

Ode 9 - Katavasia

Znamenny Chant

Slowly and softly

Do not weep for me, O Mother, be-hold-ing Me in the tomb,

the Son con - ceived with - out seed in thy womb,

cresc.

for I shall a - rise,

f

and I shall be glo - ri - fied with e - ter - nal glo - ry as God.

dim.

I shall ex-alt all who mag-ni-fy thee in faith and in love.