

Ode ix. Canon I.

The Heirmos

D

8 O my soul, mag-ni - fy her who is great - er in

D

8 hon-or and in glo-ry than the ar - mies of heav - en. I see

C D

8 here a strange and par - a - dox - i - cal mys-ter - y, for be-

C D

8 - hold! the grot-to is heav-en, che - ru - bic throne is the

U D

8 Vir-gin, the man - ger a grand space in which Christ our

8 God the un-con - tain-a - ble re - clined as a babe, whom in ex-

8 - tol-ling do we mag - ni - fy.

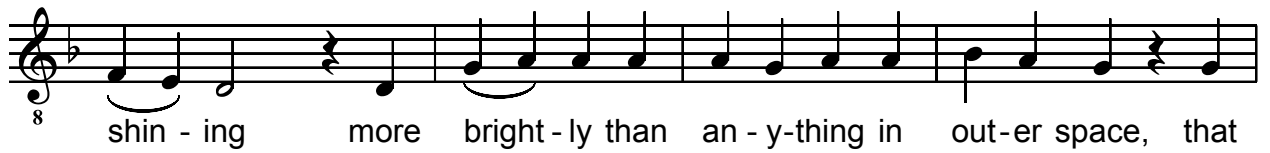
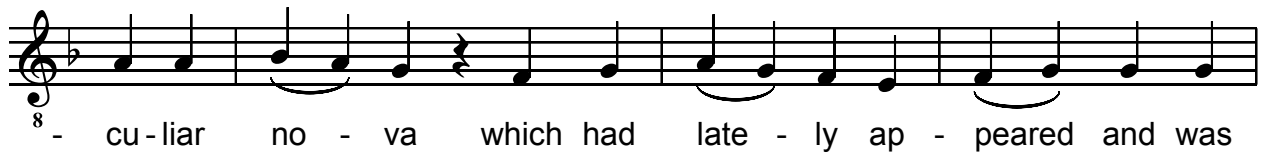
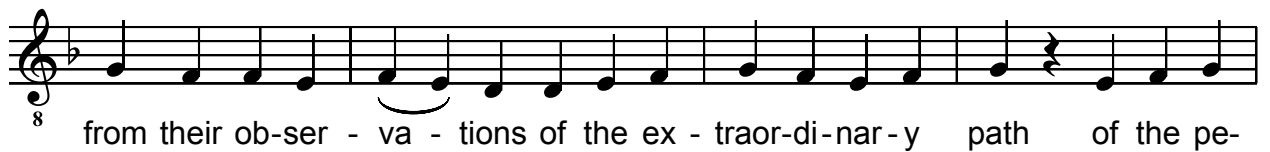
Troparion 1

D

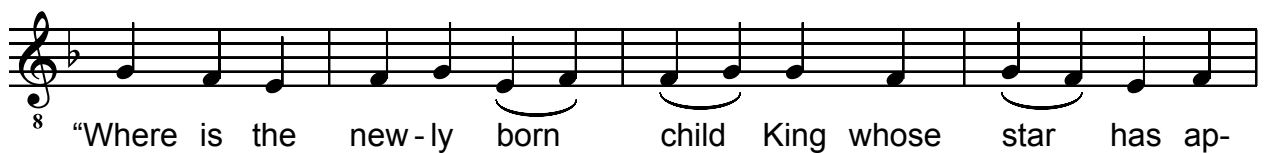
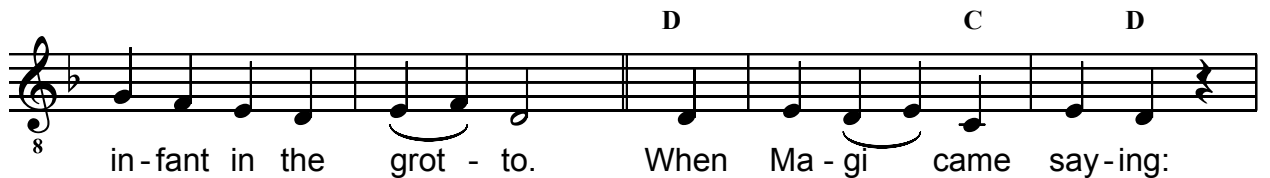
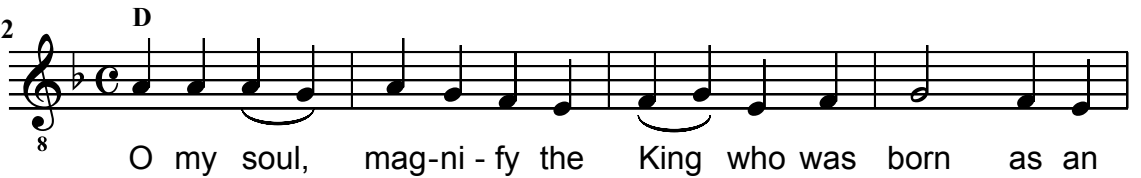
8 O my soul, mag-ni - fy God who was born in the

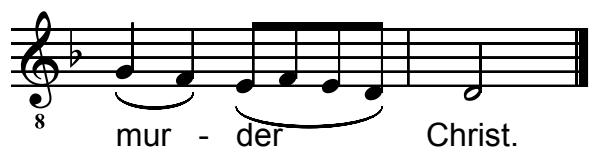
D C D

8 flesh from a Vir - gin. The wise men con - clud-ed



Troparion 2





Troparion 3

