

December 12th

Spyridon, Bishop of Trimythous, the Wonderworker

Stichera at "O Lord, I have cried"

Byzantine Chant Tone 5
Special Melody: *Rejoice*

Adapted by Dn. John El Massih



1) Re - joice, thou rule for high priests of Christ,
thou art the glo - ry and good fame of the Or - tho - dox,
the Church - 's most firm foun - da - tion, a star ex - ceed - ing ly
bright, riv - er filled with love all - in - ex - haust - i - ble;
thou foun - tain of mir - a - cles, the Di - vine Spir - it's in - stru - ment,
thou mind most God - like, un - cor - rupt - ed, most meek to all,
and made ver - y fair with sim - plic - i - ty free of guile;
man that art tru - ly heav - en - ly and An - gel that wast of earth;
la - bor - er of the Lord's vine - yard and true and
gen - u - ine friend of Christ: Im - plore Him, O Fa - ther,
that Great Mer - cy and for - give - ness be grant - ed to our souls.

December 12th - Spyridon, Bishop of Trimythous - Stichera at "O Lord, I have cried" - 2

2) Since thou wast ver - y gen - tle and meek,
 thou hast in - her - it - ed the land of the meek on high,
 thou glo - ry of ho - ly Fa - thers, O thou who by grace di -
 -vine with thy wise and sim - ple words as though with cords
 didst stran - gle thē en - e - my, mad and all - wick - ed Ar - i - us;
 and in the Spir - it thou didst raise up the God in - spired
 doc - trine full of truth and sal - va - tion, O Spyr - i - don.
 Thou al - so didst en - light - en all thē Or - tho - dox o - pen - ly
 to glo - ri - fy the One Word, Who is con - sub -
 - stan - tial with His di - vine, be - gin - ning - less Fa - ther,
 e - ven Christ, Who doth be - stow His Great Mer - cy on the world.

December 12th - Spyridon, Bishop of Trimythous - Stichera at "O Lord, I have cried" - 3

3) Hav - ing put flesh - ly pas - sions to death,
 thou by the grace of God didst raise up the dead to life,
 O Fa - ther, and by thy prayer, thou didst change a ser - pent to
 gold and didst curb a riv - er's rush - ing ve - he - mence.
 Ap - pear - ing at night un - to thē en - dan - gered and ail - ing king,
 thou at thy com - ing by thy pres - ence didst heal his ills,
 as the Lord of all glo - ri - fied thee most won - drous - ly.
 Where - fore, with a great voice we all now hon - or thy mem - o - ry,
 and we re - vere thē all - sa - cred shrine of thy
 rel - ics, O Spyr - i - don, where - from thou dost gush forth
 the di - vine streams of thy cures and Great Mer - cy to us all.