

Apolytikion and Kontakion Hymns

August 25th, 2019

Resurrectional Apolytikion in the First Tone

Although your tomb was sealed with a stone (by the Jews), O Savior, and Your most pure body was guarded by the soldiers, You rose on the third day giving life to all the world. Therefore, O giver of life, the powers of heaven praise you: glory to Your resurrection, O Christ. Glory to Your kingdom. Glory to Your saving wisdom (dispensation), O only lover of mankind.

Τοῦ λίθου σφραγισθέντος ὑπὸ τῶν Ἰουδαίων, καὶ στρατιωτῶν φυλασσόντων τὸ ἄχραντόν σου σῶμα, ἀνέστης τριήμερος Σωτήρ, δωρούμενος τῷ κόσμῳ τὴν ζωὴν. Διὰ τοῦτο αἱ Δυνάμεις τῶν οὐρανῶν ἐβόων σοὶ Ζωοδότα· Δόξα τῇ ἀναστάσει σου Χριστέ, δόξα τῇ Βασιλείᾳ σου, δόξα τῇ οἰκονομίᾳ σου, μόνε Φιλάνθρωπε.

Apolytikion for St. Titus

O holy Apostles, make intercession to our merciful God, that He grant our souls forgiveness of offenses.

Ἀπόστολοι Ἅγιοι, πρεσβεύσετε τῷ ἐλεήμονι Θεῷ, ἵνα πταισμάτων ἄφεσιν, παράσχη ταῖς ψυχαῖς ἡμῶν.

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Apolytikion of St. Katherine

Let us sing the praise of the Bride of Christ renown, the Patroness of Sinai, Katherine Divine. Our assistance and protection, for she has brilliantly subdued, the impious refine, by the power of the Spirit. She was crowned as a martyr of the Lord, and for all, she entreats the great mercy.

Τὴν πανεύφημον νόμφην Χριστοῦ ὑμνήσωμεν, Αἰκατερεῖναν τὴν θείαν καὶ πολιοῦχον Σινᾶ, τὴν βοήθειαν ἡμῶν καὶ ἀντίληψιν, ὅτι ἐφίμωσε λαμπρῶς, τοὺς κομφοὺς τῶν ἀσεβῶν, τοῦ Πνεύματος τῇ μαχαίρᾳ, καὶ νῦν ὡς Μάρτυς στεφθεῖσα, αἰτεῖται πᾶσι τὸ μέγα ἔλεος.

Kontakion

Both Joachim and Anna from their sterility's stigma, and Adam and Eve from their mortality's ruin have been set free, O immaculate Maid, by your holy nativity. For this do your people hold celebration, redeemed from the guilt of transgression as they cry to you, "The barren one bears the Theotokos, the nourisher of our Life."

Ἰωακεὶμ καὶ Ἄννα ὄνειδισμοῦ ἀτεκνίας, καὶ Ἀδὰμ καὶ Εὐά, ἐκ τῆς φθορᾶς τοῦ θανάτου, ἠλευθερώθησαν, Ἄχραντε, ἐν τῇ ἁγίᾳ γεννήσει σου· αὐτὴν ἐορτάζει καὶ ὁ λαός σου, ἐνοχῆς τῶν πταισμάτων, λυτρωθεὶς ἐν τῷ κράτειν σοὶ· Ἡ στείρα τίκει τὴν Θεοτόκον, καὶ τροφὸν τῆς ζωῆς ἡμῶν.