

NOVENA IN PREPARATION



G. Mochetti inc.

FOR THE FEAST OF OUR HOLY FATHER ST PHILIP

The devotions begin with a hymn in honour of St Philip

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.

There follows a reading from the life of St Philip

LOOK DOWN from heaven, Holy Father, from the loftiness of that mountain to the lowliness of this valley, from that harbour of quietness and tranquillity to this calamitous sea. And now that the darkness of this world hinders no more those benignant eyes of thine from looking clearly into all things, look down and visit, O most diligent keeper, this vineyard which thy right hand planted with so much labour, anxiety, and peril. To thee then we fly, from thee we seek for aid: to thee we give our whole selves unreservedly. Thee we adopt for our patron and defender: undertake the cause of our salvation, protect thy clients. To thee we appeal as our leader, rule thine army fighting against the assaults of the devil. To thee, kindest of pilots, we give up the rudder of our lives; steer this little ship of thine, and placed as thou art on high, keep us off all the rocks of evil desires, that with thee for our pilot and our guide we may safely come to the port of eternal bliss. ℞. Amen.

Then is said three times:

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit,
As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end.
Amen.

ψ. Holy Father, Saint Philip:

℣. Pray for us.

O FAMOUS leader and loving Father, Saint Philip, be a true Father to us. Protect and govern always those who have been given to thee. Make us good and, being made good, reconcile us to God; and after this time of exile joyfully present us to the beloved Son of God, the Lord Jesus Christ our Saviour; may whose honour, praise and glory, unspeakable joy and perpetual bliss with the glorious Virgin Mary and the whole court of heavenly citizens remain without end for ever and ever. ℣. Amen.

ψ. Fulfil thy words, O Father:

℣. Help us by thy prayers.

ψ. Behold and come to thy vineyard:

℣. Which thy strong hand has planted.

ψ. May the Holy Spirit inflame us with that fire:

℣. Which wonderfully penetrated the heart of Blessed Philip.

ψ. Remember thy Congregation:

℣. Which thou hast possessed from the beginning.

ψ. Grant, O Lord, that what we cannot achieve by our merits:

℣. We may gain by the patronage of Saint Philip.

Let us pray.

O GOD, who did marvellously penetrate the heart of Blessed Philip with the fire of thy love, grant that the same fire of the Holy Spirit may inflame us. Through our Lord Jesus Christ thy Son, who lives and reigns with thee in the unity of the Holy Spirit, one God, for ever and ever. *R.* Amen.

1

DAY SET on Rome! its golden morn
Had seen the world's Creator borne
 Around St Peter's square;
Trembling and weeping all the way,
God's Vicar with his God that day
 Made pageant brave and rare!

Oh, come to Father Philip's cell,
Rome's rank and youth, they know it well,
 Come ere the moment flies!
The feast hath been too much for him;
His heart is full, his eye is dim,
 And Rome's Apostle dies!

Come, O Creator Spirit! come,
Take thine elect unto his home,
 Thy chosen one, sweet dove!
'Come to thy rest,' he hears thee say;
He waits not—he hath passed away
 In mortal trance of love.

When Rome in deepest slumber slept,
Our father's children knelt and wept
 Around his little bed;
He raised his eyes, then let them fall
With marked expression upon all;
 He blessed them, and was dead.
One half from earth, one half from heaven,
Was that mysterious blessing given;
 Just as his life had been.
One half in heaven, one half on earth,
Of earthly toil and heavenly mirth
 A wondrous woven scene!
O Jesus, Mary, Joseph, bide,
With kind Saint Raphael, by my side
 When death shall come for me;
And, Philip leave me not that day;
But let my spirit pass away,
 Leaning, dear Sire, on thee!

F.W.F., London

2

DEAR FATHER Philip! holy Sire!
 We are poor sons of thine,
Thy last and least: then to our prayers
 A father's ear incline.
Busy and blithe in hidden cell,
 Or crowded street no less,
We use thy modest wiles to save
 The world by cheerfulness.

