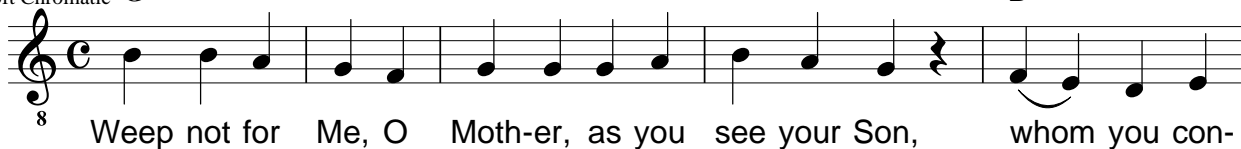


## Ode ix. The Heirmos. Mode pl. 2. $Vu=E$ .

Soft Chromatic G

D

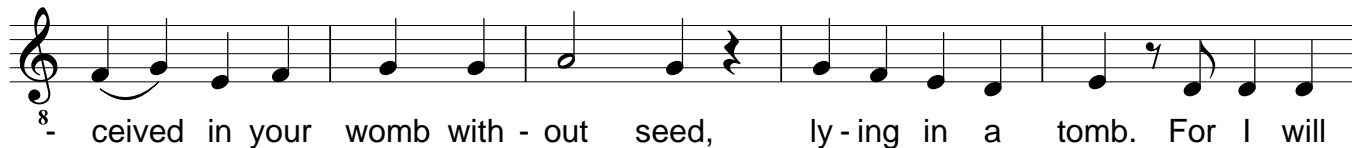


E

D

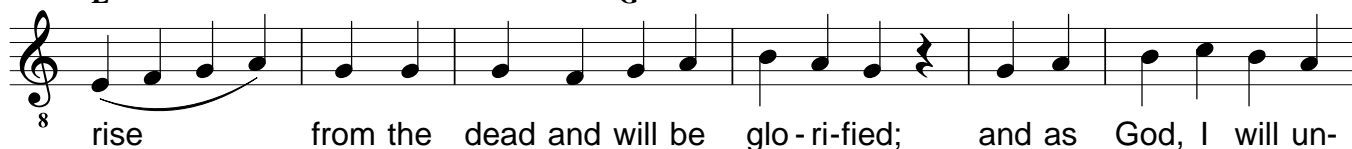
E

D

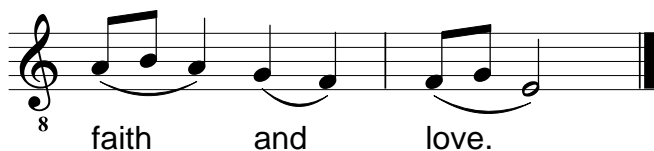


E

G



E



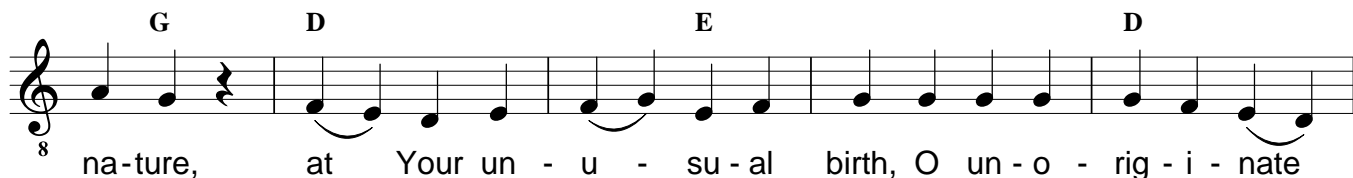


Glo-ry to You, our God, glo - ry to You!

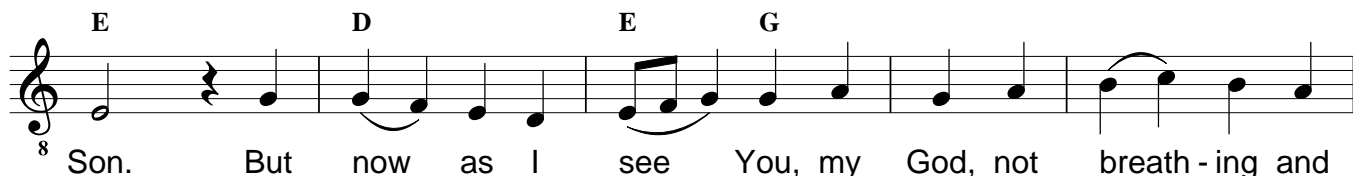
**Troparion 1**



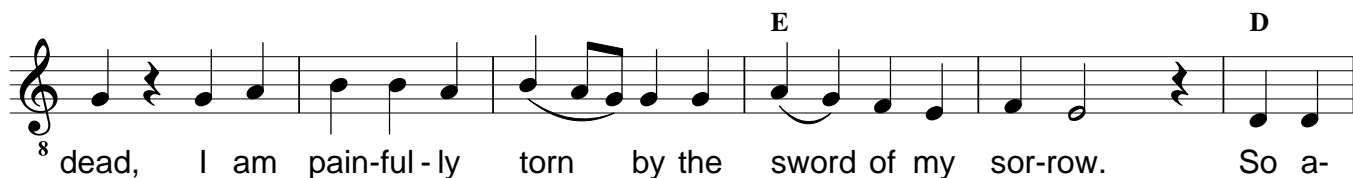
I was blest in es - cap - ing la-bor, in a man-ner past



na-ture, at Your un - u - su - al birth, O un - o - rig - i - nate



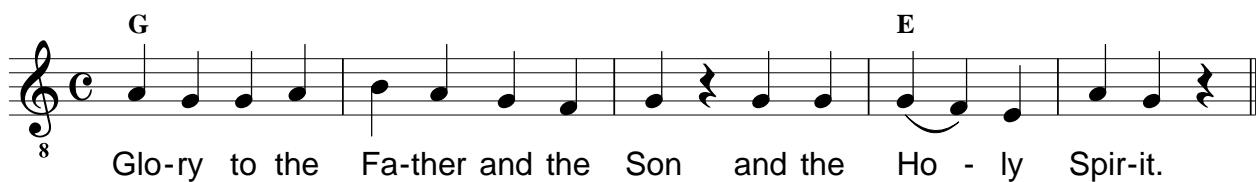
Son. But now as I see You, my God, not breath - ing and



