The Canon of the Akathist Hymn
(“Salutations”)

"Ἡχως Ῥτος Βο"

Fourth Mode (“Legetos”)

Ode I

I

shall open my mouth to chant and with the Spirit shall I

be filled, and words shall I now pour forth unto the Mother and Queen;

and I shall be seen in joyous jubilation, acclaiming exultantly all of her wondrous deeds. (twice)

M

Most Holy Mother of God, save us.

O

Christ’s book endowed with life and clearly sealed with the Spirit’s grace, on seeing thee, O pure one, the great Archangel cried out and exclaimed: Rejoice, O vessel of rejoicing, through whom our first mother’s curse utterly is dispelled.
Most Holy Mother of God, save us.

Rejoice, Virgin Bride of God, for thou art Adam’s recovery; rejoice, O all-blameless one, thou art the death-knell of Had-es, and the only King’s pure dwelling place and palace; rejoice, fiery throne of the only Omnificent.

Lory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit;

Rejoice, O thou only one who blossomed forth the un-fading Rose; rejoice, for to thee was born the Apple fragrant and sweet, for thou art, O Maid, the only King’s pure fragrance; rejoice, O unwedded one, ransom of all the world.
Both now and ever, and unto the ages of ages. Amen.

O
Treas-ure of purity, rejoice, for from our most griev-ous fall

we rose once again through thee; rejoice, O lil-y most sweet, filling
faith-ful men with fra-grance, O pure La-dy: O incense of peer-less scent, price-less

and pre-cious myrrh.

Ode III

Make stead-fast, O ho-ly The-o-to-kos, thou liv-ing and nev-

er-fail-ing spring, all them that form a com-pa-ny and gather for to praise thy name;

and by thy grace di-vine, O Maid, deem them all wor-thy of glo-ry’s crown. (twice)

Most Holy. Re-joice, thou un-tilled land that blos-somed the Ear_
of Wheat sacred and divine; a living table art thou, Maid, that held the very Bread of Life; rejoice, un-failing well-spring of the living Water, O Queen of all.

Most Holy Heifer that bare the blameless Calf for the faithful, to thee we cry: Rejoice! Rejoice, most gracious mercy-seat and throne of Christ, the King of all; rejoice, thou ewe that bare the Lamb of God that took away men’s sins.

Glory, rejoicing radiant morn that hast dawned, bringing forth Christ God, the spiritual Sun; rejoice, O dwelling of the Light; thou didst dispel the gloom of night, and didst wholly annihilate the darksome ranks of the demons’ hosts.
Both now. Rejoice, for thou art alone the gateway and portal which God the Word traversed. O Lady, thou didst crush the bars and gates of Hades by thy child—birth; rejoice, O holy entry of...

Right Chorus: the saved, O praised and all—lauded one.

Ode IV

Seated in His holy glory on the Throne of divinity, Jesus, God transcendent, cometh on a light cloud as King of all; and He hath saved by His pure and undressed hand them that cry to Him: Glory, O Christ, to Thy sovereign might.

Most Holy, with the voice of song we cry out, O all—praised one, to thee with faith: rejoice, O but—ter—tain, curdled in the Spirit—
by grace divine; rejoice, O lamp-stand and urn of Man-na from on high, which
doth sweet-en all pious men’s sens-es in god-ly wise.

Most Holy, O unde-fil-ed La-dy, art the mer-cy-seat
of the world, and the lad-der rais-ing all men from the earth to the
heights by grace. Re-joice, O bridge that dost tru-ly lead from death to Life all
that praise thy name, and cry, Re-joice, unto thee, O Maid.

Most Holy, be-ing higher than the heav-ens, in thy womb
thou didst hold the earth’s Pil-lar and Foun-da-tion, and thou didst not
suf-fer tra-vail, O Maid. Re-joice, O sea-shell that dip-pest in thine own pure
blood the blest pur-ple robe, dyed for the King of all Heav-en’s hosts.

Glory to the Law-giv-er, O La-dy, didst thou give birth in
ver-y truth; free-ly, O pure Vir-gin, He hath blot-ted out our in-iqu-
-ties. O depth un-known to our minds and height in-eff-a-ble, O un-wed-ded
Maid, we all, through thee, have been de-i-fied.

Both now. For the world, O Maid, didst thou plait a pure Crown fash-
oned not by man; hence, with hymns we praise thee, cry-ing out: Re-
joyce, O blest Vir-gin Maid! Thou art all man-kind’s sure ram-part and firm cit-
del, and our bat-tle-ment.

