

# The Common Katavasiae

Sung at the end of each Ode at Matins on most Sundays

## One One

I will o - pen my\_\_\_ mouth, and it will be filled with the Spi - rit,  
and I will pour forth\_\_\_ words to the Queen and Mo - ther  
and\_\_\_ I shall ap - pear, keep - ing splen - did fes - ti - val;  
and re - joic - ing I will hymn her\_\_\_ won - ders.

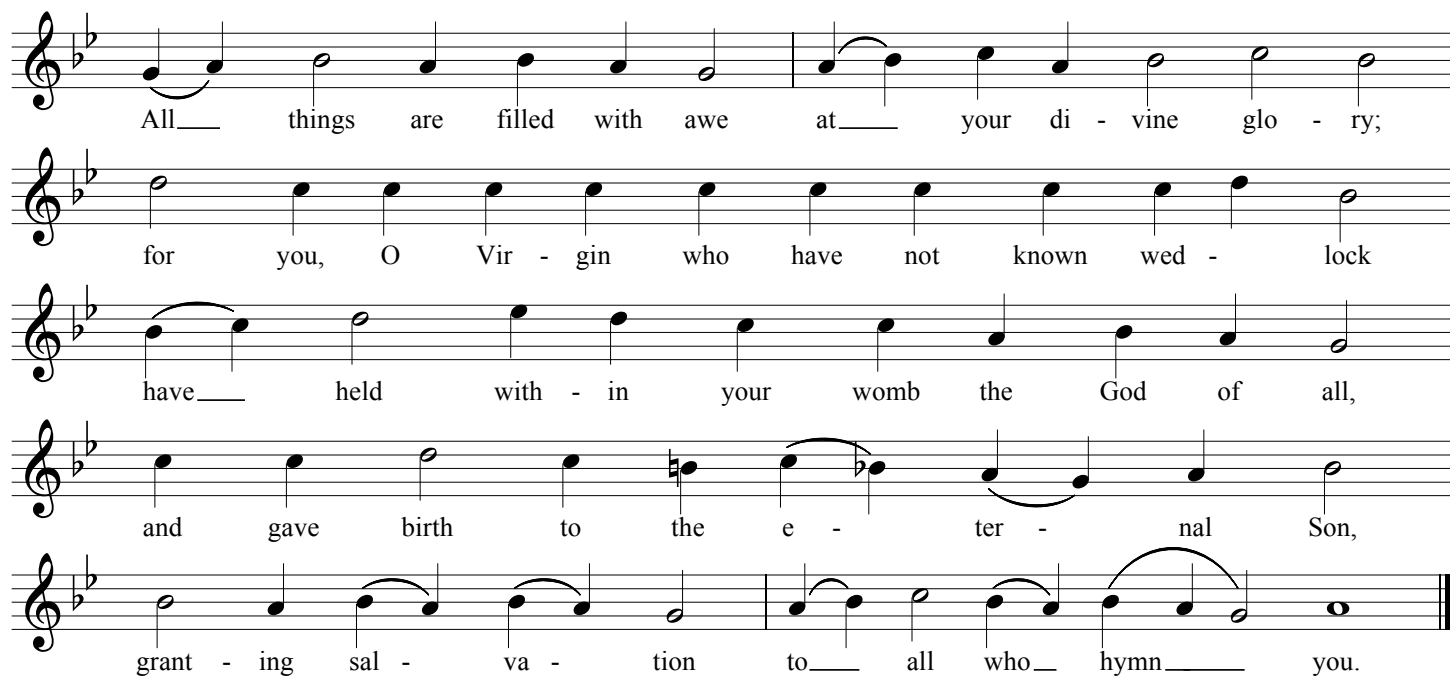
## Ode Three

O\_\_\_ The - o - to - kos, liv - ing and a - bun - dant foun - tain,  
es - tab - lish all those who form a choir and ga - ther to praise your name,  
and\_\_\_ by your grace di - vine grant\_ them crowns of glo - \_\_\_ ry.

