

ΑΝΟΙΞΩ ΤΟ ΣΤΟΜΑ ΜΟΥ.

175. Ὠδὴ Α', Ἦχος Δ'.

Allegro-Συντόμως.

175

Α - νοί - ξω τὸ στό - μα μου καὶ πλη - ρω - θή -
 Α - νι - χο το στο - μα μου κε pli - ρο - θή -
 σε - ται πνεύ - μα - τος καὶ λό - γον ἐ - ρεύ - ξο - μαί τῃ
 se - te pnev - ma - tos ke lo - yon e - rev - ξο - me ti
 βα - σι - λί - δι μη - τρι καὶ δ - φθή - σο - μαί
 va - si - li - thi mi - tri ke o - rthi - so - me
 φαι - δρῶς πα - νη - γυ - ρί - ζων καὶ ᾄ - σω γη -
 fe - thros pa - ni - yi - ri - zon ke a - so yi -
 θό - με - νος ταύ - της τὰ θαύ - μα - τα.
 tha - me - nos taf - tis ta thav - ma - ta.
 tho taf

Ὑπεραγία Θεοτόκε σῶσον ἡμᾶς.*

CANON.

1ST ODE. 4TH TONE. HYMN.

Reader: "I shall open my mouth and it will be filled with
 "the Spirit, and I shall speak of the Queen and Mother,
 "and men shall see me joyously honouring her, and I
 "shall delight to sing of her wonders."

Most holy Mother of God, save us.

Most Holy Mother of God, Save us

ΑΝΟΙΞΩ ΤΟ ΣΤΟΜΑ ΜΟΥ.

175. Ὠδὴ Α', ᾠχος Δ'.

Alllegro-Syntomos.

175 χεῖ στοῦ βίβρον ἔμψυχον ἕσ φραγὶ σῶμε--
thi stou vi vlon em psi hon es fra yi sme

νήν σέ πνεῦμα τί, ὁ μέγας ἀρχαγγέλος, ᾧ
nin se pnev ma ti o me vas ar ha rige los a

ἦν, θεῶ - μέγας ἔπε φώνη σου,
yni the o me nos e pe fu ni si

χαῖρε χαράσδοχὴ ὄν σου τῆς προ
he re ha ras tho ki on thi is tis pro

μητορὸς ἁ - εἰς σου ἐθήσεται.
mi to ros a ra li thi se te

ὑπερυμία θεοτόκε σώσον ἡμᾶς.

When the great Archangel saw you, O pure Maiden, the living Book of Christ, sealed by the Spirit, he cried unto you: Hail, Vessel of gladness, through whom the curse of our first mother is loosed.

Most holy Mother of God, save us.

I pe ra yia The o ke so son imas

ΑΝΟΙΞΩ ΤΟ ΣΤΟΜΑ ΜΟΥ.

175. Ὠδὴ Α', ῥηχος Δ'.

Allegro-Sυντόμως.

175 Ἀ δάμ' εἶ πα νόρθωσις, χαίρει, παρθε-
A dham e pa no rtho sis he re pa rthe

νε, θεο νυμφε, ἰου Ἀδου η νεκρωσις, χαί
ne The o nim fe i A dhou e ne kro sis. he

ρει πα να - μω - με, το πα λα τι ον
re pa na mo me to pa la ti on

του μονου βασι λε ως, χαίρει θεο νε
tou mo nou va si le os he re thro ne

πι ρι νε του παν το κρα το ρος.
pi ri ne tou pan to kra to ros

Δόξα Πατρί, και Υἱῶ, και Ἁγίῳ Πνεύματι.

Hail, Virgin Bride of God, the uplifter of Adam and the Death-knell of Hades; hail, all-pure Maiden, the Palace of Him Who alone is King; hail, fiery Throne of the Almighty.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit.

Glorv to the Father + to the Son + to
the Holy Spirit.

ΑΝΟΙΞΩ ΤΟ ΣΤΟΜΑ ΜΟΥ.

175. Ὠδὴ Α', Ἦχος Δ'.

Allegro-Suntόμως.

Καὶ νῦν, καὶ αἰεὶ, καὶ εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας τῶν αἰώνων. Ἀμήν.

Hail, Briar whence blossomed forth only the Unfading
Rose; hail, you who did bear the Apple of the goodly
savour. Hail, unwedded Maiden, Fragrance of the King
of All and preserver of the world.

Both now and ever and unto the Ages of Ages. Amen.

