

ON SUNDAY EVENING: TONE VIII
AT VESPERS

On “Lord, I have cried ...”, 3 Stichera of repentance, in Tone VIII:

Spec. Mel.: “O Lord, though Thou didst stand forth before the tribunal ...”:

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

○ Lord Who camest into the world to call sinners to Thee, and Who accepted the thief, the publican and the harlot: In Thy love for mankind, O my Christ, call me also to Thee, though I have sinned against Thee more than all others, and never repent.

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.

○ Lord, Who ordained publicans as pastors for Thy Church, and made a helper now of him who before was a persecutor: By their supplications show me to be Thy lamb, O Savior, and let me not, who am useless, fall prey to the alien one.

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

Weep before the end, O my wretched and most vile soul, and cleave unto God, crying out to him with groans from the depths of thy heart: I have sinned against Thee, O Christ! Revile me not, I pray, but turning me back to Thee, grant me forgiveness, in that Thou art merciful.

Then the Stichera for the saint, from the Menaion; or if there is no Menaion, these Stichera of the holy incorporeal angels, in the same tone & melody:

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.

○ Lord, the councils of the incorporeal beings unceasingly glorify Thee, delighting in Thy beauty and ineffable comeliness, richly illumined by the light of the threefold Sun. By their prayers and intercession, O Savior, save Thou our souls.

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

○ Lord, by Thine omnipotent word and Thy most holy Spirit Thou didst arrange the harmonious choirs of the angels, imparting effulgence to them with never-waning rays. By their prayers and intercession, O Savior, save Thou our souls.

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

O Lord, the seraphim hymn Thee, and the authorities, angels, and principalities, the dominions, thrones and powers, the archangels and the dread cherubim offer Thee praise. By their prayers and intercession, O Savior, save Thou our souls.

Glory ..., Now & ever ..., Theotokion:

I, a created being, ever offend the Creator and move Him to anger. Grant me correction, O Maiden, first conciliating Him; and with thy help raise me up to pleasing works, that I may receive salvation and remission.

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

Prokeimenon: Behold now, bless ye the Lord, * all ye servants of the Lord.

Verse: Ye that stand in the house of the Lord, in the courts of the house of our God.

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

On the Aposticha, the Stichera of repentance, in Tone VIII

The angels unceasingly hymn Thee, the King and Master; and I fall down before Thee, crying like the publican: Cleanse me, O God, and have mercy upon me!

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.

As thou art immortal, O my soul, let not the waves of life cover thee, but rise up, crying out to thy Benefactor: Cleanse me, O God, and save me!

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: **O** martyrs of the Lord, ye sanctify every place and heal every infirmity. Pray ye now, that our souls be delivered from the snares of the enemy, we beseech you.

Glory ..., Now & ever ..., Theotokion:

Taking up the cry of the Archangel Gabriel, let us say: * Rejoice, O Mother of God, * who hast given birth unto Christ, ** the bestower of life upon the world!

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

ON SUNDAY NIGHT: TONE VIII
AT COMPLINE

Canon of Supplication to the Most Holy Theotokos

ODE I

Irmos: **T**he wonderworking staff of Moses, * striking and dividing the sea in the figure of a cross, * once drowned Pharaoh the pursuing charioteer, * while it saved the fleeing people of Israel * as they fled on foot, * chanting a hymn unto God.

Most glorious things have been said of thee, O most pure one, who alone art the glory of the faithful; wherefore, By thy prayers show me, who glorify thee, to be a partaker of the glory which is to come, O most holy and all-hymned Virgin.

Blessed is the Fruit of thy womb, O all-pure and blessed one, whereby all of us mortals have been delivered from the curse. O the ineffable wonder, the indescribable report, the salvation of the all the faithful!

Glory ..., **A** multitude of angels, the assembly of the disciples and prophets, the company of the martyrs and Thy venerable ones ever entreat Thee, O Lord. For the sake of the Theotokos grant us forgiveness of sins, in that Thou lovest mankind.

Now & ever ..., **W**ith faith I entreat thee, the most pure one, who received in thy womb the unbearable Fire, that I may be delivered and rescued from the fire of Gehenna, and by thy right acceptable prayers may be freed from everlasting torment.

