

Lauds 3. Mode pl. 2. *Vu=E. That woman who was spurned.*

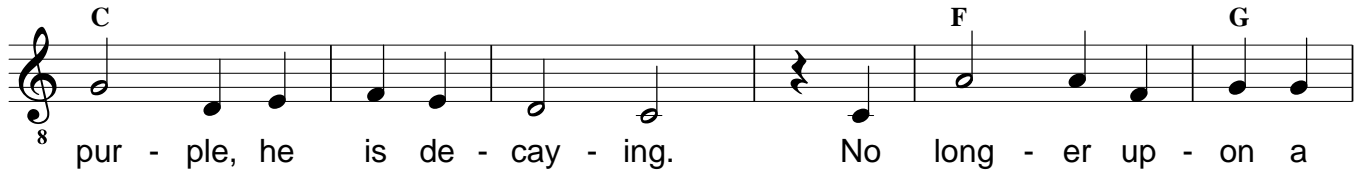
Soft Chromatic



Praise Him with timbrel and dance, praise Him with strings and flute.



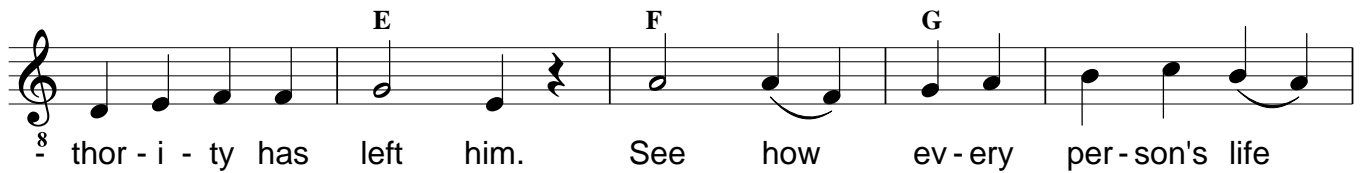
Once up-on a throne, he is in the grave now. Once in roy-al



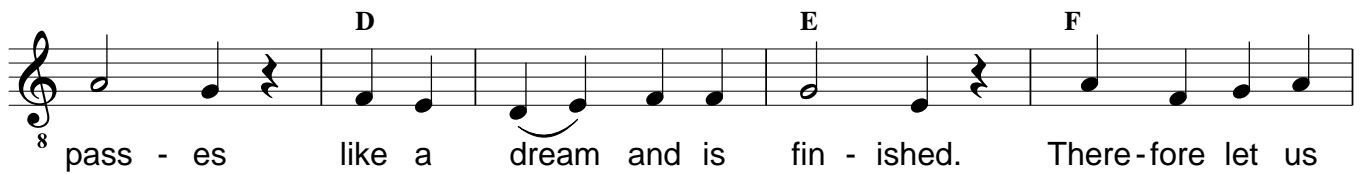
pur-ple, he is de-cay-ing. No long-er up-on a



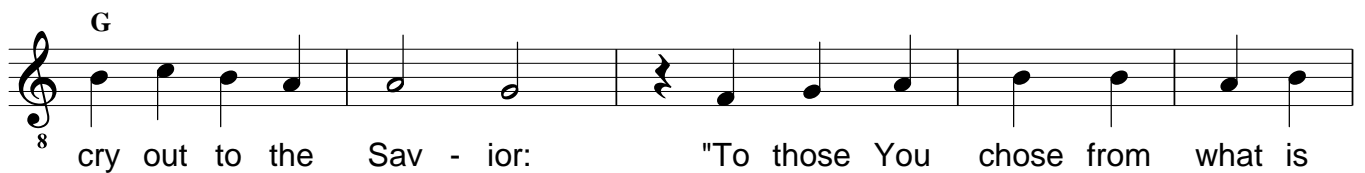
throne, but in a tomb now he is ly-ing. See how im-pe-ri-al au-



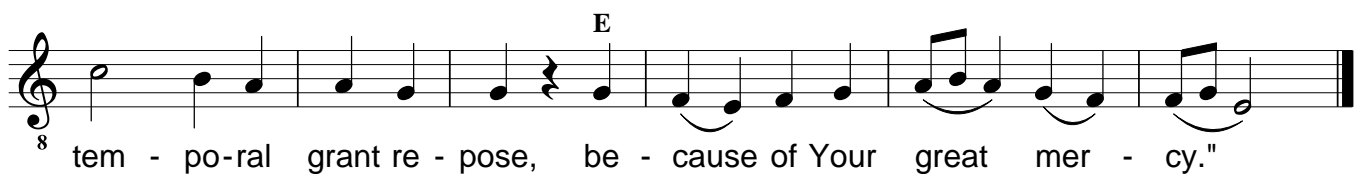
thor-i-ty has left him. See how ev-ery per-son's life



pass-es like a dream and is fin-ished. There-fore let us



cry out to the Sav-ior: "To those You chose from what is



tem-po-ral grant re- pose, be-cause of Your great mer-cy."