

TUESDAY EVENING: TONE IV
AT VESPERS

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

Spec. Mel.: “As one valiant among the martyrs ...”:

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

Lifted up upon the Cross, pierced by a spear, Thy fingers bloodied, O supremely good Master, Thou didst sign our emancipation; and tearing apart the record of the sins of Adam, our forefather, Thou didst free human nature. Wherefore, O Compassionate One, we hymn Thy goodness, which transcendeth understanding.

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.

We hymn Thy sufferings, O Jesus our Master: the Cross, the spear and the reed, the sponge and the nails, the beatings, the purple robe and the crown of thorns, the spittings and mockery which Thou didst willingly endure. I magnify Thy long-suffering, O only Innocent One, Bestower of life, and I glorify Thee with faith, O Lover of mankind.

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

I bow down before Thy precious Cross, kissing it with love, O supremely good One, and I glorify Thy condescension, boundless mercy, ineffable compassions and rich goodness, which transcend understanding, for thereby Thou hast saved the race of mankind, which was held fast in the darkness of transgressions. Glory to Thy crucifixion, O Christ!

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

When she beheld Thee nailed to the Cross, O Lord, the Ewe-lamb, Thy Mother, marveled and cried out: “What is this that I see, O my most desired Son? Thus hast Thou been repaid by the disobedient and iniquitous assembly, which enjoyed Thy many miracles. But glory be to Thine ineffable condescension, O Master!”

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

When she beheld Thee, the Lamb and Shepherd., upon the Tree, the Ewe-lamb who gave Thee birth lamented and exclaimed to Thee maternally: “O my Son most beloved, how hast Thou been lifted up upon the tree of the Cross, O Long-suffering One? How have Thy hands and feet been pierced with nails by the iniquitous, O Word? How hast Thou shed Thy blood, O Master?”

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

When she beheld Thee hanging upon the Cross, the Virgin Thy Mother marveled, O Lord, and, lifting up her eyes, said: “How have they who enjoyed Thy many gifts rewarded Thee, O Master? Yet I pray: Leave me not alone in the world, but hasten Thou to arise, raising up our forefather together with Thee!”

Glory ..., Both now ...,

Spec, Mel.: “Called from on high ...”:

Stavrotheotokion: “**L**ament not for Me, O Mother, * beholding Me thy Son and God hanging upon the Tree, * Who hath suspended the earth upon the waters unsupported, * and hath fashioned all creation; * for I shall arise and be glorified, * and shall crush the kingdoms of Hades with strength; * destroying its power * and delivering those in bondage * from its wickedness, * for I am compassionate; * and I shall bring them to My Father, ** in that I am the Lover of mankind.”

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, these Stichera of the precious Cross, in Tone IV:

Thou hast given Thy Cross to us as an invincible weapon, O Christ; and with it we triumph over the assaults of the alien one.

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.

Ever possessing Thy Cross as a help, O Christ, we easily trample underfoot the snares of the enemy.

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: As ye have boldness before the Savior, O saints, unceasingly pray for us sinners, asking remission of transgressions and great mercy for our souls.

Glory ..., Both now ...,

Stavrotheotokion: The most pure one, * beholding Christ, the lover of mankind, crucified, * His side pierced by a lance, * cried out, lamenting: * “What is this, O my Son? * How have these thankless people rewarded Thee * for the good things Thou hast done for them? * Dost Thou hasten to leave me childless, O most Beloved? ** I marvel, O Compassionate One, at Thy voluntary crucifixion!”

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

TUESDAY NIGHT: TONE IV

AT COMPLINE

Canon of supplication to the most holy Theotokos

ODE I

Irmos: **I** shall open my mouth, * and be filled with the Spirit, * and utter discourse to the Queen and Mother; * and be seen radiantly keeping festival, * joyfully praising her wonders.

Having seedlessly given birth in the flesh to Christ, the immeasurable Wisdom and Power of God, O most immaculate Birthgiver of God, through thy birthgiving thou hast acquired the might of strength and divine majesty.

