Thy Church, O Christ God, hath regaled herself in the blood of Thy Martyrs throughout the entire world, as in porphyry and purple. Through them she lifteth her voice crying: Turn with Thy compassion toward Thy people, and grant peace to Thy city, and to our souls the Great Mercy.
Apolytikion For All Saints

Fourth Mode

Ὑχός Δι

Ὦ Χριστέ Υἱε Θεός, ἡ συλλυκσθεισάνων σοι ἐν τοις αἵμασιν ἡγέτωσαν τὸν κόσμον, ἐν πορφυρίᾳ καὶ ποιμνίᾳ. Περιστρέφοντες τὴν φωνήν τῆς αἰτίας εἰς σέ προσευχήντες ἵνα δίδοῃς εἰς τὸν κόσμον σάλον καὶ εἰς τὰς ψυχὰς ἡγεμονικὴν ἔλεγχον.