Glory... Both now and ever and unto the ages of ages. Amen.

The woman who had fallen into many sins, perceiving

Thy divinity, O Lord, fulfilled the part of a myrrh-bearer;

and with lamentations she brought sweet-smelling oil of myrrh to Thee before Thy burial
before Thy burial. 'O woe is me,' she said,

'for night surrounds me, dark and moonless,

and stings my lustful passion with the love of sin. Accept

the fountain of my tears, O Thou who drawest down from the clouds

the waters of the sea. Incline to the groanings of my heart.
O Thou Who in Thine ineffable self-emptying hast bowed down the heavens. I shall kiss Thy most pure feet and wipe them with the hairs of my head, those feet whose sound Eve heard at dusk in Paradise, and hid herself for fear. Who can search out the multitude of my sins and the abyss of Thy judgements
Thy judgments, O Saviour of my soul? Do not despise me.

Thine handmaid, for Thou hast mercy without measure.