

*The Office of Great Compline
on the Weekday Evenings
of the Great Fast*

**Metropolitan Cantor Institute
Archeparchy of Pittsburgh**

February 2012

FOREWORD

The service of Great Compline is an extended night vigil sung on the eves of certain feasts, and on the weekday evenings (Monday through Friday) of the Great Fast, in the Slav Byzantine tradition.

This book provides the complete texts and music for the service of Great Compline as celebrated on the weekdays of the Great Fast.

The Great Canon in the first week of the Fast

In his book *The Lenten Triodion*, Bishop Kallistos Ware says:

“At Compline on the first four days of Lent, the Great Canon of St. Andrew of Crete is read, divided into four sections; on Thursday in the fifth week it will be read again, this time in continuous form. With its constant refrain, “Have mercy on me, O God, have mercy on me,” the Great Canon forms a prolonged confession of sin, an unremitting call to repentance. At the same time, it is a meditation on the whole body of Scripture, embracing all the sinners and all the righteous from the creation of the world to the coming of Christ. Here, more than anywhere else in the Triodion, we experience Lent as a reaffirmation of our “Biblical roots.” Throughout the Great Canon, the two levels – the historical and the personal – are skillfully interwoven. As Fr. Alexander Schmemmann writes in his *Great Lent*, “The events of sacred history are revealed as events of my life; God’s acts in the past as acts aimed at me and my salvation, the tragedy of sin and betrayal as my personal tragedy.”

The texts employed here are those used in the Byzantine Catholic Metropolia of Pittsburgh; officially promulgated texts and music are used where possible. The majority of the remaining translations in this book are from *The Lenten Triodion*, published by the Sisters of St. Basil the Great, Uniontown, PA. The Irmoi of the Great Canon were transcribed by His Grace, Bishop Job, and utilize a different translation.

It must be stressed that harmonic singing of the chant of this service, while truly lovely, is NOT essential to its use. For the texts sung simply, such as the trisagion prayers and choral psalms, either the usual psalm tone or the Lenten tone may be used.

May this volume permit those who use it, either publically in church or in private prayer and devotion, to be blessed with the compunction and repentance which prepare us to joyfully celebrate the splendid and saving Pascha of our Lord, God, and Savior Jesus Christ!



pain, sor - row, nor mourn - ing, but life ev - er - last - ing.

Continue with "All-holy Theotokos" on p.78.

On Friday in the sixth week of the Fast, we sing the kontakion of Lazarus Saturday, in Tone 2:



O Christ, the Joy of All, the Truth, the Light, the Life, and the Res - ur - rec - tion



of the World, has ap - peared to those on earth be - cause of his good - ness.



He be - came the pattern of our res - ur - rec - tion, grant - ing di - vine



for - give - ness to all.

Continue with "All-holy Theotokos" on p.78.

The Order of Great Compline during the Great Fast

The celebrant, vested in dark epitrachilion, comes before the holy doors and says:

Celebrant: Blessed is our God, always, now and ever and forever.



Response:

A - - - men.

The beginning prayers can be chanted to the usual psalm tone, or the the Lenten tone.

Glory to you, our God,
glory to you.

Heavenly King, Comforter, Spirit of Truth,
everywhere present and filling all things,
Treasury of Blessings and Giver of Life,
come and dwell within us,
cleanse us of all stain,
and save our souls, O gracious One.

Holy God, Holy and Mighty, Holy and Immortal,
have mercy on us. (3 times)

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit,
now and ever and forever. Amen.

Most Holy Trinity, have mercy on us;
Lord, cleanse us of our sins;
Master, forgive our transgressions;
Holy One, come to us and heal our infirmities for your name's sake.

Lord, have mercy. Lord, have mercy.
Lord, have mercy.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit,
now and ever and forever. Amen.

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name.
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread,
and forgive us our trespasses
as we forgive those who trespass against us,
and lead us not into temptation,
but deliver us from evil.

Celebrant: For thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, now and ever and forever.

Response: Amen.

Lord, have mercy. *(twelve times)*


Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit,
now and ever and forever. Amen.

Come, let us worship our King and God. *(bow)*
Come, let us worship Christ, our King and God. *(bow)*
Come, let us worship and bow before the only Lord Jesus Christ,
the King and *our* God. *(bow)*


The celebrant enters the altar.

On Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday of Fast, Psalm 69 and a section of the Great Canon of Saint Andrew of Crete are chanted.


On other days of the Fast, continue with Psalm 4 on page 44.



when you raised Laz - a - rus from the dead. There-fore, like the chil - dren,




we car - ry the symbols of vic - to - ry and cry out to you, the Vic - tor o - ver death:




Ho - san - na in the high - est! Bless - ed is he who comes in the name of the Lord.

After the Lesser Doxology (p. 76):


On Friday in the first week of the Fast, we sing the kontakion of Saint Theodore in Tone 8:



Be - liev - ing in Christ with all your might, you struck a mighty blow to the en - e - my.



You re - ceived an e - ter - nal crown of glo - ry, O long - suf - fering and victo - ri - ous



The - o - dore.

Continue with "All-holy Theotokos" on p.78.

On Friday in the second, third, and fourth weeks of the Fast, we sing the kontakion for the departed, in Tone 8:



With the saints, O Christ, give rest to your serv - ants, where there is no



for the sal - va - tion of our souls.

Cantor: Glory...

Troparion for the departed - Tone 2:



O Lord, in your goodness, re - mem - ber your serv - ants and for - give



what - ever sins they com - mit - ted in their life; for no one is sin - less but



you a - lone. You have the power to grant rest to the de - part - ed.

Cantor: Now and ever...

Theotokion - Tone 2:



O Mo - ther of the in - eff - a - ble light, with the an - gels in hea - ven,



we ex - tol you with our hymns.

On Friday in the sixth week of the Fast, the troparion of Lazarus Saturday is sung, in Tone 1:



Christ our God, be - fore your pas - sion you confirmed our common res - ur - rec - tion

Psalm 69

O God, make haste to my rescue,
Lord, come to my aid!
Let there be shame and confusion
on those who seek my life.

O let them turn back in confusion,
who delight in my harm,
let them retreat, covered with shame,
who jeer at my lot.

Let there be rejoicing and gladness
for all who seek you.
Let them say forever: "God is great,"
who love your saving help.

As for me, wretched and poor,
come to me, O God.
You are my rescuer, my help,
O Lord, do not delay.

The Great Canon of St. Andrew of Crete

**Ode 1
Irmos**



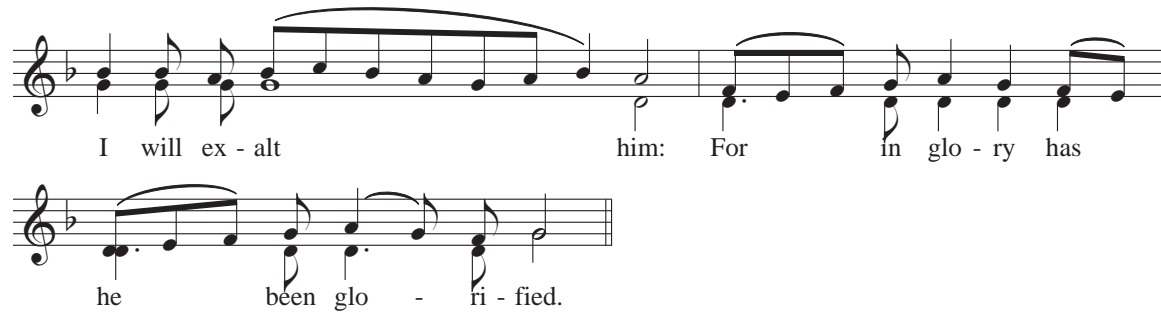
A Help - - - - er and a Pro - tec - tor has be - come



sal - va - tion to me. This is my God; I will



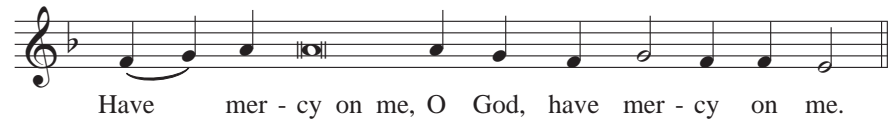
glo - - - - ri - fy him. God of my fa - thers;



I will ex - alt him: For in glo - ry has he been glo - ri - fied.

Then the reader intones the following troparia of the ode, according to the day of the week. Before each troparion, we make the sign of the cross and a full prostration, and sing:

Refrain



Have mer - cy on me, O God, have mer - cy on me.

On Monday evening:

Where shall I begin when I weep for all the deeds of my life? * How shall I sing of my grief? * But in your goodness, O Christ,* grant me the forgiveness of my sins.

Come, my soul, and lead your body to glorify the Creator; * henceforth, regain sound judgment * that you may offer to God the tears of repentance.

By straying far from you, * I have imitated our first parents;* and like Adam, I have been deprived of your divine grace and unending kingdom * because of my sin.

Alas, O my poor soul, * why do you imitate the first Eve? * Your look was evil and you were bitterly seduced; * you have touched the tree and tasted the fruit, * the bitterness of sin.

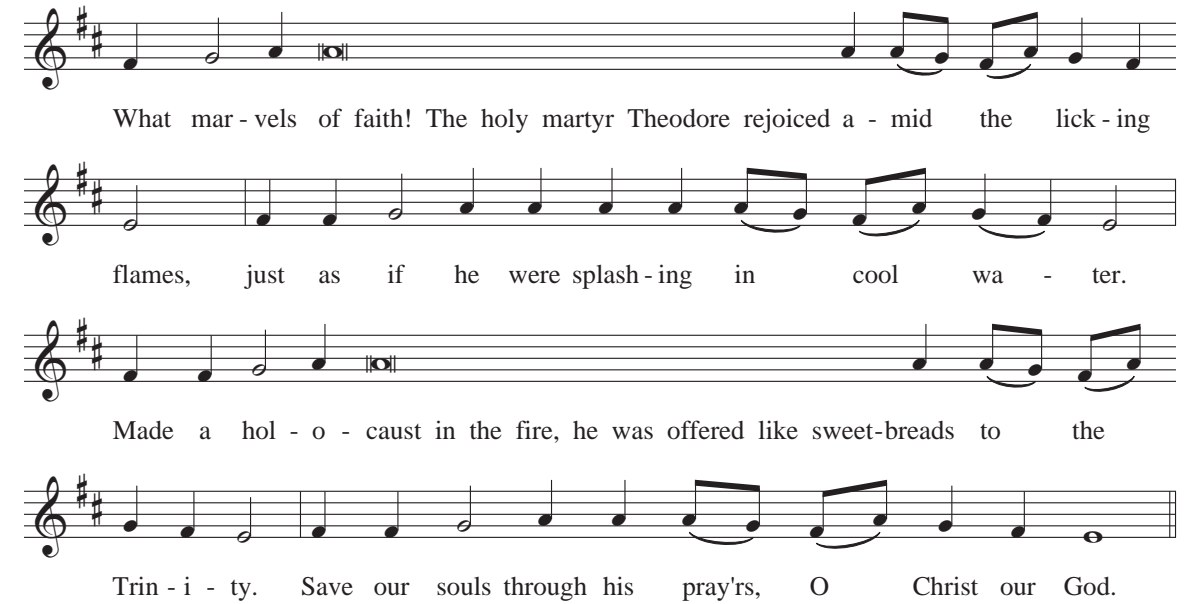
In place of the Eve of former times, * a spiritual Eve surges up in me; * it is the thought of carnal desires, * recounting sensual pleasures * and unceasingly relishing the bitterness of sin.

Justly was Adam dispelled from Paradise for one sin, O my Savior; * but what shall my punishment be, * for I have unceasingly rejected your life-giving word?

Hymns for Fridays in the Great Fast

At the first Trisagion (p. 57):

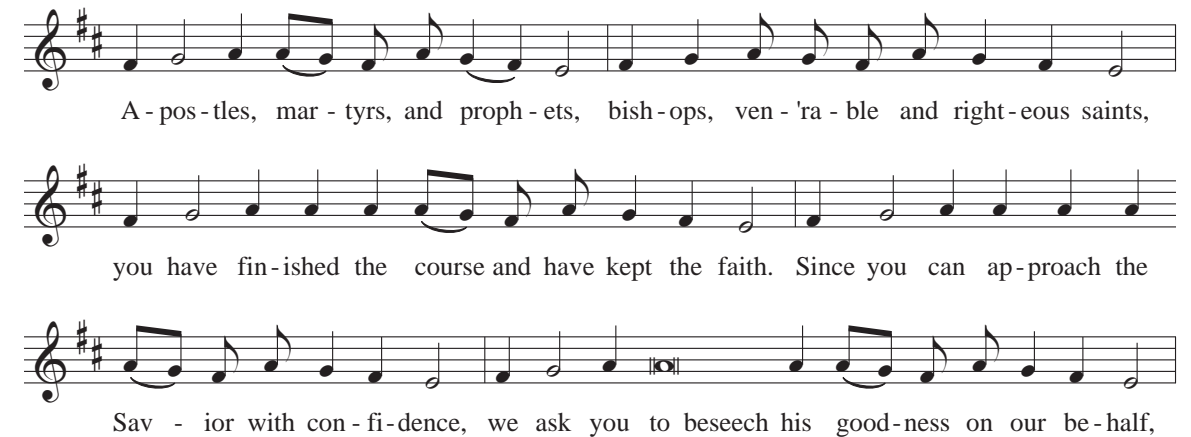
On Friday in the first week of the Fast, we sing the troparion of Saint Theodore in Tone 2:



What mar - vels of faith! The holy martyr Theodore rejoiced a - mid the lick - ing flames, just as if he were splash - ing in cool wa - ter. Made a hol - o - caust in the fire, he was offered like sweet-breads to the Trin - i - ty. Save our souls through his pray'rs, O Christ our God.

On Friday in the second, third, and fourth weeks of the Fast, the following troparia are sung:

Troparion of the saints - Tone 2:



A - pos - tles, mar - tyrs, and proph - ets, bish - ops, ven - 'ra - ble and right - eous saints, you have fin - ished the course and have kept the faith. Since you can ap - proach the Sav - ior with con - fi - dence, we ask you to beseech his good - ness on our be - half,

Celebrant: For those (buried or enrolled) here, and true Christians everywhere.

Response: May their memory be eternal!

Celebrant: Through the prayers of our holy fathers, O Lord Jesus Christ our God, have mercy on us.

Response: Amen.

And then this prayer is said:

Celebrant: O Lord who love us all, forgive those those who hate us, and those who have wronged us. Do good to those who do good. Grant to our brothers and sisters and relatives those petitions which are for salvation and life eternal. Visit the sick, and grant them healing. Guide those who sail upon the sea, travel with those who travel by land or air. Assist our government. To those who have served us and have been kind to us, grant forgiveness of their sins. Upon those who have asked us, unworthy though we be, to pray for them, have mercy, according to your great goodness. Keep in remembrance, O Lord, our fathers, brothers and sisters who have fallen asleep before us, and give them rest where the light of your countenance will visit them. Remember, O Lord, our brothers and sisters who are in captivity, and release them from all the troubles that afflict them. Remember, Lord, those who bring gifts, and the benefactors of your holy churches, and grant them those petitions which are for salvation and life eternal. Remember, also, O Lord, us, your humble, and sinful, and unworthy servants, and enlighten our minds with the light of your wisdom, and guide us in the way of your commandments. Through the prayers of our all-pure Lady, the Theotokos and ever-virgin Mary, and of all your saints, for you are blessed forever.

Response: 
A - - - - - men.

The end of Compline, and thanks be to God!

On Tuesday evening:

I have followed in the footsteps of Cain, * I have chosen to become a murderer; * for I have led my poor soul to death, * by living according to the flesh * in the wickedness of my deeds.

