

Aposticha - Afterfeast-Dormition of the Theotokos

Reader: Now and ever and unto ages of ages. Amen.

Tone 8

Obikhod

Je-sus, thy Son and our God, O The-o-to - kos, confirming His two na - tures,

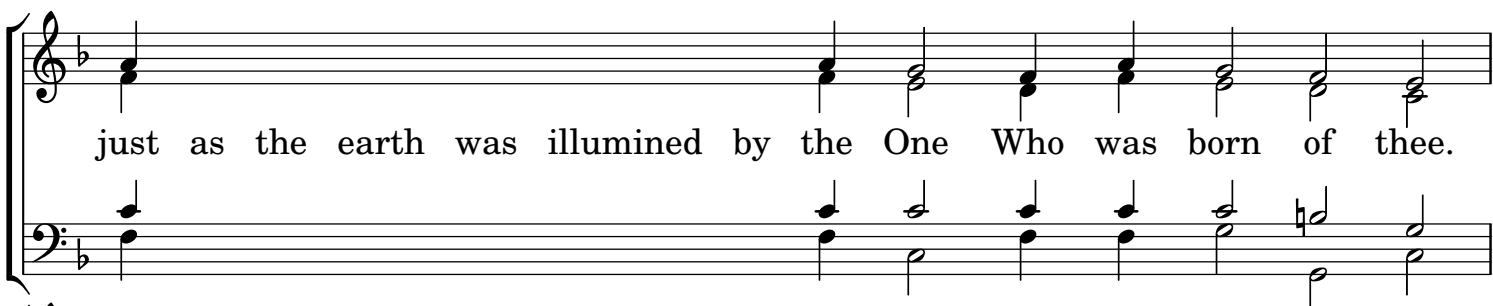
dies as a Man and a-ris-es as God. It was His good pleasure, O Moth-er of God,

that thou also die, lest unbelievers consider His providence a fan - ta - sy.

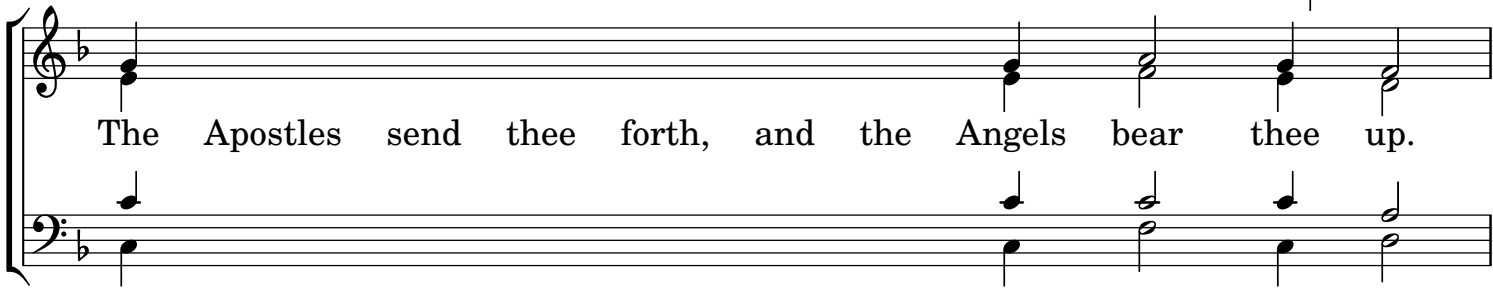
Thou wast translated to the heavenly realm, O ce - les - tial Bride,

taken up from the earth as a bride is from the cham - ber where she dwells.

