



KATAVASIES (CANONS)

MID-PENTECOST: Tone Plagal of the Fourth

Ode 1

Lord, You congealed the sea, and Pharaoh the arrogant with all his chariots You drowned. * And You saved Your people, who did not get wet at all. * And You led them to the mountain of sanctification as they shouted, * “We will sing to You, O Lord, our God, * a victory canticle, to You the Mighty One in war.”

Ode 8

We praise, and we bless, and we worship the Lord.

All you angels and the heavens, bless the One who on a throne of glory rides, * and who as God is glorified unceasingly. * Ever bless Him as Lord, and praise Him and supremely exalt unto all ages.

Ode 9

Estranged indeed is virginity from all mothers * and foreign to all virgins is creating children, * but in you, Theotokos, the two estates have been accomplished. * Hence, all the clans that dwell upon the earth unceasingly pronounce you blessed.

ASCENSION AND PENTECOST: Grave Tone and Iambic

The Iambic Katavasies are sung from Ascension Thursday to Friday of the Seventh Week from Pascha. On the Sunday of Pentecost and on the Saturday before All Saints Sunday, both Katavasies are sung. From Monday of the Holy Spirit to Friday of the same week, only the Iambic Katavasies are sung.

Ode 1: Grave

He who crushes wars with his own uplifted arm * covered Pharaoh and chariots with the water of the sea. * Let us sing to Him, for He is glorified.

Iambic: Tone 4

Having been concealed in divine darkness, Moses, * slow of tongue, declared the Law that God had written. * For shaking off impurity from his mind's eye, * he sees the One who is, being an initiate * of the Spirit's knowledge, lauding with songs inspired.

Ode 8

We praise, and we bless, and we worship the Lord.

Sinai's bush revealed God to Moses, the dysphonic stammerer who was hard to hear, * when it was burning yet remained unconsumed. * And zeal for God showed the three Youths in the furnace to be hymnodists unscathed by fire. * O all you works of the Lord, extol the Lord, * and supremely exalt Him unto all ages.

Iambic

Once the triple radiant type of the Godhead * loosed the bonds and bedewed the flame in the furnace. * The three young men then sang praises, and together * with all created nature they blessed the only * Savior and Maker of all as Benefactor.

Ode 9

Without sustaining corruption, you still conceived a child, * and lent
your flesh to the Word and general Artificer. * Mother who knew no
man, O Virgin Theotokos, * receptacle and space of your uncontained
and infinite and Creator, you do we magnify.

Iambic

Queen of all, rejoice! Boast of mothers and virgins, * for there is no
fluent, no eloquent speaker * whose words have the power worthily to
praise you, * and every mind is dazed when on your childbirth * it
thinks, hence we glorify you in unison.