

Katavasia of the Nativity of the Lord (Christmas)

Ode i. Christ is born! Glorify Him! * Christ is come from heaven! Go and meet Him! * Christ is on earth! Arise to Him! * Sing to the Lord, all you inhabitants of earth, and all you peoples, praise Him, * and with merriment extol Him who is glorified! [GOASD]

Ode iii. To the Son, begotten from the Father unchangingly before the ages, * and now becoming incarnate from the Virgin without seed; * to Christ God let us cry aloud, * “You have exalted the horn of our strength. * Only You are holy, O Lord!” [GOASD]

Ode iv. A rod has come forth from Jesse’s root, * and You its flower grew from it, praiseworthy Christ, now born of the Virgin, * whom Habakkuk called Paran, shady, thickly wooded mountain. * From her who knew no man You came incarnate, O immaterial God. * Glory to Your strength, O Lord! [GOASD]

Ode v. O God of peace and Father of mercies, * You have sent to us the Wonderful Counselor, * the Angel of Your great counsel, granting us peace. * And now to light of knowledge of God we have been guided, * and we rise from night to dawn and glorify You, O benevolent Lord. [GOASD]

Ode vi. Jonah long ago * was hurled from the belly of the whale as he went in, like a newborn babe. * With the Virgin now, * when the Logos had dwelt in His Mother’s womb, * taking flesh, He then emerged, preserving her intact. * Yielding not to changeability, * He preserved her unaltered in childbirth. [GOASD]

Ode vii. Brought up together piously, the Servants * with contempt regarded the impious king’s decree. * The threat of the furnace did not frighten them. * Rather, standing in the midst of flames, they prayed and sang, * “Blessed are You, O Lord God of our fathers!” [GOASD]

Ode viii. *We praise and we bless and we worship the Lord.*

Babylon’s bedewing furnace bore the image of an extraordinary wonder. * For it did not burn the youths it was holding, * nor did the fire of Divinity consume the Virgin’s womb wherein it went. * And so let us songfully extol and praise, * “Let all creation bless the Lord, sing a hymn to Him, * and exalt Him beyond measure unto all the ages.”

Ode ix.

O my soul, magnify the woman who is higher in honor and in glory than the armies of heaven.

I see here a new and paradoxical mystery. * For the cave resembles heaven, * the Virgin, the cherubic throne, * the manger, a grand space, * in which He whom nothing can contain was laid, Christ our God; * whom we extol in song and magnify.