

The Great Canon of Saint Andrew of Crete

On Thursday morning of the Fifth week of Great Lent, Lenten Matins are served as usual up through the kathisma hymn following the final reading from the Psalter. Then at once we read the first half of the Life of Saint Mary of Egypt and Psalm 51. Then we begin the Great Canon which is read in its entirety without the Biblical Canticles:

Canticle One:

Irmos: A Helper and a Protector,
He has become my Salvation.
This is my God, I will glorify Him,
my Fathers' God will I exalt,
for gloriously has He been glorified.

Have mercy on me, O God, have mercy on me.

How shall I begin to mourn the deeds of my wretched life?
What can I offer as first-fruits of repentance?
In Your compassion, O Christ, forgive my sins.

Come, my wretched soul,
and confess your sins in the flesh to the Creator of all.
From this moment forsake your former foolishness
and offer to God tears of repentance.

My transgressions rival those of first-created Adam,
and because of my sins
I find myself naked of God and of His everlasting Kingdom.

Alas, my wretched soul, why are you so like Eve?
You see evil and are grievously wounded by it;
you touch the tree
and taste heedlessly of its deceiving fruit.

Instead of the person Eve
I have within my inward being an "Eve" of passionate thoughts
which though seemingly sweet
never lose their bitter taste.

For failing to observe just one of Your commandments, O Savior,
Adam was justly exiled from Eden.
What then shall I suffer

for continually ignoring Your words of life?

Deliberately have I imitated blood-thirsty Cain, Lord,
enlivening my flesh while murdering my soul
by striking it with my evil deeds.

I have not resembled Abel in his righteousness, Jesus,
never having offered to You actions worthy of God --
pure gifts, an appropriate sacrifice, an unblemished life.

Like Cain, my wretched soul,
my offering to the Creator of all
has been filthy deeds, a polluted sacrifice and a worthless life --
and like him I now stand condemned.

You formed my flesh and bones as a Potter,
my Creator, my Redeemer and my Judge,
by molding clay into flesh and infusing it with the breath of life.
Accept me now as I return to You.

My Savior, I confess the sins which I have committed,
the wounds, which murderous thoughts, like thieves within me,
have inflicted on my soul and body.

Though I have sinned, Savior,
I know that in Your love for mankind
Your punishment is merciful and Your compassion profound.
Seeing my tears You will run to me as the Father
receiving His lost son.

My own thoughts like thieves have attacked me,
wounding me and covering me with sores.
Come now, Christ my Savior, to heal me.

A priest was the first to see me naked and in dreadful condition,
but he passed by on the opposite side of the road.
Then a Levite came but he too ignored me.
Jesus, Who dawned on the world from Mary,
come now Yourself and have pity on me.

Lamb of God Who take away the sins of all,
take from me the heavy burden of sin,
and in Your compassion, forgive me.

Do not despise me, Savior, nor banish me from Your presence,
but take from me the heavy burden of sin
and in Your compassion forgive my offenses.

My Savior, as God forgive all my sins
whether voluntary or involuntary,
known and unknown, overt and secret -- and save me!

From my youth, Savior, I have disregarded Your commandments
and passed my life in passions and laziness.
But now I cry to You, "Even at the end, save me!"

My soul has been wasted in evil habits,
and now empty of the fruits of virtue I am in great hunger.
Therefore, I cry to You, merciful Father,
"Watch over me and have mercy on me."

I fall down before You, Jesus, imploring Your mercy,
for I have sinned against You.
Take now from me the heavy burden of sin,
and in Your mercy grant me tears of repentance.

Savior, do not cast me down to hell,
even though in old age I lie at Your gate empty of virtue.
But in Your love for mankind, forgive my sins before I die.

Now is the time for repentance and I come to You, my Creator.
Take from me the heavy burden of sin,
and in Your compassion forgive me.

(Another canon, to our Venerable Mother Mary of Egypt)

Venerable Mary of Egypt, pray to God for us.

Grant me the brightness of grace from Divine Providence, Mary,
that escaping the darkness of passions
I may eagerly sing of your blessed conversion.

Venerable Mary of Egypt, pray to God for us.

In submitting to the laws of Christ,
you renounced all uncontrollable lust and came to Him,
piously adopting every virtue.

Holy Father Andrew, pray to God for us.

By your prayers, Andrew, set us free from degrading passions
and enable us who honor you in faith and love
to become partakers of the Kingdom of Christ.

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

Trinity above all essence and worshipped as one God,
take from me the heavy burden of sin,
and since You are compassionate
grant me tears of repentance.

Now and ever and unto ages of ages. Amen.

Theotokos, Hope and Protection of those who sing to you,
take from me the heavy burden of sin
and as our pure Lady
accept me as I repent.

Canticle Two:

Irmos: Attend, O heaven, and I will speak,
I will sing of Christ,
Who from the Virgin took flesh to dwell with us.

Have mercy on me, O God, have mercy on me.

Listen, O Heaven, and I will speak.
O earth, hear the cry of one returning to God
and singing His praises.

Look down on me in Your mercy,
compassionate God and Savior,
and accept my fervent confession.
More than all have I sinned;
I alone have sinned against You, O God my Savior,
but have compassion on me, Your creature.

Compassionate One, as You saved Peter when he was about to sink,
so reach out now to me,
for a storm of evil surges around me.

Compassionate One, like the prostitute who anointed Your feet
so now do I offer You tears.
Have mercy on me, O Savior.

With passions I have darkened the beauty of my soul
and permitted my whole inward being to become a mire.

I lie naked, having torn up the garment
which my Creator fashioned for me in the beginning.

I am ashamed, for the serpent deceived me
and my garment is in tatters.

I lie naked and ashamed,
for I was deceived by the beauty of the tree
which I saw in the middle of the garden.

The demons have cut deep wounds of passion into my back:
their lawlessness has made it like a plowed field.

I lie naked and covered with shame,

having lost that garment of goodness and grace
which was mine in the beginning.

Sin stripped me of the garment
created for me by God,
leaving me in a coat of skin.

Sensing his shame, Adam dressed himself in fig leaves
and like him I now wear a garment of shame
which reveals my many passions.

A soiled garment clothes me --
one shamefully stained with blood
flowing from a life of passion and love of fleshly things.

Savior, I have defiled the garment of my flesh
and polluted that which You fashioned within me
according to Your own image and likeness.

I fell beneath the weight of the passions
and the corruption of my flesh,
and from that moment has the enemy had power over me.

