
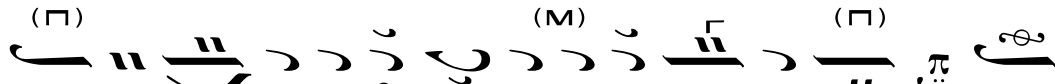
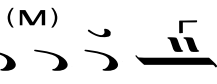
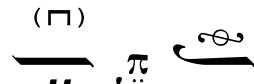


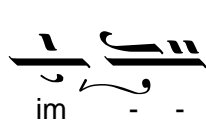
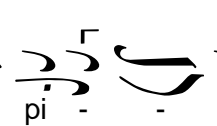
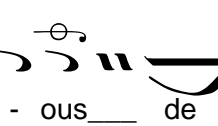
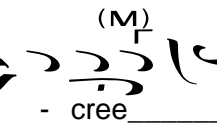
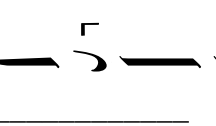
# Ode viii. Katavasia. Long Melody.

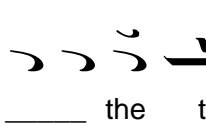
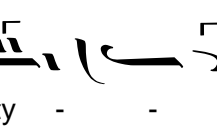
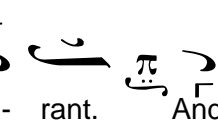
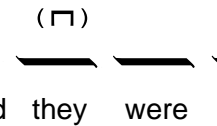

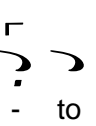
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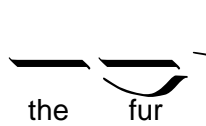
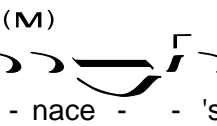
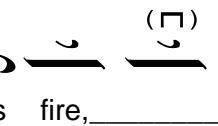
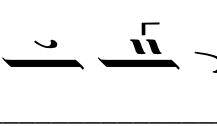
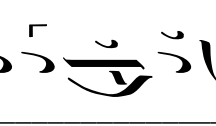

(□)   
We priase, and we bless, and we wor - ship the Lord.

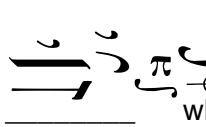
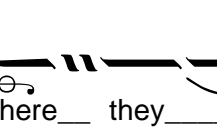
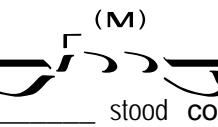
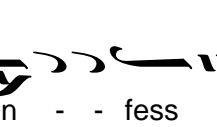
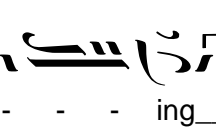
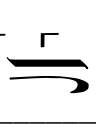
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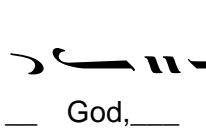
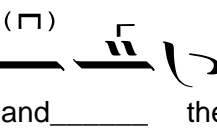
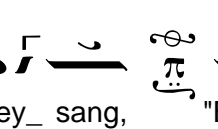

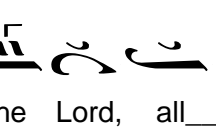

(□)  (M)  (□)   
The three right - eous Ser-vants did not o - bey the

 (M)   (M)   of

 (□)       
the ty - rant. And they were cast in - to

(M)  (□)       
the fur - nace - 's fire,

(M)        
where they stood con - fess - ing

(□)        
God, and they sang, "Bless the Lord, all

(N)  (□)       
you works of the Lord."