

TUESDAY EVENING: TONE III
AT VESPERS

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

Spec. Mel.: “Great is the power of Thy Cross ...”:

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

Creation was transformed by Thy crucifixion, O Word: the sun withdrew its rays in fear and the veil of the temple was rent in twain; and every one of the faithful is saved. Wherefore, we glorify Thine immeasurably abundant noetic riches.

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.

God the Master, Who in His compassion assumed our flesh, having been well-pleased to be nailed to the Tree, and lifted up thereon bodily, hath thereby, in the tender compassion of His mercy, raised us up who were cast down.

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

The world was renewed by the drops of divinely shed blood and water which flowed from Thy side, O Lord; for Thou dost wash away all sins with water, and as Thou art compassionate, dost grant us to partake of forgiveness by Thy blood.

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

Lying upon the bed of my negligence, I have reached the end of my Life in slothfulness; and I fear the hour of my departure. Yet, rousing me to repentance by thy supplication, O Maiden, save me.

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

Heal thou the sicknesses of my heart, bringing an end to the deception of my mind, O pure one, and grant that with a pure heart I may hymn thee, and ask grace, and find mercy on the day of judgment.

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

Cast off the heavy burden of evil, and draw nigh, weeping and crying aloud: O pure Virgin, grant that I may bear the easy yoke of thy Son and God.

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

Stavrotheotokion: **A** sword pierced thy heart, O most pure one, * when thou didst behold thy Son upon the Cross; * whereupon thou didst cry aloud: * “Show me not to be childless, O my Son and my God, ** Thou Who hast kept me a Virgin even after birthgiving!”

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

Prokeimenon: Thy mercy, O Lord, shall pursue me * all the days of my life.

Verse: The Lord is my shepherd, and I shall not want. In a place of green pasture, there hath He made me to dwell.

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.

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

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: **The** prophets, the apostles of Christ and the martyrs enlightened and taught the erring nations to hymn the consubstantial Trinity, and made the children of mankind companions of the angels.

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

Spec. Mel.: “Great is the power of Thy Cross ...”:

Stavrotheotokion: **W**hen Thy Mother, the unblemished Ewe-lamb who gave birth to Thee, saw Thee lifted up upon the Cross, O my Christ, she lamented and cried out, weeping: “Show me not to be childless, whom Thou didst preserve pure even after giving birth!”

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

TUESDAY NIGHT: TONE III
AT COMPLINE

Canon of Supplication to the Most Holy Theotokos

ODE I

Irmos: **H**e 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.

Knowing thee, the Mother of God, to be a wellspring of loving-kindness and mercy, approaching thy goodness, I pray: Grant me compunction, that I may grieve and weep over my transgressions, O all-pure Lady.

Grant me drops of spiritual tears to wash away all the defilement of my acts and wicked thoughts, to cleanse my soul of impurity and make me a temple of the divine Spirit.

Glory ..., **B**eset by the waves and threefold billows of my transgressions, and ever cruelly drowned by the works of the adversary, sinking now into the abyss of destruction, I cry to thee, O most immaculate one: Save me!

Now & ever ..., **F**or the sake of thy tender compassion, O Lady of all, have mercy on my wretched soul, and deliver me from everlasting fire and the assault of the demons, for I flee now beneath thy protection, O Theotokos.

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.

With divine light illumine my mind, which hath been darkened by evil thoughts, O all-hymned one; for thou hast given birth to the everlasting Light Who hath shone forth from the Father.

Tripping the feet of my soul, the enemy of the righteous hath caused me to fall to the ground; yet with thy right hand, O pure Lady, raise me up again.

Glory ..., **W**ith the voice of the publican I cry to thee, wretch that I am: Cleanse me, O Lady, and by thy supplication grant remission of sins unto thy servant.

Now & ever ..., **H**eal thou the wounds of my soul, O Lady, and still the most turbulent waves of my thoughts; and grant me the armor of peace.

ODE IV

Irmos: Thou 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!’