Instead of seeking poverty of spirit
I prefer a life of greed and self-gratification;
therefore, Savior, a heavy weight hangs from my neck.

Joseph's was a splendid coat of many colors
but mine is one of shameful thoughts
which condemns me even as it covers my flesh.

I persist in caring only for my outer garment,
while neglecting the temple within --
one made in the image of God.

Through love of pleasure
has my form become deformed
and the beauty of my inward being has been ruined.

The woman searched her house for the lost coin until she found it.
Now the beauty of my original image is lost, Savior,
buried in passions.
Come and as she did, search to recover it.

Like the prostitute I cry to You, Savior, that I have sinned.
I alone have sinned against You!
But accept my tears as You did hers
when she came to anoint Your feet.

Like David stealing Bathsheba,
I have fallen and become polluted through passions.
Savior, cleanse me in my tears.

Like the Publican once in the Temple
will I cry to You:
Have mercy on me, O Savior! Have mercy on me,
for among the children of Adam none has sinned more than I!

I have no tears, no repentance, no compunction --
my God and Savior, grant these to me!

Despite their calling to the Bridegroom,
"Lord, Lord, let us in,"
the foolish virgins found the door to the feast still locked to them.
Yet like them will I entreat You, Lord:
Open Your door to me as I return.

Lover of mankind, Whose wish it is that all be saved,
in Your goodness receive me as I return to You.
Savior, hear the sighing of my soul.
Accept the tears which drop from my eyes and save me.

Most Holy Theotokos, save us.

Most-Holy Theotokos, Virgin alone praised everywhere,
pray fervently that we may be saved.

(Another Irmos:)

See, see that I am God Who sent manna,
Who made water to spring from the rock in ancient times
for My people in the wilderness,
by My right hand and by My strength alone.

Have mercy on me, O God, have mercy on me.

"See, see that I AM God!"
Hear this cry of our Lord, my soul, and turn from your past sins.

Fear Him as the righteous Lord, your Judge and your God.

My soul, truly have you come to resemble those first two murderers,
Cain and his descendent Lamech;
for you have stoned your body with evil deeds
and murdered your inward being with senseless passions.

Let us consider those who lived before the Law was given:
Adam's son Seth and his son Enosh;
Enoch, who pleasing God, was carried up to heaven,
and Noah, called "the only good man of his time."
Have you imitated any of these my soul?
Is there any righteousness to be found in you?

My soul, you alone have opened the flood-gates of God's wrath anew,
and as the earth was covered with water long ago,
so have your flesh, your deeds and your whole life
become covered with sin
and you remain outside the ark of salvation.

Lamech cried, "I have killed a man for wounding me,
and a young man for hurting me!"
How can you hear this, my soul, and not tremble?
For you too have polluted your flesh and defiled your inward being.

How well have I imitated those first murderers, Cain and Lamech!
Through the desires of the flesh
I have killed my soul as Lamech a man,
and my mind, as once he did a young man.
I have also murdered my body as Cain did his brother.

You, my soul, desire to build a tower as a fortress for your lusts
as the people of Babel erected a tower to increase their strength.
But as He did with them, so will the Creator
also overthrow your desires and shatter all your plans.
I am wounded; I am pierced.
See how the Enemy's arrows have sunk into my soul and body!
See the bruises, the sores and the mutilations
which cause me to cry out --
the wounds resulting from my own passions.

Long ago the Lord rained burning sulfur on the city of Sodom
to consume its flagrant wickedness.
But you, my soul, have kindled within yourself the fires of hell

which now are about to consume you!

See and know that I AM God,
Who search your midst and test your hearts;
I uncover all you do and consume your sins with fire.
I AM the Defender of orphans, the humble and the poor.

Venerable Mary of Egypt, pray to God for us.

You overturned your life of sin, Mary,
and eagerly ran to Christ,
following His path through a pathless wilderness.
And in purity and love you fulfilled His commandments.

Venerable Mary of Egypt, pray to God for us.

Mary, as you sank into the depths of sin
you reached out to our merciful God,
and as He once saved Peter on the water, He caught you,
desiring in His love for mankind your conversion.

Holy Father Andrew, pray to God for us.

See, my soul, how greatly our God loves the human race,
and before it is too late fall down before Him in tears, crying,
"Through the prayers of our holy father Andrew,
have mercy on us, O Savior!"

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

Trinity, unoriginate and uncreated,
indivisible and existing as One,
receive me a sinner and save me as I now return to You.
Do not despise me, Your creature,
but spare and deliver me from the fires of condemnation.
Now and ever and unto ages of ages. Amen.

Most pure Theotokos, hope of all who run to you
and shelter for all in distress,
entreat your Son, our merciful Creator, to have mercy on us.

Canticle Three:

Irmos: Establish Your Church, O Christ,
on the unshakable rock of Your commandments.

Have mercy on me, O God, have mercy on me.

The Lord once caused fire to rain down from heaven, my soul,
and the land of Sodom was consumed.

Save yourself from sin, my soul!
Like Lot on the mountain,
take timely refuge in the land of Zoar.

Run from the flames, my soul!
Run from the burning of Sodom!
Run from the destruction caused by fire sent from God!

I confess, O Savior, that I have sinned against You,
but since You are compassionate,
absolve and forgive me.

O Christ my Savior, I have sinned more than anyone;
I alone have sinned against You,
yet do not forsake me!

As a Good Shepherd search for me,
Your sheep who has gone astray,
and do not forsake me.

You are compassionate, Jesus; You are my Creator.
And through You, my Savior, shall I be put right with God.

Most Holy Theotokos, save us.

O God, Trinity in Unity,
save us from delusions, temptations and misfortunes!

Most Holy Theotokos, save us.

Rejoice, womb which received God!
Rejoice, throne of the Lord!
Rejoice, Mother of our Life!

(Another Irmos)

Establish, O Lord, my unstable heart
on the rock of Your commandments,
for You only are holy and the Lord.

Have mercy on me, O God, have mercy on me.

In You, the Destroyer of death, have I found the Fountain of Life
and now from the heart I cry out before my death:
"I have sinned. Be merciful and save me!"

I have imitated those who in the days of Noah
indulged themselves,
and like them I deserve to perish in a flood.

I have sinned, Lord, I have sinned against You,
but be merciful to me,
though there is no one whose sins I have not surpassed.

Noah's son Ham failed to conceal his father's nakedness,
and even dared to look at him in his shame.
And you, my soul, in your treatment of your neighbor,
have imitated him.