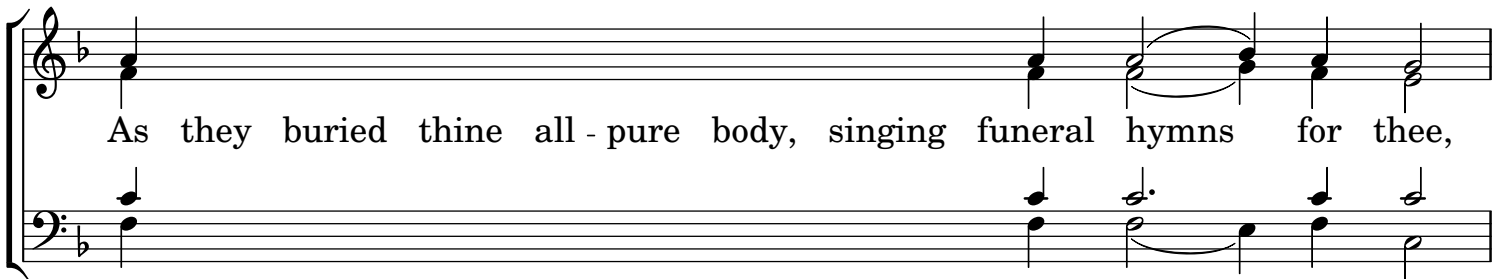
The air was sanctified by thy pas - sage,



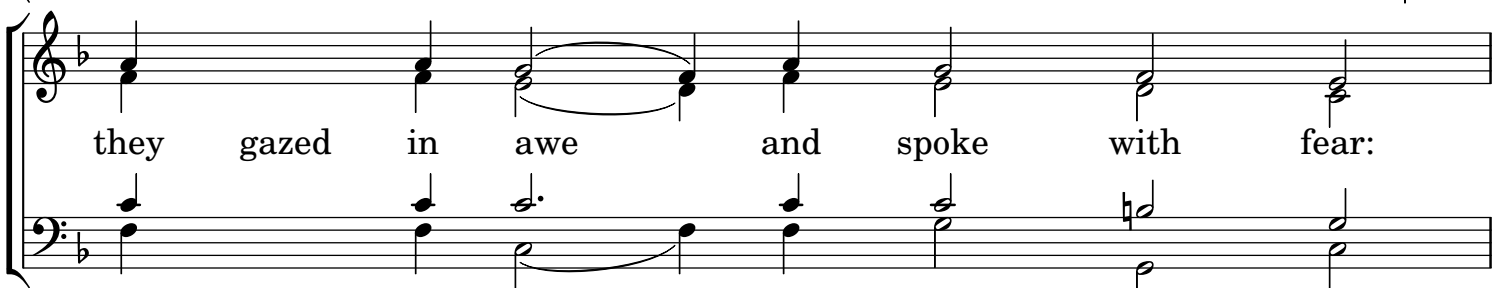
just as the earth was illumined by the One Who was born of thee.



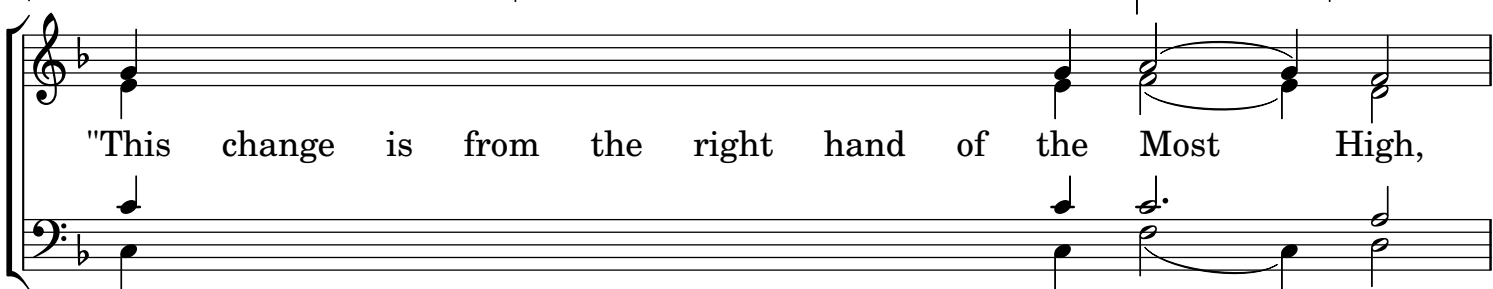
The Apostles send thee forth, and the Angels bear thee up.



As they buried thine all-pure body, singing funeral hymns for thee,



they gazed in awe and spoke with fear:



"This change is from the right hand of the Most High,



for He dwelt with-in thee, yet thou didst remain un-changed.

O All - hymned Mother, do not cease to watch o - ver us,

for we are thy people and the sheep of thy pas - ture;

we call on thy name, asking salvation and great mer - cy for thy sake!"