HOLY WEDNESDAY ORTHROS
THE TROPARION OF KASSIANI

Plagal Fourth Tone

N. Takis

Glo-ry to the Fa-ther and to the Son, and to the Holy


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-

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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-
sion bowed down the heav - ens. I will em - brace and

kiss your sa - cred feet and wipe them a - gain with the
tresses of my hair, the feet at whose sound, Eve hid herself in fear, when she heard your footsteps while you were walking in Paradise at twilight. O my Savior, who saves 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.”