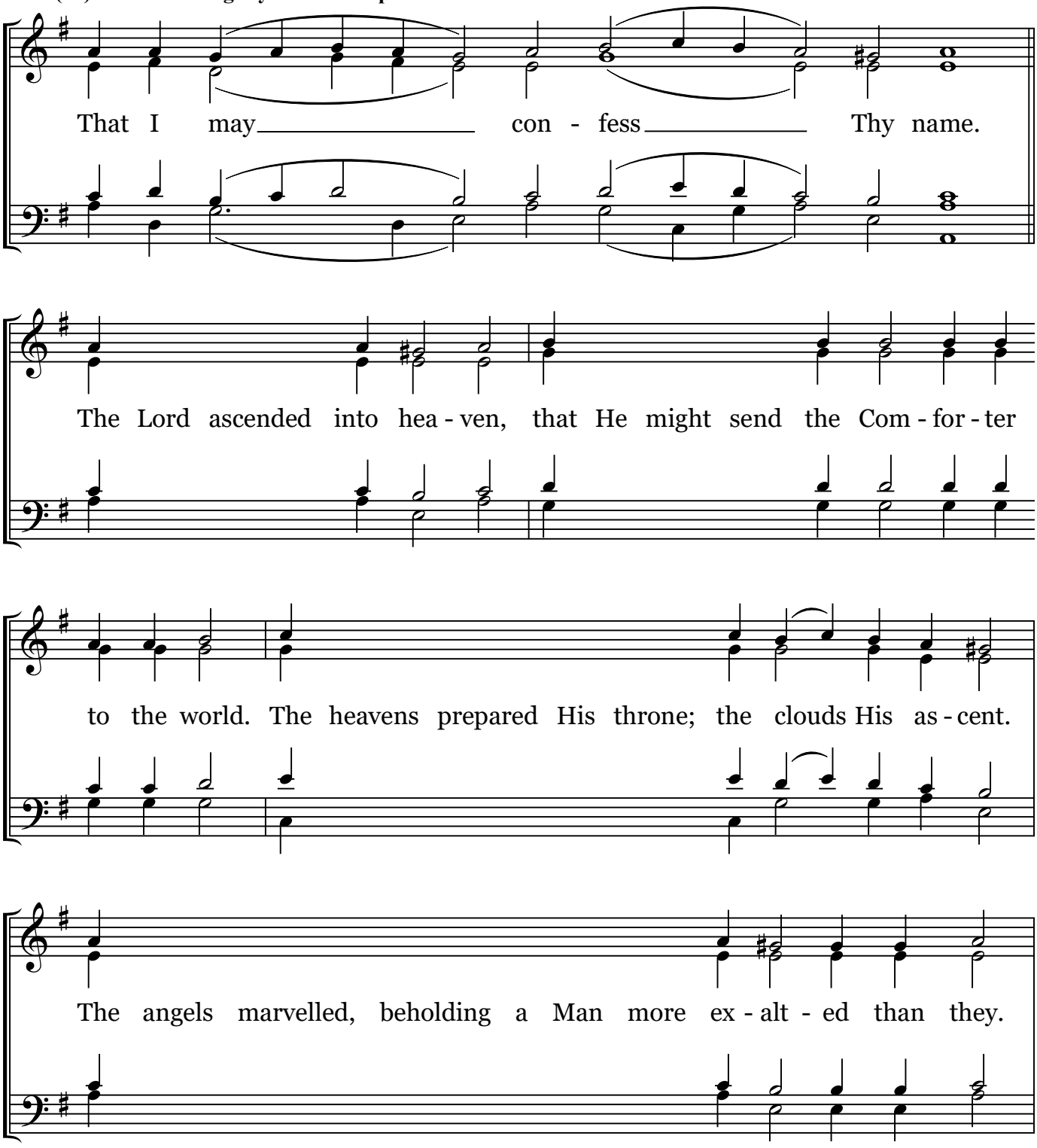
The Ascension of our Lord

*After the Proemial Psalm (103) and the Great Litany, immediately we sing "*Lord I have cried...*". (We do **not** sing "*Blessed is the man...*")*

