O Lord, the woman

who had fallen in to

to many sins perceived

Thy divinity, and taking upon her

self the duty of a myrrh bearer,

with lamentation she bringeth Thee myrrh oils before Thine entomb
Thine entombment. Woe unto me,
saith she, for night is become for me a frenzy of licentiousness, a dark and moonless love of sin. Receive
the fountains of my tears,
O Thou Who dost gather into

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clouds the water of the sea. Incline unto me, unto the sighings of my heart, O Thou Who didst bow the heavens by Thine-ineffable condensation. I will kiss Thine immaculate feet, and wipe them again with the tress es of my head, those feet at whose sound Eve
hid her - self
for fear when she heard Thee walk - ing in
Par - adise in the cool of the day.
As for the mul - ti - tude
of my sins and the a - byss of
Thy judg - ments, who
can search them out, O Sav - iour of souls,
my Sav - iour. Do not dis - dain me, Thy hand -
maid - en, O Thou Who art bound - less in mer - cy.