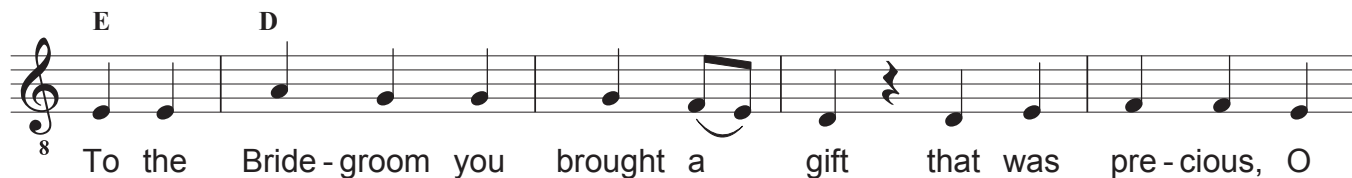




And He planted my feet upon rock, and He directed my steps.



To the Bride-groom you brought a gift that was precious, O



glo-ri-ous vir-gin Mar-tyr, name-ly a peo-ple sanc-ti-fied,



which had be-lieved thru your mir-a-cles; by faith you per-



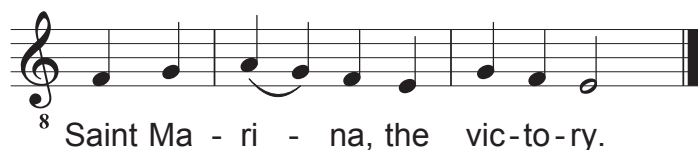
formed them all, and you proved to be a-bove ev-ery tor-ture and



pun-ish-ment, e-ven scorch-ing fire. You suc-ceed-ed in



do-ing this in Christ who be-ing God from heav-en gave you, O



Saint Ma-ri-na, the vic-to-ry.