Look at the crowds of this sweet land

Dear Father Philip! see

How shepherdless they wander on

How lone, how hopelessly!

In Philip's name, in Philip's way,

To God and Mary true,

In this our own dear native land

Good work we fain would do.

To this our own dear native land

We welcome thee today;

Dear Father! come and toil with us

In thine own trustful way.

Jesus and Mary be the stars

That shine for us on high;

God and Saint Philip! brothers, be

Our gentle battle-cry.

Dear Father Philip! give to us

Thy manners gay and free,

Thy patient trust, thy plaint of prayer,

Thy deep simplicity.

F.W.F., London

3

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.

R.K., London

4

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.

J.H.N., Birmingham

5

PHILIP, on thee the glowing ray
Of heaven came down upon thy prayer,
To melt thy heart, and burn away
All that of earthly dross was there.
Thy soul became as purest glass,
Through which the Brightness Increate
In undimm'd majesty might pass,
Transparent and illuminate.
And so, on Philip when we gaze,
We see the image of his Lord;
The Saint dissolves amid the blaze
Which circles round the Living Word.
Jesu, to Philip's sons reveal
That gentlest wisdom from above,
To spread compassion o'er their zeal,
And mingle patience with their love.

J.H.N., Birmingham

6

SAINT PHILIP! I have never known
A Saint as I know thee;
For none have made their wills and ways
So plain for men to see.
I live with thee; and in my toil
All day thou hast thy part;
And then I come at night to learn
Thy picture off by heart.

O, what a prayer thy picture is!
Was Jesus like to thee?
Whence hast thou caught that lovely look
That preaches so to me?
Sermon and prayer thy picture is,
And music to the eye;
Song to the soul, a song that sings
Of whitest purity!

Philip! strange missionary thou art,
Biding so still at home,
Content if with the evening star
Souls to thy nets will come!
Thy heart, that was so large and strong,
It could not quiet bide!
O, was it not like his that beats
Within a wounded Side?

John's love of Mary thou hast got;
Thy house is Mary's home;
And then thou hast Paul's love of souls,
With Peter's love of Rome.
O, bless us, Philip! Saint most dear!
Thine Oratory bless;
And gain for those who seek thee there
The gift of holiness.

F.W.F., London

The holy monks, concealed from men,
 In midnight choir or studious cell,
 In sultry field or wintry glen,
 The holy monks, I love them well.

The Friars too, the zealous band
 Of Francis and of Dominic,
 They gather, and they take their stand
 Where foes are fierce, or souls are sick.

And then the unwearied Company,
 Which bears the name of sacred might,
 The Knights of Jesus, they defy
 The fiend, full eager for the fight.

Yet there is one I more affect
 Than Jesuit, Hermit, Monk, or Friar
 'Tis an old man of sweet aspect,
 I love him more, I more admire.

I know him by his head of snow,
 His ready smile, his keen full eye
 His words that kindle as they flow,
 Save he be rapt in ecstasy.

O sainted Philip, Father dear,
 Look on thy little ones, that we
 Thy loveliness may copy here,
 And in the eternal Kingdom see.

J.H.N., Birmingham

8

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.

J.H.N., Birmingham

9

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!

P.B., London, and S.A.F., Oxford

10

WHEN MANY sought a guide
In times of stress and storm,
The fortunate in Philip found
A wisdom firm but warm.

He influenced the great,
Yet was a humble priest;
Pure servant of a loving Lord,
Devoted to the least.

When weary pilgrim bands
Their way to Rome did wend,
They found in him a sanctuary,
A father and a friend.

The truth he could discern,
From sin he could set free;
He followed in his Master's steps
In true humility.

The noble youth of Rome
Encouraged he, and taught
The essence of a virtuous life;
To hold the world at naught.

To English Mission priests
He gave a fond farewell:
'Salvete flores martyrum!'
Their end he could foretell.

We sing of Philip's heart
So full of burning love;
His message to an erring world
To honour God above.

As Philip, let us pray
That God may bless us all;
The Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
And raise us when we fall.

A.M.L.-H., Birmingham, and N.D.J., Oxford.