

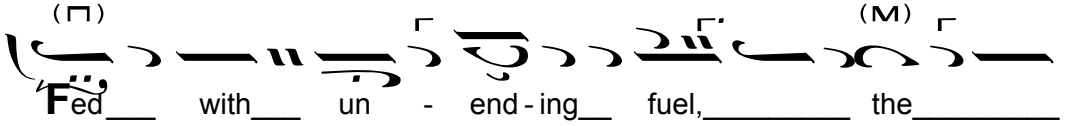
Ode viii. Katavasia. Long Melody.

π

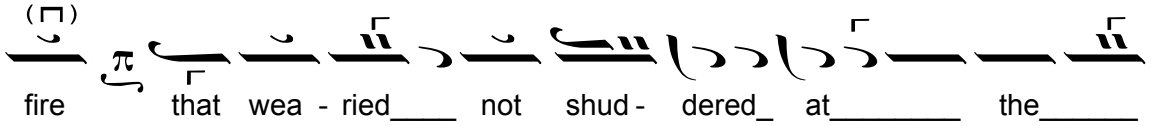


We praise, and we bless, and we wor-ship the Lord.

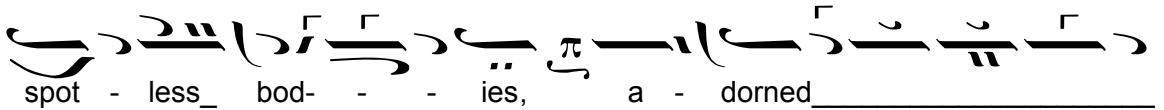
π



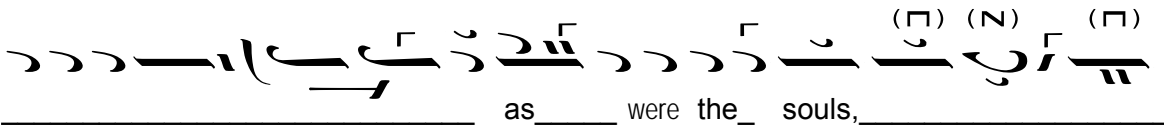
Fed with un - end - ing fuel, the



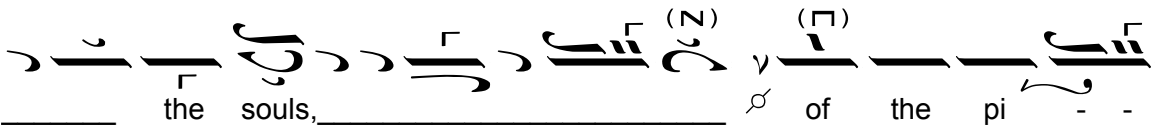
fire that wea - ried not shud - dered at the



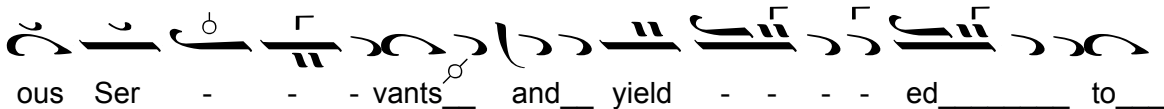
spot - less bod - ies, a - dorned



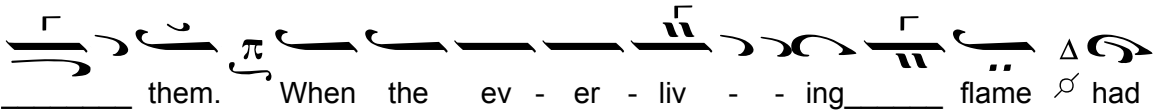
as were the souls,



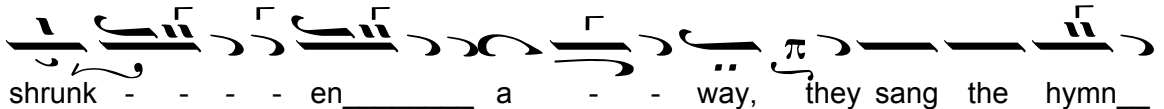
the souls, of the pi -



ous Ser - vants and yield - ed to



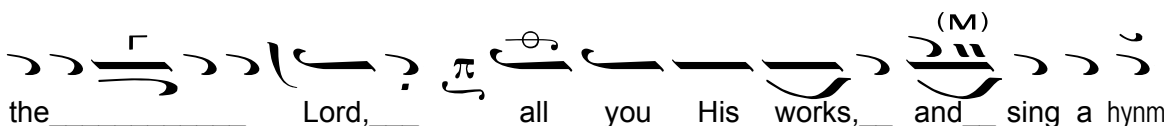
them. When the ev - er - liv - ing flame had



shrunk - en a - way, they sang the hymn



that hence - forth was im - mor - tal - ized: O bless



the Lord, all you His works, and sing a hymn

to_____ Him, and ex - alt Him___ be - yond meas - ure___

un - to all___ the__ a - - - - ges._____