

August 15: Dormition of Our Most Holy Lady Theotokos

"Lord I Call..."

Tone 1

The source of life is laid in the grave,
And the tomb becomes a ladder into heaven!
Rejoice, Gethsemane, the holy abode of the Theotokos!
Come, faithful, with Gabriel leading, let us cry:
Rejoice, full of grace, the Lord is with you, //
Granting the world through you great mercy! (3 times)

Glorious are your mysteries, pure Lady:
You were made the throne of the Most High,
And today you are translated from earth to heaven!
Your glory is full of majesty, shining with divine brightness!
Virgins, ascend on high with the Mother of the King!
Rejoice, full of grace, the Lord is with you, //
Granting the world through you great mercy! (3 times)

The dominions and thrones,
The rulers, principalities and powers,
The cherubim and fearful seraphim,
Glorify your falling asleep!
All those who dwell on earth rejoice,
Adorned by your divine glory!
Kings fall down and sing with the archangels and angels:
Rejoice, full of grace, the Lord is with you, //
Granting the world through you great mercy!

Glory... Now and ever... Tone 8

At the sovereign command of God

The God-bearing apostles were caught up from every place,

And when they came to your all-pure body from which life has come,

They kissed it with love.

The heavenly powers also came with their master,

And in awe escorted the body all-pure and well-pleasing to God:

The body which had received God in the flesh!

And with dignity they went before and invisibly cried out to the most high
powers:

Behold, the Queen of all and the Maiden of God is coming!

Be lifted up, O gates!

And lift up her who is the Mother of the everlasting Light,

For through her was accomplished the salvation of all!

We cannot gaze upon her,

And we cannot render her the honour which is her due,

For her virtue surpasses all understanding!

Therefore, most-pure Theotokos,

Who abide forever with your Son, the life-bearing King,

Pray to Him to preserve the new people of God,

And to save them from every attack of the enemy,

For we have acquired your intercession,//

And we bless you in beauty and light forever!

Litya

Tone 1

It was right that the eye-witnesses and ministers of the Word

Should see the Dormition of His Mother according to the flesh:

The final mystery concerning her!

So that they might be witnesses not only to the Ascension of the Saviour,

But also to the translation of her who gave Him birth!

Assembled from all parts by divine power, they came to Zion,

And sped on her way to heaven the Virgin who is higher than the cherubim.//

We also venerate her, for she prays for our souls.

Tone 2

She who is higher than the heavens
And more glorious than the cherubim,
She who is held in greater honour than all creation,
She who by reason of her surpassing purity
Became the receiver of the everlasting essence,
Today commends her most pure soul into the hands of her Son.//
With her all things are filled with joy and she bestows great mercy on us!

The spotless Bride,
The Mother of Him in Whom the Father was well pleased,
She who was preordained by God
To be the dwelling place of His union of two natures without confusion
Delivers today her blameless soul to her Creator and her God.
The spiritual powers receive her with the honours due to God,
And she who is truly the Mother of Life departs to life,
The lamp of the unapproachable Light//
The salvation of the faithful and hope of our souls!

Tone 3

Come, all you ends of the earth,
Let us praise the most holy translation of the Mother of God:
For she has delivered her spotless soul into the hands of her Son.
Therefore the world, restored to life by her holy Dormition,
In radiant joy celebrates this feast with psalms and hymns and spiritual songs//
Together with the angels and the apostles.

Glory... Tone 5

Come, all who love to keep the feasts,
Come, let us form a choir!
Come, let us crown the Church with songs,
As the ark of God goes to her rest.
For today heaven opens wide
As it receives the Mother of Him Who cannot be contained.
The earth, as it yields up the source of life,
Is robed in blessing and majesty.
The hosts of angels, present with the fellowship of the apostles,
Gaze in great fear at her who bore the Cause of life,
Now that she is translated from life to life.
Let us all venerate and implore her:
Forget not, O Lady, your ties of kinship//
With those who keep in faith the feast of your all-holy Dormition!

Now and ever... (Same tone)

Sing, people!
Sing the praises of the Mother of our God:
For today she delivers her soul, full of light,
Into the immaculate hands of Him Who was made incarnate of her without seed.
And she entreats Him without ceasing//
To grant the earth peace and great mercy!

Apostikha

Tone 4

Come, people,
Let us sing the praises of the pure and most holy Virgin
From whom the Word of the Father ineffably came forth in the flesh!
Let us cry aloud and say:
Blessed are you among women
And blessed is the womb that held Christ!
Having delivered your soul into His holy hands//
Most pure one, entreat Him to save our souls.

Verse: Arise, Lord, into Your resting place: You and the Ark of Your strength!

Pure and most holy Virgin,
The multitude of angels in heaven and mankind on earth
Extol and venerate your falling asleep,
For you are the Mother of Christ our God and Creator of all.
Never cease to intercede with Him on our behalf
For next to God we have put our hope in you, //
Greatly-honored, unwedded Theotokos!

Verse: The Lord swore to David a sure oath from which He will not turn back!

Come, people,
Let us sing today to Christ our God a song of David!
The virgins that follow her, he said, shall be brought to the King.
With joy and gladness shall they be brought!
For she, through whom we have been made Godlike, is of the seed of David,
And gloriously and ineffably commends herself into the hands of her own Son
and Master!
Praising her as the Mother of God
We cry out to her and say:
Save us from all distress and tribulation //
For we confess you to be the Theotokos!

Glory... Now and ever...Tone 4

At your departing, Virgin Theotokos
To Him Who was ineffably born of you,
James the first bishop and brother of the Lord was there,
And so was Peter, the honoured leader and chief of the disciples,
And the whole sacred fellowship of the apostles.
In discourses that showed forth heavenly things
They sang the praises of the divine mystery of the dispensation of Christ,
And they rejoiced, greatly-venerated Virgin,
As they buried your body.
On high the most holy angelic powers bowed in wonder,
Saying to one another:
Open wide your gates and receive her who bore the Creator of heaven and earth!
So we too cry out to you, gracious Lady: //
Raise up all Christian people and save our souls!

Troparion *Tone 1*

In giving birth you preserved your virginity;
In falling asleep you did not forsake the world, O Theotokos.
You were translated to life, O Mother of Life, //
And by your prayers, you deliver our souls from death.

Kontakion *Tone 2*

Neither the tomb, nor death could hold the Theotokos,
Who is constant in prayer and our firm hope in her intercessions.
For being the Mother of Life, she was translated to life //
By the One Who dwelt in her virginal womb.