

Stichera at the Litya

Holy and All-Praised Apostle Andrew the First-Called - November 30

Tone 1
Sticheron 1

Russian Imperial Court Chant
arr. from L'vov/Bakhmetev

Soprano
Alto

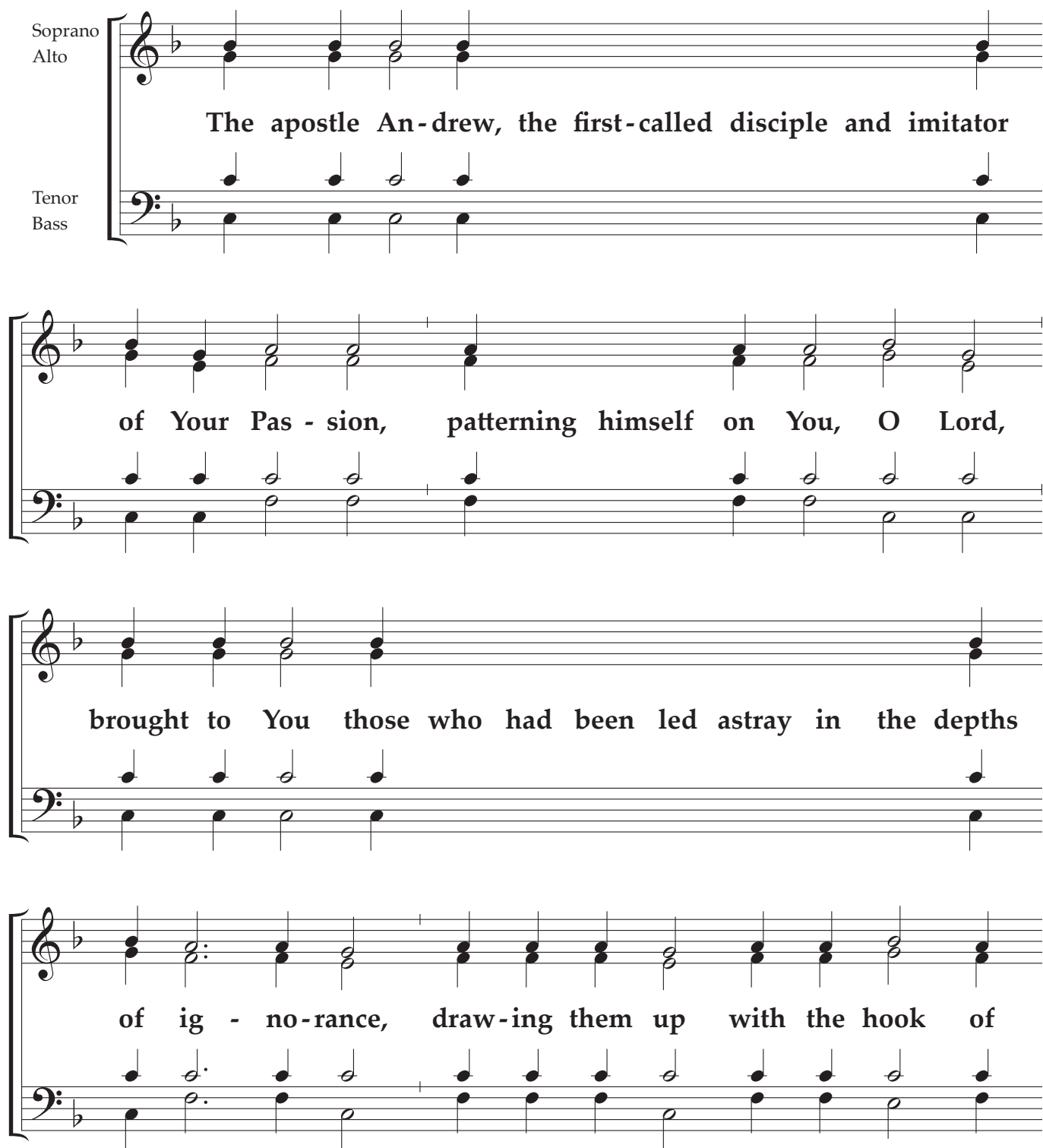
Tenor
Bass

The apostle An-drew, the first-called disciple and imitator

