

**HYMN OF
SUPPLICATION
IN TIME OF
DESTRUCTIVE PESTILENCE
& DEADLY PLAGUE**

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Priest: Blessed is our God, always now and ever, and unto the ages of ages.

Choir: Amen.

Glory to Thee our God, glory to Thee!

O Heavenly King, Comforter, Spirit of truth, Who art everywhere present and fillest all things, Treasury of good gifts and Giver of life: Come and dwell in us, and cleanse us of all impurity, and save our souls, O Good One.

Reader: Holy God, Holy Mighty, Holy Immortal, have mercy on us. *Thrice.*

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit, now and ever, and unto the ages of ages. Amen.

Most Holy Trinity, have mercy on us. O Lord, blot out our sins. O Master, pardon our iniquities. O Holy One, visit and heal our infirmities for Thy name's sake.

Lord have mercy. *Thrice.*

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit, now and ever, and unto the ages of ages. Amen

Our Father, Who art in the heavens, 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 debts, as we forgive our debtors; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from the Evil One.

Priest: For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory: of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit, now and ever, and unto the ages of ages.

Reader: Amen. Lord, have mercy! *Twelve times.*

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit, now and ever, and unto the ages of ages. Amen.

O come let us worship God our King.

O come let us worship and fall down before Christ our King and our God.

O come let us worship and fall down before Christ Himself our King and our God.

Then he readeth either Psalm 37 or Psalm 90:

Psalm 37

O Lord, rebuke me not in Thine anger, nor chasten me in Thy wrath. For Thine arrows are fastened in me, and Thou hast laid Thy hand heavily upon me. There is no healing in my flesh in the face of Thy wrath; and there is no peace in my bones in the face of my sins. For mine iniquities are risen higher than my head; as a heavy burden have they pressed heavily upon me. My bruises are become noisome and corrupt in the face of my folly. I have been wretched and utterly bowed down until the end; all the day long I went with downcast face. For my loins are filled with mockings, and there is no healing in my flesh. I am afflicted and humbled exceedingly, I have roared from the groaning of my heart. O Lord, before Thee is all my desire, and my groaning is not hid from Thee. My heart is troubled, my strength hath failed me; and the light of mine eyes, even this is not with me. My friends and my neighbours drew nigh over against me and stood, and my nearest of kin stood afar off. And they that sought after my soul used violence; and they that sought evils for me spake vain things, and craftiness all the day long did they meditate. But as for me, like a deaf man I heard them not, and was as a speechless man that openeth not his mouth. And I became as a man that heareth not, and that hath in his mouth no reproofs. For in Thee have I hoped, O Lord; Thou wilt hearken unto me, O Lord my God. For I

said: Let never mine enemies rejoice over me; yea, when my feet were shaken, those men spake boastful words against me. For I am ready for scourges, and my sorrow is continually before me. For I will declare mine iniquity, and I will take heed concerning my sin. But mine enemies live and are made stronger than I, and they that hated me unjustly are multiplied. They that render me evil for good slandered me, because I pursued goodness. Forsake me not, O Lord my God, depart not from me. Be attentive unto my help, O Lord of my salvation.

Psalm 90

He that dwelleth in the help of the Most High shall abide in the shelter of the God of heaven. He shall say unto the Lord: Thou art my helper and my refuge. He is my God, and I will hope in Him. For He shall deliver thee from the snare of the hunters and from every troubling word. With His shoulders will He overshadow thee, and under His wings shalt thou have hope. With a shield will His truth encompass thee; thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day, Nor for the thing that walketh in darkness, nor for the mishap and demon of noonday. A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but unto thee shall it not come nigh. Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold, and thou shalt see the reward of sinners. For Thou, O Lord, art my hope. Thou madest the Most High thy refuge; No evils shall come nigh thee, and no scourge shall draw nigh unto thy dwelling. For He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. On their hands shall they bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone. Upon the asp and basilisk shalt thou tread, and thou shalt trample upon the lion and dragon. For he hath set his hope on Me, and I will deliver him; I will shelter him because he hath known My name. He shall cry unto Me, and I will hearken unto him. I am with him in affliction, and I will rescue him and glorify him. With length of days will I satisfy him, and I will show him My salvation.

Then, the Deacon intoneth the Great Litany:

Deacon: In peace, let us pray to the Lord.

Deacon: For the peace from above, and the salvation of our souls, let us pray to the Lord.

Choir: Lord, have mercy!

