

Kathisma III. Mode 1. *The soldiers keeping watch.*

Soft Chromatic

G



8 The har - lot wept and sobbed, and she ar - dent - ly

8 wiped dry Your un - de - filed feet, O com - pas - sion - ate Mas - ter,

8 with the hair of her head, and sighed from the depths of her soul and

8 cried, "O my God, I pray do not re - ject or ab - hor me,

8 but ac - cept me back who am re - pent - ant, and save me, for

8 on - ly You love hu - man - i - ty."