

Exapostilaria

Third Mode. The Original Melody

Adapted from Ioannis Arvanitis by Basil Crow

Ἦχος ἰὴ Γα

O ye A - pos - tles from a - far,

be - ing now gath - ered to - geth -

er here in the vale of Geth - sem - a - ne,

give bur - i - al to my bod -

y; and Thou, my Son and my God, re - ceive Thou

my spir - it.

Thou art the sweet - ness of An - gels,

the glad - ness of af - flict - ed

ones, and the pro - tec - tress of Chris - tians,

O Vir - gin Moth - er of

our Lord; be thou my help - er, and save me

from out of e - ter - nal tor - ments.

I have thee as Me - di - a - tress

with the man - be -

friend - ing God; may He not cen - sure my ac -

- tions be - fore the hosts

of the An - gels. I sup - pli - cate

thee, O Vir - gin, come un - to mine aid

— most quick - ly.

Thou art a gold - en - twined tow - er -

and twelve - wall en - cir -

cled cit - y, a throne be - sprin - kled with sun -

beams, _____ a roy - al _____

chair_ of _____ the King. O in - ex - pli - ca - ble won -

- der! that thou_ dost _____ milk - feed _____ the Mas -

ter. _____

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