

Anglorum jam Apostolus

Anglór-um jam A-pó-sto-lus, Tunc An-ge-ló-rum

só-ci-us, Ut tunc, Gre-gó-ri, gén-ti-bus,

Su-cúr-re jam cre-dén-ti-bus.

1.
Anglór-um jam Apóstolus,
Nunc Angelór-um sócius,
Ut tunc, Gregóri, géntibus,
Succúr-re jam credéntibus.

2.
Tu largas opum cópias,
Omném-que mundi glóriam
Spérnis, ut inops ínopem
Jesum sequáris princípem.

1.
*Of Angles once apostle thou,
Companion of the Angels now,
O Gregory, protect our race
By faith in Christ restored to grace.*

2.
*Earth's wealth and riches thou didst spurn,
And from its dazzling glory turn
To follow, needy, Christ the King,
Like Him, too, lacking everything.*

3.
Vidétur egens náufragus,
Dum stipem petit Angelus,
Tu munus jam post géminum,
Præbes et vas argénteum.

4.
Ex hoc te Christus témpore,
Suæ præfert Ecclésiæ :
Sic Petri gradum pércipis,
Cujus et normam séqueris.

5.
Mella cor obdulcántia
Tua distillant lábia :
Fragrántum vim arómatum
Tuum vincit elóquium.

6.
Scripturæ sacre mýstica
Mire solvis ænigmata :
Theórica myséria
Te docet ipsa Véritas.

7.
Tu nactus apostólicam
Vicem simul et glóriam :
Nos solve culpæ néxibus,
Redde polórum sédibus.

8.
O Póntifex egrégie,
Lux et decus Ecclésiæ,
Non sinas in periculis,
Quos tot mandátis ínstruis.

9.
Sit Patri laus ingyénito,
Sit decus Unigénito :
Sit utriúsque páрили
Majéstas summa Flámini.
Amen.

St. Peter Damian
Tr. The Benedictines of Stanbrook

3.
*On outstretched hand thou dost bestow
Two coins, a silver dish, when lo!
'Neath shipwrecked, sorry garb concealed,
A noble Angel stands revealed.*

4.
*Thenceforth Christ sets thee o'er His fold
His Church to rule, His place to hold ;
To Peter's honours thou art led,
For in his steps thou firm didst tread.*

5.
*Thy words as honey sweet impart
A strength that conquers every heart:
Than fragrant perfume stronger still,
The wisdom that thy lips distil.*

6.
*With wondrous skill thou dost unfold
Of Holy Writ the depths untold:
The mysteries of Divinity
The Truth Himself did teach to thee.*

7.
*O thou, who Peter's charge didst share,
The Apostle's crown alike dost wear,
Now set us free from bonds of sin
That thrones in Heaven we too may win.*

8.
*O Pontiff, high above all praise,
The Church's light in thousand ways,
O leave us not in dangers sore,
Once taught and guided by thy lore.*

9.
*All praise to God the Father be,
All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee,
And equal glory, as is meet,
To God the Holy Paraclete.
Amen.*

Acpt. Dom J. Hébert Desroquettes O. S. B.