

HYMN
OF
ST. CASIMIR

d 37

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DECAS 1.

1.

MNI die
Dic Mariae
Mea laudes anima ;
Ejus festa,
Ejus gesta,
Cole devotissima.

2.

Contemplate
Et mirare
Ejus celsitudinem ;
Dic felicem
Genitricem,
Dic beatam Virginem.

DECADE 1.

1.

SING, sing, each day,
A tuneful lay,
My soul, to Mary's glory :
Her feasts employ
With pious joy,
To con her wondrous story.

2.

Admiring gaze,
Where Angels raise
To her their upturned glances :
Pronounce her blest,
Whose virgin breast
A mother's bliss entrances.

3.

Ipfam cole,
Ut de mole
Criminum te liberet;
Hanc appella,
Ne procella
Vitiorum superet.

4.

Haec perfona
Nobis dona
Contulit coelestia:
Haec regina
Nos divina
Illustravit gratia.

5.

Lingua mea,
Dic trophaea
Virginis puerperae!
Quae infictum
Maledictum
Miro transfert germine.

3.

Then serve her truly,
That she may duly
From sinful burden free thee:
Invoke her loud,
And blast and cloud
Of vice's storm shall flee thee.

4.

This Lady bland,
With lavish hand,
Has dealt out Heaven's treasure:
Queen, who the light
Shed on us bright
Of grace that knows no measure.

5.

Give forth, my tongue,
The triumph-song
Of her the Virgin-Mother!
Who could reverse
One Adam's curse,
By bearing us *Another*.

6.

Sine fine
 Dic reginae
 Mundi, laudum cantica ;
 Ejus bona
 Semper sona,
 Semper illa praedica.

6.

Unending lays
 Sound forth her praise,
 The Queen of all created :
 Till note on note
 Through Heaven float,
 Each with her goodness freighted.

7.

Omnes mei
 Sensus ei
 Personate gloriam !
 Frequentate
 Tam beatae
 Virginis memoriam.

7.

My senses, all
 Your powers enthral,
 To touch these chords of jubilee !
 By oft repeating
 Some ancient greeting,
 Again remembered happily.

8.

Nullus certe
 Tam disertae
 Exstat eloquentiae,
 Qui condignos
 Promat hymnos
 Ejus excellentiae.

8.

No lips so sweet,
 No tongue so fleet,
 May earth boast of possessing,
 Which words can knit
 In verses fit,
 To bear so high our blessing.

9.

Omnes laudent,
 Unde gaudent,
 Matrem Dei, Virginem;
 Nullus fingat
 Quod attingat
 Ejus celsitudinem.

9.

Let each, alone
 Come with his own
 Peculiar tribute laden;
 But let none dream
 He grasps his theme—
 God's Mother, purest Maiden.

10.

Sed necesse,
 Quod prodesse
 Piis constat mentibus,
 Ut intendam,
 Quod impendam
 Me ipsius laudibus.

10.

What grace imparts
 To pious hearts,
 Is law of love, compelling
 My heart: and I
 Must live and die
 My praise and love in telling.

Ave Maria.

DECAS II.

11.

Quamvis sciam
 Quod Mariam
 Nemo digne praedicet,
 Tamen vanus
 Et infanus
 Est qui illam reticet.

DECADE II.

11.

Although I know,
 None here below
 Can speak of her becomingly;
 Yet dull in mind,
 In judgment blind,
 Who stands by dumb, unlovingly.

12.

Cujus vita
Erudita
Disciplina coelica,
Argumenta
Et figmenta
Deftruxit haeretica.

12.

Her life, so fraught
With lessons taught
By heav'nly erudition,
The figments crude
Of error's brood
Hurls baffled to perdition.

13.

Hujus mores
Tanquam flores
Exornant Ecclesiam ;
Actiones
Et sermones
Miram praestant gratiam.

13.

Her virtue's bloom
Its rich perfume
Throughout the Church diffuses;
Her word and deed
Are plants which bleed
Balsamic, healing juices.

14.

Evae crimen
Nobis limen
Paradisi clauferat.
Haec dum credit
Et obedit,
Coeli claustra referat.

14.

If Eve's revolt
The golden bolt
Drew fast of Heaven's portal;
She, better starred,
By faith unbarred
The gates of life immortal.

15.

Propter Evam
Homo faevam
Accepit sententiam;
Per Mariam
Habet viam,
Quae ducit ad patriam.

16.

Haec amanda
Et laudanda
Cunctis specialiter;
Venerari,
Praedicari
Eam decet jugiter.

17.

Ipſa donet,
Ut, quod monet
Natus ejus, faciam:
Ut, finita
Carnis vita,
Lactus hunc aspiciam.

15.

