

Apolytikion and Kontakion Hymns

March 17th, 2019

Resurrectional Apolytikion in the First Tone

Although your tomb was sealed with a stone (by the Jews), O Savior, and Your most pure body was guarded by the soldiers, You rose on the third day giving life to all the world. Therefore, O giver of life, the powers of heaven praise you: glory to Your resurrection, O Christ. Glory to Your kingdom. Glory to Your saving wisdom (dispensation), O only lover of mankind.

Τοῦ λίθου σφραγισθέντος ὑπὸ τῶν Ἰουδαίων, καὶ στρατιωτῶν φυλασσόντων τὸ ἄχραντόν σου σῶμα, ἀνέστης τριήμερος Σωτήρ, δωρούμενος τῷ κόσμῳ τὴν ζωὴν. Διὰ τοῦτο αἱ Δυνάμεις τῶν οὐρανῶν ἐβόων σοι Ζωοδότα· Δόξα τῇ ἀναστάσει σου Χριστέ, δόξα τῇ Βασιλείᾳ σου, δόξα τῇ οἰκονομίᾳ σου, μόνε Φιλάνθρωπε.

Apolytikion for the 1st Sunday of Lent

O Christ our God, begging forgiveness of our sins, we venerate Your Pure Image, O Good One. Of your own will you condescended to ascend upon the Cross in the flesh and deliver those You created from the bondage of the enemy. Wherefore, thankfully, we cry out, "When You came to save the world, You filled all things with joy, O Our Savior."

Τὴν ἄχραντον Εἰκόνα σου προσκυνοῦμεν Ἀγαθέ, αἰτούμενοι συγχώρησιν τῶν πταισμάτων ἡμῶν, Χριστέ ὁ Θεός· βουλήσει γὰρ ηὐδόκησας σαρκὶ ἀνελθεῖν ἐν τῷ Σταυρῷ, ἵνα ῥύσῃ οὓς ἔπλασας ἐκ τῆς δουλείας τοῦ ἐχθροῦ· ὅθεν εὐχαρίστως βοῶμέν σοι· Χαρᾶς ἐπλήρωσας τὰ πάντα, ὁ Σωτήρ ἡμῶν, παραγενόμενος εἰς τὸ σῶσαι τὸν Κόσμον.

Apolytikion of St. Katherine

Let us sing the praise of the Bride of Christ renown, the Patroness of Sinai, Katherine Divine. Our assistance and protection, for she has brilliantly subdued, the impious refine, by the power of the Spirit. She was crowned as a martyr of the Lord, and for all, she entreats the great mercy.

Τὴν πανεύφημον νύμφην Χριστοῦ ὑμνήσωμεν, Αἰκατερίναν τὴν θείαν καὶ πολιοῦχον Σινᾶ, τὴν βοήθειαν ἡμῶν καὶ ἀντίληψιν, ὅτι ἐφίμωσε λαμπρῶς, τοὺς κομψοὺς τῶν ἀσεβῶν, τοῦ Πνεύματος τῆ μαχαίρα, καὶ νῦν ὡς Μάρτυς στεφθεῖσα, αἰτεῖται πᾶσι τὸ μέγα ἔλεος.

Kontakion

O Champion General, I your City now inscribe to you triumphant anthems as the tokens of my gratitude. Being rescued from the terrors, O Theotokos. In as much as you have power unassailable, from all kinds of perils free me, so that unto you I may cry aloud: Rejoice, O unwedded Bride.

Τῇ ὑπερμάχῳ στρατηγῷ τὰ νικητήρια, Ὡς λυτρωθεῖσα τῶν δεινῶν εὐχαριστήρια, Ἀναγράφω σοι ἡ Πόλις σου Θεοτόκε. Ἄλλ' ὡς ἔχουσα τὸ κράτος ἀπροσμάχητον, Ἐκ παντοίων με κινδύνων ἐλευθέρωσον, να κράζω σοι· Χαῖρε νύμφη ἀνύμφευτε.