

*From the Octoechos*  
**Eleventh Eothinon**  
**Exaposteilarion & Theotokion**  
*(Byzantine notation begins on page 3)*

Tone 2, Second Mode  
 Special Melody: *Upon that mount in Galilee*



1) When He a - rose a - gain as God, the Lord thrice questioned  
 2) O dread and fear - ful mys - ter - y! O strange un - heard-of



Pe - ter; Lov - est thou Me?\_\_ Then af - ter - ward  
 won - der! That death by death hath been\_\_ de - stroyed



He made of him chief shep - herd of His own sheep; and\_\_ when  
 and hath com - plete - ly van - ished. Who then would not hymn with



Pe - ter saw the loved one\_\_ by Je - sus com - ing be -  
 prais - es and not sin - cere - ly wor - ship Thy Res - ur -



- hind and fol - low - ing, then he asked of\_\_ the Mas - ter; And  
 - rec - tion from the dead, and the pure The - o - to - kos, who



what of him?\_\_\_\_\_ If I will, He said, that this man should  
 gave Thee birth\_\_\_\_\_ in the flesh, O Word, in all spot - less

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G



tar - ry un - til I come a - gain, — O friend,  
pure - ness? Through her en - treat - ies, may — we all

E



what car - est thou, — O Pe - ter.  
be res - cued from — Ge - hen - na.

## ELEVENTH EOTHINON

Ἦχος Δ΄

Tone 2 / Second Mode

Special Melody: Upon that mount in Galilee

Exaposteilarion & Theotokion

**W** hen He a - rose a - gain as God, the Lord  
thrice ques - tioned Pe - ter; Lov - est thou Me? Then  
af - ter - ward He made of him chief shep - herd  
of His own sheep; and when Pe - ter saw the loved one  
by Je - sus com - ing be - hind and fol - low - ing,  
then he asked of the Mas - ter; And what of him?  
If I will, He said, that this man should tar - ry un -  
- til I come a - gain, O friend, what car - est thou, O  
Pe - ter.

Theotokion

**O** dread and fear - ful mys - ter - y! O strange  
un - heard - of won - der! That death by death hath  
been de - stroyed and hath com - plete - ly van - ished.  
Who then would not hymn with prais - es and not sin -  
- cere - ly wor - ship Thy Res - u - rec - tion from the  
dead, and the pure The - o - to - kos, who gave Thee birth  
in the flesh, O Word, in all spot - less pure -  
- ness? Through her en - treat - ies, may we all be res -  
- cued from Ge - hen - na.