O thy birthgiving which passeth understanding, O most pure one, whereby the multitude of mortals have been enriched with incorruption and, as is meet, now call thee, the blessed Mediatrix of restoration!

Glory ..., **B**y thine overshadowing heal thy servant, who am sick in soul and body, O Virgin; for I have recognized thee as the Intercessor for all who find themselves amid grief, in that thou hast given birth to our salvation.

Both now ..., **E**xtending unto me a hand of salvation, O Lady, from the abyss of evils lead me up who am cruelly engulfed in the depths of sorrows and beset by the storms of boundless evil circumstances.

ODE III

Irmos: **O** Theotokos, thou living and plentiful fount, * establish in spiritual fellowship those who sing hymns to thee, * and in thy divine glory * grant them crowns of glory..

Everywhere thou pourest forth streams of healing upon the sick, O Virgin; for the Lord of mercy, Who was born from thee in a manner transcending understanding, hath shown thee to be a wellspring of loving-kindness, O Lady.

O Virgin Mother, thou didst become the beautiful chamber of the divine Word and a divine bridal-chamber in a manner transcending nature; wherefore, open unto me the mercies of thy compassions, and lead me up to salvation.

Glory ..., **A**ll my strength hath drained from me due to the multitude of my boundless evils, and I have drawn nigh to despair because of my many sorrows. Help me, O Sovereign Lady who hast given birth to Life, thou consolation of those who weep!

Both now ..., **H**ave mercy, O only Mother of God, have mercy! Take pity on mine accursed soul, which is beset by wicked demons and passions as by a flood, and before the hour of my death deign to purify it.

ODE IV

Irmos: Perceiving the profound counsel of God, * that the incarnation of Thee the Most High, * will be from a Virgin, * the Prophet Habbakuk cried aloud: * Glory to Thy power, O Lord!

The King of all, desiring thee as a royal root and womb, O Theotokos, made thee more exalted than the cherubim and seraphim, dwelling wholly within thee.

Incarnate for the sake of human birth, the Creator was born from thee and hath shown thee to be a true intercessor for Christians; wherefore, I flee to thy protection, O pure one.

Glory ..., Be thou my protection, help and refuge, for I am thy servant, O most pure Virgin, and cure me of my boundless evils, that I may chant to thee: Glory to thine ineffable birthgiving!

Both now ..., I am at a loss, I weep and groan because of my passion-plagued thoughts, and I beseech thee, in that thou art a wellspring of mercy, deliver me from my pain, and lead me to divine compunction.

ODE V

Irmos: All creation stands in awe of thy divine glory; * for thou, O Virgin who hast not known wedlock, * didst contain within thy womb the God of all, * and gave birth to the timeless Son, * bestowing peace, upon all who hymn thee.

Thou ever pourest forth the waters of healing upon all the infirm, O Virgin, in that thou art the animate cloud of Christ the King; wherefore, send down the dew of healing upon me who am sick.

O Virgin Bride of God, cease thou never to entreat as Savior and Master Him Whom thou didst bear, that He grant me remission of sorrows and pangs, and lead me up to incorruptible joy, having forgiven me my transgressions.

Glory ..., Thou art my hope and boast of salvation, O most pure one; wherefore, I flee to thy protection. Disdain me not who am now devoured by many and grievous pangs; but go thou before me, and save me.

Both now ..., “How hankest Thou upon the Tree like a ripe cluster of grapes? O Sun of glory, how hast Thou been lifted up, at Whose suffering the light of the sun grew dim?”, the ewe-lamb who gave Thee birth, O Savior, exclaimed maternally, crying out to thee.

ODE VI

Irmos: I have reached the depths of the sea * and the tempest of my many sins hath engulfed me; * but do Thou raise up my life from the abyss * O Greatly-merciful One.

Our God, the King of all, assumed human form from thee, O Virgin, and hath shown thee to be, as the Theotokos, more exalted than the cherubim and the awesome seraphim.

O thou who alone hast given birth to the divine Life Who granteth salvation unto all, grant salvation unto me who am in despair, and cut through the uprisings of my passions.