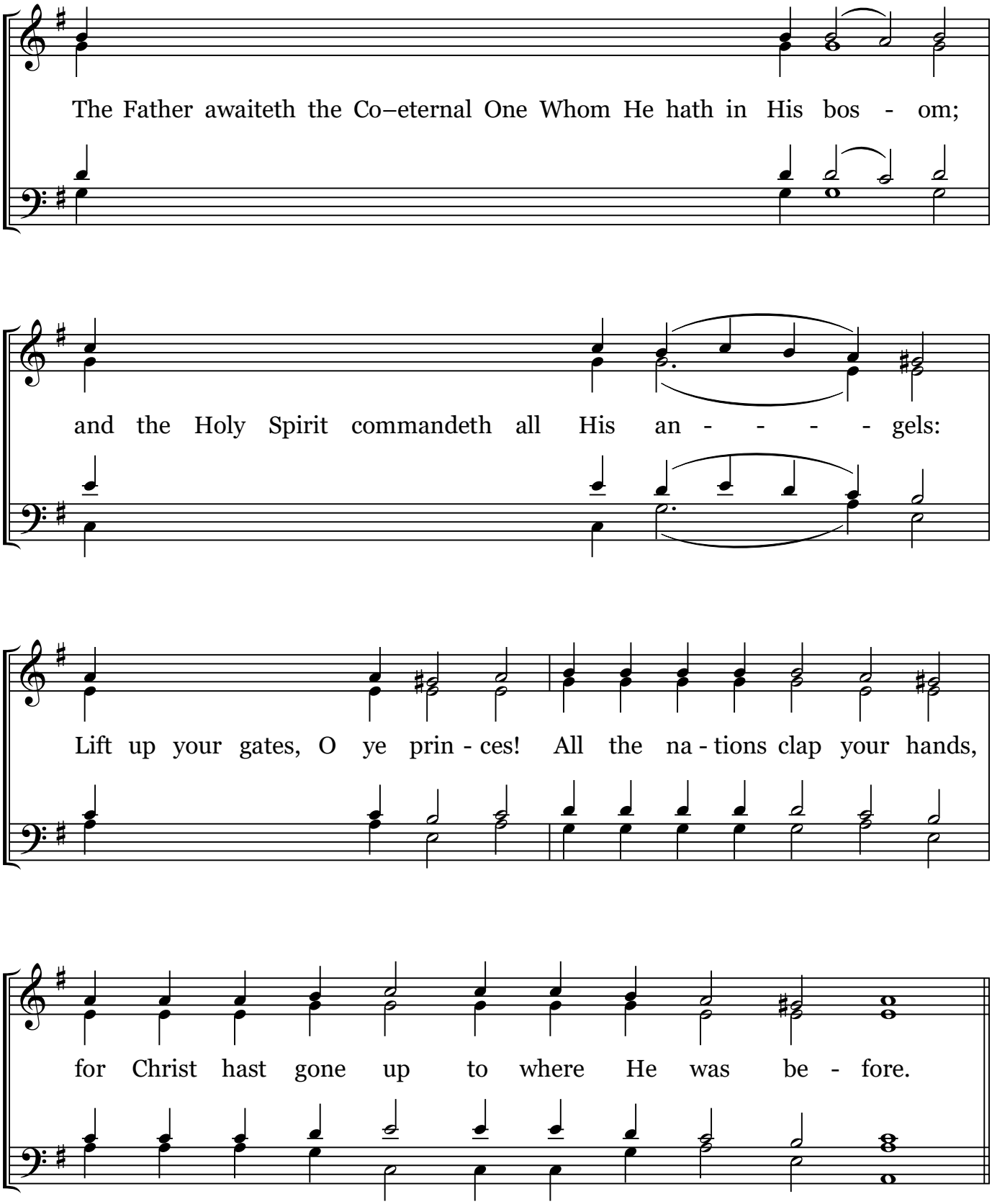
Stichera on "Lord I have cried", Tone 6
Kievan Chant

