O ye who love to honor the feast, come let us praise with hymns the martyr of Christ the Lord, who wast forgotten a long time and after that wast revealed for the sake of those who love and honor him. Just like sweetest viollets, in a secret and hidden way, yet with an abundance, doth emit aromatic scent, and engulf us all with a heavenly redolence, he poureth out abundantly, a stream of blessing and of grace to every one who revereth him, and at all times doth behold with thanks the Lord's care and kindness,
for He grant-eth us great mer-cy and peace to all the world.

Verse:

Won-drous is God in His Saints, in the tem-ples bless the Lord.

Thy_Name, O Ho-ly One, glo-ri-fy by means of glo-ri-fy-ing Ja-cob Thy mar-tyred Saint who, loy-al-ly, al-ways loved Thee and with all pi-e-ty lived, work-ing through the day and vig-il-ant at night. Strug-gling, for-bear-
ing, and con-test-ing un-til the end, and un-to Christ, the Lord, bow-ing down his neck sub-miss-ive-ly, as an of-fer-ing and a gen-u-ine sacri-fice.

He doth re-fuse to bow to the tor-ments of the ty-rant foes
fearing not any injustice but fearing God, his Creator. Therefore, he was granted the majestic crown of glory and incorruption.

God hath made His Saints who are on the earth wondrous.

Hasten, O hieromartyr of Christ, to support all the monks in thy monastery now, and do bless our generation, O righteous Jacob, today, as thou didst bless the prior or generation. Dispensing our feebleness and supporting us in our fight, so that we always praise the Lord as is truly meet, being strengthened...
in our raging spiritual wars. Steadfast and with a firm will, throughout all calamities, joyfully praising and worshiping, despite adversity and distress, the Lord of true contest, for He granteth us great mercy and pardon of our sins.
At the Aposticha

(Original Melody: Rejoice)

Plagal First Mode

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O ye who love to honor the feast, come let us praise with hymns the martyr of Christ the Lord, who wast forgotten a long time and after that wast revealed for the sake of those who love and honor him. Just like sweetest viollets, in a secret and hidden way, yet with abundance, doth emit aromatic scent, and engulf us all with a heavenly reflexion, he pour eth out abundantly, a stream of blessing and of grace to everyone who rever-

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eth him, and at all times doth behold with thanks the Lord’s care
and kindness, for He grant-eth us great mer-

cy and peace to all the world.

Wonderous is God in His Saints, in the temples
bless the Lord.

Thy Name, O Holy One, glorify by means of glor-
ifying Jacob Thy mar-tyred Saint who, loy-

ty, always loved Thee and with all piety lived, working through the
day and vig- ant at night. Strug- ging, for-

- ing un-til the end, and un-to Christ, the Lord, bow-

ishing
down his neck submissively, as offering and a

un-true sacrifice. He doth refuse to bow to the

troments of the tyrant foes, fearing not any injustice

but fear-ing God his Cre-tor. Therefore, he was grant-
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cor-

- tion.

God hath made His Saints who are on the earth won-
drous.

As-
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eration, O righteous Jacob, today, as thou didst bless the prior generation. Dispersing our feeble-ness and supporting us in our fight, so that we always praise the Lord as is truly meet, being strengthened in our raging spiritual wars. Steadfast and with a firm will, throughout all calamities, joyfully praising and worshiping, despite adversity and distress, the Lord of true contest, for He granting us great mercy and pardon of our sins.