



*Musical Oratory for
The Patronage of St Philip*

When the bell is rung, all stand and sing:

Look down from heaven, Father dear,
From that bright mount above,
On us who in this vale of tears
So sorely need thy love:
Look from thy peaceful haven, from
Thy place of well-earned rest,
On us who in this storm-tossed sea
With perils are oppressed.

No longer can earth's shadows, or
Its darkness dim thy sight,
But clearly into all things dost
Thou see in God's own light:
Remember then thy vineyard here,
The work thy hand hath wrought,
Which thou didst plant with so much toil,
And so much anxious thought.

Into thy hands we place ourselves,
From thee we seek for aid,
Thine army rule, for see the hosts
Of hell 'gainst us arrayed:
Beneath thy kind protecting care
If thou wilt let us live,
To thee the rudder of our lives
With all our hearts we give.

So steer this little ship of thine,
And from thy place on high,
Lead us in safety 'mid the rocks
Which all around us lie:

And if our pilot thou wilt be,
If thou wilt be our guide,
We'll safely come to port, and be
For ever by thy side.

All kneel for the prayer to the Holy Spirit:

Come, Holy Spirit, fill the hearts of thy faithful and kindle in them the fire of thy love.

ψ. Send forth thy Spirit and they shall be created:

℞. And thou shalt renew the face of the Earth.

Let us pray.

O God, who has taught the hearts of the faithful by the light of the Holy Spirit, grant that by the gift of the same Spirit, we may always be truly wise and ever rejoice in his consolation.

Through Christ our Lord. ℞. Amen.

From the book of Ecclesiasticus (51:13–30)

Ubi caritas et amor, Deus ibi est.

ψ. Congregavit nos in unum
Christi amor. ψ. Exsultemus et in
ipso iucundemur. ψ. Timeamus et
amemus Deum vivum. ψ. Et ex
corde diligamus nos sincero.

℞. Ubi caritas et amor, Deus ibi
est. ψ. Simul ergo cum in unum
congregamur: ψ. Ne nos mente
dividamur, caveamus. ψ. Cessent
iurgia maligna, cessent lites. ψ. Et
in medio nostri sit Christus
Deus.

Where charity and love are, there
is God. ψ. The love of Christ has
gathered us into one. ψ. Let us
rejoice and be glad in him. ψ. Let
us fear and love the living God.
ψ. And love each other from the
depths of our heart.

℞. Where charity and love are,
there is God. ψ. Therefore when
we are together ψ. Let us take
heed not to be divided in mind.
ψ. Let there be an end to
bitterness and quarrels, an end to
strife. ψ. And in our midst be
Christ our God.

℞. Ubi caritas et amor, Deus ibi
est. ̶. Simul quoque cum beatis
videamus. ̶. Glorianter vultum
tuum, Christe Deus: ̶. Gaudium,
quod est immensum atque
probum, ̶. Sæcula per infinita
sæculorum. Amen.

℞. Where charity and love are,
there is God. ̶. And, in company
with the blessed, may we see ̶.
Your face in glory, Christ our
God: ̶. Pure and unbounded joy
̶. Forever and ever. Amen.

All stand and sing:

True sons of Philip, raise
Heav'nward your strain of praise,
Ever rejoicing in God, as he taught;
Learn from St Philip still
In body, mind and will
Truly our Lord to serve, counting self as naught.

*Songs therefore let us bring,
Praises to Jesus sing,
Now and for ever our Lord and our God. (2)*

Trust in St Philip's prayers,
Let him relieve our cares,
Ease for us gain in temptation and stress.
Once we his aid invoke
Riven is Satan's yoke
And we are stronger our Saviour to bless.

Turn, as St Philip bade,
Often to Mary's aid,
Refuge and help she refuses to none;
Years have not dimmed her power
In this and ev'ry hour
New grace she wins us by prayer with her Son.

Onward then hasten to
Xavier's work renew,
Finding our Indies in this our own town;
Out with all sadness here,
Rather, with Philip's cheer
Dare we to run the race and win the crown!

From the dialogue by Cardinal Augustine 'Philip, or On Christian Joy'

All stand and sing:

On northern coasts our lot is cast,
Where faithful hearts are few;
Still are we Philip's children dear,
And Peter's soldiers true.

