

**The Service of the
Small Paraklesis (Supplicatory Prayer)
To the Most Holy Theotokos**

The priest: Blessed is our God always, now and forever and unto the ages of ages.

If there is no priest, then: Through the prayers of our holy Fathers, Lord Jesus Christ our God, have mercy on us.

Usual beginning.

Psalm 142

HEAR my prayer, O Lord, and consider my desire: hearken unto me for thy truth and righteousness' sake.

And enter not into judgement with thy servant: for in thy sight shall no man living be justified.

For the enemy hath persecuted my soul; he hath smitten my life down to the ground: he hath laid me in the darkness, as the men that have been long dead.

Therefore is my spirit vexed within me: and my heart within me is desolate.

Yet do I remember the time past; I muse upon all thy works: yea, I exercise myself in the works of thy hands.

I stretch forth my hands unto thee: my soul gaspeth unto thee as a thirsty land.

Hear me, O Lord, and that soon, for my spirit waxeth faint: hide not thy face from me, lest I be like unto them that go down into the pit.

O let me hear thy loving-kindness betimes in the morning, for in thee is my trust: shew thou me the way that I should walk in, for I lift up my soul unto thee.

Deliver me, O Lord, from mine enemies: for I flee unto thee to hide me.

Teach me to do a thing that pleaseth thee, for thou art my God: let thy loving Spirit lead me forth into the land of righteousness.

Quicken me, O Lord, for thy Name's sake: and for thy righteousness' sake bring my soul out of trouble.

And of thy goodness slay mine enemies: and destroy all them that vex my soul ; for I am thy servant.

Glory / both now. Alleluia, thrice.

In the 4th Tone: The Lord is God...

Troparia:

To the Theotokos, let us run now most earnestly, we sinners all and wretched ones, and fall prostrate in repentance, calling from the depths of our souls: Lady, come and help us. Have compassion upon us; hasten, for we are lost in a throng of transgressions; do not turn your servants away with empty hands, for you alone are our only hope.

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

To the Theotokos, let us run now most earnestly, we sinners all and wretched ones, and fall prostrate in repentance, calling from the depths of our souls: Lady, come and help us. Have compassion upon us; hasten, for we are lost in a throng of transgressions; do not turn your servants away with empty hands, for you alone are our only hope.

Both now and ever and unto the ages of ages. Amen.

O Theotokos, we shall not cease from speaking of all your mighty acts, all we the unworthy ones;

for if you had not stood to intercede for us, who would have delivered us from such numerous dangers? Who would have preserved us all until now in true freedom? O Lady, we shall not turn away from you; for you always save your servants from all manner of grief.

Psalm 50

HAVE mercy upon me, O God, after thy great goodness: according to the multitude of thy mercies do away mine offences.

Wash me thoroughly from my wickedness: and cleanse me from my sin.

For I acknowledge my faults: and my sin is ever before me.

Against thee only have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified in thy saying, and clear when thou art judged.

Behold, I was shapen in wickedness: and in sin hath my mother conceived me.

But lo, thou requirest truth in the inward parts: and shalt make me to understand wisdom secretly.

Thou shalt purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: thou shalt wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Thou shalt make me hear of joy and gladness: that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

Turn thy face from my sins: and put out all my misdeeds.

Make me a clean heart, O God: and renew a right spirit within me.

Cast me not away from thy presence: and take not thy holy Spirit from me.

O give me the comfort of thy help again: and stablish me with thy free Spirit.

Then shall I teach thy ways unto the wicked: and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, thou that art the God of my health: and my tongue shall sing of thy righteousness.

Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord: and my mouth shall shew thy praise.

For thou desirest no sacrifice, else would I give it thee: but thou delightest not in burnt-offerings.

The sacrifice of God is a troubled spirit: a broken and contrite heart, O God, shalt thou not despise.

O be favourable and gracious unto Sion: build thou the walls of Jerusalem.

Then shalt thou be pleased with the sacrifice of righteousness, with the burnt-offerings and oblations: then shall they offer young bullocks upon thine altar.