ODE III

Irmos: **O** Lord, Creator of the vault of Heaven * and Builder of the Church, * do Thou strengthen me in Thy love, O Summit of desire, * O Support of the faithful, * O only Lover of mankind.

Having fallen away from a life of purity, O most pure one, I have become like the dumb beasts and am wholly condemned. O thou who hast given birth to the Judge, deliver and save me from all damnation.

O pure Maiden, grant me groaning, spiritual tears and constant compunction, that I may weep over the passions which beset me due to mine indifference, O thou who art full of the grace of God.

Glory ..., **T**he ranks of heaven, the ministering spirits, the assembly of prophets and apostles, and Thy martyrs unceasingly beseech Thee, O Compassionate One: Grant remission of sins unto Thy people.

Now & ever ..., As thou art merciful, O most pure one, do thou now entreat Him Who is full of loving-kindness, that He grant unto us divine and tender compassion; for having unmercifully acquired unmerciful ways, I have become worthy of everlasting fire.

ODE IV

Irmos: Thou, O Lord, art my strength and Thou art my power, * Thou art my God and Thou art my joy, * Thou Who, while never leaving the bosom of Thy Father, * hast visited our poverty. * Therefore with the Prophet Habbakuk I cry unto Thee, * ‘Glory to Thy power, O Lover of mankind!’

Rend asunder the record of my wicked sins with the divine spear which pierced the divine side of Him Who desired to become a man through thee, O most pure one, and entreat Him to write me in the Book of the Saved, even though I have foolishly estranged myself from Him.

Let me glorify thee with cries of thanksgiving, let me magnify thee with divine love, O most immaculate one. O thou who by thy great birthgiving hast exalted all who have estranged themselves, grant divine forgiveness unto me who have greatly estranged myself and have fallen grievously.

Glory ..., In thee were the laws of nature overcome; for in a manner transcending nature thou hast given birth to God the Word. Wherefore, I entreat thee with faith, O most immaculate one: By thy prayers save and convert me who have sinned greatly, surpassing human nature, and have gone far away from God.

Now & ever ..., With the arrows of sin the enemy hath wounded my soul; and hath defiled my heart with lusts, and drawn me away from the straight path. Wherefore, I cry to thee, O Virgin: Turning me, heal and save me.

ODE V

Irmos: O Light never-waning, * why hast Thou turned Thy face from me * and why hath the alien darkness surrounded me, * wretched though I be? * But do Thou guide my steps I implore Thee * and turn me back towards the light of Thy commandments.

Generations of generations now bless thee, the ever-blessed one, and the hosts of heaven praise thee as the one who hath united those below with those on high, the only one blessed among women, the restoration of fallen Adam.

O good one who hast given birth to the Word, beseech the Good One Who hath delivered us from irrationality, that I may remain whole, may attain an unshakable disposition, and may journey well, doing those things which are pleasing unto God.

Glory ..., **O** Word Who didst shed Thine own blood upon the Cross in the surpassing depths of Thy mercy, dry up the abyss of my passions, and for the sake of the Theotokos grant that I may please Thee, my God, in humility.

Now & ever ..., **O** Virgin Mother and Maiden, who hast given birth to the Infinite One in the flesh, the glory of the angels and the wounding of the demons: Grant divine healing unto my heart which hath been wounded by sin, O Bride of God.

ODE VI

Irmos: **C**leanse me, O Savior, * for many are mine iniquities; * lead me up from the abyss of evils I pray Thee, * for unto Thee have I cried, * and Thou hast hearkened unto me, * O God of my salvation.

In thee hath human nature found mercy, O merciful Lady; for thou hast given birth to the Merciful One, O most pure one. Wherefore, I beseech thee: Have mercy upon my soul!

The ranks of the incorporeal beings, of the martyrs, prophets and Thine apostles, entreat Thee, O Christ: For the sake of her who gave birth to Thee, save Thy people from every evil circumstance.

Glory ..., **O** un-ploughed earth who gavest rise to the Husbandman and Creator of all, through divine understanding show forth as fertile my soul which hath been rendered hard and stony by the passions.

