

Ode i

E

8

8

8

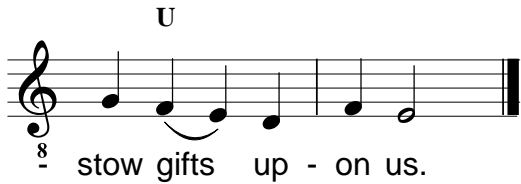
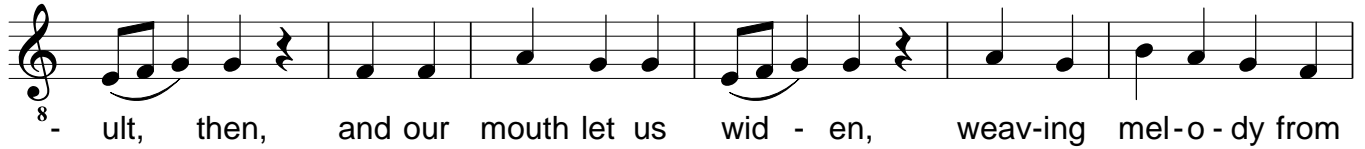
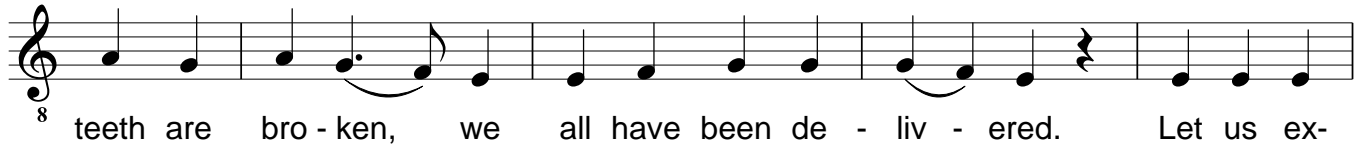
8

8

Mas-ter.

Ode iii

Soft Chromatic E



Ode iv

Soft Chromatic

E



8 Once purged by the fire of mys-ti-cal vi-sion, the



8 Proph-et, hymn-ing the re-new-al of mor-tals, cried in a



8 loud voice, en-er-gized by the Spir-it, tell-ing the in-ef-fa-ble



8 Word's in-car-na-tion. "He it is who crushed the pow-er of the



8 princ-es."

Ode v

Soft Chromatic **E**

8 The Spir-it's clean-sing has washed a-way from us now the

8 dark and dir - ty en - e-my's poi-son ven - om. There-fore we have

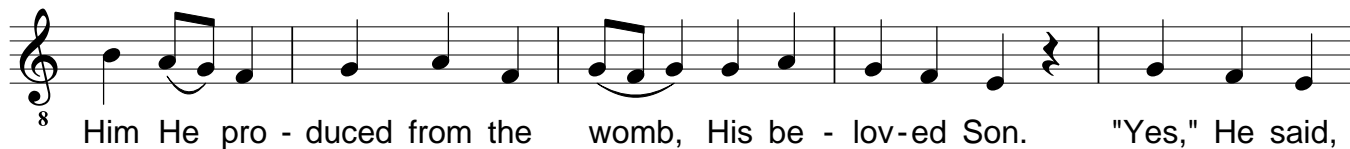
8 land-ed on a new un - err - ing path, which leads to hap-pi-ness that

8 has no ac-cess, save to them whom God to him - self rec - on-

8 - ciled.

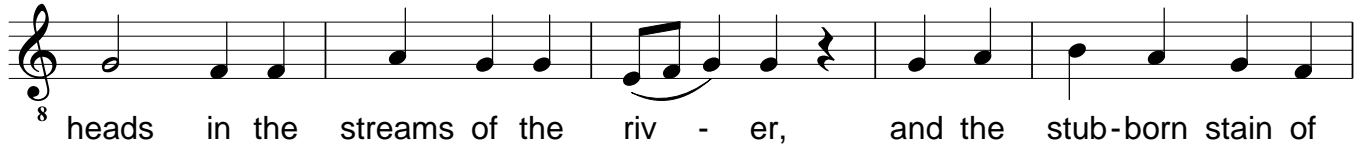
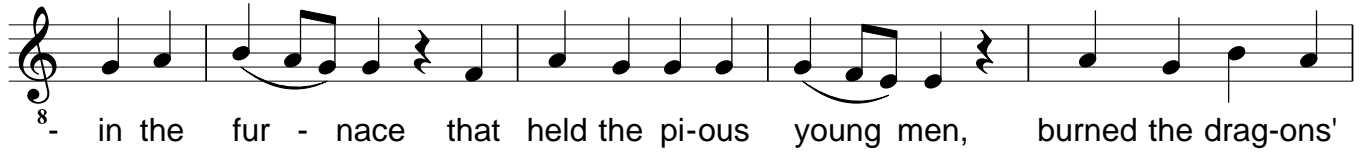
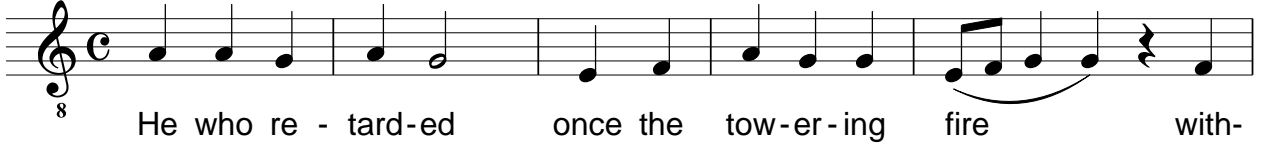
Ode vi

Soft Chromatic **E**



Ode vii

Soft Chromatic **E**



Ode viii

Chromatic

D

Soft Chromatic



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

Soft Chromatic

G

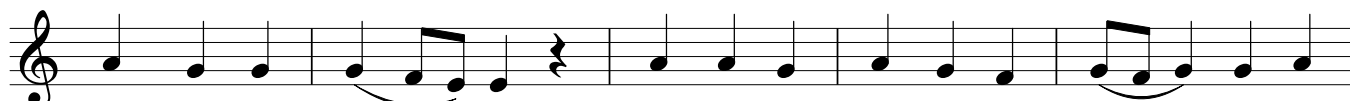
E



The cre - at - ed world ex - ults in its lib - er - ty; and sons of the



light are they who once were dark - ened. On - ly the cham - pi - on of



dark - ness is groan - ing. Now let the for - mer - ly wretch - ed in -



her - i - tance of the Na - tions bless ea - ger - ly Him who caused



this.

Ode ix

Mode 2.

D

Chromatic



Soft Chromatic

E

G

