

Ode ix. Canon I. Mode 2. *Pa=D.*

Heirmos

Chromatic

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

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

8 tongue is dumb - found-ed to ex - tol as is wor - thy; a

8 su-per-mun-dane mind is diz-zied prais-ing you with hymns, O The - o -

8 - to - kos. None - the - less ac - cept our faith, since you are full of

8 good - ness, for you have seen our long - ing in - deed in-spired by

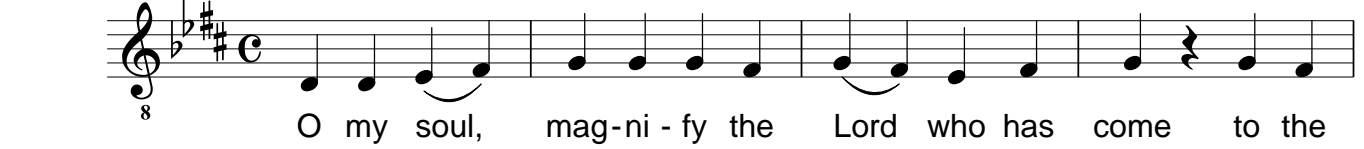
8 God. La - dy, as the pro - tec-tress of Chris-tians, you do we

8 mag - ni - fy.

Troparion 1

Chromatic

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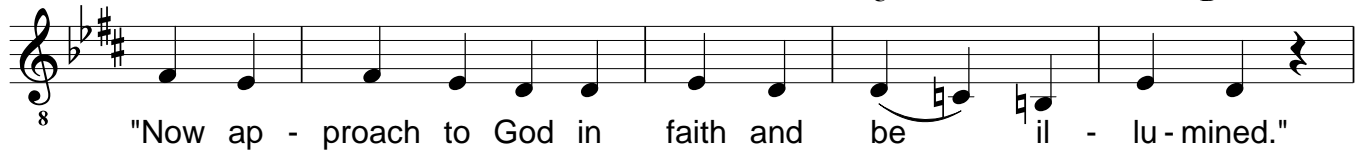
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Troparion 2

Chromatic

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O my soul, mag-ni - fy the Lord who is re - quest - ing the

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Fore - run-ner to bap - tize Him. Wash your - selves and be clean,

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says the Proph-et I - sa - iah, and put a-way your e - vil do-ing

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from be - fore the Lord's eyes. All you who are thirst-y go now

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to the liv-ing wa - ter. For Christ will sprin-kle those who be-

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- liev-ing run to Him with wa-ter that re - news; and He bap - tiz - es

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them with the Spir - it un - to un-de-cay-ing life.

Troparion 3

Chromatic

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