Ke nin ke ai, ke is tous eonas ton
e onon Amin

ΑΝΟΙΞΩ ΤΟ ΣΤΟΜΑ ΜΟΥ.

175. Ὠδὴ Α', Ἦχος Δ'.

Allegro-Suntόμος.

175 Ἀγ νει as θη σαυ ρισ μα, χαϊ ρε, συ ρις - -
 Ag ni as thi sav ris ma he re dhi is

εκ του πτω μα τος, η μων ε βα νε ση μεν χαϊ
 ek tou pto ma tos i mon exa ne sti men he

ρε η συρ - νο - ον κρι τον δεσπο να,
 re i dhip no on kri non dhe spi na

πρω τους ευ ω ση α φον, θυ μι ε μα
 pis tous ev o dhi a xon thi mi a ma

ευ οσ μον μι - ρον πο λι τι μον.
 ef os mon mi ron po li ti mon

Hail, Treasure-house of purity through which we rose
 from our fall; hail, Lady, sweet-scented Lily scattering
 perfume among the faithful; you fragrant Incense and
 most precious Myrrh!

ΤΟΥΣ ΣΟΥΣ ΥΜΝΟΛΟΓΟΥΣ ΘΕΟΤΟΚΕ.
176. 'Ωδὴ Γ'.

176

Τοὺς Σοὺς - ὑ - μνο - λό - γους Θε - ο - τό - κε ὡς
Tous Sous - i - mno - lo - vous The - o - to - ke os

ζῶ - σα καὶ ἄ - φθο - νος πη - γὴ θεί -
zo - sa ke a - ftho - nos pi - yi thi -

α σον συ - κρο - τή - σαν - τας πνευ - μα - τι - κὸν στε - ρέ -
a son sy - kro - ti - san - tas pnev - ma - ti - kon ste - re -

ω - σον καὶ ἐν τῇ θεί - α δό - ξῃ Σου στε -
o - son ke en ti thi - a tho - xi Sou ste -

πά - νων δό - ξης ἀ - ξί - ω - σον.
fa non tho - xis a - xi - o - son.

Ἐπεραγία Θεοτόκε σῶσον ἡμᾶς.*

3RD ODE. HYMN

"O Mother of God, as a living and bounteous well, do
"you strengthen those who with hymns praise you, and
"who are now welded together into a spiritual fellow-
"ship; by your divine glory vouchsafe unto them crowns
"of glory."

Most holy Mother of God, save us.

Most Holy Theotokos, Save Us.

ΤΟΥΣ ΣΟΥΣ ΥΜΝΟΛΟΓΟΥΣ ΘΕΟΤΟΚΕ.

176. 'Ωδή Γ'.

176



Στα χών - ή βλασ τή σα σα τών θεϊ- ον, χών ος
 Sta hin i vlas ti sa sa tou thi on os
 χών - ρα α νή ρο τος σα φως, χαϊ
 ho ra a ni ro tos sa fos he
 ρε εμ ψυ χε τρα πε ζα, αρ τον ζω ης
 re em psi he tra pe za ar ton zo is ho ri
 σα σα χαϊ ρε, του ζω ντος, υ δα τος, ιη
 sa sa he re tou zon tos i tha tos pi
 η α κέ νο τος, δεσ πι ολ να
 yi a ke no tos thes pi na

ὑπερυμία Θεοτόκε πάσων ἡμῶν.

As a clear and untilled space you made the divine Ear of Corn to burst forth; hail, living Table having space for the Bread of Life; hail, Lady, perennial Fountain of living water.

Most holy Mother of God, save us.

I pera gia Theotoke soston imas

ΤΟΥΣ ΣΟΥΣ ΥΜΝΟΛΟΓΟΥΣ ΘΕΟΤΟΚΕ.
176. 'Ωδή Γ'.

176

Δάμα - ρις τον μοσχον η τε κου - σα, των
dha ma ris ton mos kon i te kou sa ton

α - μω μον, και ρε τοις πισ τοις, και
a mo mon he re tis pis tis he

ρε, 'αμ νας κυ η σα σα, θε ου 'αμ νον τον a
re am nas ki i sa sa the ou am non ton a

ρον τα, κοσ μου παν τος τα πται σμα τα, και
ron ta kos mou pan tos ta pte sma ta he

ρε, θεε μον i ja στη ρι ον.
re ther mon i la sti ri on.

Δόξα Πατρί, και Υιῷ, και Ἁγίῳ Πνεύματι.

