



COPTIC HYMNAL

THIRD EDITION

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PREFACE TO THE PREVIOUS EDITION

It was New Year's Eve, and the congregation was gathered in the church. We sang hymns-beautiful, classical Arabic hymns. I noticed that our children were not taking part. They hummed along to the nostalgic tunes, without understanding the words. I asked the congregation if they were having a good time, and they said, "Yes." I then asked, "Wouldn't it be nice if our children could sing along with us?" They all agreed. It was at this point that we decided to make a New Year's resolution to translate some of our beautiful Arabic hymns into English, so that we could all enjoy singing them, with understanding (Psalm 47:7). We targeted some hymns for translation. We also laid down some criteria for the translation effort: good vocabulary, good grammar, good rhyme and metering, adaptability to the original tune.

We soon discovered that to translate word for word while adhering to the criteria we set forth was next to impossible. So, we decided that, rather than translate literally, we should translate the "spirit" of the hymn, instead of the words. This proved to be very successful, and indeed, on the very next New Year's Eve, we had some beautiful English hymns "inspired" by Arabic ones, and very well adapted to the original melodies.

We found out that the appetite of our young people outpaced our ability to churn out new English hymns. We then started to look for "ready-made" English hymns that might be easily adapted to the tune of our popular Arabic hymns. One source that we used heavily was "Songs of Praise", a publication of Oxford University Press (1931). We resorted to trial and error, attempting to find songs with lyrics well suited to the Arabic music. Of course, we often had to edit these lyrics, at times adding a refrain, or substituting some words, to achieve the desired result.

Another area that we felt needed work was the Arabic "madayah," which are traditionally sung during Holy Communion to the seasonal tune of the Gospel response or Doxologies. We used both aforementioned methods in adding some of those to our growing repertoire. Some were inspired by the corresponding Arabic "madiha," although not necessarily a literal translation; others were English hymns adapted to the melody of the seasonal "madiha."

Our next target was the ever popular veneration of saints, or "tamgeed." We felt that our children were completely shut out of this

essential part of liturgical worship. So, we encouraged our youth to compose hymns of veneration. The first was a veneration of the holy Mother of God that was a joint project between myself and my son Frederick Mark. Another member of the youth has since contributed a veneration for Saint George, and later on, two more veneration hymns were added.

In 1990, we collected all that we had in a booklet titled “Coptic Hymnal”. A few years ago, we realized the need for more English hymns and issued a companion volume, “Coptic Hymnal 2.”

This Expanded Edition is a compilation of our own hymns, together with a few well known traditional English hymns, sung in their own native tunes. Wherever possible, we have made reference to our direct source for these in the “List of Sources” at the end of the book. We also added some of the most common, traditional Christmas carols, many of which date back to the Middle Ages or even earlier, and are as such part of the common heritage of the Church Universal.

The hymns are generally grouped according to the Church calendar “seasons.” With the exception of the carols, and other well known hymns with their own peculiar melody, we have indicated the proper tune using a special tag, to the right of the hymn number and title. For those based on Arabic hymns, the first few words of the Arabic version are given, transliterated into English. Those in the “madiha” genre are identified by the season, either Annual, Koiak (last four weeks of Advent), Lenten, or Joyous. These are to be sung in the tune of the Gospel response and/or Doxologies appropriate to the given season. We have included a section for the Veneration, with the veneration of the holy Virgin Mary as a basis. The appendices contain hymns and verses of veneration, respectively, for the other saints.

Hymns that do not belong to any particular season of the Church calendar were grouped together as “General Congregational Hymns.”

We hope that this humble work will be a useful addition to the many hymn books produced by other Coptic Churches, unto the glory and honour of the Holy Trinity, our God. Amen.

*A.I.
Paoni 1715
June 1999
Fast of the Apostles*

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THE NEW YEAR

I THOU CROWNEST THE YEAR

Arabic Kallaltas sanata

Refrain: Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness,
And Thy paths drip with fatness—
Our hearts overflow with gladness,
And our lips rejoice with thankfulness!



Come, ye thankful people, come:
Raise the song of harvest-home!
All be safely gathered in,
Before the winter storms begin.
God, our Maker, does provide
For our wants to be supplied—
Come to God's own temple, come:
Raise the song of harvest-home!

All this world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield—
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown.
First the blade and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear—
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home—
From His field shall purge away
All that does offend today;
Give His angels charge, at last,
In the fire the tares to cast—
But the fruitful wheat to store
In His barn for evermore.

Then, thou Church triumphant, come:
Raise the song of harvest-home!
All be safely gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin—
There forever purified,
In God's garner to abide:
Come, ten thousand angels, come:
Raise the glorious harvest-home!

2 THE MARTYRS AND NAIROUZ

Arabic Hayya ya abrar

Come, ye faithful people, come
To the heavenly Jerusalem,
Where there is eternal life,
And we'll live in peace with our Saviour. ②

Nairouz is the beginning of the year,
When we remember our martyrs,
Who defended faith without fear,
And lived in peace with our Saviour. ②

Our ancestors were so brave:
For their faith their lives they gave.
Now in Heaven they are crowned,
And they live in peace with our Saviour. ②

Our martyrs won their crowns
When they laid their lives down,
And they opened Heaven's doors—
Now they live in peace with our Saviour. ②

Never flinched they from the flame,
Nor from the tyrant's sharpest aim.
They shed their blood for His Name—
Now they live in peace with our Saviour. ②

By their faith they saw the land
Where triumphant now they stand.
They put their souls in His hand,
And lived in peace with our Saviour. ②

If Satan comes to divide us,
The voice of God will gather us,
And His peace will be with us,
And we'll live in peace with our Saviour. ②

Lord, deliver us from all sin,
That eternal life we may win;
And lead us to Thy Kingdom,
O our King, and our Saviour. ②

FEASTS OF THE CROSS

3 NEAR THE CROSS

Jesus keep me near the Cross—
There a precious fountain,
Free to all, a healing stream,
Flows from Calvary's mountain.

Refrain: In the Cross, in the Cross
Be my glory ever,
Till my raptured soul shall find
Rest beyond the river.



Near the Cross, a trembling soul,
Love and mercy found me.
There the Bright and Morning Star
Sheds His beams around me.

Near the Cross, O Lamb of God,
Bring it's scenes before me.
Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadows over me.

Near the Cross I'll watch and wait—
Hoping, trusting ever—
Till I reach the golden strand,
Just beyond the river.

4 MY CROSS

Arabic Salibi ya salibi

My cross, my cross,
My glory is in you!
I place you on my bosom,
And in my bedroom too.

Refrain: My cross, my cross,
You're made of lowly wood,
But in my heart, my cross,
You're more precious than gold.

† † †

My cross, my cross
Is with me everywhere:
I sign you every morning,
And whenever I fear.

My cross, my cross,
My victory's in you!
The pledge of my success
In whatever I do.

ADVENT

5 FIRST SUNDAY OF KOIAK

Koiak

In the days of King Herod,
There was a priest named Zacharias,
And with him lived his wife,
And her name was Elisabeth.

And they were both righteous before God,
And yet they had no children,
Because Elisabeth was barren,
And both were well stricken in years.

It came to pass, as Zacharias
Was offering incense to the Lord,
He saw the Angel Gabriel,
Who said unto him,

“Fear not, Zacharias the priest,
For your prayers have been heard.
Your wife shall bear you a son,
And you shall call his name John.

“And you shall have joy and gladness,
And many will rejoice at his birth,
For he shall be a great saint
In the sight of the Lord.

“And even while still in the womb,
The Holy Spirit will fill him.
And the children of Israel
Shall he turn to the Lord.”

Zacharias said to Gabriel,
“Whereby shall I know this?
For I am an old man,
And my wife stricken in years.”

Then the angel answered him,
“I am Gabriel the Archangel,
Sent by the Lord to speak to you,
And to declare these glad tidings.

“Behold, from now, you shall be dumb,
And not able to say one word,
Until the day appointed by God,
When all these things shall be fulfilled.”

And shortly after those days,
Elisabeth did conceive,
But she kept this to herself,
For five months, saying,

“The Lord has done great things to me,
In that He looked on me,
To take away my reproach
From among the women.”

Intercede on our behalf,
O holy archangel,
Gabriel the Angel-Evangel,
That He may forgive us our sins.

Pray to the Lord on our behalf,
O righteous priest, Zacharias,
And his wife, Elisabeth,
That He may forgive us our sins.

6 SECOND SUNDAY OF KOIAK

Koiaik

The Angel Gabriel was sent
To the city of Nazareth,
Unto a virgin named Mary,
Betrothed to a man named Joseph.

The angel came to her and said,
“Hail to you, O full of grace:
The Lord is with you.
I bring you great tidings.”

The Virgin was greatly amazed
When she heard these sayings,
And wondered in her mind
What sort of greeting this might be.

Then Gabriel said to her,
“Fear not, O chosen one,
For you shall conceive
And bring forth the Son of God.

“And you shall call Him Jesus,
For He shall save the whole world,
And all men shall call Him,
‘Jesus Christ, the Son of God.’”

Then Mary asked Gabriel,
With great astonishment,
“How can this happen to me,
Since I do not know a man?”

The angel said unto her,
“The Holy Spirit will come on you.
Therefore, He Whom you shall bear
Shall be called the Son of God.

“Behold, your cousin Elisabeth
Has also conceived a son,
And this is the the sixth month
For her who was called barren.”

Then said Mary unto him,
“Behold the handmaid of the Lord:
Be it unto me
According to your word.”

We give you salutation,
With Gabriel the angel:
“Hail to you, filled with grace:
The Lord is with you.”

Intercede on our behalf,
O lady of us all, the Mother of God—
Mary, the Mother of our Saviour—
That He may forgive us our sins.

Intercede on our behalf,
O holy archangel,
Gabriel the Angel-Evangel,
That He may forgive us our sins.

7 THIRD SUNDAY OF KOIAK

Koiaik

After the Angel Gabriel
Announced to the Virgin Mary
The coming of the Son of God
And His fore-runner, the Baptist,

Then arose Mary in those days
And went to the house of Zacharias,
To congratulate Elisabeth
And give her a helping hand.

As soon as she came to the door,
She saw Elisabeth standing there.
The Virgin said, with great joy,
“Hail to you, Elisabeth!”

When Elisabeth had heard her,
The babe leaped in her womb.
The Holy Spirit then filled her,
And she spake out and said,

“Blessed are you among women,
And blessed is the fruit of your womb.
What a blessing it is for me
That the Mother of God should come to me!

“Behold, as soon as I heard your voice,
The babe in my womb leaped for joy.
Blessed are you for you believed
What the Lord has told you.”

And Mary opened her mouth and said,
“My soul doth magnify the Lord,
And my spirit hath rejoiced
In God my Saviour.

“For He has looked upon
The low estate of His handmaid:
Behold, from now, all generations
Shall call me the blessed one.

“The Mighty God of Israel
Has done great things to me,
And Holy is His Name:
I praise Him and glorify Him.

“And His mercy is upon them
That fear His Holy Name,
From generation to generation,
And to the ages of ages. Amen.

“He has shown strength by His arm,
And scattered the proud in their hearts.
The mighty ones He has put down,
And the humble he has raised.

“The poor He has filled with good things,
But the rich He has sent away.
He has remembered His promise
To His servant Israel.”

Saint Mary stayed with Elisabeth
Until her son, John, was born.
Then, she bade her farewell,
And returned to her own house.

We exalt you befittingly,
With your cousin Elisabeth:
“Blessed are you among women,
And blessed is the fruit of your womb.”

Intercede on our behalf,
O lady of us all, the Mother of God—
Mary, the Mother of our Saviour—
That He may forgive us our sins.

Pray to the Lord on our behalf,
O righteous priest, Zacharias,
And his wife, Elisabeth,
That He may forgive us our sins.

8 FOURTH SUNDAY OF KOIAK

Koiak

After Elisabeth had conceived
And bore her baby for nine months,
The time for her to deliver then came,
And she brought forth her son.

It came to pass, that on the eighth day,
They came to circumcise the child;
And they called him Zacharias,
After his father’s name.

But his mother answered and said,
“Not so; but he shall be called John”—
As he had been called from before
By the Angel Gabriel

The people said unto her,
“What a strange name to choose!
There is no one in your tribe
That is called by this name.”

They made a sign to his father,
How he would have him called.
He took his pen and he wrote,
“His name shall be ‘John.’”

Immediately his tongue was loosed,
And he opened his mouth and spake,
And praised the Lord God,
Proclaiming and saying,

“Blessed be the Lord God,
The Mighty One of Israel,
Who has redeemed His people
By His own mighty hand.

“To Him be glory forever,
For He has raised up for us,
From the house of David,
The Messiah, the Saviour;

“As He had previously proclaimed
By the mouth of His prophets,
That we should be saved from our foes,
And from them that hate us.

“The mercy promised to our fathers
Today has been performed,
And His covenant with Abraham
Today He has fulfilled.

“Now we can serve Him without fear,
In holiness and righteousness,
And worship His Holy Name
All the days of our life.”

Then Zacharias prophesied
Concerning his son, the fore-runner—
The son he bare in his old age—
And he proclaimed and said,

“And you, my child, shall be called
The prophet of the Most High,
For you shall go before your Lord
To prepare for Him the way;

“To spread the news of salvation
Amongst all of His people,
Preaching the remission of sins
Through the mercy of God;

“Who shall enlighten everyone
That comes into the world,
And shine upon the souls that sit
In darkness and the shadow of death.”

And fear came upon all
That heard the words of Zacharias,
And all that dwelt round about him
Kept his sayings in their hearts.

And all these sayings were talked about
Throughout the region of Judea,
And people wondered in their hearts,
“What manner of child shall this be?”

