

O Roma Felix
(literal English translation to match Gregorian Latin melody)



O Rome the hap- py, who from súch a prínce ly pair Your robes are púr ple by such ráre
and pré cious blood! Ex cél lent you are, past all earth ly lóve liness, Not from your prai ses, but from
mé rits óf the saints Whom cru elly y'ou stabbed in the néck with blóod y sword. 2. We ask you
there fore, glo ri óus in már tyr dom, O Pe ter blés- sed, Paul the li- ly óf the world, Ce lés tial cour-
tiers and tri úm phant wár ri- ors: Bý your en trea ties, kind ly shel ter ús from all E- víl asaults,
and car ry us be yónd the sky. 3. Gló ry be to the Fa ther throug bound lés s a- ges; To the Be got-
ten, dig ni- ty be yóurs and rule, ho nor, and pów er, and tó the Ho- lý Spir it; To the Tri ní- ty
be wealth with out dí- vi- sion Throug in- fi- ní ties of a- ges up ón a- ges. A- men.