




Hymn of Kassiani the Nun, Tone 8, Znamenny melody



Lord, the wom - - - an who had fall - - en



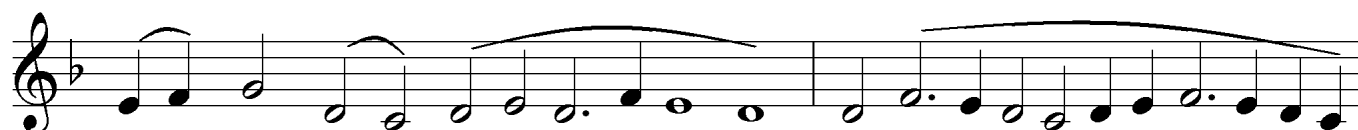
in - - - - - to man - - - y sins, per - - ceiv - - - ing your




di - - - vin - - - i - - - ty, took up the role of a




myrrh - - - bear - - - er, and with lam - - - en - - - ta - tions



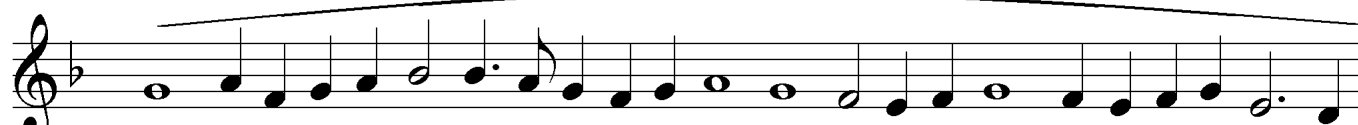
she brings sweet myrrh to you



be - fore your bur - - - - - i - - - - al.

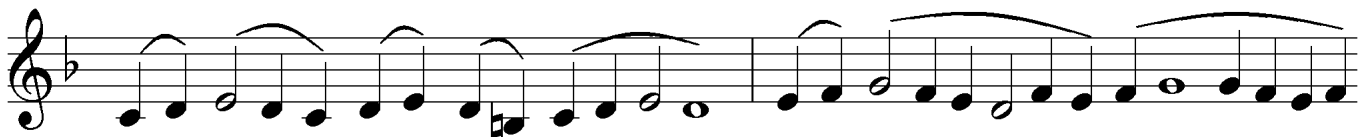


'A - las!', she



says,





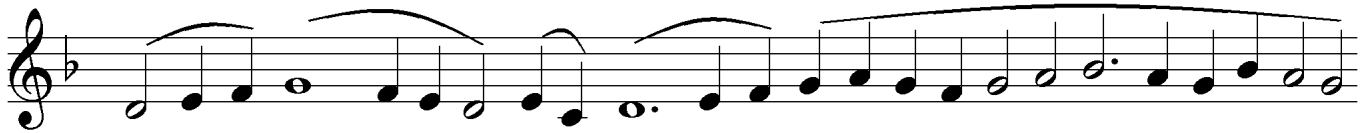
'for night is for me a fren - - - - - zy



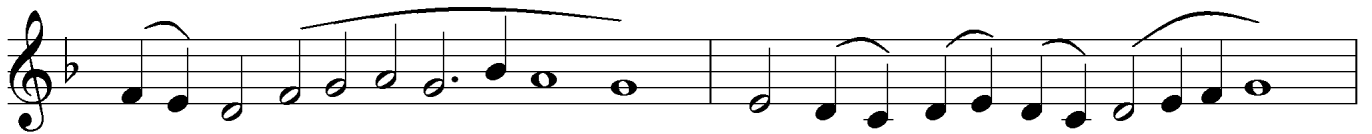
of lust, a dark and moon - - - - - less



love of sin.