Now & ever ..., **I** have violated the commandments which lead me to God, and without desiring it, have become enslaved to wicked passions; wherefore, I entreat thee, O Ever-virgin: Rescue me from their dominion.

Lord, have mercy, (Thrice).

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

O ye faithful, let us praise the Virgin Mother and Maiden, the object of the veneration of the heavenly hosts and the all-praised exaltation of our souls: Rejoice, O thou who didst conceive the Creator of the angels in thy womb! Rejoice, cleansing of those who fall, who gavest flesh to God the Word! Rejoice, thou Bride unwedded!

ODE VII

Irmos: **O**nce in Babylon the fire stood in awe * of God's condescension; * for which sake the youths in the furnace, * dancing with joyous steps as in a meadow, chanted: * O God of our fathers, Blessed art Thou!

By thine ineffable birthgiving thou hast granted unto us ineffable things, O Theotokos; wherefore, deliver me from terrifying torment, and fill me with ineffable joy, that I may ever hymn thee who art all-hymned.

Having wasted my life in slothfulness, I have become barren, and I fear the interrogation and unquenchable fire of Gehenna. O Theotokos who hast given birth to the unbearable Fire, By thy prayers persuade Him to deliver me.

Glory ..., **T**he miracle of thy birthgiving surpasses all wonders, O pure Virgin; wherefore, I cry unto thee, O Birthgiver of God: Show forth upon me the wonders of thy mercies; deliver me from the coming wrath, and save me.

Now & ever ..., **O** Christ my Savior, for the sake of her who gave birth to Thee have pity on me who have lived in slothfulness and have spurned Thy holy laws and Thine honored precepts, in that Thou art a beneficent and greatly merciful God,

ODE VIII

Irmos: In his wrath the Chaldean Tyrant made the furnace blaze, * with heat fanned sevenfold for the servants of God; * but when he perceived that they had been saved by a greater power * he cried aloud to the Creator and Redeemer; * ‘ye children bless, ye priests praise, * ye people, supremely exalt Him throughout all ages’.

Give life to my soul, for it is dying; raise it up, for it hath fallen; heal it, for it hath been wounded. Grant peace to my mind; still thou the waves of temptations, O Virgin; and save me who cry aloud: Ye children bless; ye priests hymn; ye people supremely exalt Him throughout all ages!

Like the thief I cry out to Thee: Have mercy on me, O Lover of mankind! Like the harlot, I weep and cry aloud: I have sinned like the prodigal of old! For the sake of the Theotokos accept me, a wretched penitent, that with zeal I may cry out to Thee: Ye children bless; ye priests hymn; ye people supremely exalt Him throughout all ages!

Glory ..., **A**s befitteth a servant, I cry out to thee, O all-hymned Theotokos: With the countless noetic hosts, with the prophets and the venerable, the apostles and the martyrs, make entreaty for all those who chant in a godly manner: Ye children bless; ye priests hymn; ye people supremely exalt Him throughout all ages!

Now & ever ..., **O** all-immaculate Theotokos, thou art more honorable than the angelic ranks of heaven, for through thy virginal womb which knew not wedlock thou hast given birth to their Creator and Lord in two natures, without commingling or change, incarnate in a single Hypostasis, O Theotokos.

ODE IX

Irmos: Every ear is awestruck at hearing of God's ineffable condescension, * for the Most High voluntarily descended and assumed flesh, * becoming man in the Virgin's womb; * wherefore we the faithful magnify the most pure Theotokos.

O divine couch of Solomon, upon which God hath rested, and who art now surrounded by sixty mighty utterances from the divine Scriptures: By thy power, O pure Ever-virgin, preserve me unharmed, who am ever surrounded by myriads of demons.

O thou who pourest forth divine sweetness, O thou who hast given birth to the Sweetness of all, sweeten thou my soul which hath become bitter through the venom of the serpent, by thy mediation ever remove bitter harm from me, O unashamed intercessor for the faithful.

Glory ..., O Jesus, thou Sun of glory, enlighten my wretched soul through the prayers of the pure divine Maiden who gave birth to Thee, of the incorporeal ministers, Thine honored apostles, the holy hierarchs and prophets, Thy chosen martyrs and the venerable.

