Magnification - Tone 1

All generations bless thee, O thou only Theotokos.

Ode 9 - 1st Canon

In thee, O spotless Virgin,

the laws of nature were suspended; for thy virginity was preserved in thy childbearing, and Life is joined with death.

Thou, O Theotokos, didst remain a Virgin after childbirth, and after death thou art still alive and dost ever deliver thy heritage.
Magnification

All generations bless thee, O thou only Theotokos.

The angelic powers were dazzled when they beheld in Zion their own Master holding in his hands a feminine soul; for he addressed as befitting a son the one who immaculately gave him birth saying, Come, thou pure one, and be glorified with thy Son and God.
Magnification

All generations bless thee, O thou only Theotokos.

Verily, the ranks of the Apostles did bury thy God-bearing body,

beholding it reverently, and shouting with melodious tunes,

saying, O Theotokos, since thou departest to the heavenly abodes and to thy Son, thou shalt ever save thine inheritance.

Now continue with the Ninth Ode of the Second Canon, with its Magnification, in Tone 4.
Magnification - Tone 4

Veri ly, thē an gels, when they be held the fall ing a sleep of thē all pure Vir gin, were ta ken by sur prise that she as cend ed from thē earth to the high est.

Ode 9 - 2nd Canon

Let all thē earth-born mor tals re joice in the Spir it, bear ing their lamps. And let the na ture of bod i less minds cel ebrate with hon or the ho ly Dormi tion of the Moth er of God, and cry out: Hail! All bless ed, pure, and ev er vir gin Theo to kos.
Magnification

Verily, the angels, when they beheld the falling asleep of the all-pure Virgin, were taken by surprise that she ascended from the earth to the highest.

Come, let us rejoice in Zion, the divine and fertile hill of the living God, beholding the Theotokos; for Christ hath translated her to the most worthy and divine abode, in the Holy of Holies; for she is his Mother.

Glory

Glory to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit.
Come, ye believers, let us approach the tomb of the Theotokos, kissing it with our lips, hearts, eyes, and brow, touching it meekly, receiving from the ever-flowing fount precious gifts of healing.

Both now

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

O Mother of the living God, accept from us our farewell praise, and cover us with thy light-giving divine grace, granting victory to the king and peace to thy Christ-loving people; and to us who sing to thee, forgiveness and the salvation of our souls.