Theotokion for the Liturgy of the Presanctified Gifts on the Fourth Wednesday

Plagal Fourth Mode

by Стефанос Есперинос

"Ἡχος ἢ Α, Νη'

The Light of the blind is spat up-on by sin-ful men and gives His back to scour-gings for the sake of the capitves. When the pure Virgin Mo-

ther be-held Him on the cross, she cried out in pain, "Woe is me! What is this Thou hast done, O
my__ child? Thou whose beau-ty was fair-er than that of an- y man
appear-est life-less with no form nor come-li-ness.

Woe__ me, O my light! I can not bear

to look up-on Thee sleep-ing. My be-ing is wound-ed
for my heart by a sword is pierced! But I praise Thy pas-sion.

Glo-ry to Thee!