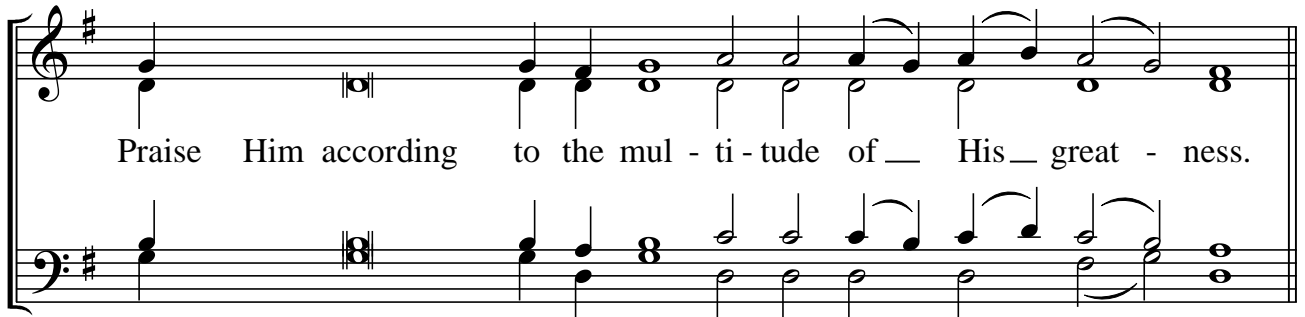


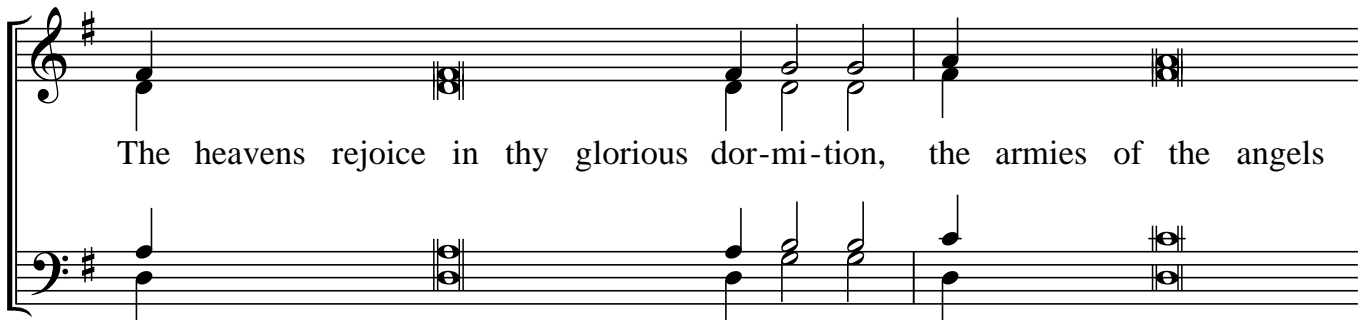
Stichera of the Praises Tone 4 - Kievan

August 15: Dormition
Page 1

(4) Reader: Praise Him for His mighty acts,



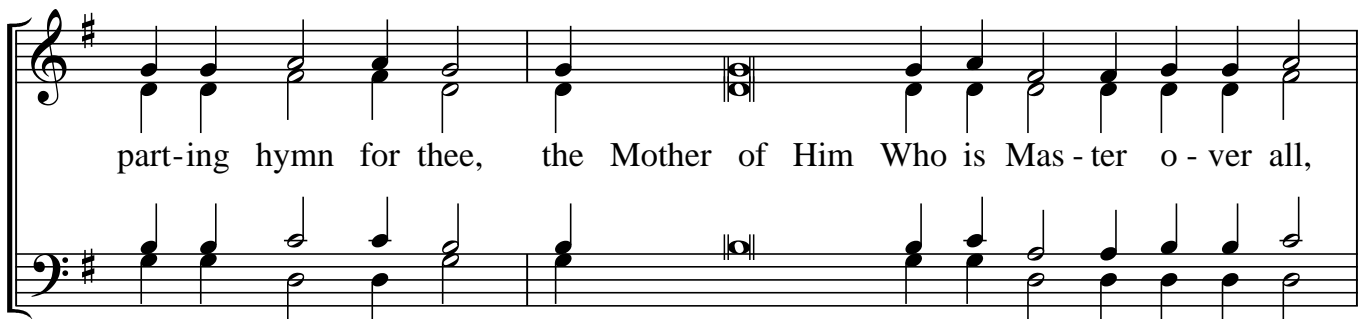
Praise Him according to the mul - ti - tude of His great - ness.



The heavens rejoice in thy glorious dor-mi-tion, the armies of the angels



are jubilant, and all the earth is glad, giv-ing ut - ter-ance unto a



part-ing hymn for thee, the Mother of Him Who is Mas - ter o - ver all,

Stichera on the Praises

O all - ho - ly Vir - gin who knewest not wed - - - lock,

and who hast delivered the human race from its ancestral condemna - tion.

(3) Reader: Praise Him with the sound of trumpet,

Praise — Him — with psal - ter - y and harp.

< Repeat: "The heavens rejoice in thy glorious dormition..."

(2) *Reader:* Praise Him with timbrel and dance,

Praise — Him — with strings — and flute.

At the behest of God the foremost among the apostles /
 hastened from the ends of the earth to bury thee; /
 and beholding thee taken up on high from the earth, /
 with joy they cried to thee the words of Gabriel: /
 Rejoice, O chariot of Him Who is God over all! //
 Rejoice, O thou who alone hast joined together those on earth with those in heaven.

Stichera on the Praises

(1) *Reader:* Praise Him with tuneful cymbals, praise Him with cymbals of jubilation.

Let every breath praise the Lord.

O thou who gavest birth to Life, /
by thine honored dormition thou hast passed over to immortal life, /
the angels escorting thee, the principalities and powers, /
the apostles and prophets, and all creation, /
as thine immaculate soul was taken into the incorrupt hands of thy Son, //
O Virgin Mother, Bride of God.

Reader: Glory, both now, in the 6th Tone.

Glory... Both now and ever and unto the a - ges of a - ges. A men.

O Theotokos, Mother of life,
the apostles, who were scattered throughout the world, /
were caught up in the air by clouds and bourned to thy dormition; /
and in a single choir they stood before thine all-holy body; /
and burying it with honor, /
they sang, chanting to thee the cry of Gabriel: /
Rejoice, thou who art full of grace, /
Virgin Mother unwedded /
the Lord is with thee! //
With them entreat thou thy Son and our God, that our souls be saved.