

(The Kontakion is sung by the chanters)

The Oikos *(read)*

Through laziness I have fallen away and I sleep unto death, but good shepherd, raise me up and calm the passions that wickedly torment me, O blessed one, that I may rise and hymn thy bright festival; for the Master of the universe has glorified this festival of his faithful servant and wise teacher, the friend and preserver and servant of his traditions which thou didst maintain. O pure unction, ceaselessly intercede for us who cry aloud to thee, saying: 'Rejoice, O Father Raphael!'

(The Synaxarion is read from the lectern)

The Canon *(chanted in Tone 6 Irmilogic)*

Ode 1

Crossing the deep on foot as if it were dry land, the people of Israel saw Pharaoh their pursuer drowning in the waves, and they cried aloud: Let us sing a song of victory to God.

Ode 3

O Lord my God, there is none holy as Thou, who in thy love has raised up the horn of thy faithful and established them upon the rock of thy true faith.

Ode 4

'Christ is my strength, my God and Lord,' with reverence sings the Holy Church, raising her voice in purity and keeping feast in the Lord.

Ode 5

I entreat thee, gracious Lord, with thy divine light shine upon the souls of those who with love seek thee early in the morning. May they know thee, Word of God, as God in very truth, who recallest them from the gloomy darkness of transgression.

Ode 6

When I behold the swelling sea of life and the tempest of temptation, I run to thy calm haven and I cry to thee: Bring up my life from corruption, O Most Merciful.

Ode 7

An angel made the furnace moist with dew for the holy Children, but the Chaldeans were consumed in flames by God's command, so that the tyrant cried aloud: O God of our fathers, blessed art thou.

Ode 8

Thou hast made dew fall from the flames upon the holy Children, and thou hast burnt up with water the sacrifice of thy righteous servant. For thou, O Christ, dost accomplish all things by thy will alone, and we magnify thee unto all ages.

The Magnificat is sung by the chanters.

Ode 9

No one is able to see God, upon whom the ranks of angels dare not gaze; yet through thee, all-pure Virgin, the Word took flesh and showed himself to men. With all the hosts of heaven we magnify him and we call thee blessed.