

MONDAY EVENING: TONE VIII
AT VESPERS

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

Spec. Mel.: “O most glorious wonder ...”:

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

I have acquired neither compunction, * nor a wellspring of tears, * nor fervent confession, * nor weeping which washeth me clean, nor humility of heart; * I have been neither an emulator of the publican, * nor of the harlot, nor of the prodigal son. * How, therefore, shall I find remission for my many sins? * But in the judgments which Thou knowest, ** save me, O Christ.

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.

I have made myself a stranger * to every commandment of God; * in every way I have neglected higher virtue; * mindlessly wasting my whole life in slothfulness; * and I have committed * every unseemly and iniquitous act * in fornication. * Wherefore, since Thou art compassionate O Christ, ** have pity, and freely save me.

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

In Thine anger rebuke me not * who am the work of Thy hands, * and who with my foolish mind * have torn myself away from goodness, O Lover of mankind, * and Who in the abyss of Thine ineffable compassion * wast for my sake well-pleased to become like unto me. * But through the supplications of Thine Ever-virgin Mother, O Word, * grant me divine conversion, ** in that Thou art God.

Then the Stichera from the Menaion; or if there is no Menaion, these Stichera of the holy forerunner, 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.

O blessed Forerunner John, * with love ever return my lowly soul * to the Lord, * and by thy sacred mediations * quench for me the fire of pleasures, * guiding me to the fulfillment * of the precepts of God, * and truly cleansing the senses of my heart, ** that I may glorify thee.

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

O all-praised Forerunner John, * thou offspring of a barren woman, * pure orchard of the Master * and adornment of mankind, * divine preserver of my

lowly soul: * By thy prayers and aid * grant me readiness to forgive, * delivering me from the wiles of the serpent ** and his wicked treachery and attacks.

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

Wholly delightful and full of divine bliss, * O ever-glorious one, * thou hast gladdened all * who come to thee with faith, * delighting the senses of our souls and bodies, * ever releasing us from infirmities * and tribulations, * from the assaults of evil, ** and soul-corrupting pleasures.

Glory ..., Both now ..., Theotokion:

With faith I hasten to thy protection, * O pure Birthgiver of God. * Save me from perils and misfortunes, * from the confusion of the passions and the malice of the demons. * For, possessed of an abyss of mercy, * thou hast been shown to be a mediatrix of salvation, * O Lady who hast given birth to the only merciful, * all-compassionate and abundantly kind-hearted God.

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

Prokeimenon: The Lord will hearken unto me * when I cry unto Him.

Verse: When I called upon Thee, O God of my righteousness, Thou didst hearken unto me.

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

On the Aposticha, these 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 engulf 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, entreat ye our God, and ask for our souls a multitude of compassions and the cleansing of our many transgressions, we beseech you.

Glory ..., Both now ..., Theotokion:

Rejoice, thou praise of the universe! * Rejoice, temple of the Lord! * Rejoice, mountain overshadowed! * Rejoice, refuge of all! * Rejoice, golden candlestick! * Rejoice, honored glory of the Orthodox! * Rejoice, Mary, Mother of Christ God! * Rejoice, paradise! Rejoice, divine table! * Rejoice, tabernacle! Rejoice, golden jar!
** Rejoice, thou hope of all!

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

MONDAY NIGHT: TONE VIII

AT COMPLINE

Canon of supplication to the most holy Theotokos

ODE I

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.

We all know thee to be the Theotokos, a wellspring of the waters of prayer, gushing forth in streams upon the souls and bodies of the faithful; wherefore, we unceasingly glorify thee.

In a manner transcending nature didst thou give birth to the Word Whose origin is in God (the Father), O Virgin, and hast thereby delivered nature from corruption; wherefore, free me from irrational and unnatural passions.

Glory ..., Fields of carnal passions now surround me and grievously vex me; speedily visit thy servant, O Virgin, and save me from those who afflict me.

Both now ..., **H**e Who sustaineth, upholdeth and saveth all creation hath appeared, circumscribed, in thine arms, O pure one, and hath restored the race of mankind.

ODE III

Irmos: O Lord, thou art the confirmation of those who flee to Thee, * Thou art the Light of those in darkness, * and my spirit doth hymn Thee.