## Ode Four

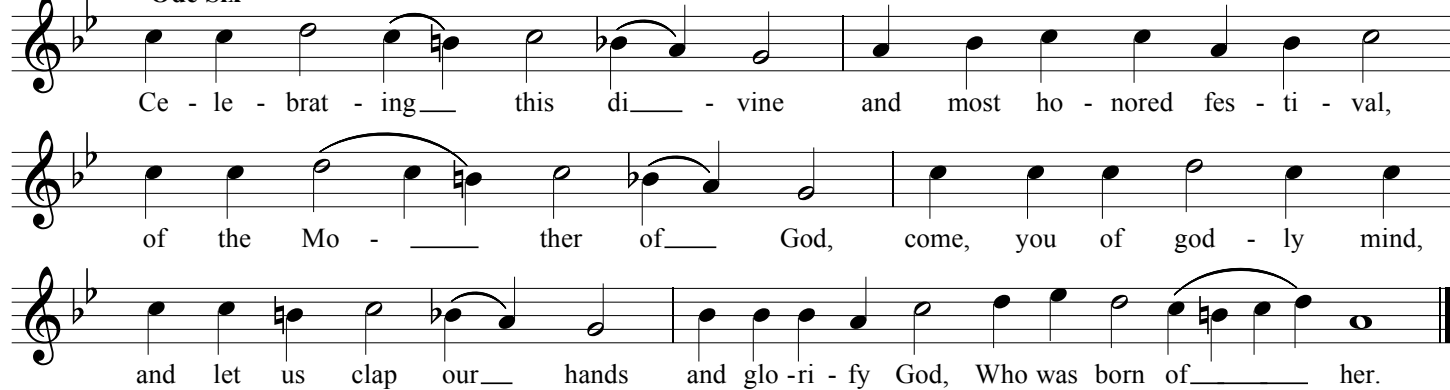
Seat - ed in glo - ry up - on the throne of the God - head,  
the most di - vine Je - sus has come on a swift cloud,  
and with His pure hand has saved\_\_\_ those\_\_\_ who cry:  
Glo - ry to Your pow - er, O\_\_\_\_\_ Christ!

### Ode Five



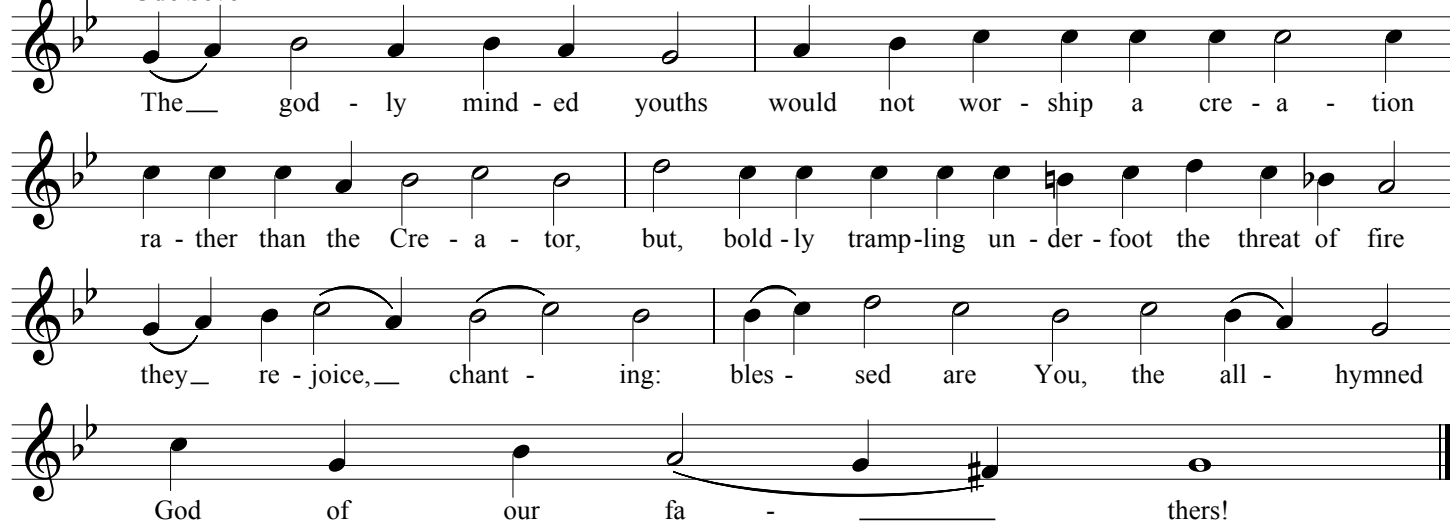
All things are filled with awe at your di - vine glo - ry;  
for you, O Vir - gin who have not known wed - lock  
have held with - in your womb the God of all,  
and gave birth to the e - ter - nal Son,  
grant - ing sal - va - tion to all who hymn you.

