Sunday of the Fathers: Stichera of the Praises
Tone 6, Special Melody "Having set all your hope..."

Stichos: In the 6th Tone, Special Melody "Having set all your hope..."
Praise Him with timbrel and dance,

1. Having combined their spiritual art, and reviewed the heavenly and precious Symbol of Faith, through the divine Spirit,

the honored fathers inscribed it with a divine

Carol Surgant
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writing wherein the right glorious, most rich and truly

divine wise ones teach most clearly that the Word

is co-unoriginate and equally everlasting

with Him that begot Him, thus following most carefully...
carefully the teachings of the apostles.

*Stichos:* Praise Him with tuneful cymbals, praise Him with cymbals of jubilation.

Let every breath praise the Lord.

<Repeat 1st Sticheron: "Having combined their spiritual art..."
Stichos: Blessed art Thou, O Lord God of our fathers,

And praised and glorified is Thy name unto the ages.

2. Having received all the noetic radiance of the Holy Spirit, as preachers of Christ, the divine defenders of the teachings of the Gospel,
and the traditions of the pious, inspired by God,

proclaimed their most supernatural decision, and having

manifestly received from on high the revelation thereof,

being illumined they expounded the Faith taught by God.
Stichos: Gather together unto Him His holy ones,

Who have established His covenant upon sacrifices.

3. Having mustered all their pastoral skill, and then being moved
to wrath most just, as champions,
as most true servants of Christ, and most sacred keepers
of the mysteries of divine preaching, the divine pastors drove forth the savage and pernicious wolves, casting them out of the fulness of the Church, and they fell, as it were, to their deaths as ones afflicted incurably.
The choir of the holy fathers, / 
which came together from the ends of the whole world, / 
taught the one essence and nature / 
of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, / 
and clearly transmitted the mystery of theology to the Church. / 
Praising them with faith, let us bless them saying: / 
O godly company, / 
divinely eloquent warriors of the regiment of the Lord, / 
greatly radiant towers of the mystic Sion, / 
flowers of paradise, wafting forth the scent of myrrh, / 
golden mouths of the Word, / 
boast of Nicea, and adornment of the whole world: // 
pray ye in behalf of our souls!

Both now... Most Blessed art thou, O Virgin Theotokos...