Deacon: For the peace of the whole world, the good estate of the holy churches of God, and the union of all, let us pray to the Lord.

Choir: Lord, have mercy!

Deacon: For this holy temple, and for them that with faith, reverence, and the fear of God enter herein, let us pray to the Lord.

Choir: Lord, have mercy!

Deacon: For our great lord and father, the Most Holy Patriarch *N.*; for our lord the Very Most Reverend Metropolitan *N.*, First Hierarch of the Russian Church Abroad; [and for our lord the (Most/Right) Reverend (Metropolitan *or* (Arch) Bishop), *N.*]; for the venerable priesthood, the diaconate in Christ, for all the clergy and people, let us pray to the Lord.

Choir: Lord, have mercy!

Deacon: For this land, its authorities and armed forces, and all who in faith and piety dwell therein, and in every land, let us pray to the Lord.

Choir: Lord, have mercy!

Deacon: For the God-preserved Russian land and its Orthodox people both in the homeland and in the Diaspora, and for their salvation, let us pray to the Lord.

Choir: Lord, have mercy!

Deacon: That He may deliver His people from enemies both visible and invisible, and confirm in us oneness of mind, brotherly love, and piety, let us pray to the Lord.

Choir: Lord, have mercy!

Deacon: For this city (or village, or monastery etc.), every city and country, and the faithful that dwell therein, let us pray to the Lord.

Choir: Lord, have mercy!

Deacon: For seasonable weather, abundance of the fruits of the earth, and peaceful times, let us pray to the Lord.

Choir: Lord, have mercy!

Deacon: For travelers by sea, land, and air, for the sick, the suffering, the imprisoned, and for their salvation, let us pray to the Lord.

Choir: Lord, have mercy!

Deacon: That He be not mindful of the iniquities and offenses of us, His sinful and unworthy servants, but mercifully wash away our sins and avert His anger, which is justly directed against us, let us pray to the Lord.

Choir: Lord, have mercy!

Deacon: That He not chastise us with His anger, nor punish us with His wrath, but remember that we are flesh, and that our spirit goeth forth and returneth not; and that in His mercy He spare our souls from death, let us pray to the Lord.

Choir: Lord, have mercy!

Deacon: That He enter not into judgment with His servants, and regard not our iniquities, but cleanse us, and be merciful, and spare His sinful people, let us pray to the Lord.

Choir: Lord, have mercy!

Deacon: That He remember His compassions and mercies which are from everlasting, and be not mindful of the sins of our youth and ignorance, but have mercy upon us, let us pray to the Lord.

Choir: Lord, have mercy!

Deacon: That He hearken from His holy temple and heal the dead disease which besetteth us, and dry up the torrents of iniquity which trouble us, let us pray to the Lord.

Choir: Lord, have mercy!

Deacon: That He quickly rescue us from the throes of death and deliver us from the pangs of hades, let us pray to the Lord.

Choir: Lord, have mercy!

Deacon: That He mercifully extend the time of repentance for His servants, and visit us not suddenly, like the barren fig tree, but water us with His lovingkindness and irrigate us with the dew of His mercy, lovingly yet awaiting fruits of repentance and our conversion, let us pray to the Lord.

Choir: Lord, have mercy!

Deacon: That He lead us up from the gates of death, and, lest we perish, that He avert from us His drawn sword, His bent bow, and the means of death justly prepared for us in the burning darts thereof, let us pray to the Lord.

Choir: Lord, have mercy!

Deacon: That He hearken unto our entreaty and heed our supplications, and ignore not our tears, but absolve us, that we not die before our time, and exist no more, let us pray to the Lord.

Choir: Lord, have mercy!

Deacon: That we may be delivered from all tribulation, wrath, and necessity, let us pray to the Lord.

Choir: Lord, have mercy!

Deacon: Help us, save us, have mercy on us, and keep us, O God, by Thy grace.

Choir: Lord, have mercy!

Deacon: Calling to remembrance our most holy, most pure, most blessed, glorious Lady Theotokos and Ever-Virgin Mary with all the saints, let us commit ourselves and one another and all our life unto Christ our God.

Choir: To Thee, O Lord.

Priest: For unto Thee is due all glory, honor, and worship: to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit, now and ever, and unto the ages of ages.

Choir: Amen.

The Deacon then intoneth "God is the Lord...," in Tone II:

Deacon: In the second Tone: God is the Lord and hath appeared unto us. Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.

O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good, for His mercy endureth for ever.

Choir: God is the Lord and hath appeared unto us. Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.