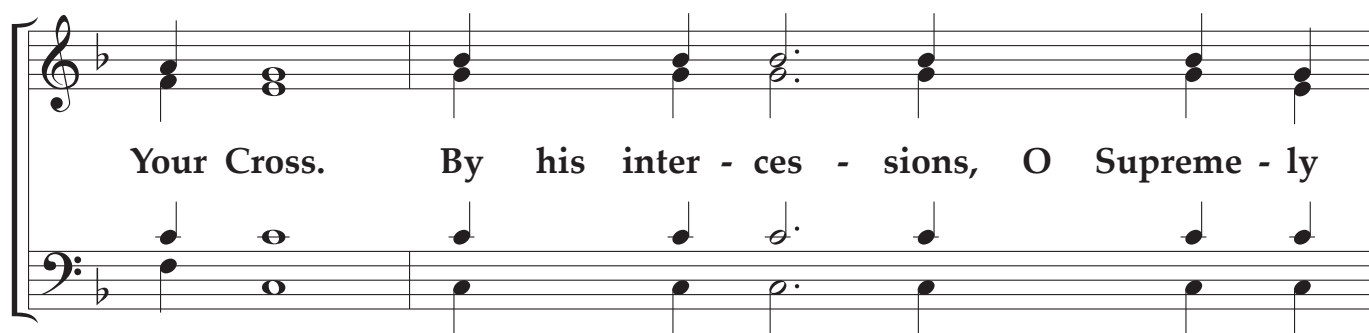
of Your Pas - sion, patterning himself on You, O Lord,

brought to You those who had been led astray in the depths

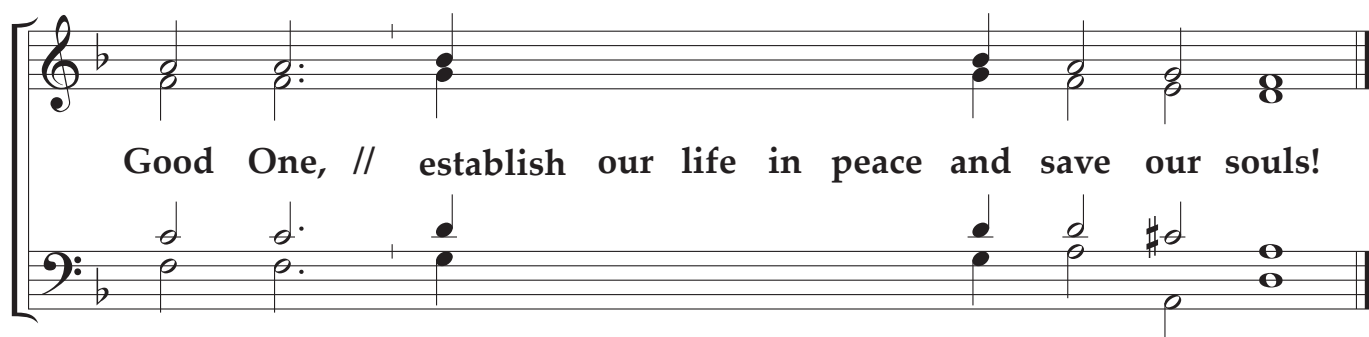
of ig - no-rance, draw-ing them up with the hook of



[Your Cross.]