Founder and Sire! to mighty Rome,
Beneath St Peter's shade,
Thy early vow of loyal love
And ministry was paid.

The ample porch and portal high
Of Peter was thy home;
The world's Apostle he, and thou
Apostle of his Rome.

And first in the old Catacombs,
In galleries long and deep,
Where martyr Popes had ruled their flock,
And slept their glorious sleep.

There in the night the youthful Saint
To heaven his prayers addressed,
Till a new Pentecost came down,
And burned within his breast.

And in that heart-consuming love
He walked the city wide;
And lured the noble and the young
From Babel's pomp and pride.

And gathering them within his cell,
Unveiled the lustre bright
And beauty of his inner soul,
And won them by the sight.

And when he died, he did but go
In other lands to dwell,
A traveller now, who in his life
Ne'er left that one dear cell.

He travelled and he travelled on,
He crossed the swelling sea,
He sought our island's very heart,
And here at length is he.

Glory to God, who framed a Saint
So beautiful and sweet:
Who brought him from St Peter's side,
And placed us at his feet.

From 'The Roman Socrates' by Fr Louis Bouyer

The motet 'Respice de caelo' by William Sewell is then sung:

Respice de caelo Sancte Pater
Ex illius montis celsitudine
In huius vallis humilitatem,
Et visita vineam istam
Quam plantavit dextera tua.

*Look down from heaven holy father
From the loftiness of that mountain
To the lowliness of this valley,
And visit this vineyard
Which thy right hand has planted.*

All kneel for the Litany of St Philip:

Lord, have mercy. *R.* Lord, have mercy.

Christ, have mercy. *R.* Christ, have mercy.

Lord, have mercy. *R.* Lord, have mercy.

God the Father of heaven, *R.* Have mercy on us.

God the Son, Redeemer of the world, *R.* Have mercy on us.

God the Holy Spirit, *R.* Have mercy on us.

Holy Trinity, One God, *R.* Have mercy on us.

Holy Mary, *R.* Pray for us.

Holy Mother of God, *R.* Pray for us.

Holy Virgin of Virgins, *R.* Pray for us.

St Philip, *R.* Pray for us.

Vessel of the Holy Ghost, *R.* Pray for us. &c.

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world,

R. Spare us, O Lord.

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world,

R. Graciously hear us, O Lord.

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world,

R. Have mercy on us.

Christ, hear us, *R.* Christ, graciously hear us.

ψ. Remember thy Congregation,

R. Which thou hast possessed from the beginning.

Let us pray.

O GOD, who hast exalted blessed Philip, thy Confessor, in the glory of thy saints, grant that, as we rejoice in his commemoration, so we may profit by the example of his virtues. Through Christ our Lord. *R.* Amen.

All stand to sing the final antiphon to Our Lady:

R E-gi-na cæ-li * lætá-re, alle-lú-ia: Qui- a quem
 me-ru- ísti portá-re, alle-lú-ia: Re-surréx-it, sic-ut di-xit,
 alle-lú-ia: Ora pro nobis De-um, alle-lú- ia.

*O Queen of heaven rejoice! alleluia:
 For he whom thou didst merit to bear, alleluia,
 Hath arisen as he said, alleluia.
 Pray for us to God, alleluia.*

☩. Gaude et lætáre, Virgo María, allelúia.

℞. Quia surrexit Dóminus vere, allelúia.

Orémus. Deus, qui per resurrectionem Fílii tui, Dómini nostri Iesu Christi, mundum lætificáre dignátus es: præsta, quæsumus; ut, per eíus Genitrícem Vírginem Maríam, perpétuæ capiámus gáudia vitæ. Per eúmdem Christum Dóminum nóstrum. ℞. Amen.

☩. Rejoice and be glad, O Virgin Mary, alleluia.

℞. Because the Lord is truly risen, alleluia.

Let us pray. O God, who gave joy to the world through the resurrection of thy Son, our Lord Jesus Christ; grant, we beseech thee, that through his Mother, the Virgin Mary, we may obtain the joys of everlasting life. Through the same Christ our Lord.

℞. Amen.

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.