You have never inherited a blessing like Shem, my wretched soul,
nor like Japheth acquired vast possessions
in the land of forgiveness.

Come out from sin, my soul,
as Abraham once came out of the land of Haran.
Come to the land flowing with everlasting incorruption
which he inherited.

Having heard, my soul,
how Abraham left the land of his ancestors to become a wanderer,
imitate his resolution.

At the Oak of Mamre
the Patriarch Abraham offered hospitality to angels,
and in his old age inherited the prize of God's promise.

My wretched soul, knowing Isaac to be a new sacrifice
mystically offered to the Lord,
imitate his resolution.

Having heard of Ishmael
who as the child of a slave was drive out,
watch carefully, my soul, lest the same befall you
because of your slavery to the passions.

Like Hagar the Egyptian long ago,
you, my soul, are by your own choice a slave
and have given birth to a new Ishmael --
your own stubbornness.

You know, my soul, of Jacob's ladder
which appeared from earth to heaven.
Why then have you not held fast to the secure rung of piety?

Imitate Melchizedek --
that image of royal and priestly life of Christ.

Do not become a pillar of salt, my soul,
by turning back to what you have left behind;
let the destruction of Sodom fill you with fear,
and save yourself in the town of Zoar.

Run my soul! Run from sin as Lot ran from the fire!
Run from Sodom and Gomorrah!
Run from the flame of every deceiving desire!

Have mercy, Lord, have mercy on me!
So shall I cry to You when You come with Your angels
to render to us all our deeds deserve.

Master, do not reject the prayers of those who praise You,
but in Your love for mankind be merciful
and grant forgiveness to all who ask in faith.

Venerable Mary of Egypt, pray to God for us.

I am caught in a storm and tossed about by sin, Mother,
but guide me through
and lead me to the safe harbor of repentance.

Venerable Mary of Egypt, pray to God for us.

As I now offer my supplications before the compassionate Theotokos,
intercede with her before God for me, venerable Mary of Egypt,
that He may open to me the way to His Kingdom.

Holy Father Andrew, pray to God for us.

Andrew, bishop of Crete
and excellent guide into the mystery of repentance,
through your prayers grant me forgiveness of my trespasses.

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

One simple and uncreated nature without beginning
Whom we praise as God in Trinity --
save us who in faith worship Your power.

Now and ever and unto ages of ages. Amen.

Without seed you gave birth in time
to the timeless Son of the Father, Theotokos,
-- and O strange wonder! --
you nourished Him at your breast while remaining a virgin.

(Then follows a Little Litany)

Kathisma Hymn (by Joseph the Hymnographer)

Tone 8

Enlighten us, Apostles and witnesses to the Savior,
that wielding the torch of abstinence
against all passions which arise by night,
we may come through the darkness of this life
as those who walk in the light of day, //
to rejoice in the glorious Passion of Christ.

Glory... (by Theodore)

Company of Twelve, now offer prayers to Him Who chose you
that in humble supplication and fervent performance of all good works
we may complete the course of Lent //
and prepare ourselves to praise the glorious Resurrection of Christ our God.

Now and ever... (Theotokion)

In ways which neither mind can grasp nor tongue express,
the uncontainable Son and Word of God
took flesh from you, Theotokos!
With the Apostles now entreat of Him peace for the world
and for us, your servants, forgiveness of sins before we die,
that through the greatness of your mercy, //
we may be found worthy of the Kingdom of Heaven.

(We then read the second half of the Life of Saint Mary of Egypt. The first part of the Three-Ode canons for the day may then be sung. The Great Canon then resumes:)

Canticle Four:

Irmos: The prophet heard of Your coming, O Lord,
and was afraid:
that You were to be born of a Virgin and appear to men,
and he said:
I have heard the report of You and am afraid;
glory to Your power, O Lord!

Have mercy on me, O God, have mercy on me.

Do not forget Your saving acts, righteous Judge,
or turn away from Your creatures,
but in Your compassion forgive me,
though I have sinned more than all.
For Yours is the power to remit the sins of all.

The end is approaching, my soul; it is approaching!
So why do you not care or prepare yourself for it?
Arise! The time is short!
The Judge already stands at the door.
Life is vanishing like a dream,
so why do you continue living in vanity?

Arise, my soul, and reveal the evil things you have done.
Ponder them well and allow your tears to flow.
Then confess your deeds and thoughts openly to Christ,
and He will make you righteous.

There has never been a sin, a deed, an evil act,
which I have not cherished, Savior.
I have sinned in my thoughts, my words, and my deeds,
and no one has sinned more than I.

Despair condemns me in the tribunal of my conscience
where judgment is harsher than by any law on earth.
My Judge, Who created and redeemed me,
spare, deliver and save me, Your servant.

The ladder which long ago Jacob the great Patriarch saw
is for you, my soul, an image to consider.
The bottom-most rung is a first step towards doing the will of God,
while those which follow lead to a true knowledge of Him.
Therefore, renew your life if you wish to do God's work,

to receive knowledge and insight.

Wishing to marry Rachel, Jacob tended her father's sheep for seven years through the scorching heat of day and the frost of night.

When given Leah by deceit he struggled and slaved yet another seven finally to win his chosen bride.

Now consider these two wives as images of diligence and wisdom.

Leah, who bore many children is untiring labor,
while Rachel is that wisdom which one acquires only through diligence.
Neither, however, is possible, my soul, without your effort.

Prepare yourself, my soul!

Be courageous like Abraham, Isaac and Jacob,
that acquiring diligence and wisdom, you too may meet your God.

Through contemplation
may you reach the awesome depths in which He dwells
and in so doing become a good steward of the Lord.

Jacob and his sons, the Patriarchs,
established for you, my soul,
an example of the ladder of active ascent.
By his way of life, Jacob took the first step,
fathering twelve sons and offering them
as further rungs which step-by-step ascend to God.

But you, my hopeless soul, have rather imitated Esau,
surrendering to the crafty devil the beauty you inherited from God.
In two ways -- works and wisdom -- have you been deceived,
and now is the time for you to change your ways.

Esau's consuming lust for women,
his burning passion and his soul marred by senseless pleasures,
earned for him the Hebrew name "Edom" (meaning "red") --
for his soul was like a flame burning with love for sin.

My soul, have you not heard of Job,
who even while sitting on a dunghill was justified?
Why then in times of temptation,
have you never imitated his courage or firmness of purpose,
or endured with patience?

