

THURSDAY EVENING: TONE III
AT VESPERS

On “Lord, I have cried ...”, 3 Stichera of the Cross, in Tone III:

Spec. Mel.: “They set up ...”:

Verse: If 'Thou shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, O Lord, who shall stand? * For with Thee there is forgiveness.

O Lord, Who in Thy divine nature dost transcend suffering, yet didst endure suffering in Thy human nature, being nailed to the Cross and pierced in the side by a spear, pouring forth upon me a pair of rivers from whence flow ineffable mysteries.

Verse: For Thy name's sake have I patiently waited for Thee, O Lord; my soul hath waited patiently for Thy word, * my soul hath hoped in the Lord.

With mockery Thou wast wounded by the plaited crown of thorns, O King and Savior of all, tearing apart the proscription of thorny sin; And having taken the reed in Thy hands, Thou hast recorded in the book of heaven all of us who believe in Thee.

Verse: From the morning watch until night, from the morning watch * let Israel hope in the Lord.

The undeserved envy of the Jews who crucified Thee did not cease even when Thou wast dead, O innocent Christ; but the wicked ones slandered Thee as a liar and asked Pilate to guard Thy tomb. O what incurable wrath!

Then the Stichera for the saint, from the Menaion; or if there is no Menaion, these Stichera of the Theotokos, in the same tone:

Verse: For with the Lord there is mercy, and with Him there is plenteous redemption; * and He shall redeem Israel out of all his iniquities.

When thou didst behold Him Who is the never-setting Sun setting upon the Cross, even He Who shone forth from thy womb and sustaineth the brilliance of the sun, thou didst cry aloud, thy soul weighed down by ten thousand griefs: “O Thou Who hast willingly set, Thou shalt shine forth again, for the enlightenment of me and the world!”

Verse: O praise the Lord, all ye nations; * praise Him, all ye peoples.

O Lady who hast given birth unto Him Who will come to judge the living and the dead: Through repentance and by the divine blood which flowed from the side of thy Son enliven my soul, which hath been slain by sickness, and show me to be a doer of His commandments of life.

Verse: For He hath made His mercy to prevail over us, * and the truth of the Lord abideth forever.

She who once painlessly gave birth to Thee as a child, the Ewe-lamb and Mother, said: “In birthgiving I escaped sorrow and the gloom of griefs, but now beholding Thee lifted up upon the Cross, my womb and heart are wounded with bitter arrows, O Master, and I am sunk in immeasurable grief”.

Glory ..., Now & ever ...,

Stavrotheotokion: “Through Thy crucifixion the world hath found mercy, creation hath been illumined, and the nations have received salvation, O Master,” cried the most pure one; “But I am now rent apart, beholding Thy voluntary suffering.”

Then, “O Joyous Light ...”, the Prokeimenon in Tone VI:

Prokeimenon: My help cometh from the Lord, * Who hath made heaven and the earth.

Verse: I have lifted up mine eyes to the Mountains, from whence cometh my help.

Vouchsafe, O Lord ..., Litany: Let us complete ..., Then:

On the Aposticha, the Stichera of the Cross, in Tone III:

I bow down, O Christ, before Thy precious Cross: the guardian of the world, the salvation of us sinners, the great purification and boast of the whole world.

Verse: Unto Thee have I lifted up mine eyes, unto Thee that dwellest in heaven. Behold, as the eyes of servants look unto the hands of their masters, as the eyes of the handmaid look unto the hands of her Mistress, so do our eyes look unto the Lord our God, * until He take pity on us.

Lifting up his arms in the form of the Cross on the mountain, Moses vanquished Amalek; and Thou, O Savior, stretched out upon the precious Cross, embraced me, saving me from slavery to the enemy, and didst give it to me as the sign of life, enabling me to evade the arrows of mine adversaries. Wherefore, O Word, I bow down before Thy precious Cross.

Verse: Have mercy on us, O Lord, have mercy on us, for greatly are we filled with abasement. Greatly hath our soul been filled therewith; let reproach come upon them that prosper, * and abasement on the proud.

To the Martyrs: Great is the power of Thy Cross, O Lord! For though it was planted in one place, it worketh throughout the whole world, making apostles of fishermen and martyrs of the heathen, that they might pray for our souls.

Glory ..., Now & ever ...,

Stavrotheotokion: **T**he all-immaculate one, beholding Thee lifted up upon the Tree, cried out, weeping maternally: “O my supremely good Christ, my most beloved Son! How hath the iniquitous assembly lifted Thee up upon the Cross?”

Then, “Now lettest Thou Thy servant depart ...”, Trisagion through Our Father ..., Troparia. Litany: Have mercy on us ..., and Dismissal.