Intercede on our behalf,
O fore-runner and baptizer,
John the Baptist,
That He may forgive us our sins.

Pray to the Lord on our behalf,
O righteous priest, Zacharias,
And his wife, Elisabeth,
That He may forgive us our sins.

9 THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

Koiak

Recall, my soul, in fear and awe
How God, amid the fire and smoke,
Proclaimed to us His holy Law,
On Mount Sinai, when He spoke:

I am the Lord, your God and King,
Who out of bondage set you free;
Who saved you from the land of sin;
So, serve no other gods but Me.

You shall not bow to idols,
For, I, a jealous God your Lord,
Shall punish all who hate My Name,
But love all those who keep My word.

You shall glorify your God's Name—
Do not His Holiness profane,
For God will not hold them guiltless,
Who take His Holy Name in vain.

Remember to keep the Sabbath day—
The day God sanctified and blessed.
Six days you shall do all your work,
But on the seventh you shall rest.

Honour your father and mother;
Obey the Lord your God's command,
That you may live secure and safe,
With length of days upon the land.

You shall not hate or kill anyone,
But love your neighbour and be kind.
You shall not commit adultery,
Even by your eyes or mind.

You shall not steal from others,
For those who sin shall surely die.
Do not testify untruthfully,
For God abhors those who lie.

You shall not covet the possessions
Your neighbours value as their own:
Home, wife or husband or treasure,
You shall respect as theirs alone.

Teach us, Lord God, to respect
The Ten Commandments of Thy Law.
Give us the grace to keep them all,
With thankfulness and proper awe.

10 THE FIERY BUSH

Koiak Praise Batos

Refrain: The fiery bush that Moses
Had seen in the wilderness,
Burning with fire from within—
And the bush was not consumed—

Is a figure of the blessed Mother of the Light,
Who carried the Divine Ember
Nine full months in her womb,
With a perpetual virginity.

† † †

I open my mouth and speak
About the hidden mysteries,
And honour Mary, the Mother of the Light:
Blessed are you among women.

Gabriel announced to her
The incarnation of the Word—
She carried her Lord in her womb:
Blessed are you among women.

David, your father, spoke of you,
With prophetic sayings—
The God of gods became your son:
Blessed are you among women.

You are the mother of your Creator,
Who came to save the human race—
He came and dwelt in your womb:
Blessed are you among women.



The forgiver of all sins,
The source of all blessings,
He loved our race and took our form:
Blessed are you among women.

He bowed down the heavens,
And descended to earth,
While still in His Father's bosom:
Blessed are you among women.

Of all people, who has obtained
What you received, O Mary?
All generations proclaim and say:
Blessed are you among women.

O Virgin Mary, we bless you,
And praise by day and night
The One Who chose your goodness:
Blessed are you among women.

CHRISTMAS

11 GOOD CHRISTIAN MEN & WOMEN

Joyous

Good Christian men and women, rejoice
With heart and soul and voice;
Give ye heed to what we say:
Jesus Christ was born today!

Ox and ass before Him bow,
And He is in the manger now:
Good Christian men, rejoice and say,
“Jesus Christ was born today!”

The Holy Son of God Most High,
For love of Adam’s lapsèd race,
Quit the sweet pleasures of the sky
To bring us to that happy place.

His robes of light He laid aside,
Which did His majesty adorn,
And the frail state of mortals tried,
In human flesh and figure born.

Whole choirs of angels loudly sing
The mystery of His sacred birth,
And the blest news to shepherds bring,
Filling their watchful souls with mirth.

The Son of God thus man became,
That men the sons of God might be,
And by their second birth regain
A likeness to His deity.

12 HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING

Hark! The herald angels sing,
“Glory to the newborn King,
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!”
Joyful, all ye nations, rise:
Join the triumph of the skies;
With angelic hosts proclaim,
“Christ is born in Bethlehem!”

*Hark! The herald angels sing,
“Glory to the newborn King.”*

Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth;
Ris’n with healing in His wings,
Light and life to all He brings.
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Hail the heav’nborn Prince of Peace!

*Hark! The herald angels sing,
“Glory to the newborn King.”*

13 SILENT NIGHT

Silent night! Holy night!
All is calm, all is bright,
'Round yon Virgin Mother and Child.
Holy Infant so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent night! Holy night!
Shepherds quake at the sight!
Glories stream from Heaven afar;
Heav'nly hosts sing, "Alleluia."
Christ, the Saviour, is born!
Christ, the Saviour, is born!

Silent night! Holy night!
Son of God, love's pure light,
Radiant beams from Thy holy face,
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord at Thy birth.
Jesus, Lord at Thy birth.

14 GOD REST YE MERRY, GENTLEMEN

God rest ye merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay:
Remember Christ our Saviour
Was born on Christmas Day,
To save us all from Satan's power
When we were gone astray.

Chorus: O tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy.
O tidings of comfort and joy.



In Bethlehem, of Judea,
This blessed Babe was born,
And laid within a manger
Upon this blessed morn;
The which His Mother, Mary,
Did nothing take in scorn.

From God, our heav'nly Father,
A blessed angel came,
And unto certain shepherds
Brought tidings of the same:
How that in Bethlehem was born
The Son of God by name.

15 WHAT CHILD IS THIS?

What Child is this? who laid to rest
On Mary's lap is sleeping,
Whom angels greet with anthems sweet,
While shepherds watch are keeping.
This, this is Christ the King,
Whom shepherds guard and angels sing:
Haste, haste to bring Him laud,
The Babe, the son of Mary.

So bring Him incense, gold, and myrrh;
Come peasant, king, to own Him.
The King of kings salvation brings;
Let loving hearts enthrone Him.
Raise, raise the song on high:
The Virgin sings her lullaby.
Joy, joy, for Christ is born,
The Babe, the son of Mary.

16 AWAY IN A MANGER

Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down His sweet head.
The stars in the sky looked down where He lay,
The little Lord Jesus, asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing, the Baby awakes,
But little Lord Jesus, no crying He makes.
I love Thee, Lord Jesus, look down from the sky,
And stay by my cradle till morning is nigh.

Be near me, Lord Jesus, I ask Thee to stay
Close by me forever, and love me, I pray.
Bless all the dear children in Thy tender care,
And fit us for Heav'n to live with Thee there.

17 WE THREE KINGS

We three kings of Orient are;
Bearing gifts we traverse afar,
Field and fountain, moor and mountain,
Following yonder star.

Refrain: O star of wonder, star of night,
Star with royal beauty bright,
Westward leading, still proceeding,
Guide us to thy perfect light.



Born a King on Bethlehem's plain,
Gold I bring, to crown Him again,
King forever, ceasing never,
Over us all to reign.

Frankincense to offer have I;
Incense owns a Deity nigh.
Prayer and praising all men raising,
Worship Him, God Most High.

Myrrh is mine: its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom;
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stonecold tomb.

Glorious now, behold Him arise,
King and God and sacrifice.
"Alleluia! Alleluia!"
Earth to the heav'ns replies.

18 OH COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL

Oh come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant.
Oh come ye, oh come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold Him,
Born the King of angels:

Refrain: Oh come, let us adore Him.
Oh come, let us adore Him.
Oh come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!



God of God,
Light of Light,
Lo, He abhors not the Virgin's womb;
Very God,
Begotten, not created:

See how the shepherds,
Summoned to His cradle,
Leaving their flocks, draw nigh to gaze;
We too will thither
Bend our joyful footsteps:

Lo, starled chieftains,
Magi, Christ adoring,
Offer him incense, gold, and myrrh;
We to the Christchild
Bring our hearts' oblations:

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning,
Jesus, to Thee be glory giv'n,
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing:

19 ANGELS WE HAVE HEARD ON HIGH

Angels we have heard on high,
Sweetly singing o'er the plains;
And the mountains in reply
Echoing their joyous strains:

Gloria in excelsis Deo!

Gloria in excelsis Deo!

Shepherds, why this jubilee?
Why your joyous songs prolong?
What the gladsome tidings be
Which inspire your heav'nly song?

Gloria in excelsis Deo!

Gloria in excelsis Deo!

Come to Bethlehem and see
Him Whose birth the angels sing;
Come adore on bended knee,
Christ, the Lord, our newborn King.

Gloria in excelsis Deo!

Gloria in excelsis Deo!

HOLY LENT

20 BLESSED ARE THOSE WHO SHOW MERCY

Lenten

Refrain: Blessed are those who show mercy,
For mercy they shall obtain.
Christ will reward them on Judgement Day,
And their labours shall not be in vain.



Fast and pray, O sons of Christ,
A spiritual fast with compunction.
Fasting is not being hungry—
Without repentance and confession.

When Jesus fasted, He fought Satan,
And beat him in every temptation.
Like Jesus, we can beat him too,
But only by fasting and meditation.

Man cannot live by bread alone,
But by every word spoken by God.
So read your Bible every day,
For there you'll find your spiritual bread.

Our fathers fasted for three days,
In the time of the Pope, Saint Abraam.
By prayer, fasting and metanoias,
They moved the mountain “Muqattam.”

21 SUNDAY OF TEMPTATION

Lenten

Jesus fasted in the wilderness
For forty nights and forty days,
Teaching us to follow in His path
And walk in the narrow and righteous way.

When Jesus showed great hunger,
The tempter came to Him and said,
“If you are truly the Son of God,
Change this stone to a loaf of bread.”

Jesus said to Satan, “’Tis written,
‘By bread alone man shall not live.
The word of God will fill his needs:
Eternal life the Lord will give.’”



The devil took Jesus to the temple,
And said, “As you stand in this holy place,
If you are truly the Son of God,
Throw yourself from here to the base.”

Jesus said to him, “It is written,
‘You should not try to tempt the Lord,
For He is your Maker and Creator,
And you cannot withstand His sword.’”



The devil became weary and confused:
Why would the Lord hunger and fast?
He wondered if this was the Messiah,
Who had come to save the world at last.

So he took Him to a high mountain,
The glory of the world before Him to see.
He said, "All this shall I give you,
If you bow down and worship me."

Then Jesus said, "Satan, begone!
One shall worship God and not Satan."
Satan departed as the angels came
To serve the blessed Son of Man.

22 SUNDAY OF THE PRODIGAL SON

Lenten

There was a man who had two sons,
Working with him in the house where they grew.
After his death, all that he had
Was to be divided between the two.

The younger son said to his father,
"Give me now my share of what you own."
Soon after that he took what he received,
And went far away to live on his own.

He spent his money by living in sin
With youth who came to have fun with him.
Not long after, he lost all he had:
The future seemed so gloomy and grim.

A famine came throughout the land.
His friends left him when the money was gone.
He looked for a job to feed himself:
For a long time he could not find one.

At last he got a job, feeding pigs,
And gladly partook of what the swine ate.
Sorrow and pain soon filled his heart.
Lonely and sad he became—what a fate!

He said to himself, “It was a mistake
To leave my loving father’s home.
I was living in comfort and peace.
Now I’m an outcast in the land I roam.”



“The servants in my father’s house
Have better food than I to eat.
I can hardly live on the swine’s food:
In my father’s home living was sweet.

“I wish I could now go back home,
And tell him, ‘In the past we didn’t get along.
I sinned against you and Heaven:
I know now that I have done wrong.

“Please take me back, I beg of you.
I lost everything and have nowhere to go.
Consider me a servant in your home:
A son I don’t deserve to be, I know.”



When the son left, the father was sad,
Wondering always about his son's fate.
He hoped to see him once again:
For long hours he would sit by the gate.

The father saw his son from afar,
Walking home tired and slow.
He ran, embraced and hugged his boy,
And said, "Come to me: I missed you so."

The son then cried, "I'm not worthy!
I do not deserve in your sight to stand.
I've sinned against you and Heaven.
Please take me back as a hired hand."

The father said, "You're my flesh and blood.
To me you'll always be a son."
He ordered for him a new pair of shoes,
A ring for his finger, and a robe to put on.

"A fattened calf we shall eat today.
Let joy and happiness in this home abound.
My son was dead, and now is alive.
To me he was lost, but now he is found."

The eldest son with his father was upset,
And said to him, with eyes full of tears,
"You are unfair to your good son!
You gave me nothing throughout the years.

"Your prodigal son wasted his share,
While I worked for you like a slave.
For him a feast you have prepared,
But a goat to share with friends you never even
gave."

The father said, “All I have is yours.
I appreciate that you’re always here.
Please understand a father’s heart:
You are both to my heart so dear.”

God always calls those who drift, and says,
“My arms to you are opened wide.
Even if you’re lost and call on Me,
You’ll always find Me by your side.”

23 SUNDAY OF THE SAMARITAN WOMAN

Lenten

Jesus departed from Judea,
And was on His way to another land.
He had to pass through Samaria—
The heat of the sun was hard to stand.

He stopped by a town called Sychar,
And sat for a while to rest from the heat,
In the land that Jacob gave Joseph.
There was Jacob’s well at his feet.

The disciples went to town to buy food,
A whole day’s journey still to go.
Jesus looked up by the well nearby,
When a woman from Samaria coming He saw,

Carrying a pail to draw water
From the well, as she did every day.
Jesus asked her if she would give Him
Water to quench His thirst away.



She said, “How can I give you water?
The Jews and Samaritans don’t get along.
I’m a Samaritan, and you’re a Jew;
The Jews have done the Samaritans wrong.”

He said, “If you knew about God’s gift,
And that the One asking you for a drink
Is He that gives the living water,
From giving Him water you would not shrink.”

She looked at Him and asked, “How can
You get water when the well is deep?
You don’t even have a pail to use,
So where would you the water keep?”