I have defiled my flesh with pleasures and luxuries, and have besmirched the purity of my soul with vile thoughts, darkening my mind. O Lady, disdain not thy servant.

Be thou my deliverance, refuge and might, the horn of my salvation, O pure helper, ever delivering me from all sorrow and putting all mine enemies to shame.

Glory ..., **I** am now beset by many perils, wretch that I am, and am ever engulfed by the wiles of the demons; yet I flee to thee now; by thy fervent supplication save me, thy servant.

Now & ever ..., **T**he night of the passions, devoid of light, embraceth me, wretch that I am; yet by thy light, O good one, dispel the clouds of my soul and guide me to the light of the precepts of God, O all-immaculate one.

ODE V

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.’

The time of my life hath vanished like smoke, and I have arrived at the gateway of death. I fear the assault of the demons, for I have ever done their works. O all-immaculate one, have pity and save me!

Drying up the abyss of mine evils, O Virgin, grant me rivers of tears. Quench all the flame of my passions, O Maiden, and grant that I may be delivered from fire and other torments on the day of judgment.

Glory ..., **W**ith the oil of thy mercy heal my soul which is tormented with the pain of my sins, and grant that I may ever observe the precepts of thy Son in humility, that I may receive His goodness.

Now & ever ..., “**T**hy divine Church, stripped of its bridal raiment, O my Son, hath been arrayed in the holy blood which flowed from Thy side. And I, beholding all Thy pain on the Cross, do likewise suffer!” said the Mother of the Word, lamenting.

ODE VI

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.

The Son of God, assuming flesh from thy pure blood, hath shown thee, O Bride of God, to be a great refuge; wherefore, be thou merciful to thy servants.

O good one, with thy radiance illumine the eyes of my heart which have been darkened by unseemly thoughts; make me a child of the Light, and cause me to dwell in a place of light.

Glory ..., **W**aves of passionate thoughts ever batter me, O most pure one, and the tempests of the evil spirits engulf me; yet set me firmly upon the rock of dispassion.

Now & ever ..., **I** have fallen asleep in the death of my soul, and lie in the grave of despondency; but grant me thy hand, I pray, and raise me up, guiding me to the life of repentance.

Lord, have mercy, (Thrice).

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

We who have acquired the Cross of thy Son as a staff of power, O Theotokos, thereby cast down the arrogance of the enemy, magnifying thee unceasingly with love.

ODE VII

Irmos: Of old the three children did not worship the golden image, * of the Persian idol, * but chanted in the midst of the furnace: * O God of our fathers, blessed art Thou!

O pure one, with strength do thou gird my soul, which hath grown weak through sins, and save me who cry out to thy Son: O God of our fathers, blessed art Thou!

Fearing the hour of death because of eternal and everlasting torment, I fall down before thee: O Lady, Birthgiver of God, save me from the snares of those who pursue me!

Glory ..., **O** Theotokos who didst contain the infinite God within thy womb, free my mind, which hath been confined by many transgressions, from their condemnation.

Now & ever ..., **T**he race of mankind entreateth thee, O Theotokos: O Lady, have mercy on thy servants who with faith cry out to thy Son: O God of our fathers, blessed art Thou!

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.

Having truly emulated the prodigal and ended my whole life in sins, I now cry out: I have sinned against thee! O Lady, make me as one of the hirelings of thy Son and Creator, that I may glorify thee throughout all ages!

My soul hath been filled with evils, and I have been reckoned with all who go down into the pit; yet do thou, O Virgin Theotokos, lead me up from the pit of the passions and from the miry clay of mine evils.

Glory ..., **P**ray thou to Christ, O Theotokos who hast given birth to Him from thy holy womb, that He grant me forgiveness of my manifold transgressions, that I may chant: O all ye works of the Lord, hymn the Lord, and supremely exalt Him throughout the ages!

