1) By means of the dye of thine own blood, thou hast stained thyself a royal purple robe, O Orestes, and now being clothed therein, with the crown of victory set upon thy blessed head, thou standest in the presence of Christ our God, the great immortal King. Implore Him, O all-blessed one, that He grant peace and Great Mercy to our souls.

2) Thou burntest up error with the fire of thy struggles in the contest; and the drops of thy blood have sunk the foe down in the depths with all of his forces, but they watered with their drops

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Antiochian Orthodox Christian Archdiocese of North America, Rev. 0, 10/15/19, CAH
the hearts of the believers, which blossomed forth with godly piety. Wise Orestes, intercede with Christ that He grant peace and Great Mercy to our souls.

3) As bright as the morn hast thou dawned forth with the splendor of thy contests, flashing forth keen as lightning on the fullness of the earth, O renowned Orestes, athletes' boast and good report, while driving off the darkness of atheism with the light of grace. Intercede with God in our behalf that He grant peace and Great Mercy to our souls.