The Sunday of All Saints

Apolytikion

Fourth Mode

Intonation: #10

- dorned in the blood of Thy Martyrs through all the world as in purple and fine linen, Thy Church, through them, doth cry unto Thee, O Christ God: Send down Thy consolations upon Thy people; grant peace to Thy common-wealth, and great mercy to
Four souls.
The Sunday of All Saints

Kontakion

Plagal Fourth Mode
"As first-fruits of our nature"

Ὡς ἀπαρχάς

s first-fruits of our na-ture to the Plant-er of cre-at-
ed things, the world pre-sent-eth the God-bear-ing mar-tyred Saints in of-fring un-to Thee, O Lord. Through their ear-nest en-treat-ies, keep

Thy Church in deep peace and di-vine tran-quil-li-ty, through the
No one in such chanting

with a ready and eager mind will

be blamed if he be weakened by old age,

or young, or have a rough voice, or is altogether

ignorant of rhythm. What is here sought for is a sober

soul, an alert mind, a contrite heart, sound reason, and a clear

conscience. If having these you have entered into God's sacred choir,

you may stand beside David himself. There is no need of zithers, nor of

taut strings, nor of a plectrum, nor skill, nor any instruments. But if you will,

you can make yourself into a zither, mortifying the limbs of the flesh, and

forming full harmony between body and soul. For when the flesh does

not lust against the spirit, but yields to its commands, and

perseveres along the path that is noble and admirable,

you thus produce a spiritual melody.

- St. John Chrysostom