A ſentence dire,
From God's juſt ire,
Bore man for Eve's tranſgreſſion;
Till Mary led
The ſpendthrift's tread
Back home from ſin's oppreſſion.

16.

Then loud to bleſs her,
With love addreſs her,
Cease our poor hearts, O, never!
But praife, admire,
And glorify her,
For ever and for ever!

17.

Prevail her prayer,
That I may bear
Her Son's ſweet yoke moſt faith-
That when with life [fully;
Ends carnal ſtrife,
I may behold Him bliſsfully.

18.

O cunctarum
Foeminarum
Decus atque gloria!
Quam electam
Et electam
Scimus super omnia.

18.

O glory, pride,
Of maid or bride!
Of woman type most splendid!
Placed, chosen vase,
Where with thy rays
None save thy Son's are blended.

19.

Clemens audi,
Tuæ laudi
Quos instantes conspicias.
Munda reos,
Et fac eos
Donis dignos coelicis.

19.

Indulgent hear,
Who to thine ear
Sing praise so true and earnest;
For sinners purged,
Thy plea be urged,
Whereby Heaven's gifts thou ear-
[nest.

20.

Virga Jesse,
Spes oppressæ
Mentis et refugium,
Decus mundi,
Lux profundi,
Domini sacrarium.

20.

O blessed shoot
From Jesse's root,
Hope, refuge of minds weary!
The earth's delight,
The abyss's light,
The Lord's own sanctuary.

Ave Maria.

DECAS III.

DECADE III.

21.

Vitae forma,
 Morum norma,
 Plenitudo gratiae !
 Dei templum,
 Et exemplum
 Totius iustitiae !

21.

Of life the rule ;
 Of virtues, school ;
 All overflowing graciousness !
 God's Temple ample,
 And bright example
 Of never-failing righteousness !

22.

Virgo falve !
 Per quam valvae
 Coeli patent miseris ;
 Quam non flexit
 Nec allexit
 Fraus serpentis veteris.

22.

Hail, then, O Maiden !
 Through whom true Eden
 Its gates to man unfolded ;
 The serpent's coil
 Within its toil
 Thy virgin foot ne'er folded.

23.

Generosa
 Et formosa
 David regis filia !
 Quam elegit
 Rex qui regit
 Et creavit omnia.

23.

Child, noble, fair,
 Beyond compare,
 Of Sion's olden sovereigns !
 By His choice blest,
 Whose sole behest
 Created all, and governs !

24.

Gemma decens,
Rosa recens,
Castitatis lilium!
Castum chorum
Ad polorum
Quae perducis gaudium.

25.

Actionis
Et sermonis
Facultatem tribue;
Ut tuorum
Meritorum
Laudes promam strenue.

26.

Opto nimis,
Ut inprimis
Des mihi memoriam,
Qua decenter
Et ferventer
Tuam cantem gloriam.

24.

Most precious gem!
Rose-budding stem!
O lily of pure faintlinefs!
Chaste virgin-trains
To blifsful reigns
Leads up thy queenly statelinefs.

25.

Oh, make my reach
Of act and speech
But like their aim unbounded;
Thy many claims
To glorious names
Shall far and long be founded.

26.

But first, oh, hear
My earnest prayer,
That memory so avail me,
That I, thy servant,
Though staid, yet fervent,
Ne'er find thy praises fail me.

27.

Quamvis muta
Et polluta
Mea sciam labia;
Praesumendum,
Nec filendum
Est de tua gloria.

28.

Virgo gaude,
Omni laude
Digna et praeconio;
Quae damnatis
Libertatis
Facta es occasio.

29.

Semper munda
Et foecunda,
Virgo tu puerpera.
Mater alma
Velut palma
Florens et fructifera.

27.

These lips are mute,
Which sins pollute,
With shame my heart confesses;
Yet dares to raise
Its wreath of praise
To crown thy golden tresses.

28.

Virgin, rejoice,
Whom every voice
Should join in glorifying;
Whose first sweet look
The prison shook,
Where hopeless man lay fighting.

29.

The Virgin's flower,
The Mother's dower,
Thy gifts are to eternity;
The palm-tree shedding
Its fruits, yet budding,
Is type of thy maternity.

30.

Ejus flore
 Et odore
 Recreari cupimus,
 Cujus fructu
 Nos a luctu
 Liberari credimus.

Ave Maria.

DECAS IV.

31.

Pulchra tota
 Sine nota
 Cujuscumque maculae,
 Fac nos mundos
 Et jucundos
 Te laudare sedule.

32.

O beata,
 Per quam data
 Nova mundo gaudia!
 Et aperta
 Fide certa
 Regna sunt coelestia.

30.

Its fragrant showers
 Of scattered flowers
 Sooth griefs that, light, depress us:
 While faith believes,
 Its fruit relieves
 From woes that deep oppress us.