Once Job sat on his throne
surrounded by children and greatly admired,

but now lies naked on a dunghill,
childless, homeless and covered with sores.
Even so, he considers his dunghill a palace and his sores precious pearls.

My body is defiled, my spirit is impure.
I am covered with sores.
But as our Physician, O Christ,
wash, heal and cleanse me in repentance to make me whiter than snow.

You offered Your body and blood for all, crucified Word,
that I might be renewed and washed.
You surrendered Your Spirit to the Father
that I might be brought to Him.

Accepting voluntarily to be nailed to a Tree,
You accomplished salvation in the midst of the earth, Creator.
Eden, which had been closed to us, is open again,
and all of creation, both in heaven and on earth,
is saved and worships You.

Let the blood and water which flowed from Your side
be a fountain of living water
and deliverance from captivity to sin.
May they cleanse, refresh and anoint me
as do Your living words, O Word.

Cast out of the banquet for lack of clothes fitting to wear,
I awoke with empty lamp like the foolish virgins
to find the door to the bridal chamber also closed to me.
The supper is eaten but I lay cast out,
bound tightly hand and foot.

The Church has been given Your life-creating side
as a chalice, Savior,
from which to drink both deliverance and wisdom --
which we understand as images of the two Testaments, both Old and New.

My fleeting life is full of pain and wickedness,
but accept me, Lord in repentance
and allow me to behold Your presence.
May the Enemy never possess me: may I never fall prey to him.
O Savior, have mercy on me.

Like the Pharisee I am boastful and my heart is cold;

my life I have passed in vanity.

My merciful and righteous Judge, do not condemn me with him,
but grant me the tax-collectors humility and accept me.

I know, merciful Lord, that I have sinned
and corrupted the temple of my soul,
but accept me in repentance and allow me to behold Your presence.
May the Enemy never possess me: may I never fall prey to him.
O Savior, have mercy on me.

I have become an idol to myself,
and in passions have I injured my soul.
But accept me now in repentance, merciful Lord,
and allow me to behold Your presence.
May the Enemy never possess me: may I never fall prey to him.
O Savior, have mercy on me.

I have never listened to Your words
nor obeyed Your commands, Lawgiver.
But accept me now in repentance, merciful Lord,
and allow me to behold Your presence.
May the Enemy never possess me: may I never fall prey to him.
O Savior, have mercy on me.

Venerable Mary of Egypt, pray to God for us.

Mother Mary, having dwelt in the flesh as if bodiless,
you received abundant grace from God
to intercede for those who faithfully honor you.
Therefore, through your prayers deliver us from all trials.

Venerable Mary of Egypt, pray to God for us.

The depths of sin to which you were dragged
were unable to hold you captive.
After careful reasoning
you returned to safety in God through repentance,
and in deeds you attained the heights of virtue --
beyond all expectation of the angels.

Holy Father Andrew, pray to God for us.

Andrew, adornment of Crete and praise of the Fathers,
standing now before the transcendent Trinity,

never cease praying for us, that all who call on you
may be spared the torments of hell.

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

I confess You as One God in Trinity,
a single essence unconfused in Persons,
co-enthroned and co-ruling.
And I sing to You: Holy! Holy! Holy!
Father, Son and Holy Spirit!

Now and ever and unto ages of ages. Amen.

As a virgin you gave birth,
and a virgin you remained by nature,
your womb giving birth painlessly
for He Who was born of you renewed the laws of nature,
since when God wills its order is overthrown.

Canticle Five:

Irmos: Out of the night, watching early for You,
enlighten me I pray, O Lover of mankind
and guide me in Your commandments
and teach me, O Savior, to do Your will.

Have mercy on me, O God, have mercy on me.

In the darkness of night has my whole life passed,
amidst shadowy delusions I cannot escape.
But Savior, make me now a child of the day.

My soul is in despair,
for like Reuben who defiled his father's bed,
I have disobeyed the will of God my Father
by defiling His image within me.

I confess my sins to You, O Christ my King:
like Joseph's brothers have I sold into slavery
him who was chaste and pure.

As an image of our Lord was that righteous soul
cast out by his brothers and sold into slavery,
while you, my soul, have sold yourself into your own evil hands.

Suffering and hopeless soul,
imitate the purity of mind in righteous Joseph,
and do not sin by being led astray by irrational desires.

Joseph's being placed in a pit
formed an image of Your burial and resurrection, Lord and Master.
Will I ever be able to endure such things for Your sake?

You have heard, my soul,
how the waves and waters of the river
formed a protective chamber for the baby Moses,
allowing his basket of reeds to escape the cruel edict of Pharaoh.

The midwives, though instructed by Pharaoh
to kill the male infants of the Hebrews,
obeyed their God instead.
Now that you, my hopeless soul, have been spared death like Moses,
like him also be nourished on the wisdom of the Lord.

By killing the oppressive Egyptian,
Moses severed his bond to Pharaoh.
But you, my hopeless soul,
have not even begun to attack the wickedness of your mind.
If you have not accomplished even this much,
how can you expect to pass through the time of repentance,
which alone can drive away our sinful passions?

Go, my soul, and imitate the great Moses in the wilderness,
that like him you may behold God present in the burning bush.

Think of the staff which Moses stretched over the waters
in order to divide them. It is an image of the Cross of Christ
whereby you, my soul, can also accomplish great things.

Aaron's faithfulness was shown
by his offering an acceptable sacrifice to God.
But you, my soul, like the priests Hophni and Phineas
have offered only your deceitful and selfish life.

Like Jannes and Jambres,
the magicians in service to Pharaoh who opposed Moses,
I have opposed You, Lord and become burdened in body and soul.
My mind has fallen into grief. Come now to help me.

I am in a hopeless state, Lord,
for my mind finds attraction in corruption.
Cleanse me now in my tears
to make the garment of my flesh whiter than snow.

In considering my deeds, Savior,
I see that in sin I surpass all people --
for the wrong I commit is done knowingly rather than in ignorance.

Spare me, Your creature, Lord, for I have sinned
yet now seek forgiveness from You,
for You alone are pure by nature;
no one else is free from defilement.

Because of Your love for mankind, Savior,
You became incarnate and worked miracles:
healing lepers, freeing paralytics and stopping a woman's bleeding
at just the touch of your robe.

Imitate the desire of the crippled woman, my powerless soul;
come and fall down at Jesus' feet
and allow Him to heal you that your path may lead toward God.