The faithful greet you, O mystic heifer, that did bring forth the spotless Calf; hail, ewe-lamb, for you conceived the Lamb of God that takes away the sins of the whole world. Hail, fervent intercessor.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit.

Ke nin Ke a, Ke is tous eonas ton
 eona...

ΤΟΥΣ ΣΟΥΣ ΥΜΝΟΛΟΓΟΥΣ ΘΕΟΤΟΚΕ.
 176. 'Ωδὴ Γ'.

176

Χαῖ ῥε - πύλη ἡ μόνη ἣν ὁ Πό-τος, θε
 he re pi li mo ni in o lo ghos thi

ὠ - δεύσε ἡ ὄψος ἡ ἡ μό χρους, και
 o dhev se mo nos i mo hlous ke

πύλας ἅ σου δέσπονα τῷ τόκῳ σου σου ἵπ
 pi las a dhou dhe spi na to to ko sou sin thi

ψα σα χαῖ ῥε ἡ θεῖα εἰσοδος, τῶν
 psa sa he re i thi a i so thos ton

σω ζο μέν νωρ ἵα νυ μνη τε.
 so zo me non pa ni mni te

Hail, only Gate, by which the Word passed through
 alone; O Lady, by your birth-giving you did shatter the
 bars and gates of Hades; hail, divine Entry for those who
 are saved, most worthy of all praise.

Allegro-Συντόμως 177. Ο ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΣ ΕΝ ΔΟΞΗ. Ὡδὴ Δ΄.

177 Ὁ κα - θή - με - νος ἐν δό - ξῆ ἐ - πί
 O ka - thi - me - nos en tho - xi e - pi

θρό - νου θε - ό - τη - τος ἐν νε - φέ - λη κού - φη
 thro - nou the - o - ti - tos en ne - fe - li kou - fi

Ἰλ - θεν Ἰ - η - σοῦς ὁ ὑ - πέρ - θε - ος τῆ ἀ - κη -
 il - then I - i - sous o i - per - the - os ti a - ki -

ρά - τω πα - λά - μη καὶ δι - έ - σω - σε τοὺς κραυ -
 ra - to pa - la - mi ke thi - e - so - se tous krau -

γά - ζον τὰς δό - ξα ἰ - σχυ - ρο - τε - τῆ ὄ - νη ἡ - μῶν σου.
 ga - zon tas tho xa i - sy - ro - te - te thi o - ni - mi sou.

Ἐπεραγία Θεοτόκε σώσον ἡμᾶς.*

4TH ODE. HYMN.

Reader: "He Who sits in the glory of the clouds, on the
 "throne of the Godhead, ever Jesus, the most high God,
 "came with strong hand to save those who cry aloud:
 "Glory to Your power, O Christ."

Most holy Mother of God, save us.

Most Holy Mother of God, Save us

Allegro-Syntomo 177. Ο ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΣ ΕΝ ΔΟΞΗ. Ὡς δὲ Δ'.

177 Ἐν φω νῆς δο-μιά τῶν πλ - - - στέλ σοὺ βο
 En fo nes as ma ton pi sti si vo

ὦ μὲν, πα νυμνη τε, χαῖ ερε πλ ὄν ὄ! - - - εὐσ
 o men pa ni mni te he re pi on o ros

καὶ τε τυ. ρω με - - νον ἔν πνεύ μα τι χαῖ ερε, ου
 ke te ti po me nou en pneu ma ti he re li

Χυλί α καὶ στα μνε, μα να φέ - - ρου - σα, το γλυ
 hni a ke sta mne mana fe rou sa to gli

καὶ νον - τα, τῶν εὐ σε βῶν - ἑσθη τή ῆν α.
 ke non ta ton ef se von e sthi ti ri a

Ὑπεραγία Θεοτόκε σῶσον ἡμᾶς.

With the words of song to you, O all-praised Maiden, in faith we sing: hail, fertile mountain filled full with the Spirit; hail, source of Light, and vase-storing Manna, sweet to the senses of the righteous.

Most holy Mother of God, save us.

Allegro - Συντόμω 177. Ο ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΣ ΕΝ ΔΟΞΗ. 'ΩΣΗ Δ'.