Quell thou the turmoil of the grievous affliction which now beset me, O most pure Lady, and free me from my transgressions and passions.

Ineffable is the abyss of thy compassions, O most pure one. Thereby do thou deliver me from transgressions and infirmities.

Glory ..., **H**aste thou, O most pure one, and visit me who am infirm, and deliver me from grievous illness and every sorrow.

Both now ..., **M**agnify the mercy and aid of thy prayers upon me, O most pure one, and deliver me from perils and tribulations.

ODE IV

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

O most pure one, ever show the remembrance of the saints and the cleansing of transgressions to be the purification of my heart.

Grant me salvation of soul and body, O most immaculate one; impart healing to me who am sick, and deliverance from evils.

Glory ..., **S**et at naught the wiles of the evil demons and the uprisings of the passions, O most pure one, and grant strength to us who are sick.

Both now ..., **F**rom thy womb hath the Sun of righteousness shone forth and illumined the world, O all-pure one. With His divine rays illumine me also.

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.

By thy birthgiving the bonds of death have been loosed and the might of corruption bound, O most holy and all-hymned Virgin; wherefore, quickly loose also the bonds of my transgressions and my heavy grief.

Deliver me from the wickedness of the demons and the malice of men, O Lady, and quickly heal the sickness of my soul and body, O thou who alone hast given birth to the Savior and Lord, the Physician of spirits and all flesh.

Glory ..., **O** most pure one, thee do I implore as the tongs which held the divine Coal: Utterly consume every passionate lust of thy servant and my grievous infirmities which are hard to bear, and do thou dry up the torrents of my grief.

Both now ..., **O** all-pure Lady, thy Son hath given thee as salvation for all who believe in Him and proclaim Him to be God manifestly incarnate from thee; wherefore, save me from divers misfortunes and tribulations.

ODE VI

Irmos: Cleanse 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.

Look upon me with thy merciful eye, O Lady, and quickly deliver me from cruel infirmities, from every affliction and fall which now awaiteth me.

By thy supplications, O most pure Lady, deliver me from mindlessly passionate behavior, from unseemly jealousy, from, all evil and the oppression of life.

Glory ..., **H**e Who hath created us took form within thee, O Virgin, delivering human nature from corruption; wherefore, by thy prayers deliver me from the temptations which beset me, O pure one.

Both now ..., Thou wast shown to be the most pure temple of God Whom naught can contain, O most pure Lady. By thy prayers show me to be a temple of His grace, and preserve me unharmed.

Lord, have mercy, (Thrice).

Glory ..., Both now ..., Sessional Hymn, in Tone VIII:

All we, the generations of mankind, * call thee blessed, * in that thou art the Virgin who alone among women * hast given birth without seed unto God in the flesh; * for the fire of the Godhead made its abode within thee, * and thou didst feed the Creator and Lord * with milk as an infant. * Wherefore, we, the race of mankind and of angels, * glorify thy birthgiving, * and together we cry out to thee: * Entreat Christ God to grant forgiveness of sins ** unto those who with faith worship thy most holy Offspring.

ODE VII

Irmos: The 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.'

Grievous pangs have I found to be my reward, and, afflicted, I experience the pain of great illness; yet I entreat thee, O Theotokos: Help me, and quickly grant me health by thy prayers.

O blessed Virgin, refuge of all the faithful who sorrow, rescue me from all temptation and grief, and from the malice of those who envy me, and deliver me from sins and divers ailments.

Glory ..., O jar of beaten gold, from whence the life-creating Myrrh hath flowed forth upon the faithful: By thine aid, O pure Birthgiver of God, purge my soul and body of infirmities and the defilement of transgressions.

Both now ..., Unceasingly glorifying the Word Who with the Father and the Spirit is equally without beginning, and Who was ineffably born from thee, O Mother of God, we chant in praise: O God of our fathers, blessed art Thou!

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'.

All of us who in faith have recourse to thine aid proclaim the magnitude of thy divers miracles, O Lady. Save me now from cruel infirmity, from pangs of soul and body, and show me to be healthy, that I may glorify Christ thy Son throughout the ages.

