Ode 1

The sun of old passed over the depth of the tempest begetting dry land; for the water dried up on both sides like a wall for the people to pass through its depth, singing songs well pleasing to God, and shouting, Let us praise the Lord; for by glory he hath been glorified.

Ode 3

O Lord, the Confirmation of those who put their trust in thee, confirm thy Church which thou hast bought with thy precious blood.
Thy virtue, O Christ, hath covered the heavens; for when the tabernacle of thy holiness came, thy Mother, free of corruption, and thou didst appear in the Temple of thy glory borne in arms as a babe, the whole creation was filled with thy praise.

When Isaiah saw God symbolically on a high altar, surrounded by the angels of glory, he lifted his voice, crying, Woe is me, wretched man; for
I have foreseen God incarnate, the
Light not apprehended by night, and the Lord of peace.

When the old man saw with his own eyes
the Salvation that was revealed to the nations,

he cried to thee, saying, O Christ, thou art my God, coming from the presence of God.

Thee do we praise, O Word of God, who moistened in the fire the God-speaking youths, and dwelt in an incorruptible Virgin, singing in true worship,

Blessed art thou, God of our Fathers.
We praise, we bless and we worship the Lord.

The youths striving for true worship,

standing in the midst of unbearable fire

and not hurt at all by the flames, sang a

song of divine praise, saying, Bless the Lord, all his

works, exalt him still more to the end of

ages.