Now & ever ..., Wholly condemned and at a loss what to do, I fear Thy dread second coming, only King and Lord; wherefore, before the end I cry unto Thee: For the sake of her who gave birth to Thee take pity upon me and save me, O Merciful and Good One Who lovest mankind.

Then, "It is truly meet ...," and a prostration. Trisagion through Our Father ..., Troparion, and the rest as usual. Dismissal.

ON MONDAY MORNING: TONE VIII
AT MATINS

**After the 1st chanting of the Psalter,
The Sessional hymns of repentance, in Tone VIII**

Look upon my lowliness with Thy compassionate eye, O Lord, for my life will reach its end shortly, and there will be no salvation for me because of my works. Wherefore, I pray: Look upon my lowliness with Thy compassionate eye, O Lord, and save me!

Verse: O Lord, rebuke me not in Thine anger, * nor chasten me in Thy wrath.

The Judge is coming! Take care, O my soul, and consider the hour of that dread day; for He is without mercy for those who have shown no mercy. Wherefore, before the end cry aloud: Have pity on me, O Savior, Who alone art sinless!

Glory ..., Now & ever ..., Theotokion:

Secretly pondering in his mind that which was commanded, * the incorporeal one presented himself without delay * in the house of Joseph, * and said unto her who knew not wedlock: * "He Who bowed the heavens down by His descent * shall be immutably contained wholly within thy womb! * And beholding Him assuming the guise of a servant in thy womb, * I am afraid to cry to thee: ** Rejoice, thou Bride unwedded!"

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

Pondering that dread day, be vigilant, O my soul, lighting thy lamp and feeding it with oil; for thou knowest not when the cry will come upon thee, saying: "Behold, the Bridegroom!" Wherefore, watch thou, O my soul, lest thou slumber and remain knocking without, like the five virgins; but watch and wait, that thou mayest meet Christ with rich oil, that He may grant thee the divine bridal-chamber of His glory.

Verse: O Lord, rebuke me not in Thine anger, * nor chasten me in Thy wrath.

Like the harlot I fall down before Thee, that I may receive remission; and instead of myrrh I offer Thee tears from the depths of my heart, that Thou mayest take pity on me as Thou didst her, O Savior, and grant me cleansing of my sins: For like her I cry to Thee: Deliver me from the mire of my deeds!

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

To the Martyrs: Today this church is illumined with heavenly light; for therein the angelic armies rejoice, and with them the souls of the righteous are filled with gladness at the memorial of the passion-bearers. Through their prayers, O Christ, send down peace and great mercy upon Thy world.

Glory ..., Now & ever ..., Theotokion:

Rejoice, thou portal of the King of glory, * through which the Most High alone hath passed, * and which He hath sealed, ** unto the salvation of our souls!

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

Spec. Mel.: “Pondering what was mystically commanded ...”:

How long, O my soul, shalt thou live in negligence? How long shalt thou languish in despair? Rouse thyself from the sleep of despondency, O wretched one, pondering thy works; groan and tremble before the sentence of the just Judge, to Whom thou must give answer in that hour. How wilt thou be delivered from the burning fire which awaiteth thee who remainest incorrigible? Before the end, cry unto the Judge: Grant me remission of sins, O Savior, for Thou alone art long-suffering!

Before the end, bring thou the groaning of the publican and the lamentation of the harlot unto Him Who knoweth thy hidden deeds, O my soul, and cease not to make confession with lamentation and weeping, with fasting and vigils, crying out in prayer: “I have sinned! Cleanse me, O Savior, through the supplications of Thine angels, and save me, in that Thou art compassionate!”

Glory ..., Now & ever ..., Theotokion:

O divinely joyous, pure and blessed one, with the powers on High, the archangels and all the incorporeal ones, beseech Him Who was born of thee out of the loving-kindness of His compassions; that before the end He grant us forgiveness, the cleansing of our sins and amendment of life, that we may find mercy.

