O thou who art God's Mother transcending mind and word,
who ineffably in time gavest birth unto the Timeless One,

thee do we the faithful magnify with one accord.

Glory to Thee, our God glory to Thee.

Seeing Thee, the Redeemer of the world, O Christ God, divinely exalted, the Apostles in fear and awe skipped for joy, magnifying Thee exceedingly.
"Glo•ry to Thee, our God glo•ry to Thee.

When thē An•gels saw Thy de•i•fied flesh in the height, then, O Christ, did they nod one to an•oth•er with one ac•cord: This that com•eth is ver•i•ly our God and Lord.

Glo•ry to Thee, our God glo•ry to Thee.

See•ing Thee, O Christ our God, lift•ed up in the clouds, then thē or•ders of An•gels in•cor•po•re•al cried a•loud: For the great• King of Glo•ry, lift ye up the gates."
Glo - ry to Thee, our God glo - ry to Thee.

Thee, that went - est down un - to the ex - treme of the earth, and didst

save fal - len man and in Thy ho - ly As - cent on high didst ex - alt him: O Lord, Thee do we mag - ni - fy.

Most Ho - ly The - o - to - kos, save us.

Re - joice, O The - o - to - kos, Moth - er of Christ our true God;

Him that thou hadst con - ceived, thou this day saw - est as - cend from earth

and with An - gels didst mag - ni - fy Him might - ily.
Second Canon

Byzantine Chant Tone 4
Fourth Mode

Be-hold-ing the as-cent of the Mas-ter, the An-gel hosts were

sore a-mazed, how He was tak-en up with glo-ry from
earth un-to the Heav-ens.

O ex-ceed-ing gifts that pass un-der-stand-ing! What a fear-ful

mys-ter-y! For the Sov-reign Lord of all, a-ris-ing

from the earth to ce-les-ti-al realms, hath sent the Ho-ly

Spir-it to His own dis-ci-ples be-low, that the Spir-it

might il-lu-mi-nate their mind and with grace make them blaze like a

fier-y flame.
Be-hold-ing the a-scent of the Mas-ter, the An-gel hosts were sore a-mazed, how He was tak-en up with glo-ry from earth un-to the Heav-ens.

To His fol-low-ers, the Lord said: Now tar-ry ye here in Je-ru-sa-lem and I shall send un-to you an-oth-er Com-fort-er, Who is one in throne both with My Fa-ther, and of e-qual hon-or un-to Me, Whom ye look rid-ing on a cloud of light be-ing tak-en on high in di-vine a-scent.
Glo - ry to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly
Spir - it.

The mag - ni - ficence is no - ta - bly lift - ed high a - bove the heav - ens
now of Him in the flesh made poor; and so our fall - en
na - ture is mag - ni - fied and hon - ored with the ses - sion with the
Fa - ther on His throne. Let us keep feast, and with one ac-
cord cry out, glad - ly clapping our hands in ex - ceed - ing joy.

Both now and ev - er, and un - to ag - es of ag - es. A - men.

Light that shone from Light hath dawned as the sun from thee, O
thou all-blame-less Maid; all the gross ob - scu - ri - ty of
 athe - is - m hath He dis - persed in day and He hath guid - ed with His light those sleep - ing in the night. Hence, O Vir - gin, as is due, we call thee blest, ev - er sing - ing thy praise to e - ter - ni - ty.

Katavasia:

Re - joice, O ho - ly Queen,boast of vir - gins and moth - ers; for no sweet and elo - quent mouth hath the pow - er, e - ven with all skill of speech, to praise thee right - ly ev 'ry mind is dazed with awe, pon - d'ring thy child - birth. Where - fore we glo - ri - fy thee with a sin - gle voice.
Feast of Ascension

Ode 9

Sung instead of “More honorable than the Cherubim”

Canon 1

Plagal First Mode

O

thou who art God’s Moth-er trans-cend-ing mind and word,

who in-eff-a-bly in time gav-est birth un-to the Time-less One,

thee do we the faith-ful mag-ni-fy with one ac-cord.

G

lo-ry to Thee, our God, glo-ry to Thee.

S

see-ing Thee, the Re-deem-er of the world, O Christ God,

di-vine-ly ex-alt-ed, the A-pos-tles in fear and awe skipped for

joy, mag-ni-fy-ing Thee ex-ceed-ing-

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Chadi Karam (karamchadi@yahoo.com) Chicago, 2019.
When the Angels saw Thy deified flesh in the height, then, O Christ, did they nod one to another with one accord: This that cometh is verily our God and Lord.

Glory to Thee, our God, glory to Thee.

Seeing Thee, O Christ our God, lifted up in the clouds, then the orders of Angels incorporeal cried aloud: For the great King of Glory, lift ye up the gates.

Glory to Thee, our God, glory to Thee.

Thee, that wentest down unto the extreme of the earth, and
ditst save fallen man and in Thy holy Ascent on high didst exalt Him: O Lord, Thee do we magnify.

Most-holy Theotokos, save us.

Rejoice, O Theotokos, Mother of Christ our true God; Him that thou hadst conceived, thou this day sawest ascend from earth and with Angels didst magnify Him mightily.

Continue with Ode 9 of the second Canon on the next page.
Canon 2
Fourth Mode
(Melody: Let every earthborn man)

B

Holding the ascent of the Master, the Angel hosts
were sore amazed, how He was taken up with glory from earth unto the Heavens.

O

Exceeding gifts that pass understanding! What a fearful mystery! For the Sovereign Lord of all, arising from the earth to celestial realms, hath sent the Holy Spirit to His own disciples below, that the Spirit might illuminate their mind and with grace make them blaze like a fiery flame.
e-hold-ing the as-cent of the Mas-ter, the An-gel hosts

were sore a-mazed, how He was taken up with glo-ry from earth

un-to the Heav-ens.

To His fol-low-ers, the Lord said: Now tar-ry ye here in Je-

ru-sa-lem and I shall send un-to you an-other Com-
fort-er, Who is one in throne both with My Fa-ther, and of
equal hon-our un-to Me, Whom ye look on rid-

ing on a cloud of light being taken on high in di-vine as-cent.

Glo-ry to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly

Spir-it.
The magnificence is notably lifted high above the heavens now of Him in the flesh made poor; and so our fallen nature is magnified and honoured with the session with the Father on His throne. Let us keep ______ feast, and with one accord cry out, gladly clapping our hands in exceeding joy.

Both now and ever, and unto ages of ages. Amen.

Light that shone from Light hath dawned as the sun from thee, O thou all-blame-less Maid; all the gross obscenity of atheism hath He dispersed in day, and He hath guided
with His light those sleeping in the night. Hence, O Virgin, as is due, we call thee blest, ever singing thy praise to eternity.

Katavasia:

Rejoice, O holy Queen, boast of virgins and mothers; for no sweet and eloquent mouth hath the power, even with all skill of speech, to praise thee rightly; every mind is dazed with awe, pondering thy childbirth. Wherefore we glorify thee with a single voice.