1) O ye illustrious Martyrs of the Most High,

when, through divers tortures, ye had stripped from off your-selves

the ancient coats of mortality, ye clothed your-selves in

the God-like vesture of incorruption's grace.

Now as ye have all of Heaven for your dwelling-place

and ever stand at the throne of God, ye shine with splendor,

brightly illuminated, O ye divinely blest;

wherefore, with faith we gladly celebrate
your exceedingly radiant memory,

and we sacredly gather
to embrace your relics' holy shrine.

Verse 2

2) Out of the weakness of mortals, a divine strength

sendeth forth swift healings unto them that come with faith;

the paltry dust of the bodies of the trophy-bearers,

by grace, doth make springs of miracles gush forth.

Let us all approach, ye men, and draw forth for ourselves

the health of body and health of soul, and let us cry out

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with thankful voices and hymns, and let us say:

O Sovereign Savior of the world, for Whom

the august athletes struggled most mightily,

by their holy entreaties

do Thou free us all from every harm.

Verse 3

3) The victorious Martyrs, who were hidden

for the space of many years, are now made manifest

as precious treasure that maketh rich the Queen of Cities

as they are solemnly borne upon the hands
of the wise High Priest with an exceeding reverence

and are escorted with faith and love into God's temple

and are apportioned to all that make request,

unto complete health and enlightenment,

for our help, and for all things that profit those

who receive and acknowledge them as faithful servants of our God.