THE 31st DAY OF THE MONTH OF AUGUST

COMMEMORATION OF THE DEPOSITION OF THE PRECIOUS CINCTURE OF THE MOST HOLY THEOTOKOS

AT VESPERS

On "Lord, I have cried ...," 6 Stichera of the deposition, in Tone IV:

Spec. Mel.: "As one valiant among the martyrs ...":

The shrine which holdeth thy cincture * is ever acknowledged to be * an ark of sanctification for thy servants, * a sacred bulwark, * their glory and boast, * and a well-spring of healings. * Having assembled there today in a sacred manner, * we hymn thy many mighty works ** and the abyss of thy wonders. (Twice)

Behold the most glorious place! * Behold the ever-radiant temple, * wherein a treasure hath been laid up: * the cincture of the divine maiden, honored with grace! * Come hither, O ye people, * and draw forth enlightenment and manifest cleansing; * and cry out with thankful heart: * We who are saved by thy birth giving ** bless thee, O most holy Virgin! (Twice)

The feast of the holy deposition * of thy cincture, O Theotokos, * have we acquired rejoicing, * for thou wast well pleased to bestow it upon thy city * as a sacred engirdlement, * a treasure that none can steal, * a precious gift, * inviolate riches, ** a river of healings filled to overflowing with spiritual gifts. (Twice)

Glory ..., Both now ..., in Tone II:

The Church of God is clothed in thy holy cincture as with a most splendid diadem, O most pure Theotokos; and, rejoicing, it shineth today and mystically joineth chorus, crying out to thee, O Lady: Rejoice, precious diadem and crown of divine glory! Rejoice, thou who alone art the fullness of glory and everlasting gladness! Rejoice, refuge of those who have recourse unto thee, our intercessor and salvation!

On the Aposticha, these Stichera of the deposition, in Tone IV:

Spec. Mel.: "Thou hast given a sign ...":

Thou didst bestow thy cincture upon thy city, O most glorious one, * as a firm bulwark, * protecting it from every misfortune * by divine manifestations, and preserving it unvanquished by the foe; * for it crieth out with love: * Thy Son and Lord, * Who alone is compassionate, * is my strength and might, ** and the cause of my great rejoicing!

Verse: Arise, O Lord, into Thy rest, * Thou and the ark of Thy holiness.

They who reign piously * are splendidly adorned by thy cincture, * as with a precious crown, O most pure one. * And they boast in thy divine prominence * and are known to inspire terror in the enemy which ever warreth against us, * and they praise thee, crying out * to Him Who was born of thee in a manner transcending all telling: * O most glorious Jesus, ** save us all, in that Thou art compassionate!

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

Thou dost engirdle us with the power of thy cincture, O Virgin, * strengthening us against the enemy, * subduing the passions * which ever torment and war against us, * and ever granting us victorious dispassion, * that we may glorify thee in purity * and ardently cry to thy Son: * O almighty Jesus, ** save us all, in that Thou art compassionate!

Glory ..., Both now ..., in Tone II:

Having cleansed our mind and thoughts, let us hold festival with the angels, splendidly beginning the hymn of David to the maiden, the Bride of Christ our God, the King of all, saying: Arise, O Lord, into Thy rest, Thou and the ark of Thy holiness! For, having adorned her like a beautiful palace, Thou hast assigned her to Thy city, O Master, to fortify and protect it from the pagan adversaries by Thy mighty power, through her supplications.

Troparion of the deposition, in Tone VIII:

O Ever-virgin Theotokos, protection of mankind: * thou hast given to thy city a mighty legacy, * the robe and cincture of thy most honored body, * which have remained incorrupt through thy seedless birthgiving. * For in thee are nature and time renewed. ** Wherefore, we beseech thee to grant peace to thy city and great mercy to our souls.