O Jesus, how is it that I could not follow the path of the just Abel, * that I could not present to you pure offerings, * holy deeds and an unblemished sacrifice, * by the purity of my life?

Like Cain, we offered to the Creator of the universe *our evil deeds, blemished sacrifices, and our worthless life; * therefore, we shall be condemned.

You have formed me from clay, O Creator, * and you have given me flesh and bones, breath and life; * You have created me, O Lord; * now lead me back to you, O my Judge and my Savior.

I confess the sins I have committed before you, O Savior; * you see the wounds of my soul and my flesh,* for I have fallen beneath the blows of the Enemy * which rob me of my power to think.

Despite my faults, O Savior, * I truly know that you are the Lover of us all. * You chastise those whom you love, * and generous is your mercy; * you behold my tears, * and you hasten to meet me, your prodigal.

On Wednesday evening:

From my youth I have scorned your commandments, O my Savior; * I have spent my life in carelessness * and in the laziness of passions. * Therefore, I cry to you, O my Savior: * Before the end, save me.

I stand before your gate, O Savior, * do not reject me; * in my old age, do not cast me into Hades; * but before the end, O Lord,* grant me the forgiveness of my sins.

I have foolishly wasted the riches of my soul in luxurious living; * deprived of everything and starved of virtue, * I cry to you, O Father all-good: * Have mercy on me.

I am the traveller who has fallen into the thievery of my thoughts; * completely wounded, I am covered with bruises; * come to save me, O Christ, and heal me.

A Priest sees me, but continues on his way; * a Levite notices my grief and scorns my nudity; * but you, O Jesus, who come from Mary, * you bring me help.



Ho - ly Moth - er Ma - ry, pray to God for us.

Since you have a special place with God, * give me the light of grace from on high * to enlighten the darkness of my passions,* that, in joy, I may praise, O Mary, * your holy life and your wondrous virtues.

On Thursday evening:

Lamb of God, who take away the sin of the world, * lighten my burden and free me from the yoke of my sins; * in your love, grant me the forgiveness of my sins.

I bow before you, O Jesus; * I have sinned against you. * Forgive me and drive far from me the burden of my sins; * in your goodness, grant me the tears of repentance.

Do not bring me into judgment, * recalling all that I should have done, * examining my deeds and correcting my wrongs. * In your mercy, overlook my transgressions, * and save me, O God almighty.

In this season of repentance, I hasten to you, O Creator; * deliver me from the weight of my faults; * in your great goodness, grant me the forgiveness of my sins.

I have foolishly wasted the riches of my soul in luxurious living; * deprived of everything and starved of virtue, * I cry to you, O Father all-good: * Have mercy on me.



Ho - ly Moth - er Ma - ry, pray to God for us.

Submitting yourself to the divine precepts, * you have followed Christ; * wisely you have overcome the power of your passions, * and more than all, you live the life of virtue.

Celebrant: For those who travel by sea, land, or air.

Response: May God direct their journey!

Celebrant: For the ill and suffering.

Response: May God cure them and show them mercy!

Celebrant: For the afflicted and the imprisoned.

Response: May God visit them and show them mercy!

Celebrant: For all Christians of the true faith.

Response: May God save them and give them mercy!

Celebrant: For an abundance of the earth's produce.

Response: May God increase the fruit of the earth!

Celebrant: Let us remember the founders of this holy church.

Response: May God remember them and give them peace!

Celebrant: Our parents and relatives.

Response: May God remember them and give them peace!

Celebrant: Our fathers, brother and sisters who have died.

Response: May God remember them and give them peace!

Celebrant: Those who died in war.

Response: May God remember them and give them peace!

Celebrant: For our God-loving bishop (*name*).

Response: May God save him and give him mercy!

Celebrant: For all the bishops of the Catholic Church.

Response: May God save them and give them mercy!

Celebrant: For the gracious benefactors of this holy church.

Response: May God save them and give them mercy!

Celebrant: For our spiritual fathers and all our brothers and sisters in Christ.

Response: May God save them and give them mercy!

Celebrant: For the absent and those sent on business.

Response: May God protect them and have mercy on them!

Celebrant: For those who are kind to us.

Response: May God reward them and have mercy on them!

Celebrant: For those who did or now serve in this holy church.

Response: May God save them and give them mercy!

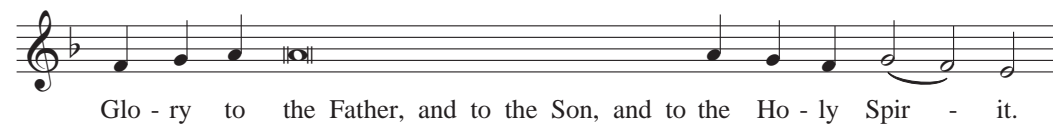
Celebrant: For those who love or hate us.

Response: May God forgive them and show them mercy!

Celebrant: For the deliverance of prisoners.

Response: May God ransom and have mercy on them!

On Monday through Thursday evening:

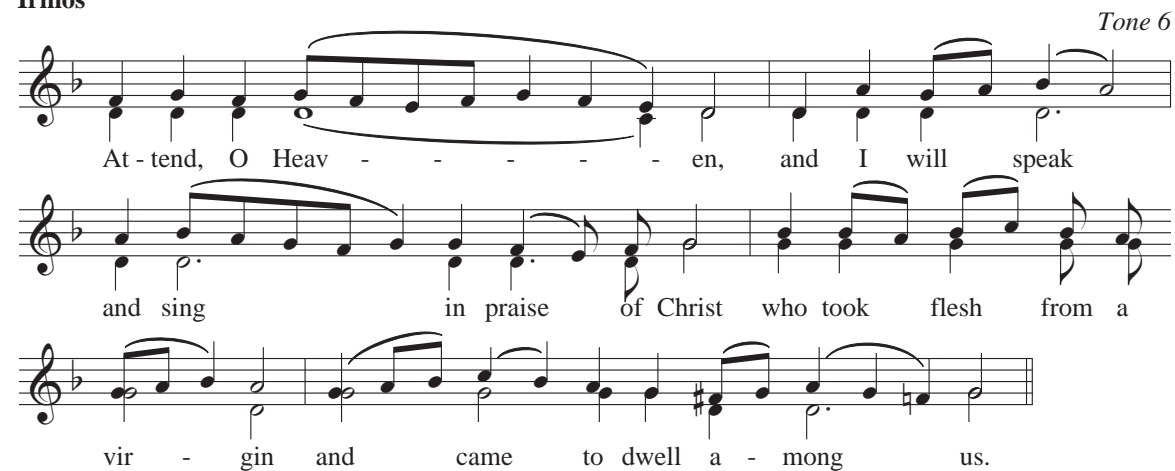


Heavenly Trinity, I bow before your unique majesty; * lift from my shoulders the heavy burden * brought about by the yoke of my sins; * in your goodness, grant me the tears of compunction.



O Theotokos, * the hope and protection of those who praise you, * lift off the weight, the burden of my sins; * accept me, O most holy Lady, * for I am transformed by repentance.

Ode 2
Irmos



Then the reader intones the following troparia of the ode, according to the day of the week. Before each troparion, we make the sign of the cross and a full prostration, and sing:

Refrain



On Monday evening:

Listen to my voice, O heaven, * O earth, lend your ear to my cry; * for God draws me back to him, * and I will praise him.

O Lord, God of mercy, * look upon me with compassion * and accept the confession of my sins from my lips.

More than all have I sinned against you, O Lord; * forgive me, O God and Savior, * for I am the work of your hands.

Concealing the ugliness of my passions, * in my thirst for pleasure, * I have tarnished the beauty of my soul.

The storm of sin resounds around me; * stretch forth your hand to me, O Lord, * as you did to Peter upon the water.

I have dragged the tunic of my flesh in the mire, * disfiguring your image and likeness, O my Savior.

The pleasures I sought have darkened the grace of my soul;* and through them, my spirit has been brought back to dust.

I have torn the beautiful garment * that the Creator wove for me in the beginning; * and now I am covered with rags.

I have clothed myself in the rags that the Serpent wove for me; * I followed his counsel * and now I am covered with shame.

I cry out to you, O Christ, * with the tears of the Sinful Woman; * in your love, O Savior, have mercy on me.

Cyril and Methodius; of the holy equal to the apostles, the faithful great prince Vladimir; of the holy martyr Josaphat, archbishop of Polotsk; of the glorious and victorious martyrs; of our venerable and God-bearing fathers Anthony and Theodosius of the Monastery of the Caves; and of all our venerable and God-bearing fathers; of the holy and just ancestors of God, Joachim and Anna, and of all your saints, make this prayer of your servants acceptable and pleasing, and grant us the remission of all our faults; shelter us under the shadow of your wings, drive far from us every enemy and adversary and make our lives peaceful. Lord, have mercy on us and your world and save our souls, for you are good and love us all.

Response: Amen.

Celebrant: Good fathers and brothers [and sisters]! Grant me your blessing and pardon me all the wrongs I have done this day, in word or deed or thought, with all my spiritual and bodily faculties.

Response: May God himself forgive you, Father, and have mercy on you.

Bless us, Father, and forgive us the wrongs we have done this day, in word or deed or thought, with each of our spiritual and bodily faculties.

Celebrant: Through His grace, may God forgive you also, and may He have mercy on you all.

Then, the following petitions are intoned:

Celebrant: Let us pray for our holy, ecumenical pontiff (*name*), pope of Rome.

Response: May God save him and give him mercy!

Celebrant: For our civil authorities.

Response: May God save them and give them mercy!

Celebrant: For our most reverend Archbishop and Metropolitan (*name*).

Response: May God save him and give him mercy!



For you are the sal - va - tion of all Chris - tians.

Then this litany:

Celebrant: Have mercy on us, O God, according to your great mercy, we pray you, hear us and have mercy.

Response: Lord, have mercy. *(three times)*

Celebrant: Again, we pray: O our God, clement and gracious, good Lover of us all, protect this city and this holy church, and every city, village and country, from violence, earthquake, flood, hail, fire, sword, foreign invasion and civil war. Be merciful to us, and turn away your anger justly directed at us, and deliver us from your righteous judgment, and have mercy on us.

Response: Lord, have mercy. *(three times)*

Celebrant: Hear us, O God our Savior, hope of the ends of the earth and those far off at sea, and be merciful to us, O merciful Master, on account of our sins, and have mercy on us. For you are a merciful and loving God and we give glory to you, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, now and ever and forever.

Response: Amen.

In the Great Fast, in place of the usual dismissal, the celebrant recites this prayer over us while we kneel:

Celebrant: O Master rich in mercy, Lord Jesus Christ, our God! Through the prayers of our most pure Lady, the Theotokos and ever-virgin Mary; through the power of the precious and life-creating cross; through the protection of the honorable, heavenly and angelic powers, and through the prayers of the honorable and glorious prophet, forerunner, and baptist John; of the holy, glorious and illustrious apostles; of our holy Fathers, the great hierarchs and universal teachers, Basil the Great, Gregory the Theologian and John Chrysostom; of our holy father Nicholas the Wonderworker, Archbishop of Myra in Lycia; of the holy equals to the apostles and teachers of the Slavs,

To see the beauty of the Tree, * my mind was misled; * henceforth, I am naked * and filled with shame.

The workers of iniquity have plowed upon my back, * and they have made their long furrows of sin upon me.

On Tuesday evening:

Sin has clothed me with a robe of skin, * since I have been deprived of the garment formerly given to me by God.

I am covered with shame as with fig leaves, * thus proving that the passions rule me.

My garment is defiled, * shamefully stained by the blood * of my life given over to pleasures.

The passions have ruled me and corrupted me; * therefore, the Enemy now oppresses me.

Instead of poverty, * I preferred the riches and pleasures of life; * and now, O my Savior, * I am bent beneath the weight of sin.

I have adorned the idol of my flesh * with the gaudy robe of my impure thoughts, * and now I am condemned.

Being attentive only to outer beauty, * I have neglected the inner temple fashioned by God.

By my passions, O Savior, * I have lost the beauty of your image; * but you have sought and found it * as you once did to the lost coin.

I cry out to you as did the Sinful Woman: * I have sinned, against you alone have I sinned; * accept my tears, O God and Savior, * as you once accepted myrrh.

I cry to you as did the Publican: * Forgive me, O Savior, * for no descendant of Adam has sinned as I have sinned.

On Wednesday evening:

Like David, I have fallen into the abyss * where I am covered with mire; * but cleanse me with my tears, * as you once did to him, O my Savior.


I have neither compunction nor tears of repentance; * grant these to me, O my Savior and my God.

Through my sin I have lost both my beauty and original dignity; * I am ashamed of my nudity.

O Lord, Lord, do not close the door to me on that day; * but deign to open for me the gate to repentance.

Give ear to my sighs and to the murmurs of my heart; * accept the tears of my eyes, * and save me, O God my Savior.

O Lord and Lover of Humankind, * who desire the salvation of all, * in your goodness call me back * and receive my repentance.

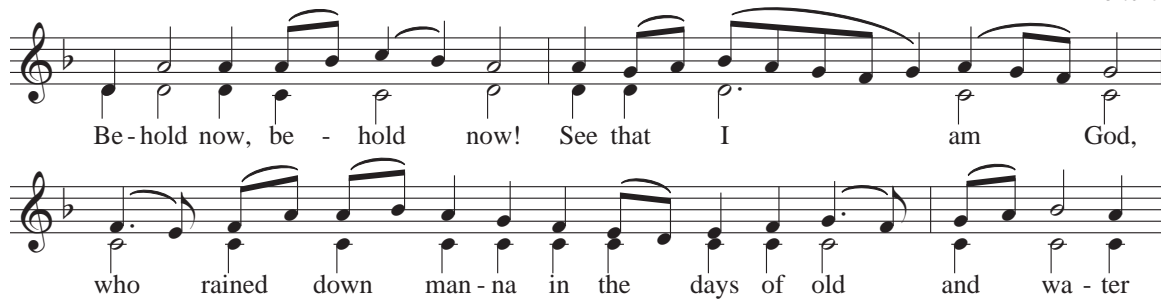


Most ho - ly The - o - to - kos, save us.

O Virgin Theotokos, * you are most pure and alone are worthy of our songs; * intercede unceasingly that we may be saved.

Another irmos

Tone 6



Be-hold now, be - hold now! See that I am God,
who rained down man - na in the days of old and wa - ter




trans - gres - sions, but look up - on us even now with mer - cy,
and de - liv - er us from our en - e - mies. For you are our God
and we are your peo - ple: we all are the work of your hands,
and we call up - on your name.




Now and ev - er and for - ev - er. A - men.

Theotokion - Tone 6



O - pen un - to us the doors of mer - cy, O bless - ed The - o - to - kos.



Let us not per - ish who place our trust in you,



but rath - er through you be de - liv - ered from mis - for - tune.

Response: Amen.

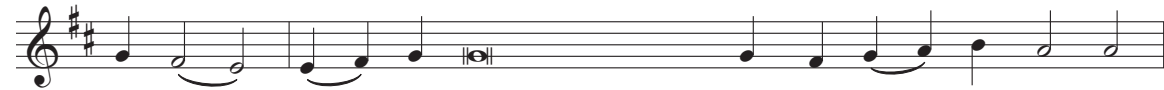
O most glorious, ever-virgin Theotokos,
carry our petitions to your Son and our God,
and pray to him that, through you, he may save our souls.

The Father is my hope, the Son is my refuge, the Holy Spirit is my protector.
O holy Trinity, glory to you.

And then these troparia, in Tone 6:



Have mer - cy on us, O Lord, have mer - cy on us: since we have no



de-fense, we sin - ners offer this supplica-tion to you, our Mas - ter;



have mer - cy on us.