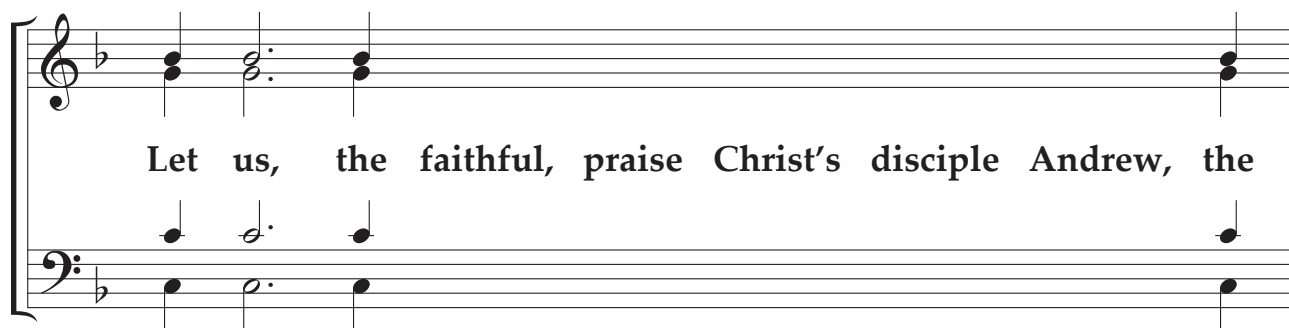


Your Cross. By his inter - ces - sions, O Supreme - ly



Good One, // establish our life in peace and save our souls!

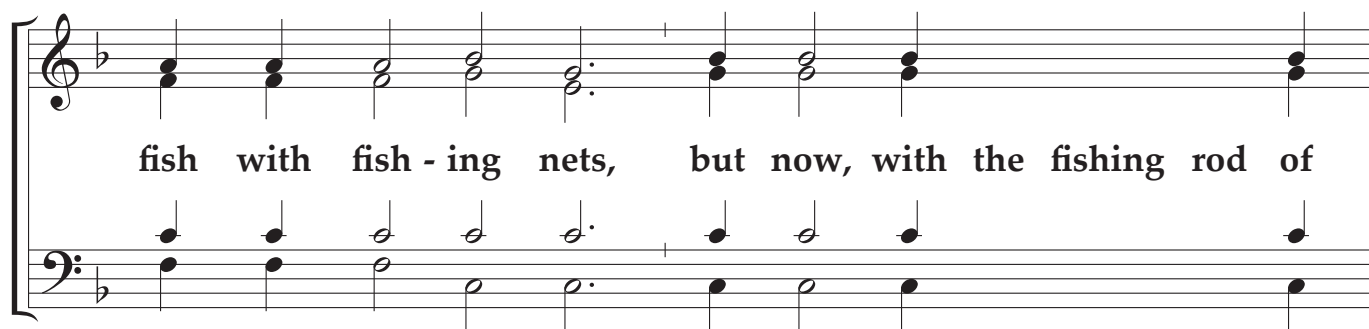
Sticheron 2



Let us, the faithful, praise Christ's disciple Andrew, the



broth - er of Pe - ter! He once trawled the sea, catching



fish with fish - ing nets, but now, with the fishing rod of

[the Cross he ensnares . . .]

the Cross he ensnares the whole world, and converts the

na - tions from er - ror to bap - tism. Now, stand - ing

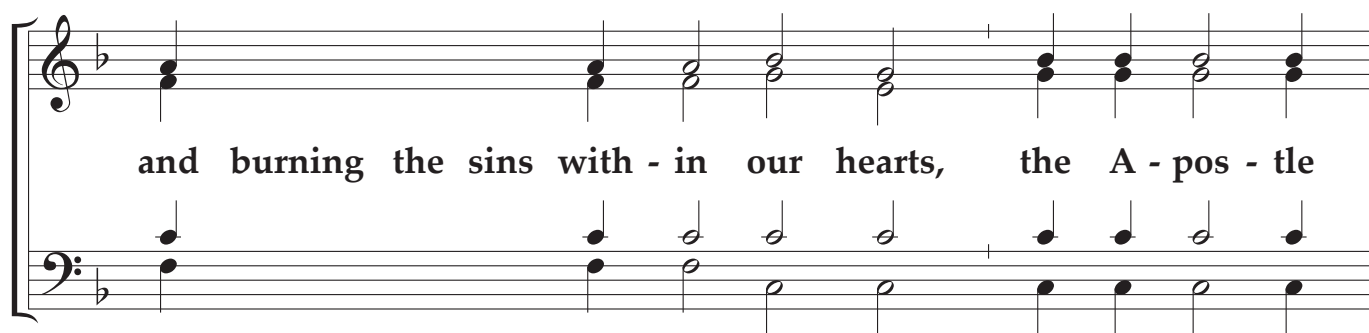
be - fore Christ, // he asks peace for the world and great