Glory ..., **G**rant me thine aid and deliver me from tribulations and sorrows, freeing me from perils and my transgressions, O thou who hast given birth to the Deliverance of all.

Both now ..., **I**n thee do we boast, O Virgin, and through thee are we delivered from evils. Let not us who trust in thee fear the assault of ungodly barbarians, for we hymn thee.

Lord, have mercy, (Thrice).

Glory ..., **Both now ...**, **Sessional Hymn, in Tone IV:**

Stavrotheotokion: **O** most immaculate Virgin Mother of God, a sword passed through thy most holy soul when thou didst behold thy Son and God crucified of His own will. Cease not to beseech Him, O blessed one, that He grant us forgiveness of our transgressions.

ODE VII

Irmos: Refusing to worship created things * in place of the Creator, * the divinely wise youths bravely trampled down the threatening fire * and rejoicing they sang aloud: * O supremely hymned Lord and God of our Fathers, Blessed art Thou.

All my strength hath been desiccated by the passions like clay, and lo! I have drawn nigh unto Hades. Deliver me from most pernicious bonds, O Mother of God, and with the hand of thy mercy rescue me from the griefs which assail me.

All that is within me hath been rent apart by multifarious evils, and I am cut off from life by the multitude of my transgressions and infirmities; yet deliver me from them all, O most pure one, who for us hast given birth unto Life.

Glory ..., **I**n that thou art good, O most pure Virgin, grant that the kingdom of the all-compassionate Christ may be opened unto me, and that, by thy supplications, O blessed one, I may be delivered from soul-destroying pangs and assaults.

Both now ..., **P**ainful wounds have been inflicted upon me by my boundless transgressions and lead me to death of soul and body; yet rescue me from all sorrows and infirmities, O Lady, in that thou art mighty.

ODE VIII

Irmos: **The Offspring of the Theotokos * saved the holy children in the furnace. * He who was then prefigured hath now been born on earth, * and He gathereth all creation to hymn thee: * all ye works praise ye the Lord * and supremely exalt Him throughout all ages.**

Having fallen into a thicket of thorny passions, I am pierced by their sting; wherefore, I have fallen into despair, weighed down by bonds and temptations, O most pure Mother of Christ God. Delivering me from them, grant forgiveness of transgressions unto all by thy supplications.

As thou art the candlestand of the light of the threefold Sun, dispel the darkness of my transgressions by the radiance of thy compassion, O Birthgiver of God, granting deliverance from oppressive pangs unto me who hymn and supremely exalt thy most pure Offspring with faith.

Glory ..., **H**aving made His abode wholly within thy womb, O Ever-virgin, the transcendent God ineffably became incarnate, making thee the helper and universal aid of the world. Wherefore, I beseech thee, that I may be delivered from my grievous sufferings and the bonds of my transgressions.

Both now ..., **A**t the hour of my death, O Virgin Mother of God, rescue me from the hands of the demons, from condemnation, sentencing, dread trial, the bitter toll-stations, the cruel prince, and everlasting fire.

ODE IX

Irmos: **Let every mortal born on earth, * radiant with light, in spirit leap for joy; * and let the host of the angelic powers * celebrate and honor the holy feast of the Mother of God, * and let them cry aloud: * Rejoice! O all-blessed Theotokos, * thou pure Ever-Virgin.**

The mortal race hath been exalted by thy birthgiving, receiving adoption through union with God; and the heavenly multitude joins chorus with those on earth, hymning thee as is meet, O pure one, as the Mother of our God, the refuge of the whole world.

Bound withal by my sins, countless wounds and pangs, I call upon thine aid and assistance, O Lady, that thou grant me deliverance from every cruel misfortune and sorrow.

Glory ..., **W**ith love I offer hymnody and song, and well-woven praise from my pain-wracked soul unto thee who hast given birth in essence unto Christ God. Rendering Him easily reconciled, and fulfilling all my petitions, O Theotokos, preserve me by thy supplications.