(10) ***Reader:*** **Bring my soul out of prison**

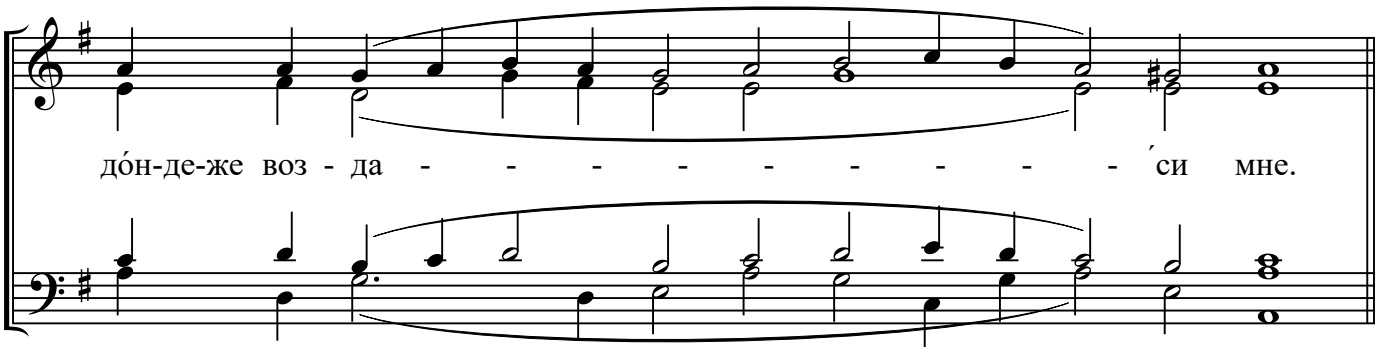


Carol Surgant
5/28/2025

Stichera on "Lord I have cried..."



(9) ***Reader:*** **Менéждут прáведницы,**



Господь вознесеся на небеса, /

да послет Утешителя миру: /

небеса уготоваша престол Его, /

облацы восхождение Его. /

Ангели дивя тся, Человека зряще превыше себе. /

Отец ждет, Егоже в недрах имать соприсносущна: /

Дух же Святый велит всем ангелом Его: /

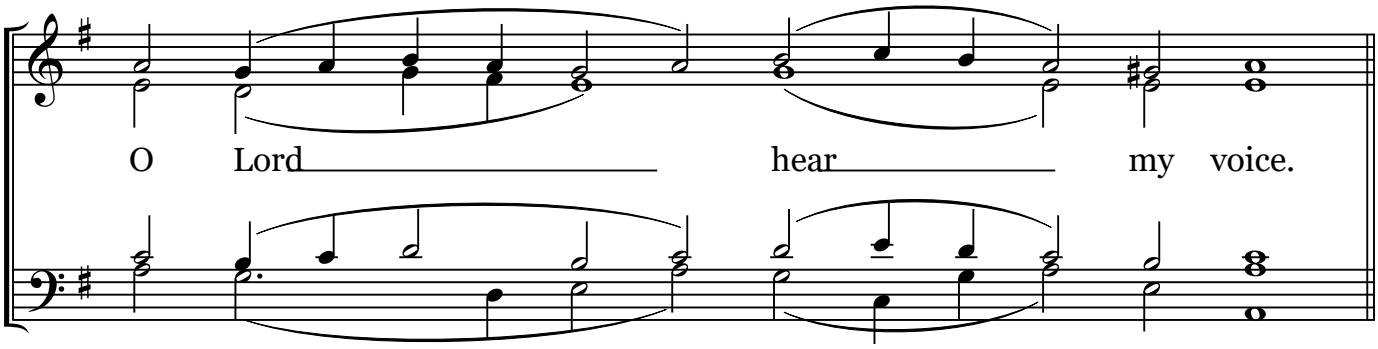
возмите врата князи ваша, /

вси языцы восплещите руками, //

яко взыде Христос, идеже бе первее.