ODE I

Canon of repentance to our Lord Jesus Christ and His holy martyrs, the composition of Joseph, in Tone VIII:

Irmos: Having passed through the water as upon dry land, * and having escaped the malice of the Egyptians, * the Israelites cried aloud: * Unto our God and Redeemer let us sing.

Deliver me from Gehenna, which I have earned by mine unseemly deeds, O Redeemer, and in my mind enkindle the divine fire of Thy love.

I have made myself subject to the passions. I have become darkened, and shown myself to be irrational, though I was honored with the ability to speak. O Lord, by the judgments which Thou knowest grant that my soul may arise, and save me!

To the Martyrs: Afflicted with wounds, your bodies showed forth your upright and unbreakable character and your love for the Creator, O all-praised and crowned martyrs.

To the Martyrs: The rivers of blood which flowed from the bodies of Thy holy and glorious spiritual athletes drowned the thorns of the madness of idolatry by Thy power, O Compassionate One.

Theotokion: O pure one, cure me of the passions of soul and body, who am cruelly afflicted by deadly sin, that with faith I may ever call thee blessed.

Another canon, of the holy incorporeal angels, the composition of Theophanes,
in the same tone:

Irmos: Same as the foregoing.

As the chief leaders of the holy angels, radiantly delighting in the vision of God, on our behalf entreat the Savior, the Bestower of good, O archangels.
(Twice)

Beset by violent passions, we, the faithful, now flee to you as our intercessors, O divine archangels. Earnestly entreat now the Master on our behalf.

Theotokion: Be thou a refuge, haven, bulwark and intercessor for me, O Virgin Mother of God, who hast given birth in the flesh unto God, the all-compassionate Redeemer.

ODE III

Canon of Repentance

Irmos: O Lord, Creator of the vault of Heaven * and Builder of the Church, * do Thou strengthen me in Thy love, O Summit of desire, * O Support of the faithful, * O only Lover of mankind.

With what eyes shall I, who have kept not one of Thy commandments, gaze upon Thee, O Christ my Savior? How shall I stand before Thine unbearable throne to give answer for my countless evils?

Stretching forth the hands of Thy compassions, accept me as of old Thou didst the prodigal who had likewise enslaved himself to the dishonorable passions, for I too have departed far from Thee, O supremely good Jesus Who lovest mankind.

To the Martyrs: **H**aving established yourselves upon the rock of the understanding of God, O martyrs and passion-bearers of Christ, with the sword of the Faith ye cut off the thorns of ignorance at the root, and produced the fruits of suffering.

To the Martyrs: **L**et the martyrs be praised: the unshakable pillars of the true Faith, the most splendid ornaments of the Church, the most sacred lambs of Christ, who were willingly slaughtered.

Theotokion: **I** have acquired thee as a mediator amid perils, O most holy one; and after God I have thee as my tireless intercessor. May I find thee delivering me from all condemnation on the day of judgment, O most pure one.

Canon of the Angels

Irmos: **S**ame as the foregoing.

Adorned with the multifarious gifts of the angelic rank, O supreme commanders, in that ye are leaders of the hosts, by your intercessions keep the Churches of Christ steadfast. (Twice)

Crowned now with the beauties of Orthodoxy and wielding the sword of God's good pleasure, O divine archangels, deliver the fullness of the faithful from perils, in that ye are right glorious divine intercessors.

Theotokion: **T**hou wast the divine tabernacle of Life incorruptible, O pure Mother who alone from all ages wast revealed as virgin; wherefore, By thy prayers guide me who am in the shadow of death, unto life.

ODE IV

Canon of Repentance

Irmos: **F**rom the overshadowed mountain, * from the only Theotokos, * the Prophet in divine vision * foresaw Thy coming in the flesh, O Word, * and with fear he glorified Thy power.

Great is the struggle when the soul is parted from the body; and dreadful the trembling when the Judge taketh His seat and sinful men are condemned! Woe is me! What shall I do when I am condemned?

Possessed of a heart full of defilements and a burden of sin which is almost unbearable, I flee to Thy compassions, O Master. Despise me not, but take pity on me, I pray!

To the Martyrs: **Y**our death was shown to be precious in the sight of God, O valiant passion-bearers; for though afflicted with myriads of pangs and wounds, ye did not deny Him.

