

Stichera at “Lord, I Call” – Tone 1

O the marvelous wonder!
The source of Life is laid in a grave,
and the tomb becomes a ladder to heaven.
Rejoice, Gethsemane, holy shrine of the Theotokos!
Let us, the faithful, cry out with Gabriel as our captain:
“Rejoice, O full of grace, the Lord is with you, //
He that grants the world great mercy through you!”

O the wonder of your mysteries, pure Lady:
you were made the throne of the Most High,
and today you have passed from earth to heaven.
Your glory is full of splendor, shining with grace in divine brightness.
Virgins, be raised to the heights with the Mother of the King!
Rejoice, O full of grace, the Lord is with you, //
He that grants the world great mercy through you!

The Dominions and Thrones, the Rulers, Principalities and Powers,
the Cherubim and fearsome Seraphim, glorify your falling asleep.
All those born of earth rejoice,
adorned with honor by your divine glory.
Kings fall down and sing with the Archangels and Angels:
“Rejoice, O full of grace, the Lord is with you, //
He that grants the world great mercy through you!”

In the 1st Tone: Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit; now and ever, and unto ages of ages. Amen.

By the divine command the God-bearing Apostles
were caught up by clouds from every place.
When they came to your all-pure body, the source of Life,
they kissed it most reverently.
The highest Powers of heaven were also present with their Master,
and seized with awe they escorted the inviolate body,
the body that had received God in the flesh.
In a manner beyond this world they went before it and invisibly cried out
to the ranks above them:
“Behold, the Queen of all,
the Child of God, has come!
Lift up your gates, and in a manner beyond this world
receive the Mother of the everlasting Light,
for through her was accomplished the salvation of all the mortal race!
We cannot gaze upon her,
nor is it possible to render honor worthy of her,

for her excellence surpasses all understanding.”
Therefore, O immaculate Theotokos,
who live forever with your Son, the life-bearing King,
pray ceaselessly to Him to preserve the new people of God,
and to save them from every hostile assault,
for we have acquired your intercession,//
and to the ages, in manifest splendor, we call you blessed.

Old Testament Readings

Genesis 28:10-17

Ezekiel 43:27-44:4

Proverbs 9:1-11

Aposticha – Tone 4

Come, O people,
let us sing the praises of the pure and most holy Virgin,
from whom the Word of the Father ineffably came forth in the flesh!
Let us cry aloud and say:
“Blessed are you among women, and blessed is the womb that contained Christ!
Having delivered your soul into His holy hands,//
O most pure one, entreat Him to save our souls!”

v. Arise, O Lord, into Your resting place: You and the Ark of Your sanctification! (Ps 131/132:8)

O pure and most holy Virgin,
the multitude of Angels in heaven and mankind on earth
extol your venerable falling asleep and call it blessed,
for you have become the Mother of Christ, our God and Creator of all.
Never cease to intercede with Him on our behalf, we pray,
for next to God we have put our hope in you,//
O greatly-honored, unwedded Theotokos!

v. The Lord swore to David a sure oath from which He will not turn back. (Ps 131/132:11)

Come, O peoples,
let us sing today to Christ our God a song of David!
As he says, “Virgins behind her shall be brought to the King.
They shall be brought with joy and gladness.”
For she, through whom we have been made godlike, is of the seed of David,
and gloriously and ineffably commends herself into the hands of her own
Son and Master.
Praising her as the Mother of God,
we cry out to her and say:
“Save us from all distress and deliver our souls from dangers,//

for we confess you to be the Theotokos!”

In the 4th Tone: Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit, now and ever and unto ages of ages. Amen.

At your departing, O Virgin Theotokos,
to Him Who was ineffably born of you,
James, the first bishop and brother of the Lord, was there,
and so was Peter, the most honored pinnacle of the theologians,
and the whole sacred choir of the Apostles.
In words of theology that showed forth heavenly things
they sang the praises of the divine and amazing mystery of the
dispensation of Christ,
and they rejoiced, O all-praised Virgin, as they buried your body,
the source of Life, which had received God.
On high, the all-holy and most venerable angelic Powers,
in amazement at the wonder, bowed and said to one another:
“Lift up your gates, and receive her who bore the Creator of heaven and earth!”
So we too celebrate your memory
and cry out to you, all-praised Lady://
“Raise up the horn of Christians, and save our souls!”

Troparion – Tone 1

In giving birth you preserved your virginity.
In falling asleep you did not forsake the world, O Theotokos.
You were translated to life O Mother of Life,//
and by your prayers you deliver our souls from death.