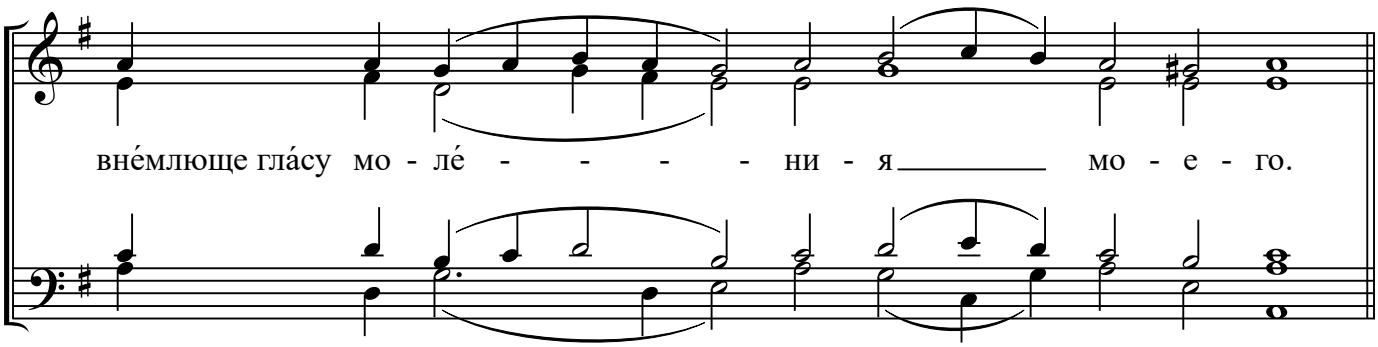
Stichera on "Lord I have cried..."

(8) Reader: Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord;



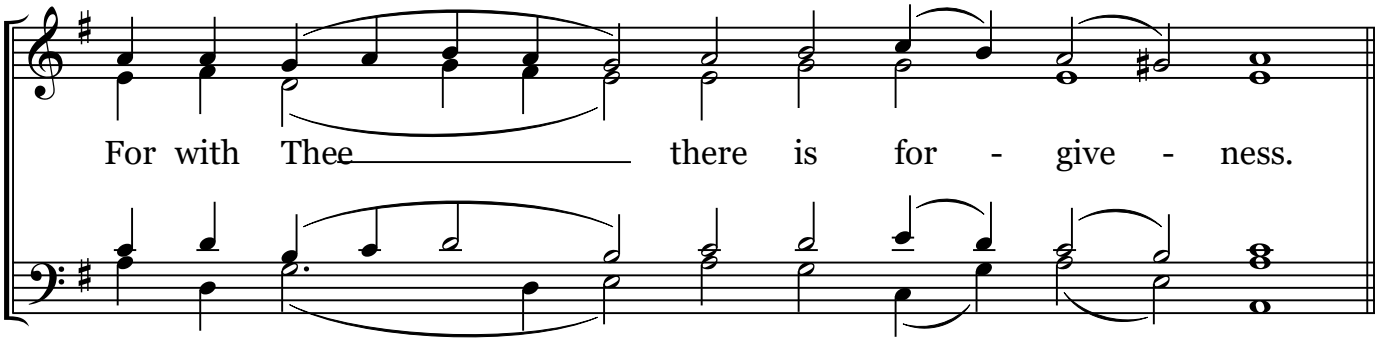
The cherubim marveled at Thine ascension, O Lord, /
beholding Thee, God Who sittest upon them, ascending upon clouds; /
and we glorify Thee, for Thy mercy is good. //
Glory to Thee!

(7) *Reader:* Да бу́дут у́ши Твои́



Го́споди, Твоему́ вознесе́нию удиви́шася херуви́ми, /
зря́ще Тебе́ Бо́га на о́блацех восходя́ща, на них седя́щаго: /
и сла́вим Тя, я́ко бла́га ми́лость Твоя́, //
сла́ва Тебе́.
.

(6) ***Reader:*** **If Thou shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, O Lord, who shall stand?**