Deacon: Surrounding me they compassed me, and by the name of the Lord I warded them off.

Choir: God is the Lord and hath appeared unto us. Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.

Deacon: I shall not die, but live, and I shall tell of the works of the Lord.

Choir: God is the Lord and hath appeared unto us. Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.

Deacon: The stone which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner. This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes.

Choir: God is the Lord and hath appeared unto us. Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.

Then the choir singeth the Troparion, in Tone II:

Choir: In the midst of Thy wrath, remember Thy compassions, O God, for we are dust and ashes; our spirit departeth and returneth not. Chastise us not with Thine anger, lest we perish utterly; and spare our souls, in that Thou alone art full of lovingkindness. Twice.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit, now and ever, and unto the ages of ages. Amen.

Theotokion, in Tone IV

O earnest helper, Mother of the Lord Most High, thou dost entreat Christ, thy Son and our God, in behalf of all, and causest all to be saved who have recourse to thy mighty protection. O Lady, Queen and Mistress, help us all who, amid temptations, sorrows and sickness, are heavy laden with many sins, who stand before thee and with tears pray to thee with compunctionate soul and contrite heart before thine all-pure image, and who have unfailing hope in thee: grant deliverance from all evils, and things profitable unto all, O Virgin Theotokos, and save us all, for thou art the divine protection of thy servants.

Thereafter, the Reader reciteth Psalm 50:

Have mercy on me, O God, according to Thy great mercy; and according to the multitude of Thy compassions blot out my transgression. Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. For I know mine iniquity, and

my sin is ever before me. Against Thee only have I sinned and done this evil before Thee, that Thou mightest be justified in Thy words, and prevail when Thou art judged. For behold, I was conceived in iniquities, and in sins did my mother bear me. For behold, Thou hast loved truth; the hidden and secret things of Thy wisdom hast Thou made manifest unto me. Thou shalt sprinkle me with hyssop, and I shall be made clean; Thou shalt wash me, and I shall be made whiter than snow. Thou shalt make me to hear joy and gladness; the bones that be humbled, they shall rejoice. Turn Thy face away from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities. Create in 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. Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation, and with Thy governing Spirit establish me. I shall teach transgressors Thy ways, and the ungodly shall turn back unto Thee. Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, Thou God of my salvation; my tongue shall rejoice in Thy righteousness. O Lord, Thou shalt open my lips, and my mouth shall declare Thy praise. For if Thou hadst desired sacrifice, I had given it; with whole-burnt offerings Thou shalt not be pleased. A sacrifice unto God is a broken spirit; a heart that is broken and humbled God will not despise. Do good, O Lord, in Thy good pleasure unto Sion, and let the walls of Jerusalem be builded. Then shalt Thou be pleased with a sacrifice of righteousness, with oblation and whole-burnt offerings. Then shall they offer bullocks upon Thine altar.

Then, the Canon to the All-holy, Consubstantial, Life-creating and Indivisible Trinity is chanted, in Tone VIII:

Ode I

Irmos: The staff of Moses, once working a wonder, striking the sea in the form of the Cross and dividing it, drowned the mounted tyrant Pharaoh, and saved Israel who fled on foot, chanting a hymn unto God.

Refrain: O Most Holy Trinity our God, glory to Thee!

O all-accomplishing and unified, equally enthroned, thrice-radiant Glory of the single Power—O unapproachable Father, Son and Holy Spirit: Free Thy servants from grievous illness, that we may glorify Thee with thanksgiving.

Refrain: O Most Holy Trinity our God, glory to Thee!

The tempest of sins hath driven me down into the abyss of infirmity, and frequent ailments assail me like threefold waves, wretch that I am. O Holy Trinity, Who art mighty in power, have pity and save me who am perishing.

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

Deliver us, Thy servants, from the sin which holdeth us, O indivisible Trinity, quenching the burning heat of our grievous illnesses with the dew of Thy mercy, and granting health, that we may hymn Thee in Orthodox manner.

Now and ever, and unto the age of ages. Amen.

Theotokion: O most pure one, who bore in thy womb the Deliverer, the all-accomplishing Lord, Who hath borne our infirmities: Him do thou entreat, that He deliver thy servants from grievous illness, O only help of man.

Ode III

Irmos: O Lord, Fashioner of the vault of heaven and Creator of the Church: establish me in Thy love, O summit of desire, confirmation of the faithful, Who alone lovest mankind.

Refrain: O Most Holy Trinity our God, glory to Thee!