To the Martyrs: The enemy was wounded by the wounds of the martyrs, and his vaunted pride hath fallen. Magnified is He Who bestowed crowns upon them, glorified with hymns divine.

Theotokion: With faith I entreat thee, O Birthgiver of God, the pure receptacle of the Master: Cleanse me of every defilement, and show me to be the abode of the all-accomplishing divine Spirit.

Canon of the Angels

Irmos: O Lord, I have heard the mystery of Thy dispensation; * I have considered Thy works, * and I have glorified Thy Divinity.

O ye two who now lead the assembly of angels, from all misfortunes save those who have recourse to your protection. (Twice)

O beholders of the effulgence and benefactions of the Godhead and most glorious supreme commanders, enlighten now your flock.

Theotokion: The divine armies of incorporeal beings glorify thee in sacred manner, O all-immaculate Mother of God; for thou hast given birth to their Creator.

ODE V

Canon of Repentance

Irmos: Illumine us O Lord with Thy commandments, * and with Thine arm raised on high * grant us Thy peace, * O Lover of mankind!

With mine evil ways I have embittered Thee, O Lord, committing unseemly acts; but have pity on me who repent, and save me.

Possessed of a mind which doth not recoil from evils, I have no sense of my foolishness. Resolve my perplexity, O Jesus, and save me.

To the Martyrs: The Bestower of light set you like stones brilliant in the knowledge of God and dispelling the darkness of delusion, O divine martyrs.

To the Martyrs: Ye set the laws of God against the wicked laws, and preaching God, ye earnestly willed to be slain for His sake.

Theotokion: Mortify the movements of my flesh, O pure Maiden, who by thy birthgiving slew the living sin of our first parent.

Canon of the Angels

Irmos: Same as the foregoing.

Standing round about God, and illumined with the rays emitted by Him, O supreme commanders, preserve ye your flock. (Twice)

As mediators of deliverance for all, pray ye to our Master and God, that He grant us deliverance.

Theotokion: **O** all-pure one, we call thee the mystical myrrh, who hast given birth in the flesh unto God Who poureth forth gifts of sweet fragrance.

ODE VI

Canon of Repentance

Irmos: **Thou O Lord, didst place Jonah alone within the sea monster. * Do Thou save me, * who am ensnared in the nets of the enemy, * as thou didst save him from corruption.**

Christ, Bestower of light, shine forth the solar light of repentance upon me who am in the darkness of transgressions, that I may hymn Thy goodness.

I ever tremble before Thy dread judgment-seat, yet, ever enslaved to wicked habits, I do not put away mine evil deeds. Set me aright, O Christ, that I may hymn Thy goodness.

To the Martyrs: **The** choirs of the martyrs of Christ suffered, vanquished the hordes of the demons, and united themselves in joy to the angelic choirs. By their prayers, O Lord, save Thou our souls.

To the Martyrs: **Thou** didst show Thy martyrs to be mighty in Thy power, O Lord, and they cast down all the power of him who of old caused man to fall. By their prayers, O Lord, save Thou our souls.

Theotokion: **That** I may ever glorify thee with cries of thanksgiving, O all-immaculate one, drive the darkness from my soul and by the light of repentance release me from dark offenses.

Canon of the Angels

Irmos: **I** will pour out my prayer unto the Lord, * and to Him will I proclaim my grief; * for my soul is filled with evils, * and my life unto Hades hath drawn nigh, * and like Jonah I pray unto Thee: * Raise me up from corruption, O God.

O beholders of God, who have been granted to stand unwaveringly before the dread throne, ye now delight in the effulgence of the Holy Trinity. Pray ye, O archangels, that those who have recourse to you may be delivered from perils and sufferings. (**Twice**)

O archangels who behold God, most glorious Michael and Gabriel, pray ye, that those who hymn you in song may receive the hospitality of the Master, everlasting joy and divine splendor.

Theotokion: **L**et the divinely beauteous Virgin Theotokos be glorified as the animate bridal-chamber of the Master, a lily radiantly resplendent with the brilliant beams of virginity amid a plethora of thorns.