177 I la sti ri on tou ko - - - - - smou, xai re, xai re,
I la sti ri on tou ko smou he re

'a xra vte de spi va, xai re, kai ma ze yi - - - - - thev
a hvan ate dhespi na he re kli max yi then

pa nta a ni pso - - - - - sa sa ha ri ti xai re, n
pa nta a ni pso sa sa ha ri ti he re l

ye fi ra o viws n. me ta - - - - - ghou sa ek tha
ye fi ra o viws n. me ta ghou sa ek tha

na - - - - - tou pa nta pros zo in - - - - - tous i mnou nta se.
na tou pa nta pros zo in tous i mnou nta se

Υπεραγία Θετόκε σώσασθι ημῶν.

Hail, pure Lady, Mercy-seat of the world; hail, Ladder from earth which raised all to grace; hail, Bridge which truly leads from death to life all those who praise you.

Most holy Mother of God, save us.

Most Holy Mother of God, save us

Allegro-Syntrocho 177. Ο ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΣ ΕΝ ΔΟΞΗ. Ὠδὴ Δ'.

177 Οὐ ρα γῶν ἤ ψη γο τε - - - ρα, καὶ ρε,
 OU ra non i psi ko te ra here

γῆς το θε μέγι ον ἐν τῇ σῆ νη δὲ - - - ἴ,
 yis to the meli on en ti si ni dhi

ἀ χρα ντε ἀ κό - - πως βα στα σα σα, καὶ ρε, κο
 a hra nte a ko pos va sta sa sa he re ko

ρχύ γη πο ρφύ ραν θει αν βα - - ψα - σα ἔξ ατ
 hi li po rfi ran thian va psa sa ex e

μά τῶν - σου τῶ βασι λει - τῶν δὲ να με ὦν.
 ma ton sou to vasi li ton dhi na me on

Δόξα Πατρί, καὶ Υἱῷ, καὶ Ἁγίῳ Πνεύματι.

Hail, pure Maiden, higher than the heavens, who did without pain carry within you the Foundation of the earth. Hail, Sea-shell that dipped in your blood the divine Purple for the King of the heavenly Powers.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit.

177. Ο ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΣ ΕΝ ΔΟΞῃ. ὉΔὸς Δ'.

177 Allegro-Syntomy 177. Ο ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΣ ΕΝ ΔΟΞῃ. ὉΔὸς Δ'.

177 Νομοθετήν ἡ τεκούσα ἀληθῶς, καὶ ἐδέσπονα, τὸν τὰς ἀνομιῶν ἁρτηνθόραν ἐξελιφύτα ἀκατάνοη τὸν βάθος, ἡ ἕως ἀρρήτων, ἀπειρογάμεδῆς ἡ μείσθεωσθημεν.

No mo the tin i te kou sa a li
thos he re dhespi na ton tas a no mi
pa nton thore an e xe li fo nta a ka ta
no i ton va thos i psos ar ri ton a pi
ro gha me dhi is i mis e the o thi men

Καὶ νῦν, καὶ ἀεὶ, καὶ εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας τῶν αἰῶνων. Ἀμήν.

Hail, Lady, you did truly bear the Lawgiver who freely blotted out the transgressions of all; O unwedded Maiden, incomprehensible Depth, ineffable Height, through whom we become children of God.

Both now, and for ever and to the Ages of Ages. Amen.

Both now + ever + to the ages of ages Amen

Allegro-Syntoia 177. Ο ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΣ ΕΝ ΔΟΞΗ. ὩΣΗ Δ'.

177 Σέ τὴν πρεβασάντων κοσμοαχί
 Se timple kasanto kosmo ahi

ρὸ πλοκὸν στεφανόν, ἀνιμολογούμεν,
 ro plo kon stefanon animologoumen

χαῖρε, σολτάρθε νεκράζοντες, τοφίλα
 he re soltarpthe nekrazontes tofila

κτίριον πάντων κεχαράκωμα, κακρά
 kti rion panton kecharakoma kakra

ταύμα κακέρων καταφύγιον.
 te o ma keron katafygion

With hymns we praise you, O you who did weave for the world a crown not woven by hands, and to you we cry: Hail, O Virgin, Refuge of all, their rampart, their strength, and their divine protection.

Allegro-Συντόμος, 178. ΕΞΕΣΤΗ ΤΑ ΣΥΜΠΑΝΤΑ. Ὠδὴ Ε΄.