Both now ..., O pure Birthgiver of God, enlighten the eyes of my soul, that the heavy darkness of sin may not overtake me, and that the abyss of despair may not swallow me; but do thou thyself save and pilot me, O thou unashamed intercessor of the faithful.

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

ON WEDNESDAY MORNING: TONE IV
AT MATINS

After the 1st chanting of the Psalter,

The Sessional Hymns of the holy and precious Cross, in Tone IV:

When Thou wast nailed to the Cross, and Thy side was pierced by a spear, Thou didst redeem us from the curse of the law by Thy precious blood and didst pour forth immortality upon mankind. O our Savior, glory be to Thee!

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

O Savior, the Hebrews nailed Thee to the Cross, from whence Thou didst call us from among the nations, O Christ, our God and Savior. Of Thine own will Thou didst stretch out Thy hands upon it, O Thou Lover of mankind, and in the multitude of Thy compassions didst deign to be pierced in Thy side by a spear.

Glory ..., Both now ...,

Stavrotheotokion: **W**hen Thine unwedded Mother beheld Thee * hanging upon the Cross, * she lamented bitterly and cried out to Thee: * ‘What is this strange and new wonder, O my Son? * How is it that the lawless people have nailed to the Cross, * Thee, the Life of all, ** O my sweetest Light,?’

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

Go Thou quickly before us, O Christ our God, before we are enslaved to the enemies who blaspheme Thee and separate us. By Thy Cross destroy those who wage war against us, that they may understand what the Orthodox Faith may accomplish through the supplications of the Theotokos, O Thou only Lover of mankind.

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

Nailed to the Cross on Golgotha of Thine own will, O Master, in Thy great goodness Thou didst heal me of the ancient wound of sin; for of Thine own will Thou wast placed there for the race of mankind, O our Savior Thou Lover of mankind, and Thou didst pour forth blood and water from Thy side upon those who hymn Thee with faith.

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

To the Martyrs: **A**dvancing well by the power of the Cross, O holy passion-bearers, by your endurance ye mightily cast down the adverse foe; wherefore, celebrating your honored memorials with faith, by your supplications we are sanctified through the activity and grace of the all-holy Spirit. O warriors of Christ, pray to the Savior on behalf of the world.

Glory ..., Both now ...,

Stavrotheotokion: **T**he Virgin and ewe-lamb, beholding on the Cross the Lamb Who was born of her without seed, His side pierced by a spear, was wounded and with grief and cried aloud, exclaiming amid her pain: “What is this new mystery? How is it that Thou diest Who alone art Lord of life? Wherefore, arise, raising up our fallen forefather!”

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

On Golgotha Thou didst raise up again me who in paradise fell grievously through the bitter counsel of the slayer of mankind, for by the Tree Thou didst heal the curse that came from the tree, slaying the serpent who through deceit brought death upon me; and hast thereby given me divine life. Glory be to Thy divine crucifixion, O Lord!

When the sun perceived that it was Thee, O Sun of righteousness, suspended on the Cross, O Christ, it dimmed its light. Creation shook, and the dead quickly arose from the grave as from sleep, O Word, hymning the divine might of Thy glory.

Glory ..., Both now ...,

Stavrotheotokion: **O** most immaculate Virgin, * Mother of Christ God, * a sword pierced thy most holy soul * when thou didst behold thy Son and God * crucified of His own will. * Him do thou never cease to entreat, O blessed one, ** that He grant us the forgiveness of our transgressions.

ODE I

Canon of the precious and life-creating Cross, the acrostic whereof is “The Cross is a weapon unto salvation,” the composition of Joseph, in Tone IV:

Irmos: **T**hrough 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.

O Jesus Who stretched out the heavens, in that Thou art good and full of loving-kindness, Thou didst stretch out Thine own hands, radiantly calling to Thee the nations who were far removed from Thee.

Protect me by Thy Cross, O Word my Christ, that I may not fall prey to the wolf, who seeks my destruction and every day lays snares and traps for me.

To the Martyrs: **B**y your pangs, O martyrs, ye cast down him who hath brought pain upon all. Ye have now inherited the life which is devoid of pain, O blessed ones, ever easing every pain of our souls and bodies.