ODE VII

Canon of Repentance

Irmos: **T**he Children of Judaea, * who of old came to dwell in Babylon, * trampled underfoot the flame of the furnace * through their faith in the Trinity, * as they sang: 'O God of our fathers, blessed art Thou.'

Grant me sighs, O Christ, as once Thou didst to the publican, washing away the filth of mine evils as Thou didst for the harlot; and have pity on me, O Compassionate One. O God of our fathers, blessed art Thou!

With the oil of sincere repentance heal me who have fallen among soul-destroying thieves and am grievously wounded, O Savior, and with pity move me to chant unto Thee: O God of our fathers, blessed art Thou!

To the Martyrs: **Y**e died to the world, O valiant passion-bearers, and in nowise denied the life-bearing Christ, Who underwent death, but as ye suffered, ye chanted: O God of our fathers, blessed art Thou!

To the Martyrs: **C**onfessing the one nature of the Trinity in three Hypostases, O wise passion-bearers, ye set at naught the falsehood of idolatrous polytheism, chanting: O God of our fathers, blessed art Thou!

Theotokion: **G**od, the Word of God, making His abode in thy womb, O pure Virgin Mother, revealed thee to be the helper of all the oppressed, who cry aloud: O God of our fathers, blessed art Thou!

Canon of the Angels

Irmos: **S**ame as the foregoing.

The Benefactor of all bestowed upon you many-faceted grace, O divine supreme commanders. Save ye now the Church which singeth to Him: O God of our fathers, blessed art Thou! **(Twice)**

Strengthened by the power of Him Who seeth all things, ye manifestly watch over all the ends of the earth and save all who chant with faith: O God of our fathers, blessed art Thou!

Theotokion: **H**aving thee as a haven of salvation, O Virgin Theotokos, we flee the tribulations and tumults of life, crying out to thy Son: O God of our fathers, blessed art Thou!

ODE VIII

Canon of Repentance

Irmos: Glorified in the holy mountain, * the Lord revealed the mystery of the Ever-Virgin unto Moses * in the flames of the burning bush: * praise ye and supremely exalt Him throughout all ages.

O Savior, despise me not who am led astray by the love of carnal pleasures, who have foolishly estranged myself from Thee, O Word, and likened myself to all the beasts; and granting me conversion before the end, save me.

In nowise do I leave off sinning, nor do I ever turn from my ways, but, wretch that I am, I cry: I have sinned against Thee, O Lord! Have mercy on my hardened soul, O Compassionate One!

To the Martyrs: Baptized in the streams of your blood, O valiant passion-bearers of the Lord, ye were not defiled by further pollutions; and, crowned, ye join chorus unceasingly with the angels.

To the Martyrs: Enlivened by the hope of things to come, the valiant martyrs of piety endured the cruelty of tortures; and having died, they unceasingly stand before the throne of the Master.

Theotokion: Thou art the confirmation of those who stand and the setting aright of those who have fallen, O Virgin; wherefore, raise me up who have fallen, that I may glorify thee, who art blessed and full of joy.

Canon of the Angels

Irmos: The King of heaven, * Who is glorified by the hosts of angels, * let us praise and supremely exalt throughout all ages.

The angels who stand before Thee and hymn Thine ineffable and unutterable glory, and who pray now to Thee, O Christ, do Thou accept throughout all ages.
(Twice)

O Christ, Who alone art good, accept the angelic armies who pray now for us and hymn Thee throughout all ages.

Theotokion: With thy most radiant brilliance thou dost enlighten those who hymn thee with faith, O Mother of God, and praise thee throughout all ages.

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 Repentance

Irmos: Every ear is awestruck at hearing of God's ineffable condescension, * for the Most High voluntarily descended and assumed flesh, * becoming man in the Virgin's womb; * wherefore we the faithful magnify the most pure Theotokos.

As Thou didst cleanse the harlot of old, who fell down before Thee in tears, O Savior, and as Thou didst justify the publican who merely sighed, O Word* and as Thou didst accept Manasseh and have mercy on the penitent David, O Lover of mankind, so do Thou accept and save me.