*Then the following Canon is chanted in Tone 8, without Hirmoi
A Poem of Theosterictus the Monk (or, according to some, by Theophanes)*

Ode 1

Hirmos: Traversing the water as on dry land, and thereby escaping from the toils of Egypt's land, the Israelites cried aloud, proclaiming: to our God and Redeemer let us now sing.

O Most Holy Theotokos save us.

By many temptations am I distressed; in search of salvation, unto you have I taken flight; O Mother of the Word, Ever-virgin, from all ordeals and afflictions deliver me.

O Most Holy Theotokos save us.

Still the attacks of the passions that disquiet me and overfill my soul with despondency, O Maiden, with the calmness of your own Son and your God, O all-blessed one.

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

To Christ God, the Saviour, you gave birth; I beg you, O Virgin, from afflictions deliver me; for now to you I flee for refuge, bringing to you both my soul and my reasoning.

Now and ever and to the ages of ages. Amen.

Diseased are my body and my soul; make me worthy of your divine guidance and care, O you who alone are God's Mother, for you are good and the Birthgiver of the Good.

Ode 3

Hirmos: The vault of the heavens is You, O Lord, Fashioner; and the Holy Church's great founder; likewise establish me in unfeigned love for You, for You are the height of things sought for, the support of the faithful and the only Friend of all.

O Most Holy Theotokos save us.

I have you as the shelter and the defence of my life, you, the Theotokos and Virgin; pilot and govern me into your sheltered port, for you are author of good things and support of the faithful, O you the only all-praised one.

O Most Holy Theotokos save us.

I entreat you, O Virgin, disperse from me all of the distress of despair and turbulence in my soul; for you, O Bride of God, have given birth to the Lord Christ, Who is Prince of peace, O only all-blameless one.

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

Since you have brought forth Him Who is our Benefactor, the cause of good, from the wealth of your loving-kindness pour forth upon us all; for you can do all things, since you carried Christ, the One Who is mighty in power; for you are blessed of God.

Now and ever and to the ages of ages. Amen.

With most grievous diseases and with corrupt passions too, I am put to trial, O Virgin; come to my aid; for I know you to be an inexhaustible treasure of unailing healing, O only all-blameless one.

Catabasia: Preserve and save, O Theotokos, your servants from every danger; after God do all of us for refuge flee unto you; you are a firm rampart and our protection.

With your good will, look on me, O all-hymned Theotokos; and behold my grievous illnesses, and heal the cause of my soul's sorrow.

The priest commemorates those for whom the Paraklesis is sung:

Priest: Have mercy on us, O God, according to Thy great mercy, we pray Thee, hearken and have mercy.

Lord, have mercy. (3)

Again we pray for our Bishop (*Name*), and for all our brotherhood in Christ.

Lord, have mercy. (3)

Again we pray for mercy, life, peace, health, salvation, visitation, pardon and remission of the sins of the servants of God, (*Names*), and for the forgiveness of their every transgression, both voluntary and involuntary.

Lord, have mercy. (3)

For a merciful and man-loving God art Thou, and unto Thee do we send up glory, to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit, now and ever, and unto the ages of ages.

The choir: Amen.

After these petitions, we chant the following Sessional Hymn:

Tone 2, Melody: Making of thy pillar a fiery chariot

O fervent advocate, invincible battlement, fountain of mercy, and sheltering retreat for the world, earnestly we cry to you: Lady Theotokos quickly save us from all imperilment; for you alone art our speedy protectress.

Ode 4

Hirmos: I have heard, O Lord, of the wondrous mystery of Your salvation; and I have contemplated Your works, and I have glorified Your Divinity.

O Most Holy Theotokos save us.

Calm the tempest of all my sins, and still the raging of passions with your great peacefulness; for it was you who bore the guiding Lord, and you who are the blessed Bride of God.

O Most Holy Theotokos save us.

O grant, out of the endless depth of your great compassion, on me your supplication; for you brought forth One compassionate Who is Saviour of all who sing hymns to you.

