

THE HYMN OF KASSIANI

(Holy Tuesday Evening)

Plagal Fourth Tone

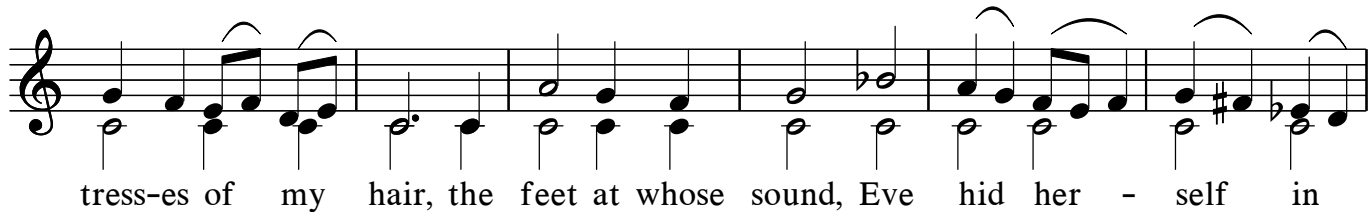
N. Takis, English text from Papadeas

Doxasticon from Holy Wednesday Orthros

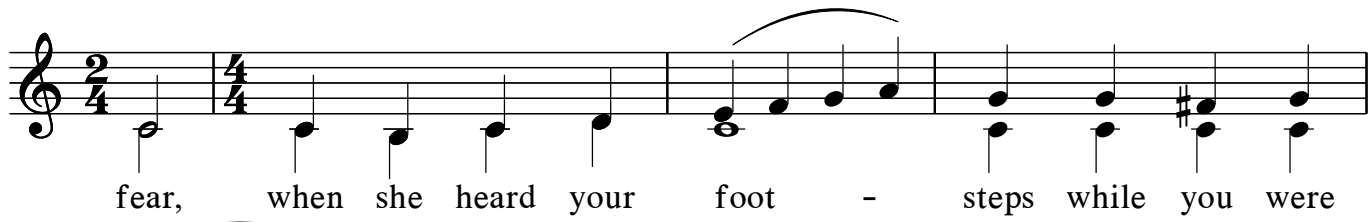
Lento

Glo-ry to the Fa-ther and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly
Spir-it. Now and e-ver and un-to the a-ges of a-ges. A-men.
The wom-an who had fall-en in-to man-y sins, per-
-ceiv-ing your di-vin-i-ty, O Lord, as-sumes the
role of a myrrh-bear-er, and la-ment-
-ing, she brings the myrrh be-fore Your bur-i-al.
"Woe to me," she cries. "For me, night is an ec-sta-

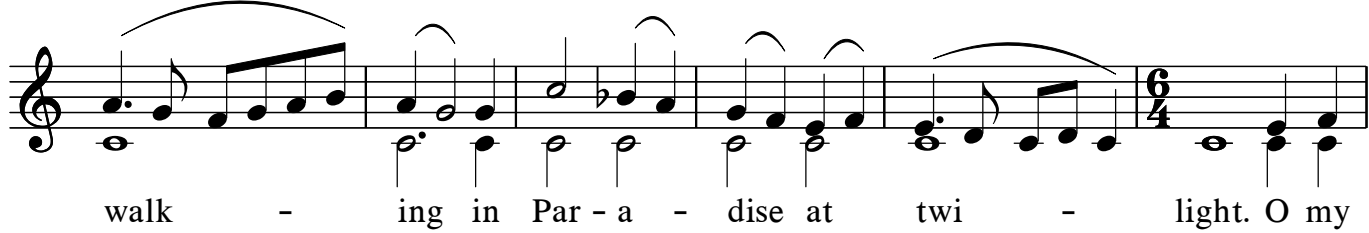
- sy of ex - cess, dark and moon-less and full of
 sin - ful de - sires. Re-ceive the foun-tain of my
 tears, you who gath - er in-to clouds the wa - ters of the
 sea. In - cline to the groan - ings of my heart,
 you who in your in - ef - fa - ble con - de - scen -
uni.
 - sion bowed down the heav - ens. I will em - brace and
 kiss your sa - cred feet and wipe them a - gain with the



