

# Ode Six

*Plagal of Fourth Mode*

Basil Crow

Ἦχος λ̣ π̣ δ̣ ᾠδ̣ ᾠδ̣

**E**<sup>(Γ)</sup> n - treat - y do I pour forth un - to the Lord,  
and to Him do I pro - claim — all my sor - rows, for man -  
y woes fill my heart to re - ple - tion, and lo, my life un - to  
Ha - des hath now drawn nigh; like Jo - nas do I pray to Thee:  
Raise me up from cor - rup - tion, O Lord my God.

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

**T**<sup>(Γ)</sup> he storm — clouds of griev - ous sor - rows and dis - tress  
shroud my hap - less heart and soul — in af - flic - tion, and with  
their gloom have they filled me, O Vir - gin. Yet since thou bar - est the  
Light Un - ap - proach - a - ble, be quick to drive them far from me

<sup>(Γ)</sup>  
with the breeze of thy ho - ly en - treat - ies, Maid.

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

<sup>(Γ)</sup> <sup>(N)</sup>  
**A** com - fort art thou to me in my dis - tress,

<sup>(Γ)</sup> <sup>(N)</sup>  
and I have thee as a heal - er of all ill - ness; of

<sup>(N)</sup> <sup>(Γ)</sup>  
death art thou the most per - fect de - struc - tion; thou art an un -

<sup>(N)</sup>  
fail - ing foun - tain flow - ing with life, and speed - y help and quick sup -

<sup>(Γ)</sup>  
port of all them that are found in ad - ver - si - ties.

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

<sup>(Γ)</sup>  
Spir - it.

<sup>(Γ)</sup> <sup>(N)</sup>  
**I** shall not con - ceal the ev - er - flow - ing spring

<sup>(Γ)</sup> <sup>(N)</sup> <sup>(Γ)</sup>  
of the sym - pa - thy thou hast for me, O La - dy, nor the

<sup>(N)</sup> <sup>(Γ)</sup>  
a - byss of thine in - fi - nite mer - cy, nor yet the foun - tain of

thy bound-less mir-a-cles; but un-to all do I cry out and

con-fess and de-clare and pro-claim thy grace.

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

A-men.

**T**he tur-moils of this life en-cir-cle me like un-

to bees a-bout a hon-ey-comb, O Vir-gin, and they have

seized and now hold my heart cap-tive, and I am pierced with the

stings of af-flic-tions, Maid; yet be thou, O all-ho-ly one, my

de-fend-er and help-er and res-cu-er.