As a deep well of Living Water, Lord,
pour upon me the rivers of life which flow from Your wounds.
Let me, like the Samaritan woman, drink of them
that I may thirst no more.

Let my tears, Lord and Master, be for me a pool of Siloam
in which to wash my spiritual senses that I may see You,
the Light Which existed before time began.

Venerable Mary of Egypt, pray to God for us.

Blessed Mary, with unmatched fervor
you longed to venerate the Tree of Life until your desire was granted.
Help us now to be made worthy of the glory of heaven.

Venerable Mary of Egypt, pray to God for us.

You found peace, Mother Mary, after crossing the Jordan River,
for the soul-destroying pleasures enjoyed a deserted place to roam.
Now by your prayers deliver us also from these evil pleasures.

Holy Father Andrew, pray to God for us.

Andrew, honored among the greatest of pastors,
I venerate you with love
and ask your intercessions with God for my salvation.

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

We glorify You, Trinity, One in essence,
and we praise and adore You forever, singing:
Holy! Holy! Holy! Father, Son and Holy Spirit.

Now and ever and unto ages of ages. Amen.

God, the Creator of all things,
became incarnate through you, Pure Virgin Mother,
uniting our human nature to Himself.

Canticle Six:

Irmos: With my whole heart I cried unto the compassionate God,
and He heard me;
and He lifted up my soul from the depths of hell
and from corruption.

Have mercy on me, O God, have mercy on me.

I offer You, Savior, sincere tears
and the deepest groaning of my soul, crying from the heart:
"O God, I have sinned against You; be merciful to me"

When Dathan and Abiram defied Moses and turned from the Lord,
the earth opened to swallow them.
Now you, my soul, having turned from the Lord as well,
must cry with your whole heart from the depths of hell to be spared,
lest you share their lot.

Having lived like a stubborn mule, my soul,
like that idol-worshipper Ephraim,
now like an agile deer,
flee the hunters and save your life,
strengthening it with good deeds, wisdom and prayer.

Be assured, my soul,
that as God was able to turn Moses' hand white with disease
and cleanse it once again,
so can He also cleanse and purify a diseased life.
Therefore do not despair of yourself
even though infected by many sins.

The waves of my transgressions have turned back on me, O Savior,
just as once the Red Sea turned back
to engulf the Egyptian forces.

Like Israel of old, you have an arrogant will, my soul,
preferring gluttony and self-gratification to the manna from heaven.

The Canaanites' wells can be likened to worldly philosophies,
from which you, my soul, have preferred to drink
rather than from the rock which, when struck by Moses,
poured out a river of wisdom: the knowledge of God.

Like the arrogant Israelites in the wilderness,
you prefer the comforts of Egypt
and unclean food to manna, the food sent from heaven.

Water pouring from the rock when struck by Your servant Moses,
prefigured Your life-giving side, Savior,
from which we draw the water of life.

Find the Promised Land and explore it secretly,
as Joshua, son of Nun, once did.
See what kind of land it is and settle there,
obeying the Law of God.

As Joshua subdued Amalek and the lying Gibeonites,
arise, my soul, and subdue the weakness of your flesh,
conquering everything which leads your mind astray.

Pass through the River of Time
as once the Ark of the Covenant crossed the River Jordan,
to take possession of the Promised Land in obedience to God's command.

As once You heard Peter's cry for help,
so now protect me, Savior, and deliver me from Satan's power
by pulling me from the depths of sin.

I know You as a calm haven, Christ my Savior,
from the storm of transgressions.
Protect and deliver me
from the depths of my innermost sin and despair.

I am the lost coin bearing Your royal likeness, Word.
Therefore, light the lamp
(which is John, Your forerunner and baptizer)
to find and renew that which was created in Your image.

Venerable Mary of Egypt, pray to God for us.

Mary, a constant stream of tears fell from your eyes,
extinguishing the flames of lust
while setting your soul afire with love of God.
Grant me, your servant, this grace of tears.

Venerable Mary of Egypt, pray to God for us.

Because you lived a heavenly life on earth,
you were able to ignore the temptations of this world.
Therefore, help those who praise you,
that we also may be freed from temptations.

Holy Father Andrew, pray to God for us.

Andrew, pastor and bishop of Crete
and intercessor for the whole world,
I run to you and cry:
Raise me up, Father, from the depths of sin!

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

"I AM the Trinity, simple and undivided in essence,
yet divided in Persons.
I AM also the Unity, united in nature,"
says God, the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit.

Now and ever and unto ages of ages. Amen.

Your womb, Theotokos, held God Who for our sakes took human form.
Implore Him, the Creator of all,
that through your prayers we may be justified.

Kontakion Tone 6

My soul, my soul, arise,
why are you sleeping?
The end is drawing near
and you will be confounded.
Awake then and be watchful
that Christ our God may spare you,
for He is everywhere and fills all things!

Ikos:

Openly, Christ cures the people; Adam's wounds are being healed.
Affliction stalks the door of the devil who dares lament to his
comrades: "What can I do to Mary's Child? This man from
Bethlehem will be my doom, //
for He is everywhere and fills all things!"

The Beatitudes in Tone 6:

In Your Kingdom remember us, O Lord, //
when You come in Your Kingdom.

By crying out, "Remember me!"
one thief, while hanging on his cross,
became a citizen of heaven.
May I, too, in my unworthiness //
be made worthy of such repentance, O Christ.

Blessed are the poor in spirit, //
for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.
My soul, have you not seen how to Manoah
a son was born in fulfillment of God's promise?
For seeing the Lord in a vision he ministered to Him; //
you, too, should imitate his goodness.

Blessed are those who mourn, //
for they shall be comforted.

Samson, for foolishly taking his rest,
was shorn of his power and freedom.
And you, my soul, are so like him!
For by surrendering your blessed life to foul pleasures, //
your good deeds fall from you like locks of hair.

Blessed are the meek, //
for they shall inherit the earth.

Samson -- once victorious over Philistine armies
though armed with just the jawbone of an ass --
now lies prisoner to his basest passions. //
Flee, my soul, from his deeds and weaknesses!

Blessed are those who hunger and thirst after righteousness, //
for they shall be filled.

My soul, take courage in the virtues of Deborah, Barak and Jephthah //
those mighty warriors and judges in Israel.

Blessed are the merciful, //
for they shall obtain mercy.

My soul, behold Jael's valor as she saves her people Israel
by driving a stake through Sisera's head into the ground//
as a sign of the Cross for us.