Glo-ry to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Spir - it.



Lord, have mer - cy on us, for in you we place our hope.



Be not ex - ceed - ing - ly an - gry with us, nor mind - ful of our



springs brought gush - ing from the rock, giv - en for my peo - ple in



the wil - der - ness, and by the might of my right hand



and by my pow - - - er a - lone.

Refrain



Have mer - cy on me, O God, have mer - cy on me.

Behold and see! I am your God. * Listen to the Lord, O my soul; * separate yourself from your former perversion, * in the fear of your God who shall come to judge you.

To whom shall I compare you, O my poor soul? * To Cain, the first murderer, or to Lamech? * For you have stoned your body and slain your spirit, * by your misdeeds and the fervor of your sin.

O my soul, if you are compared to all those before the Law,* you have surely not imitated those who turned their life around,* such as Seth, Enos, Enoch and Noah; * no, you have not followed the righteousness of their life.

You alone have opened the windows of the wrath of God; * as in the time of the flood, * you have submerged your flesh and the works of your life, * and you have not entered into the ark of salvation.

Refrain



Ho - ly Moth - er Ma - ry, pray to God for us.

With a burning heart, you have hastened to follow Christ, * leaving your former way of sin * to now live in the solitude of the desert, * observing his divine commandments with a pure heart.

On Thursday evening:

I have killed a man for a wound, * a child for a bruise, * said Lamech amid his tears; * and you, O my soul, * you do not tremble for having despoiled your flesh and defiled your spirit.

Through your desires, O my soul, * you sought to build a tower * and to establish a fortified city; * but the Creator has upset these plans, * and he has overturned your projects.

How have I imitated Lamech the murderer, * by killing my spirit as a man * and my soul as a child? * Like Cain the murderer, * I have killed my brother the body, * in the fervor of my passions.

In days of old, the Lord of heaven * rained down fire upon Sodom * which was inflamed with evil desires; * and you, O my soul, are fanning the flames of Gehenna * into whose fires you shall descend.

Behold, I am wounded and injured, * for the arrows of the Enemy have pierced my soul and body; * my bruises and the inflammation of my sores * bear witness to the violence of my passions.



Having sunk into the pit of temptation, * you stretched out your hands, O Mary, * toward the mercy of God; * and, as he did to Peter, * the Lover of Humankind reached out his helping hand, * for it was your conversion that he sought above all.

Celebrant: O chaste and spotless Lady never touched by blame or corruption or defilement, O Bride of the Most High himself, you brought forth the Word of God into this world in a marvelous and mysterious way, thus uniting him to us and joining our nature to the divine. You are the only hope of those who have no hope, always ready to come to the aid of every Christian who seeks refuge in you. Though I have often defiled myself with all sorts of impurities - thoughts, words, and deeds-- though slothfulness has enslaved me to lust, though I often find myself weighed down by despair and depression, do not despise me. As the Theotokos, your heart is filled with love and compassion for all mankind. Therefore, pity me in spite of my sinfulness; accept this prayer from these impure lips of mine. With boldness that only a mother could manifest, implore your Son, our Lord and God, to show me his deep and tender mercy. Entreat him not to regard the numberless times I have fallen, but to lead me to true repentance, that, as his friend and follower, I may be always conscious of his precepts and ever ready to observe them. And you, sweet Lady, in your graciousness, stay with me. Take my part at all times. Enable me to repel all temptations, to achieve my eternal salvation. At the moment of my death, embrace and comfort my sorry soul, and drive off the terrifying specters of the evil one. On that awesome day of judgment, save me from everlasting punishment; reveal me as a true heir of that ineffable glory which your Son has promised in His grace and love. To him, to his eternal Father, and to his all-holy, good, and life-creating Spirit is due all glory, honor, and worship, now and ever, and forever.

Response: Amen.

Celebrant: As we prepare for bed, Master, we ask for rest of body and soul, for gentle, peaceful sleep free of all nightmares and temptations, free of all disturbing dreams. Arrest the assaults of the powers of darkness, and calm the interior commotions of mind and body. Fill us with your peace that we may not be overcome by the restless fantasies of our imagination. Make our minds aware and alert, quick to discern right and wrong, ever ready and able to foster thoughts conducive to spiritual living. When the time for prayer comes, raise us from bed, and inspire us with strength and determination. Keep us always conscious of your commandments, aware of how you wish us to live, that we may ever sing your glory: praising, blessing, and extolling that magnificent name of yours, which deserves all honor, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit: now and ever and forever.

Prayer of Saint Ephrem

Lord and Master of my life,
spare me from the spirit of indifference, despair,
lust for power, and idle chatter.

Prostration

Instead, bestow on me, your servant,
the spirit of integrity, humility, patience, and love.

Prostration

Yes, O Lord and King,
let me see my own sins
and not judge my brothers and sisters;
for you are blessed forever and ever. Amen.

Prostration

The following is repeated four times, with a simple bow after each line:

O God, be merciful to me, a sinner.
O God, cleanse me of my sins and have mercy on me.
O Lord, forgive me for I have sinned without number.

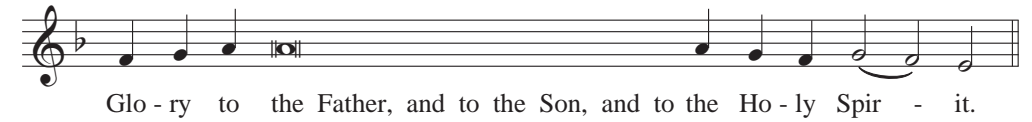
Lord and Master of my life,
spare me from the spirit of indifference, despair,
lust for power, and idle chatter.

Instead, bestow on me, your servant,
the spirit of integrity, humility, patience, and love.

Yes, O Lord and King,
let me see my own sins
and not judge my brothers and sisters;
for you are blessed forever and ever. Amen.

Prostration

On Monday through Thursday evening:



I sing your praises, * One in Three Persons, God of all, * Father, Son,
and Holy Spirit

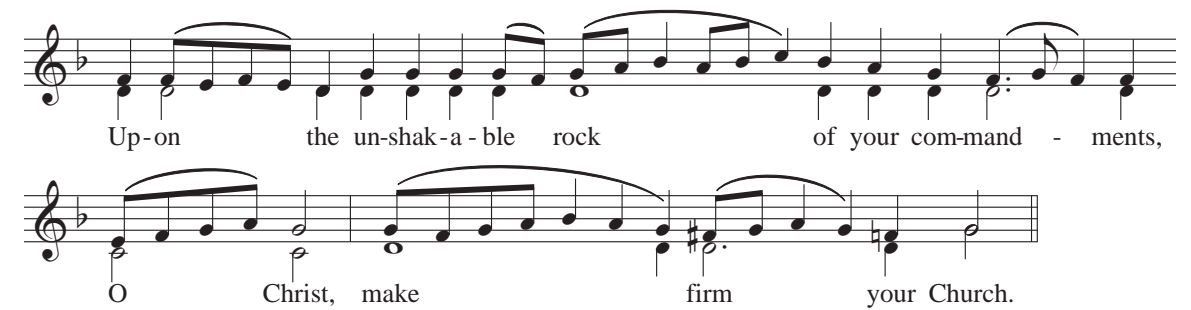


O Theotokos undefiled, * Virgin alone worthy of all praise, * intercede
fervently for our salvation.

Ode 3

Irmos - FOR MONDAY

Tone 6

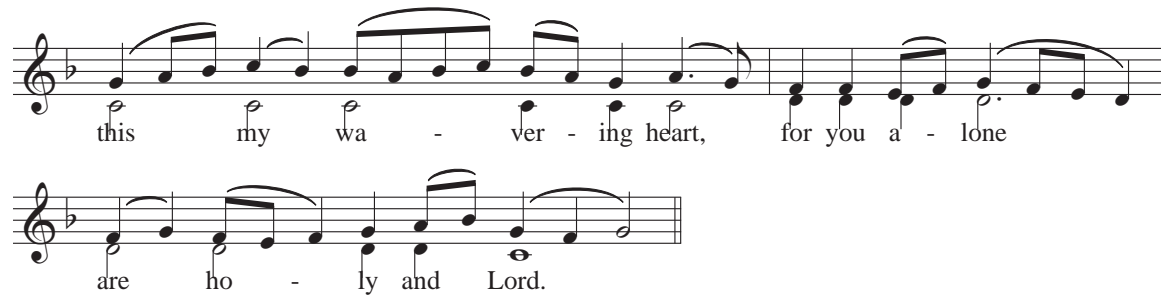


Ode 3

Irmos - FOR TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, AND THURSDAY

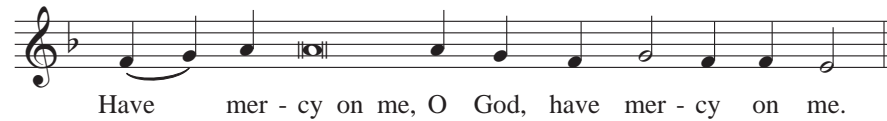
Tone 6





Then the reader intones the following troparia of the ode, according to the day of the week. Before each troparion, we make the sign of the cross and a full prostration, and sing:

Refrain



On Monday evening:

From the height of heaven, * the Lord once rained down a deluge of fire * upon the land of Sodom.

Seek safety on the mountain, O my soul, * as once did Lot * who took refuge in Zoar.

Flee the flaming sword, O my soul, * flee the fire of Sodom,* flee the affliction of the divine flames.

Against you have I sinned, * more than all have I fallen; * O Christ our Savior, have mercy on me.

You are truly the Good Shepherd; * come in search of me, O Lord; * do not despise your lost sheep.

O Jesus, you are the sweetness of my life; * you have created me; * in you, O Savior, I shall be justified.

I confess to you, O my Savior, * that I have sinned without measure against you; * but in your goodness, wipe out my sin.

Celebrant: O good God, in all times and places you are worshiped and glorified both in heaven and on earth. You are long-suffering and generous in your mercy and compassion. You love the Just and show mercy to the sinner, calling all to repentance through the promise of blessings to come. Deem, O Lord, at this very hour, to receive our supplications and to direct our lives in the path of your commandments. Sanctify our souls; purify our bodies; set right our minds; cleanse our thoughts; deliver us from all affliction, trouble and distress; surround us with your holy Angels so that, guided and guarded in their camp, we may attain oneness of faith and the knowledge of your unspeakable glory. For You are blessed, forever and ever.

Response: Amen.

Lord, have mercy. Lord, have mercy.
 Lord, have mercy.


Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit,
 now and ever and forever. Amen.

More honorable than the Cherubim,
 and beyond compare more glorious than the Seraphim,
 who a virgin, have birth to God the Word,
 you, truly the Theotokos, we magnify.

In the name of the Lord, Father, give the blessing!

Celebrant: May God be merciful to us and bless us, may he cause his countenance to shine upon us, and have mercy on us.

Response: Amen.




to in - ter - cede for us, had we not your mer - cy to spare us, we would not



dare to sing to you! O you who read our hearts, save our souls!

Cantor: Now and ever...



My sins are without number, O The - o - to - kos, so to you I come for salvation,



O pur - est La - dy! Vis - it my feeble soul, and pray for me to your



Son our God, to for - give me the terrible deeds I have done,

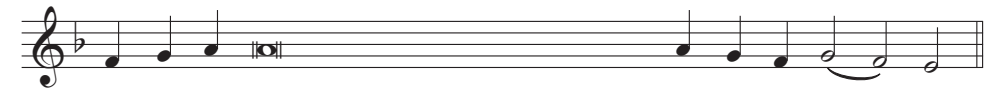


O on - ly - bles - sed one!

All-holy Theotokos, stay with me throughout my life!
Do not abandon me to the protection of men,
but defend me and have mercy on me.

I put all my hope in you, O Mother of God:
shelter me under your protection.

Lord, have mercy. (40 times; music on p. 71)



Glo - ry to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Spir - it.

O one divine Trinity, * save us from straying, * from temptations and from all dangers.



Now and ev - er and for - ev - er. A - men.

Rejoice, O womb that bore God; * rejoice, O throne of the Lord; * rejoice, O Mother of our Life.

On Tuesday evening:

For me, you are the fountain of life * and the One who conquered Death, * and with all my heart I cry out to you before the end: * I have sinned; forgive me and save me.

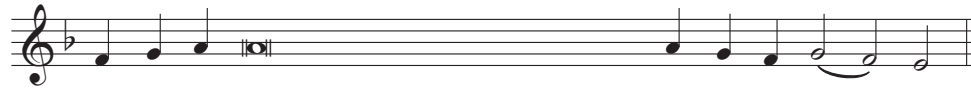
I have sinned against you, O Lord, * forgive me, for I have sinned; * there is no sinner whom I have not surpassed by my sins.

I have followed the example of those who lived in the time of Noah; * and I deserve the same punishment * in the flood that engulfed them.

O my soul, you have imitated the filial disrespect of Ham, * for you have not covered the shame of your neighbor, * walking backwards so as not to see.

Like Lot, O my soul, flee from the flames of sin; * far from Sodom and Gomorrah, * flee from the fire of your evil inclinations.

Have mercy on me, O Lord, have mercy on me, * such shall be my cry * when you come with your holy angels * to judge each of us according to our deeds.



Glo-ry to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Spir - it.

O Trinity all-worthy of our praise, * one God in three Persons, * save us who in faith bow before your majesty.



Now and ev - er and for - ev - er. A - men.

O marvelous wonder! * Without seed, the Virgin and Mother of God * has conceived the Son of the eternal Father, * and you have given birth to him in time.

On Wednesday evening:

You have not received the blessing of Shem, * O my poor soul; * you have not inherited the vast domain of Japheth, * in the land of forgiveness.

Departing from Haran, O my poor soul, * leave behind the land of sin, * for the land which flows with immortality, * which Abraham received as an inheritance.

You have heard, O my soul, * how Abraham left the land of his ancestors * and became a stranger upon earth; * imitate his example and his resolve.

Beneath the oak of Mamre, * the Patriarch showed hospitality to the angels; * and despite his advanced age, * he received the fulfillment of the promise of God.

O my soul, * you know the new sacrifice of Isaac, * the spiritual holocaust offered to the Lord; * seek to imitate his resolve.

You have heard, O my soul, * how Ishmael, the child of slavery, was chased away; * keep watch so as not to become a servant of the passions, * that you do not incur the same banishment.

Then the reader or cantor intones verses from Psalm 150, and the faithful respond with the refrain, "Lord, of hosts be with us", which may be alternated between the choirs or two sides of the church.

V. Praise God in his holy place; praise him in his mighty heavens.

Lord of hosts, be with us...

V. Praise him for his powerful deeds; praise his surpassing greatness.

Lord of hosts, be with us...

V. Praise him with sound of trumpet; praise him with lute and harp.

Lord of hosts, be with us...

V. Praise him with timbrel and dance; praise him with strings and pipes.

Lord of hosts, be with us...

V. Praise him with resounding symbols; praise him with clashing of cymbals.
Let everything that lives and that breathes give praise to the Lord.

Lord of hosts, be with us...

V. Praise God in his holy place; praise him in his mighty heavens.

(both choirs, or entire church:) **Lord of hosts, be with us...**

V. Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit.

And the faithful sing, in tone 6:



O Lord and Sav-ior, ev - er praised by the an - gel - ic hosts, had we not your saints

Most Holy Trinity, have mercy on us;
 Lord, cleanse us of our sins;
 Master, forgive our transgressions,
 Holy One, come to us and heal our infirmities for your name's sake.

Lord, have mercy. Lord, have mercy.
 Lord, have mercy.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit,
 now and ever and forever. Amen.