The heavenly intelligences, the angelic ranks—the thrones and principalities, powers and dominions—beseech Thee, the good Savior: Free Thy servants from pestilential disease!

Refrain: O Most Holy Trinity our God, glory to Thee!

To show the depth of Thy love for mankind upon many, O Master almighty, free Thy servants from deadly illness and grievous ailments, O Thou Who alone art longsuffering.

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

As ye are intercessors before God, O ministering spirits, ye angels and archangels, entreat Him, that He alleviate illness, put an end to grief, and deliver us from deadly diseases.

Now and ever, and unto the age of ages. Amen.

Theotokion: Christ the Lord, the Abyss of healings, Who came forth from thee, O all-immaculate Maiden, hath shown thee to be a wellspring of blessings; wherefore, deliver thy servants, who are engulfed by a storm of disease.

Choir: Deliver Thy servants from misfortune, for we earnestly have recourse unto Thee, the merciful Deliverer, the Master of all: God Who art glorified in Trinity!

Then, the Deacon intoneth the Augmented Litany:

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

Choir: Lord, have mercy! *Thrice.*

Again we pray for our great lord and father, the Most Holy Patriarch *N.*; for our lord the Very Most Reverend Metropolitan *N.*, First Hierarch of the Russian Church Abroad; [and for our lord the (Most/Right) Reverend (Metropolitan *or* (Arch)bishop *N.*, *whose diocese it is*], and for all our brethren in Christ.

Choir: Lord, have mercy! *Thrice.*

Deacon: Again we pray for this land, its authorities and armed forces, and all who in faith and piety dwell therein.

Choir: Lord, have mercy! *Thrice.*

Deacon: Again we pray for the God-preserved Russian land and its Orthodox people both in the homeland and in the Diaspora, and for their salvation.

Choir: Lord, have mercy! *Thrice.*

Deacon: Again we pray to the Lord our God that He may deliver His people from enemies both visible and invisible, and confirm in us oneness of mind, brotherly love and piety.

Choir: Lord, have mercy! *Thrice.*

Deacon: Again we pray for our brethren: the priests, priest-monks, and all our brethren in Christ.

Choir: Lord, have mercy! *Thrice.*

Deacon: Again we pray for the blessed and ever-memorable founders of this holy temple, and for all our fathers and brethren gone to their rest before us, and the Orthodox here and everywhere laid to sleep.

Choir: Lord, have mercy! *Thrice.*

Deacon: Again we pray for mercy, life, peace, health, salvation, visitation, pardon and remission of the sins of the servants of God, the brethren of this holy temple.

Choir: Lord, have mercy! *Thrice.*

Priest: For a good God art Thou, and the Lover of mankind, 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.

Choir: Amen.

Sessional hymn, in Tone II

Spurn not Thy sinful people utterly, O Master, neither put away Thy mercy and compassion from us; but as Thou art the Abyss of compassions and Depth of lovingkindness, ac-

cept our entreaties, and deliver us from the tribulations and necessity which beset us, for Thou alone art kind.

Ode IV

Irmos: Thou art my strength, O Lord, Thou art my power; Thou art my God, Thou art my joy, Who, without leaving the bosom of the Father, hast visited our lowliness. Wherefore, with the Prophet Habbakuk I cry unto Thee: Glory to Thy power, O Thou Who lovest mankind!

Refrain: O Most Holy Trinity our God, glory to Thee!

Now hath the shadow of death encompassed us and brought us to the gates of hades; but do Thou, O Savior, Who hast resurrected us, in that Thou art mighty, show the wonder of Thy mercy, saving those who, with steadfast faith, cry out: Glory to Thy power, O Thou Who lovest mankind.

Refrain: O Most Holy Trinity our God, glory to Thee!

O apostles, ye initiates of the mysteries of Christ, who beheld Him with your own eyes and preached Him, who received the gift of healing and are spiritual physicians: Lead me up from the distress of this besetting illness, entreating Jesus our Master, Deliverer and Lord.

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

A tempest of sins hath now fallen upon us, waves of illness beset us, and frequent pangs engulf us: for afflictions and pain have found us out, wretches that we are. O apostles of the Lord, in your supplications give us a helping hand!

Now and ever, and unto the age of ages. Amen.

Theotokion: Smitten with grievous and frequent pangs, we all fall down before thee, O pure Virgin, praying: Save us all by thy mighty protection! Have compassion, O Bride of God! Deliver us from pestilence, from grievous infirmity, and heal our pangs, O Mistress.