Left Chorus: and sa-cred shel-ter and safe re-treat.

Ode ν

Il crea-tures were sore a-mazed at thy di-vine and great glo-ry, Maid,
O pure Vir-gin, who hast not known wed-lock; for thou didst hold in
thy womb the God of all, and gav-est birth to the time-less son, Who doth grant sal-sa-
tion unto all them that ac-claim thy name.

Most Holy. Re-joice, O all-blame-less one, for thou didst bring forth the Way of Life, sav-
ing all man-kind from the flood of sin and trans-gres-

sion; re-joice, O Bride of God, thy fame and re-port in-spi-re awe;

for in thee crea-tion’s Lord made His dwell-ing and place of rest.

Most Holy. Re-joice, O most spot-less Maid; thou art our might and our bat-tle-
ment, and blest sanc-tu-ar-y of God’s glo-ry, the death of Hades, and brid-
al cham-ber of light; re-joice, joy of all an-gel-

hosts, and the speed-y help of them that en-treat thee with faith-
ful hearts.

Most Holy. Re-joice, fier-y char-i-ot of God the Word, O thou Queen of
all; for in thee the Tree of Life was planted, even the Lord God, O living paradise; His sweetness doth grant life to all men who par-take of Him with faith though corruption once ruled o’er them.

Glory made strong by thy might, O Maid, to thee we cry out most faithfully: Rejoice, thou depth unmeasured and un-fathomed; rejoice, O mountain whole and un-hewn by many; rejoice, O thou city of the King; glorious and laudable things are most clearly told of thee.

Both now. most spacious tabernacle of the Word, O all-spotless one, thou, Maid, art the shell with the divine Pearl; rejoice, O true reconciliation to God for all them that ever call thee blest, prais-ing thine all-won-drous name...
Right Chorus: O The-o-to-kojson and Bride of God.

Ode vi

O

On this divine and most honored feast of God’s all-holy Mother let all of godly mind now celebrate; come, let us faithful now clap our hands, and send up glory unto the God Whom she hath borne. (twice)

Most Holy Mother of God, save us.

Most Holy, from thee there came down the holy Dew that quenched the burning flame of idolatry; for this, we cry to thee: Rejoice, be-
dewéd fleece fore-seen of old in God's most awe-some won-der re-vealed to Gid-e-on.

Glory. Glor-ry to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Spir-it;

ee-hold, we cry out, Re-joice, to thee; be thou the port and ha-

ven for all that sail up on the storm-y sea of griev-ous sor-rows and stum-bling-blocks, and of de-ceits un-num-bered laid by the en-e-my.

Both now. Both now and ev-er, and un-to the ages of ages. A-

-men.

cause of glad-ness, come fill our thoughts with glad-ness, that we all may cry out to thee: Re-joice, un-burn-ing bush! Re-joice, O cloud whol-ly filled with light,...
Ode vii

N

No created thing, but only the Creator would the godly-minded Youth adore and worship as God; but manfully trampling down threats of fire, they cried out: O supreme praised and all-acclaimed One, blest art Thou, O Thou Lord God of our Fathers.

I

Most Holy. In acclimating thee, we cry: Rejoice, O chariot of the nocturnal Sun! Rejoice, true vine that didst bear the truly ripe Cluster of grapes dripping with the Wine that doth gladden all the souls of them that glorify thee most faith-fully, O Virgin.

T

Most Holy. To the Healer of all mankind hast thou given birth; re-
-joice, O Bride of God; thou art the mystical rod from whom the un-fading Rose blos-somed and bud-ded forth; and through thee we men in her it life and, filled with joy, cry, Re-joice, to thee, O Lady.

Most Holy, het-o-ricians’ tongues can not ac-claim thee wor-thi-ly; a-above the Ser-a-phim art thou ex-alt-ed, O Maid; for thou, La-dy, didst bring forth Christ, the one King of all; Him do thou en-treat that we who wor-ship thee with faith be now res-cued from all e vil.

Glory to the ends of earth thy name is ev-er praised and blest, and all men cry to thee: Re-joice, O vol-ume where-in the Word was in-scribed by the Fa-ther’s hand, O pure one O The-o-to-kos, pray Him that thy serv-ants be in-scribed in the Book of Life, O famed one.
Both now. 