Blessed are the pure in heart, //
for they shall see God.

As Jephthah offered his pure daughter as a sacrifice to God,
so make now to the Lord an offering of praise, //
slaying the passions of your flesh.

Blessed are the peacemakers, //
for they shall be called the sons of God.

Like Gideon's wool, catch now the dew from heaven.
Wring from the Scriptures the waters of the Law,
and like his soldiers chosen for the battle, //
kneel down and drink your fill.

Blessed are those who are persecuted for righteousness' sake, //
for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.

Eli the priest once lost his sons
because they disobeyed the Law.
And you too, my soul, can lose your life //
if you obey your passions.
Blessed are you when men shall revile you and persecute you //
and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for My sake.

In the age of the Judges
a Levite with diligence cut into twelve pieces
the body of his slain concubine
as a sign to the Tribes of Israel, //
convicting the lawless men of Benjamin of her foul murder.

Rejoice and be exceedingly glad, //
for great is your reward in heaven.

Hannah prayed in all sobriety,
praising God without making a sound;
and though she was old and childless, //
she received a son in answer to her prayer.

Remember us, O Lord, //
when You come in Your Kingdom.

Hannah's great son Samuel became a judge over Israel.
This boy from Ramah was raised to the Temple of the Lord.
Emulate him, O my soul: //
be a judge first of your own deeds.

Remember us, O Master, //
when You come in Your Kingdom.

Through Samuel God once chose David for an earthly throne
and anointed him King of Israel.
Now if you, my soul, desire to receive the Kingdom from on high, //
anoint yourself with tears.

Remember us, O Holy One, //
when You come in Your Kingdom.

Merciful Lord, take pity on those You have created.
Be merciful to all whom You have formed.
Spare even me, though by defying Your commands //
I am the worst sinner in the world.
Glory to the Father and to the Son //
and to the Holy Spirit.

I worship the unoriginate Father.
I glorify the Son Whom He bore.
I praise the Holy Spirit Who proceeds from the Father //
and shines as One with both the Father and the Son.

Now and ever, //
and unto ages of ages. Amen.

O Mother of God,
we venerate the Son Whom you bore
in ways which surpass our human nature,
and we confess His glory to be undivided, //
for though He has two natures He is but one Person.

Canticle Seven:

Irmos: We have sinned, transgressed, done wrong before You.
We have not watched or done as You have commanded us,
but do not give us up utterly,
O God of our fathers.

Have mercy on me, O God, have mercy on me.

I have sinned, I have erred,
I have rejected Your commandments.
I have increased in sin and added to the wounds of my soul.
But in Your compassion, be merciful to me,
O God of our fathers.

I have confessed to You, my Judge,
the secrets of my heart.
See my humility, my distress --
and give me now Your judgment,
in Your compassion being merciful to me,
O God of our fathers.

Saul lost his father's flock
and found himself suddenly proclaimed King of Israel.
Watch, my soul, lest your animal instincts
now block you from the Kingdom of Christ.

David was a forefather of the Lord, my soul,
yet sinned doubly by committing both murder and adultery.
Your sickness, however, is even worse than his deeds
because of your impulsive will.

David, though once compounding his sins --
by first murdering a man and then stealing his wife --
was quick to repent of both.
You, however, my soul, have done worse things than he,
yet never repented of them before the Lord.

David once showed us the image of true repentance
in a psalm he wrote exposing all he had done.
"Be merciful to me and cleanse me!" he wrote,
"For against You only have I sinned --
the God of our fathers!"

Merely for touching the Ark of the Covenant
to prevent it from falling to the ground,
Uzzah was struck dead by God.
Avoid His anger at such presumption, my soul,
by showing true honor to holy things.

You have heard of Absalom
and how he rebelled against his father David,
and know how he defiled his father's bed.
So why do you still imitate his wild impulses
and his love of pleasure?

By following Satan
your freedom has become enslaved to your body, my soul,
as when on Ahithophel's advice Absalom revolted against his father.
But Christ has scattered the enemy's counsel
that you might at all costs be saved.

Solomon was mighty and full of wisdom
yet did wrong before the Lord when he turned to idols.
And you, my soul, resemble him in your evil life.

Solomon was carried away by gratification of his lust.
Alas, he who loved Wisdom now makes love to prostitutes
and finds himself estranged from God.
But in your every thought you have imitated him, my soul,
through your disgraceful love of luxury.

Your sin rivals Rehoboam's,
who ignored the wise advisers of his father Solomon;
and you have imitated Jeroboam who divided the kingdom
and turned Israel to idols.
Flee such likeness and cry out to God:
"I have sinned, have pity on me!"

Ahab did more to arouse God's anger
than all the kings of Israel before him,
yet you are his rival in sin, my soul.
Cry out now with your whole heart, confessing your sins to God.

Elijah once called down fire on Jezebel's troops
and killed her shameful prophets as a rebuke for Ahab's idolatry.
Avoid all likeness to these two, my soul,
and strive to discipline yourself.

Heaven is shut to you, my soul:
a famine sent from God has laid hold of you
as it once did Ahab for disobeying Elijah the Tishbite.
But imitate how the woman of Zerahath who by feeding the prophet
alone received food by a miracle.

Manasseh sinned of his own choice,
setting up his lust as idols
and increasing the abomination of false gods in Israel.
Later, however, he repented and humbled himself before the Lord.
Emulate his return, my soul, and acquire compunction.

I fall down before You, Lord,
offering my words as if they were tears,
for no less than the prostitute have I sinned;
I have transgressed as no one else on earth.
But take pity on Your creature and restore to me Your mercy.

I have distorted Your image, Savior, and broken Your commands.
The beauty of my soul has been spoiled
and its light extinguished by my sins.
But have pity on me and in David's words,
"give me again the joy that comes from Your salvation."

Return! Repent! Uncover what is hidden!
Say to God Who knows all things,
"You are my only Savior and know my terrible secrets.
Yet in David's words,
'be merciful to me according to Your great mercy.'"

My life is vanishing like a dream on waking.
Therefore, like Hezekiah I cry upon my bed,
asking that years may be added to my life.
But what Isaiah will help me -- except the God of all?

Venerable Mary of Egypt, pray to God for us.

You cried to the pure Mother of God
and were freed from the deadly grip of sin,
putting Satan your tempter to shame.
Grant also to me, your servant, aid in time of trouble.

Venerable Mary of Egypt, pray to God for us.

