

Kathisma I. Mode 1. Original Melody.

Soft Chromatic

G



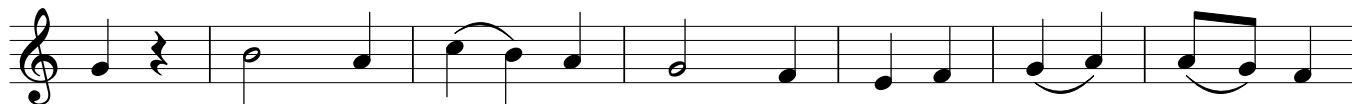
The sol - diers keep-ing watch at Your tomb, O my Sav-ior,



be - came as dead for fear of the ra - di - ant An-gel. And



he pro - claimed that You a - rose to the wom-en who came at



dawn. We ex - tol You, Lord, for You a - bol - ished cor-



rup-tion, and we wor - ship You, our on - ly God, who was



bur-ied and rose from the sep - ul - cher.