DECADE IV.

31.

Fair, oh, yea, fairest!
 For thou sole bearest
 No blot or spot of sinfulness;
 Blithe as the child,
 As undefiled,
 Sing we thy praise in cheerfulness.

32.

Blest! before whom
 The world's deep gloom
 Was turned to joyous lightness;
 Thy faith the morn,
 Which opes, scarce born,
 The gates of Heaven's brightness.

33.

Per te mundus
Laetabundus
Novo fulget lumine,
Antiquarum
Tenebrarum
Exutus caligine.

34.

Nunc potentes
Sunt egentes
Sicut olim dixeras :
Et egeni
Fiunt pleni,
Ut tu prophetaveras.

35.

Per te morum
Nunc pravorum
Relinquuntur devia :
Doctrinarum
Perverfarum
Pulsa sunt praestigia.

33.

For when thy birth
Gave joy, the earth
With radiant vest adorning,
It cast away
The dark array
Of ages spent in mourning.

34.

As thou hast told,
The strong and bold
Have sunk to want and weakness;
As thou hast said,
Now filled with bread
Are they who pined in meekness.

35.

The crooked path,
From sin to wrath,
Through thee is now deserted;
The fatal harms
Of error's charms
By thee have been averted.

36.

Mundi luxus
Atque fluxus
Docuisti spernere :
Deum quaeri,
Carnem teri,
Vitiis resistere,

37.

Mentis cursum
Tendi sursum
Pietatis studio,
Corpus angi,
Motus frangi,
Pro coelesti praemio.

38.

Tu portasti
Inter casti
Ventris claustra Dominum
Redemptorem ;
Ad honorem
Nos reformans pristinum.

36.

This world so fleeting,
Our hearts though cheating,
We scorn by thine example ;
Try God to find,
The body grind,
On vice's brood to trample ;

37.

Still upwards ever
Each weak endeavour
Of willing minds directing ;
The flesh subduing,
And, Heaven wooing,
To law wild thoughts subjecting.

38.

In thee the Word,
Thy chaste womb's lord,
Begins His saving mission ;
And thou, for us,
Retrievest thus
Our forfeited condition.

39.

Mater facta
Sed intacta
Genuisti filium,
Regem regum
Atque rerum
Creatorem omnium.

40.

Benedicta,
Per quam victa
Hostis est versutia :
Destitutis
Spe salutis,
Datur indulgentia.

Ave Maria.

DECAS V.

41.

Benedictus
Rex invictus,
Cujus Mater crederis.
Increatus,
Ex te natus,
Nostri salus generis.

39.

Thou art a Mother,
Yea as none other
Bore son, before or later ;
Thine, King of kings,
And of all things
Created, sole Creator !

40.

O thou most blest !
Through whom repressed
Is every hostile malice ;
And, at hell's brink,
Who hopeless sink,
May quaff salvation's chalice.

DECADE V.

41.

That King fought rest
Upon thy breast
To whom earth cries 'Hofanna.'
The Uncreate
From thee took date,
Our race's healing manna !

42.

Reparatrix,
Consolatrix
Desperantis animae !
A pressura,
Quae ventura
Malis est, nos redime.

42.

The path who smootheft,
The pangs who sootheft,
Of souls the most despairing !
Make woes that rush
The bad to crush,
Pass us, though sinners, sparing.

43.

Pro me pete,
Ut quiete
Sempiterna perfruar ;
Ne tormentis
Comburentis
Stagni miser obruar.

43.

So pray for me,
That I may be
The heir of peace eternal ;
And never know
Of torture's woe
In pool of flames infernal.

44.

Quod requiro,
Quod suspiro,
Mea sana vulnera ;
Et da menti
Te poscenti
Gratiarum munera,

44.

For this I cry,
For this I sigh,
Be thou my soul's physician !
Thy gifts of grace,
Poured down apace,
Requite my soul's petition !

45.

Ut fim castus
Et modeftus,
Dulcis, blandus, fobrius,
Pius, reftus,
Circumfpectus,
Simultatis nefcius ;

46.

Eruditus
Et munitus
Divinis eloquiis,
Timoratus
Et ornatus
Sacris exercitiis ;

47.

Conftans, gravis
Atque fuavis,
Benignus, amabilis,
Simplex, purus
Et maturus,
Patens et humilis ;

45.

So make me bashful,
Chafte, meek, and watchful,
Sober, without afperity ;
Upright and pious,
Ne'er to the bias
Yielding of infincerity.

46.

God's Word my ftore,
Whence virtue's lore
Come like a fhield well burnifhed !
While by His fear,
Alms, fafting, prayer,
My foul's true gems be furnifhed !

47.