Ac - - - - - cept the foun - - - - - tain



of my tears, you that from the clouds



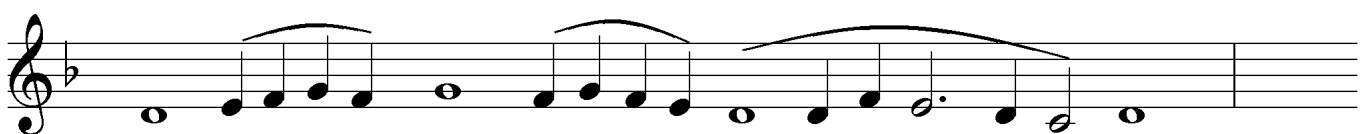
draw out the wa - - - - - ter of the sea;



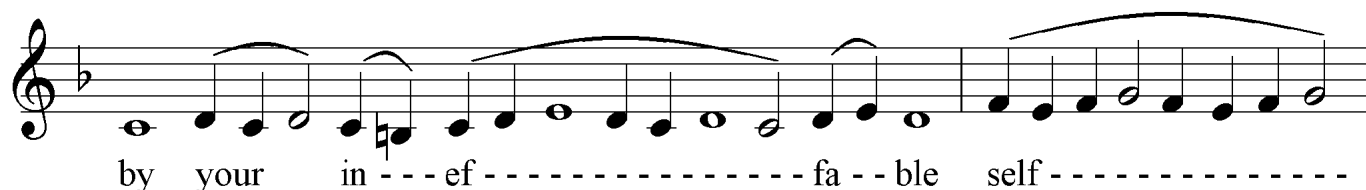
bow your - self down to the groan - - - - - ings



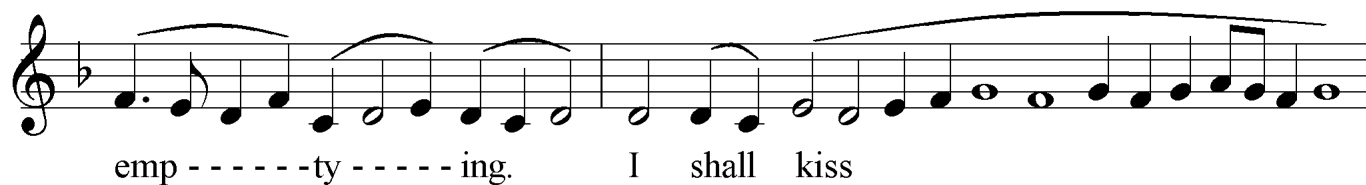
of my heart,



you that bowed the heav - - - - - ens



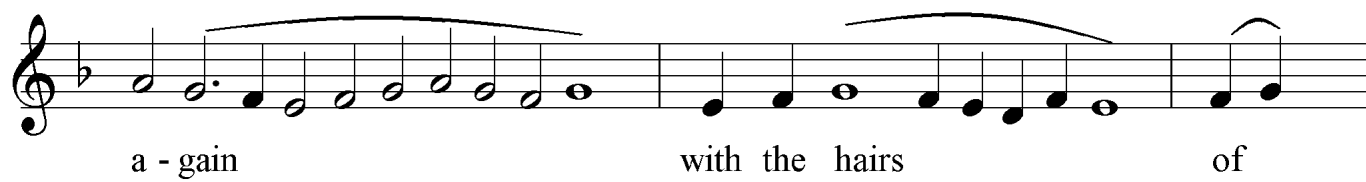
by your in - ef - - - - - fa - - ble self - - - - -



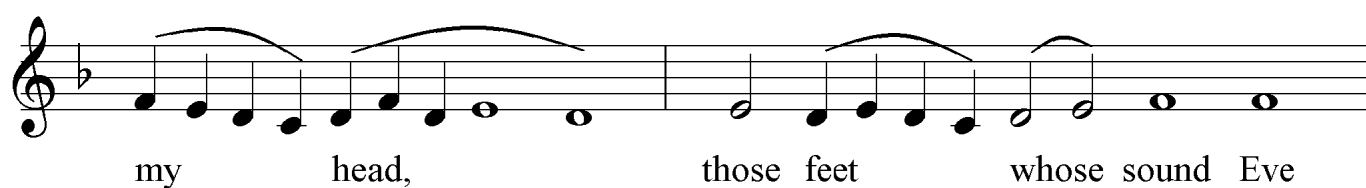
emp - - - - - ty - - - - - ing. I shall kiss