THURSDAY NIGHT: TONE III
AT COMPLINE

Canon of Supplication to the Most Holy Theotokos

ODE I

Irmos: **He** who of old gathered the waters * into one by His divine decree, * divided the sea for the people of Israel. * For He is our God and supremely glorious, * to Him alone let us sing, for He hath been glorified.

I entreat thee, O most pure one, thou mountain overshadowed which the Prophet Habbakuk beheld in the Spirit, that thou cover me who am burned by the heat of the passions, and that I be delivered from the deadly shadow of grievous misfortunes.

With the sprinkling of the divine blood which flowed from the divine side of thy Son, O pure one, wash the wounds of my heart, that I may magnify and glorify thee, the ever-blessed and most immaculate one, as is meet.

Glory ..., **T**hou hast given birth to the Word Who is equally active with the Father and hath deified our nature. Him do thou beseech, O pure one, that He grant divine ease unto me who am confused and weakened by the wiles of the enemy.

Now & ever ..., **G**rant me cleansing of transgressions by thy divine supplications, O Virgin, for thou art possessed of powerful supplications. O Lady, from transgressions, sufferings, sorrows and evil circumstances deliver those who hymn thee.

ODE III

Irmos: **O** Most High, Ruler of all, * who out of nothing hath established all things, * fashioned by Thy Word, * perfected by the Spirit, * confirm me in Thy love.

As thou art merciful, O most pure one, entreat Him Who is ineffable in mercy and rich in compassions, that He take pity upon us, the oppressed.

As thou art the temple of the Creator of all, entreat the Comforter, that He make His abode within me for I have become the den of soul-destroying robbers, O pure Virgin.

Glory ..., **A**t the command of Him Who as God upholdest all, Whom thou didst bear in thine arms, O Theotokos, look upon me and deliver me from looking upon the passions as I ought not to do.

Now & ever ..., **O** most pure Theotokos, open unto me the tender compassion of thy mercy, and show thyself to be my fervent helper and salvation amid perils.

ODE IV

Irmos: **T**hou hast shown us steadfast love, O Lord, * for Thou gavest Thine only-begotten Son over to death for our sake. * Wherefore with thanksgiving we cry unto Thee, * ‘Glory to Thy power, O Lord!’

O only abundantly merciful Christ, Who as God willingly endured wounds and execution, by the supplications of her who gave birth to Thee heal my soul, which hath been wounded by the robbers’ afflictions of the demons.

I am the work and creation of Thy hands, O Creator, but the malice of the serpent hath broken me through the pleasures of life. Wherefore, O Christ the Word, renew me by the supplications of her who gave birth to Thee.

Glory ..., **I**n a manner transcending description thou hast given birth to the Word Who looseth men from all irrationality. Him do thou earnestly entreat, that He free me who am enslaved by irrational pleasures, O only Ever-virgin.

Now & ever ..., **O** all-sacred tabernacle wholly filled with light, thou dost ever cause healing to gush forth upon us from thy hand, pouring forth fragrant myrrh upon all, O all-pure Bride of God.

ODE V

Irmos: **I**n a vision Isaiah saw upon a throne, * God lifted up on high * borne aloft by angels of glory; * and he cried: ‘Woe is me! * For I have foreseen God made flesh, * the Lord of the never-setting light * and the King of peace.’

Transform the pangs of my flesh and the grief of my soul, and drive away the clouds of despondency, O Virgin, thou cloud of the Light; and grant health and release from pain to me who hymn and glorify thee with love.

Full of every sin, I now set thee as mediatress and advocate before Him Who was born from thee. O Virgin, be thou the correction of my life and my guide to the path of divine understanding.

Glory ..., **S**anctify my mind, enlighten my soul, and make me a partaker of divine glory, O Virgin. For, lo! I have been filled with evils and am enslaved to all manner of pleasures; yet I offer unto thee my defiled conscience.

Now & ever ..., **O** holy Virgin Maiden, thou divine vine who produced the beautiful Grapes which pour forth abundant drink upon our souls: give me to drink of His sweetness, take the drunkenness of the passions away from me, and save me.

ODE VI

Irmos: **O** Lover of mankind, disdain not those * who have reached the end of the ages * and are assailed with destruction by the threefold billows of perils, * yet cry aloud: **O** Savior, save us, * as **Thou** didst save the prophet from the sea monster!

Ever arrogant, I have surpassed the haughty Pharisee in mind and have joined myself to the defilements of boundless transgressions. O thou who alone art pure, deliver and take pity on me who am grievously humbled.

O thou whose conceiving and birthgiving were most wondrous, show forth now the wonder of thy mercies upon me, wretch though I am; for I have been conceived and born in iniquities, and have become enslaved by pleasures.