Of a sudden the winds of those who envy me have blown and the rivers of the wicked have grievously smitten the house of my mind, O pure Virgin; but repel the assault of all griefs as it were that of the mindlessly raging sea, and by thy prayers grant me stillness throughout all ages.

Glory ..., **H**e Who fashioned the clay body of man and instilled therein an immortal soul, took form within thee, O Virgin, and restored it. By thy prayers render Him well and kindly disposed toward me, and grant strength and speedy deliverance to all who sorrow.

Both now ..., **I**lluminate with light those who ever glorify thee, O most pure one, for from thee shone forth the never-waning Light, and thou deliverest thy servants from the dark nocturnal treachery of the demons. Deliver me also from them, and by thy prayers save me from the evils which beset me.

ODE IX

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.

Lift up the horn of the Church, O most pure one, grant might to the faithful over the heathen, and make firm the scepters of kingdoms.

Bring low those who have been exalted, vanquish the alien hordes which attack us, O pure Virgin, and free thy servants unharmed by them, O Maiden.

Glory ..., **O** only champion of the Orthodox Christians who glorify thee, by thy prayers quickly put to shame the weapon-bearing Moslems.

Both now ..., **G**rant understanding to the choirs of the faithful, O Virgin, strengthening them against enemies visible and invisible, and save them from all sorrow.

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

**ON TUESDAY 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 ..., Both now ..., Theotokion:

O ye faithful, with hymns let us magnify the Theotokos, * the unshakable confirmation of the Faith * and the precious gift of our souls: * Rejoice, thou who didst hold within thy womb the Stone of life! * Rejoice, thou hope of the ends of the earth * and aid of the sorrowful! ** Rejoice, thou Bride unwedded!

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

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

My time on earth cometh to an end, my life hath passed by, and Thy dread judgment-seat is made ready, O Savior; the trial awaiteth me, threatening me with fiery torment, and unquenchable flame. Grant me a shower of tears and quench its power, O Thou Who desirest that all men should be saved.

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

To the Martyrs: Ye were shown to be noetic beacons, O holy martyrs, for by faith ye abolished the gloom of delusion, lit the lamps of our souls, and entered with glory into the heavenly bridal-chamber with the Bridegroom. Pray ye now, we beseech you, that our souls be saved.

Glory ..., Both now ..., Theotokion:

O most pure Virgin Mother of God, heal thou the grievous passions of my soul, I pray, and grant me forgiveness of the transgressions which I have committed, defiling my soul and body, wretch that I am. Woe is me! What shall I do at that hour when the angel will separate my soul from my passion-plagued body? Then be thou my helper and most fervent intercessor; for thee do I, thy servant, have as my hope.

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

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

Bringing to mind the day and hour of Thy dread, terrible and implacable tribunal, O Master Christ, I tremble like a malefactor. Shameful are the deeds and grievous the acts which I alone have diligently committed. Wherefore, I fall down before Thee with fear and cry out in pain: Through the supplications of Thy Forerunner save me, O greatly Merciful One!

O my soul who art wasting thy life in negligence, arise now and lift thine eyes to repentance. Weep bitterly from the depths of thy heart, lest in the life to come thou lament in vain. Restrain thyself, considering the second coming of the Master, and before the judgment condemn thyself, that thou mayest then escape the righteous judgment.

Glory ..., Both now ..., Theotokion:

By the prayers of Thy bodiless ones, O Christ, * and the Forerunner, * of the disciples, prophets and martyrs, * of all Thy saints and venerable ones, * and of Thy blessed Mother, * we beseech Thee; grant us to walk in Thy light, * and deem us worthy to receive Thy Kingdom ** for the sake of Thy compassionate mercy.

ODE I

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

Irmos: To Him who crushed the enemy with His arm * and led Israel through the Red Sea, * to our Redeemer and our God let us sing, * for He hath been glorified.

Fill my heart with compunction, O Christ, that with repentance I may enter Thy habitations, and with confession may pray to Thee Who dost release me from my debts.

Loose me from the bonds of my countless evils, O Word, that in repentance I may walk in Thy righteous footsteps which lead me to the divine resting-place of eternal beauty.

