

Ode Nine

Plagal of Fourth Mode

Basil Crow

Ἦχος λ̣ π̣ ς̣

Most right - ly we con - fess thee as our God's Birth -
giv - er, we who through thee have been saved, O thou Vir - gin
most pure; with choirs of bod - i - less An - gels, thee do we mag - ni -
fy.

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

The tor - rent of my weep - ing spurn not with re - fus -
- al, for thou didst give birth to Him Who doth take a - way all
tears from eve - ry face, O thou Vir - gin, for He is Christ in - deed.

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

Do thou, ___ O Vir - gin Maid - en, fill my heart with glad -

ness, for thou art she who re-ceived all the ful-ness of joy,

and made to van-ish a-way all sor-row of sin-ful-ness.

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

A ha-ven and pro-tec-tion, and a wall un-sha-

-ken, and a re-joic-ing and shel-ter and place of re-treat

do thou be-come, O thou Vir-gin, for those who flee to thee.

Glo-ry to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly

Spir-it.

Il-lu-mine with the ra-diance of thy light, O Vir-

gin, all those who pi-ous-ly call thee the Moth-er of God; and

do thou ban-ish a-way all dark-ness of ig-no-rance.

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

♩̣
A - men.

♩̣

B^(M)rought low — am I, O Vir-gin, ^(Γ) in a place of sick -

ness, [⌘] and in a dwell-ing of an-guish; grant heal - ing to me, ^{♩̣}

trans - form - ing all of my ill - ness in - to full health - ful - ness. ^{♩̣}