

Ode ix. Katavasia. Long Melody.

π

(□) (M) (□)
You have mag - ni - fied, O Christ, the

The - - o - to - - kos who bore You.

From her You donned a bod - - -

(N) (□) (M)
y sus - cep - ti - ble to pas - sion like ours,

(□)
O Mak - - er; it de - liv - ers us from the

ig - no - rance of our of - fen - - - ces.

(M) (□) (Δ)
All our gen - er - a - tions call her bless - - -

(□) (N)
ed, and we mag - ni - - - fy You.

(□)
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