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 violets, in a secret and hidden way, yet with 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-ally, 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-mis-sive-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 generation. Dispersing our feebleness and supporting us in our fight, so that we always praise the Lord as is truly meet, being strengthened.
in our raged 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

\text{\textit{Hχας λₖ q Kε}}

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

ondrous is God in His Saints, in the temples

bless the Lord.

hy Name, O Holy One, glorify by means of glorifying Jacob Thy martyred Saint who, loyally, always loved Thee and with all piet-y lived, working through the day and vigil-ant at night. Strug-gling, for-bear-ing, and contest-
ing un-til the end, and un-to Christ, the Lord, bowing down his neck sub-miss-ive-ly, as an of-fer-ing and a

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Feast of Saint Jacob of Hamatoura – Vespers - Aposticha

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 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 con-test, for He grant-eth us great mer-cy and par-don of our sins.