

Ode Eight

Plagal of Fourth Mode

Basil Crow

Ἦχος λ̣ δ̣ Νη

L^(N) et us ev - er ex - tol and praise the Lord - God Who
was seen of old on the ho - ly mount in glo - ry, Who by
the fier - y bush re - vealed the great mys - ter - y of the Ev - er -
vir - gin and un - de - filed Maid - en un - to the Proph - et
Mo - ses.

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


B^(N) e thou moved to com - pas - sion, O Vir - gin, and
dis - dain me not, for life's tem - pests o - ver - whelm me. But be
thou quick, O mod - est one, and lend me thy help - ing hand, O
Maid - en, for I per - ish drown - ing en - gulfed by life's mis - for -



- tunes.




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




T^(N)imes of sor - rows, ne - ces - si - ty, and trou - ble,  and

mis - for - tunes in life have found me, O pure Maid - en;  and

from all sides temp - ta - tions have en - cir - cled me; ___ but be thou mine

al - ly,  and do thou pro - tect ___ me in thine al - might - y shel -


- ter.




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

ly Spir - it.



I^(N)n dis - tress, ___ I have thee, Maid, as my ha - ven,  and

in sor - rows and griefs thou art my joy and glad - ness;  and

in all ill - ness, thou hast been my quick ___ help, and res - cu - er

in per - ils, and in all temp - ta - tions my guard - ian and

pro - tec - tress.

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

es. A - men.

Re - joice, fier - y throne of the Lord God; re -

joice, thou sa - cred ves - sel that art filled with man - na; re - joice,

thou gold - en lamp - stand and un - quench - a - ble lamp; re - joice, O

glo - ry of vir - gins and thou boast and a - dorn - ment of

moth - ers.