Rejoice, O holy Queen, boast of virgins and mothers;

for no sweet and eloquent mouth hath the power, even with all skill of speech, to praise thee right ly ev 'ry mind is dazed with awe, pond'ring thy child birth. Wherefore we glorify thee with a single voice.

Glo ry to Thee, O Lord, glory to Thee.

Right it is to sing of the Life gen'd'ring Maid en, see-ing she a lone hath hid in her womb's compass the Word Who healed the dis-eased na-ture of mor-tals, Who, now seat-ed on the high throne at His Fa-ther's right hand, hath sent forth the grace of the Com-fort er.
Glo·ry to the Fa·ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho·ly Spir·it.

Both now and ev·er, and un·to ag·es of ag·es. A·men.

We—on whom grace flow·ing from God hath breathed its pow·er,—
shin·ing, flash·ing light·ning·like, beau·ti·flly al·tered
with a most strange and ma·jes·tic trans·for·ma·tion,
know the In·di·vis·i·ble, Wise,—Tri·ply·shin·ing Es·sence
E·qui·po·tent: Him do we glo·ri·fy.
Rejoice, O holy Queen, boast of virgins and mothers;
for no sweet and eloquent mouth hath the power, even with all skill of speech, to praise thee rightly every mind is dazed with awe, pondering thy childbirth. Wherefore we glorify thee with a single voice.
Ode 9

Fourth Mode

Rejoice, O holy Queen, boast of virgins and mothers; for no sweet and eloquent mouth hath the power, even with all skill of speech, to praise thee rightly; every mind is dazed with awe, pondering thy childbirth. Wherefore we glory thee with a single voice.

R

Glory to Thee, O Lord, glory to Thee.

R

Right it is to sing of the Life-generating Maid, seeing she alone hath hid in her womb’s compass the Word Who healed the diseased nature of mortals, Who, now seated on
the high throne at His Father's right hand, hath sent forth the grace of
the Comforter.

Glo- ry to the Fa- ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho- ly
Spir- it. Both now and ev- er, and un- to ages of ages. A- men.

We- on whom grace flow- ing from God hath breathed its pow-
er-, shin- ing, flash- ing light- ning-like, beau- ti- f'ly al- tered
with
a most strange and ma- jes- tic trans- for- ma- tion, know the
In- di- vis- i- ble, Wise, Tri- ply shin- ing Es- sence Eq- ui-
- tent: Him do we glo- ri- fy.
Katavasia

Fourth Mode

Rejoice, O holy Queen, boast of virgins and mothers; for no sweet and eloquent mouth hath the power, even with all skill of speech, to praise thee rightly; every mind is dazed with awe, pondering thy childbirth. Wherefore we glorify thee with a single voice.