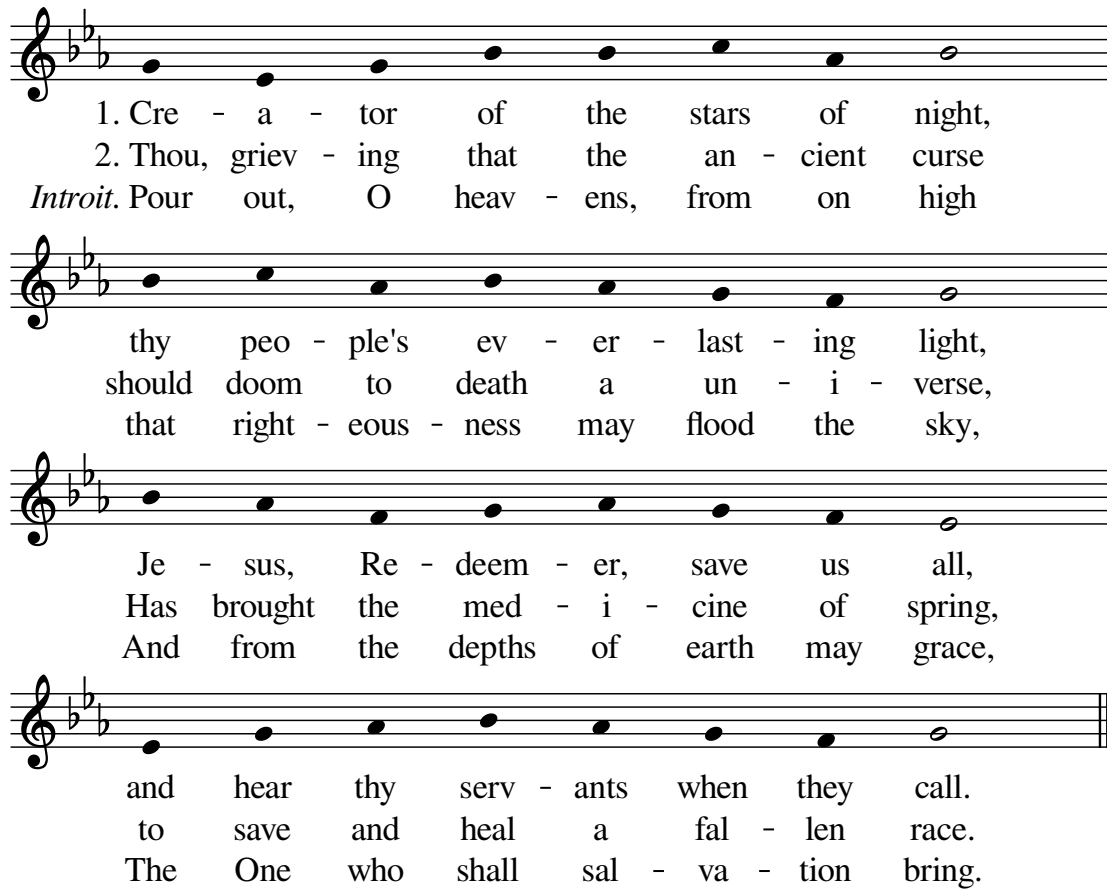




1. Cre - a - tor of the stars of night,
 2. Thou, griev - ing that the an - cient curse
Introit. Pour out, O heav - ens, from on high

thy peo - ple's ev - er - last - ing light,
 should doom to death a un - i - verse,
 that right - eous - ness may flood the sky,

Je - sus, Re - deem - er, save us all,
 Has brought the med - i - cine of spring,
 And from the depths of earth may grace,

and hear thy serv - ants when they call.
 to save and heal a fal - len race.
 The One who shall sal - va - tion bring.

*Text: Latin, 9th cent. Trans. by J M Neale; Isaiah 45:8; Rorate caeli desuper;
 Introit, Annunciation and Advent 4; adapted Clayton Orr, © 2020
 Music: CONDITOR ALME SIDERUM*