

Ode ix. The Heirmos. Mode 2. Pa.

(□)

You have mag-ni-fied, O Christ, the The - o - to - kos who

bore You. From her You donned a bod - 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-fens-es. All our gen-er - a -

tions call her bless - ed, and we mag - ni - fy You.

Troparia

(□)

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

(□)

"Hav - ing cast off ev-ery stain of the pas-sions, take up - on

your-selves a pru - dent dis - po-si-tion wor - thy of the King - dom

and rule of God." Thus You spoke to Your A pos - tles be - fore - hand,

O Wis - dom of all. "In which King-dom, you shall be

glo - ri - fied and shin - ing bright - er than the sun."

Glory. Both now.



(□)

"An ex - am - ple take from Me," You O Lord said to

Your dis-ci-ples. "Do not have a haugh-ty mind, but rath - er as - so-

ci-ate with what - ev - er is hum-ble. And you shall in - deed

drink the cup that I my - self am drink-ing. And in the King-dom

of My Fa - ther you shall be with Me to-geth-er glo - ri - fied.