At your glorious Dormition the heavens rejoice, and the armies of Angels exult. The whole earth is glad, addressing its funeral hymn to you, the Mother of the Master of all things, all-holy Virgin who knew not wedlock, // who have delivered the human race from the ancestral condemnation.
At a divine command the chief Apostles gathered from the ends of the earth to bury you, and when they saw you being taken from the earth to heaven they cried out with joy in Gabriel’s words: “Rejoice, chariot of the whole Godhead! Rejoice, for you alone by...
your child-bearing have joined together things on earth with

those on high!"

Virgin Mother, Bride of God, who carried the Life within your womb, by your revered Falling Asleep you have passed over to immortal life. Angels, Rulers and Powers, Apostles, Prophets and
all creation escorted you, // and your Son received your

most pure soul in His immaculate hands.