To the Martyrs: **T**he great magnificence of Thy martyrs is exalted to the highest, O Christ; for suffering all-gloriously, they were magnified by Thine exceedingly great grace.

To the Martyrs: **B**y the sprinkling of the divine blood of the holy spiritual athletes the blood sacrificed to the enemy in pagan temples was staunched, and those on earth have been sanctified by the grace of the Spirit.

Theotokion: **S**how me the paths of repentance, O Virgin, and turn me from the way that leadeth to sin, that I may sing to thee, the greatly hymned Mother of God.

Another canon, of the holy forerunner, in Tone VIII:

Irmos: **U**nto Him Who overthrew the tyranny of Pharaoh in the sea * and led Israel over dry land, * let us chant unto Christ our God, * for He hath been glorified throughout the ages.

O Forerunner and preacher of repentance, entreat the Savior and Lord that I may repent with all my soul, and that He enlighten the mind and heart of me who honor thee with love.

As a most comely lamb of the desert, O Forerunner and martyr of Christ, by thy divine prayer, guide me to the life of repentance, for I now abide in the desert of the passions.

By thy mediation free me quickly from the sin which torments me, I pray, O Forerunner, and liberate me from the raging tempest of the demons.

Theotokion: **O** Mother of the Truth, save me who am cruelly tempest-tossed and oft engulfed by the passions, and steer me to the right calm harbor of salvation.

ODE III

Canon of repentance

Irmos: **M**y heart is established in the Lord, * my horn is exalted in my God, * my mouth is enlarged against mine enemies, * and I rejoice in Thy salvation.

Having washed away the evil pollutions of my heart, O my Christ, in that Thou art good grant that I may appear blameless before Thee on the day of judgment.

Through wickedness the apostate spirit was able to slay me with the sting of sin, O Word; but do Thou Thyself, O Christ, heal me with the life-bearing herb of repentance.

To the Martyrs: “Let us stand courageously,” the passion-bearers cried out one to another, “that no-one may desert the army. As an ally the Lord standeth before us who suffer with valiant mind.”

To the Martyrs: In hymns let us all honor the faithful martyrs of the Lord, the most precious stones of the Church, the divine pillars of piety.

Theotokion: O Theotokos, the setting-aright of the fallen, from the pit of mine evils raise me up who have fallen, and set me firmly upon the rock of the commandments of God, O Lady.

Canon of the holy forerunner

Irmos: O Thou Who established the heavens by Thy word, * establish our mind and heart, * that we may hymn and glorify Thee * unto the salvation of our souls.

Let fall upon me drops of repentance, O right glorious martyr and Forerunner of the Lord of all, who in the river baptized the Abyss of loving-kindness.

Ever buffeted in mind by the perilous waves of life, I flee beneath thy protection, O Forerunner of the Savior. Make haste to help me, thy servant.

In my prayers at night I call upon thee, the day-star of the world, O Forerunner blessed of God. Enlighten the senses of my heart.

Theotokion: Accept this salutation from us, O holy Theotokos: Rejoice, thou who hast given birth to the Joy of the world! Rejoice, jar from whence the heavenly Manna hath been given to all the faithful!

ODE IV

Canon of repentance

Irmos: I have heard report of Thee O Lord, * and I was afraid, * for thy counsel is ineffable, * being the ever-existent God, * Thou didst come forth from the Virgin, * wherefore I hymn Thee: * glory to thy condescension, O Christ, * glory to Thy power.

The enemy deceiver beguiled me into sinfully tasting of the fruit, O Good One, and exiled me far from Thee, and made me prey to his fangs. O only Savior, hasten Thou to rescue me!

O Lord, Thou Thyself knowest the hidden and secret things of me who have sinned greatly against Thee. By thy many compassions have pity, O Word of God, and as Thou art full of tender compassion grant me a purifying time of repentance.

To the Martyrs: Overwhelmed by tortures as with waves, O martyrs, ye were guided by the steering of Christ to the havens of the kingdom of heaven, and are truly adorned by Him with crowns of victory.

To the Martyrs: Cultivating the ground of your hearts with piety, O martyrs, ye sowed upon it the seed of confession, and by grace manifestly reaped the comely Grain an hundredfold.

