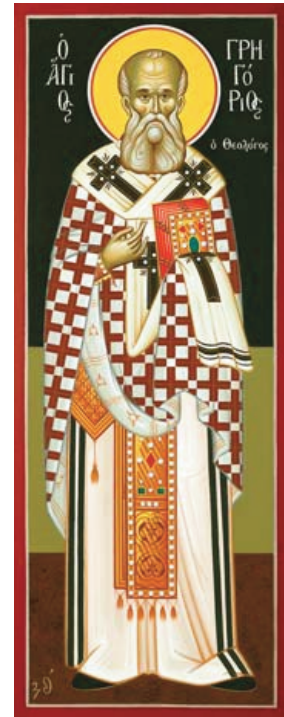


On the Occasion of the Commemoration of our
Holy Father, St. Gregory the Theologian
(January 25, Old Style)

Repulsion of the Evil One and an Appeal to Christ*

Flee swiftly from my heart, all-crafty one.
Flee from my members and from my life.
Deceiver, serpent, and fire, Belial, sin,
 death, abyss, dragon, night, snare, and frenzy,
 chaos, manslayer, and ferocious beast!
Thou didst entice into perdition those
 first-formed folk, my foreparents, offering them
 at the same time the taste of sin and death.
Christ, the Ruler of all commandeth thee to
 flee into the billows, to fall upon the rocks,
 or to enter the herd of swine, O baleful one,
 as once He bade that presumptuous Legion.
Nay, yield forthwith, lest I smite thee with the Cross,
 whereat all things tremble;
Oh, flee!
I bear the Cross upon me, in all my members.
I bear the Cross whene'er I journey, whene'er I sleep.
I hold the Cross in my heart. The Cross is my glory.
O mischievous one, wilt thou never cease from
 dogging me with traps and laying snares for me?
Wilt thou not dash thyself upon the precipices?
Seest thou not Sodom? Oh, wilt thou not speedily
 assail the shameless herds of ungodly heretics,
 who, having so recklessly sundered the Almighty
 Godhead, have witlessly destroyed and abolished It?
But comest thou against my hoariness? Comest thou
 against my lowly heart? Thou ever blackenest me,
O foe, with darksome thoughts, pernicious thoughts.
Thou hast no fear of God, nor of His Priests.
This mind of mine, most evil one, was verily
 a mighty and loud-voiced herald of the Trinity.
And now it beholdeth its end, whither it goeth in haste.



Confuse me not, O slimy one, that I might, as pristine,
meet the pure lights of Heaven, that they might
shine like lightning flashes upon my life.
Lo, receive me; lo, I stretch forth my hands.
Farewell, O world! Farewell, thou who bringest woes upon me!
Pity be shown to all that shall live after me.

Dirge

Woe is me! Just now that I press forward
to Heaven, to the place of God, alas!
This body of mine encompasseth me.
Neither is there an end to this much-erring life,
nor yet to loathsome evil, which bindeth me fast
here below, and woundeth me from every side,
smiting me with unexpected cares that consume
the beauty and grace of my soul.
Nonetheless, O my God, King of all,
loose me swiftly from these earthly fetters,
and enroll me henceforth in the celestial choirs.

* Source: *Άγιος Κυπριανός*, No. 342 (January-February 2008), pp. 148-149. Excerpted from *Τοῦ ἐν Ἀγίοις Πατρὸς ἡμῶν Γρηγορίου Ναζιανζηνοῦ τοῦ Θεολόγου, Ποιήματα κατ' ἐκλογὴν ἐκ τῶν Ἐπιθῶν αὐτοῦ ἐμμέτρως μεταφρασθέντα εἰς τὴν νεοελληνικὴν ὑπὸ Ἀλεξάνδρου Μωραϊτίδου* (Our Father among the Saints Gregory of Nazianzos, the Theologian: Selected verses from his poetry translated metrically into Modern Greek by Alexandros Moraïtides) (Athens: Ekdotis I.N. Sideres, n.d.), Vol. II. [The original poems are found in *Patrologia Græca*, Vol. XXXVII, cols. 1399A-1401A (Poem LV); cols. 1384A-1385A (Poem XLIX)—*Trans.*]