

HYMN OF KASSIANI APOSTICHA – G.N.E.

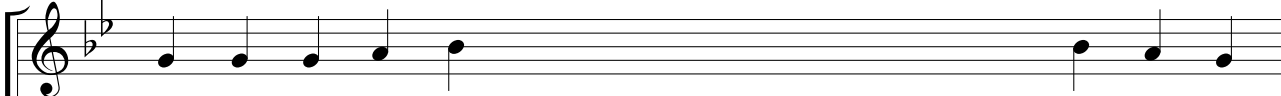
TRIODION: Matins of
Holy Wednesday

Reader: *Glory and Now in the Eighth Tone:*

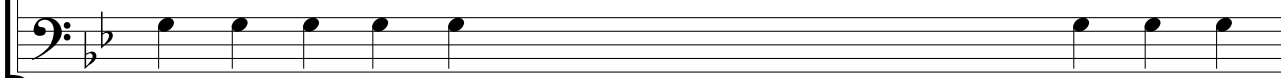
ATTOS * ♩ = 84

W. G. Obleschuk

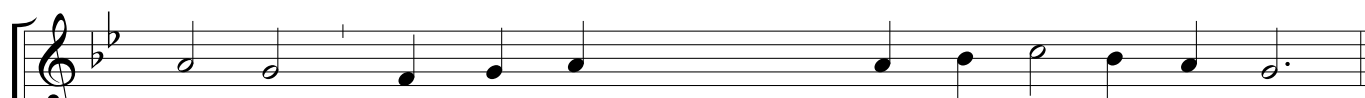
Melody




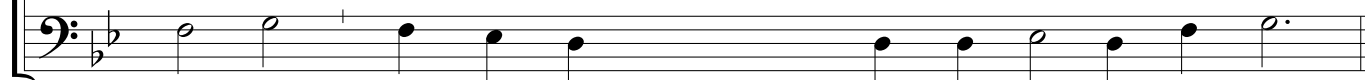
Voice 2




Glo - ry to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly




Spir - it, now and ever and unto ages of a - ges. A - men.




The wom - an had fall - en in - to man - y sins, O Lord, yet



when she per - ceived Your di - vin - i - ty she joined the ranks

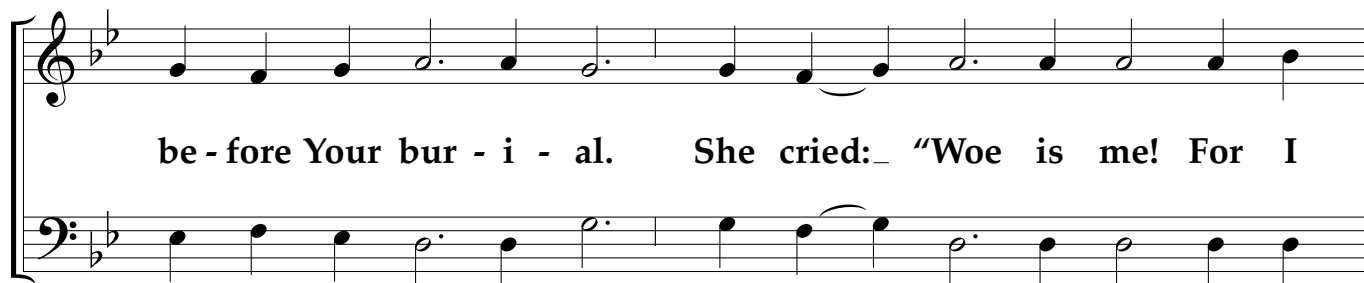


of the myrrh - bear - ing wom - en. In tears she brought You myrrh



* *At The Tempo of Speech*

[before Your burial.]



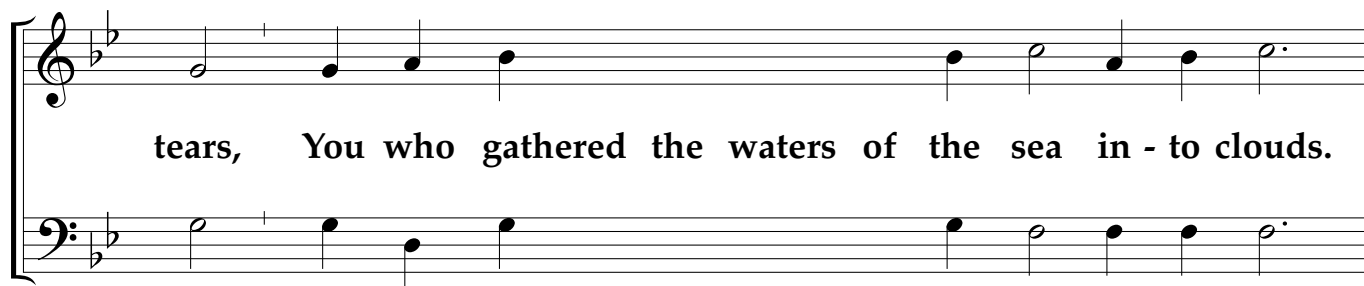
be - fore Your bur - i - al. She cried: "Woe is me! For I