mer - cy for our souls.

Sticheron 3

Re - ceiv - ing the fire that en - light - ens our minds

[and burning the sins. . .]



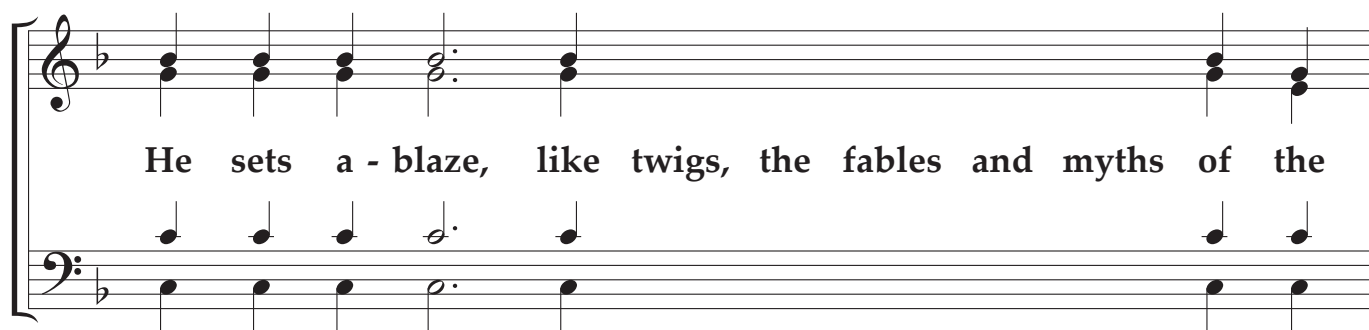
and burning the sins with - in our hearts, the A - pos - tle



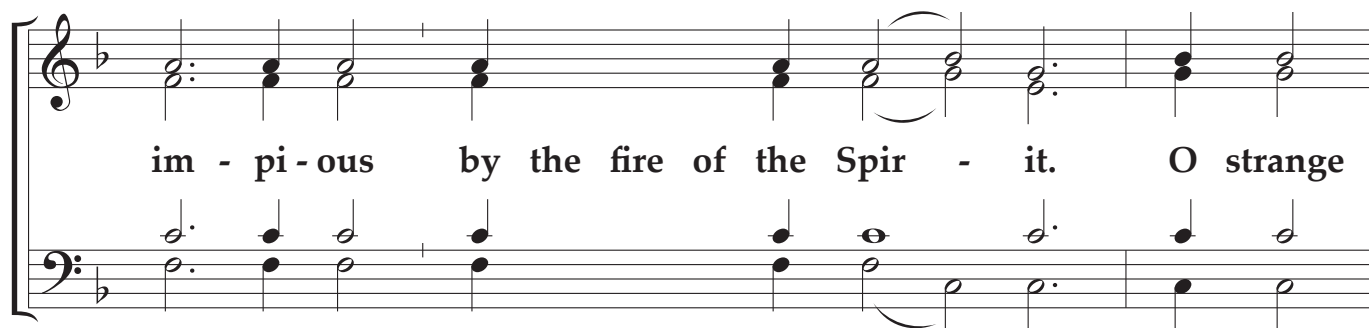
and disciple of Christ shines with mys - ti - cal rays,



teaching the unenlightened hearts of the Gen - tiles.

