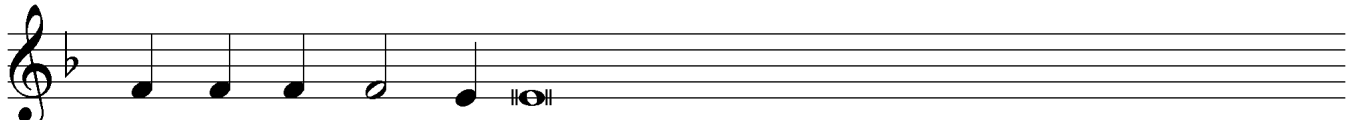
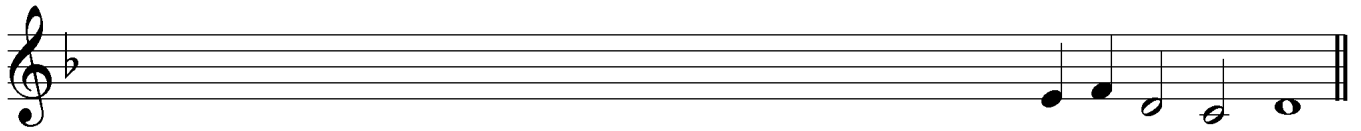


# March 5th. Holy Martyr Conon of Isauria

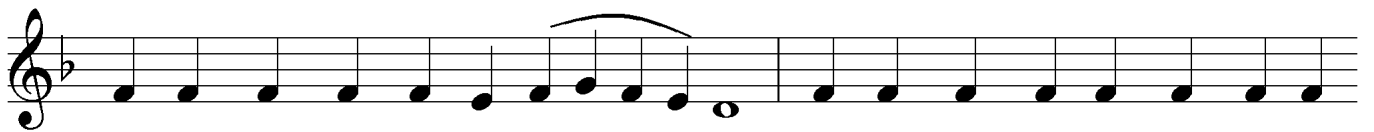
At Vespers, on "Lord, I have cried" last 3 verses in Tone 8  
(melody: "O most glorious wonder")



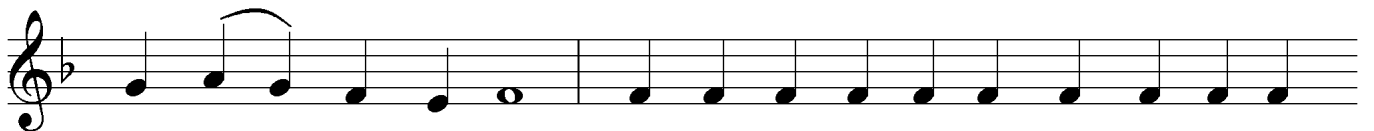
(II) For with the Lord there is mer - cy, and with him plen - ti - ful



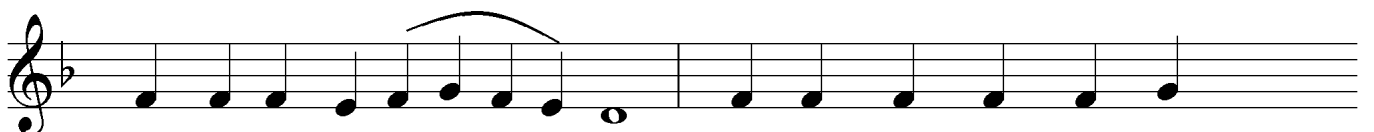
re - demp - tion; and he will re - deem Is - ra - el from all his in - i - qui - ties.



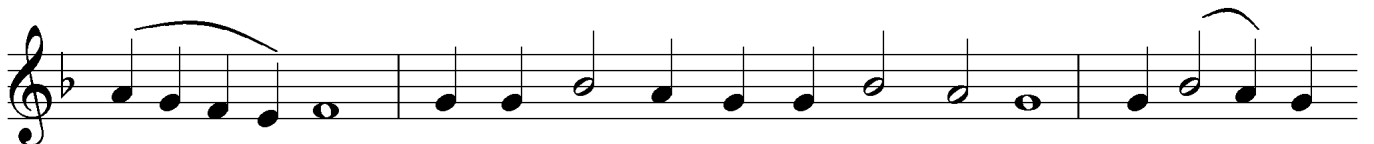
O un - wan - ing and di - vine ray, lu - mi - nous ra - di - ance of the



