1) O modest Irene, when thou wast clothed in the brilliant royal purple of thine own sacred blood, thou rankest swiftly unto Him Whom thou didst long after, the Artificer and King, the Lord of all, from Whose hands thou hast received the crown of victory. Now forever thou dost reign with Him as a virgin and much-suffering Martyr of Christ.

2) Thouarest the raging heat of fire and all scrapings of thy body, O Irene, looking earnestly to those divine rewards which are readied yonder by Christ Jesus for the sake

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of them a - lone who love Him with fer - vor and de -
-sire Him ar - dent -ly as the fair - est Bride-groom of our souls,
O all mod - est vir - gin who art praised of all.

3) En - thralled with the love of Christ our God, thou didst hate the life - less
i - dols and the gods of the hea - then, and be - fore the sight of all,
 thou most man - i - fest - ly, O all - glo - ri - ous I - rene,
didst set thine own self up as a mon - u - ment of
knowl - edge of our God, by con - tend - ing, fin - ish - ing thy course,
and pre - serv - ing free of spot the blame - less Faith.