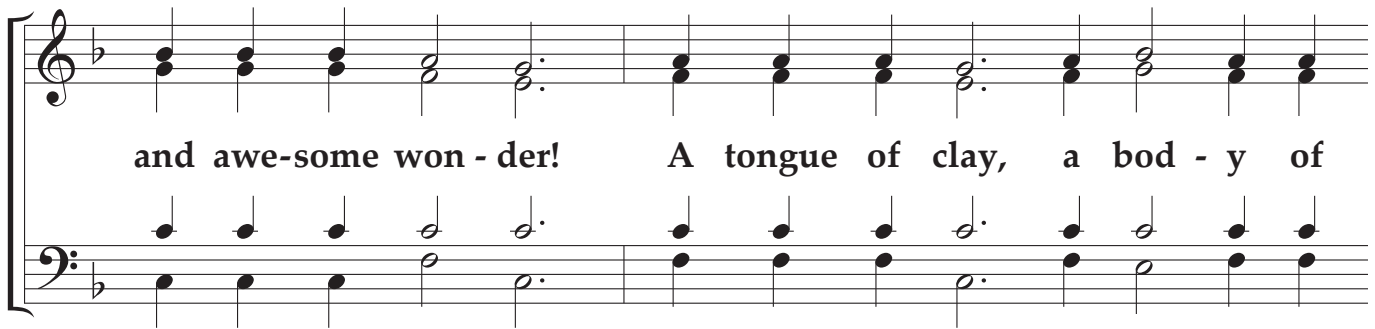


He sets a - blaze, like twigs, the fables and myths of the

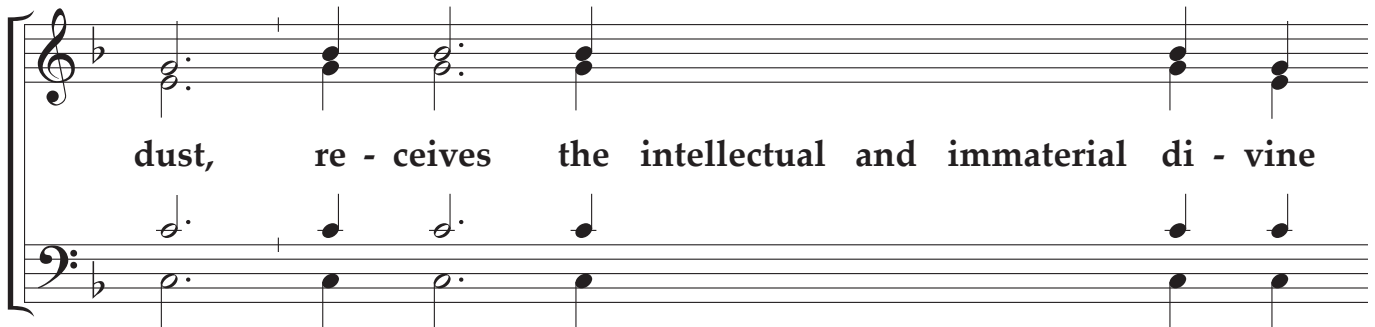


im - pi - ous by the fire of the Spir - it. O strange

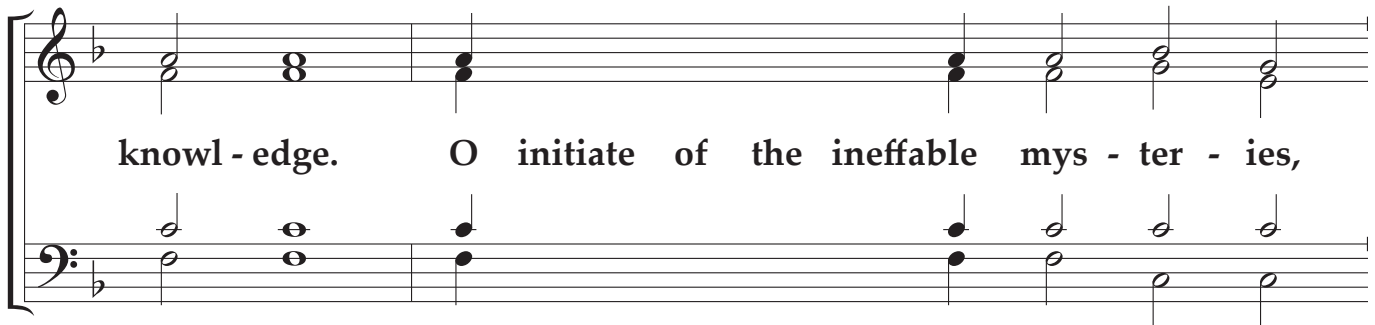
[and awesome won-der!]