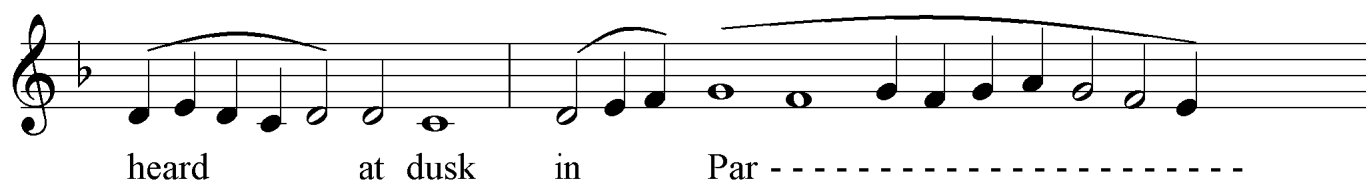
your im - mac - - - - - u - - late feet, and wipe them



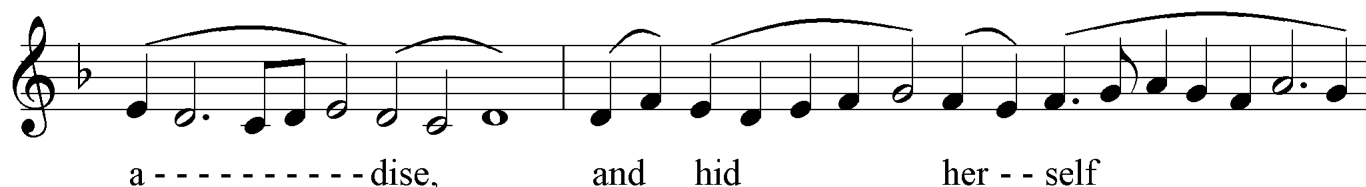
a - gain with the hairs of



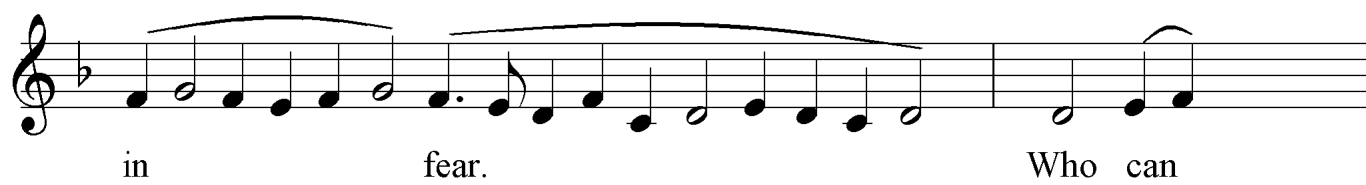
my head, those feet whose sound Eve



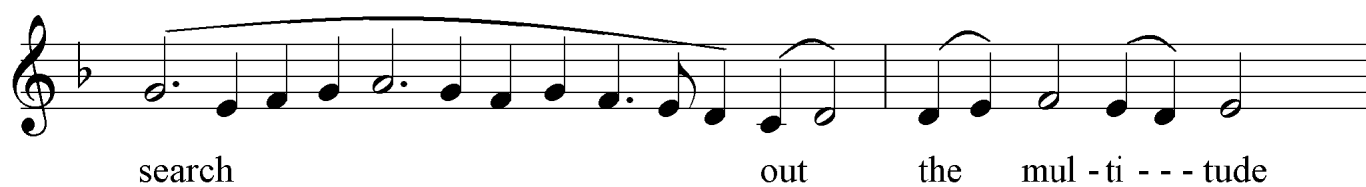
heard at dusk in Par - - - - -



a - - - - - dise, and hid her - - self



in fear. Who can




search out the mul - ti - - - tude




of my sins and the depths of your



judge ----- ments. Sav ----- iour of souls,



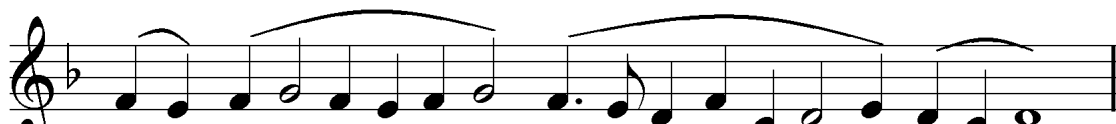
my Sav ----- iour, do not de --- spise me,



your ser ----- vant, for you have mer ----



cy



with -- out meas ----- ure.'