178 Ἐ - ξέ - στη τὰ οὐ - παν - τα ἐ - πὶ τῇ θεί - α
 E - xe - sti ta sim - pan - ta e - pi ti thi - a

δό - ξη σου Σὺ - γὰρ ἀ - παι - ρό - γα με Παρ - θε -
 tho - xi sou Si - yar a - pi - ro - ya me Par - the -

νε ἔ - σχές ἐν μή - τρα τῶν ἐ - πὶ πάν - των θε -
 ne e - sches - en mi - tra tōn e - pi pan - ton The -

ὄν καὶ τέ - το - κας ἀ - χρο - νον γί - ὄν πα - σι
 on ke te - to - kas a - hro - non Yi - on pa - si

τοῖς ὑ - μνοῦ - σί Σε σω - τη - ρί - αν βρα - βεύ - ον - τα.
 tois e - mho - si Se so ti ri an vra ven - on - ta.

Ὑπεραγία Θεοτόκε σῶσον ἡμᾶς.

5TH ODE. HYMN

"The Universe was amazed at your divine glory; for you,
 "O unwedded Virgin, did hold in your womb the God of
 "all, and you gave birth to an Eternal Son Who rewards
 "with salvation those who praise you."

Most holy Mother of God, save us.

Most Holy Mother of God Save us

Allegro-Syntomos, 178. ΕΞΕΣΤΗ ΤΑ ΣΥΜΠΑΝΤΑ. Ὁδὴ Ε΄.

178

Ὁ θὸν ἡ κὺ η σα σα ζω ἦς, χαί ες; ἴτα
 O thon i ki i sa sa zo is he re pa

νᾶ μω με ἡ - κα τὰ κλυ σμοῦ ἡς ἀ μα ελι
 na mo me i ka ta kly smou tis a marti

ας, σῶ σα σα κοσ - μόν, χαί ες θε ο νυμ -
 as sa sa sa kos mon here the o nim

φε ᾶ κλυ - σμα καὶ ἁ ῥη μα φρι κτον, χαί ες,
 fe a kly sma ke ta li ma fri kton he re

εν δι αι τι μα του δε σπο του τῆς κλι σε ως.
 en dhi sigma tou despotou tis kti se os

Ὑπεραγία Θεοτόκε σῶσον ἡμᾶς.*

Hail, all-pure Maiden, who did engender the Way of Life
 and save the world from a surging torrent of sin; hail,
 Bride of God, of great report and mighty fame; hail,
 resting place for the Master of Creation.

Most holy Mother of God, save us.

I υπαγια Θεοτόκε σωσον ημας

Allegro-Συντόμως. 178. ΕΞΕΣΤΗ ΤΑ ΣΥΜΠΑΝΤΑ. 'Ωδη Ε'.

178 Ἰ σχυς καὶ ὁ χυ εὐμα ἄν θρώπων, χαῖ εε,
I schis ke o hi ro ma an thro pon he re

ἄ χρα ντε, τό - πε ἀ γι ἀ σμα τος της δο -
a hra nte to pe a gi a sma tos tis do -

ξης νέ' κρω σις ἁ - δου νυμφών ο γο φω -
xis ne kro sis a dhou nimfono do fo

τε, χαῖ εε - τῶν ἀ γέ γων χα εμο νη, χαῖ εε,
te he re ton a ghe lon har mo ni he re

ἡ βο ῖ θελ ἀ τῶν πι στως δε ὁ με νων σου.
i vo i thi a ton pi stos de o me non sou

Ἐπεραγία Θεοτόκε σῶσον ἡμᾶς.

Hail, pure Maiden, Stronghold and Fortress of mankind, and Sanctuary of Glory; Death-knell of Hades and Bridal-chamber full of light; hail, Joy of the Angels; hail, Helper of all who call upon you faithfully.

Most holy Mother of God, save us.

Most Holy Mother of God, Save us

Allegro-Suntόμος, 178. ΕΞΕΣΤΗ ΤΑ ΣΥΜΠΑΝΤΑ. Ὠδὴ Ε΄.

178 Πῦρ ἐξ ἁγίου φρονῶ οὐρανὸν τοῦ λόγου, χαῖρε, χαῖρε,
 Πιρι μορ φον οὐρανὸν τοῦ λόγου χαῖρε χαῖρε

Δεσποίναν ἐμψυχὴν παράδεισον τοῦ ἔθους
 dhe spina em psi he paradhi se to ethi

ζών ἑν μέσῳ ἔχων ζωῆς τὸν κύριον
 lon en meso e hon zois ton kyri

ον, οὐρανὸν γὰρ καὶ σμῶσος ζωοποιῶν ἵπστα
 on ou o ghar kai smosis zopoiwn ipsta

τοὺς μετέχοντας καὶ φθορὰ ἵπστα
 tous metechontas kai fthora ipsta

~~καὶ πᾶσι, καὶ αἰεὶ, καὶ εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας τῶν αἰώνων. Ἀμήν.~~

Hail, Lady, fiery Chariot of the Word, living Paradise having the Lord, the Tree of Life, in your midst; His sweetness gives life to those who in faith partake, though they be yet under bondage to corruption.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit.