and awe-some won - der! A tongue of clay, a bod - y of



dust, re - ceives the intellectual and immaterial di - vine



knowl - edge. O initiate of the ineffable mys - ter - ies,



and be - hold - er of heav - en - ly things, // pray that our



souls be en - light - ened!

Tone 8

Sticheron 4

Hav-ing seen the longed-for God in the flesh, walk-ing

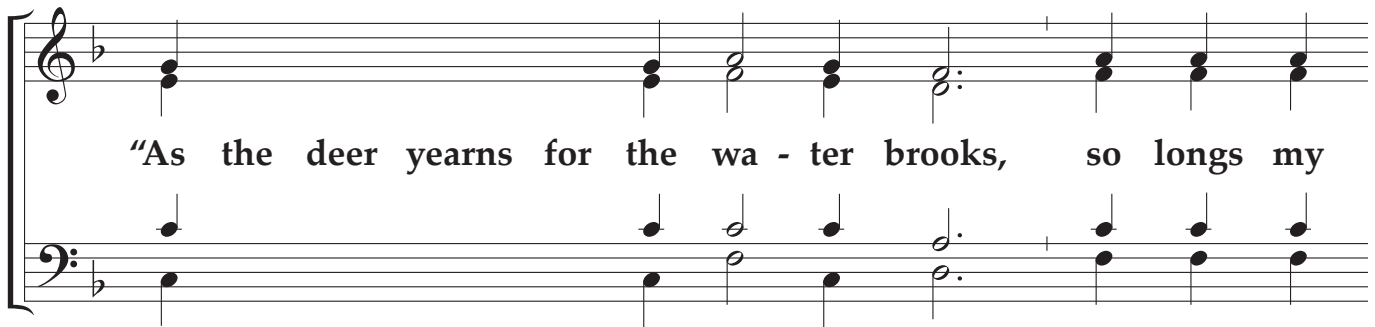
up-on the earth, O God-seer and first-called

An-drew, with joy you called out to your broth-

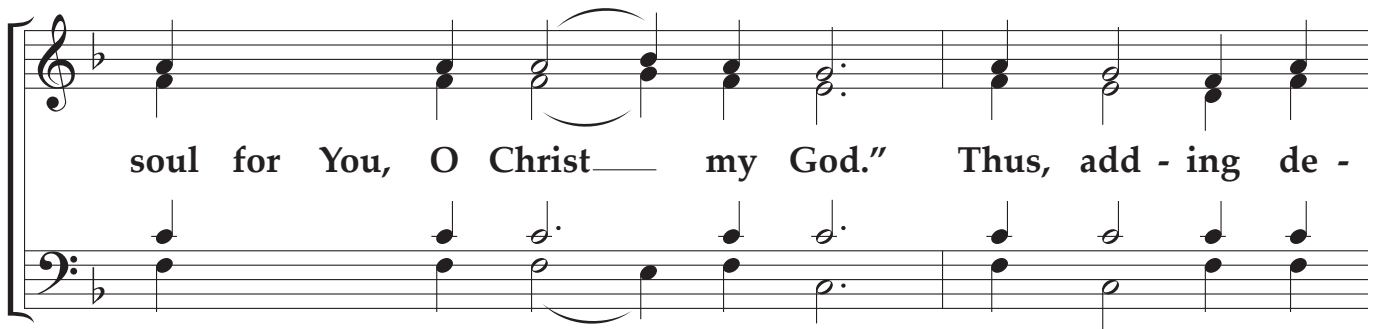
er, "O Simon, we have found the One Whom we de-sired!"