AT MATINS

On "God is the Lord ...," the Troparion of the deposition, in Tone VIII:

O Ever-virgin Theotokos, protection of mankind: * thou hast given to thy city a mighty legacy, * the robe and cincture of thy most honored body, * which have remained incorrupt through thy seedless birthgiving. * For in thee are nature and time renewed. ** Wherefore, we beseech thee to grant peace to thy city and great mercy to our souls. (Thrice)

After the 1st chanting of the Psalter, the Sessional Hymn, in Tone III:

Spec. Mel.: "Awed by the beauty of thy virginity ...":

Having given birth to the all-comely Word in the beauty of thy virginity, thou didst wind thy cincture about Him as a babe, O pure one. This thou hast given to thy servants, O Lady, as a protection, help and a well-spring of sanctity. Its honored deposition do we all celebrate with faith, O most holy Virgin.

Glory ..., Both now ..., the foregoing is repeated.

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

Spec. Mel.: "Awed by the beauty of thy virginity ...":

Thou alone didst have a virginity and a birthgiving free of corruption, O blessed one, and to mankind thou hast given thy holy cincture as a garment of salvation, which even to this day remaineth untouched by corruption, O Bride of God; and because of it we, thy servants, receive great mercy, O pure one.

Glory ..., Both now ..., the foregoing is repeated.

ODE I

Canon I, with Irmos chanted twice, followed by 6 Troparia; the acrostic whereof is:

"Thou girdest me about with thy strength, O pure Virgin"

The composition of Joseph, in Tone VIII:

Irmos: The 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.

With divine strength thou dost gird me about who piously hymn thy sacred cincture, as thou art the divine fortification, the might and impregnable rampart of thy city, O pure and all-hymned Virgin maiden.

Thou hast given birth to the mighty God Who girdeth all the pious about with strength, O all-immaculate one. Wherefore, we call thee blessed, and, joyously kissing thy divine cincture, we draw forth mercy and grace therefrom.

Joyfully do we form a chorus today for the deposition of the sacred cincture of the honored divine maiden, from whence a girdle of incorruption, a seamless garment and a robe of salvation have been woven for us.

Thy people hasten beneath thy power, O all-immaculate one, and ever flee to thy protection. Be thou a help for all, and grant to each those petitions which are conducive to salvation, saving our souls from tribulations.

Canon II, with 4 Troparia, in Tone IV:

Irmos: Through the deep of the Red Sea, * marched dry shod Israel of old, * and by Moses' outstretched hands, * raised in the form of a cross, * the power of Amalek was routed in the wilderness.

The temple of the Virgin hath, like a bright sky, acquired a splendid and undimmed luminary: her most radiant cincture; and it illumineth the whole world with beams of miracles.

Thy city, noetically girded about with thy truly divine cincture, O most pure one, hath in it invincible might, strength and a bond of confirmation; wherefore, it boasteth therein.

Thy shrine hath truly appeared to those on earth as the most precious ark of old, O Birthgiver of God, though thou bearest not tablets of stone, but faithfully preservest the knowledge of the truth.

Mystic fragrances are poured forth in the temple of the pure one, from her honored shrine this day; and they fill with spiritual fragrance all who have recourse to her with love.

Katavasia: Inscribing the invincible weapon of the Cross upon the waters, * Moses marked a straight line before him with his staff * and divided the Red Sea, * opening a path for Israel who went over dry-shod. * Then he marked a second line across the waters * and united them in one, * overwhelming the chariots of Pharaoh. * Therefore let us sing to Christ our God, * for He hath been glorified.

ODE III

Canon I

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.

The heart is renewed which toucheth the sacred cincture of the Virgin with fervent faith, and it is girded about with invincible power against impure passions, and remaining unharmed by incorporeal foes.

Thy sacred cincture wherewith thou girded thine incorrupt body, O maiden, still remaineth incorrupt, sanctifying those who approach it piously and removing the corruption of sickness and sorrow.

Thou wast the most beauteous dwelling of the Word Who was incarnate of thee, O pure one, and wast well pleased to place thy cincture in thy holy temple; and venerating it, we are sanctified.

Thy precious cincture do we all honorably venerate with joyful heart, as an honor for all the faithful, O Theotokos, in that it touched thy precious body.

Canon II

Irmos: Thy Church, O Christ, rejoiceth in Thee crying aloud: * Thou, O Lord, art my strength, * my refuge and foundation.

O ye faithful, let us honor the cincture of the pure one today as a bond of unity with God, and let us bow down before it with faith.

The springs of grace ever flowing from thine all-precious shrine give drink to all the faithful, O pure one.

