Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit. The sun hid its rays, the moon and stars were turned to blood, the mountains were afraid, the hills trembled, when Paradise was shut, Adam departed, beating his hands upon his face and saying: 'I am fallen: merciful Lord, have mercy on me.
Both now and ever, and unto the a-ges of a-ges. A-men.

Mystically we sing thy praises, /
O Mary Theotokos. /
For thou hast been revealed as throne of the great King, /
holy tabernacle more spacious than the heavens, /
chariot of the cherubim, /
higher than the seraphim, /
bridal chamber of glory; /
for from thee the God of all came forth incarnate. //
Pray to Him for the salvation of our souls.

English text: "The Lenten Triodion", translated by Mother Mary and Archimandrite Kallistos Ware, reprinted by St. Tikhon’s Seminary Press, 2002.

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