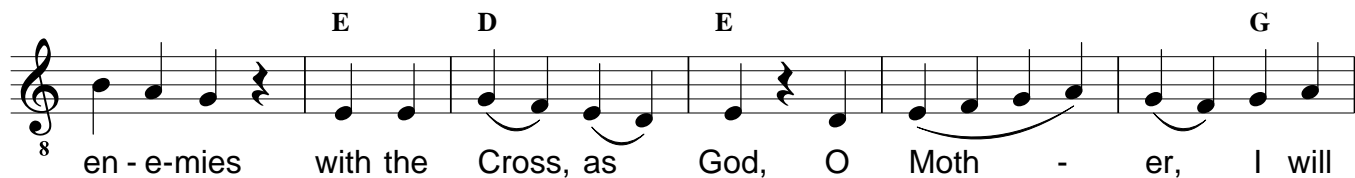
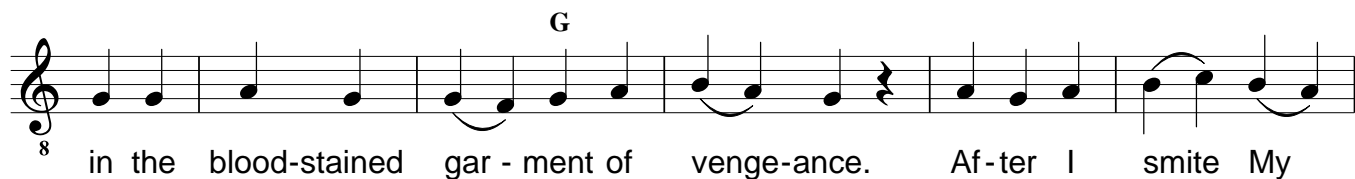
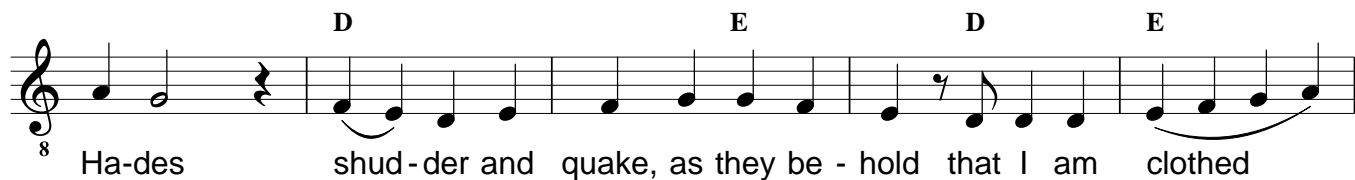
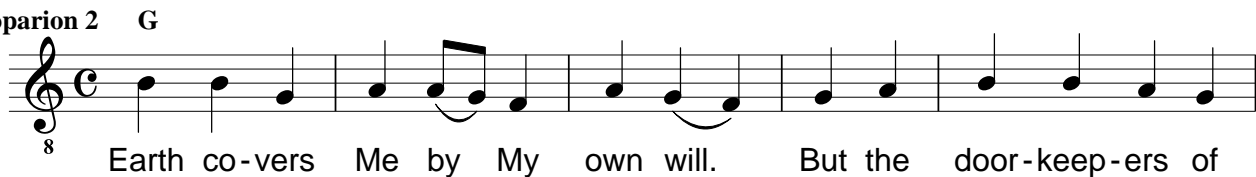
dead, I am pain-ful - ly torn by the sword of my sor-row. So a-

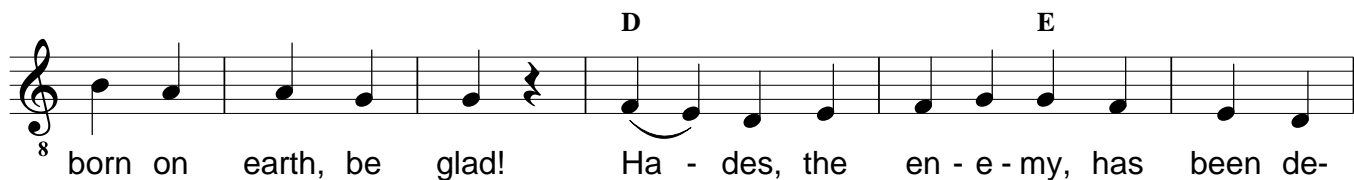


rise, so that I may be mag - ni - fied.



Troparion 2





Katavasia

8  Weep not for Me, O Moth-er, as you see your Son, whom you con-

8  ceived in your womb with - out seed, ly - ing in a tomb. For I will

8  rise from the dead and will be glo - ri-fied; and as God, I will un-

8  ceas - ing - ly ex - alt in glo - ry those who mag - ni - fy you with

8  faith and love.