The much hymned and precious cincture of the all-honored one poureth forth healings upon all of us, the faithful, through grace.

Pouring forth thy gladness like the dew of the morning, O pure one, extinguish the furnace of the passions for those who ever hymn thee.

Katavasia: The rod of Aaron is an image of this mystery, * for when it budded it showed who should be priest. * So in the Church, that once was barren, * the wood of the Cross hath now budded forth, * filling her with strength and steadfastness.

Kontakion of the deposition, in Tone II:

Spec. Mel.: "In supplications ...":

Thy precious cincture, which encircled thy womb * which was pleasing to God, O Theotokos, * is the invincible might of thy city * and an inexhaustible treasury of good things, ** O only Ever-virgin who hast given birth.

Sessional Hymn of the deposition, in Tone IV:

Spec. Mel.: "Go thou quickly before ...":

Thy most precious cincture, wherewith thou didst gird thy womb about, was sanctified in the temple of God, as a divine offering, O pure and all-immaculate one who didst conceive God. Wherefore, touching it with faith, and venerating it with fear and honor, we are sanctified.

Glory ..., Both now ..., another Sessional Hymn, in the same Tone:

Spec. Mel.: "Having been lifted up ...":

Thy church doth celebrate the deposition of thy precious cincture with splendor, and crieth out to thee, O pure Virgin: Thou dost gird all against the power of the enemy. Humble also the arrogance of the godless barbarians, and direct our life, that we may do the divine will of the Lord.

ODE IV

Canon I

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!"

Having fallen into repose, thou wast taken up into the light unwaning, yet for those who call thee blessed thou hast left, in place of thy body, O pure one, thy precious cincture, a wellspring of miracles, a place of salvation, and a rampart for the city which honoreth thee, O most pure one.

We enter thy temple as a new heaven, where thy divine cincture hath been enshrined as a treasure as splendid as the sun, emitting rays of miracles, illumining the hearts of all, and dispelling the gloom of the passions, O maiden.

Thou art the ark of noetic sanctity, O pure and all-hymned one; and thou bestowest upon thy people the precious shrine containing the cincture which thou didst wear upon thy body, as a great refuge and an inexhaustible wellspring of healings.

A gift of great value hath been brought to thy city: thy precious cincture, O all-immaculate one; and it was enshrined on this day in thy divine temple, and is become a cause of great rejoicing for those who fervently love thee, O Theotokos.

The shadows of the law and the visions of the prophets foretold that thou wouldst become the true Mother of God, O most pure one through whom the curse hath been lifted and perfect blessing and saving grace have blossomed forth for those who hymn thee with faith and love.

Canon II

Irmos: Beholding Thee, the Sun of righteousness, * lifted up upon the Cross, * the Church now standeth arrayed and doth worthily cry aloud: * Glory be to Thy power, O Lord!

Having appointed thee as a most honored firmament, O Theotokos, the Creator and Fashioner adorned thee with divine splendors, as with stars, whereby thou dost illumine the ends of the earth.

Thy city, having thee as its might and firm foundation, O Theotokos, is sustained by thy divine cincture; and it stretcheth it out as an indestructible bond in time of battle.

O Birthgiver of God, thy divine cincture draweth up from earth to heaven us who are transported by love for thee and it. Wherefore, we glorify thee as the cause of a greater glory.

Behold, grace inexhaustible! Come ye all, and with ardent heart draw forth rivers ever flowing from the honored shrine of the most pure Mother, O ye who love the feasts of the Church.

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

ODE V

Canon I

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.

When thy divine cincture was enshrined on this day in thy temple, O divinely joyous one, all manner of blessings were laid up with it; and he who approacheth it is filled to overflowing with sanctity, receiving that for which he asketh with faith.

In giving birth to the most comely Word thou wast adorned, O Virgin, and in thy beauteous habitation thou hast been well-pleased to enshrine the beautiful cincture wherewith thou didst gird thy beauteous body, O Theotokos.

Thy holy temple is acknowledged by all to be a second paradise, O all-immaculate one; for, within, it hath acquired thy cincture, which filleth the hearts of those who with faith fall down before it, with divine fragrance, like a sweet-smelling rose.

