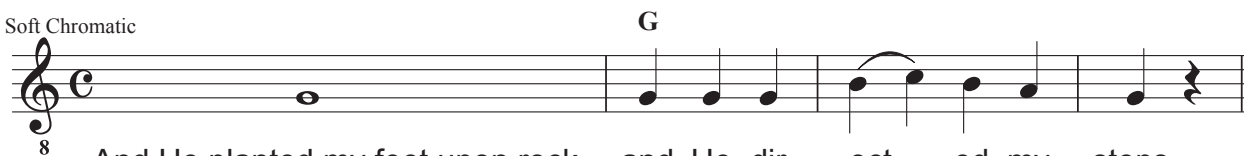


Lauds Sticheron 4. Mode 2. *Di=G. When he took You.*

Soft Chromatic



And He planted my feet upon rock, and He dir - ect - ed my steps.



From a no-ble root, Kyr-i - a - ki, you as a most beau-ti - ful



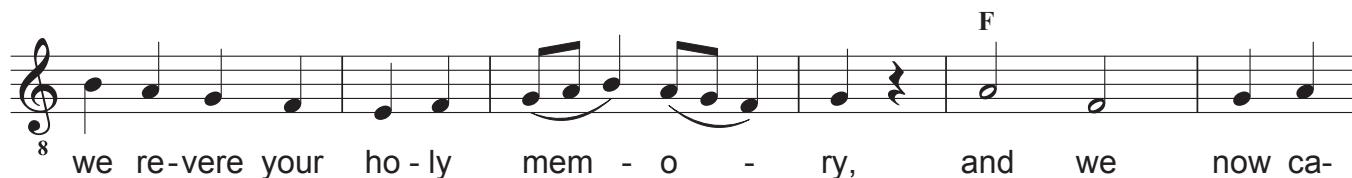
branch sprang, bear-ing the sav - ing fruit, name-ly the en-



dur-ance of your feats of mar - tyr - dom; and the weeds of im-



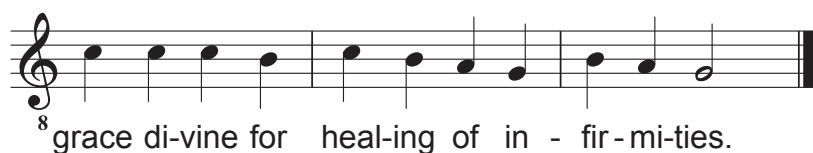
pi - e - ty, by grace, you made with - er. Hence with long-ing



we re-vere your ho - ly mem - o - ry, and we now ca-



- ress your most sa - cred rel - i - quar-y, from it re - ceiv - ing



grace di-vine for heal-ing of in - fir-mi-ties.