“Are you greater than our father, Jacob,
Who dug this well many years ago
And gave it us to satisfy our needs?
His greatness and kindness we all know.”



Jesus said, “From this water you drink,
And after a while you thirst again.
The water I have to give will be
A spring of everlasting life.”

The woman said, “Give me of this water
That I may not again come here.
You utter strange but marvelous things:
I wish that others your words would hear.”

Jesus said, "Go call your husband
To listen to what I have to say."
She answered Him, "No husband have I,"
And turned her face from Him away.

Jesus told her, "Rightly you have said.
Five husbands you have had in the past.
The man in your house is not your spouse.
The truth came from your heart at last."



She said, "I see you're a prophet, Sir,
Although I do not know your name.
Tell me, where should one worship?
Here, as our fathers, or at Jerusalem?"

"Believe me, woman, the day will come
In the near future," Jesus replied,
"When people won't worship the Father
Here, there, or on the mountainside.

"You worship what you have no knowledge of,
But we Jews worship what we know.
The Lord of Salvation from us will come.
From Him the living water will flow.

"God is a Spirit, and those who believe
And worship Him in truth and spirit,
With them the Father will be pleased.
They shine in Heaven and their lamps are lit."



The woman said, “The Messiah will come
To show us all things that are and will be.”
Jesus answered, “You should know by now
That the One you are speaking to is He.”

At that moment the disciples came back,
And were surprised to see Him talk
To the Samaritan woman by the well,
As she was starting away to walk.

They said to Jesus, “Master, eat
The food we brought from town for Thee.”
He said, “My nourishment is not meat,
But doing the will of Him Who sent Me.

“Isn’t it four months till harvest?
I say, lift up your eyes and see:
The fields are ripe and ready to be reaped.
Both the sower and the reaper, happy will they
be.”



The woman told the people of the town,
“This man told me all that I’ve ever done.
He might be the Messiah to come.”
So all of them at once to Him were come.

After two days of hearing Him teach,
The word of God they did receive.
They told the woman, “We’ve seen for ourselves:
He is the world’s Saviour, we truly believe.”

24 SUNDAY OF THE PALSIED MAN

Lenten

There was a pool called Bethesda,
Near the Temple in Jerusalem,
Next to which those afflicted lay—
The blind, the palsied and the lame.

For every now and then, to the pool
Came an angel from Heaven,
Moving the water and blessing it.
Thus healing power to it was given.

Whoever went in first would be cured,
Right then, after the angel came.
So all the sick waited by the pool:
To get in first was each one's aim.



A man with illness thirtyeight years
Was seen by Jesus lying there.
Jesus asked him if he wanted to be healed.
The man said, "I have no friends who care.

"Whenever I try to reach the pool,
Someone else makes it in before me.
I have no strength to move in fast—
No hope for healing that I can see."

Jesus said, "Get up now and walk.
You will have strength to carry your bed."
At once the man was totally healed,
And did exactly what Jesus said.



The Jews then saw the man walking,
Bearing the bed on which he used to lay.
They told him that it was not lawful
To carry his bed on the sabbath day.

The man answered, "It was the One
Who healed me that ordered me to do so."
"Who is this man?" they then asked him.
As Jesus had removed, the man didn't know.

Later that same day, in the Temple,
Jesus spoke to the man as he walked through.
"Now that you're well, sin no more,
That nothing worse may befall you."



The man went back to the Jews and said,
"It was Jesus who made me walk."
So against Jesus the Jews did plot,
Saying the Sabbath commandment He broke.

Jesus then told them, "My Father is still
Working in this world, and so I work too."
That made the Jews even more intent
To kill Him, as their hatred grew.

No matter how many years we have
A sickness of the body or of the soul,
God will forgive us if we repent,
And heal and bless us, one and all.

25 SUNDAY OF THE MAN BORN BLIND

Lenten

A man who was blind since his birth
Was seen by the disciples, as they passed by.
They then asked Jesus, “Was it the man’s fault,
Or his parents’, that he was born without eyes?”

Jesus answered, “Neither is the case,
But that God through him might be glorified.
A miracle will be witnessed by all,
That His Holy Name be magnified.”

Jesus said to the man, “Come forward,”
And made of the dirt piece of clay.
He touched the man’s eyes with it and said,
“Go to Siloam and wash the clay away.”

The man did so and came back seeing!
His eyes were created in him anew.
The crowd was amazed at the miracle,
And wondered if ‘twas the same man they knew.



The Pharisees said to the man,
“Is it true that you were blind since birth,
And that Jesus opened your eyes
Using the clay of the dust of the earth?”

He told them, “Yes, I am the one
Who was born blind but now can see.
The man called Jesus gave me my sight.
I do confess that He did heal me.”

They replied that Jesus was a sinner,
Performing a miracle on a sabbath day.
The man declared, “How can this be?
He is a great prophet, I have to say!”

They asked his parents, “Is this your son?”
The parents answered, “He is, for sure.
But how he sees, we do not know.
He can explain—he is mature.”



Again the Pharisees asked how he was healed.
This made him angry and upset.
He said, “Would you be willing to believe
If I told you that He is a prophet?”

They said to the man, “In sin you were born!
How do you dare to try and teach us!
We follow Moses, whom we know—
Not so with this fellow Jesus.

They cast him out, rebuking him.
In Jesus they refused to believe.
Their eyes were blinded to the truth:
The grace of God they could not receive.

The single eye is the body’s light.
It sees the truth—its light always shines.
Open our eyes, we ask Thee, Lord:
Honour, majesty and power are Thine.

26 FASTING & PRAYER

Lenten

Refrain: Alleluia! Alleluia!
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Jesus, by Whom all things were made,
Himself has fasted and has prayed.



The glory of those forty days
We do celebrate with songs of praise.
Grant us, O Lord, by them to renew
Our life of fast and prayer with you.

To Thee, I pray, have pity on me.
Be gracious and answer my plea.
“Mercy!” I cry—Lord, wash me clean,
And whiter than snow my spirit shall be.

Do not withhold Thy face from me.
Forgive my sins and set me free.
Happy is he forgiven by God,
His sins blotted out by the Saviour’s blood.

To Thee, O Lord, I lift my soul.
In Thee, my God, I place my trust.
Look down on me—have mercy, O Lord.
Forgive me my sins—behold my grief.

27 FORTY DAYS & FORTY NIGHTS

Lenten

Refrain: Forty days and forty nights
Jesus fasted in the wild.
Forty days and forty nights—
By Satan tempted, yet unbeguiled.



Sunbeams scorching all the day;
Chilly dew drops nightly shed.
Prowling beasts about His way;
Stones His pillow, earth His bed.

“Take up your cross,” Jesus says,
“If you would My disciple be.
Deny yourself—the world forsake—
And humbly follow after Me.”

Take up your cross—let not it’s weight
Fill your weak spirit with alarm.
His strength will lift your spirit up,
And brace your heart and hold your arm.

Take up your cross—don’t heed the shame,
Nor let your foolish pride rebel.
Your Lord for your sake the Cross endured,
And conquered the pow’r of death and Hell.

Take up your cross, then, in His strength,
And calmly every danger brave.
He will guide you to a better home,
And lead you to vict’ry o’er the grave.

Take up your cross and follow Christ.
Don't think till death to lay it down.
For only those who bear the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

To Thee, O our God, the One in Three,
All praise for evermore ascend.
Grant us all to be with Thee,
In the heav'nly life that has no end.

*See also "Our Father Who art in Heaven" under **General Congregational Hymns** (but sung in the Lenten tune).*

EASTER

28 JESUS CHRIST IS RISEN TODAY

Joyous

Refrain: Alleluia! Alleluia!
Alleluia! Alleluia!
All ye Christians, sing and say,
“Jesus Christ is risen today!”



See the holy women come,
Bearing spices to the tomb.
“Go and tell His brethren dear:
He is risen, He is not here.”

Hear the heav’nly angels’ voice
Bid the universe rejoice.
“Seek Him not among the dead:
He is risen, as He said.”

He Whose death upon the Cross
Saved all men from endless loss:
Glory, Jesus, be to Thee—
Thine own might has set us free.

Christ, Who once for sinners bled,
Now the Firstborn from the dead,
Throned in glorious majesty,
Reigns through all eternity.

Christians, on this happy day,
Raise your hearts with joy, and say,
“Christ the Lord is risen high—
Now He lives, no more to die!”

29 O CHRISTIAN CHILDREN

Joyous

O Christian children, rejoice and sing:
Now is the triumph of our King.
To all the world glad news we bring:
Christ is risen from the dead!

The Lord of Life is risen today:
Bring flowers of song to strew His way.
Let all mankind rejoice and say:
Christ is risen from the dead!

Praise we in songs of victory
That Love, that Life which cannot die,
And sing with hearts uplifted high:
Christ is risen from the dead!

The strife is over—the battle done.
Now is the Victor’s triumph won.
Now be the song of praise begun:
Christ is risen from the dead!

The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions has dispersed.
Let shouts of holy joy outburst:
Christ is risen from the dead!

He broke the age-bound chains of Hell;
The bars of iron and brass fell.
Let hymns of praise His triumph tell:
Christ is risen from the dead!

Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live and sing to Thee:
Christ is risen from the dead!

Thy Name we bless, O Risen Lord,
And sing today with one accord.
The life laid down, the life restored:
Christ is risen from the dead!

30 O SONS & DAUGHTERS

Joyous

O sons and daughters, let us sing:
The King of Heaven, the Glorious King,
O'er death has risen triumphing:
Christ is risen from the dead!

On Easter morn, at break of day,
The faithful women went their way,
To seek the tomb where Jesus lay:
Christ is risen from the dead!

An angel clad in white they see,
Who sat and spake unto the three:
"Your Lord doth go to Galilee:"
Christ is risen from the dead!

That night the Apostles met in fear;
Amidst them came their Lord most dear,
And said, “My peace be on all here:”
Christ is risen from the dead!

When Thomas first the tidings heard,
He doubted if it were their Lord,
Until He came and spake the word:
Christ is risen from the dead!

“My piercèd side, O Thomas, see:
Behold My hands, My feet,” said He;
“Not faithless, but believing be:”
Christ is risen from the dead!

No longer Thomas then denied:
He saw the feet, the hands, the side—
“Thou art my Lord and God!” he cried:
Christ is risen from the dead!

How blessed are they who have not seen,
And yet whose faith has constant been,
For they eternal life shall win:
Christ is risen from the dead!

On this most holy Day of days,
To God your hearts and voices raise,
In laud and jubilee and praise:
Christ is risen from the dead!

31 TRULY RISEN

Arabic Qama haqqaan

Truly risen is the Lord, King of Heaven.
Alleluia! Alleluia! He is risen!

Very early Sunday morning, Mary went
To the tomb with spices and sweet ointment.

And, behold, the Angel rolled the stone away,
For the Lord had risen early in the day.

And the two men in the tomb unto her said,
“He is risen: seek Him not among the dead.”

As she turned, her eyes beheld another man,
But knew not that He is the Beloved One.

And in tears she begged Him, saying, “Sir, be
kind:
Tell me where my Lord and Master I can find.”

Jesus told her, “Weep not Mary, but rejoice,”
And her heart leaped as she heard the Saviour’s
voice.

“Touch me not, but go to My Disciples, tell,”
Said the Lord, when at His feet Mary fell.

Mary sought where the Disciples met in fear,
And she told them she had seen the Lord most
dear.

And the same night His Disciples saw Him too;
Unto them He said, “My peace I give to you.”

“Alleluia!” to the Risen Lord and King.
Alleluia! O death, where is your sting?

Alleluia! He is risen in glory.
Alleluia! O grave, where is your victory?

32 ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE WEEK

Arabic: 'Inda shaqqil fagri

On the first day of the week,
Before the dawn began to break,
Christ the Lord rose again,)
Clothed in majesty to reign.) ②

Refrain: Our Lord is ris'n today—
O triumphant holy day!—
Who did once, upon the Cross,)
Suffer to redeem our loss.) ②

Hymns of praise, then, let us sing,
Unto Christ our heav'nly King,
Who endured the Cross and grave,)
Sinners to redeem and save.) ②

By the pains that He endured,
Our salvation He procured.
Now, above the skies He's King,)
Where the angels ever sing.) ②

He Who gave for us His life,
Who for us endured the strife,
Now became our Life-giver,)
Freeing us from death forev'r.) ②

All the toil and sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won,
Now, behind we leave the past—)
Forward be our glances cast.) ②

ASCENSION & PENTECOST

33 THE LORD ASCENDED

Joyous

The Lord ascended up on high!
The Lord has triumphed gloriously!
The grave and Hell are captive led:
Christ ascended to heaven!

The heavens, with joy, receive their Lord—
By saints, by angel hosts adored.
O earth, adore your Glorious King:
Christ ascended to heaven!

Thou art gone up before us, Lord,
To prepare for us our heavenly abode,
That we may be where now Thou art:
Christ ascended to heaven!

Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds,
That while we live on earth below
Our treasure be with Thee on high:
Christ ascended to heaven!

That where Thou art, at God's right hand,
Our hope, our love may always be.
Dwell Thou in us that we may, too,
Dwell forevermore in Thee.

34 LET US ALL PRAISE THE LORD

Chorus:

Anelson ys ooranos: axiton
Parakliton: to ePnevma tis
alithias: Amen: Alleluia.

† † †

Asomen to Kyrio: en doxos
ghar dedoxasthé.

Toos av-o ektisas ys ena ton
ooranon ke teen geen.

Thevté pantes ila-ee:
eproskyneesomen
Iso Khristo.

Ootos estin O Thé-os O Sotir
ymon: ke Kyrios pasees
sarkos.

eTrias en Monadi: ke Monas
en eTriadi: O Patir ke O Eios:
ke to Agion ePnevma: to
ePnevma tis alithias: Amen:
Alleluia.