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

While delighting, O spotless one, in your many favours, a hymn of thankfulness do we all raise up in song to you, knowing you to be the Theotokos.

Now and ever and to the ages of ages. Amen.

Having you as our support and hope, and as our salvation's unshaken protection, from all manner of adversity are we then redeemed, O all-praised one.

Ode 5

Hirmos: Lord, enlighten us by Your precepts and by Your commands; and with Your arm most powerful grant us Your peace, O You Who are the Friend of all.

O Most Holy Theotokos save us.

Pure one, greatly fill my heart with rejoicing; and grant me your undefiled happiness, since you gave birth to Him Who is the cause of joy.

O Most Holy Theotokos save us.

Come, deliver us out of dangers, O pure Theotokos, since you are mother of deliverance, and of the peace which surpasses all human reasoning.

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

Dissipate the gloom of my trespasses, O Bride of God, with the clear brightness of Your radiance; for you carried the Light divine which was before all time.

Now and ever and to the ages of ages. Amen.

Heal me, O pure one, of the sickness, which the passions bring, and make me worthy of your guiding care, and by your prayers and intercessions grant health to me.

Ode 6

Hirmos: My petition, I pour out to the Lord, and to Him do I proclaim all my sorrows, for many woes fill my heart to its limits, and unto Hades my whole life has now approached; like Jonas I pray to You: Raise me up from corruption, O Lord my God.

O Most Holy Theotokos save us.

My nature, held by corruption and by death, has He saved from out of death and corruption, for unto death He Himself surrendered. For which reason, O Virgin, intercede with Him Who is in truth your Lord and Son to redeem me from the enemies' wickedness.

O Most Holy Theotokos save us.

I know you as the protection of my life and most safe fortification, O Virgin; disperse the multitude of my many temptations, and put to silence demonic audacity; unceasingly I pray to you: deliver me from corruption of passions.

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

We have you as a wall of refuge, and our soul's perfect salvation; you are an aid, in affliction, O Maiden; and in your light do we exult with joy. O Lady, deliver us from all passions and perils.

Now and ever and to the ages of ages. Amen.

Bedridden, I now lie on my back with sickness, and no healing for my flesh is existent except for you, who carried the world's Saviour, our God, the Healer of every infirmity; I pray to you, for you are good: raise me from the corruption of illnesses.

Catabasia: Preserve and save, O Theotokos, your servants from every danger; after God do all of us for refuge flee to you; you are a firm rampart and our protection.

O spotless one, who inexpressibly in the last days with a word brought forth the Word; request of Him, as one who has motherly boldness.

The priest commemorates those for whom the Paraklesis is sung, as above, after Ode 3.

Kontakion Tone 6:

O protection of Christians that cannot be put to shame, you are the most constant mediation to the Creator. O despise not the suppliant voices of those who have sinned; but be quick, O good one, to come to our aid, who in faith cry to you: Hasten to intercession, and speed to make supplication, you who always protects, O Theotokos, them that honour you.

Prokimenon, Tone 4: I will remember thy Name from one generation to another.
Verse: Hearken, O daughter, and consider, incline thine ear.

The priest: And that we may be deemed worthy to hear the holy Gospel, let us beseech the Lord our God.

Lord, have mercy. (3)

The priest: Wisdom. Aright. Let us hear the Holy Gospel. Peace be unto all.

The choir: And with thy spirit.

The priest: The reading is from the Holy Gospel according to Saint Luke.

The choir: Glory to Thee, O Lord, glory to Thee.

The priest: Let us be attentive!

Gospel lesson Lk §4 (1:39-49, 56)

The choir: Glory to Thee, O Lord, glory to Thee.

In Tone 6: Glory to the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit.

By the intercessions of the Theotokos, O Merciful One, blot out the multitude of my offences.

Both now and ever and unto the ages of ages. Amen.

By the intercessions of the Theotokos, O Merciful One, blot out the multitude of my offences.

Have mercy upon me, O God, after thy great goodness: according to the multitude of thy mercies do away mine offences.

