

Astra Quæ Terram

Hymn to St. Philomena



1. A - stra quæ ter - ram pró-pri-o ma - dén - tem Sán-guínex - hór-reus Phi-lo-mén-a, scan - dis,
2. Dum ti - bi do - nis cu-mu-lá-ta cen-tum A - ra vo - tí - va ré-ca-let fa - víl - la,
3. Te nec in - stán - tis rá-bi-es ty - rán - ni Men - te de - jé - cit so-lid, im-me - rén - ti
4. Si - ve plum - bá - tis la - ce-rán-da lo - ris Ter - ga nu - dá - rit, me-di - ó - ve ca - sta
5. Per-stat in - sá - no ve-lut ic - ta pon - to Flúc - tu-um cau - tes rá-bi-em re - frí - gens
6. Ú - ni-cum cæ - lo pró-fi-tens to - nán - tem Bár - ba-re col - lum súb-ji - cis bi - pén - ni;
7. Hic Pat - ri tri - nam, ge - ni-tóq et al - mo Flá - mi-ni lau-dem ré-ci-nens be - á - ris;



Si qua te no - stri pí - e - tas, pre - cán - tum Án - nu - e vo - tis. A - men.
Vír - gi-nes cir - cum, pu - e - rí - que læ - to Cár - mi-ne plau-dunt.
Si - ve, ni Chri - sto ré-nu-as, mi - né - tur Vín - cu - la col - lo.
Mís - si - li me - tam dé-de-rit sa - gít - tæ Péc - to-ra cir - co.
Vis tib haud im - par Phi-lo-mé-na, mens-que Né - sci - a flec - ti.
I - ma des - péc - tans, co-mi-tán-te scan - dis Sí - de-ra spon - so.
Súb - di - tas has, tu, plá-ci-do tu - é - re Lú - mi-ne ter - ras.

1. Philomena, thou risest up to the stars of the earth which trembles soaked by thy blood; if thou hast pity on us, grant the wishes of our prayers.

2. While the votive altar heaped with a hundred gifts to thee becomes warm with embers, virgins and children round about applaud in joyous song.

3. Neither did the madness of the present tyrant cast down thy strength of mind, nor the threatening chains round thy neck, lest thou deny Christ.

4. Nor the scourges of the leaden whips to which thou exposed thy back, nor the flying arrows to which thou gave thy pure breasts in the midst of those circled about thee.

5. Philomena, thou standest firm as a cliff that breaks the madness of the waves amid the blows of the raging sea; and thy will, not unequal, knows no bending.

6. Professing the one who thunders from heaven thou layest thy neck under the barbarian axe; despising what is worthless, thou risest to the stars, thy bridegroom accompanying.

7. Here thou shall delight, echoing threefold praise unto the Father, and unto the Begotten One, and unto the Spirit; watch over these lands below from thy place of peaceful light.