(Greek)

Af shenaf é-epshoi é-ni fi-
owi: af oo-orpi nan em pi
Parakliton: pi ePnevma enté ti
methmi: amen: Alleluia.

† † †

Maren hos é ep Chois: je khen
oo-o-oo ghar af echi o-oo.

Pentafer pi esnav on owai: été
fai pe et fé nem ep kahi.

Amoini ni la-os tiroo: enten
oo-osht en Isos Pi Khristos.

Fai pe Eff Nooti pen
Sotir: owoh ep Chois
en sarex eniven.

Oo eTrias es jik evol: esoi
en Shomt esoi en Owai: été
fai pe ef Yot nem ep Shiri:
nem pi ePnevma Eth-
owab: pi ePnevma enté
ti methmi: Amen:
Alleluia.

(Coptic)

A communion Hymn for the Apostle's Fast

Chorus:

He ascended into heaven, and
sent us the Paraclete The
Spirit of Truth, the
Comforter. Amen Alleluia.

† † †

Let us all praise the Lord,
For He is in glory glorified.

He made the two into one,
Which is heaven and earth.

Oh come all ye nations: Let us
worship Jesus Christ.

This is God our Saviour, / and
Lord of every one.

Three in One and One in
Three: The Father, the Son
and the Holy Spirit— The
Spirit of Truth, the comforter.
Amen Alleluia.

Sa'ada ila a'las-samawat, wa
arsal lanal Paraqleet. Ruh el
haqq el Mo'azzi. Amen.
Alleluia.

† † †

Falnusabbih er-Rabb, li-
annaho bil magdi tamaggad.

Ga'lal ethnaini wahidan: ay es
sama-a waal ard.

Ta'alu ya gami' ash-she'oob/
linasgud li Yasu'al Masih.

Ha d h a h o w a A l l a h
Mukhallisuna, wa rabbu kulli
ahad.

Thaluth fi Wahid wa Wahid fi
Thaluth: al Aab waal Ibn wa-a
Ruh el-Qodos, Ruh el haqq el
Mo'azzi. Amen.

(Arabic)

SAINT MARY THE VIRGIN

35 SING OF MARY, PURE AND LOWLY

Arabic Maqdu Mariam

Sing of Mary, pure and lowly
Virgin mother, undefiled.
Sing of God's own Son, Most Holy,
Who became her little child.

Fairest child of fairest mother—
God the Lord, Who came to earth:
Word made flesh, our very brother,
Takes our nature by His birth.

Sing of Jesus, son of Mary,
In the home at Nazareth:
Toil and labour cannot weary
Love enduring unto death.

Constant was the love He gave her,
Though He went forth from her side:
Forth to preach and heal and suffer,
Till on Calvary He died.

Glory be to God the Father.
Glory be to God the Son.
Glory be to God the Spirit.
Glory to the Three in One.

36 O VIRGIN MARY

Arabic Ya Mariamul bikri

O Virgin Mary, you are
Above the stars and the moon,
And brighter than the sun
That shines at noon.

O morning star, shine upon
This temple of my soul.
Enlighten my mind, and the eyes,
And the senses all.

O Mother of Jesus—O
My mother and my hope,
Forsake me not whenever
With sin I cannot cope.

VENERATION OF THE VIRGIN

37 INTRODUCTION TO THE VENERATION

Blessed art Thou in truth, with
Thy Good Father and the
Holy Spirit, for Thou hast
come and saved us.

Through the intercessions of
the holy Mother of God,
Mary, O Lord, grant us the
forgiveness of our sins.

Ek-esmaro-oot alithos: nem
Pek Yot en Aghathos: nem pi
Pnevma Eth-owab: je Ak ee
ak soti emmon.

Hiten ni presvia enté ti
Thé-otokos eth-owab Maria:
Ep Chois: ari ehmot nan em
pi ko evol enté nen novi.

See Appendix B for other saints' verses.

38 AN ODE TO THE HOLY TRINITY

O Kyrios meta soo

O All-Holy Trinity,

Holy art Thou, O Father in the heavens,
With Thy Beloved Son,
Who for our salvation came,
And the Holy Spirit.

Righteous art Thou, O Father Almighty,
With Thy Beloved Son,
Who was incarnate of the Virgin
And the Holy Spirit.

Lord of all art Thou, O Father, the Eternal,
With Thy Beloved Son,
In Whom Thy soul is well pleased,
And the Holy Spirit.

Creator art Thou, O Father, the King of Kings,
With Thy Beloved Son,
Who suffered and was buried,
And the Holy Spirit.

Victorious art Thou, O Father, the Lord of Lords,
With Thy Beloved Son,
Who conquered death on the third day,
And the Holy Spirit.

Blessed art Thou, O Father, the Strong Refuge,
With Thy Beloved Son,
Who ascended to heaven,
And the Holy Spirit.

Sovereign art Thou, O Father, our Master,
With Thy Beloved Son,
Who always sits at Thy right hand,
And the Holy Spirit.

Provider art Thou, O Father of Israel,
With Thy Beloved Son,
Who sent us the Paraclete,
Which is the Holy Spirit.

Merciful art Thou, O Father of all nations,
With Thy Beloved Son,
Who comes again to judge the world,
And the Holy Spirit.

39 SEVEN TIMES EVERY DAY

Sunday Theotokia

Seven times every day
I praise Thine Holy Name,
With all my heart,
O God of everyone.

I remembered Thy Name
And I was comforted,
O King of the ages
And God of all gods,

Jesus Christ our Lord,
The True God,
Who was incarnate
For our salvation.

He was incarnate
Of the Holy Spirit,
And of the Virgin Mary,
The holy bride,

And changed our sorrow,
And all our afflictions,
To joy for our hearts
And rejoicing for all.

Let us worship Him,
And sing about His Mother,
The Virgin Mary,
The fair dove.

Let us all proclaim
With the voice of joy,
Saying, "Hail to you, O Mary,
The Mother of Emmanuel."

Shere ne Maria: the salvation of Adam.
Shere ne Maria: the Mother of the Refuge.
Shere ne Maria: the rejoicing of Eve.
Shere ne Maria: the joy of all nations.

Shere ne Maria: the joy of Abel.
Shere ne Maria: the true Virgin.
Shere ne Maria: the salvation of Noah.
Shere ne Maria: the meek and undefiled.

Shere ne Maria: the grace of Abraham.
Shere ne Maria: the unfading crown.
Shere ne Maria: the redemption of Isaac.
Shere ne Maria: the Mother of the Holy.

Shere ne Maria: the rejoicing of Jacob.
Shere ne Maria: myriads of myriads.
Shere ne Maria: the glory of Judah.
Shere ne Maria: the Mother of the Master.

Shere ne Maria: the preaching of Moses.
Shere ne Maria: the Mother of the Lord.
Shere ne Maria: the pride of Samuel.
Shere ne Maria: the glory of Israel.

Shere ne Maria: the steadfastness of Job.
Shere ne Maria: the precious stone.
Shere ne Maria: the Mother of the Beloved.
Shere ne Maria: the daughter of King David.

Shere ne Maria: the spouse of Solomon.
Shere ne Maria: exaltation of the just.
Shere ne Maria: the deliverance of Isaiah.
Shere ne Maria: the healing of Jeremiah.

Shere ne Maria: the knowledge of Ezekiel.
Shere ne Maria: the gift of Daniel.
Shere ne Maria: the power of Elijah.
Shere ne Maria: the grace of Elisha.

Shere ne Maria: the Mother of God.
Shere ne Maria: the Mother of Jesus Christ.
Shere ne Maria: the fair dove.
Shere ne Maria: the Mother of the Son of God.

Through her prayers
And intercessions,
O Lord, open to us
The door of the church.

I ask you,
O Mother of God,
Keep the door of the church
Open to the faithful.

Let us ask her
To intercede for us,
With her Beloved,
That He may forgive us.

40 EP OORO

Veneration

O King of Peace, give us Thy peace, accord to us Thy peace, and forgive us our sins.

Disperse the enemies of the Church. Fortify Her, that she may not be shaken forever.

Emmanuel our God is now in our midst, in the glory of His Father, and the Holy Spirit.

May He bless us all, purify our hearts, and heal the sicknesses of our souls and our bodies.

We worship Thee, O Christ, with Thy Good Father, and the Holy Spirit, for Thou hast come and saved us.

Ep Ooro enté ti Hirini: moi nan en Tek hirini: semni nan en Tek hirini: ka nen novi nan evol.

Gor evol en ni gagi: enté ti Ekklisia: Ari sovt Eros: en Nes kim sha eneh.

Emmanoo-eel pen Nooti: khen ten miti tinoo: khen ep o-oo enté Pef Yot: nem pi Pnevma Eth-owab.

Entef esmoo eron tiren: entef toovo en nen heet: entef talcho en ni shoni: enté nen psiki nem nen soma.

Ten oo-osht Emmok: O Pi Khristos: nem Pek Yot en Aghathos: nem pi Pnevma Eth-owab: je Ak ee ak soti emmon.

41 HAIL TO YOU, O MARY

Veneration

Hail to you, O Mary,
The pride of our race,
The very and true queen,
The pure symbol of grace.

Hail to the throne of God,
The second heaven,
The Mother of our Saviour,
The Salvation of all men.

Hail to the pure Virgin,
The help of all mankind,
The daughter of David,
Who leaves no one behind.

Hail to her who appeared
To millions abroad,
And converted many
To become children of God.

Hail to her who received
The Angel Gabriel,
And did bear in her womb
The Salvation of Israel.

Hail to the Ever-Virgin,
Who carried in her hand
Emmanuel, before Whom
All the angels stand.

Hail to her who appeared
On the domes of Zeitoun,
As a shining figure of light,
As bright as the sun at noon.

Hail to the undefiled,
The perpetual Virgin,
Who brought us peace on earth,
And goodwill toward men.

Hail to her who heard
Gabriel's salutation,
Proclaiming unto her
The Messiah's visitation.

Hail to the new Eve,
Who brought us Salvation:
Forget not your children
In the hour of temptation.

Hail to the Mother of God,
Blessed by all generations;
The handmaid of the Lord,
Worthy of all exaltation.

Hail to the Censer,
Carrying the Divine Ember:
In the presence of the Lord,
Your children remember.

Hail to the pure vessel,
Bearer of the Great Mystery,
And through whom was fulfilled
The promise to the ancestry.

Hail to the glorious one,
Who is to be called blessed,
By all the generations—
By us, and all the rest.

See Appendix A for other saints' hymns of veneration.

42 KHEN EF RAN

In the Name of the Father,
and the Son, and the Holy
Spirit, the Co-Essential
Trinity.

Worthy, worthy, worthy [is]
Saint Mary the Virgin.

Khen ef Rän em ef Yot nem
ep Shiri: nem pi Pnevma Eth-
owab: ti Trias Eth-owab en
Omoosios.

Axia, axia, axia: ti Agia Maria
ti Parthenos.

See Appendix B for other saints' verses.

43 MAY THE PEACE OF GOD

May the peace of God
Be with you all,
O congregation of Christ,
And may you hear
His merry voice,
Saying to you,
“Come ye, enter
The joy of Paradise.”
Through the prayers

Same as previous

Of the Virgin Mary
And the great saint/martyr, ____.
Axios: axios: axios:
Bless, O Lord,
For the sake of Thine Holy Name.

44 CONCLUSION OF THE VENERATION

Palm Sunday

O our Lord Jesus Christ,
Who carries the sin of the world,
Count us with Thy sheep,
Who shall stand upon Thy right.

And in Thy Second Coming,
Awesome and full of glory,
May we never hear Thee say,
“I know ye not.”

Rather, may we be worthy
To hear Thy tender voice,
Which is full of joy,
Proclaiming and saying,

“Come ye unto me,
O blessed of My Father,
And inherit the life
That endures forever.”

All the martyrs shall come,
Bearing their afflictions,
And the righteous shall come,
Bearing all their virtues.

The Son of God shall also come,
In His Father's glory,
To reward every one
According to his works.

O Christ, Logos of the Father,
The Only-Begotten God,
Grant us Thy peace
Which is full of joy.

As Thou hast said unto
Thine holy Apostles,
Likewise say unto us,
“My peace I give to you.

“My peace, which I have taken
From My Good Father,
I leave unto you,
Now and forever.”

O angel of this day/evening,
Flying up high with this hymn,
Remember us before the Lord,
That He may forgive us our sins.

The sick, O Lord, heal them;
Those who slept, repose them;
And all our brethren in distress,
Help us, O Lord, and all of them.

May God bless us,
And let us bless His Holy Name,
And may His praise be
Always on our lips.

Blessed be the Father and the Son
And the Holy Spirit:
The perfect Trinity.
We worship Him and glorify Him.

Intercede on our behalf,/ O
lady of us all, the Mother of
God—Mary, the Mother of
our Saviour—That He may
forgive us our sins.

Ari presvevin é-ehri egon: O
ten chois en nib tiren ti
Thé-otokos: Maria eth Mav
em pen Sotir: Entef ka nen
novi nan evol.

See Appendix B for other saints' verses.

PAPAL HYMNS

45 EE AGAPE

The Love of God the Father,
And the Grace of the Only Begotten Son,
Our Lord, and God, and Saviour,
Jesus Christ,

And the Communion and the Gift
Of the Holy Spirit,
Be with the saintly
And the blessed,
Our father, Papa Abba ____,
Pope and Patriarch
Of the great city [of] Alexandria
And all the region of Egypt,

And the city of our God, Jerusalem,
And Pentapolis,
And Libya and Nubia and Ethiopia,
And Africa,
[And Australia and Europe and America,
And Canada;]

And our fathers, the bishops,
Who are with us.