### Ode Six



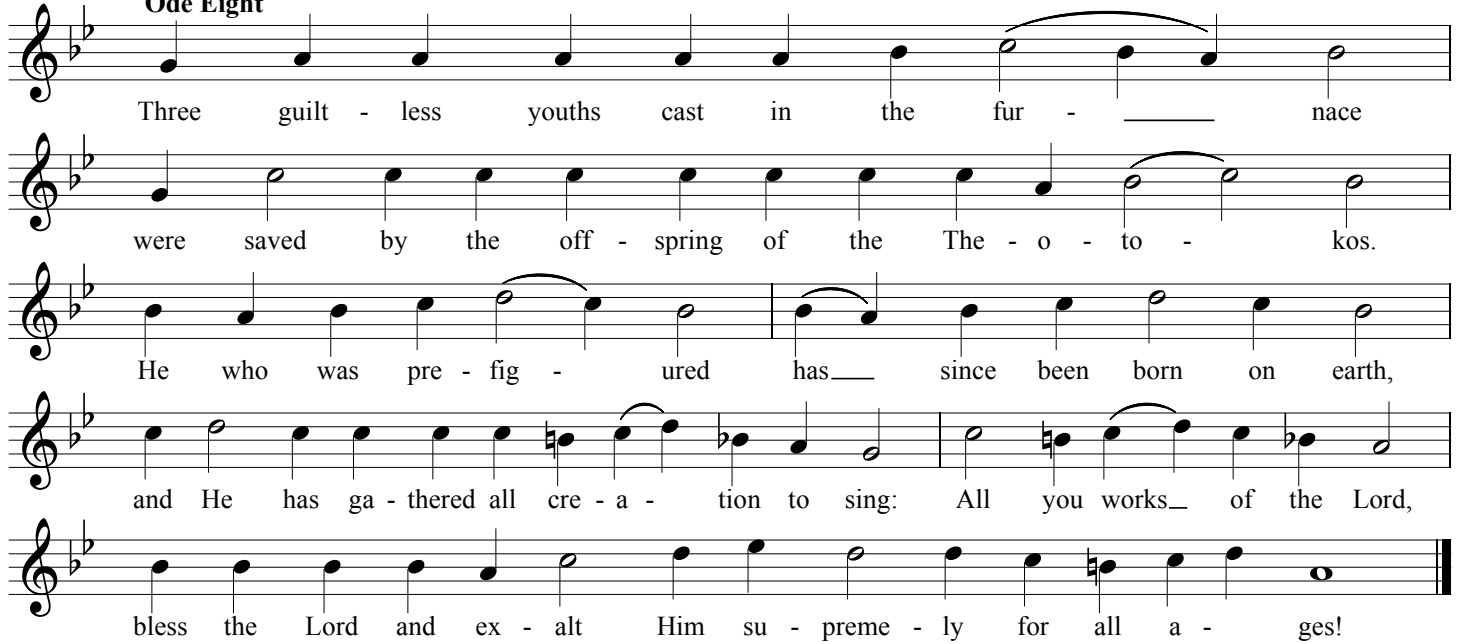
Ce - le - brat - ing this di - vine and most ho - nored fes - ti - val,  
of the Mo - ther of God, come, you of god - ly mind,  
and let us clap our hands and glo - ri - fy God, Who was born of her.