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name.
 Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.
 Give us this day our daily bread,
 and forgive us our trespasses
 as we forgive those who trespass against us,
 and lead us not into temptation,
 but deliver us from evil.

Celebrant: For thine is the kingdom and the power and glory, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, now and ever and forever.

Response: Amen.

On Monday through Thursday, the following is sung loudly and slowly. (For Fridays, see the proper kontakia page 91.)

The first choir, or right side of the church, sings:

Lord of Hosts, by with us! In time of af-flic-tion, we have no one
 to help us but you. Lord of Hosts, have mer-cy on us!

And then the second right, or the left side of the church, repeats: "Lord of hosts, be with us..."

Refrain

Ho - ly Moth - er Ma - ry, pray to God for us.

I am assaulted by the storm of my sins; * come to my aid, O mother, * and guide me to the harbor, * the way that leads to God.

Offer your prayer of intercession, O venerable mother, * to the tenderness of the most pure Virgin, * thus opening for me the door that leads to God.

Glo - ry to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Spir - it.

O Trinity all-worthy of our praise, * one God in three Persons, * save us who in faith bow before your majesty.

Now and ev - er and for - ev - er. A - men.

O marvelous wonder! * Without seed, the Virgin and Mother of God * has conceived the Son of the eternal Father, * and you have given birth to him in time.

On Thursday evening:

You have imitated the mother of Ishmael, * Hagar the Egyptian of old, * for you have made yourself the slave of your desires * and have boasted about what you conceived.

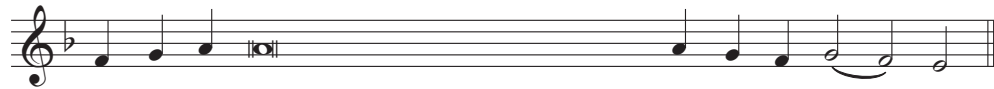
You know, O my soul, about the Ladder of Jacob, * which reached from earth to heaven; * why then have you not ascended the rungs of piety?

Seek to imitate the life of Melchizedek, * the priest of God and the king with no genealogy, * who was a splendid image of Christ.

Turn back, O wretched soul, and lament, * before the fair-ground of life comes to an end, * before the Lord shuts the door of the bridal chamber.

Do not become a pillar of salt * by turning around to see what is behind you; * fear the example of Sodom * and be saved by ascending to Zoar.

O Master, do not reject the prayer of those who sing to you;* but spare them in your goodness, * granting to the faithful the forgiveness of their sins.



Glo - ry to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Spir - it.

O Trinity all-worthy of our praise, * one God in three Persons, * save us who in faith bow before your majesty.



Now and ev - er and for - ev - er. A - men.

O marvelous wonder! * Without seed, the Virgin and Mother of God * has conceived the Son of the eternal Father, * and you have given birth to him in time.

On Monday through Thursday, continue with Ode 4.

Ode 4

Irmos

Tone 6



The Proph - et heard of your com - ing, O Lord, and he was a - fraid:



how you were to be born of a vir - gin and re - vealed to men,



and he said: I have heard the re - port of you

Blessed are you, O Lord, the God of our Fathers,
and praiseworthy and glorious is your name forever. Amen.
May your mercy, O Lord, be upon us
who have placed our hope in you.

Blessed are you, O Lord,
teach me your commandments.
Blessed are you, O Master,
make me understand your commandments.
Blessed are you, O Holy One,
enlighten me with your commandments.

O Lord, your mercy is forever,
despise not the work of your hands.

To you is due praise, to you is due a hymn;
to you is glory due,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
now and ever and forever. Amen.

On certain days, a canon is prescribed, and at the end of the canon:

It is truly proper to glorify you, O Theotokos, the ever-blessed, immaculate, and the mother of our God. More honorable than the Cherubim, and beyond compare more glorious than the Seraphim, who, a virgin, have birth to God the Word, you, truly the Theotokos, we magnify.

Holy God, Holy and Mighty, Holy and Immortal,
have mercy on us. *(three times)*

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit,
now and ever and forever. Amen.

The Lesser Doxology

Glory to God in the highest,
and to people on earth, peace and good will.
We praise you, we bless you, we worship you,
we glorify you, we thank you for your great glory.
Lord God, heavenly King, Father Almighty,
Lord, only-begotten Son, Jesus Christ, and you, Holy Spirit.

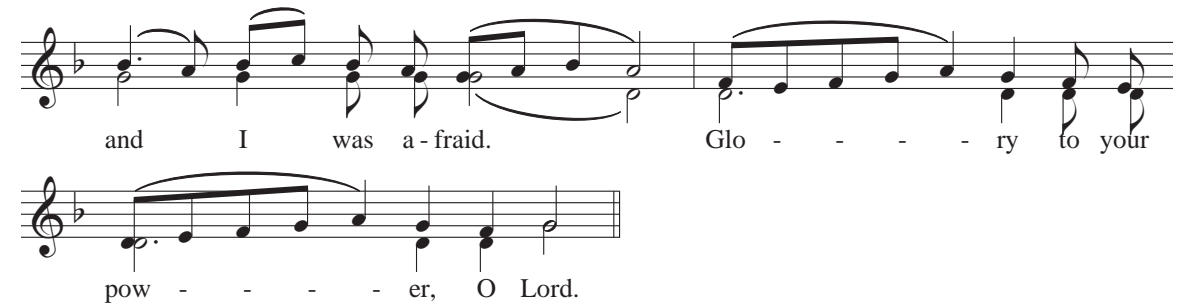
Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father,
you take away the sin of the world, have mercy on us.
You take away the sins of the world,
hear our prayer.
You are seated at the right hand of the Father,
have mercy on us.

For you alone are holy, you alone are the Lord, Jesus Christ,
to the glory of God the Father. Amen.
I will bless you day after day,
and praise your name forever.

O Lord, you have been our refuge
from one generation to the next.
I said: Lord, have mercy on me,
heal my soul, for I have sinned against you.
O Lord, I have fled to you for refuge,
teach me to do your will, for you, O Lord, are my God.

In you is the source of life
and in your light we see light.
Extend your mercy
to those who know you.

Make us worthy, O Lord,
to be kept sinless this night.



and I was a - fraid. Glo - - - - ry to your
pow - - - - er, O Lord.

Then the reader intones the following troparia of the ode, according to the day of the week.

Before each troparion, we make the sign of the cross and a full prostration, and sing:

Refrain



Have mer - cy on me, O God, have mer - cy on me.

On Monday evening:

Do not despise the work of your hands, * nor scorn your creation, O just Judge, * even though I alone have sinned more than all, O merciful God; * for you are the God of the universe, * and it is you who forgive sins.

The end is near, O my soul, * it approaches and you neglect to prepare yourself; * the time is at hand; * arise, for the Judge is at the door; * our life disappears like a dream or a flower, * and we toil in vain.

Awake, O my soul, * and think about what you have done in your life; * let your tears flow as you meditate upon your past; * confess your deeds and secret thoughts to Christ, * and you shall be justified.

O Savior, there is nothing in this life that I have not done, * no sin nor evil deed that I have not committed, * in word or intention, * deliberately, in thoughts or in deeds, * more than any other at any time.

For this I am condemned, * for this I am also judged by my own conscience * which has no equal in this world; * you probe me and you know me, O Redeemer, * spare me, and save me, your servant.

The ladder that the Patriarch Jacob once contemplated * is the ascetical effort, the mystical ascent; * O my soul, if you wish to understand these two, * renew yourself and be made new.

To gain his two wives, * the Patriarch endured the heat of day and the freezing of night, * in labor and in combat, * cunningly increasing his flock day by day.

The two wives are action and contemplation; * Leah is action, because she had many children; * Rachel is knowledge, which is gained only with toil; * and we gain the fruit of both of these only with struggle.

On Tuesday evening:

Be watchful, O my soul, and strive as did Jacob, * so that you may not only be filled with action, * but that you may also gain knowledge * and the vision of God, * and radiant contemplation, that pearl of great price.

Jacob was the father of the twelve Patriarchs, * and thus he provided a mystical ladder of ascent, * setting up his sons as so many steps, * that the most wise might rise up.

Imitating that miserable Esau, O my soul, * you have sold the birthright of your original beauty to the Deceiver, * and thus you have been deprived of the paternal blessing; * henceforth, do penance.

Esau was called Edom because of his raging passions; * burning with lust and stained with pleasure, * he was called Edom * which means the blazing of a soul that is smitten with sin.

From Job, you have learned submission, O my soul, * with which he sat upon the ash heap and was justified; * but you have not imitated his courage and steadfastness; * perseverance is still lacking in you.

Behold he now sits naked upon the dungheap, * he who not long ago was seated upon a throne; * this illustrious father of yesteryear now has no home nor children; * the ash heap is his palace, * and his sores take the place of precious jewels.

The enemy pursues my soul;
he has crushed my life to the ground;
he has made me dwell in darkness
like the dead, long forgotten.

Therefore my spirit fails;
my heart is numb within me.
I remember the days that are past:
I ponder all your works.

I muse on what your hand has wrought
and to you I stretch out my hands.
Like a parched land
my soul thirsts for you.

Lord, make haste and answer;
for my spirit fails within me.
Do not hide your face
lest I become like those in the grave.

In the morning let me know your love
for I put my trust in you.
Make me know the way I should walk:
to you I lift up my soul.

Rescue me, Lord, from my enemies;
I have fled to you for refuge.
Teach me to do your will
for you, O Lord, are my God.

Let your good spirit guide me
in ways that are level and smooth.
For your name's sake, Lord, save my life;
in your justice save my soul from distress.

In your love make an end of my foes;
destroy all those who oppress me for I am your servant, O Lord.

Part II

Come, let us worship our King and God. (*bow*)

Come, let us worship Christ, our King and God. (*bow*)

Come, let us worship and bow before the only Lord Jesus Christ,
the King and our God. (*bow*)

Psalm 69

(*may be omitted if chanted at the beginning of the service*)

O God, make haste to my rescue,
Lord, come to my aid!
Let there be shame and confusion
on those who seek my life.

O let them turn back in confusion,
who delight in my harm,
let them retreat, covered with shame,
who jeer at my lot.

Let there be rejoicing and gladness
for all who seek you.
Let them say forever: "God is great,"
who love your saving help.

As for me, wretched and poor,
come to me, O God.
You are my rescuer, my help,
O Lord, do not delay.

Psalm 142

O Lord, listen to my prayer; turn your ear to my appeal.
You are faithful, you are just; give answer.
Do not call your servant to judgment
for no one is just in your sight.

On Wednesday evening:

My body and my spirit are stained and corrupted; * O Christ, the Physician of souls,
heal my wounds; * wash me through repentance, * purify me and make me whiter than
snow. *Refrain*

You offered your body and your blood upon the Cross * for the salvation of all, O Word:
* your body to re-create me * and your blood to cleanse me; * you handed over your spirit,
O Christ, * to bring me to the Father.

You worked salvation in the middle of the earth, * to save us, O Lord; * you ascended the
Cross to open Paradise for us; * all creation and the nations who are redeemed * now bow
before you.

May the blood and water flowing from your side * be both a baptism and a redeeming
drink for me, * so that, doubly purified,* I may draw your life-giving Word * from both
your chalice and your anointing.

From your life-giving side, O Savior, * the Church has inherited a chalice, * which flows
with a double stream of knowledge and forgiveness, * in the image of the one who unites
both Testaments, * the Old and the New.

I have been banished from the bridal chamber, * far from the wedding of the lamb; * my
lamp has no more oil and the doors are closed; * the banquet has been eaten, * and I am
thrown outside, hands and feet tied.

On Thursday evening:

My life is short, * filled with evil and grief; * accept me in repentance, * and call me into
your light * that I may not become a prize for the Enemy; * have mercy on me, O Savior.

Not long ago he was clothed with royal garments, * wearing the purple and the diadem; *
the just man had much wealth and countless flocks; * but suddenly he is deprived of all his
splendor.

When a just person such as Job, * who is totally beyond reproach, * cannot hold off the
attacks of the Evil One, * what shall you do, O my soul, * when misfortune falls upon you?

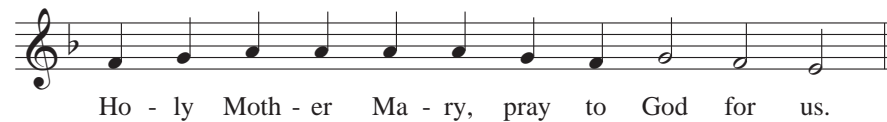
My heart is filled with vanity; * do not condemn me, Pharisee that I am, * but grant me the humility of the Publican * and count me with him, * through your goodness and just judgment.

I have sinned and defiled the temple of my body; * now accept me in repentance * and call me into your light, * that I may not become a prize for the Enemy; * have mercy on me, O Savior.

I have become my own idol, * defiling my soul through the passions; * now accept me in repentance * and call me into your light, * that I may not become a prize for the Enemy; * have mercy on me, O Savior.

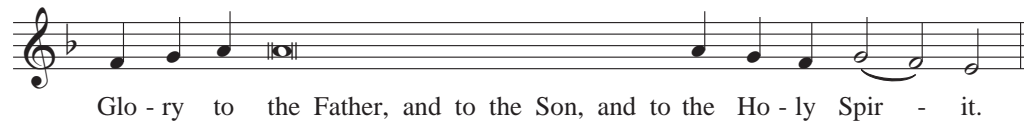
Instead of listening to your voice, * I have transgressed your Law; * now accept me in repentance * and call me into your light,* that I may not become a prize for the Enemy; * have mercy on me, O Savior.

Refrain

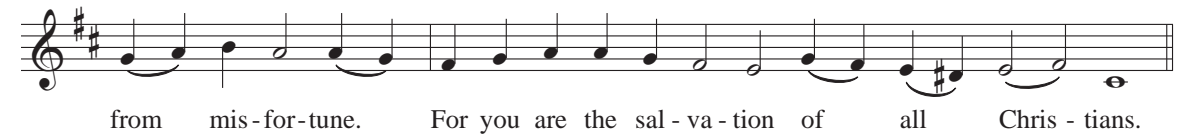


Having fallen into the abyss of sin, * you did not remain there as a booty; * but, taking flight by your works, you were raised up to the heights of virtue, * thus inspiring the admiration of the angels.

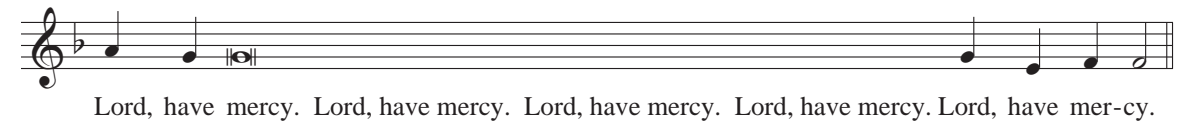
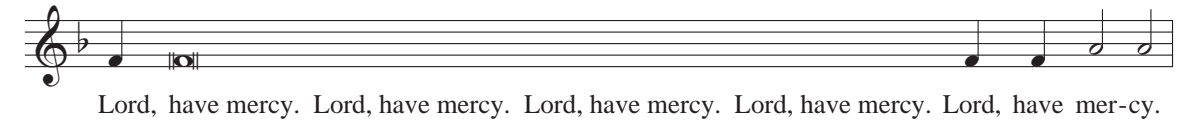
On Monday through Thursday evening:



I confess the Holy Trinity as God, * three Persons sharing the same royal throne, * indivisible in essence and beyond confusion; * my voice resounds with the triple hymn of the angels.



Then the faithful sing the following four times. (Different languages may be used if desired.)



and continue:

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit,
now and ever and forever. Amen.

More honorable than the Cherubim,
and beyond compare more glorious than the Seraphim,
who a virgin, have birth to God the Word,
you, truly the Theotokos, we magnify.

