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.
Sticheron 2

Soprano
Alto

At a divine command the chief Apostles gathered from

Tenor
Bass

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 childbearing have joined together things on earth with
Vir- gin Moth- er, Bride of God, who car- ried the Life
within your womb, by your re- vered_ Falling Asleep you have passed
over to im- mor- tal life. Angels, Rulers and Powers, Apostles, Prophets and
all creation es- cort- ed you, // and your Son received your most pure soul
in His immaculate hands.