

Apolytikion & Kontakion Hymns April 4, 2021

Resurrectional Apolytikion in the Third Tone

Let the heavens sing for joy, and let everything on earth be glad. For with His Arm the Lord has worked power. He trampled death under foot by means of death; and He became the firstborn from the dead. From the maw of Hades He delivered us; and He granted the world His great mercy.

Εὐφραινέσθω τὰ οὐράνια, ἀγαλλιάσθω τὰ ἐπίγεια, ὅτι ἐποίησε κράτος, ἐν βραχίονι αὐτοῦ, ὁ Κύριος, ἐπάτησε τῷ θανάτῳ τὸν θάνατον, πρωτότοκος τῶν νεκρῶν ἐγένετο, ἐκ κοιλίας ἄδου ἐρρύσατο ἡμᾶς, καὶ παρέσχε τῷ κόσμῳ τὸ μέγα ἔλεος.

Apolytikion for the Devout Man

With the rivers of your tears you made the barren desert bloom; and with your sighs from deep within, you made your labors bear their fruits a hundredfold; and you became a star, illuminating the world by your miracles, O John, our devout father. Intercede with Christ our God, for the salvation of our souls.

Ταῖς τῶν δακρυῶν σου ροαῖς, τῆς ἐρήμου τὸ ἄγονον ἐγεώργησας, καὶ τοῖς ἐκ βάθους στεναγμοῖς, εἰς ἑκατὸν τοὺς πόνους ἐκαρποφόρησας, καὶ γέγονας φωστὴρ τῇ οἰκουμένῃ, λάμπων τοῖς θαύμασιν, Ἰωάννη Πατὴρ ἡμῶν ὅσιε, πρόσβευε Χριστῷ τῷ Θεῷ, σωθῆναι τὰς ψυχὰς ἡμῶν.

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 νύμφην Χριστοῦ ὑμνήσωμεν, Αἰκατερίναν τὴν θείαν καὶ πολιοῦχον Σινᾶ, τὴν βοήθειαν ἡμῶν καὶ ἀντίληψιν, ὅτι ἐφίμωσε λαμπρῶς, τοὺς κομψοὺς τῶν ἀσεβῶν, τοῦ Πνεύματος τῆς μαχαίρας, καὶ νῦν ὡς Μάρτυρ στεφθεῖσα, αἰτεῖται πᾶσι τὸ μέγα ἔλεος.

Kontakion

O Champion General, I your City now inscribe to you, Triumphant anthems as the tokens of my gratitude, Being rescued from the terrors, O Theotokos. Inasmuch as you have power unassailable, From all kinds of perils free me, so that unto you I may cry aloud: Rejoice, O unwedded Bride.

Ὡς λυτρωθεῖσα τῶν δεινῶν εὐχαριστήρια, Ἀναγράφω σοι ἡ Πόλις σου Θεοτόκε. Ἄλλ' ὡς ἔχουσα τὸ κράτος ἀπροσμάχητον, Ἐκ παντοίων με κινδύνων ἐλευθέρωσον, Ἴνα κράζω σοι: Χαῖρε νύμφη ἀνύμφευτε.