Give the blessing, Father, in the name of the Lord!

Celebrant: Through the prayers of our holy Fathers, O Lord Jesus Christ our God,
have mercy on us.

Response: Amen.

Celebrant: O God our Master, Almighty Father, only-begotten Son, Lord Jesus Christ; and
You, O Holy Spirit, one God and one Power, have mercy on me a sinner, and
save me, your unworthy servant, according to the ways of Your wisdom. For
You are blessed forever and ever.

Response: Amen.

Be not ex - ceed - ing - ly an - gry with us, nor mind - ful of our
 trans - gres - sions, but look up - on us even now with mer - cy,
 and de - liv - er us from our en - e - mies. For you are our God
 and we are your peo - ple: we all are the work of your hands,
 and we call up - on your name.
 Now and ev - er and for - ev - er. A - men.

Theotokion - Tone 6

O - pen un - to us the doors of mer - cy, O bless - ed The - o - to - kos.
 Let us not per - ish who place our trust in you, but rath - er through you be de - liv - ered

You have given birth, O Virgin, * and you still remained a Virgin, * for your virginal womb brought forth the One who renewed the laws of nature in himself; * for God has willed it so.

**Ode 5
 Irmos**

Tone 6

From the night I seek you ear - ly, O Lov - er of us all:
 en - light - en me, I pray, and guide me in your com - mand - ments,
 and teach me, O Sav - ior, to do your will.

Then the reader intones the following troparia of the ode, according to the day of the week. Before each troparion, we make the sign of the cross and a full prostration, and sing:

Refrain

Have mer - cy on me, O God, have mer - cy on me.

On Monday evening:

My life has slipped away in the night, * in darkness, deep chaos and the dark night of sin; * enlighten me, O Savior, * that I may become a child of light.

Woe is me, for I have become like Ruben; * I have sinned and given great offense to the Most High, * by transgressing his paternal love.

I confess to you, O Christ my King, that I have sinned; * I have sinned as did the brothers of Joseph, * who once sold the offspring of wisdom and purity.

The life of the just Joseph * was sold by his own brothers, * and the gentle young man was brought down to slavery, * as a figure of the Lord; * and you, O my soul, have sold yourself into sin.

Follow the footsteps of Joseph, O my poor and miserable soul; * imitate the justice and purity of his heart, * instead of giving yourself over to the enjoyment of passions * which keep you far from God.

When Joseph was thrown into the pit, O sovereign Master,* it was a foreshadowing of your burial and your holy Resurrection.

On Tuesday evening:

You know the story of Moses, O my soul, * how he drifted in his cradle as in an ark of salvation, * thus escaping the bitter execution of Pharaoh's plan.

The midwives were supposed to kill every male offspring of wisdom; * you know this, O my soul; * and now, like Moses, be nursed on the milk of wisdom.

You have not struck the spiritual Egyptian, O my soul, * as did the great Moses; * how will you be able, through repentance,* to dwell in the desert of passions.

Moses dwelt in the desert; * follow the path of his life, O my soul, * that you may also contemplate * the burning bush of the divine apparition.

Picture for yourself, O my soul, * the rod of Moses striking the sea * and holding back the wall of water; * it is the image of the holy Cross, * by which you also shall work wonders.

Aaron offered God a pure and unadulterated fire; * but, like you, O my soul, * Hophni and Phinehas brought the impurity of their lives.

On Wednesday evening:

My heart is hardened like that of Pharaoh; * I have become like Jannes and Jambres * in my soul and body, * in the heaviness of my spirit; * O Lord, come to my assistance.

Give us this day our daily bread,
and forgive us our trespasses
as we forgive those who trespass against us,
and lead us not into temptation,
but deliver us from evil.

Celebrant: For thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, now and ever and forever.

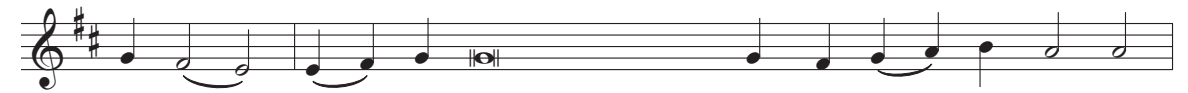
Response: Amen.

Lord, have mercy. (*twelve times*)

And then these troparia, in Tone 6:



Have mer - cy on us, O Lord, have mer - cy on us: since we have no



de-fense, we sin - ners offer this supplica-tion to you, our Mas - ter;



have mer - cy on us.



Glo - ry to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Spir - it.



Lord, have mer - cy on us, for in you we place our hope.

Now I kneel in my heart, beseeching your kindness:
I have sinned, O Lord!
I have sinned, and I acknowledge my transgressions.
I pray and beg you: release me, Lord, release me!

Do not destroy me together with my transgressions!
Do not keep evils for me in anger forever!
Do not condemn me to the depths of the earth!
For you are God, the God of the repenting,
and in me you will show all your kindness.

For unworthy as I am, you will save me
according to the abundance of your mercy,
and I will praise you continually all the days of my life.
For all the hosts of heaven sing your praise,
and yours is the glory for ever and ever.

Holy God, Holy and Mighty, Holy and Immortal,
have mercy on us. (3 times)

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit,
now and ever and forever. Amen.

Most Holy Trinity, have mercy on us;
Lord, cleanse us of our sins;
Master, forgive our transgressions;
Holy One, come to us and heal our infirmities for your name's sake.

Lord, have mercy. Lord, have mercy.
Lord, have mercy.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit,
now and ever and forever. Amen.

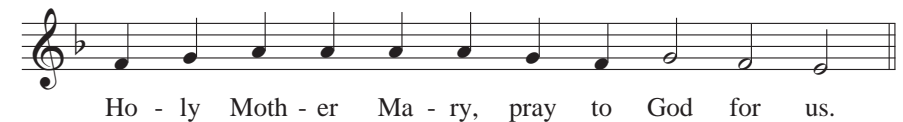
Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name.
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.

Alas, I am sinking into the mire! * Wash me, O my Master, in the bath of my
tears; * make the garment of my flesh whiter than snow.

When I scrutinize my deeds, O Savior, * I see that I am burdened with sin more
than any other, * for I have sinned willfully, and not through ignorance.

Spare the work of your hands, O Lord; * forgive me, for I have sinned; * you
alone are all-pure by nature; * you alone are without sin.

You covered your divinity with the robe of my humanity to save me; * you
worked wonders by healing the lepers, * raising up paralyzed people, * and
stopping the flow of blood by the hem of your garment.



Having crossed the Jordan River, you found repose, * escaping the yoke of
carnal desires; * deliver us also, O Mary, through your holy prayers.

On Thursday evening:

Imitating the woman who was stooped over, O my soul, * draw near and bow
before the feet of Jesus, * that he may raise you up * and that you may walk
uprightly in the way of the Lord.

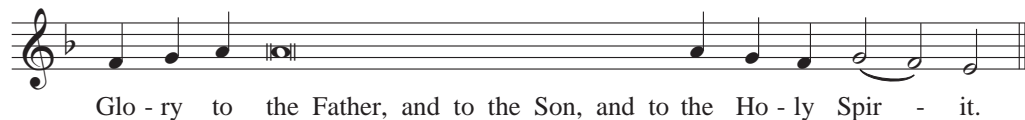
The well is deep, O Lord, * but you draw from your bosom the living water, *
which I drink as did the Samaritan woman; * thus, I will no longer thirst, * for you
refresh me with the waters of your life.

May my tears become another pool of Siloam for me, O Lord God, * that I may
wash the eyes of my heart there * and contemplate your eternal brightness.



Impelled by an unparalleled love, * you wished to prostrate yourself before the Tree of life, * and your desire was granted; * now make me worthy of the glory from on high.

On Monday through Thursday evening:



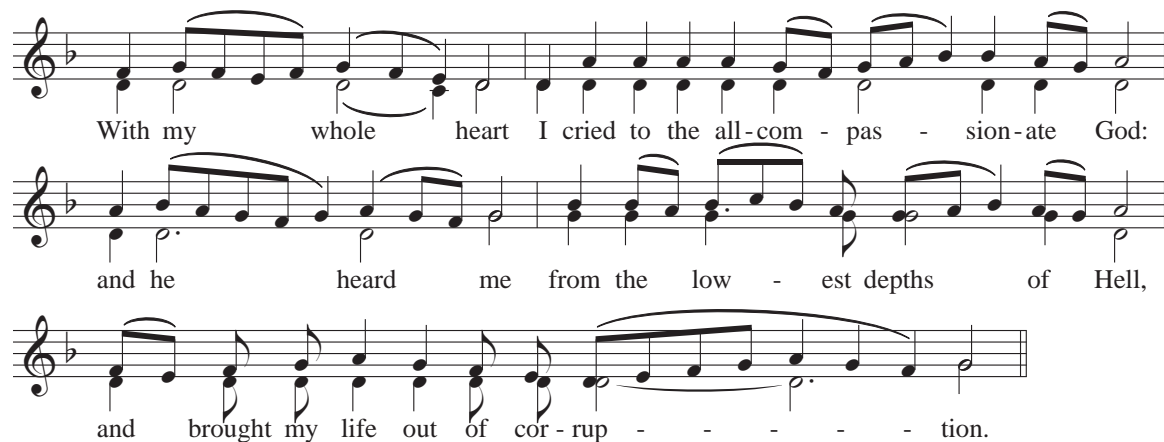
We glorify you as one God, * O thrice-holy Trinity, * Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, * consubstantial divinity, * and we unceasingly adore you.



From you, O most pure Virgin and holy Mother of God, * the divine Creator of the ages becomes flesh, * to unite himself intimately to our mortal nature.

Ode 6
Irmos

Tone 6



*Then the reader intones the following troparia of the ode, according to the day of the week.
Before each troparion, we make the sign of the cross and a full prostration, and sing:*

The Prayer of Manasseh, King of Judah

O Lord Almighty, God of our fathers Abraham and Isaac and Jacob
and of their righteous descendents,
you made heaven and earth with all their adornment,

you encompassed the sea with the word of your command;
you closed the deep and sealed it with your fearful and glorious name.

Your presence all things revere
and before your power they quake,
because the magnificence of your glory is unendurable,
and irresistible the wrath of your threat against sinners.
The kindness of your promise is both immeasurable and inscrutable,
for you are the Lord most high, compassionate, long-suffering, and most merciful,
offering atonement for the evils of all people.

You, O Lord, in the abundance of your goodness,
promised repentance and forgiveness to those who sinned against you;
and in the abundance of your compassion,
you decreed repentance for sinners, that they may be saved.

Therefore, O Lord, God of the righteous,
you appointed forgiveness, not for the righteous,
not for Abraham and Isaac and Jacob who did not sin against you,
but for me a sinner, for I have committed more sins than there are grains of sand in the sea.

My transgressions are multiplied, O Lord, they are multiplied!
I am not worthy to look up and see the heights of heaven,
because of the multitude of my iniquities,
being weighed down by so many iron chains that I cannot raise my head.

And there is no release for me because I have provoked your anger
and have done what is evil in your sight,
not doing your will or keeping your commandments,
but setting up abominations and multiplying offenses.

for your servants love her very stones,
are moved with pity even for her dust.

The nations shall fear the name of the Lord
and all the earth's kings your glory,
For the Lord shall build up Zion again,
and appear in all his glory.

Then he will turn to the prayers of the helpless;
he will not despise their prayers.
Let this be written for ages to come
that a people yet unborn may praise the Lord;

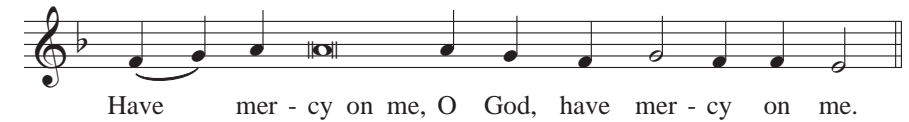
for the Lord leaned down from his sanctuary on high.
From heaven he looked down upon the earth
that he might hear the groans of the prisoners
and free those condemned to die.

The sons of your servants shall dwell untroubled
and their race shall endure before you
that the name of the Lord may be proclaimed in Zion
and his praise in the heart of Jerusalem,
when peoples and kingdoms are gathered together
to pay their homage to the Lord.

He has broken my strength in mid-course;
he has shortened the days of my life.
I say to God: "Do not take me away before my days are complete,
you, whose days last from age to age.

Long ago you founded the earth
and the heavens are the work of your hands.
They will perish but you will remain.
They will all wear out like a garment.
You will change them like clothes that are changed.
But you neither change, nor have an end."

Refrain



On Monday evening:

In all purity, I offer you, O God and Savior, * the tears of my eyes, * my deep sighs and the cries of my heart: * I have sinned; forgive me.

You have separated yourself from your Lord, O my soul, * as did Dathan and Abiram; * but cry out to him with all your heart: * Spare me, O Lord, * and may the earth not open and swallow me!

You are like Ephraim, that raging heifer; * and like a gazelle broken free from its reins, * save yourself upon the wings of action and contemplation.

May the hands of Moses, O my soul, * confirm for you how God can purify the leprosy of our life * and make it white as snow.

On Tuesday evening:

Like the waters of the Red Sea, * the ocean of my sins has totally engulfed me, * as with the Egyptians in days of old.

Like ancient Israel, O my soul, * you have made a foolish choice; * instead of the manna of heaven, * you preferred the food of the passions.

Like Israel in the desert, O my soul, * you have preferred the impure fleshpots of Egypt, * instead of the food of heaven.

O my soul, * you have preferred the wells of Canaan * to the Rock, the fountain which gushes forth for you, * with the wisdom and the knowledge of God.

When Moses, your servant, struck the rock with his staff, * he prefigured your life-giving side, * from which we all draw life and salvation.

Explore, O my soul, the promised land; * look over your inheritance, as did Joshua, * and dwell in it by keeping the precepts of the Law.

On Wednesday evening:

Rise up to do battle with the passions of the flesh, * as Joshua once did against Amalek; * do not let yourself be deceived by your thoughts, * as did the Gibeonites.

Pass through the stream of life * as once did the Ark of the covenant; * O my soul, take possession of the promise of God.

As you once saved Peter on the waters, * O Savior, hasten to save me; * stretch out your hand to me * and save me from the abyss of sin.

In you I find the harbor of salvation, * O Master and Lord Jesus; * draw me up from the bottomless pit * of hopelessness and sin.

On Thursday evening:

I am the drachma bearing the image of the king * which you once lost, O Savior; * now light your lamp, the forerunner, * to find me and refashion your image.

Rise up to do battle with the passions of the flesh, * as Joshua once did against Amalek; * do not let yourself be deceived by your thoughts, * as did the Gibeonites.

Refrain



Ho - ly Moth - er Ma - ry, pray to God for us.

To extinguish the flaming sword of your passions, O Mary,* you made the streams of your tears flow abundantly; * grant that I may also share equally in this grace.

By your sublime life in this world, O Mary, * you have gained heavenly repose; * beseech the Lord to deliver from their passions * those who sing to you in praise.

Psalms 101

O Lord, hear my prayer
and let my cry come to you.
Turn not your face away from me;
on the day of my affliction, incline your ear to me;
on the day when I call upon you,
answer me quickly.

For my days are vanishing like smoke,
my bones burn away like a fire.
My heart is withered like the grass,
I forget to eat my bread.

I cry with all my strength
and my skin clings to my bones.
I have become like a pelican in the wilderness
like an owl in desolate places.

I lie awake and I moan
like some lonely bird on a roof.
All day long my foes revile me;
those who hate me use my name as a curse.

The bread I eat is ashes;
my drink is mingled with tears.
In your anger, Lord, and your fury
you have lifted me up and thrown me down.