A cloud of divine rain wast thou, O most immaculate one, letting fall the water of sanctification, bringing the land, frozen by sin, to the fruitfulness of piety. Wherefore, with faith we call thee blessed.

Canon II

Irmos: Thou, O Lord, who camest into the world, * art my light, * a holy Light turning from the darkness of ignorance * those who sing Thy praises in faith.

Thou hast magnified Thy Mother, O Lord; Thou hast exalted her above all the noetic powers, for her glory is beyond compare.

The grace of God is now bestowed unstintingly through thy precious shrine, O most pure Theotokos, upon those who do thee homage with faith.

Faithful rulers are girded about with thy power; and thy city boasteth in thee as its ally, O most pure one, being honored by the possession of thy cincture.

Katavasia: O thrice-blessed Tree, on which Christ the king and Lord was stretched! * Through thee the beguiler fell, * who tempted mankind with the tree. * He was caught in the trap set by God, * who was crucified upon thee in the flesh, * granting peace unto our souls.

ODE VI

Canon I

Irmos: The abyss of my sins and the storm of my transgressions * disquieten me and thrust me down * into the depths of despondency; * but do Thou stretch forth Thy mighty arm, * unto me as Thou didst to Peter, * and save me, O my Guide.

For our sake didst thou bear as a babe Him Who existed before time began, and thou renewest hearts grown old through sin, which obtain regeneration though the deposition of thy precious cincture, O Ever-virgin maiden.

Thy holy church is marvelous in righteousness, having acquired thy miraculous cincture, which poureth forth wonders; and it hath been revealed to be an abyss of healing for the poor, O Virgin, Mother and Birthgiver of God.

Every soul that gathereth in thy holy temple is filled with gladness, beholding thy cincture therein like a radiant sun, emitting the light of the works of the Maker of all and the divine Spirit.

Overlooking all our offenses, O pure one, strengthen thou our hearts, for thou girdest about with power those who have faithfully acquired thy cincture as a treasure of great price which cannot be taken away.

Canon II

Irmos: The Church crieth out unto Thee O Lord, * 'I will sacrifice unto Thee with a voice of praise' * having been cleansed of the blood of the demons' * by the blood that for mercy's sake flowed from Thy side.

The Lord hath glorified thee wholly above all nature, exalting thee alone; and thee, together with thy temple, thy cincture and divine shrine, hath He honored in a manner past all telling, O Theotokos.

Streams of grace pour forth, as out of the depths, from the shrine of the most pure one, and surround all of creation, giving drink to those who with faith worship thy birthgiving.

Having acquired thee as their strength and boast, the faithful are girded about with glory, possessing thy precious cincture as a most splendid and precious ornament, O Birthgiver of God.

Katavasia: Jonah stretched out his hands in the form of a cross * within the belly of the sea monster, * plainly prefiguring the redeeming Passion. * Cast out from thence after three days, * he foreshadowed the marvelous Resurrection of Christ our God, * who was crucified in the flesh and enlightened the world * by His Rising on the third day.

Kontakion of the deposition, in Tone IV:

Spec. Mel.: "Thou hast appeared today ...":

Today thy temple doth celebrate the deposition of thy precious cincture, * O all-hymned one, * and it earnestly crieth out to thee: * Rejoice, O Virgin, * thou boast of Christians!

Ikos: **I**llumine me with thy light, O Virgin Theotokos, and disperse the darkness which lieth grievously upon my mind, that in purity I may approach thee, the pure one who hath brought deification to mortals. I hymn thy divine cincture, which doth outshine the sun, and which this world hath as its steadfast protection and hope, which vanquisheth the councils of the iniquitous foe, destroyeth their wiles, and ever perserveth thy servants, O all-immaculate and unblemished one. Rejoice, O Virgin, thou boast of Christians!

ODE VII

Canon I

Irmos: Once 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!

The Queen of all, having departed for the mansions of heaven, hath left behind her cincture as a treasure for the king of all cities, and thereby we are saved from the invasion of foes, visible and invisible.

Let us now approach the well-spring which poureth forth grace and mercy: the precious shrine containing the most precious cincture of the Virgin and Mother who honored humanity with her precious birthgiving.

