

# The Gathering, Rain of roses

Saint Theresa little flower  
during your short life on earth  
you became a mirror of angelic purity  
of love as strong  
as death  
and wholehearted abandonment to God  
now that you rejoice in your reward  
turn your eyes of mercy upon me  
for I so ardently desire  
a rain of roses on  
my head  
a rain of roses at my hour of death  
shower roses on my head  
shower roses at my hour of death  
obtain for me the need to keep  
my heart and mind pure like your own  
to receive the hoped  
for graces  
from the Lord's infinite Goodness  
I put all my confidence in you  
your "Little way" has reached me too  
yes I implore your intercession  
for I so ardently desire  
a rain of roses on  
my head  
a rain of roses at my hour of death  
shower roses on my head  
shower roses at my hour of death  
little by little I come to littleness  
little by little to serve and love Him best  
little by little I'm on your "Little way";  
Saint Theresa of the Child Jesus  
oh I so ardently desire  
a rain of roses on my head  
a rain of roses at my hour of death  
shower roses on my head  
shower roses shower roses