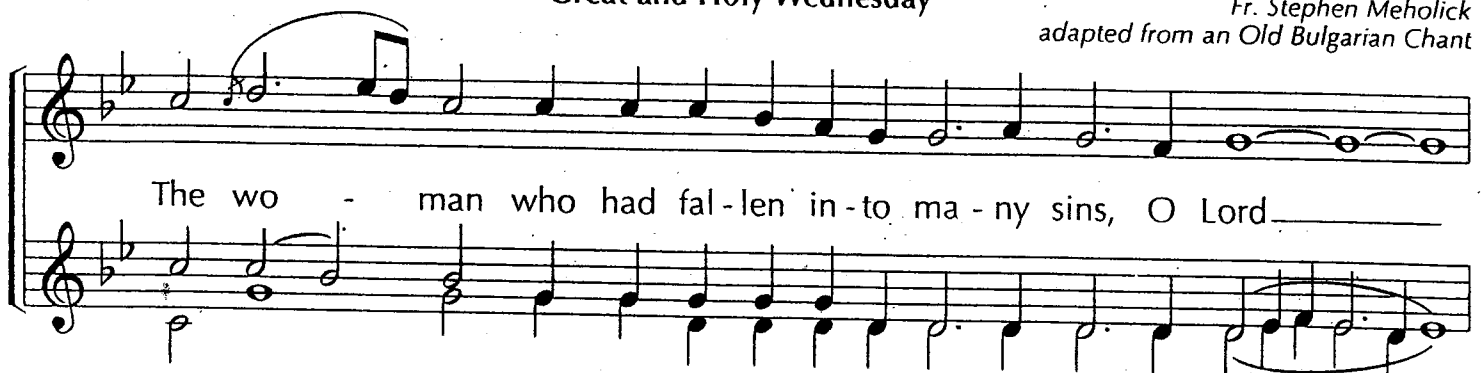


THE HYMN OF CASSIA - THE NUN

Great and Holy Wednesday

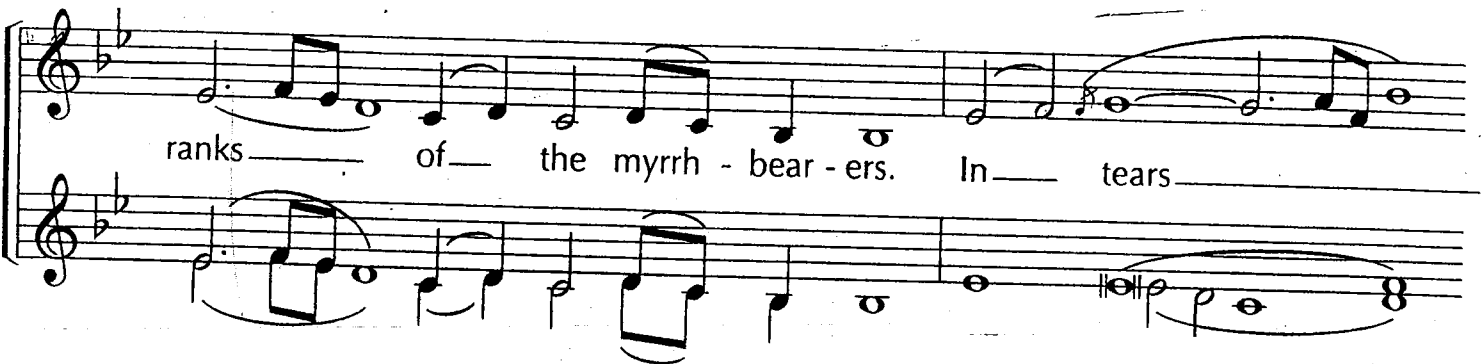
Fr. Stephen Meholick
adapted from an Old Bulgarian Chant



