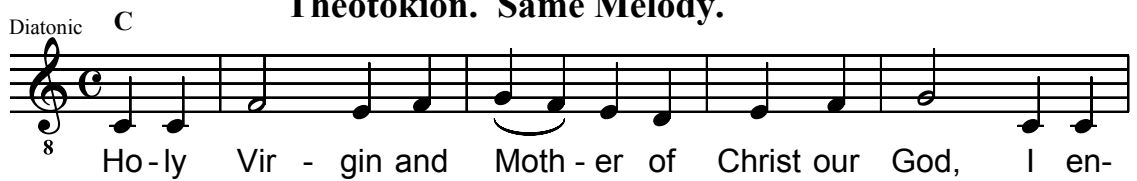


Glory; both now.
Theotokion. Same Melody.




^C
8 
grieve my soul, and to grant me for - give - ness for the sins and

8 
of - fenc - es that I com-mit-ted mind-less-ly, thus pol - lut-ing my

^F
8 
bod - y, wretch - ed one that I am. Oh! and how I

^C ^F
8 
shud - der at the thought of that hour when

^C
8 
An - gels will sep-a - rate my soul from my bod - y.

^F
8 
Then, a - las! what shall be - come of me? O La-dy,

^C
8 
hence I pray you will come to my aid as an ar - dent

^F ^C
8 
pa - tron then. For I your un - wor-thy serv - ant have

8 
you as my on - ly hope.