### Ode Seven



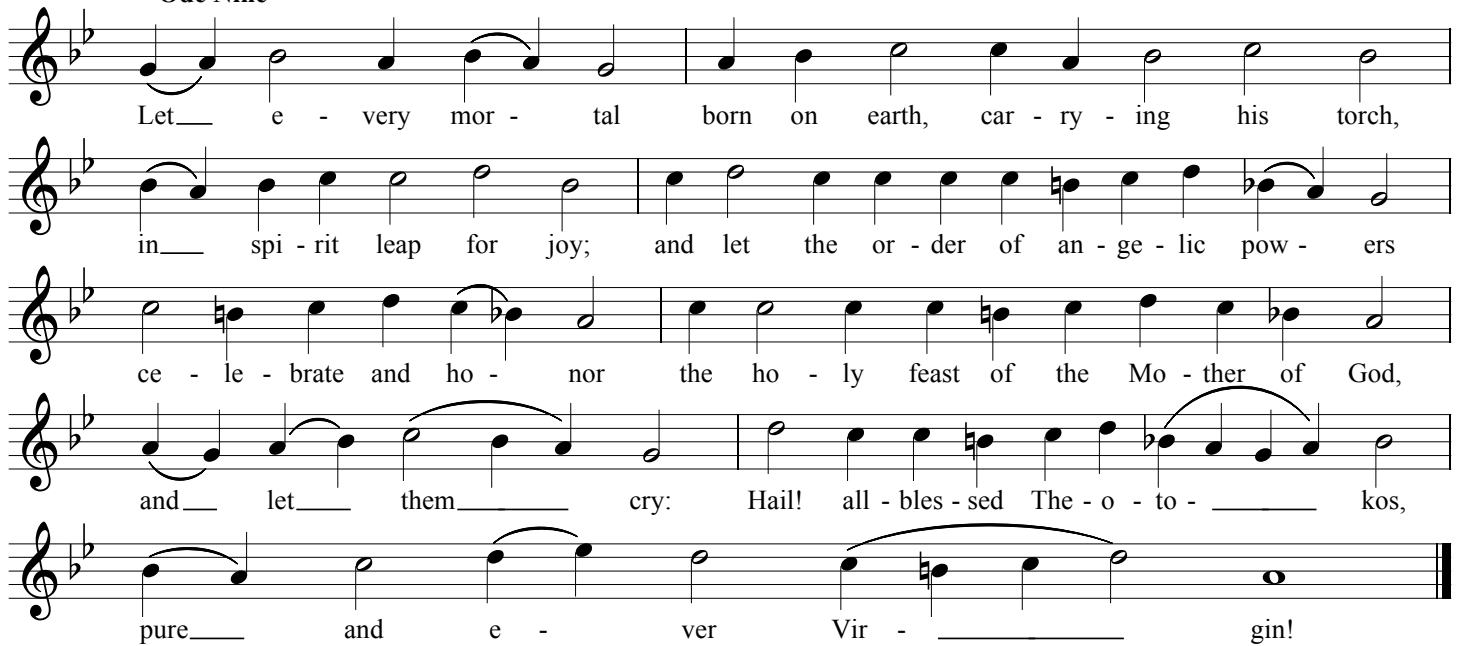
The god - ly mind - ed youths would not wor - ship a cre - a - tion  
ra - ther than the Cre - a - tor, but, bold - ly tramp - ling un - der - foot the threat of fire  
they re - joice, chant - ing: bles - sed are You, the all - hymned  
God of our fa - thers!

### Ode Eight



Three guilt - less youths cast in the fur - nace  
were saved by the off - spring of the The - o - to - kos.  
He who was pre - fig - ured has since been born on earth,  
and He has ga - thered all cre - a - tion to sing: All you works\_ of the Lord,  
bless the Lord and ex - alt Him su - preme - ly for all a - ges!

### Ode Nine



Let\_ e - very mor - tal born on earth, car - ry - ing his torch,  
in\_ spi - rit leap for joy; and let the or - der of an - ge - lic pow - ers  
ce - le - brate and ho - nor the ho - ly feast of the Mo - ther of God,  
and\_ let\_ them\_ cry: Hail! all - bles - sed The - o - to - kos,  
pure\_ and e - ver Vir - gin!