May the clergy and all the people
Be safe in the Lord.
Amen. So be it.

46 INTRODUCTION TO THE GOSPEL

To be said by the deacon after the reading of the psalm:

Let them exalt Him in the church of His people,
And praise Him in the seat of the elders,
For He has made His families like [a flock of] sheep:
That the upright may see and rejoice.

The Lord has sworn and will not repent:
Thou art a Priest forever,
After the order of Melchizedek.

The Lord at your right hand,
Our saintly father, the Patriarch,
Papa Abba ____.

In the presence of a single bishop or metropolitan, the following is added:

And our father the bishop/metropolitan, Abba ____.

In the presence of several bishops or metropolitans, the following is added instead:

And our fathers the bishops/metropolitans,
Who are with us.

Then the conclusion is said:

The Lord keep your life/lives.
Amen. Alleluia.

47 THE END-OF-SERVICE HYMN

Amen. Alleluia.

Glory be to the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit,
Now and forever, and to the age of ages. Amen.

We proclaim and say, “Our Lord, Jesus Christ,”
Save us and have mercy on us-
You have received the grace of Moses,
The priesthood of Melchizedek;
The graceful old age of Jacob,
The long days of Methuselah;
The wit of David,
The wisdom of Solomon;
And the Spirit, the Paraclete,
Which came upon the Apostles.

The Lord keep the life and the standing
Of our honoured father, the high priest,
Papa Abba ____.

{And our father(s)....}

May God in heaven confirm him on his throne
For many years and peaceful times,
And humiliate all his enemies under his feet speedily.

Pray to Christ on our behalf,
That He may forgive us our sins in peace,
According to His great mercy.
Lord have mercy. Lord have mercy....

47 THE END-OF-SERVICE HYMN

Amen. Alleluia.

Glory be to the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit,
Now and forever, and to the age of ages. Amen.

We proclaim and say, “Our Lord, Jesus Christ,”
Save us and have mercy on us-
You have received the grace of Moses,
The priesthood of Melchizedek;
The graceful old age of Jacob,
The long days of Methuselah;
The wit of David,
The wisdom of Solomon;
And the Spirit, the Paraclete,
Which came upon the Apostles.

The Lord keep the life and the standing
Of our honoured father, the high priest,
Papa Abba ____.

{And our father(s)....}

May God in heaven confirm him on his throne
For many years and peaceful times,
And humiliate all his enemies under his feet speedily.

Pray to Christ on our behalf,
That He may forgive us our sins in peace,
According to His great mercy.
Lord have mercy. Lord have mercy....

GENERAL CONGREGATIONAL HYMNS

48 LISTEN, O CHRIST'S CONGREGATION

Annual

Listen, O Christ's Congregation,
With understanding and concentration,
And sing with all jubilation:
Christ has granted us salvation!

Give thanks unto Him for His grace,
And praise Him for His great kindness.
Exalt His Name in every place:
Christ has granted us salvation!

Through His compassion and love divine,
He granted unto us, sons of men,
This mystery of the bread and wine:
Christ has granted us salvation!

The holy angels in Heaven
Desire to behold and look upon
This mystery we have been given:
Christ has granted us salvation!

The bread of which we partake
Is the Body, broken for our sake.
It forgives every fault and mistake:
Christ has granted us salvation!

The wine in the cup, that has been blessed,
Becomes the Blood of Jesus Christ,
And remits all sins we have transgressed:
Christ has granted us salvation!

Our race was condemned by Adam's fall,
But Christ abolished the dividing wall,
And granted salvation to every soul:
Christ has granted us salvation!

Death came to the world by one man's mistake,
But the Lord shed His Blood for our sake.
This is the Blood of which we partake:
Christ has granted us salvation!

The manna given in the wilderness
Was a figure of this mystery of goodness.
We deserve it only if we confess:
Christ has granted us salvation!

This is the true heavenly bread.
This is the Blood that for us was shed.
Through them we are to Him united:
Christ has granted us salvation!

Every time we partake with affection,
We remember His death and resurrection—
And His mysteries will lead us to perfection:
Christ has granted us salvation!

49 OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN

Annual

Our Father Who art in Heaven,
Praised by the holy Seven
Archangels, and angels, and men:
O our Father Who art in Heaven.

Hallowed be Thine Holy Name,
With the Son—Who for our salvation came—
And the Holy Spirit, with Thee the same:
O our Father Who art in Heaven.

Thy Kingdom come, O my Lord,
And in my heart make Thine abode.
Be Thou my shield and my sword:
O our Father Who art in Heaven.

Thy will be done in everything,
O our Master and our King.
Bless Thy servants who now sing:
O our Father Who art in Heaven.

On earth as it is in Heaven,
Glory to Thee is given,
Unto the ages of ages. Amen.
O our Father Who art in Heaven.

Give us this day, O Thou Good,
Our share of the heavenly Food.
May we receive it as we should:
O our Father Who art in Heaven.

Forgive us our trespasses—
The small, and the great—in all cases.
Absolve everyone who confesses:
O our Father Who art in Heaven.

As we forgive others, too,
Who hurt us in all they say or do.
Teach us to love all—friend and foe:
O our Father Who art in Heaven.

And lead us not into temptation,
But if we fall, grant us patience.
Help us fulfill our salvation:
O our Father Who art in Heaven.

Deliver us from the evil one;
Give Thy command, “Satan begone.”
For other than Thee we have none:
O our Father Who art in Heaven.

In Christ Jesus our Lord, we pray,
For He is the Life and the Way.
Hear us, O Master, when we say:
O our Father Who art in Heaven.

Thine is the Power and the Glory—
Save us, O Lord, from all worry.
Hear us for the sake of Saint Mary:
O our Father Who art in Heaven.

Forever and ever. Amen.
Protect, O Lord, all Thy children,
Until Thy Son comes again:
O our Father Who art in Heaven.

50 A MYSTERY NOW KNOWN

Arabic Nara 'aqaban

A mystery now known—
Jesus was born,
And left His throne:
Alleluia!

He was crucified,
For our sins He died,
And was then glorified:
Alleluia!

On the Cross He was killed,
Of His own free will;
His mercy was fulfilled:
Alleluia!

He rose from the dead,
As the Bible said,
To lead us ahead:
Alleluia!

Almighty God
Gave us His Blood—
On the Altar it floods:
Alleluia!

We worship Thee,
We glorify Thee,
Day and night praise Thee:
Alleluia!

51 JESUS STANDS AND SAYS

Same as previous

Jesus stands and says,
“I am the Way—
Don’t go far away:”
Alleluia!

“I am your Christ;
I am the Light,
When you follow Me right:”
Alleluia!

“Come to Me, My son—
Let My will be done,
Till My Kingdom come:”
Alleluia!

He knocks on my door—
I shall wait no more.
He will fight my war:
Alleluia!

He cures my soul,
Whenever I fall,
Every time I call:
Alleluia!

At His feet I bow—
Jesus tell me how
To repent right now:
Alleluia!

52 O PILGRIM

Arabic Ya sayih

O pilgrim, seeking the Lord
And His heavenly abode,
In this life have no concern,
And eternal life you'll gain. ③

O pilgrim, forget the past,
And make your progress steadfast.
Never ever be downcast:
Jesus will return so fast. ③

He has gone up to prepare
A place for you in Heaven,
And He shall come back to take—
Take you up if you're awake. ③

The trumpet will shortly sound
For the party on the cloud,
And if faithful you are found
You shall joyfully be crowned. ③

So pilgrim, watch and pray—
Here you have no home to stay.
To Heaven you're on your way,
Yet you do not know the day. ③

53 SHEPHERD OF MY SOUL

Arabic Ya mann bi hodurihi

O Thou Whose presence delighteth my soul,
And Whom in my distress I call;
My comfort by day, and by night my refuge:
My stronghold, whenever I fall.

Shepherd of my soul, I beg Thee to tell
Where Thou makest Thy sheep to rest.
For why should I roam in the valley of tears,
And wander as one who is lost?

I charge you to tell me, daughters of Zion:
Have ye seen the One I adore?
I seek Him in vain in the night of my soul,
But, lo, I can find Him no more.

Shepherd of my soul, I shall follow Thee.
Oh how sweet Thy voice is to me!
So guide me and lead me and show me the way:
My only desire is Thee.

I am my Beloved's, and He is mine too—
He calleth me sister and spouse.
Oh how do I long for the day we shall wed—
In Heaven, in His Father's house.

54 OH TAKE MY HAND

Arabic Imsik yaddi

Oh take my hand, dear Saviour,
And please lead me,
Till at my journey's ending
I dwell with Thee.

Refrain: I need Thee, O Lord,
I need Thee—
Oh bless me, my Lord,
Oh bless me.

† † †

Thou Mighty God of Ages,
Oh be Thou near;
When angry tempest rages
I need not fear.
When evening shadows lengthen,
The night is come;
My faint heart, Saviour, strengthen,
And bring me home.

55 WHEREVER HE SHALL LEAD ME

Arabic Haythu qadani

Wherever He shall lead me, ③
I shall always, always walk with Him.

Even unto crucifixion, ③
I shall always, always walk with Him.

Even unto Gethsemane, ③
I shall always, always walk with Him.

Whether in war or in peace, ③
I shall always, always walk with Him.

Whether in health or in sickness, ③
I shall always, always walk with Him.

If they smite me or despise me, ③
I shall always, always walk with Him.

Even if they jail or stone me, ③
I shall always, always walk with Him.

He will lead me unto victory— ③
I shall always, always walk with Him.

And will take me to His glory: ③
I shall always, always walk with Him.

Draw me, Lord, and I shall follow. ③
I shall always, always walk with Thee.

56 OH BELOVED

Arabic Wa habibi

Oh, Beloved! Oh, Beloved!
Nailed unto the Cross for me.
Oh, what sin hast Thou committed?
Thou Who callest all to be.
Oh, Beloved, wish that I could
Spend the rest of life with Thee—
Worshipping Thine holy Passion;
Crucifying the flesh for Thee.

“Daughter of Zion, behold Me,
Stricken and smitten for thee.
Friend and kin Me have forsaken:
There is none to comfort Me.
All alone I’ll tread the winepress;
All alone I’ll drink the cup—
Shedding My Blood for thee to ransom,
And My Flesh for thee to sup.

“I was bound, and I was smitten,
And they did spit in My face.
I was stripped, and I was scourged—
I was condemned in your place.
Your sins became My crown of thorns—
Oh that you would understand:
Every time you sin anew,
It’s one more nail in My hand.”

Like a lamb brought to the slaughter,
Like a dumb sheep to be sheered—
King, Creator, Lord and Master,
By His creatures mocked and jeered.
Despised, rejected, with grief acquainted,
And of men was not esteemed;
Bruised and wounded, sore afflicted—
Yet, with His stripes we were healed.

Lord, create in us a fountain,
That with tears will ever flow;
And a heart contrite and broken—
And the spirit within renew.
Oh that we could shed the tears,
Over Thy feet, pierced and bruised.
Oh that we'd always remember:
For our sins Thou wert abused.

57 CONSIDER YOUR WAY, O SINNER

Arabic Ya khati e'raf tari-ak

Consider your way, O sinner:
Return and repent today.
Take Christ as your only portion;
Don't waste your whole life away.

Refrain: Christ will enlighten your whole life
And take away all your fears,
And give you joy and forgiveness,
And wipe away all your tears.



Surrender your life to Jesus,
And walk with Him like before:
His light will guide you and lead you;
His hand will open the door.

Satan has always deceived you;
Satan has led you astray.
Lift up your heart to your Saviour,
And let Him show you the way.

Don't say, "I will start tomorrow"—
Tomorrow is years away.
Confess and you'll be forgiven:
Start your repentance today.

Come to Him, all ye that labour:
He'll take your burdens away.
Your debts will all be forgiven:
He died so you don't have to pay.

Sinner, rejoice and be happy:
His Blood will wash all your stains.
Enter the joy of your Master;
Forget the sorrow and pains.

Make haste and come back, O sinner—
The day is over and spent—
For all the angels in Heaven
Rejoice when sinners repent.

58 SPEEDILY

Arabic 'Aqilan, 'aqilan

Jesus is standing and knocking on your door:
Open up or else He will be there no more.
Let Him in to reign on your heart like before—
Open up your heart for Jesus, speedily.

Refrain:

Speedily, speedily, ②
Use the only chance you may have been given—
Open up your heart for Jesus, speedily.



All the day He has been there waiting for you:
Open up and He will bring His Father too;
And together They will make a home in you—
Open up your heart for Jesus, speedily.

Open up your heart and you'll be forgiven:
This may be the only time you are given.
So waste not your chance to make it to Heaven—
Open up your heart for Jesus, speedily.

Open up your heart today and do not wait:
Wake up and repent before it is too late.
Hell is full of those who did procrastinate—
Open up your heart for Jesus, speedily.

He is knocking on your door, so open up.
He's prepared to give Himself for you to sup.
Come, receive Him in the paten and the cup—
Open up your heart for Jesus, speedily.

59

THE CHURCH'S ONE FOUNDATION

The Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ Her Lord.
She is His new creation,
By water and the Word. ③

From old He came and sought Her
To be His holy bride,
And with His Blood He bought Her,
And for Her life He died. ③

Elect, from every nation,
Yet one in all the earth.
Her charter of salvation:
One Lord, one faith, one birth. ③

One Holy Name She blesses,
Partakes one Holy Food;
And for one hope She presses,
With every grace endued. ③

Mid toil and tribulation
And tumult of Her war,
She 'waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore. ③

Her saints their watch are keeping;
Their cry goes up—how long?
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song. ③

Till, with the vision glorious,
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest. ③

Yet She, on earth, has union
With God, the Three in One;
And mystic, sweet communion
With those whose rest is won. ③

O happy ones, and holy—
Grant us, O God, that we,
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee. ③

60 THE HEAVENLY JERUSALEM

Arabic Sallamtu nafsi fi yadayk (no refrain)

Jerusalem, my happy home,
When shall I come to Thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end—
Thy joys, when I shall see?
O happy harbour of the saints,
O sweet and pleasant holy soil,
In Thee no sorrow shall be found—
No grief, no care, no toil.

