Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit. Through the prayers of the Theotokos, O merciful One, blot out the multitude of my transgressions. Now and ever, and unto ages of ages. Amen.
Have mercy on me, O God, according to Your great mercy,
according to Your abundant mercy, // blot out my transgressions!

When the Translation of your immaculate body was being prepared,
the Apostles surrounded your deathbed and looked on you with trembling.

They gazed at your body and were seized with awe, while Peter cried out to you
with tears:  “O Virgin, I see you, who are the life of all, lying here out stretched,

and I am struck with wonder;  for the Delight of the life to come made

His dwelling in you.  But fervently implore your Son and God, O immaculate

Lady,  that your people may be kept safe from harm!”