My days are like a passing shadow
and I wither away like the grass.
But you, O Lord, will endure forever
and your name from age to age.

You will arise and have mercy on Zion,
for this is the time to have mercy,
(yes, the time appointed has come)

Indeed you love truth in the heart;
then in the secret of my heart teach me wisdom.
Sprinkle me with hyssop, then I shall I be clean;
O wash me, I shall be whiter than snow.

Make me hear rejoicing and gladness,
that the bones you have crushed may thrill.
From my sins turn away your face
and blot out all my guilt.

A pure heart create for me, O God,
put a steadfast spirit within me.
Do not cast me away from your presence,
nor deprive me of your Holy Spirit.

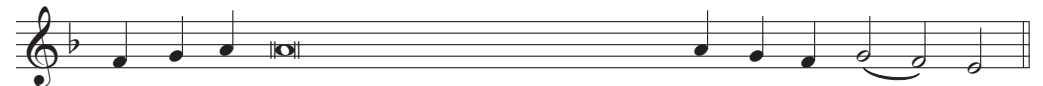
Give me again the joy of your help;
with a spirit of fervor sustain me,
that I may teach transgressors your ways
and sinners may return to you.

Deliver me from blood-guilt, O God, my saving God,
and my tongue shall ring out your goodness.
O Lord, open my lips
and my mouth shall declare your praise.

For in sacrifice you take no delight,
burnt offering from me you would refuse,
my sacrifice, a contrite spirit,
a contrite, humbled heart you will not spurn.

In your goodness, O Lord, show favor to Zion;
rebuild the walls of Jerusalem.
Then you will be pleased with lawful sacrifice,
burnt offerings wholly consumed,
then you will be offered young bulls
on your altar.

On Monday through Thursday evening:



Glo - ry to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Spir - it.

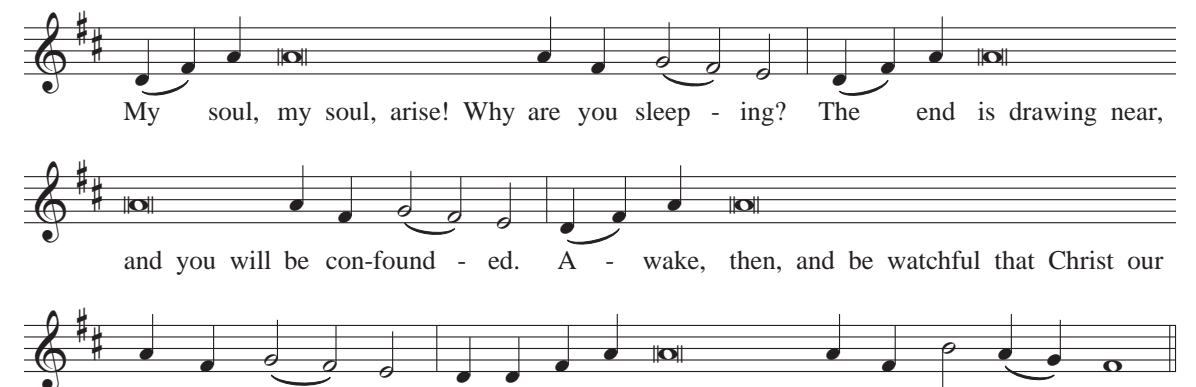
I am the indivisible Trinity, * one in nature, * says the Father, together with the Son
and Holy Spirit.



Now and ev - er and for - ev - er. A - men.

Your womb has brought into the world for us * a God who is conformed to our
humanity; * O Theotokos, * beseech the Creator of the world * that, through your
prayers, we may be saved.

Kontakion - Tone 6



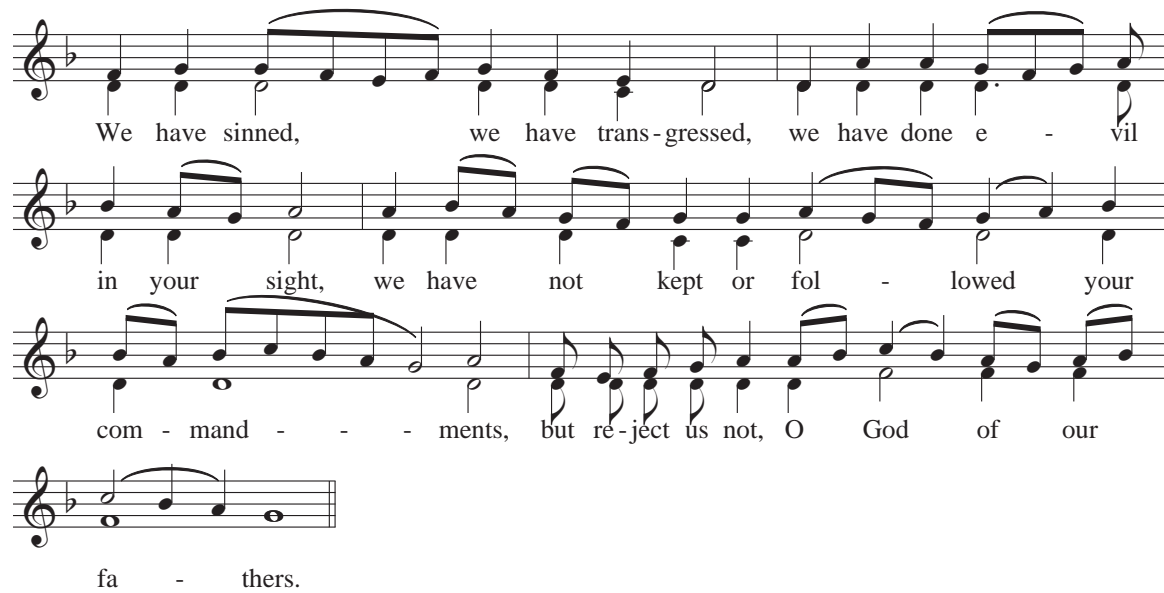
My soul, my soul, arise! Why are you sleep - ing? The end is drawing near,
and you will be con-found - ed. A - wake, then, and be watchful that Christ our
God may spare you, for he is ev - erywhere present and fills all things.

Tone 6

Ode 7

Irmos

Tone 6

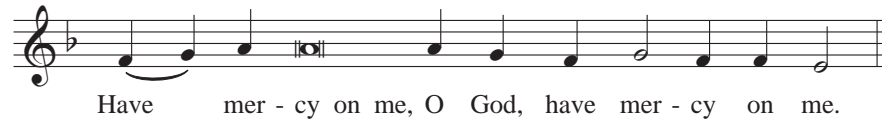


We have sinned, we have trans-gressed, we have done e - vil
 in your sight, we have not kept or fol - lowed your
 com - mand - - - ments, but re-ject us not, O God of our
 fa - thers.

Then the reader intones the following troparia of the ode, according to the day of the week.

Before each troparion, we make the sign of the cross and a full prostration, and sing:

Refrain



Have mer - cy on me, O God, have mer - cy on me.

On Monday evening:

I have sinned, I have transgressed, and I have scorned your commandments; * for I was born in sin, and I have added to my wounds; * but, in your goodness spare me, O Lord, God of our fathers.

I confess the secrets of my heart to you, O my Judge; * behold my grief and my humiliation; * be attentive to my judgment, * and in your goodness spare me, O Lord, God of our fathers.

Mortify our bodies, that in the quiet of sleep, we may be illumined with the vision of your judgments. Spare us from indecent dreams and all improper desires. Awaken us in time for prayer, strong in faith and ready to observe all you have taught us. Through the loving kindness of your only-begotten Son, with whom you are blessed, together with your all-holy, good, and life-giving Spirit: now and ever, and forever.

Response: Amen.

Part II

Come, let us worship our King and God. (bow)

Come, let us worship Christ, our King and God. (bow)

Come, let us worship and bow before the only Lord Jesus Christ, the King and our God. (bow)

Psalm 50

Have mercy on me, God, in your kindness.
 In your compassion blot out my offence.
 O wash me more and more from my quilt
 and cleanse me from my sin.

My offenses truly I know them;
 my sin is always before me.
 Against you, you alone, have I sinned;
 what is evil in your sight I have done.

That you may be justified when you give sentence
 and be without reproach when you judge.
 O see, in guilt I was born,
 a sinner was I conceived.

Imitating Rehoboam who disregarded his father's advice, * you have also followed the ancient apostasy of Jeroboam, that evil servant; * imitate them no more, but cry out to the Lord: * Have mercy on me, a sinner.

On Wednesday evening:

You have willingly piled up the transgressions of Manasseh, O my soul, * by setting up your passions upon the altar of abomination, * thus multiplying the deeds that displease the Lord; * therefore, imitate his conversion * by gaining compunction.

Through your impurity, you have followed the path of Ahab;* you have become a receptacle for the defilements of the flesh * and a vile vase of shameful passions. * Now sigh deeply from the bottom of your heart, * as you confess your sins to the Lord.

Heaven is closed to you, * and the famine sent by God seizes you; * and you, another Ahab, have not come to faith * through the warnings of Elijah the Tishbite. * Rather, imitate the widow of Zaraphath * by welcoming the messengers of God.

Twice, Elijah struck down fifty men of Ahaziah, * after having destroyed the prophets of Jezebel to confound Ahab; * do not imitate them, * but cry out to the Lord: * Have mercy on me, a sinner.

On Thursday evening:

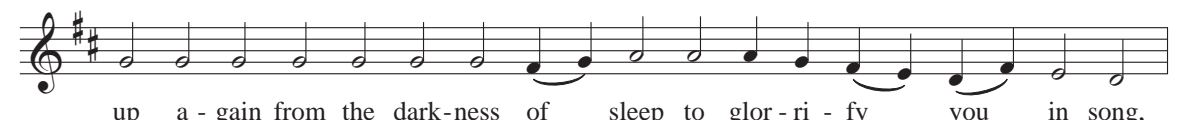
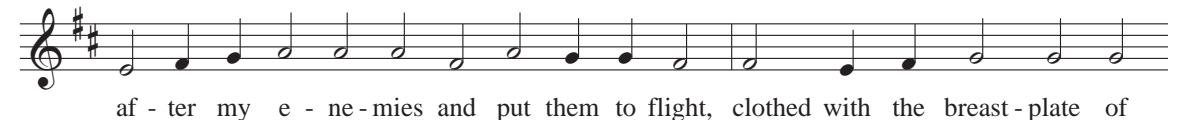
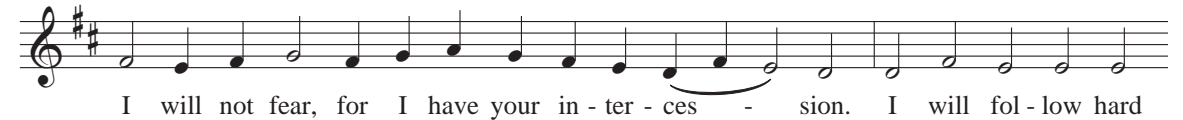
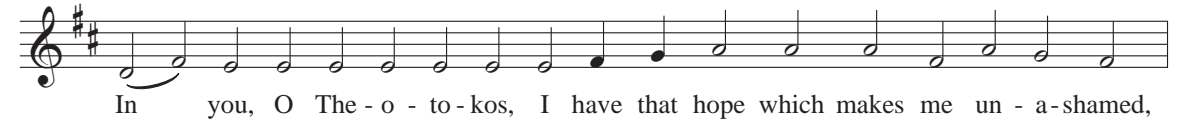
My days have vanished as someone awakening from a dream; * therefore, I cry as did Hezekiah, * that the years of my life may be prolonged. * But, what other Isaiah will come to assist you, O my soul, * if not the God most high?

I bow before you, * and I offer my tearful confession to you:* More than the sinful woman have I fallen; * more than any other person have I sinned. * But, have mercy on your creature, O Lord, * and call me back to your fold.

I have tarnished the image of your splendor, * and I have transgressed the Law; * my beauty is disfigured by the breath of my passions; * my lamp no longer burns. * But, give me joy along with your grace, O Lord, * as David sings.



Cantor: Now and ever...



as - sem - bled as the book of life is o - pened in the pre - sence of the po - wers
of hea - ven. Then will all my works be known, my thoughts laid bare,
my sen - tence passed, for I was con - ceived in sin! O Lord, who will
save me from un - quen - ch - a - ble flames? and who will en - light - en me in the dark - ness
if not you, O Lord? Have mer - cy on me, for you love us all.

Cantor: Glory...

Give me tears of sor - row, Lord, as you did for the wom - an in sin. Count me
wor - thy of wash - ing your feet, for you have saved me from the ways of er - ror.
May my frag - rant oint - ment be a life of blame - less - ness, re - deemed by pen - ance
and re - pen - tence, that I, too, may hear your words:

Repent and turn back to the Lord, * lay bare your secret thoughts to him, * and say to God who reads our hearts: * You alone, O Lord, know my secrets; * but as David says, * have mercy on me, O Lord, in your goodness.

Refrain

Ho - ly Moth - er Ma - ry, pray to God for us.

Having sought the help of the holy Mother of God, * you turned back the violence of passions, * and you covered over the tricks of the Enemy. * Give help to me in time of affliction, * for I am your servant.

The One whom you have so desired, * whose paths you have followed, * has led you and preserved you on the way of repentance; * implore this compassionate God unceasingly, * that he deliver us from our passions * and save us from all danger.

On Monday through Thursday evening:

Glo - ry to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Spir - it.

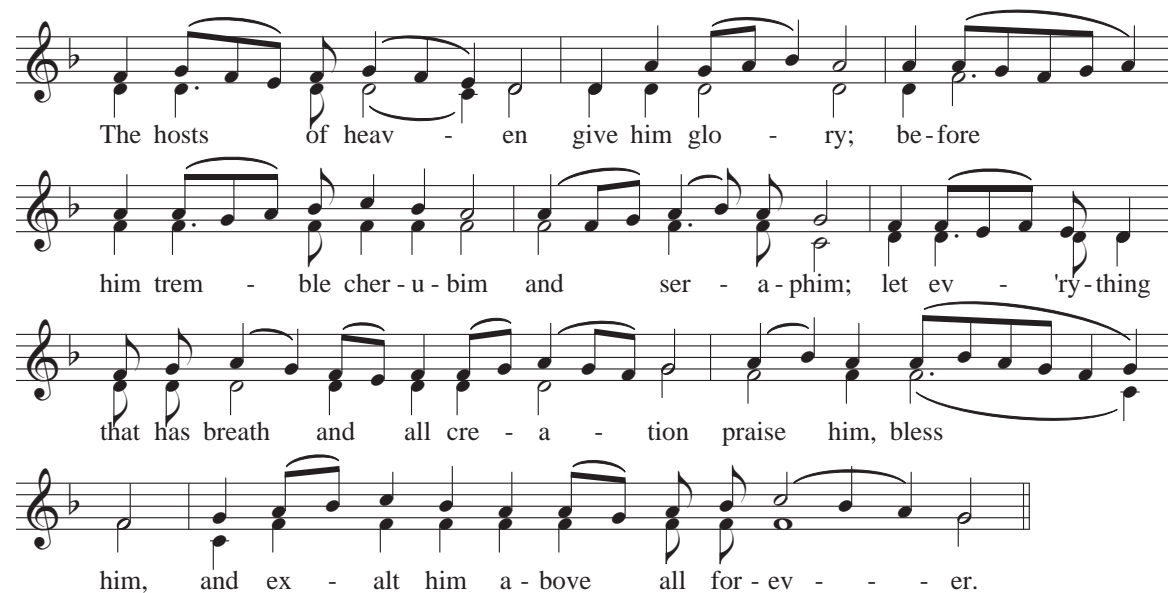
O unique and undivided Trinity, * consubstantial unity, * light with three rays, * one fountain of triple holiness, * I praise and glorify you, * Giver of life and the God of all.

