

Ode One

Plagal of Fourth Mode

Basil Crow

Ἦχος λ π δ̣ ς

The char - iot - eer of Phar - aoh was sunk in old - en times by
Mo - ses - 's rod, which wrought a might - y won - der when,
in the Cross - 's form, it struck the sea, di - vid - ing it in twain;
and it led in - to safe - ty so - journ - ing Is - ra - el that fled by
foot, chant - ing to the Lord God a song of praise.

Most Ho - ly Moth - er of God, save us.

My hum - ble soul is trou - bled by the ris - ing tem - pests of
af - flic - tions and woes; and clouds of mis - for - tunes o - ver -
come me, bring - ing dark - ness to my heart, O Bride of God. But since
thou art the Moth - er of the Di - vine and E - ter - nal Light,

shine thy glad - some light and il - lu - mine me.

M^(M)ost ^(N)Ho - ly ^(Γ)Moth - er of God, save ___ us.

F^(Γ)rom count - less tri - als and af - flic - tions, griev - ous woes, and from

mis - for - tunes of life have I been de - liv - ered by thy

might - y strength, O spot - less and im - mac - u - late Maid. I

ex - tol and I mag - ni - fy thine im - meas - 'ra - ble sym - pa -

thy, and the lov - ing care that thou hast for me.

G^(M)lo - ry to the ^(N)Fa - ther, and to the ^(Γ)Son, and to the Ho - ly

Spir - it.

H^(Γ)av - ing my hope now in thy might - y help, O Maid, I flee

for ref - uge to thee; and un - to thy shel - ter have I

run whole - heart - ed - ly, O La - dy, and I bow my knee; and I

mourn and cry weep-ing: Do not dis - dain — me, the wretch-ed one,

for thou art the ref-uge of Chris-tian folk.

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

A - men.

I shall not cease from mak-ing known most man-i - fest-ly thy

great deeds, Maid of God; for if thou wert not pre - sent

to in - ter - cede in my be-half and im - por - tune thy Son and God,

who would free and de - liv - er me from such tem - pests and tur-

bu-lence, and sur-mount the per-ils that trou-ble me?