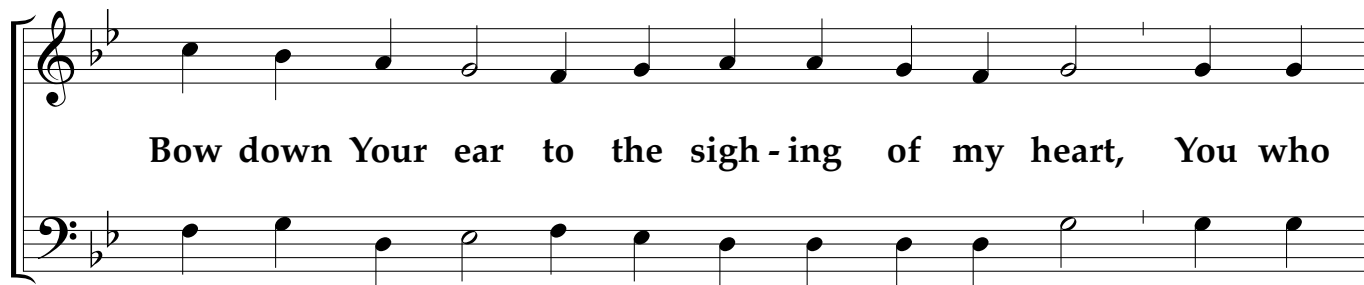
live in the night of li - cen - tious - ness, shroud - ed in the dark



and moon - less love of sin. But ac - cept the foun - tain of my



tears, You who gathered the waters of the sea in - to clouds.

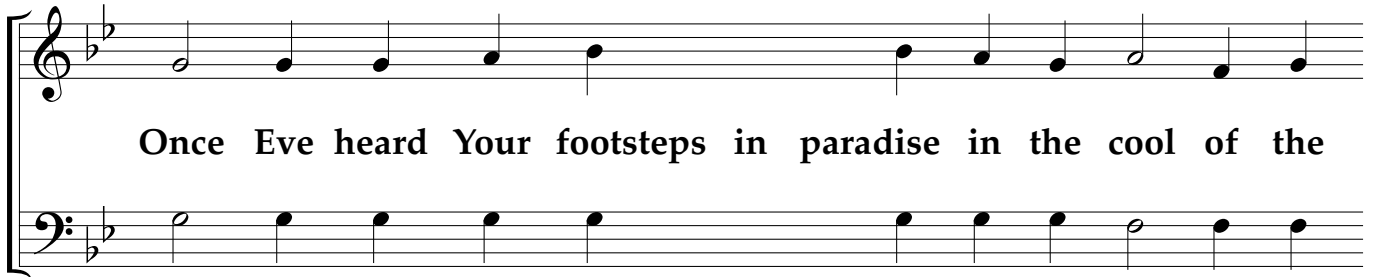


Bow down Your ear to the sigh - ing of my heart, You who

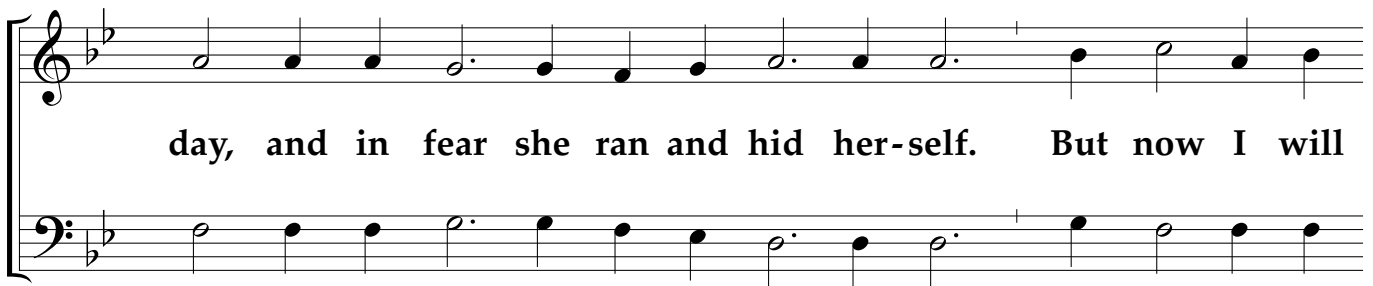
[bowed the heavens...]



bowed the heavens in Your ineffable con - de - scen - sion.



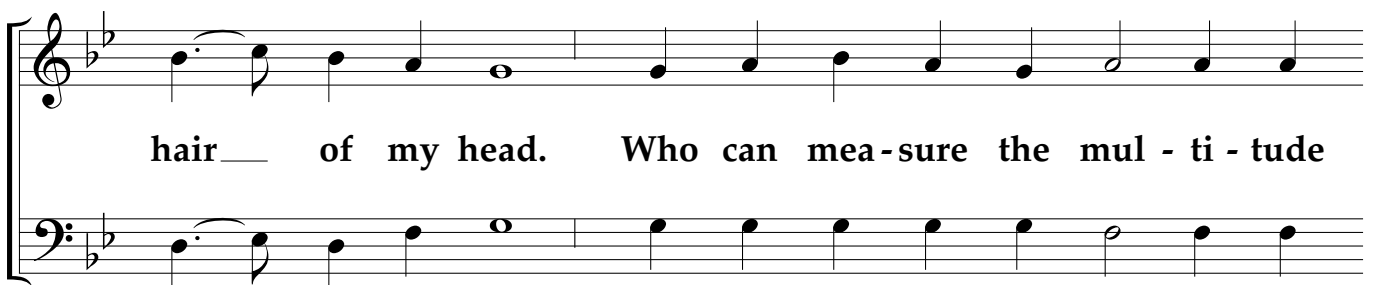
Once Eve heard Your footsteps in paradise in the cool of the



day, and in fear she ran and hid her-self. But now I will



tenderly embrace those pure feet and wipe them with the



hair of my head. Who can measure the multitude

[of my sins,]

Div. (optional)

of my sins, or the depth of Your judgments, O Sav - ior

of my soul? Do not de-spise Your ser - vant in Your

im - measur - a - ble mer - cy."