Glory ..., **I** lament, weep and groan when I remember the dread judgment; for I have amassed only evil deeds. Yet stand up for me at that awesome hour, O Virgin Mother of God who knewest not a man.

Now & ever ..., **N**o mind can understand or describe the strange and most glorious miracle wrought within thee, O pure Virgin. How didst thou give birth, yet remain pure? God it is Who was born from thee in essence.

Lord, have mercy, (Thrice).

Glory ..., Now & ever ..., Sessional hymn, in Tone III:

Beholding Thee hanging dead upon the Tree, O Christ, Thy pure Mother who knew not wedlock said, lamenting maternally: “How hath the iniquitous and ungrateful assembly of the Jews rewarded Thee, having enjoyed Thy many and great gifts, O my Son? I hymn Thy divine condescension!”

ODE VII

Irmos: **The** three children in the furnace, prefiguring the Trinity: * trampled underfoot the threat of the fire * and cried aloud, chanting: * **Blessed art Thou, O God of our fathers!**

There are no works fit for salvation within me, O Lady, for I add sins unto sins and heap evil upon evil. O pure one, by thy prayers stand before me and save me.

The judgment is at the gates, the tribunal hath been made ready, O my lowly soul. But cry out: When **Thou** shalt judge me, O Word, condemn me not, through the supplications of her who gave birth to Thee!

Glory ..., **L**aying hold of the fruits of sin, I have been slain; yet do I offer thee my barren soul, and cry to thee, O most pure one: Show me to be fruitful, O thou who by thy Fruit hast destroyed corruption!

Now & ever ..., O strange mystery! O awesome concept! How hath God appeared on earth as a man? As He knoweth, as He desireth, as is His good pleasure: for He acteth as He wisheth.

ODE VIII

Irmos: United together in the unbearable fire, * yet not harmed by the flame, * the children, champions of godliness, sang a divine hymn: * O all ye works of the Lord, * bless ye the Lord and supremely exalt Him throughout all ages.

As thou art wholly good, having become the favorite of the King of all, O Theotokos, fill me with good works, who have lived in evil and have reached the end of my life in slothfulness, that I may glorify thee throughout all ages.

As of old thou didst most gloriously deliver the prophet from the belly of the sea monster, O Word of God, so deliver my soul, O Word, which hath been plunged into the abyss of destruction, for I have thee to pray for me, the Virgin who gave birth without knowing wedlock.

Glory ..., The workers of evil, finding me clad in beautiful raiment, have stripped me naked; yet do thou thyself, O Virgin Birthgiver of God, array me in a divine vesture through repentance, by thy prayers, O Theotokos.

Now & ever ..., O pure one, thou didst hold in thine arms Him before Whom every creature doth tremble, Who for our sake became a babe in His loving-kindness. Him do thou beseech, that He save all who cry out with faith: Thee do we supremely exalt, O most pure one, throughout all ages!

ODE IX

Irmos: In the shadow and the letter of the Law, * let us, the faithful, discern a figure: * every male child that openeth the womb * shall be sanctified to God. * Therefore we magnify the firstborn Word * and Son of the beginningless Father, * the firstborn Child of a Mother who hath not known a man.

O incorrupt and immaculate Virgin, disdain me not who have become corrupt in mind and soul, have defiled my conscience with evil and am shown to be devoid of all good deeds; but adorn me with the works of piety.

I have been filled with evils and am satiated with thoughts which alienate me from Thee the Lover of mankind. Wherefore, I groan and cry: Accept me who repent, and reject me not, through the supplications of her who gave birth to Thee, O greatly merciful Benefactor!

Glory ..., By thy prayers, O all-immaculate Maiden, may I be delivered from all wrath, deadly sufferings, the cruel fire of Gehenna, unjust men and evil enemies, for I flee to thy protection and cry out to thee for aid.

Now & ever ..., The supremely beautiful One, having found thee to be beautiful of soul, beautiful of mind, and comely of body, became incarnate from thy virginal womb in a way which He alone knew, thereby adorning our ugliness. O Virgin, entreat Him, that we be saved.

Then, “It is truly meet ...,” and a prostration. Trisagion through Our Father..., and Troparia. The rest as usual. Dismissal.

ON FRIDAY MORNING: TONE III
AT MATINS

**After the 1st chanting of the Psalter,
The Sessional hymns of the Cross, in Tone III:**

The Cross was planted in the earth yet touched the heavens, not because it reached the full stature of a tree, but because thereon Thou didst fulfill all things. Glory be to Thee, O Lord!

Verse: Exalt ye the Lord our God, and worship the footstool of His feet; *
for He is holy.

