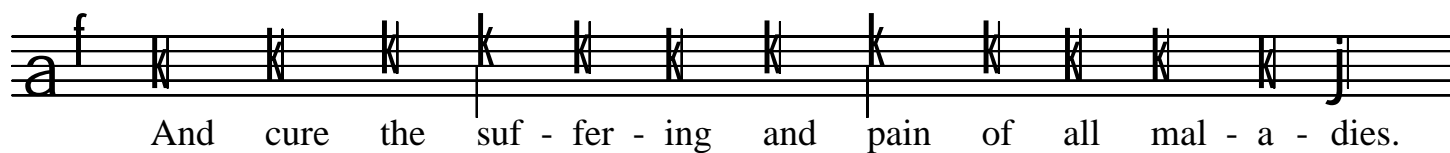
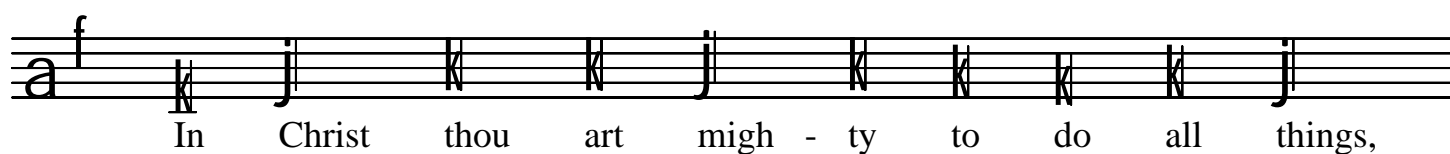
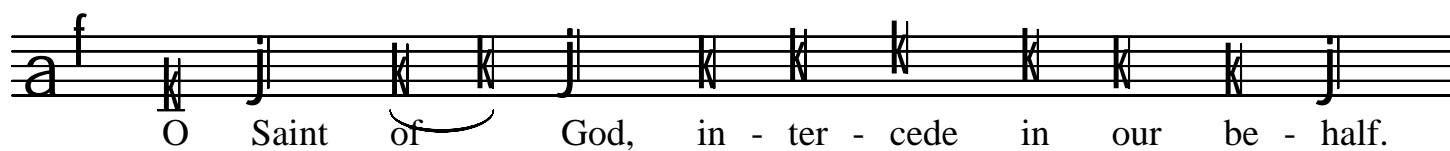
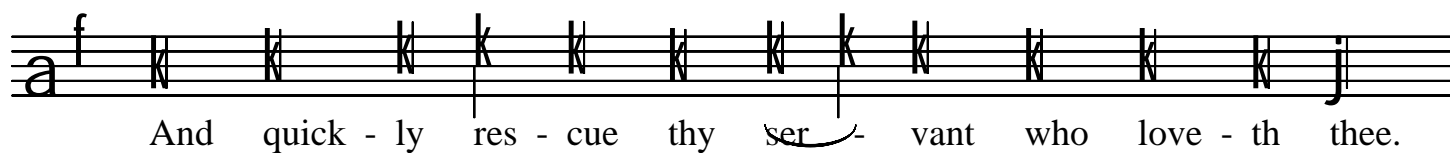
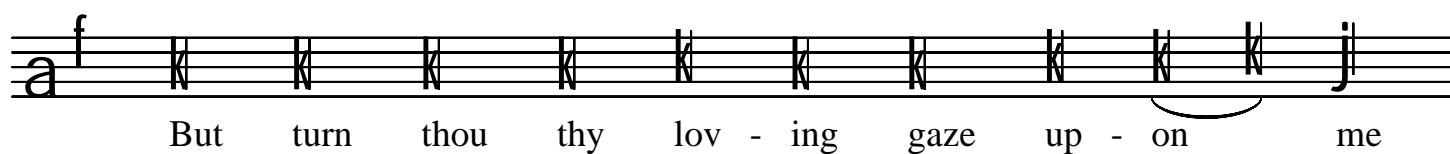
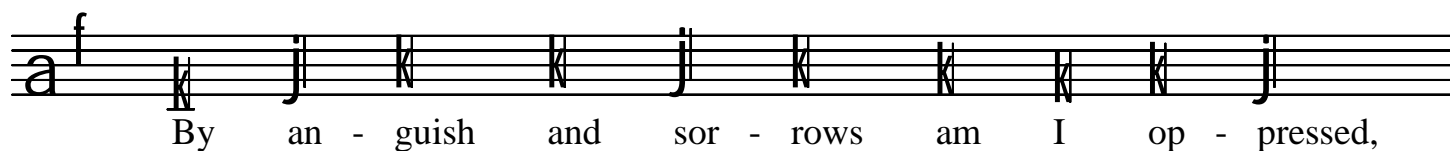
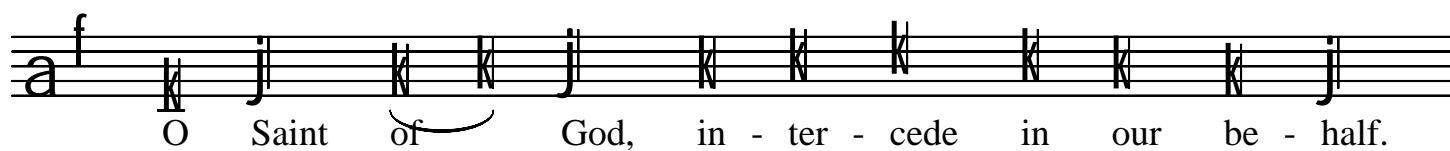


Ode One

Heirmos: Traversing the water as on dry land.



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

a f
De - spon - den - cy's ar - rows do pierce my soul,

a f
Where to flee I know not Save to thee, my pro - tec - tor, John;

a f
Dis - pel thou the gloom of my trans - gres - sions,

a f
Show me a - gain the sweet face of my Mas - ter, Christ.

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

a f
Since thou art the Mot - her and stead - fast hope,

a f
O blest The - o - to - kos, Of all Chris - tians who call on thee,

a f
Im - plore thou thy Son, the God of mer - cy,

a f
By His com - pas - sion to grant me e - ter - nal life.