Beholding Thine ascension upon the holy mountains, O Christ, /

Thou Effulgence of the glory of the Father, /

we hymn the radiant form of Thy countenance, /

we worship Thy sufferings, /

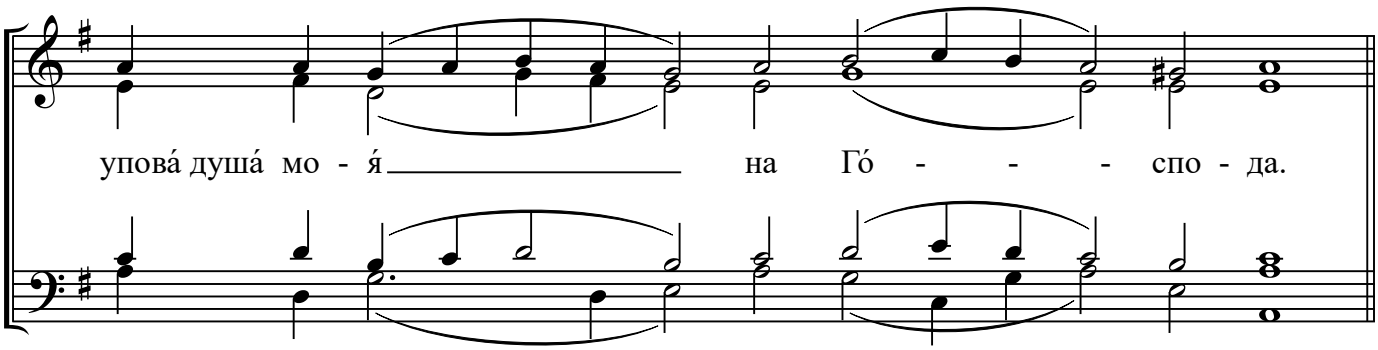
and we honor Thy resurrection, /

glorifying Thy glorious ascension. //

Have mercy on us!

Stichera on "Lord I have cried..."

(5) ***Reader:*** **И́мене ра́ди Твоего́ потерпе́х Тя, Го́споди, потерпе́ душа́моя́ в сло́во Твое́,**



На гора́х святы́х зря́ще Твое́ вознесе́ние, Христе́, /

сия́ние сла́вы О́тчи, /

воспева́ем Твой светообра́зный лица́зрак, /

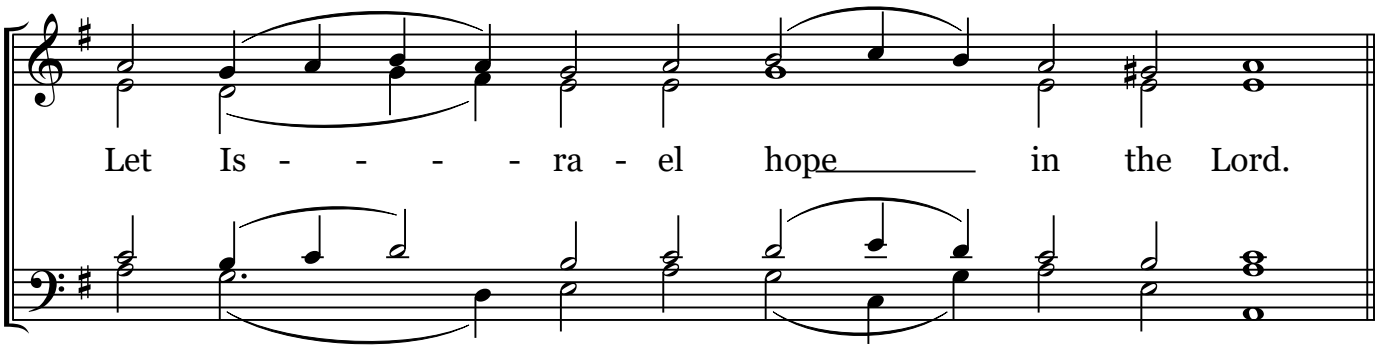
кла́няемся страсте́м Твои́м, /

почита́ем воскресе́ние, /

сла́вное вознесе́ние сла́вяще: //

поми́луй нас.