To the Martyrs: Bound for Christ, Who was willingly bound, and hath destroyed all delusion, O wise and holy ones, ye bound the greatly crafty one with unbreakable bonds; wherefore, ye are called blessed, as is meet.

Theotokion: Thou didst remain a virgin even after birthgiving, O most pure one, for thou hast given birth unto God Who wast lifted up upon the Cross, lifting up mortals with Himself; wherefore, all of us, the faithful, acclaim thee to be blessed.

Another canon, of the most holy Theotokos, the acrostic whereof is “I offer entreaty unto the Virgin Theotokos,” in Tone IV:

Irmos: Same as the foregoing.

In that thou art she who is more pure than all creation, O most pure Birthgiver of God, by thy pure prayer purify my heart, which hath been grievously defiled by the impure passions. (Twice)

By thy God-pleasing prayers to our Creator and God, O most pure Virgin Mother, deliver me from the tears and sighs that lie before me at the dread judgment which is to come.

As thou alone, in a manner transcending understanding, hast by thy birthgiving freed the race of mankind from the curse, O most pure one, by thy supplications free me who am enslaved by carnal passions.

ODE III

Canon of the precious Cross

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

Lifted up upon the Cross, O Christ our God, Thou didst lift up those who had been cast down into corruption, casting down the enemy, O Master.

The swords of the enemy were blunted when Thou wast pierced in the side, O hypostatic Word of the Father, and Eden was opened.

To the Martyrs: With rivers of fire the martyrs countered the rivers of delusion, and they quenched the flame of polytheism.

To the Martyrs: Crucified, your nails ripped out, O martyrs of Christ, ye slew the enemy and the serpent with the sword of your patience.

Theotokion: Beholding Thee lifted up upon the Cross, O Master, the unblemished Ewe-lamb hymned Thy might, lamenting tearfully.

Canon of the most holy Theotokos

Irmos: Not in wisdom, nor in power do we glory, * but we glory in Thee O Christ, * the Hypostatic Wisdom of the Father, * for there is none more holy than Thee, O Lover of mankind.

I beseech thee, who art more exalted than the cherubim, O Lady: My mind, which hath been brought low by the temptations of the serpent, do thou show forth as higher than the passions of the body. (Twice)

At the dread trial, at which the Lord will sentence me who have sinned greatly, O all-immaculate one, let me find thee delivering me from condemnation.

By Thy mercy, O Christ, transform my pitiless ways by Thy compassions; and by the supplications of her who gave birth to Thee, do Thou save me the unmerciful one.

ODE IV

Canon of the precious Cross

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!

Seeing Thee, the Sun of glory, willingly lifted up upon the Tree, the sun clothed itself in darkness; the stones split asunder, and the veil of the temple was rent in twain.

When Thou wast crucified and pierced by a spear, O Lord and Savior, at Thy command the sword which barred the way into Eden was withdrawn for the noble thief, who hymneth Thy might.

To the Martyrs: Protected by the sword of Thy Cross, O Lord, Thy passion-bearers showed themselves to be unwounded by the arrow of evil, and demolished the unstable ramparts of the madness of idolatry.

To the Martyrs: To the Lord, Who in His loving-kindness impoverished Himself, ye brought yourselves as unblemished sacred sacrifices and whole-burnt offerings, O martyrs, receiving rewards for your pangs.

Theotokion: When she who gave birth within time to the Timeless One, and who alone acquired immaculate virginity, beheld the Lord lifted up upon the Tree, her soul was rent with pain.

Canon of the most holy Theotokos

Irmos: Same as the foregoing.

O most pure one, who art the divine habitation of the Holy One Who hath poured forth His benefactions upon His creatures: Sanctify my soul and illumine my thoughts. (Twice)

By thy prayers, O Lady, make steadfast my mind, which is hurled about by the wind of evil and is wholly engulfed by slothfulness; and rescue me from my fall.

I now entreat thee, the animate palace of the heavenly King: By thy supplications show me, who remain a den of thieves, to be a dwelling-place of the Holy Trinity.

