

**HOLY WEDNESDAY ORTHROS
THE TROPARION OF KASSIANI**

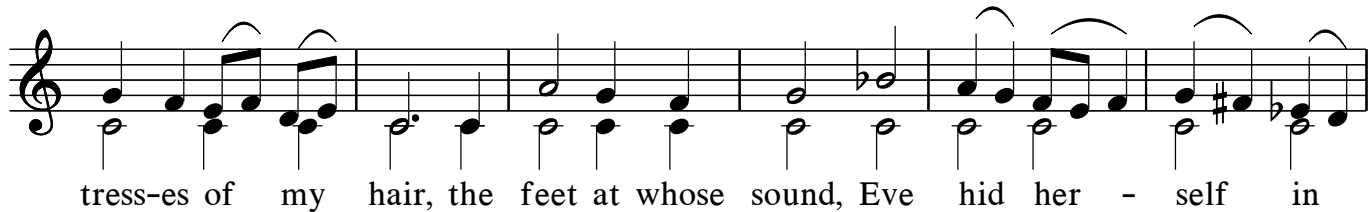
Plagal Fourth Tone

N. Takis

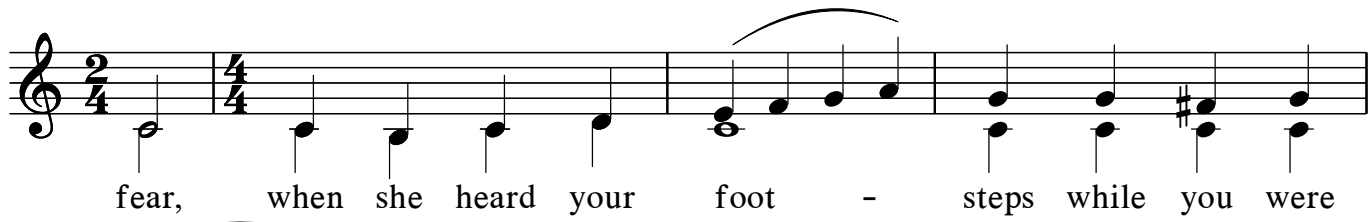
Lento

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 -

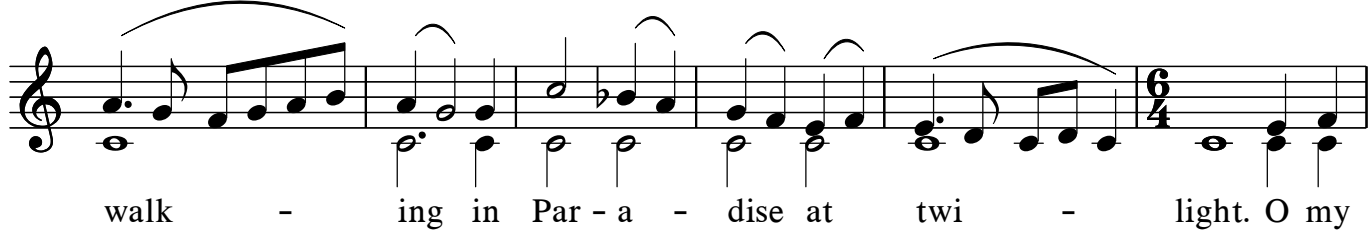
- sy of ex - cess, dark and moon-less and full of
 sin - ful de - sires. Re-ceive the foun-tain of my
 tears, you who gath - er in-to clouds the wa - ters of the
 sea. In - cline to the groan - ings of my heart,
 you who in your in - ef - fa - ble con - de - scen -
uni.
 - sion bowed down the heav -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



