katavasiae for the dormition of the most holy theotokos

First Tone

Ode One

A-dorned in varied col-ours with di-vine glo-ry,

O Vir-gin, thy sac-red and re-nowned me-mo-rial

hath gath-ered all the faith-ful in re-joic-ing; and

led by Ma-ri-am with dan-ces and tim-brels, they

sing un-to thine On-ly-be-got-ten; for glo-ri-

ous-ly is He glo-ri-fied.

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O Christ, Thou Wisdom and Power of God, creating and sustaining all things, establishing the Church immovable and unshaken; for Thou alone art holy, Who dost rest in the Saints.

The words and dark sayings of the Prophets dimly foreshowed Thine Incarnation from a Virgin, O Christ, that splendour of Thy lightning which was to come forth as a light for the nations; and the deep calleth
unto Thee in gladness: Glory to Thy power, O Friend of man.

The divine and unspoken beauty of Thy virtues shall I declare, O Christ. For Thou shondest forth from the Eternal Glory as His Coeternal and Enhypostatic Efulgence; and having received a body from a virginal womb: Upon those in darkness and shadow, like the sun, Thou didst rise.

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The briny, sea-ennengendered fire of the monstrous beast's entrails was a certain prefiguration of Thy three-day burial, whereof Jonas was shown to be the herald; for being saved unharmed, even as he had been before he fell in, he cried: I will sacrifice unto Thee with a voice of praise, O Lord.

Striving both with reckless wrath and fire, godly longing bedewed the blazing fire, and fearlessly laughed

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at wrath, when with the rational, three-voiced, God-inspired harp of the Saints it cried aloud, in returning answer amidst the roaring flame to the instruments of music:

O glorified Lord and God of our Fathers, and of us who sing Thy praise, for ever art Thou blessed.

We praise, we bless, and we worship the Lord.

The Almighty Angel of God showed the Children a flame that refresheth the righteous but burneth up the
pro-fane; and He made the The-o-to-kos a life-or-gi-nat-ing spring, the de-struct-ion of death, bub-bl-ling o-ver with life for them that sing: We that have been de-liv-ered praise the Cre-a-tor a-lone, and we su-premely ex-alt Him un-to all the a-ges.

All we the gen-er-a-tions ev-er call thee bless-ed the on-ly The-o-to-kos. The bounds of na-ture are o-ver-come in thee, O im-

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maculate Virgin; for thy child-birth is virginal, and thy death is the espousal of life. O thou who after child-birth art virgin, and who after death art living, do thou, O Theotokos, ever save thine inheritance.