Now & ever ..., **W**hen my soul must needs depart from this life at the command of God, from the snares of those who pursue us, O most pure one, rescue those who cry out to thee: O all ye works of the Lord, hymn the Lord, and supremely exalt Him throughout the 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.

The race of mankind, now enriched by thine invincible supplication, O most immaculate one, crieth out day and night: Cease thou never to entreat thy Creator and Son, that He take pity on those who hymn thee.

The darts of unseemly passions have wounded my soul with demonic assaults, and ever trouble my mind with the arrows of adverse thought; wherefore, heal mine incurable wounds, O Maiden.

Glory ..., **O** pure Bride of God, quickly remove from me the wounds inflicted upon me by the enemies who war against me, for, wretch that I am, I can no longer bear their assaults, their great wickedness and insolence; yet hasten thou to deliver me.

Now & ever ..., **T**hou knowest the weakness of my lowly body, the wounds of my soul, the groaning of my heart, and the error and deception of my mind; wherefore by thy tender compassion grant me healing of them all.

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

ON WEDNESDAY 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.

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!

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.

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

Spec. Mel.: “Awed by the beauty of thy virginity ...”:

O Lord Who wast buffeted for the race of mankind, yet wast not stirred to wrath, free our life from corruption, and save us.

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

Beholdings 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!

In the same melody:

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

To the Martyrs: **A**rraying yourselves in the full armor of Christ, and wielding the sword of faith, as martyrs ye hewed down hordes of the enemy; for, in hope of life, ye earnestly endured all the threats and wounds of the tyrants of old. Wherefore, ye have received crowns, O stouthearted martyrs of Christ.

Glory ..., Now & ever ..., in the same melody:

Stavrotheotokion: **T**hy pure unwedded Mother, O Christ, upon seeing Thee hanging dead upon the Cross, said, weeping maternally: “How hath the iniquitous and thankless council of the Jews repaid Thy many and great wonders, O my Son, Thou Who hast filled them with Thy gifts? I hymn Thy divine condescension!”

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

Spec. Mel.: “Awed by the beauty of thy virginity ...”:

Accepting crucifixion and death, O Christ our Savior, Thou didst pour forth immortal life upon us and freed the world from corruption. Wherefore, O Bestower of life Who lovest mankind, we glorify Thy salvific sufferings, whereby all of us who possess Thy Cross as peace and an invincible weapon, are saved.

Thou didst endure the infamy of the Cross, O Master Who dost transcend all creation, that Thou mightest honor me who before was in grievous dishonor. And Thou wast pierced in Thy side by a spear, O Long-suffering One, desiring to deliver me, Thy creature, from corruption. I hymn Thy great tender compassion and goodness, O Lover of mankind!

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

Stavrotheotokion: **W**hen the pure Virgin, Thine immaculate Mother, who knew not wedlock, beheld Thee uplifted upon the Tree, O Master, she cried aloud: “Woe is me, O my most sweet Son! How hath the most iniquitous council condemned Thee, the Creator and Master of all, to the Tree? I hymn Thine utter goodness!”

ODE I

Canon of the precious & life-creating Cross, the acrostic whereof is “By Thy pangs Thou hast brought an end to the pangs of men”, the composition of Joseph, in Tone III:

Irmos: **H**e 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.

Thou didst cause the greatly painful passions to cease, O Word, and didst save mankind, whom the adversary wounded of old, yet who piously worship Thine ineffable dispensation.

He who by deceit bound us through the violation of the commandment in paradise is bound by the unbreakable bonds wherewith Thou wast bound, having become incarnate of Thine own will, O Lord and Lover of mankind, loosing our transgressions.

To the Martyrs: **S**eeing creation unfortunately overwhelmed by the deceptions of the demons, the passion-bearers of great renown revealed themselves to be calm harbors for the faithful, drowning all the power of the prideful one in the streams of their blood.

To the Martyrs: The choirs of the martyrs, having radiantly joined the ranks on high, are ever illumined by the splendors of the uncreated Godhead, enlightening those on earth who with faith glorify His wonders.