O entrust me not, I pray, to any human protection, O our Lady, holy one, but accept the prayer of your supplicant. Sorrow has overpowered me, and I am unable to endure and bear the demons' darts; a shelter have I not, neither a place to run, I, the wretched one; embattled from all sides am I, and you are my only consolation. Mistress of creation, protection and hope of faithful ones: Turn not away when I pray to you; do that which will profit me.

Prayer of the priest:

Save, O God, Thy people, and bless Thine inheritance; ...

Lord, have mercy. (12)

The priest: By the mercy and compassions and love for mankind ...

The choir: Amen.

Ode 7

Hirmos: Once from out of Judea did the Children go down to the land of Babylon; they trampled down the fire of the furnace while chanting by their faith in the Trinity: O God of our Fathers, blessed are You.

O Most Holy Theotokos save us.

Having willed thus, O Saviour, to dispense our salvation in Your economy, inside the Maid's womb, and showed to all creation that she was our guardian; O God of our Fathers, blessed are You.

O Most Holy Theotokos save us.

Do request, O pure Mother, to your Son who has willed to grant mercy to us, to rescue from transgressions and from the soul's defilement those who cry out most faithfully: O God of our Fathers, blessed are You.

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

A fountain of incorruption and a tower of safety is she who gave birth to You; a treasure of salvation and portal of repentance have you proved her to them that shout: O God of our Fathers, blessed are You.

Both now and ever and to the ages of ages. Amen.

Condescend to restore from diseases of body and soul to those who run to your divine protection with faith, O Theotokos, and thus grant them recovery; for Mother of Christ our Saviour are you.

Ode 8

Hirmos: The King of Heaven, Whom all the hosts of Angels hymn with their chants and praises of glory, praise and exalt Him to the ages for ever.

O Most Holy Theotokos save us.

Do not neglect those who seek the help you grant, for, O Virgin Maiden, they do hymn you, and they all exalt you throughout the ages.

O Most Holy Theotokos save us.

On all that hymn you with faith, O Virgin, and exalt your truly unspeakable Offspring, you have poured a great abundance of your cures and healings.

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

You make well all the diseases that plague my soul, and you also heal the sufferings of the flesh; this is why I, O Maiden full of grace, glorify you.

Both now and ever and to the ages of ages. Amen.

You drive away all assaults of temptations, and attacks of the passions, therefore we praise you throughout all ages, O Virgin.

Ode 9

Hirmos: Most rightly we confess you as our God's Birthgiver, we who through you have been saved, O Virgin most pure; with choirs of bodiless Angels, we magnify you.

O Most Holy Theotokos save us.

Do not reject the torrent of my tears, for you gave birth to Him Who takes away all tears from every face, O Virgin, for He is Christ indeed.

O Most Holy Theotokos save us.

Fill my heart, O Virgin Maiden, with gladness, for you are she who received all the fullness of joy, and made all sorrow of sinfulness to vanish.

O Most Holy Theotokos save us.

A haven and protection, and an unshaken wall, and a rejoicing and shelter and place of retreat you become, O Virgin, for those who flee to you.

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

Illumine with the radiance of your light, O Virgin, all those who piously call you the Mother of God, and banish away all darkness of ignorance.

Now and forever and to the ages of ages. Amen.

In a place of affliction and infirmity I am brought low, O Virgin; heal me, leading me from infirmity to good health.

Catabasia: It is truly fitting to call you blessed, the Theotokos, the ever-blessed and all-pure Theotokos. More honourable than the Cherubim, and beyond compare more glorious than the Seraphim, you who without corruption gave birth to God the Word, the very Theotokos, you do we magnify.

The priest censes the Holy Table and the people, or the house where the Paraklesis is being chanted; and we chant the following Megalynaria:

You are higher than the heavens above, and you are much purer than the radiance of the sun; for you have redeemed us out of the curse that held us, O Mistress of creation, with hymns we honour you.

From the great abundance of all my sins, ill am I in body, ailing also am I in soul. I have you as refuge; help me, therefore, O hope of all the hopeless, for you are full of grace.