But to the Savior you cried out like Da-vid:

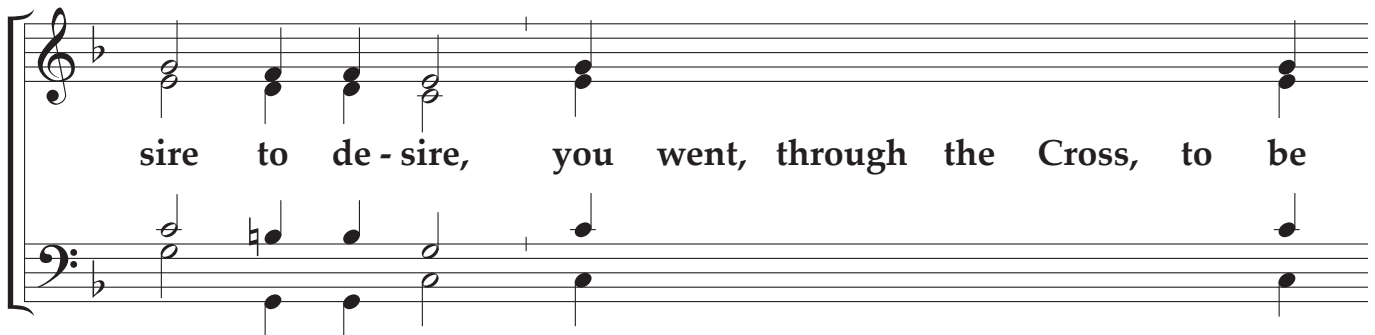
["As the deer yearns . . ."]



"As the deer yearns for the wa - ter brooks, so longs my



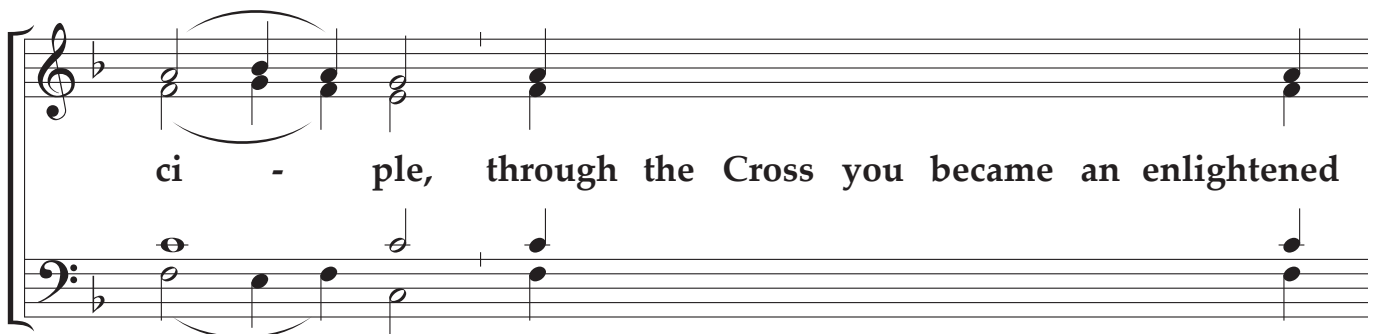
soul for You, O Christ — my God." Thus, add - ing de -



sire to de - sire, you went, through the Cross, to be



with Him, Whom you de - sired. And, as a true dis -



ci - ple, through the Cross you became an enlightened

[emulator of the Pass-ion,]

em - u - la - tor of His Pas - sion. Therefore, having become a

sharer of His glo - ry, // pray earnestly on be -

half of our souls!