Christ is born! Give ye glory! Christ is come from heaven,
receive ye Him. Christ is on earth, be ye exalted;
sing unto the Lord all the earth, and sing praises in gladness,
O ye peoples; for He hath been glorified.
To the Son, Who was begotten of the Father before the ages without change, and in these last days, was without seed made flesh of the Virgin, to Christ our God, let us cry aloud, Thou Who hast raised up our horn, holy art Thou, O Lord.
Rod of the root of Jesse, and flower that blossomed from his stem,

O Christ; Thou hast sprung forth from the Virgin, O Praised One,

from the mountain densely overshadowed hast Thou come, made flesh of her

that knew not wedlock. O Thou Who art immaterial and God,

glory to Thy power, O Lord.
As Thou art the God of peace, and the Father of mercies,

Thou hast sent unto us Thine Angel of great counsel, granting us peace.

Wherefore, having been guided to the light of divine knowledge,

and watching by night, we glorify Thee, O Lover of man.
The sea monster spat forth Jo-nah, as it had received him like a babe from the womb; while the Word having dwelt within the Virgin and taken flesh, came forth from her yet kept her incorrupt. For being Himself not subject to corruption, He preserved His mother free from harm.
Scorning the impious decree, the Children brought up together

in godli ness feared not the threat of fire, but standing in the midst

of the flames, they sang: 'O God of our fathers, blessed art Thou.'
Ode 8

The fur-nace moist with dew, was the image and figure of a won-der past

na-ture; for it burnt not the youths whom it had re-ceived, even as the

fire of the God-head consumed not the Vir-gin's womb in-to which it had
de-scen-ded. Where-fore, in praise, let us say: let all cre-a-tion

1st Canon of the Nativity of our Lord
bless the Lord, and supremely exalt Him unto all the ages.

Before the Katavasia of the 8th Ode:

We praise, we bless, we worship the Lord; praising and supremely exalting Him unto all the ages.
Refrain of Ode 9

Magnify, O my soul, her who is more hon'rous and more glorious

than the hosts on high: the most pure Virgin The-o-to-kos.
A strange and marvelous mystery do I behold;

heaven, the cave; the Virgin, a cherubic throne;

the manager a space, wherein Christ God, the uncontainable

One hath reclined. Him do we praise and magnify.