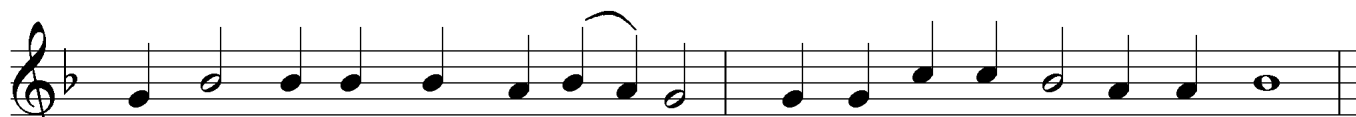


First Saturday of the Great Fast (St Theodore)

On the Beatitudes sing 8 verses for the Saint

Four verses in Tone 4:



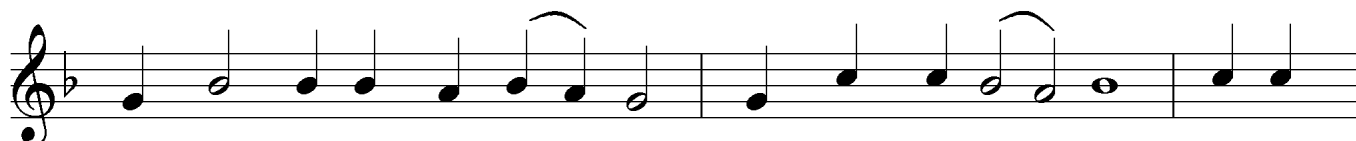
(8) The peo - ple of Christ, O La - - dy, long to see the day of your Son,



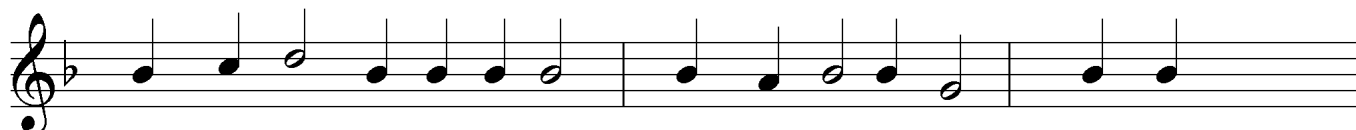
and in prep - a - ra - tion they cel - e - brate this pres - ent feast,



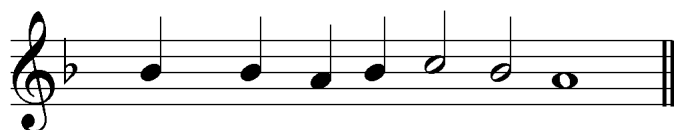
hon - our - ing you and your vic - to - ri - ous mar - - tyr.



(7) The great - est a - mong mar - - tyrs has turned the sad - - ness of this



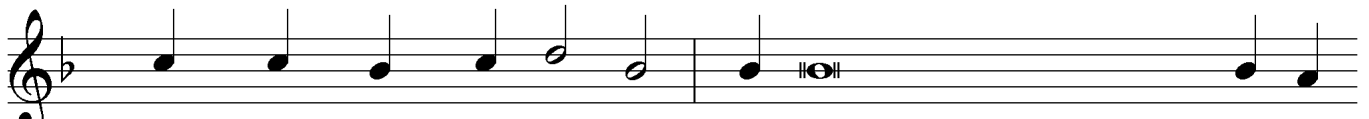
pres - ent sea - son in - to joy, grant - ing us re - lief from the



strict - ness of the ho - ly Fast.