Now and ev - er and for - ev - er. A - men.

We praise you, we bless you, * and we bow before you, * O Mother of God; * for you have given birth to One of the Holy Trinity, * your Son and your God, * opening for us heaven on earth.

Ode 8
Irmos

Tone 6



The hosts of heav - en give him glo - ry; be - fore
him trem - ble cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim; let ev - 'ry - thing
that has breath and all cre - a - tion praise him, bless
him, and ex - alt him a - bove all for - ev - - - er.

Then the reader intones the following troparia of the ode, according to the day of the week.
Before each troparion, we make the sign of the cross and a full prostration, and sing:

Refrain



Have mer - cy on me, O God, have mer - cy on me.

On Monday evening:

I have sinned, O Savior, have mercy on me; * stir my soul to conversion; * accept my repentance and spare me when I cry: * Against you alone have I sinned, have mercy on me.

Riding in the chariot of fire, * Elijah was carried aloft on the wings of virtue * from earth to heaven; * O my soul, imitate his ascent.

Elisha once received the mantle of Elijah * and obtained a double grace from the Lord; * but you, O my poor soul, * you are far from this grace.

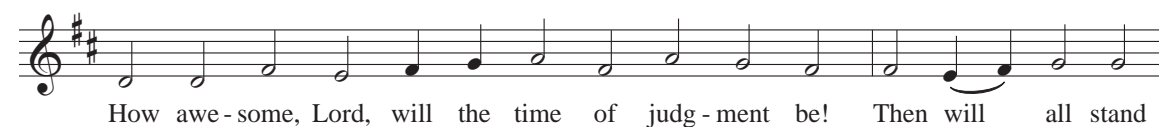
On Tuesday and Thursday evening:

Troparia of repentence - Tone 8



O my Lord and Cre - a - - tor! How well you know the weak - ness of my flesh
and the sleep - less read - i - ness of my in - vi - si - ble foes! There - fore I com - mend
my spi - rit in - to your hands: Shel - ter me with the wings of your good - ness
that my sleep may not end in death. But en - light - en the eyes of my
spi - ri - tual un - der - stand - ing to de - light in your di - vine words. When the
ac - cept - a - ble time ar - rives, make me glo - ri - fy you in praise, for you
a - lone are good and love us all.

Cantor: Look upon me and hear me, O Lord my God!



How awe - some, Lord, will the time of judg - ment be! Then will all stand

Cantor: Look upon me and hear me, O Lord my God!

And all repeat: "Give light to my eyes, O Christ God..."

Cantor: Glory...



Be the pro-tec-tor of my soul, O God, for I walk a path set with ma-ny snares:

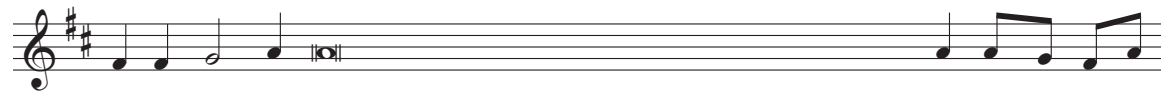


Re-scue me from them and save me, O gra-cious Lord, in your love for all of us!

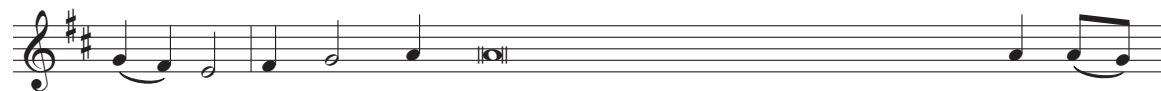
Cantor: Now and ever...



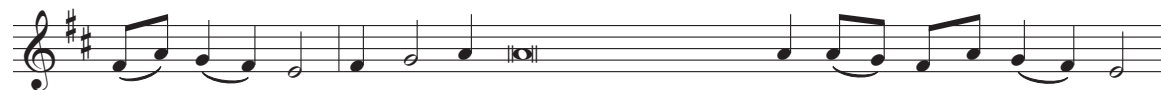
O you who gave birth to the Lord! O Vir-gin Mo-ther of God!



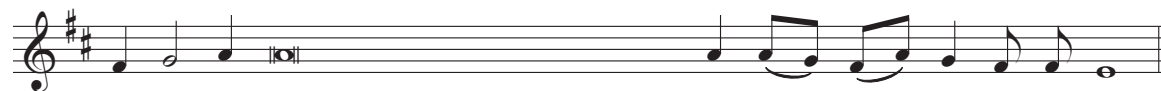
In-ter-cede with him for us, for with all our sins, we dare not think of look-ing for his



fa - vor! But the prayers of a mother he is sure to hear in his kind-ness, O



pure La - dy! Do not ig - nore us sinners, then, but beg him to save us,



for he a - lone can do this and he is the one who willed to suf - fer for us.

Continue on page 62.

Once the course of the Jordan was completely stopped by Elisha * when he struck it with the mantle of Elijah; * but you, O my poor soul, * you are far from this grace.

In her goodness, the Shunammite woman offered hospitality to the just man; * but you, O my soul, have not welcomed the stranger or the pilgrim; * therefore, you shall weep far from the chamber of the Bridegroom.

O my poor soul, you have imitated the vileness of Gehazi; * in your waning days, give up your greed, * that you may avoid Gehenna which you deserve.

On Tuesday evening:

You have become a follower of Uzziah, * and therefore you received a double portion of his leprosy upon your forehead; * for you contemplate infamy and you practice iniquity; * renounce evil and reform your thoughts.

You know that the Ninevites repented before God with sackcloth and ashes; * but you have not imitated their noble conversion; * rather, you go beyond all others in sin.

Jeremiah once sighed and lamented in the mud pit, * pouring out his tears over the city of Zion; * imitate his tears, and you shall be saved.

Foreseeing the conversion of the Ninevites, * Jonah once fled towards Tarshish; * for he knew in advance the tenderness of God, * who is always ready to withdraw his judgments.

In the pit, Daniel closed the jaws of lions; * and by their faith,* the three Youths extinguished the flaming furnace of the Chaldeans.

I have brought before you, O my soul, * all the models of the Old Testament; * imitate the deeds of the just friends of God * and turn away from the example of the wicked.

On Wednesday evening:

O just Judge and my Savior, * have mercy on me * and save me from the fiery punishment * which I shall endure because of a just judgment; * before the end, change me through repentance.

As the Good Thief, I cry, O Lord: Save me; * I weep bitterly as did Peter; * like the Publican, I cry: Forgive me; * and as the sinful woman and the Canaanite woman, I say: * O Lord, accept my tears.

Heal my wounded soul, O Savior; * O only Physician, apply the wine and oil, the fruits of repentance, * along with tears and compunction.

As the Canaanite woman, I cry to you: * Have mercy on me, Son of David; * as the woman with the flow of blood, * I touch your garment; * and I weep as did Martha and Mary over Lazarus.

On Thursday evening:

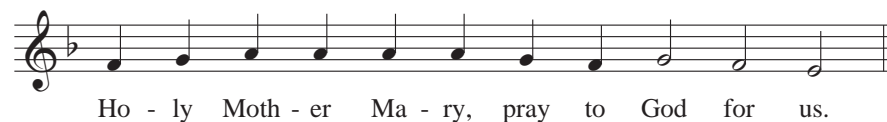
I pour out upon your head, O my Savior, * the alabaster jar of the myrrh of my tears, * as did the sinful woman of long ago; * I implore your mercy; * hear my prayer and grant me your forgiveness.

Even though no one has offended your goodness as I have, O my Savior, * still, accept my repentance, * along with my cry of love and respect: * Have mercy on me, a sinner.

Spare the work of your hands, O Savior; * O Good Shepherd, go in search of your lost sheep; * preserve me from the ravishing wolf, * and make me a sheep of your flock.

When you shall be seated in judgment, O Christ, * and when you shall be resplendent in glory, * Oh, what a frightful moment that shall be, * when the flaming furnace blazes, * and every person shall tremble before your awesome judgment seat!

Refrain



Illumined by the Mother of the unsetting Light, * you escaped the darkness of passions; * having received the grace of the Spirit in you, * enlighten, O Mary, the faithful who sing to you.

Most Holy Trinity, have mercy on us;
Lord, cleanse us of our sins;
Master, forgive our transgressions,
Holy One, come to us and heal our infirmities for your name's sake.

Lord, have mercy. Lord, have mercy.
Lord, have mercy.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit,
now and ever and forever. Amen.

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name.
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread,
and forgive us our trespasses
as we forgive those who trespass against us,
and lead us not into temptation,
but deliver us from evil.

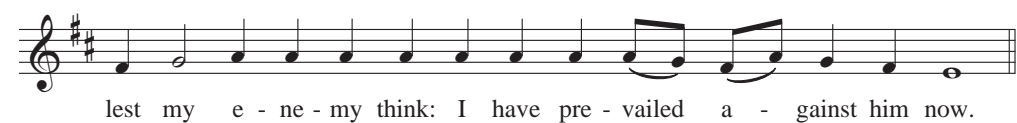
Celebrant: For thine is the kingdom and the power and glory, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, now and ever and forever.

Response: Amen.

Then the following troparia are sung. (For Fridays, see the proper troparia on page 89.)

On Monday and Wednesday evening:

Troparia of repentance - Tone 2



All-holy Lady, Theotokos,
pray for us sinners!

Angels and archangels, and all you powers of heaven above,
pray for us sinners!

O holy John, Prophet, Forerunner, and Baptist of the Lord,
pray for us sinners!

All you apostles and martyrs and prophets,
pray for us sinners!

All you venerable and god-bearing fathers,
bishops and teachers of the universal church,
pray for us sinners!

O holy (the patron of the Church)
pray for us sinners!

With the invincible, ineffable and divine power
of the holy and life-giving cross,
O Lord, protect us always!

O God, cleanse us sinners!
O God, cleanse us sinners!

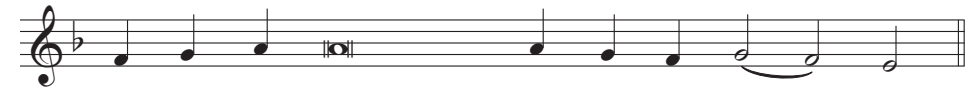
O God, cleanse us sinners
and have mercy on us!

Holy God, Holy and Mighty, Holy and Immortal,
have mercy on us. *(three times)*

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit,
now and ever and forever. Amen.

The holy Zossima was struck with wonder * at the sight of this new miracle; * for you became, O Mary, an angel in the flesh;* and rapt with amazement, * he glorified Christ forever.

On Monday through Thursday evening:



Let us bless the Father, Son, and Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord.

O Father of God the Word, * coeternal Son and Word of the timeless God, * comforter Spirit and Giver of life, * Holy Trinity, have mercy on us.



Now and ev - er and for - ev - er. A - men.

Emmanuel was clothed in the purple of your blood, * and therefore, we truly honor your divine maternity, * O most pure Virgin.

Ode 9
Irmos

Tone 6

Musical notation for the Ode 9 Irmos, consisting of four staves of music. Each staff has a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single line, with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are: "Con - cep - tion with - out seed; na - tiv - i - ty past un - der - stand - ing, from a moth - er who nev - er knew a man; child - bear - ing un - de - filed. For the birth of God makes both na - tures new. There - - - fore as Bride and".

Con - cep - tion with - out seed; na - tiv - i - ty past un - der -
-stand - ing, from a moth - er who nev - er knew a man;
child - bear - ing un - de - filed. For the birth of God
makes both na - tures new. There - - - fore as Bride and

The - o - to - kos, with true wor - ship all gen - er - a - tions
 mag - ni - fy you.

*Then the reader intones the following troparia of the ode, according to the day of the week.
 Before each troparion, we make the sign of the cross and a full prostration, and sing:*

Refrain

Have mer - cy on me, O God, have mer - cy on me.

On Monday evening:

My soul is wounded, my body is sickly, and my spirit is weak;* my thoughts have no strength; * the end is near and my life fades away; * what shall you do, O my poor soul, * when the Judge shall come to reveal your secret deeds?

I have placed before you, O my soul, * the writings of Moses concerning the beginning of the world, * along with his exhortations, * and the story of the just and the wicked; * you have imitated these latter and not the former; * for you have sinned unceasingly before God, O my soul.

The Law has no force, * the Gospel, no fruit; * you have no care for the whole of Scripture; * the Prophets have no power, * nor do the words of the just ones. * Your wounds, O my soul, have worsened, * for you have no physician to heal you.

I offer you the examples of the New Testament, * calling you to compunction, O my soul. * Be inspired by the just ones, * turn away from sinners * and stir up the grace of Christ, * by fasting and prayer and the purity of your life.

Christ has become a little child; * he was united to my flesh* to voluntarily fulfill the entire human condition, * except for sin.* He shows you, O my soul, * the example and image of condescension beyond description.

Before all that is or was or will be:
 Father, before all ages,

eternal with your only Son,
 like you without beginning,

and your Holy Spirit of Life,
 equal in honor!

All-holy Virgin, Mother of God,
 and you, eyewitnesses and servants of the Word,

with all the choirs of prophets and martyrs,
 who dwell in everlasting life!

Look at us, behold our wretchedness!
 Never cease praying for us,

that, freed from all the snares of evil,
 we, too, may sing loudly the angelic hymn:

Holy, holy, holy are you, thrice-holy Lord!
 Have mercy on us, and save us, amen!

I believe in one God, the Father Almighty, Creator of heaven and earth, of all things visible and invisible; and in one Lord Jesus Christ, Son of God, the only-begotten, born of the Father before all ages. Light from light, true God from true God, begotten, not made, of one substance with the Father, through whom all things were made. For us and for our salvation, he came down from heaven, and was incarnate from the Holy Spirit and the Virgin Mary, and became man. He was crucified for us under Pontius Pilate, and suffered and was buried. He rose again on the third day according to the scriptures. He ascended into heaven, and is seated at the right hand of the Father; and he is coming again in glory to judge the living and the dead, and his kingdom will have no end. And in the Holy Spirit, the Lord, the Creator of life, who proceeds from the Father. Together with the Father and the Son he is worshiped and glorified; he spoke through the prophets. In one, holy, catholic and apostolic Church. I profess one baptism for the remission of sins. I expect the resurrection of the dead; and the life of the world to come. Amen.

Mighty God, Master, Prince of Peace, for God is with us.

Father of the age to come, for God is with us.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit, for God is with us.

Now and ever and forever. Amen, for God is with us.

Then the clergy (or cantors) sing “God is with us” once more to the first melody, and the people repeat is using the second melody.

Then the following troparia and verses are chanted.

The day is now over, Lord: I thank you!

Let this evening and night pass without sin, O Savior, and save me

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit:

The day is now over, Master: I praise you!

Let this evening and night pass undisturbed, O Savior, and save me!

Now and ever and forever. Amen.

The day is now over, Holy One: I hymn you!

Let this evening and night pass without temptation, O Savior, and save me!

Our human ears have never heard the songs of praise

offered you by bodiless beings, the cherubim;

nor the joyful and never-ceasing glory

tendered by the six-winged seraphim;

nor the thrice-holy hymns

of all the angelic hosts.

O Trinity undivided:

Being from forever!

Christ has become incarnate, * calling the thieves and harlots to repentance; * repent, O my soul, * for the gate of the Kingdom opens, * and the pharisees, publicans and repentant sinners go in ahead of us.

Christ has saved the Wise Men and gathered the Shepherds; * he called the innocent children to martyrdom; * in the Temple, he glorified the Elder * and the Widow in her latter years. * O my soul, you have not imitated the deeds of their lives; * woe to you, for you must undergo judgment!