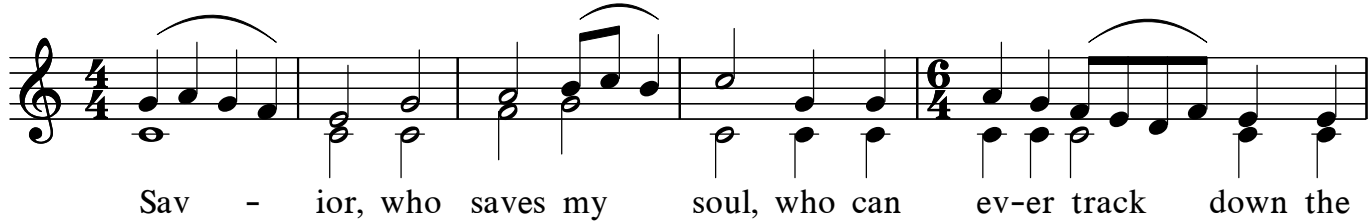
tress-es of my hair, the feet at whose sound, Eve hid her - self in



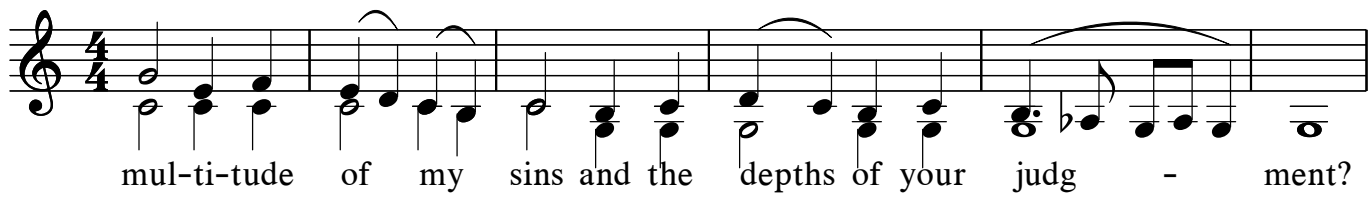
fear, when she heard your foot - steps while you were



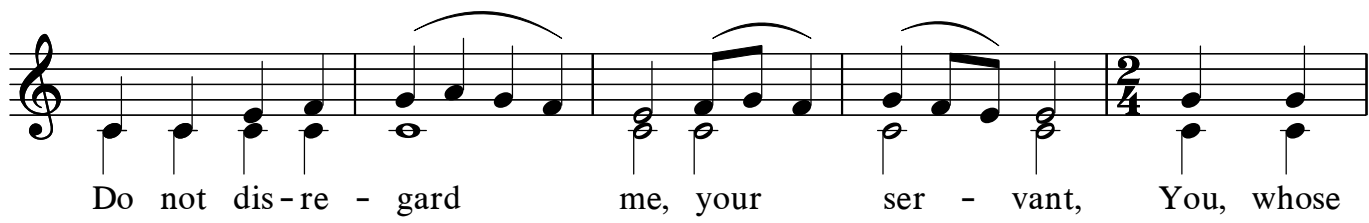
walk - ing in Par - a - dise at twi - light. O my



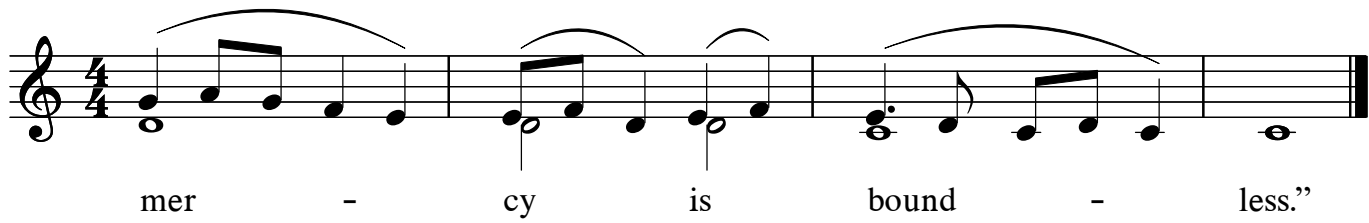
Sav - ior, who saves my soul, who can ev - er track down the



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."