Theotokion: Thou wast revealed to be more exalted than the heavenly ranks, O most pure one, who on earth hast given birth to God the Word, Who in His goodness hath led us up to the heavens by His sufferings and precious Cross.

Another canon, of the most holy Theotokos, the acrostic whereof is “I offer a third hymn to the Theotokos”, in Tone III:

Irmos: He who of old gathered the waters ...,

Thee whom the Prophet Habbakuk foresaw in the Spirit as the mountain overshadowed, do I beseech: O most pure one, overshadow me who am pierced through by passions and am in the shadow of death, that I may be freed of the passions which assail me. (Twice)

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

Thou hast given birth to the Word Who is the equal of the One Who begat Him, and hath made the essence of man divine. Entreat Him, O pure one, that He grant divine consolation unto me who am confused and weakened by the wiles of the enemy.

ODE III

Canon of the Cross

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.

By the Tree the assembly of the Jews slayed Thee, Who in the essence of Thy divinity art dispassionate, yet in Thy goodness became subject to suffering in the flesh, rendering us immortal.

O Word Who suspended the earth upon the waters, of Thine own will Thou wast suspended upon the Tree, leading up to the heavens me who have fallen into the pit of evil.

To the Martyrs: Replete with wounds, O all-praised martyrs of Christ, ye stand before the Lord, receiving rewards from His most generous hand.

To the Martyrs: With joyous soul the martyrs received wounds, bringing utter grief upon the serpent and filling the angelic choirs with joy.

Theotokion: Beholding Christ uplifted upon the Cross, she who knew not wedlock said, weeping: “O Sun of glory, Thou hast set from before mine eyes, bringing light to those in darkness!”

Canon of the Theotokos

Irmos: O Most High, Ruler of all ...,

O all-holy one, who art merciful, beseech Him Who is rich in ineffable mercy and compassions, that He have pity on us who are oppressed. (Twice)

O pure Virgin, who art the dwelling-place of the Creator of all, entreat the Comforter to abide within me, for I have become a den for soul-corrupting thieves.

In that thou bearest in thine arms Him Who holdeth all things in His divine hand, O Theotokos, look upon me, and deliver me from mine unseemly inclination toward the passions.

ODE IV

Canon of the Cross

Irmos: Thou 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!’

Beaten about the head with a reed, Thou didst endure mockery, O Master Who dost truly surpass all honor, that Thou mayest honor me who have been dishonored by disobedience, O Christ Who lovest mankind.

As the King of truth Thou wast crowned with a crown of thorns as Thou didst desire, O Long-suffering One, and Thou didst uproot thorny sin. I hymn Thy sufferings, O Savior!

To the Martyrs: O martyrs, ye remained unbroken by the infliction of wounds, breaking the deception of the enemy and trampling underfoot him who boasted beyond measure yet wholly faded away in his mindlessness.

To the Martyrs: Through your corruptible bodies ye acquired divine incorruption, by your sufferings steadfastly emulating the honored suffering of the Dispassionate One, O all-praised martyrs who have been reckoned with all the incorporeal ones.

Theotokion: Once, the prophet beheld thee, O Maiden, as the scroll whereon the finger of the Father inscribed the incarnate Word, Who with the spear hath rent asunder the record of our forefather’s sin, O most pure one.

Canon of the Theotokos

Irmos: **T**hou hast shown us steadfast love ...,

As Thou didst endure wounds and slaughter, O only greatly merciful Christ, by the supplications of her who gave birth to Thee, heal my soul, which hath been wounded by the afflictions of the ravenous demons.

O Creator, my body is the creation of Thy hands, yet I have been broken by the malice of the serpent and the pleasures of life. Wherefore, by the divine supplications of her who gave birth to Thee, refashion me, O Christ,

In a manner transcending description, thou hast given birth to the Word Who hath released mankind from all irrationality. Him do thou earnestly beseech, that He free me who am held captive by irrational passions, O only Ever-virgin.

