

Ὁ Ἄγγελος ἐβόα. Ἦχος α' π

Π  
 Ο Ἄγγελος ἐβόα οὐρανὸν κεχαριστω  
 με ἐν ἡμέρᾳ γέννησιν Παρθενοῦ καὶ αἰρετῆς Παλιερω  
 καὶ αἰαῖρε ὁ σὸς υἱὸς ἀνεῖσθι τρι  
 ημέρου ἐταφῶν σου φῶς τὸ ζουφῶν τὸ  
 ζῶν ἡνεα ἰερεῖα σαα λημ ἡ γαρ  
 δοὸ ξακυρίου ἐπίστα νεε τειελε  
 χο οὐρενε νυν ἡγαγα ἀχχουσι  
 ων σὺν δὲ ἀγεννητερῶν θεοτοῶν με ἐν  
 τῆ ἐγερσει τοῦ τοῦ οὐμου οὐσου  
 ἐπίστα νετελε

1870

Dear Mother

I received your letter of the 10th and was glad to hear from you. I am well and hope these few lines will find you the same. I have not much news to write at present. I am still in school and will be home in a few weeks. I will write again when I have more news to tell.

Love,  
John