

Verses at “Lord, I call”

Wednesday of the fourth week of the Great Fast

In the fourth tone

10. Bring my soul out of prison, that I may give thanks to Thy name.

The Fast, the source of blessings, now has brought us mid-way through its course.

Hav - ing pleased God with the days that have passed, we look forward to

making good use of the days to come, for growth in blessings brings forth

e - ven great - er a - chieve - ments. While pleasing Christ, the Giver of

all bles - sings, we cry: “O Lord, Who didst fast and endured the Cross for our sake,

make us worthy to share blamelessly in Thy pas - chal vic - to - ry, by living in peace

and rightly giving glo - ry to Thee and to the Father and the Holy Spi - rit.

In the fifth tone

9. The righteous will surround me; for Thou wilt deal bountifully with me.

Those who thirst for spi - rit - ual bles - sings practice their good deeds in se - cret,

not an - nounc - ing them in the streets and mar - ket - place, but keep - ing them

hidden deep with - in their hearts; and He Who sees all that is done in se - cret

will re-ward us for our ab - sti-nence. Let us com-plete the Fast without

wearing gloomy fa-ces; let us pray without ceasing in the inner cham-ber of our souls:

“Our Fa - ther, Who art in heaven, lead us not into temp - ta - tion,

But de - liv - er us from the E - vil One.”

For the Martyrs

8. Out of the depths I cry to Thee, O Lord. Lord, hear my voice.

With souls filled with boundless love, O holy mar-tyrs, you endured terrible sufferings

without ever de-ny-ing Christ, lay-ing low the arrogance of those who tor-tured you.

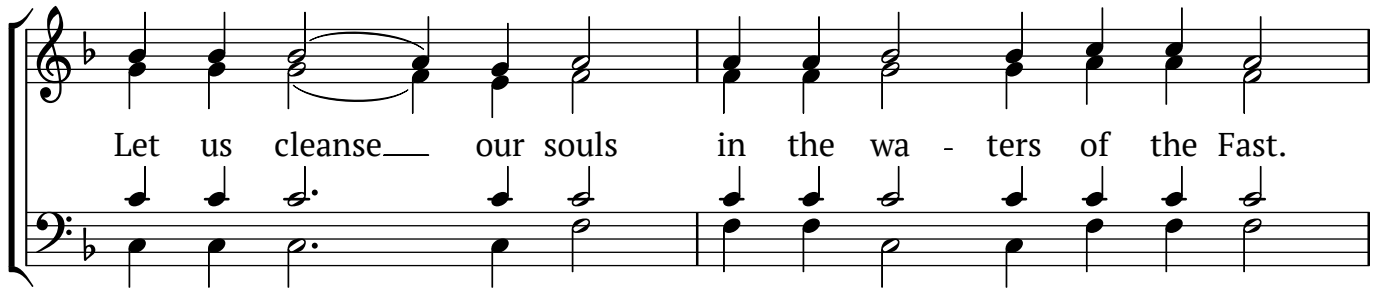
By keep-ing the faith un-shak-en and whole you have been lifted up to heav-en,

and now you have boldness be-fore Him. En-treat Him

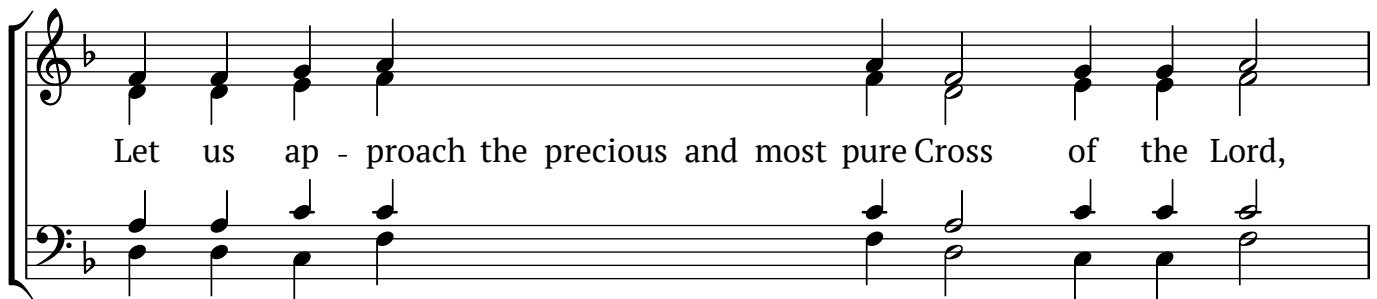
to grant peace to the world and to our souls great mer-cy.