The wo - man who had fal - len in - to ma - ny sins, O Lord



yet — when she — per - ceived — Thy di - vi - ni - ty — she joined the



ranks — of — the myrrh - bear - ers. In — tears

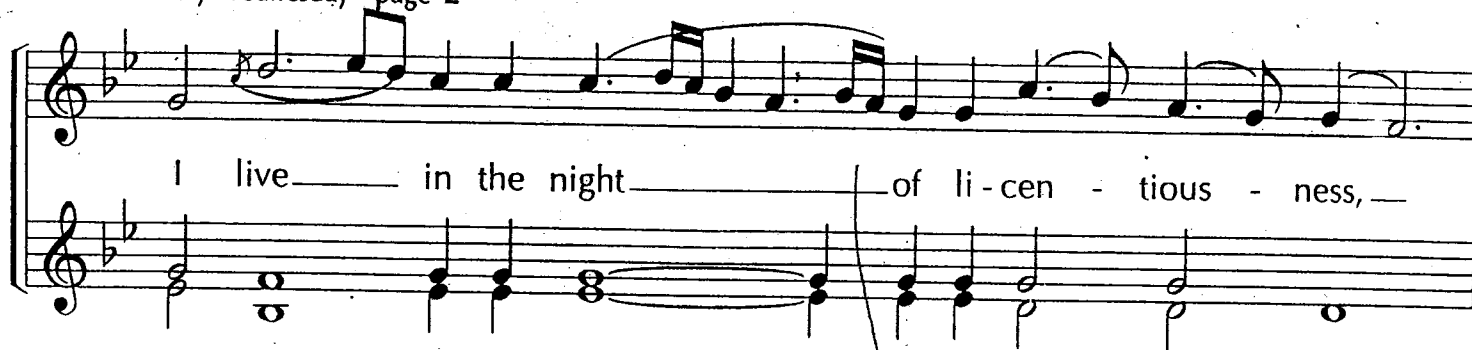


she brought Thee myrrh be - fore — Thy — bu - ri - al.

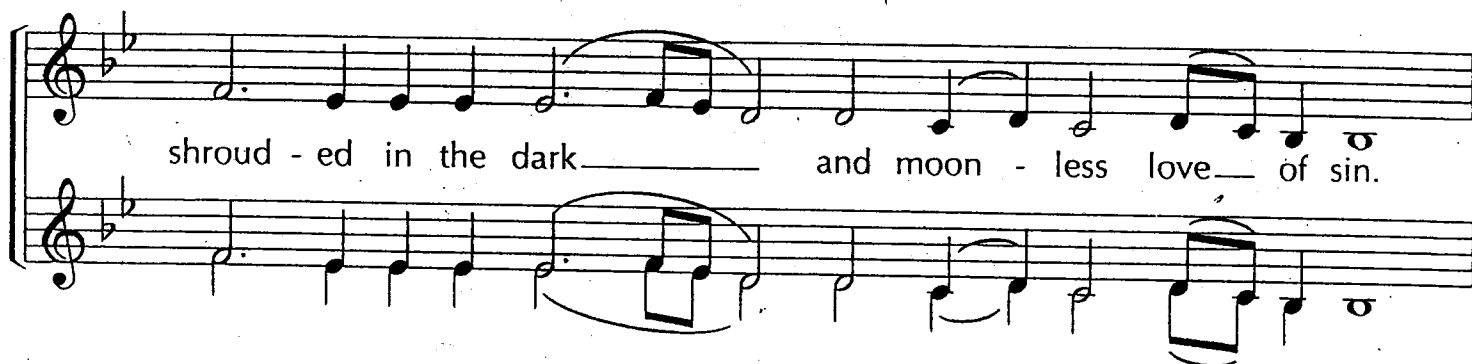


She cried, "Woe — is me —"