O Lady and Mother of Christ our God Who saves, receive supplication from us wretches who beg for your entreaty to the One born from you; O Mistress of creation, intercede for us.

Now we chant with eagerness to you with this ode most joyful, O all-hymned Theotokos; together with the Baptist and all the saintly choirs, beseech, O Theotokos, that we find clemency.

Speechless be the lips of the impious who refuse to reverence your revered icon which is known by the name Directress, and which has been depicted for us by the Apostle Luke the Evangelist.

O all arrays of Angelic Hosts, with the holy Baptist, the Apostles' twelve-numbered band, all the Saints together, as well as God's Birthgiver, we seek your intercession for our deliverance.

Reader: *Trisagion to Our Father*

Following the Exclamation of the Priest, Choir, in Tone 6:

Have mercy on us, O Lord, have mercy on us; for lacking as we are in all defence, this supplication do we sinners offer You, as our Master: Have mercy on us.

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

Lord, have mercy on us, for we have placed all our trust in You. Do not be greatly angry with us, nor remember our iniquities; but look upon us even now, since You are compassionate, and You redeem us from our enemies. For You are our, God, and we Your people; all are the works of Your hands, and upon Your Name have we called.

Both now and ever and unto the ages of ages. Amen.

Open the portal of compassion to us, O most blessed Theotokos; for hoping in you, let us not fail, we pray; through you may we be delivered from adversities, for you are the salvation of the Christian race.

The priest commemorates those for whom the Paraklesis is sung (just as after Ode 3).

Prayer to the Most-Holy Theotokos goes here.

Priest: Wisdom! O Most-Holy Theotokos, save us!

Choir: More honorable...

Priest: Glory to Thee, Christ God, our hope, glory to Thee.

Choir: Glory / both now; Lord, have mercy (thrice); Bless!

Dismissal.

The Great Supplicatory Canon to the Theotokos, Tone 8

A Poem of Emperor Theodore Ducas Lascaris

Ode 1

Hirmos: The charioteer of Pharaoh was sunk in olden times by Moses' rod, which worked a mighty wonder when, in the Cross's form, it struck the sea, dividing it in two; and it led into safety sojourning Israel that fled by foot, chanting to the Lord God a song of praise.

O Most Holy Theotokos save us.

My humble soul is troubled by the rising storms of afflictions and woes; and clouds of misfortunes overcome me, bringing darkness to my heart, O Bride of God. But since you are the Mother of the Divine and Eternal Light, shine your gladsome light and illumine me.

O Most Holy Theotokos save us.

From countless trials and afflictions, grievous woes, and from misfortunes of life have I been delivered by your mighty strength, O spotless and pure Maid. I extol and I magnify your immeasurable sympathy, and the loving care that you have for me.

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

Having my hope now in your mighty help, O Maid, I flee for refuge to you. Unto your shelter have I run wholeheartedly, O Lady, and I bow my knee; and I mourn and cry weeping: Do not disdain me, the wretched one, for you are the refuge of Christian folk.

Both now and ever and unto the ages of ages. Amen.

I shall not cease from making known most manifestly your great deeds, Maid of God; for if you were not present to intercede in my behalf and importune your Son and God, who would free and deliver me from such storms and turbulence, and surmount the perils that trouble me?

Ode 3

Hirmos: The vault of the heavens is You, O Lord, Fashioner; and the Holy Church's great founder; likewise establish me in unfeigned love for You, for You are the height of things sought for, the staff of the faithful and the only Friend of all.

O Most Holy Theotokos save us.

At a loss and despairing, I cry with pain to you: Hasten, O fervent protection; grant your help to me, your lowly slave and wretched servant, O Maiden; for with heartfelt fervour I come seeking for your aid.

O Most Holy Theotokos save us.

You, O Lady, have truly been shown to be wondrous now in your benefactions and mercies granted to me, O Maid; hence do I glorify and acclaim you, whilst praising your great loving care and your boundless solicitude.