Having fasted forty days in the desert, * the Lord showed his humanity by being hungry; * therefore, do not be discouraged, O my soul, * by the assaults of the Enemy; * you shall trample them underfoot through fasting and prayer.

On Tuesday evening:

Christ knew temptation, for the Devil tested him; * he showed him stones to be turned into bread; * he led him on the mountain to show him all the kingdoms of the world. * Look with dread upon this sight, O my soul; * be vigilant and pray to the Lord at all times.

The Dove that dwelled in the wilderness, * the voice of one crying in the desert, * he is the torch, the Precursor of Christ. * He preached repentance; * Herod and Herodias preached against God. * And you, O my soul, keep watch, * that you do not fall into the net of the wicked; * rather, return to the Lord.

The Precursor of the grace of God lived in the desert; * Judea and Samaria ran to hear his voice; * confessing their sins, they received baptism in joy. * You alone, O my soul, have not imitated their conversion.

Marriage is an honorable estate, * and the nuptial bed is without reproach; * for Christ has blessed them * when he went to the wedding in Cana, clothed in our flesh, * and changed the water into wine. * This was the first of the miracles he performed to transform you, my soul.

Christ made the paralyzed man walk straight again, * and he carried his mat; * he raised the dead, the son of the widow of Naim, and the servant of the centurion; * then he revealed himself to the Samaritan woman, * and through her, O my soul, * he taught you to worship in spirit.

With the hem of his garment, * Christ healed the woman with the flow of blood; * he cleansed those with leprosy; * He gave light to those who were blind and strength to those who were feeble, * and, by his word, * He cured those who were deaf and mute, along with the woman who was bent over.

On Wednesday evening:

Those who are sick are now healed, * and the Gospel is preached to those who are poor, * by Christ, the Word of God, * who heals all infirmities. * He eats at the table of the publicans and mingles with sinners; * and taking the daughter of Jairus by the hand, * he calls back the breath of life into her body.

The Publican found salvation and the sinful woman regained chastity, * but the haughty Pharisee underwent condemnation; * for the first one said: Forgive me, * and the second said: Have mercy on me; * but the third boasted: I give you thanks, O my God, * along with other idle words.

Zacchaeus was a publican, but still gained salvation; * Simon the pharisee grumbled at his disappointment, * when the sinful woman received deliverance and forgiveness * from the One who has power to forgive sins. * O my soul, hasten to also receive your forgiveness.

You have not imitated, O my soul, * the repentance of the sinful woman; * taking the vase of perfume and mixing it with her tears, * she poured it over the feet of the Lord, * and with her hair, * she wiped away the record of her sins.

O my soul, you know of the great misfortune that befell the cities * where Christ brought the good news of salvation; * do not imitate their example, that you may avoid their destiny. * Likening them to Sodom, * the Master condemned them to Hades.

Do not despair, O my soul; * do not let yourself be surpassed by the Canaanite woman; * for you know her great faith * and the way the Lord healed her child by his all-powerful word; * cry out from the depth of your heart, * as she did to Christ: * Save me, O Son of David!

On Thursday evening:

Then the celebrant or a deacon or reader intones each of the following verses from the prophet Isaiah, and the faithful, led by the cantor, sing "God is with us", using the two melodies above in alternation.

Give ear all you distant lands, for God is with us.

You mighty ones, submit yourselves, for God is with us

Even if you strengthen yourselves again, again you will be defeated, for God is with us.

Form a plan, but the Lord will thwart it, for God is with us.

Whatever word you speak will not stand even among yourselves, for God is with us.

We will not fear what you fear nor shall we be dismayed, for God is with us.

Hallow the Lord our God and He will be your fear, for God is with us.

If you trust in Him, He will be your refuge, for God is with us.

We will hope in Him and by Him will we be saved, for God is with us.

Here am I with the children God has given me, for God is with us.

The people who walked in darkness have seen a great light, for God is with us.

Upon you who dwelt in the shadow of death a light has shone, for God is with us.

For a child is born to us; a son is given to us, for God is with us,

Upon His shoulder dominion rests, for God is with us.

Of His peace there is no end, for God is with us.

They call Him Angel of Great Counsel, for God is with us.

Wonderful Counselor, for God is with us.

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glory to you, O God! (twice)

And a third time, all sing with melody:



God Is With Us

The refrain is sung by the clergy/cantors to the first melody, and repeated by the faithful with the second melody.



Or in Slavonic, to the same melodies:

S námi Boh, * rozumíjíte jazýci, * i pokarjájtesja: * jáko s námi Boh.

In your mercy, save me, * have mercy on me, O Son of David; * by your word, you save those possessed by demons; * let me hear your gentle voice, * as once did the Good Thief: * Truly I say to you, you shall be with me in Paradise.

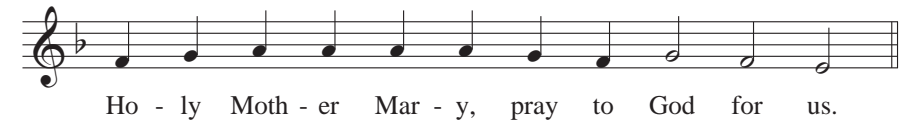
One thief reviled you upon the cross, * the other confessed your divinity; * for both were sharing the same suffering. * O Lord of all goodness, * open for me the door of your glorious Kingdom, * as you did for the Good Thief who recognized you as God.

Seeing you upon the Cross, O Lord, * creation was seized with fear; * mountains and rocks split in terror; * the earth trembled and Hades gave up its plunder; * the light of day was changed into darkness, * when it saw you crucified, O Jesus.

Do not demand worthy fruits of repentance, * for my strength is spent; * but always grant me contrition of heart * and the spirit of poverty, * that I may offer these to you, O my Savior.

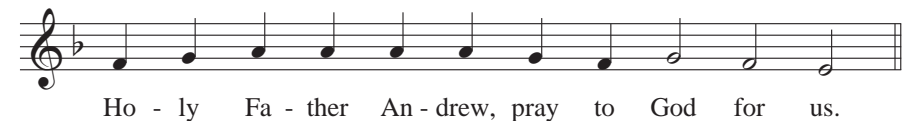
O my Judge, you probe me and you know me; * when you shall come again with the holy angels * to judge the whole world, * look upon me with kindness and save me; * spare me, O Jesus, even though I am filled with sin.

Refrain



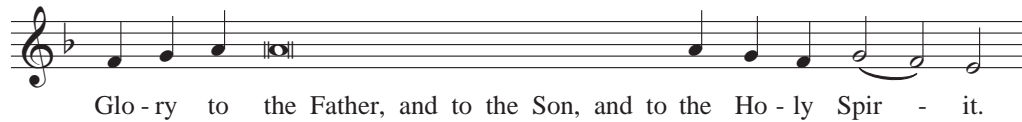
All the angels of heaven and people on earth * are struck with admiration at your sublime life, * for you surpassed the human condition; * you crossed the Jordan, * gliding over the waters, O Mary, * as an angel in the flesh and a pure spirit.

Touch the heart of the Creator * in behalf of those who praise your name, O holy Mary, * that, delivered from the sufferings and dangers that surround us, * and freed from temptations, * we may always extol the Lord who glorifies you.



O holy Andrew, Shepherd of Crete, * O thrice-blessed father,* always intercede for those who praise your name; * may those who unceasingly honor your memory * be delivered from every evil thought, * from affliction and from sin.

On Monday through Thursday evening:

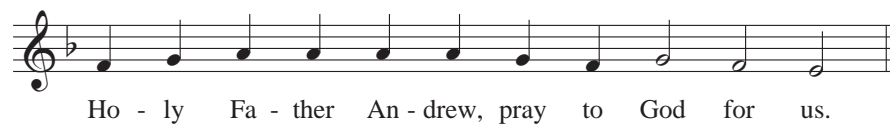


O consubstantial Trinity, * we praise the unity of your Persons, * glorifying the Father, * extolling the Son, * and bowing before the Spirit, * truly one God, * one triple life, and eternal kingdom.



O most holy Theotokos, * keep under your protection the Christian people * who share your royal power, * and through you, make them triumphant over the assaults of the Enemy * and over all temptation.

The following verse and troparion are omitted on Thursday evening:



O holy Andrew, Shepherd of Crete, * O thrice-blessed father,* always intercede for those who praise your name; * may those who unceasingly honor your memory * be delivered from every evil thought, * from affliction and from sin.

You will not fear the terror of the night
nor the arrow that flies by day,
nor the plague that prowls in the darkness
nor the scourge that lays waste at noon.

A thousand may fall at your side,
ten thousand fall at your right,
you, it will never approach;
his faithfulness is buckler and shield.

Your eyes have only to look
to see how the wicked are repaid,
you who have said: "Lord, my refuge!"
and have made the Most High your dwelling.
Upon you no evil shall fall,
no plague approach where you dwell.

For you has he commanded his angels,
to keep you in all your ways.
They shall bear you upon their hands
lest you strike your foot against a stone.

On the lion and the viper you will tread
and trample the young lion and the dragon.

Since he clings to me in love, I will free him;
protect him for he knows my name.
When he calls I shall answer: "I am with you,"
I will save him in distress and give him glory.

With length of days I will content him;
I shall let him see my saving power.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit,
now and ever and forever. Amen.

How great is the goodness, Lord,
that you keep for those who fear you,
that you show to those who trust you
in the sight of men.

You hide them in the shelter of your presence
from the plotting of men;
you keep them safe within your tent
from disputing tongues.

Blessed be the Lord who has shown me
the wonders of his love
in a fortified city.

“I am far removed from your sight”
I said in my alarm.
Yet you heard the voice of my plea
when I cried for help.
Love the Lord, all you saints.
He guards his faithful
but the Lord will repay to the full
those who act with pride.
Be strong, let your heart take courage,
all who hope in the Lord.

Psalm 90

The one who dwells in the shelter of the Most High
abides in the shadow of the God of heaven.
He says to the Lord: “You are my Protector,
my Refuge, and my God in whom I trust!”

It is he who will free you from the snare
of the fowler who seeks to destroy you;
he will conceal you with his pinions
and under his wings you will find refuge.

Then we repeat the irmos of the ninth ode as katavasia:

Katavasia

Con - cep - tion with - out seed; na - tiv - i - ty past un - der -
-stand - ing, from a moth - er who nev - - er knew a man;
child - bear - ing un - de - filed. For the birth of God
makes both na - tures new. There - - - fore as Bride and
The - o - to - kos, with true wor - ship all gen - er - a - tions
mag - ni - fy you.

We continue with Psalm 4 and the rest of Great Compline.

The reader, standing in the middle of the church, chants the six psalms of Compline simply, without melody. (If desired, one psalm may be chosen.)

Psalm 4

When I call, answer me, O God of justice;
from anguish you released me, have mercy and hear me!

O men, how long will your hearts be closed,
will you love what is futile and seek what is false?

It is the Lord who grants favors to those whom he loves;
the Lord hears me whenever I call him.

Fear him; do not sin: ponder on your bed and be still
Make justice your sacrifice, and trust in the Lord.

“What can bring us happiness?” many say.
We have been signed, O Lord, with the light of your face.

You have put into my heart a greater joy
than they have from abundance of wheat, wine, and oil.

I will lie down in peace and sleep comes at once
for you alone, Lord, make me dwell in safety.

Psalm 6

Lord, do not reprove me in your anger;
punish me not in your rage.
Have mercy on me, Lord, I have no strength;
Lord, heal me, my body is racked;
my soul is racked with pain.
But you, O Lord, how long?

For my life is spent with sorrow
and my years with sighs.
Affliction has broken down my strength
and my bones waste away.

In the face of all my foes
I am a reproach,
an object of scorn to my neighbors
and of fear to my friends.

Those who see me in the street
run far away from me.
I am like a dead man, forgotten,
like a thing thrown away.

I have heard the slander of the crowd,
fear is all around me,
as they plot together against me,
as they plan to take my life.

But as for me, I trust in you, Lord;
I say: “You are my God.
My life is in your hands, deliver me
from the hands of those who hate me.

Let your face shine on your servant.
Save me in your love.
Let me not be put to shame for I call you,
let the wicked be shamed!

Let them be silenced in the grave,
let lying lips be dumb,
that speak haughtily against the just
with pride and contempt.”

Do not disappoint me, you are my refuge.
May innocence and uprightness protect me:
for my hope is in you, O Lord.

Redeem Israel, O God, from all its distress.

Psalm 30

In you, O Lord, I have placed my trust;
let me never be put to shame.
In your justice, set me free,
hear me and speedily rescue me.

Be a protector for me,
and a house of refuge for my salvation,
for you are my rock, my stronghold.
For your name's sake, lead me and guide me.

Release me from the snares they have hidden
for you are my refuge, Lord.
Into your hands I commend my spirit.
It is you who will redeem me, Lord.

O God of truth, you detest
those who worship false and empty gods.
As for me, I trust in the Lord:
let me be glad and rejoice in your love.

You who have seen my affliction
and taken heed of my soul's distress,
have not handed me over to the enemy,
but set my feet at large.

Have mercy on me, O Lord,
for I am in distress.
Tears have wasted my eyes,
my throat and my heart.

Return, Lord, rescue my soul.
Save me, O Lord, in your merciful love;
for in death no one remembers you;
from the grave, who can give you praise?

I am exhausted with my groaning;
every night I drench my pillow with tears;
I bedew my bed with weeping.
My eye wastes away with grief;
I have grown old surrounded by my foes.

Leave me, all you who do evil;
for the Lord has heard my weeping.
The Lord has heard my plea;
The Lord will accept my prayer.
All my foes will retire in confusion,
foiled and suddenly confounded.

Psalm 12

How long, O Lord, will you forget me?
How long will you hide your face?
How long must I bear grief in my soul,
this sorrow in my heart day and night?
How long shall my enemy prevail?

Look at me, answer me, Lord my God!
Give light to my eyes lest I fall asleep in death,
lest my enemy say: "I have overcome him";
lest my foes rejoice to see my fall.

As for me, I trust in your merciful love.
Let my heart rejoice in your saving help:
Let me sing to the Lord for his goodness to me,
singing psalms to the name of the Lord, the Most High.

And again:

Look at me, answer me, Lord my God!
Give light to my eyes lest I fall asleep in death,
lest my enemy say: "I have overcome him."

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit,
now and ever and forever. Amen.

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glory to you, O God! (*twice*)

And a third time, all sing with melody:



Lord, have mercy. Lord, have mercy.
Lord, have mercy.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit,
now and ever and forever. Amen.

The reader continues:

Psalm 24

To you, O Lord, I lift up my soul.
I trust you, let me not disappointed;
do not let my enemies triumph.
Those who hope in you shall not be disappointed,
but only those who wantonly break faith.

Lord, make me know your ways.
Lord, teach me your paths.
Make me walk in your truth, and teach me:
for you are God my savior.

In you I hope all day long
because of your goodness, O Lord.
Remember your mercy, Lord,
and the love you have shown from of old.
Do not remember the sins of my youth.
In your love remember me.

The Lord is good and upright.
He shows the path to those who stray,
He guides the humble in the right path,
He teaches his way to the poor.

His ways are faithfulness and love
for those who keep his covenant and will.
Lord, for the sake of your name
forgive my guilt, for it is great.

If anyone fears the Lord
he will show him the path he should choose.
His soul will dwell among the good
and his children shall possess the land.
The Lord's friendship is for those who revere him;
to them he reveals his covenant.

My eyes are always on the Lord,
for he rescues my feet from the snare.
Turn to me and have mercy
for I am lonely and poor.

Relieve the anguish of my heart
and set me free from my distress.
See my affliction and my toil
and take all my sins away.

See how many are my foes;
how violent their hatred for me.
Preserve my life and rescue me.