

Ode Seven

Plagal of Second Mode. An Angel made the furnace

Adapted from John the Protopsaltis by Basil Crow

Ἦχος λ π Βϛ

B^(Δ) y the in - ter - ces - sions of Thy Mar - tyrs, O Lord, grant rest
un - to the souls of — Thy ser - vants.

B^(Δ) e - ing ran - somed by Thy Blood from the pri - mor - di - al break -
- ing of the com - mand - ment, O Lord, and be - sprin - kled with their
own blood, Thy Mar - tyrs all por - tray Thy slaugh - ter in im - age plain
as day. Bless - ed art Thou Who art the God — both of our Fa - thers
and of us. —

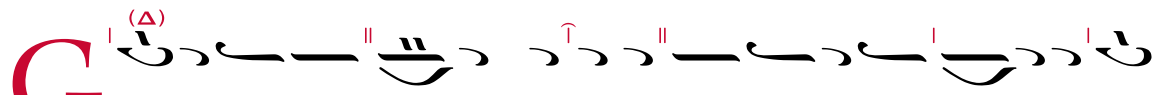
T^(Δ) heir souls shall dwell a - mong good — things.

T^(Δ) hou, O Sov - 'reign life - o - rig - i - nat - ing Word, didst slay death
when he raged with in - so - lent pride; now re - ceive those fall - en a - sleep


in faith, O Sav - iour Christ, who praise Thee in song and say to Thee:


Bless - ed art Thou Who art the God — both of our Fa - thers and of us.




lo - ry to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Spir -


- it.


di - vine - ly - sov - 'reign Lord Who by Thy breath di - vine gav -


- est life — un - to me, a man: Now, O Sav - iour, count the de -


- part - ed wor - thy to at - tain Thy King - dom while chant - ing un - to

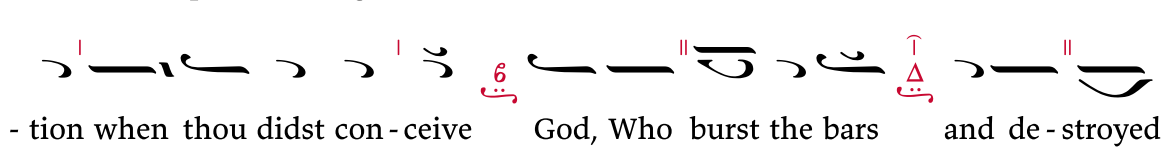

Thee: Bless - ed art Thou Who art the God — both of our Fa - thers and

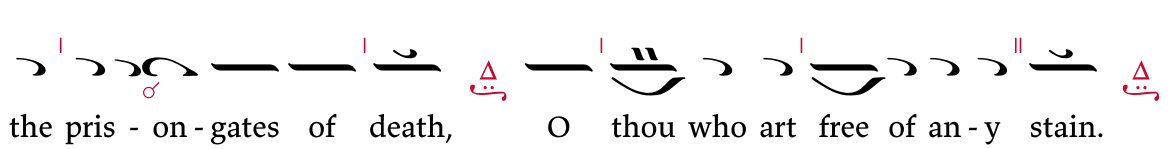

of us. —

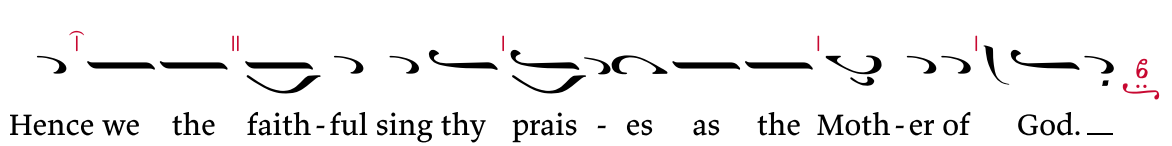

oth now and ev - er, and un - to the ag - es of ag -


- es. A - men.


 pure Vir - gin, thou be - cam - est more ex - alt - ed than all cre - a -


 - tion when thou didst con - ceive God, Who burst the bars and de - stroyed


 the pris - on - gates of death, O thou who art free of an - y stain.


 Hence we the faith - ful sing thy prais - es as the Moth - er of God. —