

## In Time of Drought

**W**HEN drought of summer parches up  
Earth's beatific bowers,  
O pour from Thy crystalline cup  
Ambrosial showers!

We wander shelterless athirst  
Throughout the wilderness,  
And Thou our pilgrimage accurst  
Alone canst bless.

The red sun scorches up our veins ;  
The white moon makes us mad ;  
Pitiless stars insult our pains  
With clamour glad.

But Thou art shelter and defence  
From them that rage and spoil.  
Assain our lives with penitence !  
Our souls assoil !

*Amen.*