O Thou Who didst consent to suffer the Cross and death, Thou didst endure them between two of Thy creatures; and when Thou wast well-pleased to have Thy body pierced by nails, O Savior, the sun hid its rays. Then, beholding this, the thief reverently hymned Thee on his cross: “Remember me, O Lord!”; and believing, he received paradise.

Glory ..., Now & ever ...,

Stavrotheotokion: When the unblemished Ewe-lamb of the Word, the incorrupt Virgin Mother, beheld Him Who had sprung forth from her without pain hanging upon the Cross, she cried out, lamenting as befitteth a mother: “Woe is me, O my Child! How is it that Thou sufferest of Thine own will, desiring to deliver man from the disgrace of the passions?”

After the 2nd chanting of the Psalter, the Sessional hymns, in Tone III:

Thou wast uplifted upon the cypress, the pine and the cedar, O Lamb of God, that Thou mightest save those who worship Thy voluntary crucifixion with faith. Glory be to Thee, O Christ God!

Verse: God is our King before the ages, * He hath wrought salvation in the midst of the earth.

Beholding Thine infinite authority and voluntary crucifixion, the angelic armies marveled: How is He who is invisible wounded in the flesh, desiring to deliver mankind from corruption? Wherefore, we cry out to Thee as the Bestower of life: Glory to Thy loving-kindness, O Christ!

Verse: Wondrous is God in His saints, * the God of Israel.

To the Martyrs: The goodly courage of your endurance vanquished the wiles of the enemy, the author of evil, O most lauded martyrs; wherefore, ye have been deemed worthy of eternal blessedness. As ye are witnesses to the Truth, pray ye to the Lord, that He save the flock of Christ-loving people.

Glory ..., Now & ever ...,

Stavrotheotokion: **T**hou didst willingly endure a violent death in crucifixion, O Compassionate One. And she who gaveth birth to Thee was wounded, beholding Thee. By her supplications, take pity and save the world, O supremely good Lord and only Lover of mankind, Who takest away the sins of the world.

After the 3rd chanting of the Psalter, the Sessional hymns, in Tone III:

In Thine ineffable loving-kindness, O Sinless One, Thou didst endure the Cross, an instrument of cursing, and didst free the first-created man from the primal curse. Wherefore, we worship Thine honored sufferings, glorifying Thy holy dispensation, which Thou alone, in the tender compassion of Thy mercy, hast fulfilled, saving Thy creation.

Smitted on the cheek for the race of mankind, Thou wast not angered. Free Thou our life from corruption, O Lord, and have mercy on us, in that Thou lovest mankind.

Glory ..., Now & ever ...,

Stavrotheotokion: **H**aving obtained the Cross of thy Son as a staff of strength, O Theotokos, therewith we cast down the arrogance of the enemy, and with love unceasingly magnify thee.

ODE I

Canon of the precious & life-creating Cross, the acrostic whereof is “The Cross is the boast and glory of the faithful”, the composition of Joseph, in Tone III:

Irmos: **T**he Sun once passed over dry land * in the midst of the deep. * For the water on both sides became firm as a wall * while the people traversed the sea on foot, * chanting in a manner pleasing to God: * Let us sing unto the Lord; * for gloriously hath he been glorified.

Making the waves of the sea solid by the staff of Moses, Thou didst lead the people across, prefiguring Thy Cross, O Compassionate One, whereby Thou hast parted the water of falsehood and led over to the land of divine knowledge all who hymn Thy power with faith.

O Thou Who created the deep by Thy command, Who with strength didst cover Thy chambers with waters and suspend the earth upon the waters: Thou didst hang suspended upon the Cross, yet didst shake all creation; and established the hearts of all in the fear of Thee.

To the Martyrs: **Y**e became children by fellowship, O godly martyrs of Christ, and inhabitants and inheritors of the heavenly Sion, wherein ye wear crowns, crying out with splendor: Let us sing unto the Lord, for gloriously hath He been glorified!

To the Martyrs: Cruelly maimed, ye endured the severing of your hands and feet; and though ye were cast into the fire, ye in nowise denied Christ, the God of all, but cried out fervently: Let us sing unto the Lord, for gloriously hath He been glorified!

Theotokion: O most beauteous Virgin Lady, beholding Him to Whom thou hast given birth willingly lifted up upon the Tree, thou didst exclaim, weeping and crying out in pain: “O compassionate God of all, as Thou art the Lord of glory, how dost Thou suffer these things, O Master?”

Another canon, of the most holy Theotokos, in Tone III:

Irmos: He who of old gathered the waters * into one by His divine decree, * divided the sea for the people of Israel. * For He is our God and supremely glorious, * to Him alone let us sing, for He hath been glorified.

By thy divine supplications, O Virgin, grant me cleansing of transgressions; for thy supplication is powerful, O most pure one, and thou dost deliver those who honor thee from offenses, the passions, tribulations and evil circumstances.