In there, no sickness may be seen—
No hurt, no ache, no sore.
There's no death nor ugly devil:
There's life for evermore.

No dampish mist is seen in Thee—
No cold, no heat, no darksome night.
There every soul shines as the sun—
There God Himself gives light.

There lust and lucre cannot dwell—
There envy bears no sway.
There is no hunger, heat or cold,
But pleasure every way.
O Heavenly Jerusalem,
God grant that I, once, may see
Thy endless joys; and of the same,
Partaker may I be.

Thy walls are made of precious stone;
Thy bulwarks diamond square.
Thy gates are of right orient pearl,
Exceeding rich and rare.
Thy houses are of ivory;
With precious diamonds they do shine.
Thy very streets are paved with gold,
Surpassing clear and fine.

Within Thy gates, nothing doth come
That is not passing clean.
No spider's web, no dirt, no dust,
No filth may there be seen.
O my sweet home, Jerusalem,
Would God that I were now in Thee;
Would God my woes were at an end—
Thy joys that I might see.

Thy saints are crowned with glory great—
They see God face to face.

They triumph still, they still rejoice,
Most happy in their case.
We, that are here in pilgrimage,
Continually sorrow and mourn.
We sigh and sob and weep and wail—
Perpetually we groan.

Our sweat is mixed with bitter gall—
Our pleasure is but pain.
Our joys scarce last the looking on:
Our sorrows still remain.
But there, they live in such delight—
Such pleasure, joy, and laughs and play—
So that, to them, a thousand years
Doth seem as yesterday.

Quite through the streets, with silver sound,
The river of life doth flow—
Upon whose banks, on every side,
The trees of life do grow.
Those trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do sprout and spring.
There evermore the angels sit,
And evermore they sing.

There David stands, with harp in hand,
As master of the choir.
Ten thousand times that man were blest
That might this music hear.
Our Lady sings Magnificat,
With tune harmonious and sweet,
And all the virgins sing their part,
Sitting about her feet.

And Magdalene has left her moan,
And cheerfully doth sing,
With blessed saints, whose harmony
In every street doth ring.
Jerusalem, my happy home,
Would God that I were now in Thee;
Would God my woes were at an end—
Thy joys that I might see.

61 SING, MY SOUL

Arabic Ratteli ya nafsi

Sing, my soul, a song of joy,
To your spouse, the Lord of hosts,
Who has given you your freedom,
And redeemed you on the Cross.
Sing, my soul, a song of joy!
Glorify the Name of Christ.
Give Him thanks for all His mercies,
And on Him put all your trust.

Sing, my soul, a song of joy:
Sing and strive and watch and pray.
Glorify the Name of Jesus,
Who did put your sins away.
Shout aloud! Declare His Name
To the whole world, far and near.
Tell them all about your Saviour:
Witness to Him without fear.

Sing, my soul, a song of joy:
Wipe away all of your tears.

Light the world and salt the earth—
Sound your song in all the ears.
Sanctify your life for His sake!
Heed His voice whene'er He calls!
Make your one and only goal
The salvation of all souls.

Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven;
To His feet your tribute bring.
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Evermore His praises sing.
Praise Him for His grace and favour
To His people in distress!
Praise Him, still the same as ever,
Slow to chide and swift to bless.

Father-like, He tends and spares us;
Well, our feeble frame He knows.
In His hand He gently bears us;
Rescues us from all our foes.
Angels, help us to adore Him:
You behold Him face to face!
Sun and moon bow down before Him;
Dwellers, all, in time and space.

Sing, my soul, of my Redeemer:
With His Blood He purchased me.
On the Cross He sealed my pardon,
Paid my debt and made me free.
I will praise my dear Redeemer!
His triumphant power I'll tell!
How the victory He gives me
Over sin and death and hell.

62 TAKE MY LIFE

Same as previous

Take my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.
Take my moments and my days:
Let them flow in endless praise.
Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love!
Take my feet and lead their way:
Never let them go astray.

Take my voice and let me sing
Always, only for my King.
Take my lips and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.
Take my silver and my gold!
Not a mite would I withhold!
Take my intellect and use
Every pow'r as Thou shalt choose.

Take my will and make it Thine:
It shall be no longer mine.
Take my heart—it is Thine own:
It shall be Thy royal throne.
Take my love, my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet, its treasure store!
Take my self, and I will be
Thine for all eternity.

63 I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS

Arabic Lawlam yuhibbunil Masih

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
“Come unto Me and rest.
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast.”

I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad.
I found in Him a resting place,
And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
“Behold, I freely give
The living water, thirsty one:
Stoop down and drink and live.”

I came to Jesus and I drank
Of that life-giving stream:
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
“I am this dark world’s Light:
Look unto me—thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright.”

I looked to Jesus and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that Light of life I’ll walk,
Till trav’ling days are done.

64 JESUS, SO GENTLE

Arabic Sawtu habibi

Jesus, so gentle,
Son of God Most High;
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children cry.
Pardon our offenses,
Loose our captive chains;
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

Jesus, priceless treasure,
Truest friend to me,
Long my heart has panted,
Thirsting after Thee.
In Thine arms I rest me
Whenever I fear;
Foes who would molest me
Cannot reach me here.

Jesus, so lowly,
Child of the earth,
Thou hast made us holy
Through the new birth.
Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love;
Draw us, holy Jesus,
To the realms above.

Jesus, so lonely,
Weary and sad,
Teach us that only
Love will make us glad.
Lead us on our journey—
Be Thyself the Way—
Through terrestrial darkness,
To celestial day.

Jesus, so broken,
Silent and pale,
Be this the token
Love will never fail.
Stay with us, O Holy,
And bring us Thy Light;
Scatter all the darkness
Of our lonely night.

Jesus, victorious,
Mighty and free,
Teach us how glorious
Death is to be.
Guide us, our Saviour,
With Thy holy hand;
Lead us, holy Jesus,
To the promised land.

65 JOYFUL, JOYFUL

Beethoven's Ninth Symphony

Joyful, joyful we adore Thee,
God of glory, Lord of love.
Hearts unfold like flow'rs before Thee,
Praising Thee, their Sun above.
Melt the clouds of sin and sadness:
Drive the gloom of doubt away.
Giver of immortal gladness,
Fill us with the light of day.

All Thy works with joy surround Thee;
Earth and heav'n reflect Thy rays.
Stars and angels sing around Thee,
Centre of unbroken praise.
Field and forest, vale and mountain,
Flow'ry meadow, flashing sea,
Chanting bird and flowing fountain
Call us to rejoice in Thee.

Thou art giving and forgiving,
Ever blessing, ever blest;
Wellspring of the joy of living,
Ocean depth of happy rest.
Thou, our Father, Christ our brother,
All who live in love are Thine.
Teach us how to love each other;
Lift us to the joy divine.

66 JESUS I HAVE PROMISED

Arabic Ilahi Ilahi kun qa-edi

Jesus I have promised to serve Thee to the end:
Be forever near me, my Master and my friend.
I shall not fear Satan, if Thou art by my side,
Nor wander away, if Thou wilt be my guide.

Refrain:

Guide me, lead me, every day,
Let me follow all the way.
My Rock of Salvation, Thou shalt always be.
I make haste and always take refuge in Thee.



Let me hear Thee speaking in words clear, and still
All the storms of passion and murmurs of selfwill.
Speak to reassure me whenever I fall:
Speak and make me listen, O Guardian of my soul.

Jesus Thou hast promised all who follow Thee,
That in Thine own glory Thy servants shall be.
Jesus I have promised to serve Thee to the end,
So give me grace to follow, my Master and my friend.

Let me see Thy footprints—in them plant mine own:
My hope of salvation's in Thy strength alone.
Guide me, call me, draw me, hold me to the end,
And in Heav'n receive me, my Master and my friend.

67 WHENEVER I'M WEARY

Arabic Lamma akun ta'ban

Whenever I'm weary, to whom else shall I go? ②

Jesus will always give me rest:
I kneel and pray to Him. ②

Whenever I feel sad, to whom else shall I go? ②

Jesus will always comfort me:
I kneel and pray to Him. ②

Whenever I'm confused, to whom else shall I go? ②

Jesus will always guide my way:
I kneel and pray to Him. ②

Whenever I'm lonely, to whom else shall I go? ②

Jesus will always be my friend:
I kneel and pray to Him. ②

Whenever I stumble, to whom else shall I go? ②

Jesus will always lift me up:
I kneel and pray to Him. ②

Whenever I'm distressed, to whom else shall I go? ②

Jesus will always rescue me:
I kneel and pray to Him. ②

Whenever I'm broken, to whom else shall I go? ②

Jesus will always restore me:
I kneel and pray to Him. ②

Whenever I feel trapped, to whom else shall I go? ②

Jesus will always set me free:
I kneel and pray to Him. ②

68 DO NOT LEAVE ME ALONE

Arabic La tatrunki wahdi

Do not leave me alone,
O shepherd of my soul.
Be always near to help me
And hear me when I call.

Refrain: My Lord, I'm nothing without Thee, }
I am nothing at all. } ②

So, take my right hand, }
O Lord, and lead me } ②
Forever in Thy way. }



Do not leave me alone,
My guardian and my guide,
And hold me lest I fall,
Whene'er my footsteps slide.

Do not leave me alone,
If I'm tempted to sin.
When outward things are strong,
Keep watch, O Lord, within.

Do not leave me alone
Whenever I feel frail.
Subdue Satan before me,
And let him not prevail.

Do not leave me alone
When I have gone astray,
But take my hand and lead me
Again into Thy way.

Do not leave me alone
Whenever sins abound,
But rather, Lord, forgive me,
And turn my life around.

Do not leave me alone
When hope has fled away,
But rather reassure me,
And teach me to watch and pray

APPENDIX A
OTHER HYMNS OF VENERATION

69 **SAINT MARK THE APOSTLE**

O Lord, grant us wisdom,
And teach us to understand
How to praise Saint Mark,
The evangelist of our land.

In the city of Jerusalem
He grew up as a Jew.
At school he did learn
Both Greek and Hebrew.

Saint Mary, his mother,
Was pious and devout:
She taught him the fear of God,
And the faith without doubt.

One day he was walking,
While yet a young man;
He saw the Baptist
On the shores of the Jordan.

He heard him saying
To those who stood by,
“There comes One after me
Whose shoes I dare not untie.”

Soon after he saw
A Galilean man
Coming to be baptized
By John in the Jordan.

He saw the Spirit,
In the shape of a dove,
Descending upon Him
From the heav'n above.

He followed the Galilean
From county to county,
And was chosen by Him
As one of the Seventy.

In his house at Jerusalem,
The Lord Jesus did eat
The Last Supper, and washed
His Disciples' feet.

In the same house too,
The Disciples used to meet,
And there, in the upper room,
They received the Paraclete.

To the land of Egypt
With Saint Peter he came,
To preach and baptize
In the Lord Jesus' Name.

After some years went by,
He received the call
To preach the word of God
With Barnabas and Paul.

He preached in Cyprus
And the land of Cyrene,
Then he was called to return
To Egypt once again.

To Alexandria he came
With the message of salvation,
Preaching Christianity
Throughout all the nation.

Saint Anianus was chosen
By him, and anointed,
And priests and deacons
They both appointed.

Then once again he received
The calling to depart,
To preach the word of God
In another part.

He ministered to Saint Paul,
When he was in jail,
With zeal and courage,
And faith that cannot fail.

And after that he returned
To Egypt, once again,
And learned that his labours
Had not been in vain.

The vine he had planted
Took root and filled the land,
Nourished and watered
By the Almighty's hand.

When he had perfected
The work of his Lord,
He knew it was time to depart
To His heav'nly abode.

He suffered great afflictions,
And endured without fear,
Till he was adorned
With the crown of a martyr.

Blessed are you, Saint Mark,
The evangelist of our land.
You shall receive your reward
From your dear Lord's hand.

Blessed are you, Saint Mark,
Who taught us the Gospel:
O servant faithful and wise,
You have done so well.

In your liturgy you taught us
About the heav'nly bread,
The life of the coming age
And the resurrection of the dead.

All the tribes of the earth
Shall proclaim and pray,
"O God of Saint Mark,
Hear us when we say:"

Khen ef Rän....

70 SAINT GEORGE PRINCE OF MARTYRS

Hail to you, Saint George,
The Prince of the Martyrs:
For the sake of your Lord,
You endured for seven years.

Hail to you, O hero,
Who forsook all worldly things,
Leaving this world to dwell
In the shadow of His wings.

Hail to you, great prince,
Who tore up the royal decree,
Proclaiming to all men,
“Pagans we shall not be!

“We have only One God:
He is the True Lord.
For us He was killed,
His side pierced by the sword.”

Hail to you, Saint George:
Your faith you did announce
Before all the people;
Their gods you did denounce.

Through the sign of the Cross,
You were filled with pow’r.
Before seventy rulers
You stood tall as a tow’r.

Hail to you, Saint George:
You shared your Saviour's pain.
Many heavenly crowns
You did obtain.

In your many afflictions,
Your eyes looked up above,
Ever beholding
Your Saviour's tender love.

With love and compassion,
He answered your call.
He came to you Himself—
Our Lord, Who is above all.