Thoxa patri ke Yio, Ke Ayio Pnevmati

Allegro-Συντόμος, 178. ΕΞΕΣΤΗ ΤΑ ΣΥΜΠΑΝΤΑ. Ὡδὴ Ε΄.

178 ΡΩΝ ΝΥ ΜΕ ΝΟΙ ΘΘΕ ΝΕΙ ΣΟΥ ΠΛ ΣΤΩΣ Α ΝΑ ΒΟ
 ron ni me ni sthe ni sou pi stos a na vo

Ω ΜΕΝ ΟΙ, ΧΑΪ — ΕΕ ΠΟ ΠΟΛΙΣ ΤΟΥ ΠΑΝ ΒΑ ΣΤΕ ΓΕ —
 o men si he re po lis tou pan va si te

ΩΣ ΔΕ ΔΟ ΞΑ ΣΜΕ — ΝΑ ΚΑΙ Α ΖΥ Α΄ ΚΟΥ —
 os dhe dho xa sme na ke axi a kou

ΣΤΑ ΠΕ ΡΙ ΨΙΣ ΓΕ ΓΑ ΛΗ ΝΤΑΙ ΣΑ ΦΩΣ, Ὅ ΕΟΣ
 sta pe ri is le la li nte sa fos o ros

Α ΓΑ ΤΟ ΜΗ ΤΩΝ, ΧΑΪ ΕΕ ΒΑ ΘΟΣ Α ΜΕ ΤΡΙ ΤΩΝ.
 a la to mi tou he re va thos a me tri tou

Kai nūn, kai aiei, kai eis tous aiōnas tōn aiōnōn. Amen.

We, who are made strong with your might, faithfully cry to you: Hail, City of the King of all, glorious and excellent things have clearly been spoken of you; hail, unhewn Mount, and Depth unfathomable.

Both now, and for ever and to the Ages of Ages. Amen.

Both now + forever + to the Ages of Ages. Amen

Allegro - Συντόμος, 178. ΕΞΕΣΤΗ ΤΑ ΣΥΜΠΑΝΤΑ. 'Ωδὴ Ε'.

178 Εὐ ρύ χω ρον σκή νο μα του λο γου, χαῖ ρε,
Eυ ri ho ron ski no ma tou lo ghou he re

α γαα ντε, κό χλος η τον θειον μαργαρι
a hra nte ko hlos i ton thion mar gha ri

την προ α θα γου σα, χαῖ ρε, παν θαυ μα
tin pro a tha ghou sa he re pan thau ma

στε, πα ντων προς θε ον κατα λα γι, των μα
ste pa nton pros the on ka ta la yi, ton ma

κα ρι ζο ντων σε θε ο το κε ε κα στο τε.
ka ri zo nton se the a to ke e ka sto te

Hail, pure Maiden, spacious Tabernacle of the Word;
hail, wondrous Shell from which the Divine Pearl was
brought; ever, O Mother of God, are you the reconcilia-
tion to God, of all those who at any time bless you.

Allegro-Συντόμως.

179. Ὁδὴ ΣΤ'.

179 Τὴν θεί - αν τὰύ - την καὶ πάν - τι - μον
 Tin Thi - an taf - tin ke pan - ti - mon

τε - λοῦν - τες ἐ - ορ - τὴν - οἱ θε - ό - φρο - νες τῆς θε - ο -
 te - loun - tes e - or - tin - i The - o - fro - nes tis The - o -

μή - το - ρος δεῦ - τε τὰς χεῖ - ρας κρο - τῆ - σω - μεν
 mi - to - ros thef - te tas hi - ras kro - ti - so - men

τὸν ἐξ αὐ - τῆς τε - χθέν - τα θε - ὄν δο - ξά - ζον - τες.
 ton ex af tis te hthe da θε on tho xa zo: des
 Zen

Ὑπεραγία Θεοτόκε σῶσον ἡμᾶς.*

6TH ODE. HYMN.

“Come, let us who meditate on holiness clap our hands
 “together as we celebrate this sacred and solemn festival
 “of the Mother of God, and let us glorify the God
 “Whom she bore.”

Most holy Mother of God, save us.