Ode V

Irmos: Wherefore hast Thou turned Thy face from me, O Light never-waning? And why hath a strange darkness covered me, wretch that I am? But turn me, and direct my steps to the light of Thy commandments, I pray.

Refrain: O Most Holy Trinity our God, glory to Thee!

Having flooded the sea of deception with your mellifluous entreaties, O sacred prophets, transform now all the bitterness of this present affliction into the divine sweetness of fortitude.

Refrain: O Most Holy Trinity our God, glory to Thee!

At Thy command have we been pierced with darts of illness, O Lord, and Thy hand hath been heavy upon us, O Almighty One. But as the compassionate God, in Thy mercy have pity on all, through the prayers of Thy holy martyrs.

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

As of old Thou didst raise up the widow's dead son by Thy command, O Word, in that Thou alone art good and merciful and deliverest from grievous infirmity, give life to Thy servants, O Thou Who alone lovest mankind.

Now and ever, and unto the age of ages. Amen.

Theotokion: In the night of life the storm of every affliction hath beset me, and the darkness of infirmity hath covered me, O Virgin. But illumine me with the light of coolness and guide me to the light of fortitude, O all-pure one.=

Ode VI

Irmos: Cleanse me, O Savior, for many are my transgressions; and lead me up from the abyss of evils, I pray, for to Thee have I cried, and Thou hast hearkened to me, O God of my salvation.

Refrain: O Most Holy Trinity our God, glory to Thee!

Lying in the depths of the pit of infirmities, I am assailed by waves of pestilential assaults. O Lord my Helmsman, stretching forth Thy helping hand, save me now!

Refrain: O Most Holy Trinity our God, glory to Thee!

As of old Thou didst at Thy divine behest raise the paralytic up from his painful infirmity, bed of affliction, and most grievous illness, O greatly Merciful One, have compassion and grant health unto us.

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

The choir of the prophets, the assembly of the apostles, and the legion of the martyrs now entreat Thee in behalf of Thy people, O Thou Who alone art greatly merciful and good: Have pity on them!

Now and ever, and unto the age of ages. Amen. O Mary, pure treasury of virginity: Cleanse us of illness and afflictions, and deliver us now from the infirmity which besetteth us, that we may glorify thee with faith.

Choir: Deliver Thy servants from misfortune, for we earnestly have recourse unto Thee, the merciful Deliverer, the Master of all: God Who art glorified in Trinity!

Then, the Deacon intoneth the Small Litany:

Deacon: Again and again, in peace let us pray to the Lord.

Choir: Lord, have mercy.

Deacon: Help us, save us, have mercy on us, and keep us, O God, by Thy grace.

Choir: Lord, have mercy.

Deacon: Calling to remembrance our most holy, most pure, most blessed, glorious Lady Theotokos and Ever-Virgin Mary with all the saints, let us commit ourselves and one another and all our life unto Christ our God.

Choir: To Thee, O Lord.

Priest: For Thou art the King of Peace and the Savior of our souls, 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.

Choir: Amen.

Kontakion, in Tone VI

The pangs of hades have surrounded us, the shadow of death hath fallen upon us, and our days like wax melt in the presence of Thy wrath, O Lord. But as Thou art compassionate, in the midst of Thine anger be mindful of Thy mercy, and spare Thy people, that, living in repentance, we may glorify Thee, Who alone lovest mankind.

Deacon: Let us attend! Wisdom! Let us attend!

Reader: The Prokimenon, in the fourth tone: O Lord, rebuke me not in Thine anger, nor chasten me in Thy wrath.

Choir: O Lord, rebuke me not in Thine anger, nor chasten me in Thy wrath.

Reader: For Thine arrows are fastened in me, and Thou hast laid thy hand heavily upon me.

Choir: O Lord, rebuke me not in Thine anger, nor chasten me in Thy wrath.

Reader: O Lord, rebuke me not in Thine anger.

Choir: Nor chasten me in Thy wrath.

Deacon: Wisdom!

Priest: Peace be unto all.

Reader: And to thy spirit.

Reader: The reading is from the Epistle of the Holy Apostle Paul to the Hebrews.

Deacon: Let us attend!

Epistle to the Hebrews, § 331, from the midpoint [Heb. 12: 6-13]

Brethren: Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth. If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons; for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not? But if ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons. Furthermore we have had fathers of our flesh who corrected us, and we gave them reverence: shall we not much rather be in subjection unto the Father of spirits, and live? For they verily for a few days chastened us after their own pleasure; but He for our profit, that we might be partakers of His holiness. Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto those who are exercised thereby. Wherefore lift up the hands which hang down, and the feeble knees; and make straight paths for your feet, lest that which is lame be turned out of the way; but let it rather be healed.