Be I grave, ftady ;
Be fweet, and ready
To fhew all loving-kindnefs ;
Be fimple, pure,
Refigned, mature,
And humble e'en to blindnefs.

48.

Corde prudens,
 Ore studens
 Veritatem dicere,
 Malum nolens,
 Deum colens
 Pio semper opere.

48.

Be prudent-hearted,
 My lips have parted
 As truth alone demandeth ;
 All evil shun,
 The true path run,
 By deeds which God command-
 [eth.

49.

Esto tutrix
 Et adjutrix
 Christiani populi ;
 Pacem præsta,
 Ne molesta
 Nos perturbent sæculi.

49.

Do thou resist !
 Do thou assist !
 As Christian people need it ;
 When, from the wear
 Of earthly care,
 We ask for peace, oh, speed it !

50.

Salutaris
 Stella maris
 Summis digna laudibus,
 Quæ præcellis
 Cunctis stellis
 Atque luminaribus.

50.

No tongue can raise
 Too high thy praise,
 O saving star of ocean !
 Pale by thy light
 Is planet bright,
 Or meteor's brilliant motion.

Ave Maria.

DECAS VI.

51.

Tua dulci
 Prece fulci
 Supplices, et refove ;
 Quidquid gravat
 Vel depravat
 Mentes nostras, remove.

52.

Virgo gaude,
 Quod de fraude
 Daemonis nos liberas,
 Dum in vera
 Et sincera
 Carne Deum generas.

53.

Illibata
 Et dotata
 Coelesti progenie ;
 Gravidata,
 Nec fraudata
 Flore pudicitiae.

DECADE VI.

51.

Cherish, sustain,
 The suppliant train
 In thy sweet prayer confiding !
 Whatever pains,
 Whatever stains,
 Prevent in us abiding !

52.

Virgin, be glad,
 Who from the bad
 Arts of the Tempter freest ;
 As from thine own
 Blood, flesh, and bone,
 Incarnate, God thou see'st.

53.

Though Virgin bright,
 Thou hast the right
 Of richest claims maternal ;
 Though Mother true,
 To thee is due
 The virgin's bloom eternal.

54-

Nam quod eras,
Perseveras,
Dum intacta generas,
Illum tractans
Atque lactans,
Per quem facta fueras.

55.

Commendare
Me dignare
Christo tuo Filio :
Ut non cadam,
Sed evadam
De mundi naufragio.

56.

Fac me mitem,
Pelle litem,
Compesce lasciviam.
Contra crimen
Da munimen
Et mentis constantiam.

54-

Of what thou wast
Nought from thee passed,
When Gabriel's tongue addressed
O'er Him thou bendeſt, [thee;
Him feedeſt, tendeſt,
Who with thine own life bleſſed
[thee.

55.

Commending, bear
To Chriſt my prayer,
Thy Son beloved ſo purely ;
That, from the world
In ſhipwreck whirled,
I reach the ſhore ſecurely.

56.

Oh, make me mild
And undefiled,
Avoiding ſtrife and quarrel ;
Conſtant and ſtrong
To do no wrong,
Or yield to thought immoral.

B

57.

Non me liget,
 Nec fatiget
 Saeculi cupiditas ;
 Quae indurat
 Et obscurat
 Mentis tibi subditas.

58.

Nunquam ira,
 Nunquam dira
 Me vincat elatio :
 Quae multorum
 Fit malorum
 Frequenter occasio.

59.

Ora Deum,
 Ut cor meum
 Sua fervet gratia ;
 Ne antiquus
 Inimicus
 Seminet zizania

57.

That neither bound,
 Nor bowed and ground,
 I be by greed of riches ;
 Which hearts o'erthrown
 Turns quite to stone,
 Or blinding fore bewitches.

58.

Of vengeful ire,
 Deed, nor desire,
 Permitted be to enthrall us ;
 Nor proud disdain,
 Oft in whose train
 A host of evils follows.

59.

Pray God to shield
 My soul's poor field,
 Nor graces weigh, nor number ;
 For th' ancient foe
 His tares will sow,
 If He, our Watchman, slumber.

60.

Da levamen
Et juvamen
Tuum illis jugiter,
Tua festa
Sive gesta
Qui colunt alacriter.

Ave Maria.

60.

Oh, grant relief
From toil and grief,
To all who perseveringly
Thy feasts observe,
Thy deeds preserve
In memory's depths endearingly.



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MUSIC FOR THE HYMN.

(1 or 3 voices, ad libitum.)

Allegretto. p

I & 2 SOPRANI

ORGANO.

BASSO.

Sing, sing, each day, A tune - ful lay, My

foul, to Ma - ry's glo - ry: Her feasts em-ploy With

pi - ous joy To con her won-drous sto - ry.

rit.

H. E. C. W.

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