Soprano
Alto
Tenor
Bass

The Lord’s praises were always on your lips, O holy Father John.

With deep wisdom you searched the Scriptures, which teach us

to deny ourselves. You became rich in the blessings of grace,

overthrowing the craftiness of the devil.
You washed your soul in a fountain of tears, O most glorious Father.

John. You kept vigil for God and gained His mercy.

Upborne on the wings of prayer, you flew to divine love and beauty. Now, together with your fellow soldiers, O holy one, you dwell in His spiritual light and unending joy.
On the wings of faith you raised your mind to God, O holy Father

Hat-ing the world’s con-fu-sion and van-i-ty, you took

up your cross and followed Him—who sees all things. You submitted

your rebellious flesh to His guid-ance, through the dis-ci-plane of

self-de-nial, // by the power of the Ho-ly Spir-it.
O holy Father, hearing the Lord's voice in the Gospel,

you spurned the riches and glory of the world. You cry out

to all: "Love God and find eternal grace! Set nothing

higher than His love; thus, you will find rest with all the saints,
when He comes in glory!" // Through His prayers guard and save our souls, O Christ!