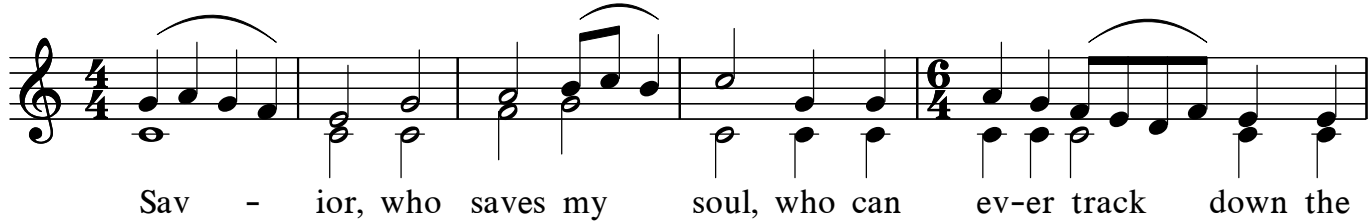
tress-es of my hair, the feet at whose sound, Eve hid her - self in



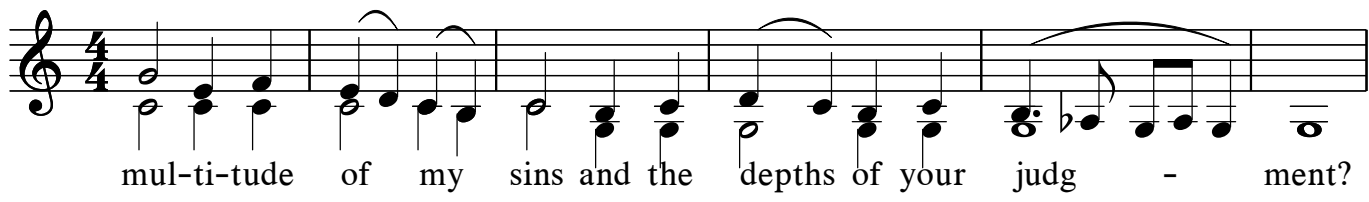
fear, when she heard your foot - steps while you were



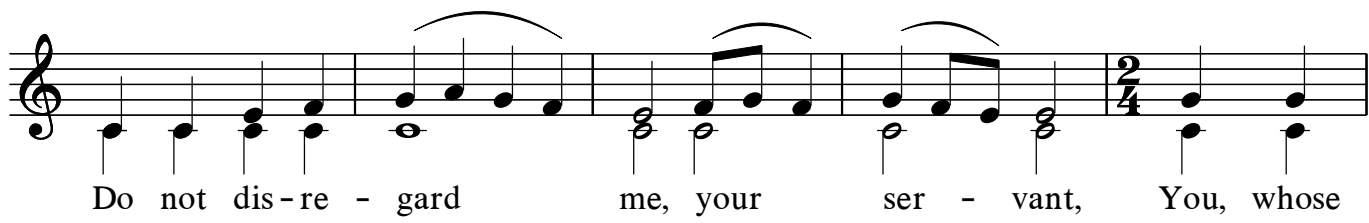
walk - ing in Par - a - dise at twi - light. O my



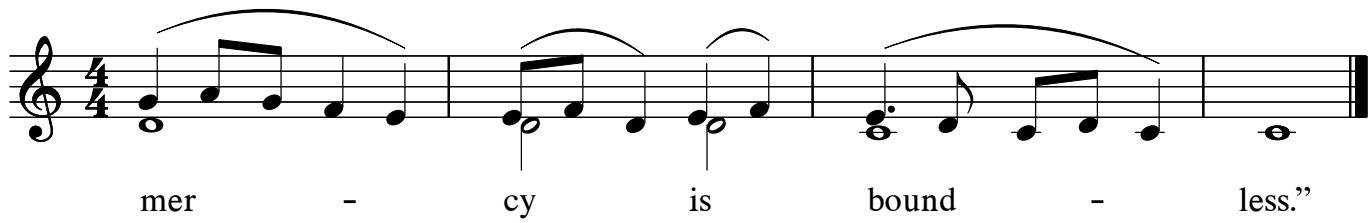
Sav - ior, who saves my soul, who can ev - er track down the



mul-ti-tude of my sins and the depths of your judg - ment?



Do not dis-re - gard me, your ser - vant, You, whose



mer - cy is bound - less."