Thou dost ever pour forth healing upon us from thy hands, O thou who art wholly the tabernacle of Holiness, who art wholly filled with Light, and dost wholly exude the Myrrh of sweet savor, O most pure Bride of God.

ODE V

Canon of the Cross

Irmos: **T**he Invisible One hath appeared on earth, * and the Unapproachable One hath willingly dwelt among mankind; * and, rising early at dawn, we hymn Thee, * O Lover of mankind.

Thou wast uplifted upon the Tree like a lamb, O Good One, offering Thyself to the Father as a sacrifice for us, O Almighty, and thereby abolishing idolatrous sacrifice.

Pierced in the side with a spear, O Bestower of life, Thou pourest forth two streams of salvation upon those who declare Thee to be one of the Trinity, yet having two natures.

To the Martyrs: **T**hrough faith finding Thee to be a mighty fortress and unshakable rock, O Jesus, the mighty passion-bearers built themselves up as priceless stones.

To the Martyrs: **S**trengthened by the power of God through faith, ye made war upon all the cruel power of the deceiver, O passion-bearing martyrs, and have been crowned with splendor.

Theotokion: **I**n that thou hast given birth unto Christ without corruption, thou hast refashioned our nature, which of old had become corrupt through disobedience, O most holy Lady, thou intercessor for our souls.

Canon of the Theotokos

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.'

Transform the pangs of my flesh and the sickness of my soul, O Virgin; drive away the clouds of slothfulness, O cloud of the Light; and grant deliverance from evils unto me who petition and glorify thee with love. (Twice)

Full of every sin, O Virgin, I now present thee as my mediatrix and advocate before Him Who was born from thee. Be thou the surety and correction of life for me, and guidance to the ways of divine knowledge.

Sanctify my mind, illumine my soul, and cause it to share in divine glory; for, lo! I have been filled with evils and enslaved by all manner of pleasures, and I bear a defiled conscience.

ODE VI

Canon of the Cross

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.

The lying serpent, who deceived me with the fruit of falsehood, caused me to be expelled from Eden; but Christ, having been willingly raised up upon the Tree hath restored mine ancient access thereto.

By Thy wounded side, O Lord our Benefactor, he who wounded us was wounded and remained unhealed; but we, the faithful, have been healed by the wounds whereby Thou wast willingly wounded.

To the Martyrs: O most wise warriors of Christ, in the midst of the fire ye showed yourselves to be like roasted lambs, offered as a banquet to the God and King of all, inheriting ineffable gladness.

To the Martyrs: Drawing healing forth from inexhaustible treasures, ye pour it forth in rivers, O passion-bearers; and causing the harm of the passions to dry up, ye give drink to the assemblies of the faithful.

Theotokion: Beholding the death of the Word Who was incarnate from thy blood, O all-immaculate one, thou didst cry out as a mother and magnify Him Who is the Cause of life, O Virgin Lady.

Canon of the Theotokos

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 full of pride, I have surpassed the Pharisee in arrogance of mind, plunging headlong into the defiles of countless offenses. O only pure one, have pity on me who am brought grievously low. **(Twice)**

O thou whose conceiving and birthgiving were most wondrous, show now thy mercies to be wondrous in me; for I have been conceived in iniquities and born a slave to pleasures.

I cry out, weep and lament when I contemplate the dread judgment; for my deeds are evil. O Virgin Mother of God, who knewest not a man, intercede for me at the dreadful hour!

ODE VII

Canon of the Cross

Irmos: **O**f old the three children did not worship the golden image, * of the Persian idol, * but chanted in the midst of the furnace: * **O** God of our fathers, blessed art Thou!

By Thy pangs Thou didst cause our pangs to cease, O Lover of mankind, and thou hast now brought to the life devoid of pain those who piously worship Thine honored sufferings, O God of all.

When creation saw Thee crucified, O Christ, it quaked and trembled: the earth shook, the rocks split asunder, and the sun in its transit hid its light.