Praise the Lord, all ye hosts of heaven! Glorify her who gaveth birth to Him, all ye nations of mankind! For she hath bestowed her cincture upon the faithful as a true refuge and salvation.

Let the clouds drop righteousness down from above at the deposition of thy cincture, O divinely joyous cloud; and let every soul sing sweetly, rejoicing: Blessed is the God of our fathers!

Canon II

Irmos: In the Persian furnace the youths and descendants of Abraham, * burning with a love of piety * rather than by a flame of fire, * cried aloud saying: * Blessed art Thou in the temple of Thy glory, O Lord.

In that Thou alone art the Bestower of light, as the Sun of righteousness Thou hast divinely enlightened the temple of the pure one with Thy divers gifts; and, shining therein, she illumineth her cincture with rays of splendor.

Surrounding thy cincture as it were the golden jar, O thou who alone art pure, we now partake in a truly divine manner of the sweetness of grace, and honor it as more exalted than the tablets of the law, O all-blessed one.

Vessels of miracles truly pour forth thy grace upon the faithful, O pure maiden, which issueth forth abundantly from thy shrine as from another river of Eden.

Approach now with gladness, all ye on earth! Come ye! The shrine mystically crieth out to the Sovereign Lady: Surround ye the most glorious one who hath preserved her cincture in me!

Katavasia: The senseless decree of the wicked tyrant, * breathing forth threats and blasphemy hateful to God, * confused the people. * Yet neither the fury of the wild beast nor the roaring of the fire * could frighten the three children: * but standing together in the flame, * fanned by the wind that brought refreshment as the dew, they sang: * 'Blessed and supremely praised art Thou, * O our God and the God of our fathers.'

ODE VIII

Canon I

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".

Like a holy throne hath the coffer, containing the resting cincture of the only divine maiden and pure Queen of all, been splendidly enshrined within the holy place wherein none may enter; and therefrom perfect rest issueth forth abundantly upon those who labor amid many pangs.

In a sacred manner thou didst give birth unto the Lord on the earth, and with thy holy hands didst truly gird Him about Who girdeth the pious with power; and now, having ascended on high to the heavens, thou hast left thy precious cincture as might and protection for all, O Virgin Theotokos.

The divine grace which followeth on thy precious cincture, O pure Virgin, is truly the healing of the ailing, the confirmation of those who stumble, the divine uplifting of the despondent, a rudder for those at sea and the return of the lost; and we venerate it with faith throughout all ages.

Celebrating today the holy deposition of thy divine cincture, we, thy servants, honor the sacred festivity and with joy cry out to thee: Rejoice, O Theotokos, joy of the angels and of all men who chant with faith: Ye children, bless; ye priests, hymn; ye people, supremely exalt Him throughout all ages!

Canon II

Irmos: Having spread his hands, Daniel closed the lions' jaws * in their den; * while the zealously pious youths, * girded with virtue, * quenched the power of the fire and cried aloud: * Bless ye the Lord, all ye works of the Lord.

Of old, the ark held the divine tablets inscribed by the hand of God, O most pure one; but thy revered and precious shrine, O pure Lady, containeth the cincture of thee who held within thyself the dread mystery of the One Who established the law thereof.

The angels now join chorus in thine honored temple, O most pure one, and embrace thy precious and holy cincture, which we venerate with love, joy and great gladness, hymning thee, the glory of our race, O Lady.

Thou art the rod which gaveth rise to the Flower of life, the joy of all, the pure and priceless phial of the Spirit, the treasury of good things, the fount of sweet fragrance; and from thy divine shrine the myrrh of healings poureth forth.

The noetic warriors hymn thy mighty works, O most pure one; all the patriarchs and prophets manifestly proclaim thee, together with the apostles, the priests, and the choirs of the martyrs; and with them we also do thee homage.

Katavasia: O children equal in number to the Trinity: * bless ye God, the Father and Creator; * hymn ye the Word Who came down * and transformed the fire into dew; * and supremely exalt ye Him Who giveth life unto all, * the all-holy Spirit, * throughout the ages!

ODE IX

Canon I

Irmos: Heaven was stricken with awe, * and the ends of the earth were filled with amazement, * for God hath appeared in the flesh, * and thy womb was rendered more spacious than the heavens. * Wherefore, the ranks of men and of angels * magnify thee as the Theotokos.

