Ode iii. Grave Mode.

11

 λ

O my Christ You said to Your dis -ci - ples Here__ in the cit - y

of Je - ru - - sa - lem tar - ry un - til you are clothed with

pow - er from on high and I will send an - oth - er Comfort - er like__ me This will be the Spir - it of my Fa
ther and of me in Him your faith will be con - firmed

Ode iii. Mode 4.

By it - self the prayer of the Proph - et - ess An - na $^{\lambda}$ broke the fetters of her womb that made her child - less $^{\lambda}$ and ___ the harsh de - rision of the one with ma - ny chil - dren $^{\lambda}$ of old ___ when she brought a bro - ken spir - it $^{\lambda}$ to the God of knowl -

edge and on - ly Sov - er-eign