

# The Ikos of Pascha

After Holy Cross Hermitage

*Sweetly*

The Myrrh bear - ing Maid - ens an - ti - ci - pa - ted the dawn,  
seek - ing, as though it were day, the Sun, who ex - ist - ed be - fore the sun,  
and Who had set in the tomb. And they cried out to one an - oth - er:  
'O friends! come let us an - oint  
with sweet - smell - ing spi - ces the life - bear - ing and bur - ied Bo - dy,  
ev - en that Flesh Which rais - es fal - len Ad - am,  
and which lies in the grave.  
Come, let us make haste like the Wise Men.  
Let us wor - ship Him and of - fer myrrh as a gift  
to Him Who is wrapped no long - er in swad - dling bands but in a wind - ing sheet,  
and let us weep and cry a - loud: "A - rise, O Mas - ter,  
*dim.*  
Who grant - est Res - ur - rec - tion to the fal - len!"