ODE V

Canon of the precious Cross

Irmos: **T**hou, 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.

From Thy pierced side, O Master, Thou pourest forth divine streams of incorruption upon me who have stumbled into corruption through the disobedience of Eve and the rib of Adam.

Thy precious Cross is victory over the enemy, for Thou hast given it to us for the salvation our souls who hymn Thee with faith, O Word.

To the Martyrs: **H**aving passed through the material fire of great tortures, as most radiant martyrs the dead have now been united with the fiery ministers.

To the Martyrs: **W**hen their flesh was maimed amid many sufferings, the spiritual love of the martyrs was firmly established.

Theotokion: **H**e Who alone is good, and Who entered into thine incorrupt womb, O most pure one, appeared incarnate and was crucified, that He might deliver us from corruption.

Canon of the most holy Theotokos

Irmos: **T**he wicked will not behold Thy glory, O Christ, * but we who rise early to hymn Thee shall behold Thee, * the Only-Begotten effulgence of Thy Father's divinity, * O Lover of mankind.

O Lady, thou Ewe-lamb who hast given birth to the Lamb of God: Seek out my soul, which hath been led astray by the counsel of the serpent and through disobedience hath become lost in the mountains.

By thy fervent supplication, O Ever-virgin Theotokos, toward the fervor of the Creator of divine love do thou piously impel my soul, which is frozen with cruel cold.

O pure one, who art good and immaculate, by thy supplications free my wretched soul now from the stain of the passions, and make me to live in purity.

Under the shelter of thy wings keep my soul like the apple of thine eye, O good and most pure one, and deliver me from the wickedness, vengefulness and torment of the evil spirits.

ODE VI

Canon of the precious Cross

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.

Though higher than all honor, Thou didst endure dishonor, that Thou mightest honor me who have wickedly dishonored myself, O Lover of mankind; and Thou savest me by Thy Cross.

Thou wast lifted up upon the Cross and died, O Lord, making the slayer of my soul dead and full of all shame. And now, O my Creator, I hymn Thy power.

To the Martyrs: The most evil one, who wounded you, was wounded by your incurable torments and was cast down beneath your feet, martyrs; and is seen to be mocked by all.

To the Martyrs: The dust of the martyrs' relics, which lieth in the grave, poureth forth healings and scattereth the demons like dust; healing the divers sicknesses of mortals.

Theotokion: "The council of the violators of the law affixed Thee to the Cross with nails; and I now rend my heart with the sword of grief, O my Son!" cried out the Virgin, weeping.

Canon of the most holy Theotokos

Irmos: Same as the foregoing.

O Virgin, thine Offspring is the Destroyer of death and the Life and Deliverance of those who die; wherefore, I beseech thee: Raise up my soul, which hath been slain.

O Lover of mankind, by the intercessions of Thy Mother and of the countless hosts on high extend a helping hand unto me, who am tempest-tossed upon the deep of life.

O field who gavest rise to the divine Grain, disdain not my soul, which hath been weakened and withered amid, a famine of godly acts, but water it with the divine grace of thy Son.

Lull to sleep the movements of my bodily passions, and make the uprisings of my flesh subject to my mind, as if they were like a mule, O pure one, calming them with thy prayers as with sleep.

ODE VII

Canon of the precious Cross

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.

O only Eternal and Immortal One, Who dost array the skies with clouds, and Who didst will to be crucified naked upon the Tree: Thou hast clothed in shame him who of old stripped our forefather naked.

Thou wast lifted up upon the Cross raising up fallen Adam; Thou wast pierced in the side with a spear, O Master, and the greatly crafty one was dealt a mortal blow. Blessed is Thy might, O Lord!

To the Martyrs: Though most beautifully united to the most comely Word, O all-praised spiritual athletes, ye have not separated yourselves from the world; and though ye were bound and broken, ye ever trample the enemy underfoot.

To the Martyrs: By your divine sufferings, O glorious spiritual athletes, ye truly cast down the walls of the citadel of deception; and ye have been revealed to be bulwarks and fortresses for the faithful, who piously bless you.