com - mand - ments of God, most ex - cel - lent of mar - tyrs and ev - er -



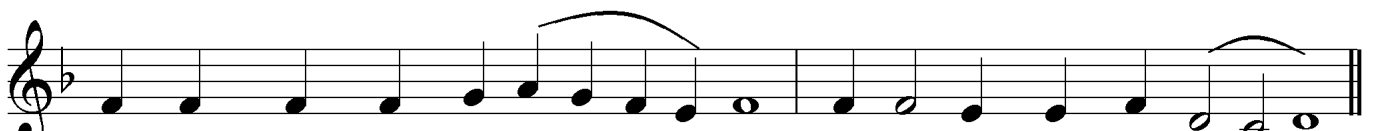
mem - o - ra - ble ath - - - - - lete! You dis - pelled the gloom of



dark - - - - - ness like a shin - ing star, O bless - ed one. O good - ly



of - fer - ing and un - blem - ished sac - - - - ri - fice! There - fore

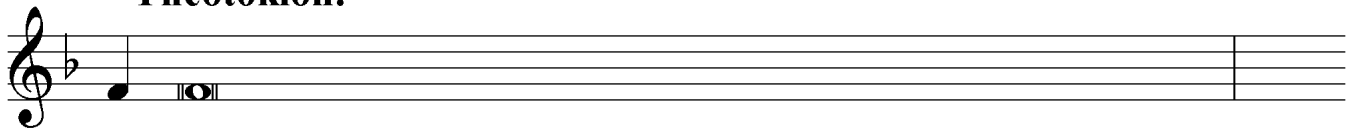


en - treat Christ with - out ceas - - - - - ing that he may save our souls.





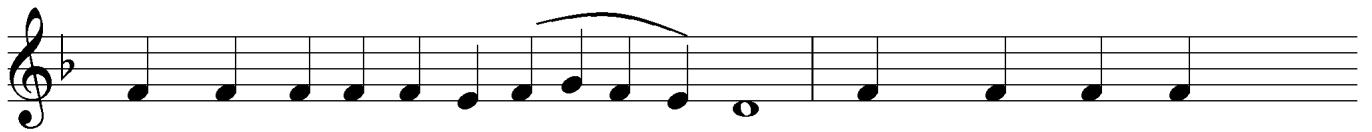
**Theotokion:**



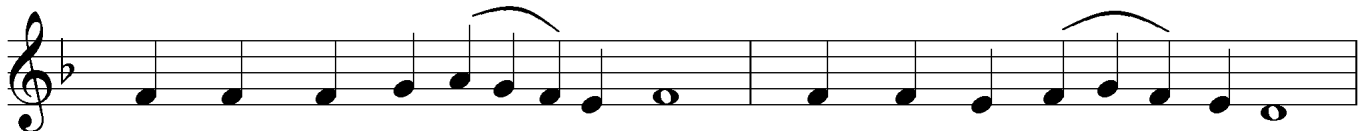
(1) Glo - ry to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Spir - it.



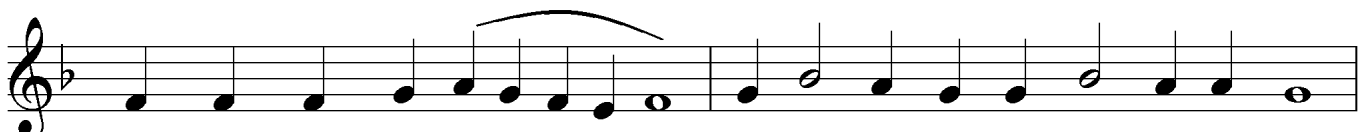
Both now and for ev - er, and to the ag - es of ag - es. A - men.



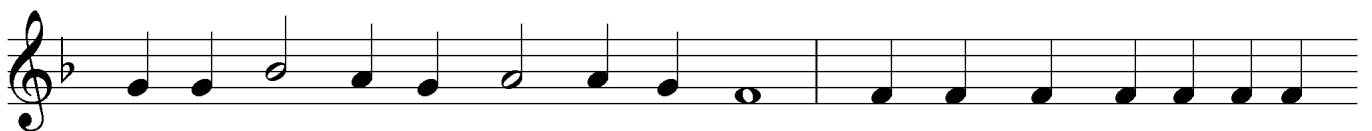
Hail, bear - er of the di - vine Light, most bright star, and



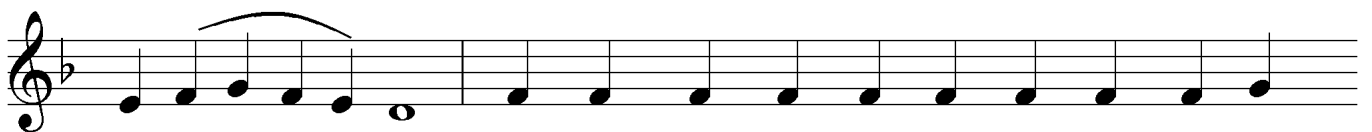
dwell - ing - place of ho - - - - li - ness. The Light has shone on us



