

3rd Sunday of Lent: The Veneration of the Precious Cross
Stichera on "Lord I have cried"
Tone 5, Kievan

At "Lord I have cried", ten stichera are sung— 6 of the Resurrection in the Tone of the week, and 4 from the Triodion:

(4) Reader: In the 5th tone — From the morning watch until night, from the morning watch

Shine, Cross of the Lord, /
 shine with the light of thy grace /
 upon the hearts of those that honor thee. /
 With love inspired by God, /
 we embrace thee, O desire of all the world. /
 Through thee, our tears of sorrow have been wiped away; /
 we have been delivered from the snares of death /
 and have passed over to unending joy. /
Show us the glory of thy beauty /
 and grant to us thy servants the reward of our abstinence, //
 for we entreat with faith thy rich protection and great mercy.

(3) *Reader:* For with the Lord there is mercy, and with Him is plenteous redemption;

And He shall redeem Israel out of all His in - i - - - - - qui - ties.

Rejoice! Life-giving Cross, the fair paradise of the Church, /
Tree of incorruption /
that brings us the enjoyment of eternal glory: /
through thee the hosts of demons have been driven back; /
and the hierarchies of angels rejoice with one accord, /
as the congregations of the faithful keep the feast. /
Thou art an invincible weapon, /
an unbroken stronghold; /
Thou art the victory of kings and the glory of priests, /
Grant us now to draw near to the Passion of Christ and to His Resurrection.

(2) *Reader:* O praise the Lord, all ye nations;

Praise Him all ye peo - - - - - ples.

Rejoice! Life-giving Cross, /
unconquerable trophy of the true faith, /
door to Paradise, /
succour of the faithful, /
rampart set about the Church. /
Through thee the curse is utterly destroyed, /
and the power of death is swallowed up, /
and we are raised from earth to heaven: /
invincible weapon, adversary of demons, /
glory of martyrs, true ornament of holy monks, //
haven of salvation /
bestowing on the world great mercy.

(1) *Reader:* For He hath made his mercy to prevail over us,



And the truth of the Lord a-bid-eth for-ev - - - - er.

Come, Adam and Eve, our first father and mother, /
who fell from the choir on high /
through the envy of the murderer of man, /
when of old, with bitter pleasure ye tasted from the tree in Paradise. /
See, the Tree of the Cross, revered by all, draws near! /
Run with haste and embrace it joyfully, and cry to it with faith: /
O precious Cross, thou art our succour; /
partaking of thy fruit, we have gained incorruption; /
we are restored once more to Eden, //
and we have received great mercy.

Text adapted from: "The Lenten Triodion",
translated by Mother Mary and Archimandrite Kallistos,
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