Up on the rock of faith hast Thou now confirmed me;

Thou hast enlarged my mouth o'er mine adversaries;

my spirit hath rejoiced mightily in chanting:

There is none holy as our most holy God, and there is none righteous but Thee, O Lord Most High.

Without a cause, in malice the whole sanhedrin of lawless men, O Christ, hath gathered together...
to brand Thee, the Redeemer, as a condemned man:

To Whom we chant aloud: Thou art our God, O Christ, and there is none holy but Thee, O Lord Most High.

With crafty soul that fighteth with God, the council of lawless men considereth how to slay Christ as troublesome, though He is the Just and Righteous,

To Whom we chant aloud: Thou art our God, O Christ, and there is none holy but Thee, O Lord Most High.
Eighth Ode

When the decree of the tyrant prevailed of old,
then was the furnace fired up seven times more than
was wont, where-in the Three Children were not burnt, as they trampled upon the king's edict, and they cried out:

O all ye works of the Lord, bless the Lord and sing His praises, and supremely exalt Him unto all the ages.
After the woman had poured out the precious myrrh on Thy divine and terrible and dominical head, O Christ, with her stained and sullied hands Thine immaculate feet she laid hold of and she cried out:

O all ye works of the Lord, bless the Lord and sing His praises, and supremely exalt Him unto all the ages.
Guilt-y of sins, with her tears she doth wash the feet
of the Cre-a-tor, wip-ing them with the hair of
her head, and so failed not of de-liv-er-ance from all
things she had wrought in her life-time, but she cried out:
O all ye works of the Lord, bless the Lord and sing
His prai-ses, and su-premely ex-alt Him un-to
all the a-ges.
The grateful woman's full ransom was sacrely
wrought by God's saving mercy and by her fountain
of tears, wherein she was no wise put to shame but com-
plete ly cleansed by her confess ion, and she cried out:
O all ye works of the Lord, bless the Lord and sing
His praises, and supremely ex alt Him unto
all the ages.
Ninth Ode

With souls clear and pure, and with unstained and spot-less lips,
come ye, let us magnify the immaculate
and transcendently pure Mother of Emmanuel,
as through her we make appeal to Him that of her womb was
begotten: Spare our souls, O Christ our God, have mercy
on us, and save us, O Lord.

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Ungrateful and envious with guile and craftiness,

baneful Judas maketh reck’ning of the gift of God,

through which gift a debt of sins was wholly done away,

and he maketh merchandise of God’s gift of love so freely given. Spare our souls, O Christ our God, have mercy on us, and save us, O Lord.
Gone forth to the lawless rulers, saying unto them:

What will ye now give me and I shall deliver Christ,

Whom ye seek, to you that want Him? Judas thrust away intimacy with Christ, exchanging God for gold in his blindness. Spare our souls, O Christ our God, have mercy on us, and save us, O Lord.
What avarice blinded thee, foe most implacable!

whereby thou forgottest what thou hadst been taught before,

that the whole world is not equal to the soul in worth.

For thou fast didst bind thyself to despair and thou didst hang thyself, O traitor. Spare our souls, O Christ our God, have mercy on us, and save us, O Lord.

An Alternate Ending for the Ninth Ode

Spare our souls, O Christ our God, have mercy on us, and save us, O Lord.