

Ἦχος α'. Αὐτόμελον.

Πανεύφημοι Μάρτυρες ὑμᾶς,
οὐχ ἡ γῆ κατέκρυψεν, ἀλλ'
οὐρανὸς ὑπεδέξατο· ὑμῖν ἠνοί-
γησαν, Παραδείσου πύλαι, καὶ
ἐντὸς γενόμενοι, τοῦ ξύλου τῆς
ζωῆς ἀπολαύετε, Χριστῷ πρε-
σβεύσατε, δωρηθῆναι ταῖς ψυχαῖς
ἡμῶν, τὴν εἰρήνην καὶ τὸ μέγα
ἔλεος.

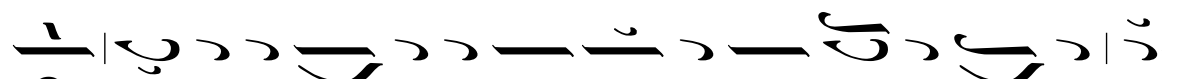
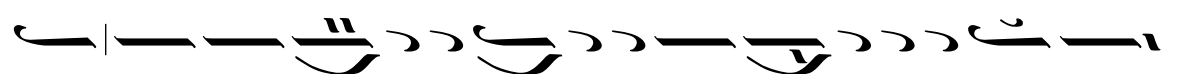

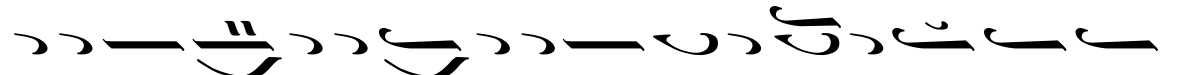
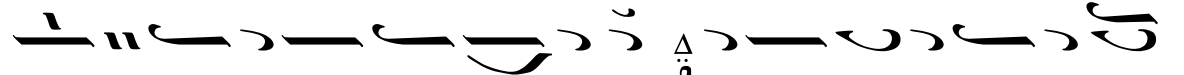

Mode 1. Original Melody.

O Martyrs, extolled in all the
world, * you were not concealed by
earth, * but rather heaven admitted
you. The gates of Paradise * unto
you were opened. * Having gone
within, you now * enjoy the tree of
life, and you intercede with Christ
on our behalf, * supplicating that
surpassing peace * and great mercy
be upon our souls bestowed.

2.

Mode 1. O Martyrs Extolled.

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O Mar - tyr's ex - tolled in all the world you were not con - cealed by earth

 but rath - er heav - en ad - mit - ted you. The gates of Par - a - dise un -

 to you were o - pened. 
 the tree of life and you in - ter - cede with Christ on our be - half sup - pli -

 cat - ing that sur - pass - ing peace 
 our souls be - stowed.

Stichera of Compunction

O Lord, in Your goodness by Your Word * and Your Spirit You
brought forth * all things, and then You created me the living being whom
* You endowed with reason * so that I should glorify * Your holy name, O