Let us joyfully sing the praises of Chrysostom, the golden<br>trumpet, the divinely-inspired organ, the inexhaustible sea of<br>doctrine, the pillar of the Church, the heavenly mind, the<br>abyss of wisdom, the gilded vase. He pours forth sweet streams

Stichera at “Lord, I Call”
Translation of the Relics of St. John Chrysostom - January 27

Tone 4
Sticheron 1

Common Chant
arr. from L’vov/Bakhmetev

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of dogma like honey // for the refreshment of the world.

Let us worthily honor John Chrysostom: he is the ever-shining star, illuminating all nations with the rays of true teaching.

He is the preacher of repentance; the golden sponge wiping away the despair of sadness. His words are a refreshing
dew // reviving hearts that are worn by sin.

With joyful hymns let us praise Chrysostom, an earthly angel and a heavenly man! He is a sweet and well-tuned harp, a treasury of virtues; an immovable rock, a model of the faithful, an imitator of the martyrs, a dweller with the holy Angels, //
and a companion of the Apostles.

Let us form a sacred chorus, for the golden crown of the Church of Christ comes today in royal glory from Comana to the imperial city! In his return he shines with the radiance from on high; he leads the faithful into the spiritual kingdom.
and unites all to the King. Therefore let us cry aloud: “O Father of golden name, divine and golden Chrysostom, // entreat Him to save and enlighten our souls!”

As the radiant sky of the Church descends towards the west, O Chrysostom, you underwent a most cruel imprisonment; but now...
you rejoice and shine as an unsetting sun upon creation. You warm it, adorned with the stars of miracles, O wise one; you bear Christ, Who outshines the sun in His form. He now enlightens your return. Therefore we cry aloud: “O all-wise and most radiant golden mouth of radiant preaching, // entreat Him to save and enlighten our souls!”
Heaven and Angels now join the chorus, and the assemblies of men rejoice with creation, for he who is on earth points the way to see all with heavenly thoughts. By the divine ladder of his honorable words, he ascends on high by divinely trodden rungs. Like a new Jacob, he points out God's Angels...
who now rejoice in his translation. Therefore we cry aloud:

“O most blessed one of golden preaching, converser with the bodiless Angels, en-treat God that our souls may be saved!”