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;

(7) Reader: Let Thine ears be attentive

Glory be to Thee, O Christ our God, / 
boast of the apostles, / 
joy of the martyrs, // 
whose preaching was the consubstantial Trinity.

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

English text from the translation of Mother Mary and Archimandrite Kallistos Ware, "The Lenten Triodion Supplementary Texts", Monastery of the Veil of our Lady

Carol Surgant ~ music.russianorthodox-stl.org ~ 3/27/09
(6) Reader: If Thou shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, O Lord, who shall stand?

For with Thee there is forgiveness.

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 Holy Spirit.

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 ages of ages. Amen.

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 overcome. /
And so, confessing thee as Mother of God, we fervently entreat thee: //
intercede for the salvation of our souls.