

Hymn of Kassiani the Nun, Tone 8, Znamenny melody

Lord, the wo - - - - man who had fall - - en
in - - - - - to ma - - - - ny sins, per - - ceiv - - - - ing your
di - - - - vi - - - - ni - 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 bu - - - - - ri - - - - al.
'A - las!', she
says,



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



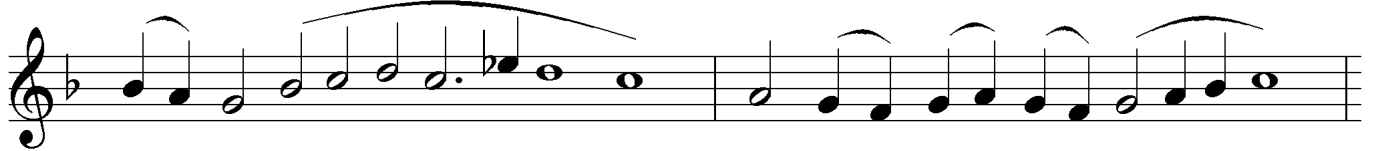
of lust, a dark and moon - - - - - less



love of sin.



Ac - - - - - cept the fount - - - - - tain



of my tears, you who from the clouds



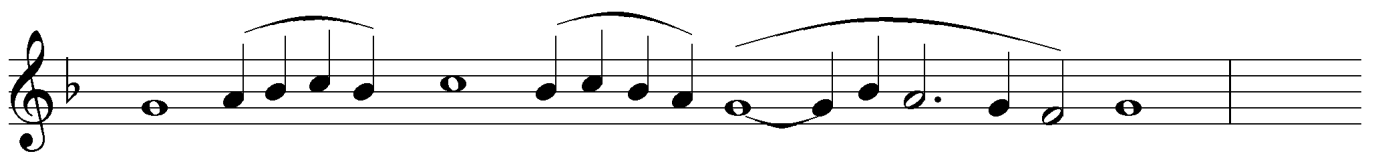
draw out the wat - - - - - er of the sea;



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

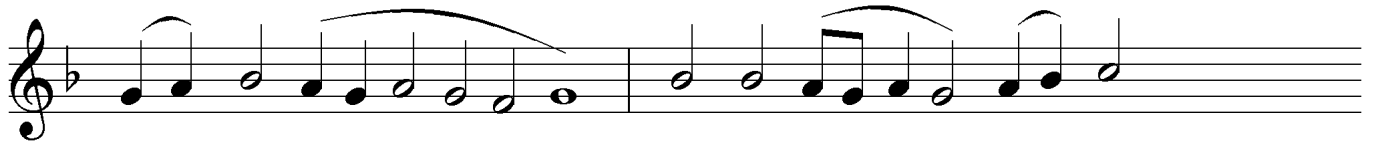


of my heart,

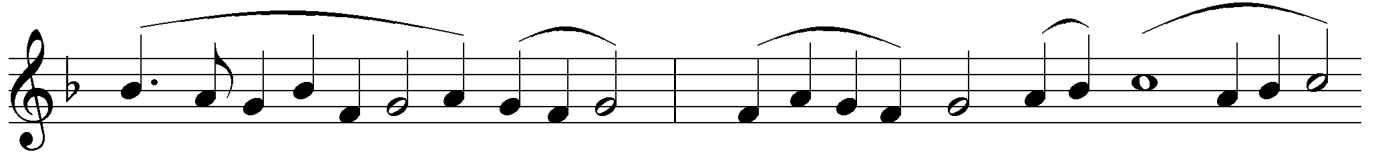


you who bowed the heav - - - - - ens

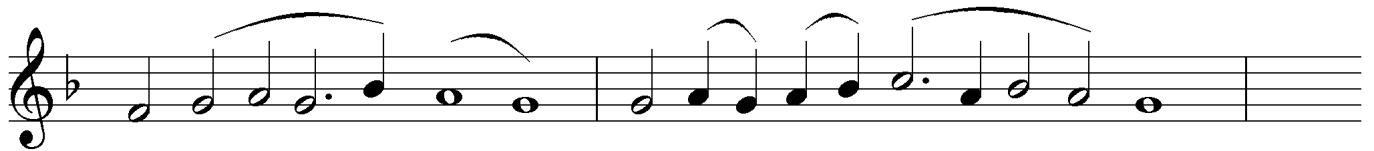
by your in-ef-able self-emp-ty-ing. I shall kiss
your im-maculate feet, and wipe them
a-gain with the hairs of
my head, those feet whose sound Eve
heard at dusk in Pa-ra-dise, and hid her-self
in fear. Who can
search out the mul-ti-tude



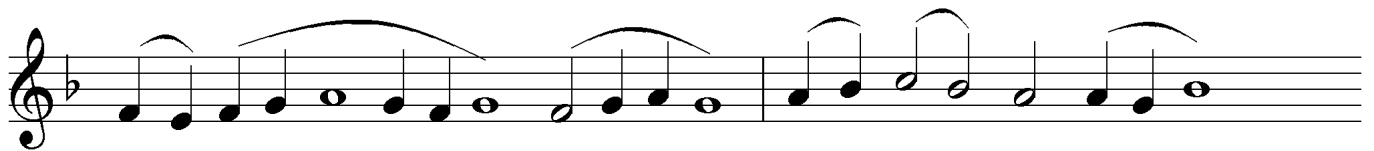
of my sins and the depths of your



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



my Sav - - - - - viour, do not des - - - - - pise me,



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



cy



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