Priest/Deacon: The Theotokos, the Mother of the Light, let us honor and magnify in song.

Ode 9 - First Canon

Magnify, O my soul, her who is more honorable and more exalted in glory than the heavenly hosts.

I behold a strange and wonderful mystery: the cave a heaven, the Virgin a Cherubic throne, and the manger a noble place in which hath lain Christ the uncontained God. Let us, therefore, praise and magnify him.

Magnify, O my soul, the God born in flesh from the Virgin.

When the Magi saw a new and strange star appearing suddenly, moving in a wonderful way, and transcending the stars of heaven in brightness, they were guided by it to Christ, the King born on earth in Bethlehem, for our salvation.
Magnify, O my soul, the King born in a cave.

The Magi said: Where is the child King, the newborn, whose star hath appeared? For we have verily come to worship him. And Herod, the contender against God, trembled, and began to roar in folly to kill Christ.

Magnify, O my soul, the God worshipped by the Magi. Herod ascertained from the Magi about the time of the star by whose guidance they where led to Bethlehem to worship with presents Christ who guided them, and so they returned to their country, disregarding

Herod, the evil murderer of babes, mocking him.
To-day the Virgin giveth birth to the Lord inside the cave.

Verily, it is easier for us to endure silence since there is no dread danger therefrom for us. But because of our strong desire, O Virgin, and Mother at the same time, to indite well-balanced songs of praise, this becometh indeed onerous to us. Wherefore, grant us pow'r to equal our natural inclination.

Chanter: Glory to the Father and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit.

Magnify, O my soul, the might of the invisible and three-personed Godhead. O pure one, Mother of the Word that appear eth newly from thee, O closed door,
Verily, as we behold the dark shadowy symbols pass away, we glorify the light of the truth and bless thy womb as is meet.

Chanter: Both now and ever, and unto ages of ages. Amen.

Glorify, O my soul, her who hath delivered us from the curse.

The Christ pleasing people, O Virgin, having deserved to be granted its desire by the coming of God, doth seek now with tears thy help to worship the glory of his enlivening appearance where in is the renewal of birth; for it is
thou who dost distribute grace, O pure one.

We then conclude with the two Katavasiae and their Magnifications of the 9th Ode of each Canon.

Magnification of 9th Ode - First Canon

Magnify, O my soul, her who is more hon'ra-ble and more ex-alt-ed in glo-ry than the heav-en-ly hosts.

Katavasia of 9th Ode of First Canon

I be-hold a strange and won-der-ful mys-ter-ly: the cave a heav-en, the Vir-gin a Cher-ubic throne, and the man-ger a no-ble place in which hath lain Christ the uncon-tained God. Let us,

therefore, praise and mag-ni-fy him.
Magnification of 9th Ode - Second Canon

Magnify, O my soul, her who hath delivered us from the curse.

Katavasia of 9th Ode of Second Canon

Verily, it is easier for us to endure silence since there is no dread danger therefrom for us. But because of our strong desire, O Virgin, and Mother at the same time, to indite well-balanced songs of praise, this becometh indeed onerous to us. Wherefore, grant us pow'r to equal our natural inclination.