Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit. Through the prayers of the Apostles, O Merciful One, blot out the multitude of our transgressions. Now and ever, and unto ages of ages. Amen. Through the [prayers of the...]
prayers of the The-o-to-kos, O mer-ciful One, //

blot out the multitude of my trans-gres-sions.

Have mercy on me, O God, according to Thy great mercy, and according to the multitude of Thy tender mercies, blot out my trans-gres-sions!

Tone 6
Today the Powers above beheld our nature in the heavens

and marveled at the strange manner of the ascent,
in perplexity saying to one another: Who is this who comes?

But seeing their own Master, they gave the command to lift up the heavenly gates. With them we unceasingly sing in [praise of Thee,
praise of Thee, Who art coming again from there in the
flesh // as Judge of all and God Al-might-y.