

Stichera of the Martyrs for Friday Evening Vespers Tone 7 - Kievan

(8) *Reader:* In the 7th Tone— Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord;

II-chant melody

O Lord _____ hear _____ my _____ voice.

I-descant

Gl̄ory be to Thee, O Chr̄ist our God, /
boast of the ap̄ostles, /
joy of the m̄artyrs, //
whose preaching was the consubstantial Tr̄inity.

(7) *Reader:* Let Thine ears be attentive

To the voice of my sup - pli - ca - - - - - tion.

O holy m̄artyrs, who have fough̄t the good fight /
and received your crowns, //
pray to the Lord for mercy on our souls.

(6) *Reader:* If Thou shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, O Lord, who shall stand?

For with Thee there is for - give - - - - - ness.

Despising every earthly thing, O holy martyrs, /
 and bravely preaching Christ in the arena, /
 ye received from Him the due reward for all your sufferings. /
 Since He is almighty God and ye have boldness in His presence, /
 to you we run for help, we entreat you: //
 pray to Him for the salvation of our souls.

(5) *Reader:* For Thy name's sake have I patiently waited for Thee, O Lord;
my soul hath waited patiently for Thy word,

My soul hath hoped in the Lord.

O martyrs worthy of all praise, /
sheep of Christ's spiritual flock, /
ye are a living offering /
and a sacrifice acceptable and pleasing to the Lord. /
Earth did not cover you, but heaven received you. /
Ye have become companions of the angels; /
we entreat you, pray with them to God our Saviour, //
that peace be given to the world, and salvation to our souls.

Sticheron of the Departed for Friday Evening Vespers - Tone 7

Reader: Glory, in the Seventh Tone.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Spi - - rit.

O Life-giver and Saviour, /
 give rest to our brethren /
 whom Thou hast taken from this temporary life, //
 for unto Thee they cry: O Lord, glory to Thee.

Reader: Both now, the Dogmatic Theotokion, in the same tone.

Both now and ever and unto the a - ges of a - ges. A - men.

In ways surpassing nature, /
 beyond speech and understanding, /
 thou wast revealed, O Theotokos, as a mother, /
 yet hast thou remained a virgin. /
 Our tongue cannot express the wonder of thy giving birth. /
 Marvellous, O pure Lady, was thy conceiving, /
 and beyond our comprehension was the manner of thy bearing child; /
 for when God wills, nature's rules are overthrown. /
 And so, confessing thee as Mother of God, we fervently entreat thee: //
 intercede for the salvation of our souls.