To the Martyrs: **S**ubmitting to the laws of Christ, the martyrs rejected the enticements of the iniquitous and, suffering in the midst of the tribunal, received crowns of glory.

To the Martyrs: **P**ossessed of a will hotter than fire, ye were not consumed by the fire, O crowned passion-bearers of the Lord, crying aloud: Blessed art Thou, O God!

Theotokion: **S**eeing Christ, to Whom thou hast given birth, lifted up upon the Cross, O most pure one, thou didst stand, crying out: “Show me not to be childless, whom Thou didst keep pure even after birthgiving!”

Canon of the Theotokos

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!

My works are of no avail for salvation, O Lady, for I heap sin upon sin, and evil upon evil. Wherefore, by thy prayers, O pure one, have pity and save me. (Twice)

The trial is at hand, the judgment-seat is set forth in readiness. Prepare thyself, O my soul, and cry aloud: When Thou shalt sit in judgment, O Word, condemn me not, for the sake of the prayers of her who gave birth to Thee.

Harvesting the fruits of sin and bringing forth a barren soul, I have been slain; yet I cry unto thee: Show me to be fruitful, O thou who by thy Fruit hast destroyed corruption.

ODE VIII

Canon of the Cross

Irmos: The Babylonian furnace burnt not the children, * neither did the fire of the Godhead consume the Virgin, * wherefore with the faithful children we cry aloud: * 'Bless ye the Lord, all ye works of the Lord'.

When Thou wast crucified, paradise was opened again, and the sword which was wielded against us was withdrawn, putting to shame the spear which pierced Thy holy side, O greatly merciful Christ.

The adversary was wounded by Thy spear and fell, and fallen Adam is returned to life, crying out to Thee Who wast willingly slain, O Christ: I glorify Thee Who givest blessings, O my greatly merciful God!

To the Martyrs: The world is illumined by your contests, O spiritual athletes, and by your prowess and countless miracles, is delivered from the darkness of pain, crying out with faith: Bless the Lord, O ye works of the Lord!

To the Martyrs: He who of old boasted that he would destroy the earth and the sea is seen lying in humiliation beneath your feet, O saints; and with His life-bearing right hand Christ adorneth you with imperishable crowns, O ever-glorious ones.

Theotokion: O most pure one, thou hast given birth in time unto Him Who transcendeth time, Who by His bonds freeth first-formed Adam from the bonds of time, and bindeth him to Himself with the bonds of His sweet love.

Canon of the Theotokos

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 wast wholly beautiful and didst become close to the King of all, O Theotokos, with good works fill me who have lived in wickedness and slothfulness, and have come to the end of my life, that I may glorify thee throughout all ages. (Twice)

As of old Thou didst most gloriously deliver the prophet from the belly of the whale, O Word of God, deliver also my soul, which hath stumbled headlong into the abyss of destruction, O Savior, having the Virgin, who gave Thee birth without knowing wedlock, praying to Thee.

Those who do evil, finding me clothed in the beautiful raiment of divine birth, have stripped me of it, O Theotokos; but by repentance do thou array me in divine vesture by thy supplications, O Virgin.

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: Unto her who was prefigured on Sinai in the bush and the flame * before Moses the lawgiver, * she who conceived the fire of God within her womb without being consumed, * the most radiant and inextinguishable lamp, * the very Theotokos, thee do we honor and magnify with hymns.

That Thou mightest find the coin which Thou hadst lost, O good Christ, Thou didst set Thy flesh afire on the Cross; making Thy heavenly hosts partakers of Thy joy, O Bestower of life, with them we hymn Thee as our Benefactor, magnifying Thee in song.

As Thou didst lift up Thy hands upon the Cross, O Christ, with Thy power Thy didst strengthen my hands, which before were weakened by many passions; fortifying my truly weak knees to run the divine race: Wherefore, I glorify Thee.