Hail to you, Saint George:
You fought a great war.
O triumphant martyr,
You opened Heaven's door.

Hail to the courageous
Winner of the great victory,
To whom what was concealed
Is no longer a mystery.

Hail to you, Saint George:
Great is your name!
Throughout all the world
Has spread your fame.

Hail to you, Saint George,
Intercessor for all.
When we call on your name,
Please hear our call.

Hail to you, Saint George:
May all the nations call,
“O God of Saint George,
Help us all.”

Khen ef Rän....

71 SAINT MENA THE MARTYR

Hail to Saint Mena,
The blessed martyr,
The great wonder- worker
And faithful intercessor.

Euphemia his mother,
And Eudoxious his father,
Were pious and devout,
Prayerful at the altar.

Like Abraham and Sarah,
They had no children,
So they did seek comfort
From our Lady, the Virgin.

With tears and prayers,
They pleaded time and again.
At the icon of Saint Mary,
A voice replied, “Amen!”

They rejoiced at what they heard,
And knew it had been the Lord.
This saint was born to them,
Their comfort was restored.

By the young age of fourteen,
Both parents had departed,
But with faith and courage,
He remained devoted.

With fasting and prayer,
The love of him did spread.
He replaced his father,
As governor in his stead.

When Diocletian did reign,
Christianity was outlawed.
Many saints were martyred,
For the sake of our God.

Saint Mena left all,
And fled to the desert,
Where he stayed many days,
Worshipping with all his heart.

One day while by himself,
He saw in a vision.
Christ crowning His martyrs,
In glory of Heaven.

He longed to join them,
And so he went back home.
He confessed Jesus Christ as Lord,
And so stood up to Rome.

They tried to change his mind,
With promises of grandeur.
But when all else had failed,
They afflicted him with torture.

Saint Mena endured,
And would not forsake the Lord.
He did suffer greatly,
Until he met the sword.

His body they did cast,
Into a fiery blaze,
But it remained unharmed,
For three numbers of days.

His sister then came forth,
And offered much money.
According to his last wishes,
She did ship the body.

To Alexandria it was sent,
But the ship was attacked:
Fire came forth from the body,
And drove the monsters back.

When the saint's body arrived,
Thousands had congregated.
With cheers and great joy,
They praised and venerated.

Saint Athanasius the Great,
Was instructed by an angel,
To lay the body of the saint,
On the back of a camel.

The beast was left to walk,
Without anyone to lead it.
When it reached the appointed place,
It halted and did sit.

By your holy prayers,
Miracles did the Lord perform:
Healings of the body,
Help and harbour in the storm.

Our Pope Abba Kyrillos,
The beloved of Saint Mena,
Built him a large monastery,
A pure righteous arena.

Hail to Saint Mena,
Hail to the noble athlete!
Hail to the wonder- worker,
For us the Lord entreat.

Before the throne of God,
Remember us and pray.
O God of Saint Mena,
Hear us when we say:

Khen ef Rän ...

72 THE THEBAN LEGION

In the blessed city of Thebes,
In Egypt's south'rn region,
Saint Maurice was captain
Of the Theban Legion.

Emperor Maximian of Rome,
Who reigned with Diocletian,
Led the armies of Rome to war;
Among them was this legion.

After the war was won,
Maximian proclaimed and said,
"All must worship our gods,
Or we'll cut off your head."

Everyone obeyed
And worshipped the statues,
Except for the men of Thebes,
Who possessed Christian virtues.

They refused to comply
With Maximian's declaration,
And when he heard the news,
He ordered a decimation.

One tenth of the legion,
Was ordered to be killed.
They gladly gave their lives,
Accepting what God willed.

Maximian threatened the rest,
And wrote them with his pen,
That, unless they bowed their heads
They would join the other men.

Saint Maurice stood and spoke
To his soldiers, with excitement,
Praising their martyred comrades,
And filling them with encouragement.

He exhorted them to seek
The eternal kingdom,
And fired their hearts with an
Eagerness for martyrdom.

They wrote to Maximian,
And said unto him,
“Emperor, we’re your soldiers,
But also soldiers of Him.

“We confess God the Father,
Creator of all mankind.
We have seen our comrades slain,
And rejoice with heart and mind.

“We will neither worship idols
Nor resist dying for Him.
We would rather die innocent
Than live in shame and sin.”

When Maximian read this,
He decreed that they all be slain.
Each one of them was killed,
And the crowns they did obtain.

All the Theban Legion,
Six thousand and six hundred men,
Have now joined the legions
Of the angels in Heaven.

Blessed are you, Saints Maurice,
Candid and Exuperius,
Victor and Alexander,
Cassius and Florentius.

All nations of the earth
Now proclaim and say,
“O God of the Thebans,
Hear us when we pray:”

Khen ef Rän ...

73 SAINT TIMOTHY AND SAINT MAURA

In the city of Antinoe,
At Egypt's southern border,
Lived a young man named Timothy,
Who was of the readers order.

As a reader, he was entrusted,
To keep as a treasure,
All the service books,
And this became his pleasure.

When he was just twenty
He met a beautiful maid
Whose name was Maura,
And soon after they wed.

A month after they wed
Timothy was arrested
By soldiers who brought him
To the governor, who said,

“Surrender the books
You have in your trust.
If you care for your life,
Then obedience is a must.”

Saint Timothy replied:
“You have to understand:
I can't place holy books
In your polluted hand.”

Saint Timothy was tortured,
With various afflictions,
Which he gladly endured,
With courage and patience.

The governor was then told,
About his beautiful bride.
He ordered Saint Maura,
To be placed by his side.

The governor was hoping,
That the presence of his wife,
Would soften his resolve,
To do away with his life.

The saint said to his bride,
“This life will pass away.
Then we’ll have eternal joy,
In the life of the eighth day.”

He told her about Heaven
And eternal life,
And passionately urged her
To join him in his strife.

Saint Maura then replied,
“I will die by your side,
So that in Heaven
Together we will abide.”

The governor was enraged,
And ordered them crucified.
Water they gave them each day,
And after nine days, they died.

During those nine long days,
They preached to the crowd,
And many were converted,
And became children of God.

Blessed are you, Saint Timothy,
And Saint Maura your wife:
For the sake of the Lord,
You both gave your life.

Remember before the Lord,
O saints of great courage,
All young people who are
United in marriage.

From now till eternity,
All generations shall say,
“O God of Antinoe’s saints
Hear us when we pray:”

Ken ef Rän ...

74 SAINT ATHANASIUS THE APOSTOLIC

The defender of the Faith,
The great Saint Athanasius,
Who rescued the whole Church
From the heresy of Arius.

When he was yet a child,
Playing on the beach,
He solemnly performed
A sacrament of the Church.

But he was not aware,
That the Pope, Saint Alexander,
From his palace afar
Was watching with wonder.

The Pope then decided
To adopt him as a son,
And that was the start
Of the course he had to run.

He studied the scriptures
And the Gospels, word by word,
Till he found the mystery of
The divinity of the Lord.

When Arius began to deny
The divinity of the Son,
He knew that he was destined
For a war that had to be won.

Against the heretics
He began to preach and write,
Proclaiming the truth of God
With all courage and might.

At the council of Nicea,
The Faith he did uphold,
Defending the Trinity,
And the doctrines taught of old.

He fought for the Faith,
By word and by deed,
And when the war was won,
He bequeathed to us the Creed.

When the Pope's time had come
That before Christ he should stand,
He called Saint Athanasius
And laid upon him the hand.

Pope Athanasius endured,
For forty years and some,
Defending all his flock
From whatever may come.

Time after time,
To exile he went,
Carrying the Cross, with Him
Whom the Father sent.

Rejoice, Saint Athanasius,
In the heav'nly Paradise.
O great one among the saints,
And the prudent and the wise.

O beloved of the Son of God,
Who did uphold His cause,
The angels proclaim and say,
“Axios! Axios! Axios!”

O friend of Saint Antony,
Who taught us about his way:
Remember us before the Lord
On that fearful day.

From now till eternity,
All generations shall pray,
“For Saint Athanasius’ sake,
Lord hear us when we say:”

Khen ef Rän....

75 POPE CYRIL VI

In the footsteps of the saints,
Who attained perfection,
Walks the great Abba Kyrillos,
Whom we venerate with affection.

At the turn of the last century,
He was raised by pious folks.
A monk foretold of him,
“This one belongs to us.”

He loved the monastic way,
Even in his youth,
And spent his leisure time
Imbibing the word of truth.

To the monastery he went,
Following his heart’s desire,
And there his heart, with love,
Was burning like a fire

His virtues became known
To the Pope, who then said’
“A bishop he shall be”
But to Upper Egypt he fled.

After some years, he sought
The life of solitude.
With the consent of the Pope,
A cave became his abode.

He loved Saint Mena,
And even took his name.
And like his patron saint,
A wonder- worker he became

To honour Saint Mena,
He found a deserted mill,
Where he worshipped, in wait
For his Master's will.

Soon, people came by
Seeking Abouna Mena.
So there he built a church
For his friend Saint Mena

His fame spread near and far,
And his miracles were told,
By people everywhere,
Both young and old.

When Pope Yousab went home
To his heavenly abode,
An altar lot was cast,
To seek the will of the Lord.

The name that was drawn
Was "Abouna Mena the anchorite,"
And the throne of Saint Mark
Became his lawful right.

For the Ethiopian brethren,
A Patriarch he ordained,
Showing his great wisdom
And his love unfeigned.

For the love of Saint Mena,
A monastery he began,
In honour of the name
Of that holy man.

For the honour of Saint Mark,
A cathedral he made,
And under its altar
Saint Mark's relics were placed

During his Papacy,
On the domes of Zeitoun,
The holy Virgin appeared,
Shining like the sun at noon.

Thousands and thousands,
From every race and creed,
Of blind, sick and maimed,
Came then to be healed

Many were converted,
And became children of the Light,
By the miracles of Saint Mary,
And on account of that sight

O man of prayer,
Who prayed liturgies every day;
O performer of miracles,
Even until this day.

O great ascetic,
Who loved the monastic life;
O patron of those who seek
The life of labour and strife;

O lover of Saint Mena,
O beloved of Saint Mark,
Pray for the salvation
Of those living in the dark.

O friend of Saint Mary,
O servant of her Son,
Remember before Him
Till our pilgrimage is done

From now till eternity
All generations shall pray,
“O God of Abba Kyrillos
Hear us when we say:”

Khen Ef Rän

76 SAINT ANTONY THE GREAT

The Lamp of Monasticism,
The star of the wilderness:
The great Abba Antony,
Whose name the Lord did bless.

He was born in the land of the Nile,
And raised to fear the Lord,
He lived a virtuous life;
Always our God he adored.

When he was but twenty,
His parents departed,
Leaving behind to him
His sister, and wealth uncharted.

Saint Athanasius shares with us,
That, for months after their death,
This father prayed and yearned
For the life of spiritual wealth.

One day in church he heard
The message for which he yearned:
“If thou wilt be perfect,
Go sell what thou hast earned.”

“Give the profits to the poor,
And surely thou shalt see,
Great treasures in Heaven.
Then come and follow Me.”

Straightway he left the church
His wealth he gave away.
To virgins he left his sister;
With them she would fast and pray.

Each wile he did defeat,
With his great humility
And the power of the Lord,
To whom all glory be.

Forth one step he took,
And moved to a distant grave.
The devil, not to be outdone,
Gave tasks no man can brave.

In the form of savage beasts,
The demons would appear.
Abba Antony answered them,
With a voice void of fear:

“If any one of you
Had authority over me,
Then only one of you
Would be needed to fight me!”

The devil, in his outrage,
Took his battles to a greater height:
With his hands he fought Antony,
And waged the physical fight.

After many nights of war,
Abba Antony saw the Lord.
“Where wast Thou, O My God?”
His heart to the Saviour outpoured.

“My son, I was with you.
But so well I saw you fight,
I dared not take away
The crown of your spiritual might.”

With courage he left again,
This time for the wilderness,
To live the life of prayer,
The life of spiritual bliss.

Our Lord showed unto him
A great spiritual sight:
A man would work and pray,
By day and by night.

On his head the Kolonsowa
And the Schema round his waist.
The life and rule of the monks
On this vision was based.

At the time of Diocletian,
To the world this father came,
Guiding all the martyrs
To suffer without shame.

The governor, enraged,
Banished him to the wilderness;
But him Abba Antony defied,
And continued his great kindness.

He did this not in contempt,
But rather for his own desire
To be slain as a martyr;
To die for his Lord and Sire.

To the desert he returned,
To live the monastic life.
Disciples then he gained,
To live the spiritual strife.

Once more he returned to the world
To strengthen Saint Athanasius
In the Church's great battle
Against the evil Arius.

His followers increasing,
His rule more defined,
Great saints came to see him:
Macarius; and Didymus the Blind.

The saint instructed his monks,
And great virtues they showed,
Establishing the order
Which the world then followed.

Hail to Abba Antony!
Hail to the righteous saint!
Hail to him at whose sight
All the demons faint.

O companion of Abba Paul,
O true honourable friend,
Remember us, your children,
To our Lord our prayers send.

The monks and lay cry out,
With one voice of supplication,
“O God of Abba Antony
Hear us when we say:”

77 SAINT PAUL THE ANCHORITE

Blessed are you Abba Paul,
O beloved of our Lord:
For the love of your Saviour,
You forsook the whole world.

In the city of Thebes
He was born and raised,
By two pious parents
With whom the Lord was pleased.

When his parents died
And left him a fortune,
His brother- in- law wanted
To deny him his portion.

