The Troparion of Kassiani

Short Version

Text: Papadeas, Music: N. Takis

Plagal Fourth Tone

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Lento

Glo-ry to the Fa-ther and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Spir-it.

Now and e-ver and 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-men-ting, she brings

myrrh to Your bur-i-al. “Woe to me,” she said. “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
waters of the sea. Incline to the groanings of my heart, You Who in your ineffable condescension bowed down the heavens. I will embrace and kiss Your sacred feet and wipe them again with the tresses of the hair of my head, the feet at whose sound, Eve hid herself in fear, when she heard Your footsteps while You were walking in Paradise in the twilight. O my Savior, and the saver of my soul, who can ever track down the multitude of my sins and the depths of Your judgment? Do not disregard me, Your servant, You, Whose mercy is boundless.”