

### Ode iii.

## I - Grave Mode

**F**

**C**



O my Christ, You said to Your dis - ci - ples, "Here in the

**F**

D



cit - y      of Je - ru - sa - lem      tar - ry      un - til      you are

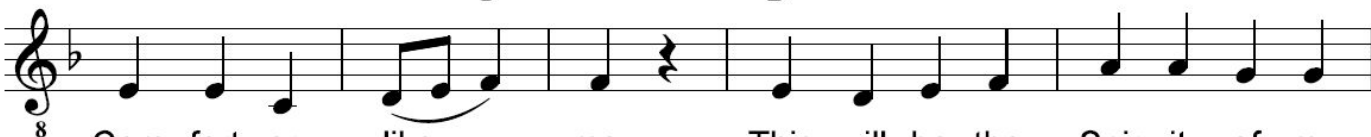
C



clothed with pow-er from on high; and I will send an - oth - er

**F**

D



Com-fort - er      like      me.      This will be the      Spir - it      of my

C

F



Fa-ther and of me; in Him your faith will be con - firmed.

Ode iii

E



By it - self the pray - er of the Proph - et - ess An - na

D



broke the fet - ters of her womb that made her child - less, and the harsh de -

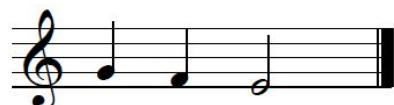
E



- ri - sion of the one with man - y chil - dren, of old when she



brought a bro - ken spir - it to the God of knowl - edge and on - ly



Sov - er - eign.