God Whom you loved and for Whom you longed,
Whose path you followed, Mother,
found you and granted you repentance in His compassion.
Pray, therefore, that we may be freed from sin and adversity.

Holy Father Andrew, pray to God for us.

By your prayers, Father Andrew,
establish me on the Rock of Faith,
surround and protect me with the fear of God,
grant me repentance,
and deliver me from the traps of those who seek my harm.

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

Simple and undivided,
One in essence and nature, Light and Lights,
One Holy and three Holies --
God is praised as Trinity.
So sing praises to Him, my soul,
and glorify the Life and Lives, the God of all.

Now and ever and unto ages of ages. Amen.

We praise you, we bless and venerate you, Mother of God,
for from the undivided Trinity you brought forth the only Son of God
and restored to us on earth the heavenly realms.

(The second section of the Three-ode canons for the day may be sung here)

Canticle Eight

Irmos: Him Whom the hosts of heaven glorify,
Whom the cherubim and seraphim dread,
let every breath and creature praise, bless and magnify
throughout all ages.

Have mercy on me, O God, have mercy on me.

Savior, I have sinned!
Now convert my soul and receive me in repentance
as I cry: "Against You only have I sinned and lived lawlessly.
Have mercy on me!"

Remember, my soul, how Elijah
once drove the fiery chariot into heaven,
abandoning all earthly cares by perfection in every virtue.

Once the river Jordan was divided
when Elisha struck its waters with Elijah's mantle.
But how can you hope to share in such wonders,
not yet having learned to control your love of worldly pleasures?

Elisha inherited a double portion of prophetic spirit
when Elijah's mantle fell from heaven upon him.
But how can you, my soul, hope to share in such graces,
not yet having learned to control your love of worldly pleasures?

The wealthy woman of Shunem
showed her good will by entertaining the righteous Elisha,
but you, my soul, receive neither strangers nor travelers,
and will find yourself an alien --
cast out of the bridal chamber of Christ.

When Elisha cured Naaman of a dread disease
he asked no price in return.
But you, my soul, have imitated his wicked servant Gehazi,
who sought money in his master's name.
Abandon such greed before the end,
lest you be cast into eternal fire.

King Uzziah, though mighty in battle
and faithful in his own observance of the Law,
tolerated idolatry among the people
and for this was he struck with a dread disease.
Now you, my soul, are twice as sick as he,
for your life is polluted with evil thoughts and wicked deeds.

Have you not heard how the Ninevites, moved by Jonah's preaching,
repented in sackcloth and ashes?
Why then have you not followed their example?
For in its pride your heart is harder
than all who have sinned both before and after the Law.

Thrown into a well, Jeremiah lamented bitterly the fall of Zion.
Only by such a life of mourning and weeping, my soul,
will you find the way to salvation.

Jonah the prophet fled to Tarshish,
for he was well aware of how merciful our God is.
And foreseeing the conversion of the Ninevites
he feared their repentance
would prove false his threat of destruction.

You have heard, my soul, how by faith
Daniel shut the mouths of the roaring lions in the den,
and the three Holy Children extinguished the flames in the furnace.

I have reviewed as examples for you, my soul
all the figures of the Old Testament.
Learn to imitated the deeds
of those who in righteousness loved their God --
and flee from the sins of the wicked.

My righteous Judge and Savior, have mercy on me!
Deliver me from eternal fire
and the sentence of condemnation which I so justly deserve.
Grant that by repentance and increase of virtue
I may obtain forgiveness before it is too late.

With the thief I cry to You, "Remember me!"
Like Peter I weep bitterly, "Forgive me, Lord."
Receive my broken spirit
as once You accepted the tax-collector's prayer
and the prostitute's tears.

The ceaseless entreaty of the Canaanite woman moved you to compassion,
so have mercy on me as well, Lord.

Heal my corrupt life, my only Savior and Physician.
Pour out Your grace on my heart like the good Samaritan's ointments,
that with Your help I may bear the fruits
which will show that I have changed.
Then all my wounds of sin shall be healed.

Like the Canaanite woman I cry to You,
"Have mercy on me, Son of David!"
Like the woman with severe bleeding I touch the hem of Your robe,
and like Mary and Martha over Lazarus, I weep before You.
As the prostitute broke her priceless jar of myrrh
to anoint Your head, O Savior,
so do I weep before You with a broken and contrite heart.
Hear my prayer; forgive and have mercy on me.

I am the first and greatest of sinners, patient Savior,
but I cry to You in fear and love:
"Though I have sinned against You alone and done evil in Your sight,
nevertheless, have mercy on me!"

Spare me, my Savior, for I am the work of Your own hands.
Seek me, Your lost sheep, Good Shepherd,
and deliver me from the jaws of the wolf,
including me as a lamb in Your royal fold.

Most merciful Christ, when You ascent Your dread tribunal as Judge,
all of creation will be overcome with fear and tremble,
for on that day Your glory will be revealed as a blazing fire.

Venerable Mary of Egypt, pray to God for us.

The Mother of the never-setting Sun enlightened you
and freed you from the darkness of your passions.
Since now you rejoice in the grace of the Spirit, Mary,
illumine all who praise you in faith.

Venerable Mary of Egypt, pray to God for us.

Zosima the Elder marveled meeting you, Mother,
for in you he saw an earthly angel.
Filled with awe he praises Christ forever.

Holy Father Andrew, pray to God for us.

Andrew, praise of Crete,
since as a teacher of repentance and the glory of all righteous souls
you are able with confidence to approach the Lord,
pray that I may be freed
from the bonds of transgression which hold me.

Let us bless the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit, the
Lord!

Eternal Father, Co-eternal Son
and Gracious Comforter, the Spirit of Truth:
Father of the Divine Word, Word of the Eternal Father
and Life-Creating Spirit -- Trinity in Unity --
have mercy on us.

Now and ever and unto ages of ages. Amen.

Pure Virgin, the flesh of Emmanuel
was formed within your womb
as a robe of royal crimson is spun from scarlet silk.
We proclaim you to be truly the Mother of our God.

(The Magnificat is NOT sung. The final section of the Three-ode canons of the day may be sung here)

Canticle Nine:

Irmos: Ineffable is the child-bearing of a seedless conception,
a Mother remaining pure.

For the birth of God renews natures,
so in all ages we magnify you in an Orthodox manner
as the Mother and Bride of God.

Have mercy on me, O God, have mercy on me.