For the Cross
In the first tone, to the special melody "O Martyrs, truly worthy of praise"
(Glinsk Hermitage chant)

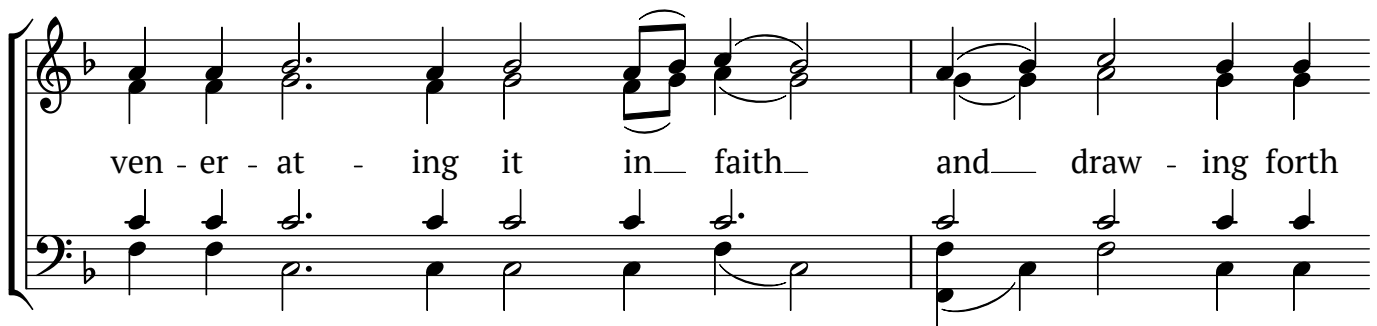
7. Let Thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplications.



Let us cleanse our souls in the waters of the Fast.



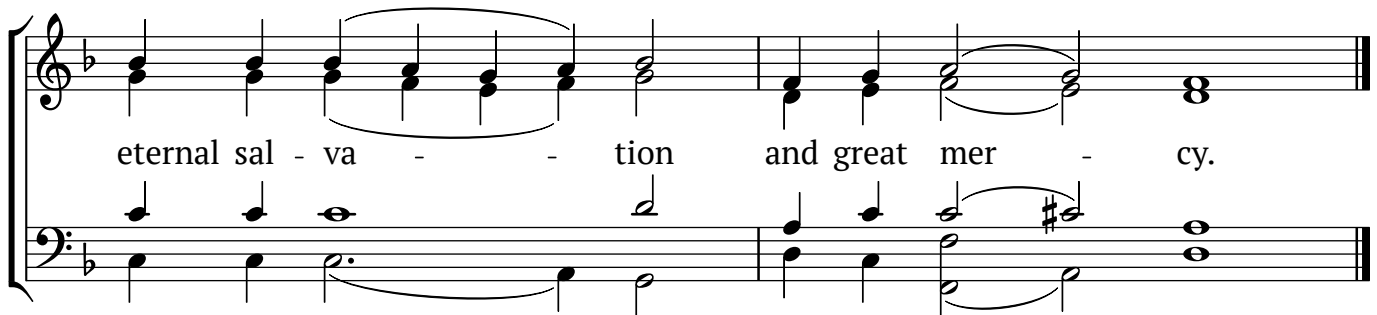
Let us approach the precious and most pure Cross of the Lord,



ven - er - at - ing it in faith and draw - ing forth



di - vine en - light - en - ment, reaping even now the rich har - vest:



eternal sal - va - tion and great mer - cy.

6. If Thou, O Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, Lord, who could stand? But there is forgiveness with Thee.

O Cross, boast of the A - pos - tles, surrounded by Archangels, Powers and

Prin - ci - pal - i - ties: save us from all harm who bow down

be - fore thee. En - a - ble us to ful - fill

the divine course of ab - sti - nence and to reach the day of sal - va - tion,

by which we are saved.

In the seventh tone

5. For Thy name's sake I have waited for Thee, O Lord, my soul has waited for Thy word; my soul has hoped on the Lord.

To - day, as we bow before the Cross of the Lord, we cry:

“Re-joyce, O Tree of Life, the de - stroy - er of hell; re - joyce, O

joy of the world, the slayer of cor-rupt-ion; re-joyce, O power that scatters de-mons.

O in - vin - ci - ble weapon, confirmation of the faith - ful,

protect and sanctify those_ who kiss_____ thee.”

Then four stichera from the Menaion. If the Menaion only gives three stichera, repeat the first.

4. From the morning watch until night, from the morning watch, let Israel hope on the Lord.
3. For with the Lord there is mercy and with Him is plenteous redemption, and He will deliver Israel from all his iniquities.
2. Praise the Lord, all nations; praise Him, all peoples.
1. For His mercy is abundant towards us; and the truth of the Lord endureth for ever.

Then the following Theotokion.

In the eighth tone

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

To-day He Who by nature is unapproachable ap-proach-eth me. He Who freed me

from my passions endureth the Pas - sion. The Light of the blind

is spat up - on by law - less lips. For the sake of captives He giveth

his back to scourg - ing. When His pure Virgin Mother beheld Him on the Cross,

she cried in pain: "Woe is me, O my Child! What hast Thou done?"

Thy beauty was fairer than that of a - ny man, yet now Thou dost appear

life - less, with-out form or come - li - ness. Woe is me,

O my Light! I cannot bear to see Thee sleep - ing. My soul is wounded, for

a sword has pierced my heart, and yet I praise Thy Pas - sion;

I bow down before Thy com-pas - sion. O long-suffering Lord, glo - ry to Thee."