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

Mighty storms of misfortunes, O Lady, pass over me; and the swelling waves of afflictions plunge me into the depths. But be quick to come; lend me your helping hand, Maiden, for you are my

fervent protectress and sure support.

Both Now and ever and to the ages of ages. Amen.

I profess you, O Lady, as the true Mother of God: you, who has both banished and triumphed over the might of death; for as the source of Life, you have freed me from Hades' bonds, raising me to life, though to earth was I fallen down.

Ode 4

Hirmos: You are my strength; You are my power and might, O Lord; You are my God; You Who is not absent from Thy Father's arms, You, Lord, are my joy. You have deigned to visit our lowliness and our poverty. To You, therefore, I cry out with Habbakoum the Prophet: Glory be to Your power, O Friend of man.

O Most Holy Theotokos save us.

Where else shall I find me another to be my help? To what refuge shall I hasten to be saved? Whose fervent aid shall I have in need? Alas, life's affliction and turbulence shake me. In you alone, O Maiden, do I hope, trust, and glory; and I run to your shelter; save me.

O Most Holy Theotokos save us.

I magnify and I proclaim, you all-pure one, the sweet river of your tender mercy and loving care; for with many gifts has it greatly refreshed my tormented and truly lowly soul, afire in a furnace of misfortunes and sorrows; and I run to you shelter; save me.

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

You, O pure Maid, all-holy Virgin and spotless one, are my only steadfast shelter and retreat, and mighty wall that cannot be breached, my weapon of salvation. Do not disdain me, the prodigal, O hope of the despairing and ally of the ailing, you are the gladness and help of afflicted ones.

Both now and ever and to the ages of ages. Amen.

How shall I praise you, how shall I worthily sing the praise of your boundless mercies and compassions which have ever cooled and refreshed my soul, aflame and tormented, O Lady, and wounded grievously? Indeed your benefactions and providence, Maiden, are bestowed upon me most abundantly.

Ode 5

Hirmos: You have deprived me, and cast me, the unfortunate one, far from Your countenance; and the outer darkness has enshrouded and casts its gloom over me. Yet, now I beseech You: convert and direct me to the light of Your precepts, O Lord my God.

O Most Holy Theotokos save us.

As one grateful I cry out: Rejoice, O Virgin Mother; rejoice, O Bride of God; rejoice, O holy shelter; rejoice, O weapon and rampart invincible; rejoice, you are the protection and the assistance and salvation of all them that run to you, O Maid of God.

O Most Holy Theotokos save us.

They that hate me without cause have made ready a dart and a sword and pit for me. My unfortunate body do they seek to destroy and to tear apart; and they seek to bring me into the depths of earth, O pure one; but be quick and come save me from them, O Maid.

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

You deliver me from all need, affliction and from all disease and harm; and by your power, you preserve me unwounded in your shelter, Maid; and from every peril and foes that hate and war against me hasten to save me, O all-hymned one.

Both now and forever and to the ages of ages. Amen.

What gift of thanksgiving shall I offer in gratefulness to you, O Maid, for your boundless goodness and the favours and gifts that I have from you? Hence, indeed I praise you, and glorify and magnify your inexpressible sympathy shown to me.

Ode 6

Hirmos: My petition, I pour out to the Lord, and to Him do I proclaim all my sorrows, for many woes fill my heart to its limits, and unto Hades my whole life has now approached; like Jonas I pray to You: Raise me up from corruption, O Lord my God.

O Most Holy Theotokos save us.

The storm clouds of grievous sorrows and distress shroud my unfortunate heart and soul in affliction, and with their gloom have they filled me, O Virgin. Yet, since you brought forth the Light Unapproachable, be quick to drive them far from me with the breeze of your holy entreaties, Maid.

O Most Holy Theotokos save us.

A comfort you are to me in my distress, and I have you as a healer of all illness; you are the most perfect destruction of death; you are an unfailing fountain flowing with life, and speedy help and quick support of all them that are found in misfortunes, Maid.

