

Hymn to Saint Philip Neri

This is the Saint of gentleness and kindness,
Cheerful in penance, and in precept winning;
Patiently healing of their pride and blindness
Souls that are sinning.

This is the Saint, who, when the world allures us,
Cries her false wares, and opes her magic coffers,
Points to a better city, and secures us
With richer offers.

Love is his bond, he knows no other fetter,
Asks not our all, but takes whate'er we spare him,
Willing to draw us on from good to better,
As we can bear him.

When he comes near to teach us and to bless us,
Prayer is so sweet, that hours are but a minute;
Mirth is so pure, though freely it possess us,
Sin is not in it.

Thus he conducts by holy paths and pleasant
Innocent souls and sinful souls forgiven
Towards the bright palace where our God is present
Throned in high heaven.

John Henry Cardinal Newman

Ecce qui comi pietate sanctus
Dura commendans movet obstinatos,
Saeculi pompa specieque captis
Dulce levamen.

Perfida merces ubi mundus urget
Blandus et caecas aperit cavernas,
Hic abundantes potioris urbis
Spondet honores.

Vinculo nullo nisi amore fidit;
Nostra non quaerit, nisi demus ultro;
Provehit cursu meliore lentos,
Ut damus ansam.

Sic preces illo recreante fervent,
Ut recedentis fuga fallat horae;
Sic joci casti pia corda laxant,
Ut scelus absit.

Per vias rectas ita perque amoenas
Ducit intactos scelere et solutos,
Luce dum clara superi fruamur
Regis in aula.

C.S.R.