

Ode ix. Mode pl. 4. Ga=F. The heavens were astounded.

Diatonic

F

U

F



The tomb where-in your sa - cred and pre-cious corpse lies, O

C

F



Con - stan-tine, surg - es con - tin - u - al - ly with di - vine ful-gu - ra-tions

U

F

C

F

D



and the re-splend-ent rays of cures for ev-ery mal - a - dy

C

F

C



un - to all who draw near with ar-dent faith. It drives a-way the

F

C

F



dark - ness; and by its nev - er - set - ting lus - ter il -

C

F



- lu - mines those who sing your praise.

F

U

F



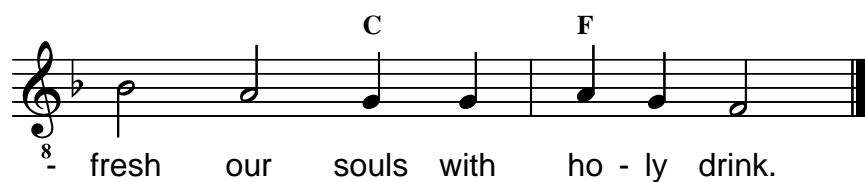
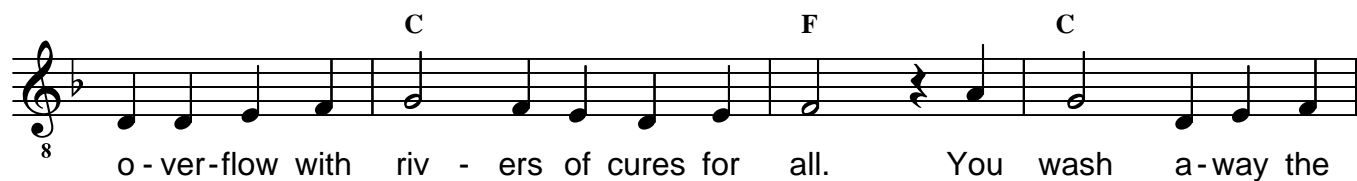
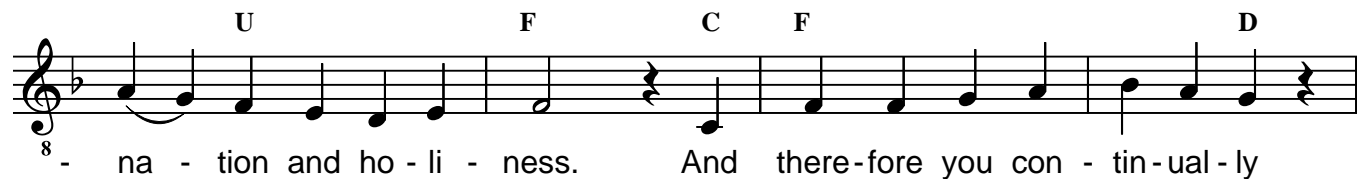
In saint-li-ness you fin - ished your earth-ly life. You have

C

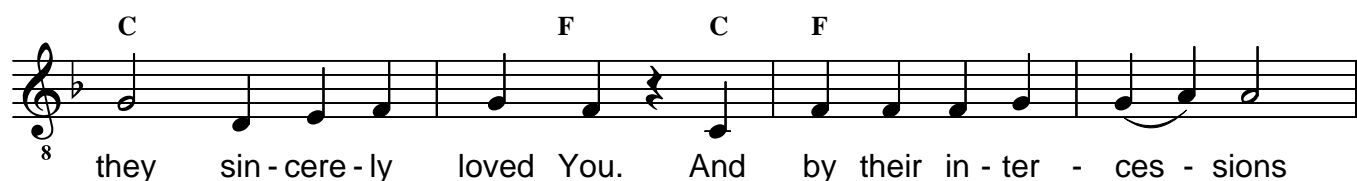
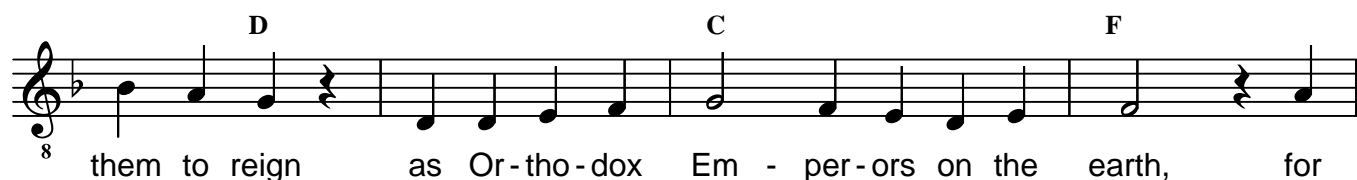
F



now gone to dwell with the oth-er saints, for you a - bound with il - lu - mi -



Glory.





Both now.

