

December 26th. On a Sunday

On the Beatitudes, 4 verses for the Feast, Tone 1:



To the Son, be - got - ten of the Fa - ther with - out change be - fore the



ag - es, and in the last times with - out seed in - car - nate of the



Vir - gin, to Christ God let us cry a - loud: You have raised up our



horn, ho - ly are you, O Lord.



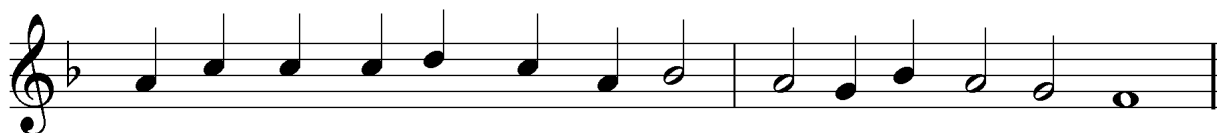
Though formed from dust, Ad - am shared in the high - er breath of life;



yet through the de - cep - tion of a wom - an he slipped down to

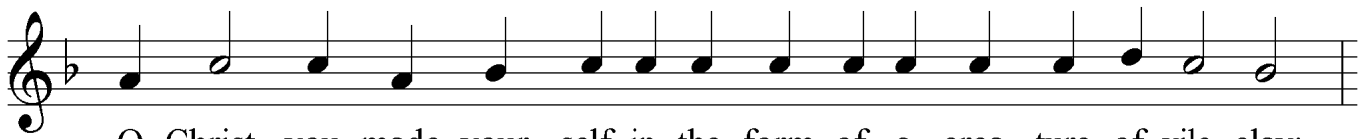


cor - rup - tion. But see - ing Christ born of a wom - an he cries a - loud:

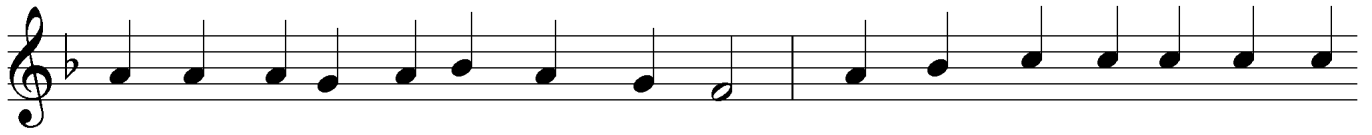


For my sake you be - came like me, ho - ly are you, O Lord.

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O Christ, you made your - self in the form of a crea - ture of vile clay;



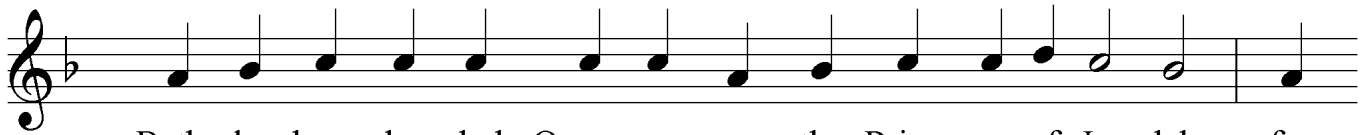
by shar - ing in what is worse, our flesh, you have made us par - tak - ers



of the di - vine na - ture, be - com - ing mor - tal, yet re - main - ing God,



and have raised up our horn, ho - ly are you, O Lord.



Beth - le - hem, be glad, Queen a - mong the Princ - es of Ju - dah; for



from you Christ comes forth vis - i - bly, the Shep - herd of Is - ra - el,



on the should - ers of the Cher - u - bim, and rais - ing up our horn



he reigns o - ver all.