

Rorate  
William Dunbar(1460-1520)  
Scottish tune.

Rorate coeli desuper!  
Heavens, distil your balmy showers;  
For now is risen the bright Daystar,  
From the rose Mary, flower of flowers:  
The clear Sun, whom no cloud devours,  
Surmounting Phoebus in the east,  
Is comen of His heav'nly towers,  
Et nobis puer natus est.

Sinners be glad, and penance do,  
And thank your Maker heartfully;  
For He that ye might not come to,  
To you is comen, fully humbly,  
Your soule s with His blood to buy,  
And loose you of the fiend's arrest,  
And only of His own mercy;  
Pro nobis puer natus est.

Celestial fowle s in the air,  
Sing with your note s upon the height,  
In firthe s and in forests fair  
Be mirthful now at all your might;  
For passed is your dully night;  
Aurora has the cloude s pierced,  
The sun is risen with gladsome light,  
Et nobis puer natus est.

Sing, heaven imperial, most of height,  
Regions of air make harmony,  
All fish in flood and fowl of flight,  
Be mirthful and make melody;  
All Gloria in excelsis cry,  
Heaven, earth, sea, man, bird and beast;  
He that is crowned above the sky  
Pro nobis puer natus est.