Saint Paul thought to go
To a court of law,
Seeking earthly justice
Against his foe

On the way to the courthouse,
In amazement he saw
The funeral of a rich man
Processing with sorrow and awe

He wondered in his soul
About the man who died
Could he take with him
Anything of what he had?

He started to meditate
On the vanity of this life,
Preferring the glories
Of eternal life.

What good is it for a man
To gain the whole world
And lose his own soul
To eternal sorrow and dread?

He sought a deserted place
To start a new life
Of fasting and prayer,
And spiritual strife.

He was only fifteen
When he chose this way,
His soul gaining strength
From day unto day.

He wandered from place to place
Until he came upon
A cave hewn in rock
His wandering was now done.

A palm tree gave him fruit,
And its leaves he did wear.
A stream gave him his drink;
For breathing he had air.

Year after year
He lived in that place.
Fasting and praying he led
A life of heaven on earth.

Saint Antony the Great,
Who lived not far away,
Being ninety years of age,
Had a thought come to him one day

“I am the only one
Who chose this way of life,
Inhabiting the wilderness,
Perfecting spiritual strife.”

But when he went to sleep,
It was revealed to him
That, deep in the wilderness’
There was one greater than him.

Immediately he arose
And began to seek with tears,
To see that great saint
And hear him with his ears

After some days, he saw
A shadow far away.
He hastened towards the cave
And reached it by mid day.

He stood there and said,
“I sought and I have found
I will knock on this door’
Until it is opened.”

Saint Paul opened the door,
And the two saints embraced,
Giving thanks to the Lord,
Feeling joyful and amazed

Those two saints sat down
And spoke of things divine.
But when the evening came,
It was time for them to dine.

On a branch of the palm,
They saw a raven
Carrying a loaf of bread,
Sent to them from Heaven.

“For sixty years till now”
Saint Paul then said,
“This raven has brought me
Half a loaf of bread.”

Now I know that you are
A man virtuous and good,
For the Lord in his mercy,
Has sent you also your food.

“The days of my sojourn
Are soon coming to an end.
For my burial, you are
The man the Lord did send.”

“Make haste now and go
To St. Athanasius the Pope
And after you kiss his hand
Bring me his cope.”

St. Antony went back
And said unto the Pope,
“A monk greater than I
I must bury in your cope.”

“I have seen Elijah
And the Baptist with my eyes.
I have seen the Apostle Paul
When he journeyed to Paradise.”

St. Antony went back
To Saint Paul once again.
In the way he saw his soul
Being taken to Heaven.

The angels and the saints
Were carrying his soul,
Chanting with great joy,
Axios! Worthy is Saint Paul

Abba Antony reached the cave,
Where he found saint Paul,
Kneeling in prayer
At his feet he did fall.

He shrouded him in the cope
Which Abba Athanasius gave
Suddenly two lions appeared,
And started to dig a grave

He buried him with tears,
Kissing his holy hand.
The lions roared in grief,
As they covered his body with sand.

Saint Antony then returned
To Pope Athanasius and said
“Abba Paul has left you
The tunic he had made”

“From the leaves of the palm
That became his companion,
For all those lonely years
He lived away from everyone.”

Blessed are you Abba Paul:
You chose the angelic life
Of fasting and prayer,
With spiritual strife.

Blessed are you Saint Antony,
The star of the wilderness:
You taught us about Saint Paul,
And his eternal happiness.

Remember us before the Lord,
Saint Antony and Saint Paul
Come swiftly to our help
Whenever we call.

All the generations,
From now till Judgment Day
Shall pray “O God of Saint Paul
Hear us when we say:”

Khen ef Ran....

APPENDIX B

VERSES OF VENERATION

INTRODUCTION TO THE VENERATION

After the verse for Saint Mary the Virgin is said, mention may be made of any heavenly being(s), or saint(s), in the order given below:

The heavenly hosts:

Through the intercessions of the holy archangel, Michael chief of the heavenly, O Lord, grant us the forgiveness of our sins.

...the holy archangel, Gabriel the evangel...

...the holy archangel, Raphael, joy of the hearts...

...the holy archangel, Souriel, the trumpeter...

...the Four Incorporeal Beasts, the ministering flames of fire...

...the priests of the Truth, the Twenty Four Presbyters...

Hiten ni presvia enté pi arshi-angelos eth-owab: Mikha-il ep arkhon en-na ni fi-owi: Ep Chois: ari ehmot nan em pi ko evol enté nen novi.

...pi arshi-angelos eth-owab: Gabri-il pi Fai-shennoofi...

...pi arshi-angelos eth-owab: Rafa-il ep oonof en heet...

...pi arshi-angelos eth-owab: Soori-il pi salpistis...

...pi Eftoo en Zo-on en Asomatos en litoorgos en shah en krom...

...ni owib enté ti Methmi: ni Goot Eftoo em Presviteros...

Saint John the Baptist:

...the cousin of Emmanuel,
John the son of Zacharias...

pi sengennis en Emmanoo-il:
Yo-annis ep shiri en
Zakarias...

The apostles:

Through the prayers of my lords and fathers, the apostles, our father Peter and our teacher Paul, O Lord, grant us the forgiveness of our sins.

Hiten ni evki enté na chois en yoti en Apostolos: pen yut Petros nem pen sakh Pavlos: Ep Chois: ari ehmot nan em pi ko evol enté nen novi.

...the Beholder of God, the Evangelist Mark the Apostle...

...pi Thé-orimos en Evangelistis: Markos pi Apostolos...

The male martyrs:

...the blessed archdeacon, Stephen, the First Martyr...

...pi arshidiakon et-esmaroot: Stephanos pi Shorp em Martiros...

...the struggle-bearer, the martyr, my lord the prince, George...

...pi athloforos em martiros: pa chois ep ooro Gé-orgios...

...the holy Abba Mena...

...pi Agios Abba Mina...

...Saint Maurice and his companions...

...pi Agios Moris nem nef eshfir...

...Timothy and his wife Maura

...Timotheos nem tef eshimi Mora...

...Abba Sarapamon the holy martyr...

...Abba Sarapamon hiero-martyros...

The male ascetics:

...our saintly and righteous father, Abba Antony, the Lamp of Monasticism...

...pen yot eth-owab en diké-os: Abba Antonios pi Khips enté ti Met- Monakhos...

...Abba Paul the anchorite...

...Abba Pavlé pi anakhoritis...

...Abba Daniel the hegumen...

...Abba Dani-il pi higomenos...

...the strong saint Abba Moses...

...pi gori eth-owab Abba Mosi...

...Abba Paul the Simple...

...Abba Pavlé pi Balheet...

...Abba Pachom of the Koinonia...

...Abba Pakhom fa ti Koinonia...

...Abba Shenoute the archmandrite...

...Abba Shenooti pi Archimandritis...

...Abba Didymus the Blind...

...Abba Didymus pi Bellé

The patriarchs and bishops:

...our holy father the patriarch, Abba Athanasius the Apostolic...

...pen yot eth-owab em patriarshis: Abba Athanasios pi Apotolikos...

...Abba Demetrius the high priest

...Abba Demetrios pi arshirevs...

...Abba Cyril the pillar of the faith...

...Abba Kirillos pi stillos enté pi ef nahti...

...Abba Abraam the bishop

... Abba Abraam pi episkopos...

The female martyrs and saints:

... the bride of Christ, the true saint, Demiana...

...ti shelet enté pi Khristos: ti agia emmi Timiani...

...Saint Mary Magdalene...

...ti Agia Maria ti Magdalini...

...the true saint, Verena...

...ti agia emmi Verina...

...Saint Mary of Egypt...

...ti Agia Maria en rem en Kimi...

KHEN EF RAN

Male saints:

Worthy, worthy, worthy, [is] John the Baptist.

... Axios: axios: axios: Yonnis pi Refti-oms.

...my lords and fathers, the Apostles...

...na chois en yoti en Apostolos...

... our father Peter and our teacher Paul.

...pen yut Petros nem pen sakh Pavlos.

...pi Thé-orimos en
Evangelistis: Markos pi
Apostolos.

...

Saint James the Apostle.

...Stephen, the first martyr.

...my lord the prince George.

... the holy Abba Mena.

...Saint Maurice and his
companions...

...our saintly father, Abba
Antony.

...Abba Paul the anchorite.

...the strong saint Abba
Moses.

...Abba Pachom of the
Koinonia.

...Abba Shenoute the
archmandrite.

... Abba Didymus the Blind

...Abba Paul the Simple

...the Beholder of God, the
Evangelist Mark the
Apostle.

...pi Agios Yakobos pi
apostolos.

...Stefanos pi Shorp em
Martiros.

...pa chois ep ooro
Gé-orgios.

...pi Agios Abba Mina.

...pi Agios Moris nem nef
eshfir.

...pen yot eth-owab Abba
Antonios

..Abba Pavlé pi anakhoritis.

...pi gori eth-owab Abba
Mosi.

...Abba Pakhom fa ti
Koinonia.

...Abba Shenoute pi
archmandaritis

...Abba Didymus pi Bellé

...Abba Pavlé pi Balheet

...Abba Athanasius the
Apostolic.

...Abba Demetrius the high
priest.

...Abba Cyril the pillar of the
faith.

...Abba Abraam the bishop.

...our saintly father, Abba __.

...Master Apanoub the
martyr.

...Moses the Archprophet.

...Jonah the prophet.

...Abba Athanasios pi
Apotolikos...

...Abba Demetrios pi
arshierevs...

...Abba Kirillos pi stillos enté
pi ef nahti...

..Abba Abraam pi episkopos

...pen yot eth-owab Abba __

...Kiri Apanoob pi martiros

...Moysis pi Arshiprofitis.

...Yonas pi profitis

Female saints:

Worthy, worthy, worthy [is]
the true saint Demiana.

...the true saint Catherine.

...Saint Mary Magdalene.

... the true saint Verena

...Saint Mary of Egypt.

Axia, axia, axia: ti agia emmi
Timiani.

...ti agia emmi Katerini.

...ti Agia Maria ti Magdalini.

..ti agia emmi Verina.

...ti Agia Maria en rem en
Kimi.

CONCLUSION OF THE VENERATION

Substitutions in the following examples are the same as those given for the “Introduction to the Veneration” above.

The heavenly hosts:

Intercede on our behalf,/ O holy Archangel,/ Michael, the chief of the heavenly,/ That he may forgive us our sins.

Ari presvevin é-ehri egon: O pi arshi-angelos eth-owab: Mika-il ep arkhon en-nan ni fi-owi: Entef ka nen novi nan evol.

Saint John the Baptist:

Intercede on our behalf,/ O fore-runner and baptizer,/ John the Baptist,/ That He may forgive us our sins.

Ari presvevin é-ehri egon: O pi prodromos em baptistis: Yo-annis pi Refti-oms: Entef ka nen novi nan evol.

All other saints:

Pray to the Lord on our behalf,/ O beholder of God the Evangelis,/ Mark the Apostle,/ That He may forgive us our sins.

Tovh em ep Chois é-ehri egon: O pi Thé-orimos en Evangelistis: Markos pi Apostolos: Entef ka nen novi nan evol.

LIST OF SOURCES (BY HYMN NUMBER)

Unless otherwise noted, all translations, adaptations, editions and inspired works are by the Editor of this volume.

1. Adapted from Songs of Praise (London: Oxford University Press, 1931).
2. Inspired by the Arabic hymn.
3. Catholic Book of Worship.
4. Inspired by the Arabic hymn
- 5-8. Adapted from the corresponding Gospel readings by David Abdel-Malek (edited).
9. Adapted from Songs of Praise.
10. Inspired by the Arabic hymn.
11. Adapted from Songs of Praise.
- 12-19. Traditional carols (public domain).
20. Inspired by the Arabic hymn.
- 21-25. Courtesy of Holy Virgin Mary Coptic Orthodox Church, Los Angeles (edited).
26. Unknown source.
27. Adapted from Songs of Praise.
28. Adapted from Songs of Praise.
- 29.. Adapted from Songs of Praise.
30. Adapted from Songs of Praise.
31. Inspired by the Arabic hymn.
32. Inspired by the Arabic hymn.
33. Adapted from Songs of Praise.
34. Translated from Arabic/Coptic/Greek
35. Catholic Book of Worship.
36. Inspired by the Arabic hymn.
37. Translated from Coptic.

38. Lyrics by Frederick Iskander.
39. Part VIII of the “Sunday Theotokia” (translated from Coptic).
40. Translated from the Coptic.
41. Lyrics by Fr. Athanasius Iskander and Frederick Iskander.
42. Translated from the Coptic.
43. Translated from the Arabic hymn “Wa salaamu Allah.”
44. “ The Ending of the Batos Theotokias” (translated from Coptic).
- 45-47. Translated from the Coptic.
48. Inspired by the Arabic hymn “Isma’u ya sha’bal Masih.”
49. Inspired by the Arabic hymn “Ya Abanal lazi.”
50. Unknown source.
51. Unknown source.
52. Inspired by the Arabic hymn.
53. Inspired by the Arabic hymn.
54. Unknown source.
- 55-58. Inspired by the Arabic hymn.
- 59-64. Adapted from Songs of Praise.
65. Unknown source.
66. Adapted from Songs of Praise.
67. Inspired by the Arabic hymn.
68. Inspired by the Arabic hymn.
69. Lyrics by Fr. Athanasius Iskander.
70. Lyrics by Heidi Mosaad (edited).
71. Lyrics by Marc Ibrahim
72. Lyrics by Fr. Athanasius Iskander.
73. Lyrics by Fr. Athanasius Iskander.
74. Lyrics by Fr. Athanasius Iskander.
75. Lyrics by Fr. Athanasius Iskander.
76. Lyrics by Fr. Antony Paul.
77. Lyrics by Fr. Athanasius Iskander.