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

I shall not conceal the ever-flowing spring of the sympathy that you have for me, O Lady, nor the abyss of your infinite mercy, nor yet the fountain of your boundless miracles; but ceaselessly do I cry out and confess and declare and proclaim them, Maid.

Both now and ever and to the ages of ages. Amen.

The turmoils of this life encircle me like unto bees about a honeycomb, O Virgin, and they have seized and now hold my heart captive, and I am pierced with the stings of afflictions, Maid; yet be, O all-holy one, my defender and helper and rescuer.

Ode 7

Hirmos: The three Hebrew Children in the furnace trampled on the flames with courage and great boldness; they turned fire to dew, and cried out with a great voice: Blessed are You, O Lord our God, unto ages of ages.

O Most Holy Theotokos save us.

Illumine my way, for I am darkened by the night of many sins, O Theotokos; for you brought forth the Light, and are in truth the blameless and undefiled vessel of light; hence with love do I praise you.

O Most Holy Theotokos save us.

Be my shelter and protection and my help and boast, O Virgin Theotokos; of all manner of help have I now been stripped naked, O strength of those bereft of help, and you are the hope of those without hope.

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

I praise you with my whole soul and understanding and with all my heart and with my lips, having truly enjoyed your many benefactions; yet boundless are your miracles, and your goodness is unending.

Both now and ever and to the ages of ages. Amen.

Look upon me with graciousness, and dispel the evil plight that besets me; and from grievous distress, harm, temptations, and perils do rescue me by your infinite mercy.

Ode 8

Hirmos: Let us ever applaud and praise the Lord God Who was seen of old on the holy mount in glory, Who by the fiery bush revealed the great mystery of the Ever-virgin and undefiled Maiden unto the Prophet Moses.

O Most Holy Theotokos save us.

Be moved to compassion, O Virgin, and disdain me not, for life's storms overwhelm me. But be quick, O modest one, and lend me your helping hand, O Maiden, for I perish drowning engulfed by life's misfortunes.

O Most Holy Theotokos save us.

Times of sorrows, necessity, and trouble, and misfortunes in life have found me, O pure Maiden; and from all sides temptations have encircled me; but be my ally, and protect me in your almighty shelter.

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

In distress I have you, Maid, as my haven, and in sorrows and grief you are my joy and gladness; and in all illness, you have been my quick help, and rescuer in perils, and in all temptations my guardian and protectress.

Both now and ever and to the ages of ages. Amen.

Rejoice, fiery throne of the Lord God; rejoice, the sacred vessel that is filled with manna; rejoice, the golden lampstand and unquenchable lamp; rejoice, O glory of virgins and the boast and adornment of mothers.

Ode 9

Hirmos: The heavens were astonished and stood in awe, and the ends of the earth, Maid, were sore amazed, for God appeared bodily to mankind as very man. And behold, your womb has proved to be vaster and more spacious than heaven's heights. For this, O Theotokos, the choirs and assemblies of men and angels magnify your name.

O Most Holy Theotokos save us.

To whom else shall I flee, O Maid most pure, and to whom shall I run for help and be saved? Where shall I go, and where shall I find a safe retreat? Whose warm protection shall I have? Who shall be a helper in my distress? In you alone I hope, Maid; in you alone I glory; and trusting in you, I have

fled to you.

O Most Holy Theotokos save us.

To number your great deeds and your mighty acts is not possible for man, O Bride of God, nor yet can one tell of the unfathomable abyss of your unending miracles that surpass all knowledge, and which are granted to those that venerate and honour you, with longing, as the true Mother of our Lord and God.

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

With anthems of thanksgiving I glorify and chant praise to your infinite mercy, and your boundless might I confess unceasingly unto all. With my soul and heart and mind and my lips I magnify and proclaim the many benefactions that you have poured upon me in your compassion, O Bride of God.

Now and forever and to the ages of ages. Amen.

Accept my appeal and my poor prayer, and disdain not my weeping and sighs, O Maid, nor my lament, but be quick to help me since you are good. Fulfil my every plea; you can do since you brought forth our mighty God and Master, if you but look upon me and bow down to mine utter lowliness.