Wee, thy slaves, O Maid, entertain thee, and do bow the knee of our hearts to thee; incline thine ear, O pure one, and save us who sink in affliction and suffering; and preserve thy flock from every evil and assault.

Right Chorus: of the foe, O The-to-kos.

Ode viii

Three guiltless Youths cast in the furnace were saved by the offspring which the The-to-kos bare, then in figure and in type, now in very truth and deed; and He hath gathered all the world, which crieth out in chant: Ye works of His, O sing the Lord’s praises, and exalt Him greatly for ages and all ages.
Most Holy. Thy womb hath received the Word and Master; thou held-est within thee Him Who dost sustain all things. With thy milk, O most pure Maid, thou didst feed and nourish Him. Who, by a nod, doth nourish all the world; to Him we chant: Ye works of His, O sing the Lord's praises, and ex-alt Him greatly for ages and all ages.

Most Holy. Blest Moses the prophet did perceive in the bush—thy most wondrous child-birth's awesome mystery; this too did the godly Youths once clearly depict of old, as they stood in the flaming fire and were not burned thereby, O undeiled and most holy Virgin, hence, we all ex-alt thee to ages and all ages.

Most Holy. We that by deceit were once stripped naked are clothed—
with blest incorruption by thy bringing forth; though we sat in sin’s dark night, through thee we have seen the light; for thou, O Maid-en full of grace, art an abode of the Light. For this, we chant and cry out thy praises, and exalt thee greatly for ages and all ages.

The dead are, through thee, O Virgin, quick-ened, for thou didst give birth to Christ, the hypostatic Life; they that were bereft of speech, through thee, are made eloquent; lepers are cleansed, all maladies are cast away from us; the multitude of aerial spirits suffereth defeat, O salvation of all mortals.

Both now. Thou who didst bear the world’s salvation, through thee we are raised from earth unto the Heavens’ heights. Rejoice, O all-blest Maid, for thou
Left Chorus: for ages and all ages.

**Ode ix**

Let ev’ry earth-born man up-leap in the spirit, and now hold his torch on high, and let all the bodiless, noetic hosts now celebrate joyously the Theotokos’ sublime and sacred festival, as they cry out: Rejoice, O thou all-blessed one, ever-virgin and pure Mother of our God.

Most Holy, res-cue us, O Maid, from heathen assaults, temp-tations, and from
ev'ry ill that, for the great multitude of sins, have come upon sinful mortal men; that, thus delivered, we thy flock may cry, Rejoice, to thee;

for the faithful all become partakers of joy unending through thee, O all-blameless one.

Most Holy, thou hast proved to be our light and our steadfastness; wherefore, we cry to thee: Rejoice, O ever-shining star, thou who didst bring the great Sun into the world. Rejoice, for thou didst open Eden, which was closed to us, O pure Maid. Rejoice, O fiery pillar that dost lead all mortal men to the life on high.

Most Holy, in the House of God, let all stand with reverence, and let us all cry out: Rejoice, august Queen of the world! Rejoice, O Mary—
Re-joice, for thou a-lone, O Maid, art good and free of stain among women. Re-joice, O vessel that received the un-failing, pure Myrrh that was poured on thee.

Re-joice, thee that broughtest forth Him Who is merciful. Re-joice, thou boast of all the Saints, and crown of all them that strove in martyrdom. Re-joice, most sacred or name of all the righteous ones, and adornment of all them that cry: Re-joice, the salvation of all us, thy faithful flock.

Both now, O mighty God; for give Thine inheritance and overlook our sins. To this end, Thou hast, O Lord, the one that bare Thee seedlessly here on earth, and now entreateth Thee Who hast, for Thy great mercy’s

Glory. Ever-virgin Maid, re-joice, dove that broughtest forth Him Who is merciful. Re-joice, thou boast of all the Saints, and crown of all them that strove in martyrdom. Re-joice, most sacred or name of all the righteous ones, and adornment of all them that cry: Re-joice, the

salvation of all us, thy faithful flock.

Both now. O mighty God; for give Thine inheritance and overlook our sins. To this end, Thou hast, O Lord, the one that bare Thee seedlessly here on earth, and now entreateth Thee Who hast, for Thy great mercy’s
sake and compassion, willed now to become a man and be clothed with a form that was not Thine own.

THE END OF THE CANON OF THE AKATHIST.
AND TO OUR GOD BE GLORY.