Let ev ery breath praise the Lord.

The Lord hath made the saints won drous on earth, for they received His wounds and suf fer ings in their flesh,

a dorn ing them selves there with, and be ing

Melody pattern: (9 phrases) A B C D E C D F //ending
Sunday of All Saints: Stichera on the Praises

man-i-fest-ly ar-rayed with di-vine beau-ty.

Let us hymn them as nev-er fad-ing blooms,
as the stead-fast stars of the Church,

as will-ing sac-ri-fi-ces.
Stichos: The righteous cried, and the Lord heard them,

And He delivered them out of all their tribulations.

The prophets and the apostles, the teachers

and the venerable, the hieromartyrs and all the righteous, the multitude of holy women
who suffered and fasted with love, and the ranks of the

righteous: Let them be praised with sacred hymns

as heirs of the heavenly Kingdom,

as inhabitants of paradise.
Stichos: Wondrous is God in His saints,
The God of Israel.

Triumphantly let the martyrs be praised, who made the earth heavenly, with the splendor of their virtues, who imitated the death of Christ,
who trod the path which winneth immortality,

who with the cultivation of grace didst clear away human passions, and who throughout the world contended in unity of soul.