

Pentecostarion

Sunday of the Myrrh-bearing Women

Glory (Doxastikon) at the Aposticha at Vespers

Byzantine Chant Tone 5  
Plagal First Mode

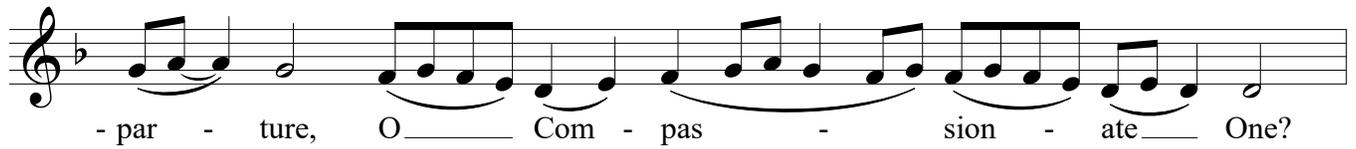
Chadi Karam

Glo - - - ry to the Fa - ther and to the Son and to the Ho - ly Spir - it. Thou Who cov - er - est Thy - self with light as with a gar - ment, when Jo - seph with Nic - o - de - mus took Thee down from the Tree and be - held Thee dead, na - ked, and un - bur - ied, he struck up a com - pas - sion - ate dirge, and with mourn - ing he said: Woe is me, O sweet - est Je - sus!

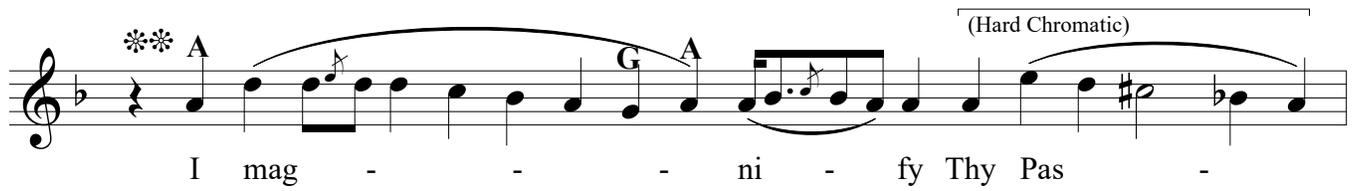
Pentecostarion - Myrrh-bearing Women Sunday - Doxastikon at the Aposticha at Vespers - 2

When but a short while ago the sun be-held Thee hang - ing up - on the Cross, it shroud - ed it - self in dark - ness, and thē earth quaked with fear, and the veil of the Tem - ple was rent a - sun - der.

And be - hold, now I see Thee will - ing - ly sub - mit - ting un - to death for my sake. How shall I bur - y Thee, O my God? Or how shall I wrap Thee with wind - ing sheets? With what hands shall I touch Thine un - de - filed Bod - y? Or what dirg - es shall I sing at Thy de -



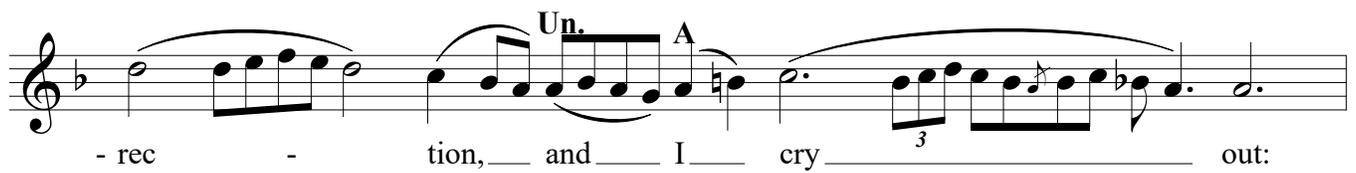
- par - ture, O Com - pas - sion - ate One?



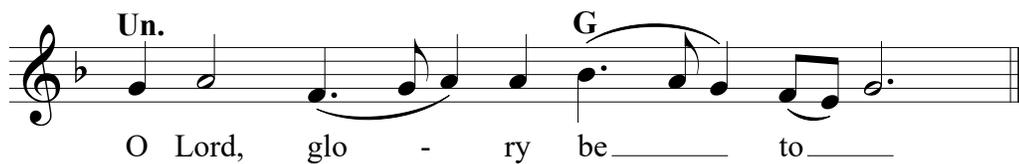
I mag - ni - fy Thy Pas - sion;



I praise Thy Bur - i - al and Res - ur -

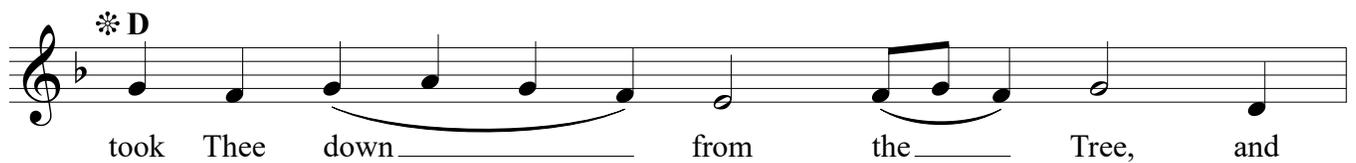


- rec - tion, and I cry out:

