Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit, now and ever, and unto ages of ages. Amen.

At your deathless Falling Asleep, O Theotokos,

Mother of Life, clouds caught the Apostles up into the air,

and though they were dispersed throughout the world, they were

brought into a single choir beside your most pure body. As they
reverently buried you, they cried out, singing Gabriel's words:

"Rejoice, O full of grace, Virgin Mother without bridegroom, the Lord is with you!" // With them implore Him, as your Son and our God, that our souls may be saved!