(6) Fit - ting and ap - pro - pri - ate is the gift which you grant us



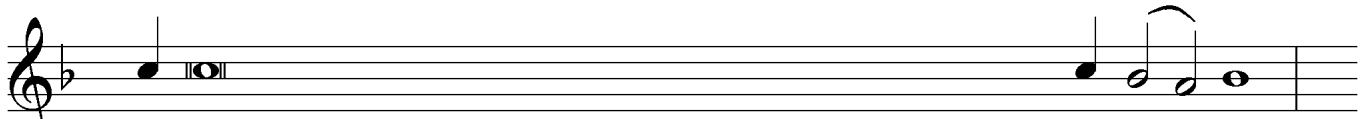
through your prayers, O mar - tyr; for you call us to dwell with you in



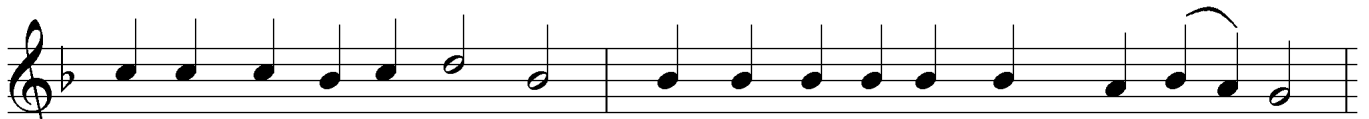
Par - a - dise, and joy - ful - ly we of - fer you our gifts of praise.



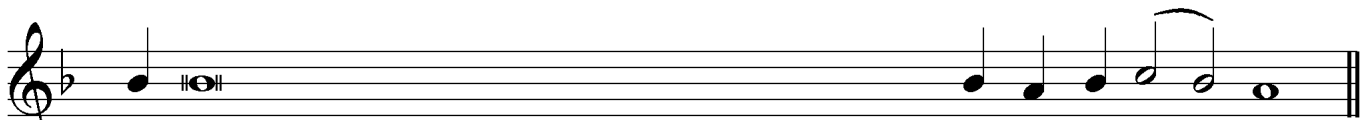
(5) Rag - ing as fierce - ly as the dev - il who a - pos - ta - tized of old, the



new a - pos - tate sprin - kled blood from the pa - gan sac - ri - fic - - es



on the food in the mar - kets, pol - lut - ing it as though with pois - on.

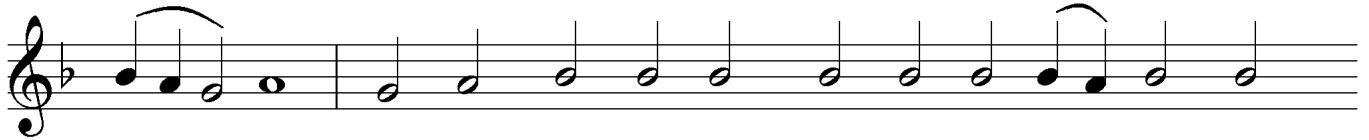


But he failed mis - er - ab - ly in his plan, out - wit - ted by the mar - - tyr.

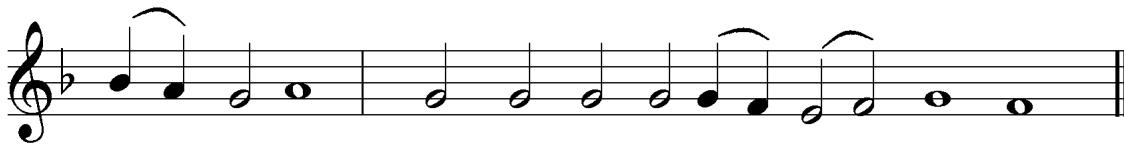
Then these 4 verses in Tone 6:



(4) A - mazed by the strange vi - - - - - sion in which you ap - peared



to him, the Arch - bish - op said: "Who are you, my lord, who



Speak to me? Show me how to find help quick - ly."



(3) The - o - dore re - plied: "I am the mar - - tyr. Lis - ten to me. Boil



wheat and dis - trib - ute it a - mong the peo - - - ple, and you shall thus



be saved from the pol - lut - - ed food of the a - veng - er."

(Glory)



(2) Great is the won - der you per - formed, The - o - - dore, and mar - vel - lous



is your help. Tak - ing cour - age, then, with un - di - vid - - ed heart



we turn to you for ref - uge, and we pray: save your ser - vants.

(Both now)



(1) At the good pleas - ure of the Fa - - - - - ther, and through the



de - scent of the Ho - ly Spir - it on you, you were made the



dwell - ing - place of the Light, the pure tent of the Word; guide me



with your light.