Priest: Peace be unto thee, that readest.

Reader: And to thy spirit.

Deacon: Wisdom!

Reader: Alleluia in the fourth tone.

Choir: Alleluia! *Thrice.*

Reader: The pangs of death surrounded me, and the torrents of iniquity sorely troubled me.

Choir: Alleluia! *Thrice.*

Reader: The pangs of hades encircled me, round about the snares of death have overtaken me.

Choir: Alleluia! *Thrice.*

Deacon: That we may be accounted worthy to listen to the Holy Gospel, let us pray to the Lord God.

Choir: Lord, have mercy! *Thrice.*

Deacon: Wisdom! Aright! Let us hear the Holy Gospel.

Priest: Peace be unto all.

Choir: And to thy spirit.

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

Choir: Glory to Thee, O Lord, glory to Thee.

Gospel according to Luke, § 16 [Lk. 4: 38-44]

At that time, Jesus entered into Simon's house. And the fame of Him went out into every place of the country round about. And He arose out of the synagogue, and entered into Simon's house. And Simon's wife's mother was taken with a great fever; and they besought Him for her. And He stood over her, and rebuked the fever; and it left her: and immediately she arose and ministered unto them. Now when the sun was setting, all those who had any sick with divers diseases brought them unto Him; and He laid His hands on every one of them, and healed them. And devils also came out of many, crying out, and saying: "Thou art Christ the Son of God!" And He rebuking them suffered them not to speak: for they knew that He was Christ. And when it was day, He departed and went into a desert place: and the people sought Him, and came unto Him, and stayed Him, that He should not depart from them. And He said unto them: "I must preach the kingdom of God to other cities also: for therefore am I sent." And He preached in the synagogues of Galilee.

Ode VII

Irmos: Once, in Babylon, the fire stood in awe of the condescension of God; wherefore, the youths, dancing with joy-

ous step in the furnace, as in a meadow, chanted: Blessed art Thou, O God of our fathers!

Refrain: O Most Holy Trinity our God, glory to Thee!

The furnace of immeasurable pangs burneth me, and the most shameless flame of pestilential fever unceasingly setteth me afire; but with the dew of Thy mercy, O Savior, cool me who cry out: Blessed is the God of our fathers!

Refrain: O Most Holy Trinity our God, glory to Thee!

O prophets, apostles, ye assemblies of martyrs, and divine teachers: By your entreaties soothe the pains of us who are infirm, and grant health unto those who chant: Blessed is the God of our fathers!

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

O Lord, Who by a word resurrected Lazarus, grant us life, raising us up from grievous infirmity, as from the grave, that we may chant a hymn of thanksgiving: Blessed is the God of our fathers!

Now and ever, and unto the age of ages. Amen.

Theotokion: O Virgin, who art compassionate and the Mother of the Compassionate One, taking pity, deliver thy servants who call upon thy mercy and chant: Blessed is the God of our fathers!

Ode VIII

Irmos: Madly did the Chaldæan tyrant heat the furnace sevenfold for the pious ones; but, beholding them saved by a higher Power, he cried out to the Creator and Deliverer: Ye children, bless; ye priests, hymn; ye people, exalt Him supremely for all ages!

Refrain: O Most Holy Trinity our God, glory to Thee!

We groan in pain on the bed of our pain, and out of pestilential illness we cry out to Thee, Who lovest mankind, and lifting up to Thee the eyes of our heart, we plead for health: Visit us, O Savior, and raise us up, that we may chant: Ye people, exalt Him supremely for all ages!

Refrain: O Most Holy Trinity our God, glory to Thee! O Thou Who mercifully clothed Thyself in our weakness, and Whose good pleasure it was to become like men: Through the prayers of Thy saints save us, wretches though we are, and raise us up from the grave of despair, that we may chant: Ye priest, hymn; ye people, exalt Him supremely for all ages!

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

O Long-suffering One, Creator of nature, Bestower of healings! As Thou hast inner compassion and an abyss of loving-kindness, visit Thy people, delivering them from pestilential illness, and grant them life, that they may chant: Ye priests, hymn; ye people, exalt Him supremely for all ages!

Now and ever, and unto the age of ages. Amen.

