

Ode ix. The Heirmos. Mode 2. Pa.

(□)

You have con - tained with-in your womb God whom noth - ing can con -

tain; π To the joy of the world__ you_ have giv - en birth. π

We sing prais - es to you, O all - ho - ly Vir-gin.

Troparia

π

(□)

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

(□)

You, the Ben - ev - o - lent, en-joined Your dis - ci - ples tell-ing

them, π "Watch, for you do not__ know_ the hour__ π when the

Lord__ will__ come to re - ward__ each_ of His ser-vants.

Glory. Both now.

π

(□)

When You re - turn at Your most dread sec - ond com - ing, O Mas -

ter, π o - ver - look my man - y of - fen - ces, Δ and put me

with the sheep_ at Your right hand.