1) Not a fier - y char - ri - ot caught thee a - way from those on thē earth, like E - li - as, that right - eous man: the true Sun of Right - eous - ness hath Him - self re - ceived thee; in to His own hands hath He tak - en thine all - ho - ly soul, which is ex - ceed - ing im - mac - u - late and pure. And in Him - self He gave thee rest; and hav - ing strange - ly trans - lat - ed thee, He hath hon - ored thee in the joy past all reck 'ning, O spot - less Maid.
2) Come, O ye that love the feasts, today with joy let us celebrate, as the Mother of God doth make her holy translation hence, joyfully committing her divine and all-spotless soul into the hands of Him that from the pure Father shone forth formerly and from her womb in latter times; the Same is Jesus, our King and God. And she ever doth intercede with her Son that we all be saved.
What a fearful wonder! Lo, the Maid that held in her
womb the King Whom the Heavens cannot contain is
laid in a sepulcher, as the hosts of Angels,
joining the Apostles, with fear and quaking now inter
her honored body, which held God in itself. But
Jesus Christ, her Son and our souls' Savior, taketh it
from the earth and translatheth it to the heights,
to the Heavens in majesty.