

Sing, my tongue, the Virgin's honors,
Who for us her Maker bore,
For the curse of old inflicted,
Peace and blessings to restore.
Sing in songs of praise unending,
Sing the world's majestic Queen;
Weary not nor faint in telling
All the gifts that earth has seen.

All my senses, heart, affections,
Strive to sound her glory forth.
Spread abroad the sweet memorials
Of the Virgin's priceless worth.
Where the voice of music thrilling,
Where the tongues of eloquence,
That can utter hymns befitting
All her matchless excellence?

All our joys do flow from Mary;
All then join her praise to sing.
Trembling, sing the Virgin Mother,
Mother of our Lord and King.
While we sing her awesome glory,
Far above our fancy's reach,
Let our hearts be quick to offer
Love the heart alone can reach

Sources Include: catholic.org, catholicnewsagency.com, faith.nd.edu
Lyrics to Daily, daily, sing to Mary are available through Public Domain

Social with the Saints

PILGRIM CENTER of HOPE | Guiding People to Christ
PilgrimCenterofHope.org | 210-521-3377



St. Casimir *Prince of Poland*

Feast Day: March 4
Born: October 3, 1458
Died: March 4, 1484
Patronage: Poland and Lithuania

Casimir, who was the third of thirteen children, grew up believing in God. Some of that devotion was the result of a tutor named Fr. John Dlugosz, whose holiness inspired Casimir to embark on his own path of faith. Casimir spoke Latin, German,

Lithuanian, and Polish. Fr. Dlugosz, a Polish priest, began teaching Casimir and his brother Vladislaus when they were nine years old.

Casimir was raised in a society in which he did not live his own life. His existence was planned as a prince of Poland, the second child of King Casimir IV and Queen Elizabeth of Austria, to solidify his father's rule and raise Poland's power.

From an early age, Casimir understood that his life belonged to another King—one who was much more powerful than his father. During his whole life, he maintained that loyalty in the face of pressure, humiliation, and rejection.

For us, it might be hard to imagine royal privilege as a stressor. Yet for Casimir, the riches around him were temptations to forget his true loyalties. He wore the most basic attire as a protest against the expensive, stylish clothes he was required to wear.

He avoided even the most basic comforts, slept little, and spent his nights in meditation. When he did sleep, he did not do it in a princely bed but rather on the floor. Even though he was a prince, many people must have mocked him for his decisions. But regardless of the situation, Casimir was always cordial and polite.

Even though he must have been concerned about him, Casimir's father noticed and loved his strength. When he placed Casimir in command of an army to overthrow Hungary's monarchy at the request of certain local nobility, he demonstrated that he had misinterpreted this strength. Despite Casimir's belief that the entire mission was wrong, he was persuaded to go by his father. Casimir couldn't help but feel that it was a disobedience to his Heavenly Father at every moment. He was therefore happy to follow his leaders' instructions and head back home when men began to desert. His emotions were validated when he learned that Pope Sixtus IV had objected to the activity.

But Casimir's father was enraged that his plans had been derailed, and placed Casimir in a castle at Dobzki in the hopes that this would change his mind. Despite the pressure to conform, Casimir's dedication to doing what he thought was right only became stronger throughout his exile. He no longer cooperated with his father's plans. Even the marriage his father attempted to form was rejected by the Prince. Casimir prayed, studied, and assisted the poor as part of his true King's plans.

Casimir foresaw his death, and strengthened his devotion to God after beginning to show signs of tuberculosis. He passed away from lung disease in 1484 at the age of 25. His favorite song, "Omni die dic Mariae," a Latin hymn to Mary that is also known as "Daily, Daily Sing to Mary," was played at his funeral. Although he didn't write the song, it is known as the Hymn of St. Casimir because of his love for it. His relics are kept at the Vilnius Cathedral's Chapel of St. Casimir. He was canonized by Pope Adrian VI in 1522.

Veneration of Casimir saw a rebirth after Pope Pius V confirmed Casimir's feast day in 1602 and the Chapel of Saint Casimir was finished in 1636. Casimir became the patron saint of Lithuania and Lithuania's youth. On the Sunday closest to his death anniversary, March 4, a trade fair called *Kaziuko mugė* is held in Vilnius to commemorate his feast day. In Lithuania and Poland, there are more than 50 churches bearing his name, including the Church of St. Casimir in Vilnius and the St. Kazimierz Church in Warsaw. The Sisters of Saint Casimir is a women's religious order that was founded in 1908 and is still in existence today.

In 1984, Pope John Paul II addressed Lithuanian pilgrims, commemorating the 500th anniversary of the prince's death. He said the Church "proclaimed Casimir a saint and placed him before us not only to be venerated but also that we might imitate his heroic virtues and follow his example of holiness."

"His witness of great faith and fervent piety continues to have special meaning for us today," the Pope said, noting especially the "challenging call" he offers to young people. "His life of purity and prayer beckons you to practice your faith with courage and zeal, to reject the deceptive attractions of modern permissive society, and to live your convictions with fearless confidence and joy."

Casimir is usually depicted as a young man in long, red robe lined with fur. Almost always he holds a lily, a symbol of virginity, innocence, and purity of heart.

Lyrics: Daily, Daily Sing to Mary

Daily, daily sing to Mary;
Sing, my soul, her praises due.
All her glorious actions cherish,
With the heart's devotion true.
Lost in wond'ring contemplation,
Be her majesty confessed!
Call her Mother, call her Virgin,
Happy Mother, Virgin blest!

She is mighty to deliver;
Call her, trust her lovingly.
When the tempest rages round you,
She will calm the troubled sea.
Gifts of heaven she has given,
Noble Lady, to our race;
She, the Queen, who clothes her subjects
With the light of God's own grace.