Theotokion: O all-immaculate one, mighty help and excellent aid, thou hope of the desperate: Visit thy servants, who are suffering painfully; lift thou the weight of our bitter affliction; dispel the infirmity of our ruinous distress; and save thy servants, O Virgin Theotokos.

Ode IX

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

Refrain: O Most Holy Trinity our God, glory to Thee!

O immortal God, Who hast wrought great wonders innumerable: In that Thou art merciful, show forth Thy mercies

upon Thy servants, and free us who are now suffering illness, through the prayers of her who gave Thee birth, and of the choir of Thy martyrs.

Refrain: O Most Holy Trinity our God, glory to Thee!

Through the supplications of Thine angels, archangels and prophets, apostles, martyrs and the venerable, of Thy hierarchs and hieromartyrs, O Almighty, transform the lamentation of Thy servants into joy. Heal our disease, lighten our affliction, and grant us health.

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

I beseech Thee, the Physician of souls and bodies, the Lord rich in mercy: Heal my manifold sufferings, set me free of pain, and as Thou art good and our only Benefactor, save from afflictions those who magnify Thee with a pure faith.

Now and ever, and unto the age of ages. Amen.

Theotokion: O Virgin Theotokos who gavest birth to the compassionate and merciful Master, Creator and Lord: Show forth thy wonted compassions upon me; deliver me from the grievous affliction which consumeth my soul; and grant me health, that I may magnify thee unceasingly.

When the Canon is completed, the choir chanteth:

It is truly meet to bless thee, the Theotokos, ever-blessed and most blameless, and Mother of our God. More honorable than the Cherubim and beyond compare more glorious than the Seraphim, who without corruption gavest birth to God the Word, the very Theotokos, thee do we magnify.

Reader: Holy God, Holy Mighty, Holy Immortal, have mercy on us. *Thrice.*

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit, now and ever, and unto the ages of ages. Amen.

Most Holy Trinity, have mercy on us. O Lord, blot out our sins. O Master, pardon our iniquities. O Holy One, visit and heal our infirmities for Thy name's sake.

Lord have mercy. *Thrice.*

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit, now and ever, and unto the ages of ages. Amen

Our Father, Who art in the heavens, 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 debts, as we forgive our debtors; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from the Evil One.

Priest: For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory: of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit, now and ever, and unto the ages of ages.

Choir: Amen.

And these troparia, in Tone VI:

Have mercy on us, O Lord, have mercy on us! For, at a loss for any answer, we sinners offer unto Thee, as to our Master, this supplication: Have mercy on us!

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

O Lord, have mercy on us, for in Thee have we placed our hope. Be Thou not exceeding wroth with us, neither be Thou mindful of our iniquities; but look down now, in that Thou art compassionate, and deliver us from our enemies. For Thou art our God, and we are Thy people. We are all the works of Thy hands, and we call upon Thy name.

Now and ever, and unto the age of ages. Amen.

Open unto us the portals of thy lovingkindness, O blessed Theotokos, that we who place our trust in thee may not per-

ish, but may be delivered by thee from misfortunes. For thou art the salvation of the Christian race.

Then, the Augmented Litany:

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

Choir: Lord, have mercy! *Thrice.*

Again we pray for our great lord and father, the Most Holy Patriarch *N.*; for our lord the Very Most Reverend Metropolitan *N.*, First Hierarchy of the Russian Church Abroad; [and for our lord the (Most/Right) Reverend (Metropolitan *or* (Arch)bishop *N.*, *whose diocese it is*], and for all our brethren in Christ.

Choir: Lord, have mercy! *Thrice.*

Deacon: Again we pray for this land, its authorities and armed forces, and all who in faith and piety dwell therein.

Choir: Lord, have mercy! *Thrice.*

Deacon: Again we pray for the God-preserved Russian land and its Orthodox people both in the homeland and in the Diaspora, and for their salvation.

Choir: Lord, have mercy! *Thrice.*

Deacon: Again we pray to the Lord our God that He may deliver His people from enemies both visible and invisible, and confirm in us oneness of mind, brotherly love and piety.

Choir: Lord, have mercy! *Thrice.*

Deacon: Again we pray for our brethren: the priests, priest-monks, and all our brethren in Christ.

Choir: Lord, have mercy! *Thrice.*

Deacon: We have sinned and committed iniquity, wherefore Thy righteous wrath hath smitten us, O Lord our God,

and the shadow of death hath fallen upon us, and we are brought to the very gates of hades. But in our sickness we cry with compunction unto Thee, our God: Spare, O spare Thy people, and destroy us not utterly, we humbly pray Thee! Hearken and have mercy!