With the waters of thy prayers, O Virgin, bedew my lowly soul, which hath withered under the burning heat of my countless offenses and passions, that, having received divine coolness, I may in hymns magnify thee as my fervent intercessor.

Stretching forth the hand of thy loving-kindness, O pure Lady, draw up to the heights of repentance me who am wholly drowning in sins and am full of despair, and grant me a fountain of tears.

As thou hast the boldness before thy Son to pray earnestly for us, O most pure one, by thy supplications tear apart the record of my sins and transgressions, for thee do we Christians have as a helper.

ODE III

Canon of the Cross

Irmos: O Lord, the firm foundation of those who put their trust in Thee, * do Thou establish the Church, * which Thou hast purchased * with thy precious blood.

Possessing a single compound composition, O Word, Thou didst endure a most ignominious crucifixion. Grant Thou honor to those who honor Thee.

The curse of mortal mankind was abolished when Thou, O Master, wast accursed and poured forth blessing through the Cross.

To the Martyrs: Having been wanderers throughout the earth, ye were truly shown to be citizens of heaven and fellow-heirs with Christ, O all-praised ones.

To the Martyrs: **H**aving acquired the Cross as a most mighty weapon, the martyrs utterly vanquished all the power of the destructive foe.

Theotokion: **O** pure one who hast given birth unto God incarnate, Who of His own will wast nailed to the Cross: Thou wast preserved a virgin even after giving birth.

Canon of the Theotokos

Irmos: **O** Most High, Ruler of all, * who out of nothing hath established all things, * fashioned by Thy Word, * perfected by the Spirit, * confirm me in Thy love.

Quickly open unto me the compassion of thy loving kindness, I pray, O most pure Theotokos, and reveal thyself to me to be a fervent helper and salvation amid temptations.

Deliver me from every cruel tempest of sin which assails me, thy servant, O most pure one, and by thy supplications guide me to the harbor of salvation.

O pure Virgin Mother, save me from the filthy stench of my passions, which now surround my lowly soul and oppress it.

Grant me a torrent of tears, O good one, and therewith quench the furnace of my passions, and wash away all the defilements of my soul, O Theotokos.

ODE IV

Canon of the Cross

Irmos: **T**hou hast shown us steadfast love, O Lord, * for Thou gavest Thine only-begotten Son over to death for our sake. * Wherefore with thanksgiving we cry unto Thee, * ‘Glory to Thy power, O Lord!’

As the new Adam, Thou alone didst set aright the fall of Adam when, as Thou didst will, Thy hands were nailed to the Cross and Thou wast beaten with the reed and didst taste of vinegar and gall, as One Who transcends the heights of Thy kingdom.

O Word of God, the prophet foresaw Thee as a sheep and sacrifice, as a lamb who struggled not, neither cried out; for Thou didst willingly endure crucifixion, that Thou mightest deliver and save those who have sinned of their own will, O loving Lord.

To the Martyrs: **H**aving tilled their souls with the plough of faith, with patience the martyrs of Christ sowed the seed of torments and reaped in abundance the grain of martyrdom which feedeth the assemblies of the faithful; wherefore, they are ever glorified.

To the Martyrs: Hemmed in by the oppression of unbearable torments, in the expectation of beautiful things the martyrs manifestly attained unto the broad expanse of the heavenly kingdom, that they might enlarge my mouth to hymn their contests unceasingly.

Theotokion: The Virgin Mother, who like tongs, received the divine Coal, Who in nowise consumed her divine and seedless womb, but instead bedewed it, beholding Him suspended in the flesh of His own will upon the Tree, she glorified Him in song.

Canon of the Theotokos

Irmos: Thou hast shown us steadfast love ...,

All my hope have I set on thee, O Lady, and falling down, I pray from the depths of my soul: Deliver me from deadly pain, and lead me up to the life of salvation, O thou who hast given birth unto Life.

O pure Lady, mighty helper of the world: Cast me not away from thee, neither banish me in disgrace from thy presence, nor show me to be the object of the demons' jubilation.

Wretch that I am, I am wholly stripped bare of godly works and am riddled with the sharp arrows of pleasures and wounded; wherefore, I cry to thee, O Lady: Save me, O most pure one!

The waters of unseemly deeds have flooded my wretched soul, O pure one, and, stuck fast in thoughts of clay, I cry unto thee in pain: O Lady, disdain not me, thy servant!

ODE V

Canon of the Cross

Irmos: In a vision Isaiah saw upon a throne, * God lifted up on high * borne aloft by angels of glory; * and he cried: 'Woe is me! * For I have foreseen God made flesh, * the Lord of the never-setting light * and the King of peace.'