Theotokion: O Maiden seeing Christ God, Who put forth dew in the furnace and in nowise consumed thy Womb, hanging upon the Tree, thou didst glorify His condescension, which was beyond thy comprehension.

Canon of the most holy Theotokos

Irmos: Same as the foregoing.

O Maiden, thou divine mountain, from whence the Stone was quarried Who crushed the pillars of the idols: Do away with the graven images of my soul and the stony doubt of my heart.

As the one who received in thy womb Him Whose gaze brought about the earth and causeth all that is in it to tremble when He so desireth, thou wast not shaken, O Maiden; wherefore, make me who am shaken by the assaults of the enemy steadfast.

Casting down my carnal-mindedness, O Theotokos, show me to be wholly spiritual, adorned with the virtues, though the most evil one hath cast darkness over me by the ugliness of pleasures.

O divine bowl of tender compassion and goodness, pour forth upon me in abundance the wealth of thy compassions, washing away the defilement of my transgressions; and quench thou the burning of my flesh.

ODE VIII

Canon of the precious Cross

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.

Thou didst extend Thy hands upon the Cross, O Master, desiring to cure the transgression of unrestrained hands, and wast transfixed with nails, O Lord, removing all the passion-fraught understanding of the first-formed man, who singeth: Bless the Lord, all ye works of the Lord!

By the piercing of Thy divine side the record of first-formed Adam was torn asunder, O Master; and by the drops of Thy blood is the whole earth sanctified, which ever uttereth cries of thanksgiving: Bless the Lord, all ye works of the Lord!

To the Martyrs: The all-glorious martyrs stood in the midst of the fire as ones bedewed and unconsumed, truly chanting in mystic harmony the divine hymn of the youths: Bless the Lord, all ye works of the Lord!

To the Martyrs: Enduring the flickering fire by the power of your will, O martyrs, ye were not moved to vanity by your myriad torments; but, strengthened by God, ye hastened to the never-waning light, crying: Bless the Lord, all ye works of the Lord!

Theotokion: Seeing Christ, Who slew the enemy who brought death upon mankind, being put to death, the all-hymned Lady weeping hymned Him as Master; and marveling at His long-suffering, cried aloud: Bless the Lord, all ye works of the Lord!

Canon of the most holy Theotokos

Irmos: Same as the foregoing.

Thou hast given birth to the ripe Fruit, O Mistress, and eating of it death hath perished; wherefore, I cry unto thee: Grant life unto me who by deception have been slain by the fruit of sin, yet who cries aloud: Bless the Lord, all ye works of the Lord!

With thy vigilant prayers, lull to sleep the passion-fraught movements of my mind, O most pure Lady, and rouse me from the sleep of slothfulness, that in vigilance of soul I may chant: Bless the Lord, all ye works of the Lord!

O Theotokos, break asunder the bonds of my transgressions and still the uprisings of my body; hew down my wicked devisings, and quickly cleanse thy servant of secret thoughts, O intercessor and deliverance of all the faithful.

Art thou not afraid, O my soul, that thy countless evil deeds will be accusers indicting thee? Wherefore; repent before the Supremely good One, and take the only most pure one to be thine ally, for she is a refuge for all mankind.

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 precious Cross

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.

Behold, the Life of all appeared, hanging upon the Cross; and the sun, unable to endure the sight, withdrew its rays, the earth quaked, and the thoughts of the faithful are made steadfast in piety and purity.

How can it be that the iniquitous assembly hath condemned to die upon the Tree Thee, the Giver of the law, Who art the Life and Lord of all, and Who through Thy sufferings poured forth immortality upon all mankind?

To the Martyrs: **I**n the midst of lawless enemies ye wisely preached the incarnation of the Word of God with your divinely eloquent mouths, O all-praised ones; and having suffered in a sacred manner, ye have been crowned with wreaths of victory.

To the Martyrs: **L**ike radiant daystars ye illumine all creation with the brilliance of sacred sufferings and the divine splendors of healings, O godly martyrs, dispelling the deep night of the passions.