Choir: Lord, have mercy! *Thrice.*

Deacon: O Lord Who hast dominion over life and death: Shut not the souls of Thy servants up in death, but cause Thy wrath to cease and stop Thine anger, for our days vanish like smoke, our strength hath faded away, and we perish utterly because of our sins. Be Thou merciful unto Thy servants, in repentance we beseech Thee with tears: Hearken and have mercy!

Choir: Lord, have mercy! *Thrice.*

Deacon: Remember, O Lord, that we are flesh: our spirit departeth and returneth not; and mercifully avert Thy wrath, which is justly directed against us, whereby Thou dost cut us down, as with a sword, before our time. Cause our illness to cease, and suppress the disease which destroyeth us so suddenly; for the dead do not praise Thee, neither do all those who go down into hades; but we, the living, praise Thee and, groaning in the pain of our hearts, we beseech Thee: Hearken and have mercy!

Choir: Lord, have mercy! *Thrice.*

Deacon: More than all others have we sinned against Thee and committed iniquity, O Master; and even though we have not acquired repentance, accept our intent instead of repentance, and be merciful. As Thou art almighty, from deadly illness and grievous pangs free us, Thy servants who, groaning in pain, entreat Thee: Hearken quickly and have mercy!

Choir: Lord, have mercy! *Thrice.*

Deacon: Remember not the iniquities and injustices of Thy

people, neither enter into judgment with Thy servants, nor turn away away from Thy servants in Thy wrath. If Thou shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand? For we are dust and ashes, and our substance is as nought in Thine eyes. Yet, as Thou art compassionate and lovest mankind, take pity, and destroy us not with our iniquities in Thy wrath, we beseech Thee, O all-good God: Hearken and have mercy!

Choir: Lord, have mercy! *Thrice.*

Deacon: O Thou Who desirest not the death of sinners, but that they turn and live: As the Wellspring of life, give life unto us who deserve death by Thy righteous judgment, for Thou art God Who hast dominion over the living and the dead. Destroy us not in the wrath of Thy threatening, we pray Thee with a mighty cry in bitterness of heart: Hearken and have mercy!

Choir: Lord, have mercy! *Thrice.*

Deacon: Look with mercy upon the affliction of Thy people, O Lord, and take pity, and command Thine angel, who hath stretched forth his hand to destroy us all, as once Thou gavest command in David's time, that it suffice for now, and that he restrain his hand, lest he destroy us utterly. For confessing like David in repentance, we cry out: We have sinned and committed iniquity, and we are not worthy of Thy lovin-kindness. But do Thou Thyself, as the Compassionate One, mollified by Thy kindness alone, show forth Thine ancient mercies, and spare Thy people, the sheep of Thy pasture, we pray Thee: Hearken and have mercy!

Choir: Lord, have mercy! *Thrice.*

Priest: Hearken unto us, O God our savior, Thou hope of all the ends of the earth and of them that be far off at sea; and be merciful, be merciful, O Master, regarding our sins, and have mercy on us; for a merciful God art Thou, and the Lover of mankind, and unto Thee do we send up glory; to the

Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit, now and ever ad unto the ages of ages.

Choir: Amen.

Deacon: On bended knee, with compunction, again and again let us pray to the Lord.

Choir: Lord, have mercy!

And the Priest readeth this Prayer:

O Lord our God, from Thy holy height regard the supplication of us, Thy sinful and unworthy servants, who have angered Thy goodness by our iniquities, and have provoked Thy lovingkindness; and enter not into judgment with Thy servants, but avert Thine awesome wrath, which is justly brought to bear upon us. Withdraw the threat of destruction; sheath Thy dread sword, which invisibly cutteth us down before our time; spare Thy poor and wretched servants, and confine not in death the souls of us who in repentance, with contrite heart and tears, fall down before Thee, our wise, kindly and readily placated God.

Exclamation: For Thine it is to have mercy and to save us, O our God, 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.

Choir: Amen.

Deacon: Wisdom! O most holy Theotokos, save us.

Choir: More honorable than the Cherubim, and beyond compare more glorious than the Seraphim, who without corruption gavest birth to God the Word, the very Theotokos, thee do we magnify.

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

Choir: Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit, now and ever, and unto the ages of ages. Amen.

Choir: Lord, have mercy! *Thrice.* Father bless.

And the Priest giveth the dismissal of the day.

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