

tone 8 (by Joseph)

I have sinned against Thee countless times,
and I await countless torments:
gnashing of teeth and weeping that finds no comfort,
the fire of Gehenna, darkness, and the dwelling of the damned.
Give me tears, O righteous Judge,
that I may gain remission and release from my wickedness, as I fast and cry to
Thee:
Take pity on me, Christ my Master, in Thy great and abundant mercy.

I have gone astray upon the mountains of bitter sin:
seek me, O Word, and call me back to Thee,
and drive out from my understanding all ways of wickedness.
Restore me from death to life and cleanse me by fasting,
as I weep unceasingly and cry to Thee:
Take pity on me, Christ my Master, in Thy great and abundant mercy.

tone 1

With grateful souls let us accept the Fast:
for by the power of the Spirit it maketh the stubborn passions to wither,
and giveth us strength to do the works of God;
it maketh our mind ascend to heaven,
and gaineth for us the forgiveness of our sins from the God of all mercy.

tone 8 (by Theodore)

As we enter the third week of the Fast, O ye faithful,
let us glorify the Holy Trinity,
and joyfully pass through the time that still remains.
Causing passions of the flesh to wither from our souls,
let us gather divine flowers,
weaving garlands for the queen of days,
that with crowns upon our heads we may sing in praise of Christ the Victor.

Throwing off from my unruly mind the bridle of the Father,
I have lived with bestial thoughts of sin,
and in my misery like the Prodigal I have wasted all my life.
Forsaking the food that gives strength to man's heart,
I have fed upon the pleasure that gives passing satisfaction.
Yet good Father, shut not against me the door of Thy compassionate love,
but opening it wide receive me as the Prodigal Son and save me.

To the Martyrs

O martyrs of the Lord, ye hallow every place and heal every ill:
and now we entreat you
to pray that our souls may be delivered from the snares of the enemy.

Glory...both now and ever...Theotokion

The heavenly powers praise thee, O Virgin Mother full of grace,
and we also glorify thy childbearing that none can understand.
O Theotokos, pray for the salvation of our souls.