(4) ***Reader:*** **From the morning watch until night, from the morning watch**



O Lord, as the apostles saw Thee upborne upon clouds, /

filled with sorrow and lamenting /

with tearful lamentations, they said, /

O Christ Bestower of life: /

Leave not us Thy servants orphaned, /

whom Thou didst love in Thy lovingkindness, /

in that Thou art compassionate, O Master; /

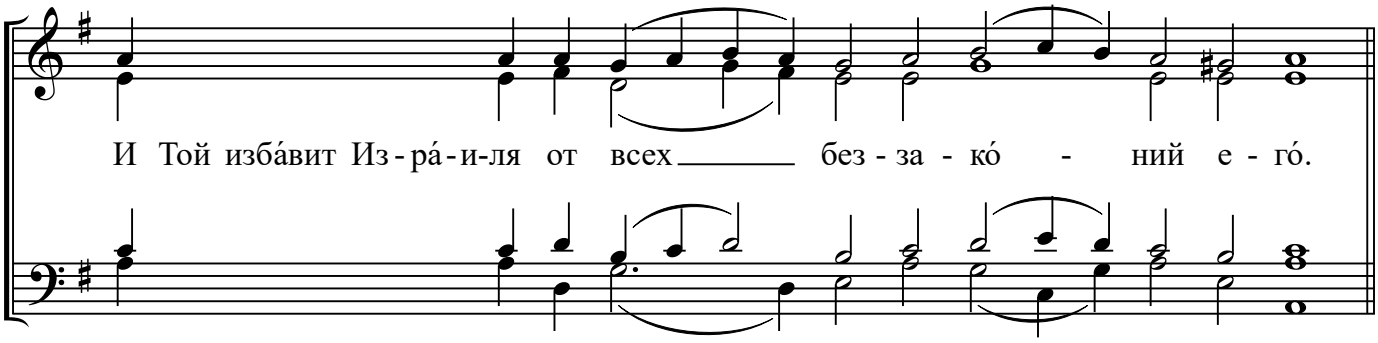
and as thou didst promise, //

send down upon us Thine all-holy Spirit, Who enlighteneth our souls.

English translation by Isaac E. Lambertsen, ©2007, "The Pentecostarion of the Orthodox Church",
St. John of Kronstadt Press. The complete service text may be purchased through: sjkp.org

Stichera on "Lord I have cried..."

(3) ***Reader:*** **Я́ко у Го́спода ми́лость, и мно́гое у Него́ избавле́ние,**



Го́споди, апо́столи я́ко ви́деша Тя, на о́блацех возноси́ма, /

рыда́нием слез, Жизнода́вче Христе́, ско́рби исполня́еми, /

рыда́юще глаго́лаху: /

Влады́ко, не оста́ви нас си́рых, /

и́хже за милосе́рдие возлюби́л еси́ рабы́ Твоя́, /

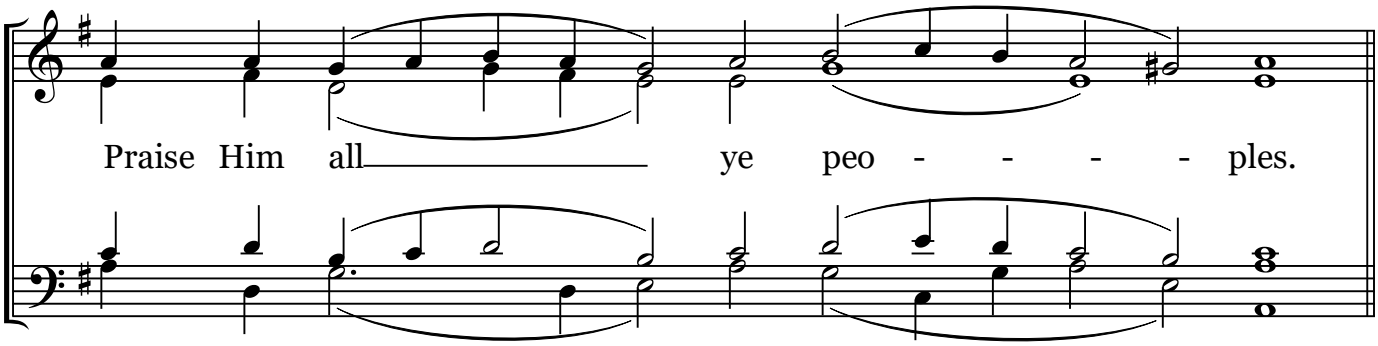
я́ко благоутро́бен, /

но посли́ я́коже обеща́л еси́ нам, /

Пресвята́го Твоего́ Ду́ха, //

просвеща́юща ду́ши на́ша.