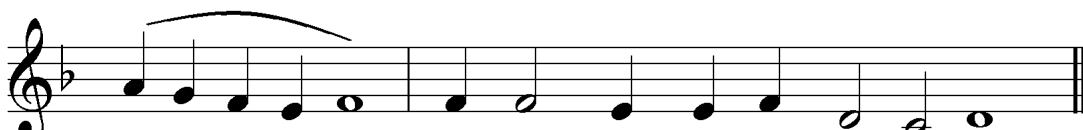
from your most pure womb, il - lum - in - ing the ends of the earth,



and en - light - en - ing them with his grace. Hail, most pure, or - ig - in of

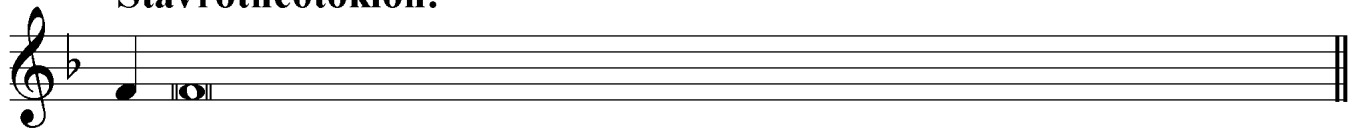


sal - va - - - - - tion; hail, awe - some pro - cla - ma - tion and form of



speech to those who put their trust in you.

**Stavrotheotokion:**



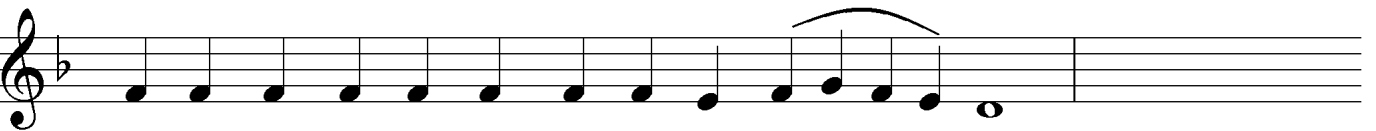
(1) Glo - ry to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Spir - it.



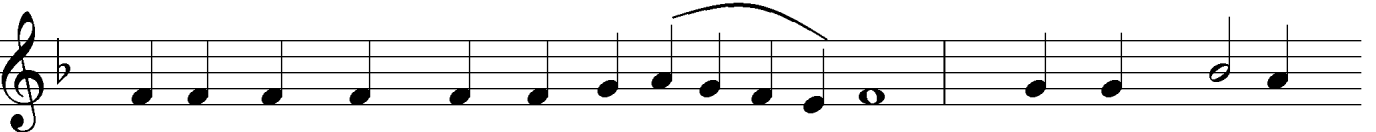
Both now and for ev - er, and to the ag - es of ag - es. A - men.



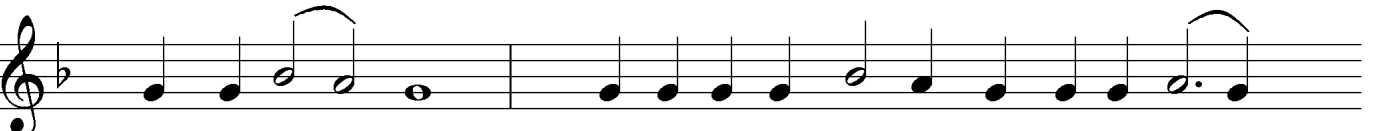
Be - hold - ing you nailed to the Cross, O Je - - - - - sus,



and en - dur - ing suf - fer - ings of your own will,



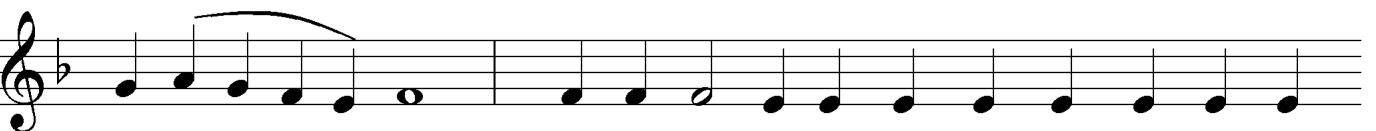
the Vir - gin, your Moth - er, O Mas - - - - - ter, cried out: "Woe is



me, my sweet Child; how is it that you un - just - ly en - dure



wounds, you, the Phy - si - - - - - cian, who heals the in - fir - mi - ties



of hu - - - - - mans and de - liv - ers all from cor - rup - tion in your



com - pas - - sion?"