Theotokion: O all-hymned Lady, with all joy fill thou the mind of me who sing aloud unto thee, granting me goodly tears, occasion for repentance, and an understanding of salvation.

Canon of the holy forerunner

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

I weep for myself, for I ever live a life uncorrected. O Forerunner, save and have pity on me who am perishing in my sins.

In thy supplications and prayers, O blessed one, may I find thee to be a helper strengthening my soul and illumining my mind.

O Forerunner of the Savior, to the harbor of divine understanding steer me who am engulfed and imperiled by the tempest of my offenses.

Theotokion: O most pure one, who hast given birth to Him Who raised up our abased nature, having humbled me who live in arrogance of mind, save me.

ODE V

Canon of repentance

Irmos: Disperse, O Word, the darkness from my soul, * O Christ God, the Light-Giver, * Having driven out the primordial darkness of the abyss, * grant unto me the light of Thy commandments, * that early in the morning I may glorify Thee.

O Creator of all, Who purified the harlot and the lepers by Thy command, cleanse Thou my lowly soul of defiling sin, and make it beautiful with garments of light, I pray, O Master.

O Christ God, Who hast released me from the bonds of my many transgressions, guide me, that without hindrance I may walk Thy paths, that, parted from the flesh and dwelling in the holy mansions, I may glorify Thee.

To the Martyrs: Having woven for themselves robes of glory, and arrayed themselves beautifully therein, the martyrs dwell in joy in the kingdom on high, adorned with beautiful crowns of victory.

To the Martyrs: O wise martyrs, ye right wisely traded fleeting things for those which are permanent; for, beset by the afflictions of divers tortures, rejoicing, ye attained unto the true expanse of the kingdom of heaven.

Theotokion: O holy Theotokos, who hast given birth in the flesh to the holy Word Who alone resteth in all the saints: Sanctify my mind, which ever remains mired in wicked deeds.

Canon of the holy forerunner

Irmos: Out of the night of ignorance * hath the day of divine knowledge dawned, * in the light O Christ, of Thy countenance. * May Thy praise shine forth in our hearts * like the light of the dawn.

As the luminary of the Sun of righteousness, O glorious Forerunner, enlighten me who am astray in the night of life.

At the trial to come, when I must stand before the Lord, may I find thee to be an intercessor, O Forerunner, rescuing me from dread condemnation.

O ever-hymned one, on the rock of the will of God establish me who am imperiled and buffeted by the temptations of the demons.

Theotokion: In that thou art higher than all creation, O Ever-virgin Mother of God, show me as one who eludes the snares of the enemy.

ODE VI

Canon of repentance

Irmos: As Thou didst deliver the prophet from the depths * of the abyss, O Christ God, * so deliver me also from my sins, * O Lover of mankind, * and guide my life, I pray Thee.

Accept me who repent, as once Thou didst the Ninevites who believed in the divine preaching of Thy prophet, O Christ, and guide Thou my life, I pray Thee.

Drowning amid many transgressions, O Christ, I sigh like the publican, shed tears like the harlot, and like Peter cry aloud: Grant me a helping hand, and save me!

To the Martyrs: As beacons of divine radiance, O martyrs, with the rays of your suffering ye ever illumine the earthly world and drive away the deep darkness of delusion.

To the Martyrs: Having found a most blessed end, O all-holy martyrs, ye ever worship the blessed God, delighting in His effulgence.

Theotokion: The jar containing manna once prefigured thee, O Theotokos; for thou didst bear Christ, Who hath rained the manna of understanding upon all who honor thee.

Canon of the holy forerunner

Irmos: O Thou that putteth on light as a garment * grant me also a robe of light, * O All-merciful Christ, our God.

With the scythe of true repentance clear thou my whole heart, O most wise John, making it fertile with the virtues.

Attacked by the sea-monster of perils, I cry to thee from the depths of my heart, O Forerunner: Free me from grievous pain!

Repent with fervor, O my soul! Lo! the trial cometh! Rise up, crying aloud: O Jesus my God, for the sake of Thy Forerunner have pity on me!