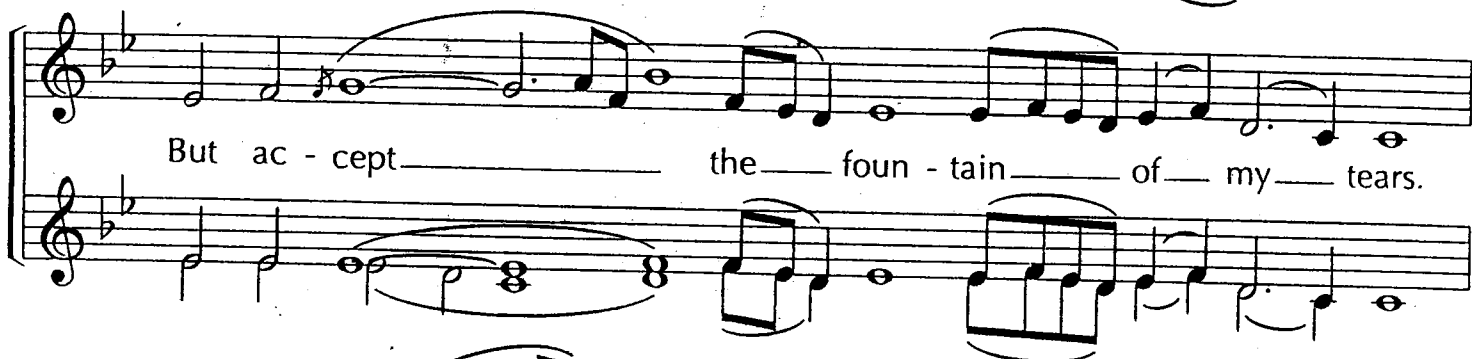
The Hymn of Cassia - the Nun
Great and Holy Wednesday - page 2



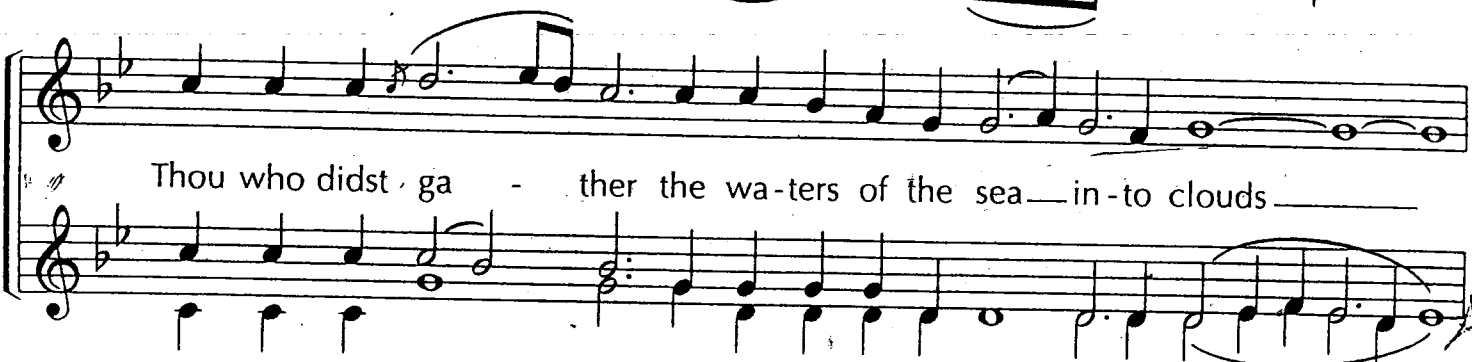
I live in the night of li-cen - tious - ness,



shroud - ed in the dark and moon - less love of sin.



But ac - cept the foun - tain of my tears.



Thou who didst ga - ther the wa-ters of the sea in-to clouds



bow down Thine ear to the sigh-ing of my heart.

Thou who didst bow the hea - vens in Thine in-ef-fa-ble con-de-scen-sion.

Once Eye — heard — Thy foot-steps in — pa - ra-dise in — the — cool —

of the day and in fear — she ran — and hid — her - self. —

But now — I will ten - der - ly em-brace those pure — feet. —

And wipe — them with the hair of my head. Who can

The Hymn of Cassia - the Nun
Great and Holy Wednesday - page 4

No Breath

mea - - - sure the mul - ti - tude of my sins

or the depth of Thy judg - ments.

O Sa - - - viour, O Sa - viour of my soul, -

de - spise not Thy ser - vant, for Thy

mer - - - cy, for Thy mer - cy is be - yond mea - sure.