To the Martyrs: Burning with flame, through countless wounds Thy steadfast and wondrous spiritual athletes found Thee to be a dew of coolness; wherefore, rejoicing, they trod the path with desire for honors, unceasingly magnifying thee with hymns.

To the Martyrs: The multitude of spiritual athletes, the choir of the saints, entreat Thee, O Christ, on behalf of the assembly of those who have greatly offended Thee. In the multitude of Thy mercy, O Compassionate One, cleanse us of the multitude of our iniquities, in that Thou lovest mankind.

Theotokion: O Virgin, thou hast given birth to the Effulgence of the Father, Who beareth the guise of mortals. When the sun beheld Him lifted up upon the Cross, it dimmed its rays, unable to bear the sight, but the gloom of the madness of idolatry faded. Wherefore, with it we magnify thee.

Canon of the Theotokos

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 am corrupt of mind and depraved of soul and conscience, who am defiled by evil and appear stripped bare of all good deeds; but do thou adorn me with works of piety.

I have been filled with evils, filled with thoughts which alienate me from Thee the Lover of mankind; wherefore, I groan and cry aloud: Accept me, the penitent, and by the prayers of her who gave birth to Thee, reject me not, O greatly merciful Benefactor.

That I may be delivered by thy prayers from all wrath, the deadly passions, cruel Gehenna and fire, from unjust men and wicked enemies, O all-immaculate Maiden, I have fled to thy protection and call upon thee for help.

In that thou art the Mother of God, beseech the Lord God and King, that I, thy servant, who from my mother's womb have set my hope on thee, may be delivered from every threat and wicked habit, O Lady.

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:

Coveting bliss, I was banished, suffering 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: 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.

On the mountain, lifting up his arms in the form of the Cross, 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 escape the arrows of mine adversaries. Wherefore, O Word, I bow down before Thy precious Cross.

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: **H**aving fought the good fight, even after death ye shine in the world like beacons, O holy martyrs; wherefore, possessed of boldness, entreat Christ to have mercy on our souls.

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

Stavrotheotokion: **B**eholding Thee hanging upon the Tree, O mine supremely good Christ, the all-immaculate one cried out, lamenting maternally: “O my most beloved Son, how hath the iniquitous council condemned Thee to the Tree?”

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

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

ON WEDNESDAY MORNING: TONE III
AT 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!

Thou wast crucified and pierced in the side for my sake, O my Jesus, Who pourest forth upon me a twofold stream of salvation; wherefore, saved by Thy suffering, O Christ, I hymn and glorify Thy loving-kindness. In Thy kingdom, remember me who cry out aloud.

Reckoned among the iniquitous, O Jesus, Thou didst take away the iniquities of us all; and crowned with thorns as the King of all, Thou dost cut off the thorns of the sin of our forefather at the root; wherefore, we now glorify Thy suffering with faith.

To the Martyrs: O valiant spiritual athletes, all-glorious martyrs, who emulated the sufferings of Christ and with divine power cast down the deception of the enemy: Ye have received heavenly glory, O saints, praying for us all.

Glory ..., O Unity of three Hypostases, indivisible and all-accomplishing Trinity, single Essence and Power: From all the harm wrought by the enemy protect those who hymn Thee, and grant us Thy kingdom, which those who live virtuously receive.

Now & ever ..., Behold on the Cross Him Who took flesh of thy pure blood, O Maiden Birthgiver of God, thou didst cry out, weeping: “How hath the wicked assembly rewarded Thee, slaying Thee, the life and resurrection of all the faithful?”

On Wednesday, the Prokeimenon in Tone III:

Prokeimenon, the Hymn of the Theotokos, in Tone III: My soul doth magnify the Lord, * and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Savior.

Verse: For He hath looked upon the lowliness of His handmaiden; for behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.

Alleluia, in Tone VIII: Harken, O daughter, and see, and incline thine ear.

Verse: The rich among the people shall entreat thy countenance.

Communion Verse: I will take the cup of salvation, and I will call upon the name of the Lord.