Theotokion: We pray thee, O pure one, who at thy word alone hast given birth in the flesh to the Word: Deliver our souls from the snares of the enemy.

ODE VII

Canon of repentance

Irmos: By an angel didst Thou refresh the Children in the furnace * transforming the roaring flames into dew. * O God of our fathers, blessed art Thou.

Conceived and born in iniquities, I have sinned more than all, O Compassionate One. Grant me the time to obtain justification.

Like the Pharisee of old I have foolishly exalted myself, and have sustained a grievous fall; and seeing me, the adversary rejoiceth. O Word of God, disdain me not!

To the Martyrs: The council of the honored martyrs, the invincible army, the holy regiment, who were brave on earth, have been enrolled in the city of the heavens.

To the Martyrs: Having willingly passed through the suffering which winneth immortality, O martyrs, ye pour forth a stream of healings which driveth away our sufferings.

Theotokion: In a surpassing manner thou hast given birth to the Cause of all, Who in the superabundance of His goodness became a man. Wherefore, together we call thee blessed, O pure one.

Canon of the holy forerunner

Irmos: O Thou who in the beginning founded the earth * and by Thy word made the heavens firm, * blessed art Thou throughout the ages, * O Lord God of our Fathers.

O Forerunner, who prepared the ways of the Lord, guide thou my steps unto Him, that I may cry out: Blessed art Thou, O God of our fathers!

O herald of the Light, enlighten my soul, and from cruel darkness and burning Gehenna deliver me who flee to thee with undoubting soul.

As the fruitful offspring of a barren woman, O wise Baptizer of Christ, By thy prayers transform the barrenness of my heart to fruitfulness.

Theotokion: O chosen ewe-lamb of the Word of God, entreat God Who became incarnate from thee, that at the dread hour He number me with His chosen sheep.

ODE VIII

Canon of repentance

Irmos: O Thou who dost cover Thy chambers on high with the waters, * Thou Who hast set the sands to bound the sea * and Who upholdest all things: * the sun doth sing Thy praises, * the moon giveth Thee glory, * every creature offereth a hymn unto Thee, * as their Fashioner, throughout the ages.

Thou hast defiled thy hands with all manner of wicked deeds, O my soul. How canst thou lift them up, and converse with God? And thy feet, which hasten to shameless deeds, thou hast rendered useless. Take care to walk the paths of salvation through repentance.

I have never abode in Thy commandments, O good Lord, nor have I done Thy will for even a single day. What eyes can I raise to Thee Who rendereth just judgment and shalt send the guilty into the fire of Gehenna?

To the Martyrs: Ye extinguished the burning furnace of polytheism, O wise spiritual athletes, pouring forth your unjustly shed blood like water, out of love for the Creator; wherefore, ye have inherited a torrent of delight.

To the Martyrs: Enduring the severing of your hands and feet, ye transcended your lowly earthly bodies, as though it were others who were suffering, O holy ones; wherefore, ye have now forever been deemed worthy of life on high.

Theotokion: Buffeted by the tempest of sin, I cry to thee, O pure Lady: By thy mediation steer me to saving repentance and the most calm haven, that I, who am ever darkened by sloth, may behold the light of salvation.

Canon of the holy forerunner

Irmos: The Beginningless King of glory, * before Whom tremble all the hosts of heaven, * ye priests hymn, and ye peoples * supremely exalt throughout all ages.

O Baptist, entreat the Lamb of God Who taketh away the sins of the world, and Whom thou didst point out to all, that He slay my passions and save my soul.

Ease thou the burden of my soul and do battle against those who make war upon me, O Baptist of the Lord; and show me to be unscathed by their malice.

Fleeing, thou didst withdraw and make thine abode in the trackless wilderness, O prophet; wherefore, I beseech thee: Quickly lay waste to the passions of my soul.

Theotokion: O Virgin, thou art the vine which gave rise to the ripe Cluster, and now givest me the drink of compunction, taking away the drunkenness of mine evils.

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: Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, * Who hath exalted the horn of salvation on our behalf * in the house of His child David, * wherein the Dayspring from on high hath visited us, * and guided us on the path of peace.

