As the Virgin who gave Thee birth saw Thee hang on the Cross, O Lord, she was sore astonished; and as she gazed at Thee, she said with mourning and grief and pain of heart: O beloved Son, how is it that Thou art hanged on the tree of a wooden Cross? How is it, O Word, O long-suffering Master, that Thy hands and feet are nailed by lawless people and Thou hast poured out Thy precious Blood?

**From the Octoechos**
**As The Virgin Who Gave Thee Birth**
**Stavro-Theotokion**

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