Behold, the divine couch of Solomon, which sixty of the powerful - the sayings of the Scripture - surround as though a royal bower! In a precious coffer she placeth her cincture today, that all the faithful may invoke her, and for the safekeeping of the pious.

O city of the King of heaven, of whom wondrous things have been spoken! Thou hast given thine all-holy cincture as a precious and holy gift to thy city, for the confirmation of all the faithful, and thereby the rulers, resplendent in Orthodoxy, vanquish the adversary.

Ye mountains, now drop down sweetness, and ye hills, everlasting gladness. O ye assemblies of patriarchs, choirs of martyrs, ye company of prophets and honored assembly of the divine apostles: rejoice with all of us at the deposition of the divine cincture of the divine maiden.

Thou hast sanctified all things by thy birthgiving, O Virgin, and hast now bestowed upon us an excess of enlightenment: thy most holy cincture, at whose deposition all the earth danceth and honoreth thee, who hast filled mankind with ineffable joy.

As thou art merciful, O pure one, deliver me, who have recourse to thy mercy, from the false love of the passions, from the enemy who ever tempteth me with the burden of sins, from despondency, cruel abduction, captivity and sin, O most pure one.

Canon II

Irmos: A cornerstone not cut by hand O Virgin, * was cut from thee the unhewn mountain: * even Christ, Who hath joined together the disparate natures; * therefore rejoicing we magnify thee, * O Theotokos.

Thy shrine, which, like a treasury of life, doth worthily contain and preserve thy cincture as the garment of thy virginity and divine bridehood, is truly shown to be a most honorable wedding chamber, O Birthgiver of God.

The Church, arrayed with thy divine and most holy cincture as with a diadem of divine beauty, O Theotokos, regally rejoiceth today, adorned with thy glory.

The temple of the Virgin, like in all ways unto the heavens, is well adorned this day. O ye faithful, having received gifts of splendor, and being illumined as with the comeliness of the stars of heaven, make yourselves bright with radiance.

Thy city, O Birthgiver of God, possesseth thy cincture as an ally and rampart of peace, the divine unity of the dogmas, the boast of the Orthodox, bestowing victory upon kings.

We hymn thine ineffable glory and thine immeasurable grace, for thou art the well spring of wisdom, from whence the Word hath issued forth for all who honor thee, O most pure one, and who magnify thy birthgiving.

Katavasia: O Theotokos, thou art a mystical Paradise, * who untilled brought forth Christ. * by Whom the life-giving Tree of the Cross hath been planted upon the earth: * Therefore celebrating its exaltation on this day, * Him do we worship * and thee do we magnify.

Exapostilarion of the deposition:

Spec. Mel.: "Hearken, ye women ...":

Honoring thy precious cincture, wherewith thou didst gird thy sacred body, O Virgin Theotokos, we now celebrate its deposition, whereby we are delivered from corruption, tribulations and dangers, O Mother of God Most High.

Glory ..., Both now ..., the foregoing is repeated.

On the Praises, 4 Stichera of the deposition, in Tone IV:

Spec. Mel.: "As one mighty among the martyrs ...":

The Church is arrayed in thy holy cincture * as with a truly resplendent crown, O most pure Theotokos, * and, rejoicing, it is made radiant today, * and danceth mystically, * crying out to thee, O Lady: * Rejoice, O crown, * O divine diadem! * Rejoice, O sole glory of my fullness, ** mine everlasting gladness! (Twice)

As thou art a mighty bulwark, * an unshakeable confirmation * and salvation, O most pure Lady, * thou hast given thine all-honorable cincture * to thy people and thy city * as a splendid vesture, * which saveth those who honor it * with faith and earnest fervor ** from every evil end, O Bride of God.

Thy temple, O most pure one, * hath shown itself today * to be an inexhaustible fountain. * For rivers of grace pour forth in abundance * from thy holy shrine * and gladden the thoughts of the faithful * who cry out to thee with faith and love: * Thou art our joy, our gladness, ** and our life.