O Christ, mercifully regard me, whose shoulders have received many stripes, and heal them, pouring forth wine and oil upon them, that saved I may magnify with thanksgiving the understanding of Thy loving-kindness, O Savior.

As Thou didst deliver from murder and evils the good thief who cried out to Thee, and as Thou didst have compassion upon the harlot who wept, have mercy upon me, the despairing, O Savior as Thou didst Thy great disciple Peter and David the prophet.

To the Martyrs: Conforming to the passions of Him Who suffered for our sake, O passion-bearers, with Him ye now send up glory together, deified by divine communion, resplendent with rays that outshine the material sun, enlightening the hearts of the faithful.

To the Martyrs: The virtue of the holy spiritual athletes hath shone forth, enriching every city with faith, for they possess them as treasures which cannot be taken away, and which abundantly emit the grace of most glorious miracles. Let us hymn them as our fervent intercessors.

Theotokion: With the brilliant lightning-flashes of the Son of God Who issued forth from thy womb, O all-immaculate one, enlighten those who hymn thee with faith; and by thine intercession rescue us from the darkness devoid of light, and from everlasting torment.

Canon of the holy forerunner

Irmos: The prophetic vision of the lawgiver on the mountain, * in the fire of the burning bush, * prefigured thy birthgiving O Ever-Virgin, * the salvation of us the faithful, * wherefore with never silent hymns we magnify thee.

When I must stand before Thy dread throne, O Word, and the penalty for my deeds will be assessed, what answer shall I give, wretch that I am? For the sake of Thy Baptist, O Lord my God, have pity on me then.

As the voice of the Word, direct my cries unto God, O most wise Baptist, and deliver me from the evil of the demons and the temptations of men, that I may call thee blessed, as is meet.

Nurture me with the immortal food of Christ's commandments, and give me the drink of life to consume, O prophet and Forerunner; and present me who flee under thy protection, to stand before God saved.

Theotokion: O pure and most glorious Virgin Lady, with the Forerunner entreat thy Son and King, that He save from all need those who with faith call thee blessed.

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

Small litany, Exapostilarion, and the usual psalms.

Small Doxology (Read), Litany: Let us complete ...,

On the Aposticha, these 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 delusion, and that I may offer Thee a pure life wrought for me by repentance, 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: Ye struggled greatly, O saints, valiantly enduring tortures at the hands of the iniquitous; and though ye have passed from this life, ye still work wonders in this world and heal those made sick by their passions. O holy ones, pray ye that our souls be saved.

Glory ..., Both now ..., Theotokion:

Thy shelter, O Virgin Theotokos, * is spiritual healing; * for, having recourse unto it, ** we are delivered from spiritual infirmities.

**Then, “It is good to give thanks ...,” Trisagion ..., Our Father ..., Troparia.
Litany: Have mercy on us ..., First Hour, and Dismissal.**

**ON TUESDAY 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.

As Thou dost possess an abyss of tender compassion, O Christ, dry up the abyss of my transgressions; and with tears of compunction transform my hardened soul.

O divine Baptist who of old baptized Christ in water, by thine supplications impel me to the haven of repentance, for I am tempest-tossed by the threefold billows of the passions.

To the Martyrs: Having quenched the fire of the madness of idolatry with your blood, O holy passion-bearers, ye ever pour forth streams of healings, curing divers passions.

Glory ..., O beginningless Father, Son and divine Spirit, through the supplications of the Baptist ease the chronic sufferings of my soul, I pray, and save me, Thy servant.

Both now ..., By thy supplications, O most pure Theotokos, from the disgrace of the passions and cruel torment in Hades deliver us who piously call thee blessed.

On Tuesday, the Prokeimenon, in Tone VII:

Prokeimenon, in Tone VII: The righteous man shall be glad in the Lord * and shall hope in Him.

Verse: Harken, O God, unto my prayer, when I pray unto Thee.

Alleluia, in Tone IV: The righteous man shall flourish like a palm tree, and like a cedar in Lebanon shall he be multiplied.

Verse: They that are planted in the house of the Lord, in the courts of our God they shall blossom forth.

Communion Verse: In everlasting remembrance shall the righteous be; he shall not be afraid of evil tidings.