

# Ode Five

*Plagal of Fourth Mode*

Basil Crow

Ἦχος λ π δ̣ ς

**W**<sup>(Γ)</sup> here - fore hast Thou de - priv - ed me, and cast me, the hap - less  
one, far from Thy coun - te - nance? and the out - er dark - ness hath  
en - shroud - ed and cast its gloom o - ver me. Yet, now I be - seech  
Thee: Do Thou con - vert me and di - rect me to the  
light of Thy pre - cepts, O Lord my God.

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

**A**<sup>(Γ)</sup> s one grate - ful I cry out: Re - joice, O Vir - gin Moth -  
er; re - joice, O thou Bride of God; re - joice, O ho - ly shel -  
ter; re - joice, O weap - on and ram - part in - vin - ci - ble; re - joice,  
thou the pro - tec - tion and the as - sis - tance and sal -

va-tion of all them that run to thee, O Maid of God.

**M**ost Ho-ly Moth-er of God, save us.

**T**hey that hate me with-out cause have made read-y a dart and a sword and pit for me; and my hap-less bod-y do they seek to de-stroy and to rend in twain; and they seek to bring me in-to the depths of earth, O pure one; but be quick and come save me from them, O Maid.

**G**lo-ry to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Spir-it.

**F**rom all need and af-flic-tion and from all dis-ease and harm do thou de-liv-er me; and by thy pow-er, in thy shel-ter pre-serve me un-wound-ed, Maid; and from eve-ry per-il and

foes that hate—and war a - gainst me do thou has - ten - to

save me, O all - hymned one.

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

A - men.

**W**hat gift of thanks - giv - ing shall I of - fer in grate - ful -

ness un - to thee, O Maid, for thy bound - less good - ness and the fa -

vours and gifts that I have from thee? Hence, in - deed I praise thee,

and glo - ri - fy—and mag - ni - fy thine in - ex - press -

i - ble sym - pa - thy shown to me.