al þis word haveð iligt.
Nis non maide of þine heowe,
swo fair, so sschene,
so rudi, swo bricht;
swete levedi of me þu reowe,
and have merci of þin knicht.

*You arose as the break of day
that takes us from the dark of night.
From you sprang a new illumination,
that all this world could now have light.
There is no maid of your countenance,
so fair, so beauteous,
so rosy, so bright.
Sweet lady, take pity,
and have mercy on me, your knight.*

Spronge blostme of one rote,
þe holi gost þe reste upon,
þet zes for monkunnes bote
and heore soule to alesen for on,
Levedi milde, softe and sȝote,
ic crie þe merci, ic am þi mon:
boþe to honde and to fote,
on alle gise þat ic kon.

*Blossom sprung from a single root,
the Holy Ghost rests upon you,
for the salvation of all mankind,
and to redeem all souls as one.
Gentle lady, soft and sweet,
I cry for mercy, I am your man,
Both hand and foot and all completely,
serving you in all ways that I can.*

þu ert eorþe to gode sede
on þe ligte þe heovene deuȝ

*You are earth to good seed,
on you fell the heavenly dew.*

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þe holi gost hire on þe seuz
þu bring us ut of kare of drede
þat Eve bitterliche us breuz,
þu sschalt us in to heavene lede,
zelle szete is þe ilke deuz.

*From you sprang the blessed fruit
the Holy Ghost has sown in you.
You bring us out of care and dread
that Eve so bitterly for us brewed.
You shall us into heaven lead,
so very sweet is that heavenly dew.*

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Communion Motet (PLEASE REMAIN KNEELING OR SEATED)

O Maria, O felix puerpera

Paris, ca. 1250

O Maria, O felix puerpera,
mater pia, cuius suxit ubera,
qui creavit sidera, munera
de te fluunt dulcia,
Spiritus sancti cratera.

*O Mary, O happy childbearer,
holy mother who nursed
the one who created the stars: gifts
of sweetness flow from you,
chalice of the Holy Ghost.*

Aqua viva clause semper ianua,
progressiva stella non occidua,
ficus sed non fatua, rigua
paradisi pascua,
balsamus myrtus oliva.

*O living water, flowing through a door
ever shut, O star never setting,
fruitful fig tree, watered
pasture of paradise;
balsam, myrtle, olive:*

Joseph spica humus de qua vipera
per quam sicca ione perit hedera,
sanans anguis
vulnera partica
funda tu davitica,
pariens cedrum myrica.

*Joseph's ears of corn, earth whence
came the worm by which the dry gourd
of Jonah perished, (JONAH 4:6-8)
staff that heals the serpent's bites,
you, David's sling,
shrub bearing a cedar.*

Salomonis thronus es eburneus,
visionis electrinum urceus,
David sitim satians puteus
tu spetenus cereus
donis septenus radians.

*You are Solomon's ivory throne,
vision's amber water-jar,
the well that quenches David's thirst,
you, sevenfold gleaming light
shining forth with seven gifts.*

Jacob scala, fac me celum scandere,
mundi mala carnem satan fugere.
Tollens Eve misere, scandala
pieatis ubere,
gratie fove sub ala.

*O Jacob's ladder: let me climb to heaven;
help me to flee sin, the flesh and the Devil.
Removing Eve's unhappy offence,
nourish us at thy holy breast
under the wings of grace.*

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