Falling asleep on the Tree, O Master, Thou didst grant peace unto me who am weighed down by the burden of transgressions; and having suffered reproach, O Word, Thou didst take away my reproach. I hymn Thy might and divine sufferings, O Jesus.

Thou didst light Thy flesh on the Cross as it were a torch, and didst search for the lost coin, O Lover of mankind; and called all Thy friends, all Thy hosts, upon finding it. We hymn the might of Thy kingdom, O Christ!

To the Martyrs: The deceiver is seen lying dead and unmoving at the feet of the steadfast passion-bearers of Christ; while they are surely numbered with the angels, full of ineffable joy.

To the Martyrs: Frozen with cold, with grievous torments and tribulations and many wounds, the saints truly passed over to the divine warmth of the heavenly kingdom, and ever show themselves to be fervent intercessors for the faithful.

Theotokion: Seeing Him crucified on the Tree Who of old fashioned Eve from the rib of Adam, His side pierced by a spear, the most pure Virgin cried out maternally: “How dost Thou die, O my Son Who art deathless Life?”

Canon of the Theotokos

Irmos: In a vision Isaiah saw upon a throne ...,

O Virgin, thou art the divine vine, which produced the beauteous cluster of grapes Who giveth divine drink unto men’s souls: Deliver my soul from the draught of bitterness, the drunkenness of passions and pleasures, and everlasting fire.

O most pure Bride of God, out of the mire of sins pull me who have fallen into the mud of the passions; and having cleansed me of the defilements of the passions with the streams of thy prayers, clothe me in the splendid robe of salvation.

O pure Virgin, who hast given peace to the world and salvation to all, in that with fear and love, thou hast given birth to divine Peace; Christ the Savior, bring an end to the present aggression of the passions of my soul and body.

In thy tender compassion heal my soul, which is sick from sin, O most pure one, and, guiding me grant that in humility I may ever do the commandments of thy Son, that I may receive His goodness.

ODE VI

Canon of the Cross

Irmos: The Elder, having seen with his eyes the salvation * that was to come unto the peoples from God, * cried aloud unto Thee: * ‘O Christ, Thou art my God.’

Like a lamb Thou wast willingly slaughtered, O Christ, leading back to life him who of his own will was slain by the fruit of the tree

When Thou wast lifted up upon the Cross: the deception of the demons collapsed, and the multitude of the faithful were raised on high, hymning Thee, O Bestower of life.

To the Martyrs: Arrayed in robes woven of thine own blood, the martyrs stand now before the King of all, adorned with radiant crowns.

To the Martyrs: The relics of the holy martyrs pour forth healing upon all who approach them, drowning the multitude of the passions.

Theotokion: O Maiden, the human mind is unable to comprehend the mystery of thy birth giving, which transcendeth nature; for in a manner transcending understanding thou hast given birth unto God.

Canon of the Theotokos

Irmos: The uttermost depths of sin have surrounded me, * and my spirit perisheth. * but do Thou, O Master, stretch forth Thy lofty arm * and like Peter O Helmsman, * do Thou save me.

In that thou art good, O most pure one, grant deliverance from transgressions unto me, thy servant, who with faith asks for thine aid; and rescue me from the coming judgment.

O Lady, Mother of the Redeemer, stand before me at the hour of my departure, when I am tested by the spirits of the air concerning those things I committed with an irrational mind.

Wholly wretched have I been revealed to be, ever beset by impurities; and seeing death now speedily overtaking me, I cry out to thee: O Theotokos, help me!

Waves of passionate thoughts ever batter me, O most pure one, and the tempest of evil spirits cause me to flounder; but moor me firmly to the rock of dispassion.

ODE VII

Canon of the Cross

Irmos: O Thou who in the midst of the fire * bedewed the children as they discoursed on things divine, * and Who didst take up Thy dwelling in the pure Virgin: * O Word of God Thee do we reverently praise chanting: * O God of our fathers, blessed art Thou.

O Master Who art One of the Trinity, Thou wast lifted up upon the cedar, the pine and the cypress, raising up those who had fallen into the depths of many pleasures. O God of our fathers, blessed art Thou.

By Thy precious blood Thou didst cleanse creation of the blood offered to vile demons, O Lord; and when Thou wast slaughtered like an innocent lamb, O Word of God, Thou didst abolish their abominable sacrifices. Glory be to Thy dominion!

To the Martyrs: The spiritual athletes stood before the torturers like immovable pillars, causing deception to quake, but making steadfast the hearts of the faithful, and chanting: O Lord God of our fathers, blessed art Thou!

To the Martyrs: Having acquired a will hotter than fire, O crowned passion-bearers of Christ, ye were not consumed by the fire, but cried aloud: O Lord God of our fathers, blessed art Thou!