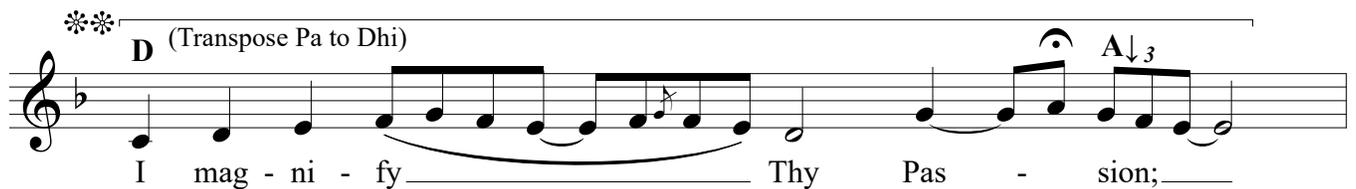


O Lord, glo - ry be to

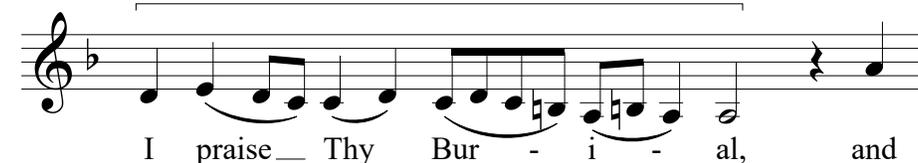
*(Alternate Melodies)*



took Thee down from the Tree, and



I mag - ni - fy Thy Pas - sion;



I praise Thy Bur - i - al, and



# DOXASTIKON OF THE ἈPOSTICHA FOR THE GREAT VESPERS OF THE SUNDAY OF THE MYRRH-BEARING WOMEN, JOSEPH OF ARIMATHAEA, AND NICODEMUS

Plagal First Mode

Ἦχος λ̣ π̣ ᾠ Πα



lo- - - - - ry \_\_\_ to the Fa- - ther and to

\_\_ the \_\_ Son, <sup>π̣</sup> and to the Ho- - - ly Spir- - - it. <sup>π̣</sup>



hou Who cov- er- est Thy- self \_\_\_ with \_\_\_ light \_\_\_ as with

\_\_\_ a \_\_\_ gar- - ment, <sup>π̣</sup> when Jo- seph with Nic- o- -

de- - - mus <sup>π̣</sup> \* took Thee down \_\_\_ from \_\_\_ the \_\_\_ Tree <sup>π̣</sup>

and be-held Thee dead, na- - ked, and un- bur- -  
ied, he struck up a com- pas- - - sion- -  
ate - dirge, and with mourn- - ing he said:  
Woe is me, O sweet- est Je- - - sus! When but a short  
while a- - go the sun be- held Thee hang- - - ing up-  
on the Cross, it shroud- - ed it- self in  
dark- - - ness, and the earth quaked with fear,  
and the veil of the Tem- - - ple was rent a- sun-  
- - der. And be- hold, now I see  
Thee will- - ing- - ly sub- mit- - ting un- - to death

\_\_\_\_\_ for \_\_\_\_\_ my \_\_\_\_\_ sake. <sup>(K)</sup> π q How shall I bur- y Thee,

\_\_\_\_\_ O my \_\_\_\_\_ God? <sup>(Δ)</sup> <sup>(K)</sup> γ' Or how shall I wrap \_\_\_\_\_ Thee with wind-

- - - ing \_\_\_\_\_ sheets? <sup>(Π)</sup> x q With what hands \_\_\_\_\_ shall I \_\_\_\_\_

touch Thine un- de- filed \_\_\_\_\_ Bod- - y? <sup>(Δ)</sup> <sup>(K)</sup> Or what dirg- - es \_\_\_\_\_

shall \_\_\_\_\_ I \_\_\_\_\_ sing <sup>(Π)</sup> at Thy de- par- - ture, O \_\_\_\_\_ Com-

pas- - - sion- - ate \_\_\_\_\_ One? <sup>\*\* (K)</sup> π q I mag- - -

- - - - - ni- - fy Thy Pas- - - - - sion; <sup>(M)(K)</sup> <sup>(Δ) (K)</sup> x

I praise \_\_\_\_\_ Thy Bur- i- - - al <sup>(Π)</sup> <sup>(K)</sup> π q and Res- ur- rec- -

- tion, \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ I \_\_\_\_\_ cry \_\_\_\_\_ out:

<sup>(M)</sup> <sup>(Δ)</sup> x q O Lord, glo- - ry be \_\_\_\_\_ to \_\_\_\_\_ Thee. <sup>(Δ)</sup>

Alternate Melodies:

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\*   
took Thee down \_\_\_ from the \_\_\_ Tree, and

\*\*   
I mag- ni- fy \_\_\_\_\_ Thy Pas- - - sion I praise

  
\_\_\_ Thy Bur- i- - - al and