

# Ode Three

*Plagal of Fourth Mode*

Basil Crow

Ἦχος λ π ς

**O**<sup>(N)</sup> f the vault of the heav-ens art Thou, O Lord, Fash-ion-er;<sup>(Γ)</sup>

so, too, of the Church art Thou found-er; do Thou es-tab-lish me in

un-feigned love for Thee, <sup>λ</sup> Who art the height of things sought for,

and staff of the faith-ful, O Thou on-ly Friend of man.

**M**<sup>(M)</sup> ost Ho-ly Moth-er of God, save us.<sup>(Γ)</sup>

**A**<sup>(N)</sup> t a loss and de-spair-ing, I cry with pain un-to thee:<sup>(Γ)</sup>

Has-ten, O thou fer-vent pro-tec-tion; grant thou thy help to me, who

am thy low-ly slave <sup>λ</sup> and wretch-ed ser-vant, O Maid-en;

for with heart-felt fer-vour I come seek-ing for thine aid.

**M**<sup>(M)</sup> ost Ho-ly Moth-er of God, save us.<sup>(Γ)</sup>

**T**<sup>(N)</sup> hou, O La - dy, hast tru - ly been shown to be won - drous

now in thy ben - e - fac - tions and mer - cies grant - ed to me, O Maid;

hence do I glo - ri - fy and ac - claim thee, whilst prais - ing

thy great lov - ing care and thy bound - less so - lic - i - tude.

**G**<sup>(M)</sup> lo - ry to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly

Spir - it.

**M**<sup>(N)</sup>ight - y storms of mis - for - tunes, O La - dy, pass o - ver me;

and the swell - ing waves of af - flic - tions plunge me in - to the depths.

Make haste, O Full of Grace; lend me thy help - ing hand quick - ly,

for thou art my fer - vent pro - tec - tress and sure sup - port.

**B**<sup>(N)</sup>oth now and ev - er, and un - to the ag - es of ag - es.

A - men.

**I**<sup>(N)</sup> pro - fess thee, O La - dy, as the true Moth - er of God: <sup>(Γ)</sup> thee,

who hast both ban - ished and tri - umphed o - ver the might of death; <sup>(Γ)</sup> for

as the source of Life, <sup>(N)</sup> thou hast freed me from Hades' bonds, <sup>(Γ)</sup> rais -

ing me to life, though to earth was I fall - en down. <sup>(Γ)</sup>