1) Thou art gone, O Babylas, into the Holy of Holies; having stained thy sacred robe

in the dye of thine own blood, thou wast sanctified;

and thou now dost delight in deification

manifestly and in every hour,

made fair and shining bright with the holy beauty of martyrdom;

and thou, O rightly blessed Saint,

art a very Angel by virtue of

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pure participation. We therefore all now
celebrate with love thy sacred feast as we honor thee,
who art truly glorious,

2) Irons bound thy feet about, yet thou didst travel un-
hindered on that path, O righteous one,
leading to the heavenly city in the heights,

wearing thy sacred wounds as a fair adornment;
in that city dost thou now abide
as a most sacred priest, as a Martyr nought could defeat or harm,

and as a victor in all truth,

as, O all-wise Babylas, thou dost sing

with the holy Angels with voice most clear that

melody divine: Holy, Most Holy, Thrice Holy Lord,

Consubstantial Trinity.

3) Thou didst guard thy rational flock with the staff of true

knowledge, O blest Hierarch, grazing it
on the verdure of the Faith, wondrous Babylas;

saving it from the beasts, thou didst give great gladness

unto God, thy Shepherd from above;

preaching Him openly in the face of most godless enemies,

thou joyfully wast sacrificed

as a guileless lamb free of every spot,

with the guileless children; and with them, thou wast

offered up to Christ as a sweet-smelling whole offering

and a fragrant sacrifice.