Glory ..., Both now ..., in Tone II:

Having cleansed our minds and thoughts, let us hold festival with the angels, splendidly beginning the hymn of David to the maiden, the Bride of Christ our God, the King of all, saying: Arise, O Lord, into Thy rest, Thou and the ark of Thy holiness! For, having adorned her like a beautiful palace, Thou hast assigned her to Thy city, O Master, to fortify and protect it from the pagan adversaries by Thy mighty power, through her supplications.

AT LITURGY

On the Beatitudes, 8 Troparia: 4 from Canon I of ODE III, and 4 from Canon II of ODE VI of the deposition of the sacred cicture.

The heart is renewed which toucheth the sacred cincture of the Virgin with fervent faith, and it is girded about with invincible power against impure passions, and remaining unharmed by incorporeal foes.

Thy sacred cincture wherewith thou girded thine incorrupt body, O maiden, still remaineth incorrupt, sanctifying those who approach it piously and removing the corruption of sickness and sorrow.

Thou wast the most beauteous dwelling of the Word Who was incarnate of thee, O pure one, and wast well pleased to place thy cincture in thy holy temple; and venerating it, we are sanctified.

Thy precious cincture do we all honorably venerate with joyful heart, as an honor for all the faithful, O Theotokos, in that it touched thy precious body.

The Lord hath glorified thee wholly above all nature, exalting thee alone; and thee, together with thy temple, thy cincture and divine shrine, hath He honored in a manner past all telling, O Theotokos. (Twice)

Streams of grace pour forth, as out of the depths, from the shrine of the most pure one, and surround all of creation, giving drink to those who with faith worship thy birthgiving.

Having acquired thee as their strength and boast, the faithful are girded about with glory, possessing thy precious cincture as a most splendid and precious ornament, O Birthgiver of God.

Troparion of the deposition, in Tone VIII:

O Ever-virgin Theotokos, protection of mankind: thou hast given to thy city a mighty legacy, the robe and cincture of thy most honored body, which have remained incorrupt through thy seedless birth giving. For in thee are nature and time renewed. Wherefore, we beseech thee to grant peace to thy city and great mercy to our souls.

Ode III Kontakion of the deposition, in Tone II:

Thy precious cincture, which encircled thy womb * which was pleasing to God, O Theotokos, * is the invincible might of thy city * and an inexhaustible treasury of good things, ** O only Ever-virgin who hast given birth.

Ode VI Kontakion of the deposition, in Tone IV:

Today thy temple doth celebrate the deposition of thy precious cincture, * O all-hymned one, * and it earnestly crieth out to thee: * Rejoice, O Virgin, * thou boast of Christians!

Prokeimenon, in Tone III: The Hymn of the Theotokos: 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.

EPISTLE TO THE HEBREWS, § 320 (HEB. 9: 1-7)

Brethren: The first covenant had also ordinances of divine service, and a worldly sanctuary. For there was a tabernacle made; the first, wherein was the candlestick, and the table, and the showbread; which is called the sanctuary. And after the second veil, the tabernacle which is called the holiest of all; which had the golden censer, and the ark of the covenant overlaid round about with gold, wherein was the golden pot that had manna, and Aaron's rod that budded, and the tables of the covenant; and over it the cherubim of glory shadowing the mercy seat; of which we cannot now speak particularly. Now when these things were thus ordained, the priests went always into the first tabernacle, accomplishing the service of God. But into the second went the high priest alone once every year, not without blood, which he offered for himself, and for the errors of the people.

Alleluia, in Tone II: Arise, O Lord, into Thy rest, Thou and the ark of Thy holiness.

Verse: The Lord hath sworn in truth unto David, and He will not annul it.

GOSPEL ACCORDING TO LUKE, § 54 (LK. 1: 38-42; II: 27-28)

At that time, Jesus entered into a certain village: and a certain woman named Martha received him into her house. And she had a sister called Mary, which also sat at Jesus' feet, and heard His word. But Martha was cumbered about much serving, and came to Him, and said, Lord, dost Thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? Bid her therefore that she help me. And Jesus answered and said unto her, Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things: but one thing is needful; and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her. And it came to pass, as He spoke these things, a certain woman of the company lifted up her voice, and said unto Him, Blessed is the womb that bare Thee, and the paps which Thou hast sucked. But He said, Yea, rather, blessed are they that hear the word of God, and keep it.

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