Theotokion: O only pure one who gavest flesh to the Master Who was crucified, thy conceiving was incomparable and thy birthgiving ineffable; chanting to Him, we cry out: O Lord God of our fathers, blessed art Thou!

Canon of the Theotokos

Irmos: As of old Thou didst bedew * the three pious children in the Chaldean flames, * so also with the radiant fire of Thy divinity * illumine us who cry to Thee, * 'Blessed art Thou, O God of our fathers!'

Unto thee, the pure and immaculate Mother of God do I pray, for I am defiled in body and soul and sullied by unclean acts; and I have placed my hope in thy mercy. O most pure Lady, have pity on me!

The multitude of my transgressions and the experience of evils sorely afflict and perplex me, and drag me into the depths of despair. O most pure Lady, save me who am perishing and cruelly drowning!

O good one, have mercy on my soul, which hath been brought low by wicked acts; guide me to the path of repentance, direct me in doing the will of thy Son, and deliver me from torments.

In the multitude of the goodness of thy compassions, O good one, overlook the multitude of our sins, and be thou speedily reconciled with those who cry out unceasingly: Blessed is the Fruit of thy womb, O most pure one!

ODE VIII

Canon of the Cross

Irmos: United together in the unbearable fire, * yet not harmed by the flame, * the children, champions of godliness, sang a divine hymn: * O all ye works of the Lord, * bless ye the Lord and supremely exalt Him throughout all ages.

The disobedient and foolish people condemned Thee to death, Who in Thy proper and obedient character desired to be crucified, O Word, that Thou mightest give life to those deadened in spirit, and who hymn and supremely exalt Thee throughout the ages.

Stretching out Thy hands upon the Cross, O Master, Thou didst heal the hands of the first-created man, which stretched out unrestrainedly to pluck the fruit of the tree; and seeing Thee, the sun hid its rays in fear and all creation trembled.

To the Martyrs: With the rays of their sacred struggles the passion-bearers dried up the streams of impiety and the outpourings of ungodliness, and poured forth springs of healings, which wash away the defilement of the passions and give drink in abundance to the hearts of the faithful.

To the Martyrs: United in your honored sufferings and fulfilling the divine commandments, O passion-bearers, ye have become fellow citizens with the incorporeal ones, and have now been enrolled in the city on high. Beseech God on behalf of those who honor you throughout all ages.

Theotokion: All of us, the faithful, call thee the golden jar and lampstand, the table and staff, the divine mountain and cloud, the palace of the King and fiery throne, the Theotokos who was kept a virgin even after giving birth.

Canon of the Theotokos

Irmos: In His divine power the Lord descended into the flames * and was seen walking with the Children of the Hebrews: * O ye priests, bless and supremely exalt Him throughout all ages.

Having passed through the bitterness of pleasures and all the bodily senses, I have sullied my soul in an unseemly manner and dragged it toward death. O Sovereign Lady of the world, be thou my salvation!

Unto thee have I committed my heart, soul and body, O Lady, for I have no other hope than thee, through whom I receive mercy; wherefore, grant me thy rich goodness.

The serpent hath filled me with his venom and hath cruelly slain my wretched soul with carnal pleasure; but restore it to life with the salve of thy prayers, O pure one.

The cruel night of transgressions lay heavily upon me, O holy Lady, for I have no lamp to shed light upon my soul with the oil of good works; wherefore, I shall find myself turned away from the bridal-chamber of the Most High.

We then chant the Hymn of the Theotokos (the Magnificat), with the refrain: “More honorable than the cherubim ...”, and make prostrations.

ODE IX

Canon of the Cross

Irmos: In the shadow and the letter of the Law, * let us, the faithful, discern a figure: * every male child that openeth the womb * shall be sanctified to God. * Therefore we magnify the firstborn Word * and Son of the beginningless Father, * the firstborn Child of a Mother who hath not known a man.

Nailed to the Cross, O Jesus Christ Who founded the whole earth upon nothing, in that Thou art good have pity and draw me forth, who by my wicked character have become stuck in the mire of sin, for by Thy shameful death Thou hast brought honor to me, O greatly Merciful One.

God Who is invisible by nature, became visible and exalted in the flesh, that He might deliver the visible world from the invisible foe, wherefore O Christ, render those here below heavenly, who glorify the dominion of Thy great authority.

To the Martyrs: **O** all-glorious passion-bearers of the Savior, ye have been revealed to be a sacred army, chosen like the holy angels; a garden of paradise having Christ, the Tree of Life, in your midst; an honored regiment of the divinely adorned Church.

To the Martyrs: **S**tanding joyfully before the throne of the Master, O saints, be ye mindful of us who commemorate you on earth; and richly illumine us with His rays, that we may receive release from our debts.

