

Ode Nine

Heirmos: Most Rightly We Confess Thee

a^f
O Saint of God, in-ter-cede in our be-half. Thou stan-dest now in glo-ry,

a^f
John our right-eous fa - ther, With face un-veiled thou be-hol-dest

a^f
in end-less de-light The won-drous light of our Sa-viour

a^f
which shone on Ta-bor's height. O Saint of God, in-ter-cede in our be-half.

a^f
A gift of love we of-fer, wrought with heart-felt ar-dour,

a^f
To thee, our friend and sure hel-per in eve-ry dis-tress,

a^f
And we be-seech thee with year-ning, grant us un-end-ing bliss.

a^f
Glo-ry to the Fa-ther and to the Son and to the Ho-ly Spi-rit

a^f
Ac-cept, O sweet-est fa-ther, this a son's en-trea-ty

a^f
And lead me safe-ly through-out all the days of my life

A - long the path of sal - va - tion, yea, un - to pa - ra - dise.

Both now and ev - er and un - to the a - ges of a - ges. A - men.

In thee, O The - o - to - kos, is my hymn per - fec - ted

As the per - fec - tion and ze - nith of God's love for man,

And af - ter pas - sing this life in thee may I find my rest.