The Archangel Gabriel was sent from heaven, to announce to the
Virgin the good news of her conceiving. And coming to Nazareth,
he was filled with wonder at the miracle, and reasoned within himself:
“How is it that He Who dwells on high, Whom none can comprehend,
is to be born of a Virgin? How is He, Whose throne is Heaven and Whose footstool is the earth, to be contained in the womb of a woman? He upon Whom the six-winged Seraphim and the many-eyed Cherubim are not able to gaze is well-pleased to be made flesh from her at a single word. It is the Word
of God Who is to come. Why then do I hesitate, and not say to

the Maid en: 'Rejoice, O Lady, full of grace, the Lord is with you!

Rejoice, pure Virgin! Rejoice, Bride without Bride groom!

Rejoice, Mother of the Life! // Blessed is the Fruit of your womb!'