Theotokion: **“B**eholding Thy crucifixion, O my Son, the sun and the moon withdrew their light. How then hath the unbelieving assembly of the Jews not faded away, having given Thee, the Author of life, over to death?” the Theotokos cried out, whom we unceasingly magnify.

Canon of the Theotokos

Irmos: **We magnify thee, the unburnt bush, * the holy Virgin, * and the Mother of the Light, * the Theotokos, the hope of us all.**

Having cleansed my mind of the defilement of passionate thoughts, O pure one, clothe me in the splendid robe of dispassion.

Open unto me the divine gates of repentance, O Virgin, shutting the gates of my passions and pleasures, closing them by thy power.

Hearken unto the sound of my groaning and the voice of my weeping, O all-immaculate Virgin, and grant cleansing and salvation to my wretched soul.

I am wholly in despair, wretch that I am, and am filled with consternation as I ponder my wicked deeds. Freely have pity on me, O Lady, and save me!

Then, “It is truly meet to bless thee ...”, and a prostration.

Litany: **Let us complete ..., Exapostilarion, and the usual psalms.**

On the Aposticha, the Stichera of the Cross, in Tone III:

The tree of disobedience brought forth death upon the world; but the Tree of the Cross brought forth life and incorruption. Wherefore, we worship the crucified Lord, crying: Let the light of Thy countenance be signed upon us!

Verse: We were filled in the morning with Thy mercy, O Lord, and we rejoiced and were glad. In all our days, let us be glad for the days wherein Thou didst humble us, for the years wherein we saw evils. And look upon Thy servants, and upon Thy works, * and do Thou guide their sons.

Coveting bliss, I was banished, undergoing a great fall; yet Thou didst not despise me, O Master: for, assuming what is mine for my sake, Thou wast crucified and saved me, leading me into glory. O my Redeemer, glory be to Thee!

Verse: And let the brightness of the Lord our God be upon us, and the works of our hand do Thou guide aright upon us, * yea, the work of our hands do Thou guide aright.

To the Martyrs: **C**ome, all ye people, let us honor the memory of the holy passion-bearers, for, having become a spectacle for angels and men, they received crowns of victory from Christ, and they pray on behalf of our souls.

Glory ..., Now & ever ...,

Stavrotheotokion: **T**he all-immaculate one, beholding Him Who was born from her hanging upon the Tree, exclaimed, crying aloud: “O my sweet Child, whither hath gone the luminous beauty of Thee Who didst create the race of mankind?”

Then, “It is good to give thanks ...,” Trisagion ..., Our Father ..., Troparia.

Litany: Have mercy on us ..., First Hour, and Dismissal.

**ON FRIDAY MORNING: TONE III
AT THE LITURGY**

On the Beatitudes, these Troparia, in Tone III:

Thou didst banish from paradise our forefather Adam, who had broken Thy commandment, O Christ; but Thou didst cause to dwell therein the thief who confessed Thee on the cross, crying: Remember me, O Savior, in Thy kingdom!

Beholding Thee, the never-setting Sun, upon the Cross, the sun dimmed its light, the stones split asunder and the earth quaked, O Master and Savior; and the veil of the temple was rent in twain, seeing Thee suffering unjustly, which none can comprehend.

Thou wast led forth to die for all, O Jesus, Life of the living, that by Thy divine sufferings Thou mightest as God save those slain by the fruit of old, and mightest show them to be dwellers in paradise; wherefore, we now glorify Thy sufferings with faith.

To the Martyrs: **E**mulating the sufferings of Him Who of His own will suffered for our sake and took away the reproaches of men, O martyrs, by your many tortures ye cast down the enemy and received glory on high. Wherefore, ye are glorified in a godly manner.

Glory ..., O all ye faithful, let us worship the Father, the Son and the upright Spirit, the Comforter: the one Godhead. And let us chant in godly manner and cry out piously with an Orthodox understanding: Remember us in Thy kingdom!

Now & ever ..., Beholding her Son on the Cross, enduring suffering in the flesh of His own will, the most immaculate and pure one was wholly troubled and cried out, weeping: “Woe is me, O my Child! How art Thou done to death, Who desirest to bring life to those who have grievously died?”

On Friday, the Prokeimenon in Tone VII:

Prokeimenon, in Tone VII: Exalt ye the Lord our God, * and worship the footstool of His feet, for He is holy.

Verse: The Lord is King, let the peoples rage.

Alleluia, in Tone IV: Remember Thy congregation which Thou hast purchased from the beginning.

Verse: God is our King before the ages, He hath wrought salvation in the midst of the earth.

Communion Verse: Thou hast wrought salvation in the midst of the earth,
O God.