My inward being is wounded, my body is weak;
my spirit is ill and the Word is powerless.
Life is giving way to death and the end is near.
What shall I do when the Judge comes and I must stand before Him?

I have reminded you, my soul, from the books of Moses,
how the world was created,
and from accounts throughout the Old Testament
have shown examples of both the righteous and the unrighteous.
But of these you have imitated the latter rather than the former
and thereby have sinned against your God.

The Law has no power over you, my soul
You have made the Gospel fruitless, scorned the Scriptures,
and reaped yourself no value from the Prophets
or the writings of the just.
Your wounds have increased and you have no physician to heal you.

Therefore, my soul, I will remind you
of examples from the New Testament
to lead you to contrition.
Imitate the righteous and shun the ways of sinners
that through prayer, fasting, purity and reverence,
you may obtain the mercy of Christ.

Christ became a man
and called both robbers and prostitutes to repentance.
Return, therefore, my soul, to Him.
For the doors of the Kingdom now stand open
and the Pharisees, tax-collectors and adulterers
who have changed their ways
are entering ahead of you!

Christ became a man,

taking our flesh and of His own free will
enduring everything which pertains to our human nature except sin.
He has shown you an example --
the image of His own condescension.

Christ granted salvation to the Magi who worshipped Him;
He summoned shepherds to His crib;
He manifested as martyrs the infants whom Herod slew,
glorified Simeon the Elder and the widow Anna --
but you, my soul,
have not imitated the lives and works of any such as these.
Therefore how terrible it will be for you when you are judged.

After He had fasted forty days in the wilderness,
hunger revealed the Lord's human nature.
Therefore, my soul, do not despair if the enemy attacks you,
for it is only through prayer and fasting
that he shall be defeated.

The devil showed stones to Christ which He could turn into bread,
then led Him to the top of a mountain
to show Him at a glance all the kingdoms of this world.
My soul, fear the devil's craftiness:
watch and pray to God at every hour!

John the Baptist, that "Dove who loved the desert,"
the "Light which went before Christ,"
the "Voice crying in the wilderness" --
heralded the preaching of repentance.
But Herod, unwilling to listen to him, sinned with Herodias.
By embracing repentance, my soul,
beware yourself of falling into the snares of the wicked one.

When John the Forerunner of grace was living in the wilderness,
all the people of Judea and Samaria came out to hear him.
My soul, why have you not imitated them by confessing your sin
and receiving the washing of repentance?

Marriage is honorable and the marriage bed undefiled,
for Christ blessed both by His presence at the marriage in Cana.
He ate and transformed water into wine,
thus performing His first miracle,
that you, my soul, might be transformed.

Christ strengthened a paralytic, enabling him to rise and walk;
He raised from death a widow's son
and healed the servant of a Roman officer.
By revealing Himself to the woman in Samaria,
He made clear to you, my soul, how to worship God in Spirit.

When a woman suffering from severe bleeding
touched the hem of the Lord's garment she received healing from Him;
just as by His word He healed lepers, gave sight to the blind,
strength to cripples and hearing to the deaf and dumb
and straightened a crippled woman --
all in order that you, my miserable soul,
might believe and find salvation!

Christ the Word healed diseases,
preaching the Good News to the poor, and cured cripples.
He ate with tax-collectors, spoke with outcasts,
and by just the touch of His hand
recalled Jairus' daughter from death.

By repenting, the tax-collector was saved
and the prostitute purified,
but the outwardly-righteous Pharisee was condemned for his pride.
For the first cried, "O God, be merciful to me!"
The second entreated mercy.
But the last in his foolish vanity
simply sought to justify himself.

Zacchaeus was a tax-collector yet obtained salvation,
while Simon the Pharisee was saddened
by the kindness Christ showed a prostitute,
for she received complete forgiveness of her sins
from Him Who has the power to grant this.
Now my soul, imitate her and receive the same yourself.

My soul, you have not imitated the prostitute,
who washed the Savior's feet with her tears
and anointed them with perfumed ointment from a costly jar.
For this the Lord proclaimed to her, "Go in peace.
Your sins are forgiven, for your faith has saved you."

My soul, you know the curse upon the towns
which hearing Christ's preaching of the Good News
refused to accept it.

Fear lest the same happen to you,
for comparing them to Sodom, the Master condemned them to hell.

My soul, do not despair,
for have you not heard how the daughter of the Canaanite woman
was healed by a word from God?
Therefore, imitate her faith
and cry out to Christ from the depths of your heart:
"Son of David, save me!"

Have pity on me, Son of David,
Who by Your word cured a man possessed by a demon.
Let me also hear Your compassionate promise to the thief:
"You will be with Me in paradise when I return in My glory!"

Two thieves were crucified beside You, Christ.
The one abused You while the other confessed You to be God.
Most merciful Lord, open to me the doors of Your glorious Kingdom
as You did to the believing thief.

Creation shook beholding Your crucifixion, Jesus.
The mountains and rocks split in fear;
the earth quaked and hell surrendered its prisoners.
The sky grew dark at mid-day --
seeing You nailed in the flesh to a Cross.

Only Savior, do not require of me in my weakness
fruits which will show that I have changed my ways.
Grant rather that finding contrition of heart and poverty of spirit
I may offer these to You as a pleasing sacrifice.

Since You know me, my Judge,
look on me in compassion when You come to judge the whole world.
Spare and have mercy on me,
though I have sinned more than any other.

Venerable Mary of Egypt, pray to God for us.

Mary, you overcame the flesh and lived as though bodiless,
crossing the River Jordan unhampered by your body.
Your wondrous life is an amazement
to the ranks both of angels and men.

Venerable Mary of Egypt, pray to God for us.

Venerable Mother, intercede with the Creator,
that we who sing your praises
may be delivered from the afflictions and sorrows which surround us.
That being delivered from temptations
we may unceasingly glorify the Lord Who has glorified You.

Holy Father Andrew, pray to God for us.

Honorable Andrew, thrice-blessed Father and pastor of Crete,
never cease praying to God for those who sing your praises,
that He may deliver from anger, sorrow, corruption and countless sins
all of us who faithfully honor your memory.

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

We glorify the Father, we exalt the Son
and we worship the Holy Spirit --
the indivisible Trinity Who exists as One --
the Light and Lights, the Life and Lives
Who grants light and life to the ends of the world.

Now and ever and unto ages of ages. Amen.

Purest Mother of God, preserve your people,
for through you are we kept faithful, strengthened,
and made able to overcome every temptation, trial and tribulation.

And the rest of Matins.