Theotokion: **O** pure one, enlighten my soul, which hath been darkened by sins, and drive away the clouds of mine evils, O cloud of the Light, who of old once beheld the sun dimmed when the Immortal One was crucified.

Canon of the most holy Theotokos

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

Sever the bonds of mine evils with the divine spear of thy Son; and loose thou my wretched soul, which is fettered and in distress, O Virgin Mother of our God, and bind it to the love of Him.

O Virgin who art more spacious than the heavens, lead thou my heart up to the broad expanse of dispassion, for it is hemmed in by all the assaults of the adversary, and ever grant me the strength to walk the narrow path.

That I may glorify thee who art truly most glorious, O Virgin, deliver me from all the irrationality of sin, and cause me, who flee unto thy mercy, to share in the glory of heaven.

Confound all the counsels of those who have arrayed themselves against us, O Mother of God Most High, and fill with joy those who set their hope on thee, that we may all fervently proclaim thy help.

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 the precious Cross, in Tone IV:

Let Thy Cross be for us a bulwark, O Jesus our Savior; for we, the faithful, have no other hope save Thee Who wast nailed to it in the flesh, granting us great mercy.

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.

Thou hast given a sign unto those who fear Thee, O Lord: Thy precious Cross, whereby Thou didst put to shame the princes and rulers of darkness, and restoring us to our primal blessed state. Wherefore, we glorify Thy loving dispensation, O almighty Jesus, Savior of our souls.

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: How can we fail to marvel at your struggles, O holy martyrs? For, clad in mortal bodies, ye vanquished the incorporeal enemies. The threats of tyrants did not frighten you, neither did the infliction of tortures daunt you. Ye have truly been glorified by Christ, as is meet. Ask ye great mercy for our souls.

Glory ..., Both now ...,

Spec. Mel.: “As one valiant among the martyrs ...”:

Stavrotheotokion: Seeing Christ slain, Who hath put the deceiver to death, the most pure Lady cried aloud, exclaiming bitterly unto Him Who issued forth from her womb; and marveling at His long-suffering, she said: “O my most beloved Child, forget not Thy handmaiden! O Lover of mankind, delay not my consolation!”

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

**ON WEDNESDAY MORNING: TONE IV
AT LITURGY**

On the Beatitudes, these Troparia, in Tone IV:

Of old was Adam banished from paradise through the tree, but by the tree of the Cross, the thief hath come to dwell in paradise: the one by tasting rejected the commandment of the Creator, but the other, crucified with Christ, confessed the hidden God, crying out: Remember me in Thy kingdom!

Thou wast nailed to the Cross in Thy great goodness, O Christ; and Thou wast pierced in the side, pouring forth two fountains of remission. Unable to bear the sight of such audacity, the earth quaked, the stones split asunder, the sun was extinguished, and the mountains and hills trembled in fear of Thy might.

Setting aright the stumbling of our forefather, who of old stretched forth his hands unrestrainedly to the tree of knowledge, of Thine own will Thou wast stretched out and didst allow Thy hands to be nailed, O Long-suffering One, Who in Thy boundless goodness didst fashion us with Thy hands. Glory which passeth understanding be to Thy loving-kindness, O Word!

To the Martyrs: O ye saints, who by the most radiant brilliance of your struggles rendered the earth heavenly, and thereby dispelled the darkness of vanity; are now deified by communion, and have come to dwell in the never-waning light, illumine ye with the light of understanding all who bless you as is meet.

Glory ..., We render praise, glory and worship to the all-accomplishing Trinity; and offering angelic hymnody to the beginningless Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit with thrice-holy voices, we utter the cry of the noble thief, chanting and exclaiming: Remember us in Thy kingdom!

Both now ..., Seeing her Son and God willingly lifted up upon the Cross, weeping and marveling, the most pure one said to Him Who maketh all things beautiful: “Whither hath Thy comeliness gone, O Lord? How hath the ungrateful council repaid Thee for the good things Thou hast done? I hymn Thy goodness which passeth understanding!”

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: Hearken, 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.