Mode 2.

Ode ix

O my soul, mag-ni - fy the wom-an who is great - er in
hon-or and in glo - ry than the ar – mies of heav - en. Ev-ery
tongue is dumb - found-ed to ex - tol as is wor - thy, a
su-per-mun-dane mind is diz-zied, prais-ing you with hymns, O The – o-
- to-kos. None-the - less ac - cept our faith, since you are full of
good - ness; for you have seen our long - ing in - deed in-spired by God.
La - dy, as the pro - tec-tress of Chris - tians, you do we mag-ni-
- fy.