Sigh and shed tears, O my soul; abandon thy former offenses, and fall down, before Him Who clearly knoweth thy hidden deeds, and cry out with fervor: I have sinned against Thee, O Lord! Freely take pity on me, O greatly Merciful One, in Thy great compassion.

To the Martyrs: The divinely illumined passion-bearers, who suffered patiently on earth, have now received the sure inheritance of the kingdom, and, rejoicing, they partake of the delight of paradise. By their prayers, O Christ God, grant us a share in Thy glory.

To the Martyrs: Ye were shown to be beacons shining with the light of the never-waning East, O most wise ones; and ye destroyed the night of ungodliness, and with sacred rays have illumined all who magnify your splendid feast, O passion-bearers.

Theotokion: O Lady, portal of the Light, enlighten the eyes of my heart which the thick darkness of sin hath darkened; and send down upon me a ray of repentance, O pure one, and by thy mediation free me from the everlasting fire.

Canon of the Angels

Irmos: Saved by thee, O pure Virgin, * we confess thee to be truly the Theotokos, * and together with the choirs of the bodiless hosts * thee do we magnify.

Show now Thy Church to emulate in virtue the choirs of the incorporeal beings, guarding Thy flock with the angels, O Christ. (Twice)

Pray ye, O most glorious angelic helpers, that salvation be given by God to the souls who flee beneath your protection.

Theotokion: Holding in thine arms Christ, the Sun of righteousness, O Virgin, thou didst shine forth like the dawn upon those had become lost in the darkness.

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 repentance, in Tone VIII:

When I bring to mind the multitude of the evils I have done, and come to consider the dread trial, seized with trembling I flee to Thee, the God Who is the Lover of mankind. Wherefore, disdain me not, I pray Thee, O only Sinless One; grant compunction to my lowly soul before the end, and save me.

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.

Grant me tears as once Thou didst to the sinful woman, O God, and grant that I may wash the feet which have freed me from the path of deception, and that a pure life wrought for me by repentance I may offer Thee as myrrh of sweet savor, that even I may hear Thy longed-for voice saying: Thy faith hath saved thee. Go in peace!

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

To the Martyrs: **W**hat shall we call you, O saints? Cherubim, for Christ rested on you. Seraphim, for ye glorified Him without ceasing. Angels, for ye rejected your bodies. Powers, for ye work miracles. Many are your names, and great your gifts. Pray ye that our souls be saved.

Glory ..., Now & ever ..., Theotokion:

Those in heaven hymn thee, * O joyously blessed Mother unwedded, * and we glorify thine inscrutable birthgiving, O Theotokos; ** pray that our souls be saved!

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

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

ON MONDAY MORNING: TONE VIII
AT LITURGY

On the Beatitudes, these Troparia, in Tone VIII:

Remember us, O Christ, Savior of the world, as Thou didst remember the thief on the tree; and grant unto all Thy heavenly kingdom, O only Compassionate One.

Heal Thou the sufferings of my soul, O Christ, Thou only Physician of souls and bodies; and washing me with streams of compunction, wholly cleanse me, in that Thou art compassionate.

Surrounding the throne of the adored Godhead, the thrones, cherubim, principalities and authorities, and the rest of the incorporeal ranks sing in a sacred manner.

To the Martyrs: **A**fire with the burning of Christ's love, the spiritual athletes remained unconsumed in the midst of the flames, burning up the thorns of impiety with divine grace.

Glory ..., O most holy Trinity, ruling Unity: Deliver Thy servants from unquenchable fire at the entreaties of Thine incorporeal divine hosts, and grant us Thy kingdom.

Now & ever ..., O thou who art full of the grace of God, Isaiah once foresaw thee as a scroll upon which the Word was ineffably written by the finger of the Father, Who recordeth us in the books of life.

On Monday, the Prokeimenon, in Tone IV:

Prokeimenon, in Tone IV: He maketh His angels spirits, * and His ministers a flame of fire.

Verse: Bless the Lord, O my soul; O Lord my God, Thou hast been magnified exceedingly.

Alleluia, in Tone V: Praise Him, all ye His angels; praise Him all ye His hosts.

Verse: For He spake, and they came to be; He commanded, and they were created.