(2) ***Reader:*** **O praise the Lord, all ye nations;**



Having completed the mystery of Thy dispensation, O Lord, /

taking Thy disciples up the Mount of Olives, Thou didst ascend; /

and behold, Thou didst pass through the firmament of heaven, /

O Thou Who for my sake didst become poor like me; /

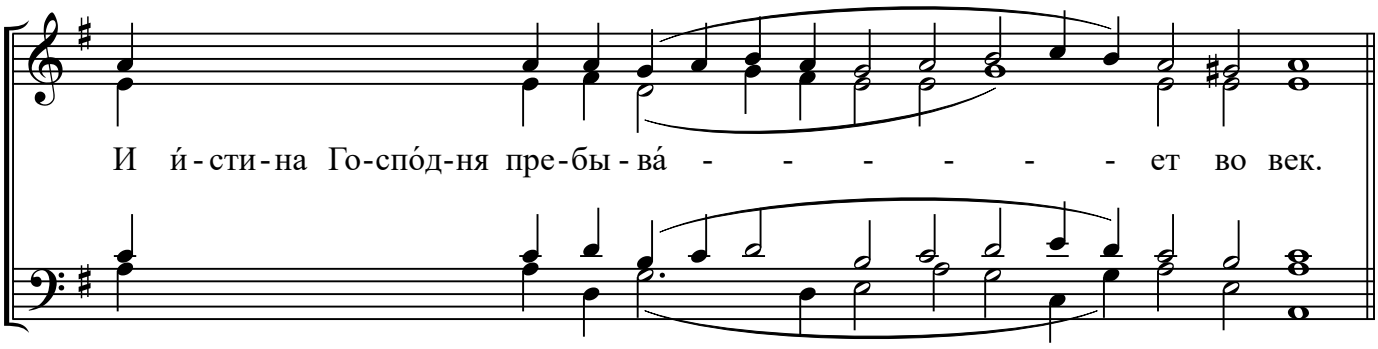
and having gone up to where Thou hadst never left, /

Thou didst send forth Thy most Holy Spirit, //

Who enlighteneth our souls.

Stichera on "Lord I have cried..."

(1) ***Reader:*** **Я́ко утверди́ся ми́лость Его́ на нас,**



Го́споди, смотре́ния соверши́в та́инство, /

пои́м Твоя́ ученики́ на го́ру Елео́нскую, /

возноси́лся еси́, /

и се твердь небе́сную проше́л еси́, /

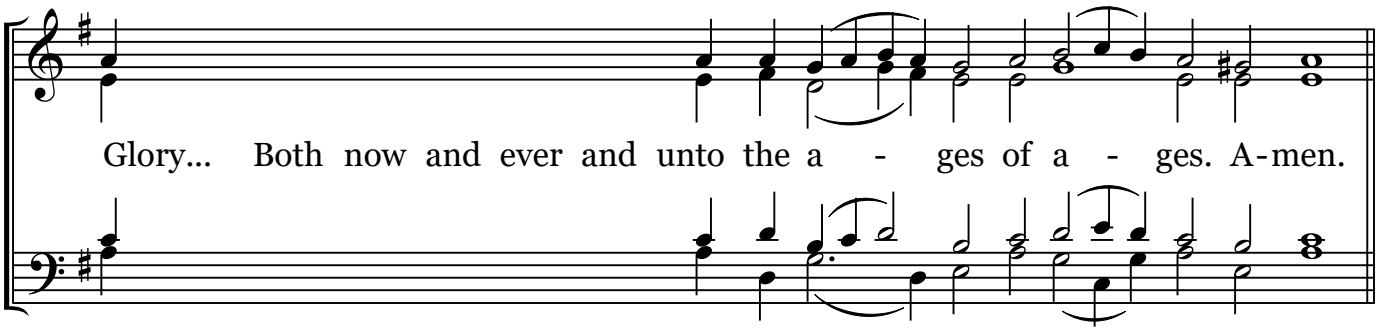
мене́ ра́ди обнища́вый по мне, /

и возше́д отону́дуже не разлучи́лся еси́, /

Всесвята́го Твоего́ Ду́ха низпосли́, //

просвеща́юща ду́ши на́ша.

Reader: **Glory, both now, in the same tone.**



O sweetest Jesus, /

Who wast not separated from the bosom of the Father, /

and as a man didst dwell with men, /

Thou didst ascend in glory from the Mount of Olives; /

and mercifully bearing our fallen nature aloft, /

Thou didst set it next to the Father. /

Wherefore, the heavenly ranks of the incorporeal beings, /

marvelling at the miracle, were stricken with awe, /

and seized with trembling, magnified Thy love for mankind. /

With them we who are on earth, /

glorifying Thy condescension toward us /

and Thine ascension from us, pray, saying: /

O Thou Who by Thine ascension /

didst fill with immeasurable joy the disciples /

and the Theotokos who bore Thee, /

through their supplications /

vouchsafe us also the joys of Thine elect, //

for the sake of Thy great mercy.