Rejoice, O holy Father Tikhon, who loved your flock of sheep more than life itself, who laid down your life for God’s Church and the people of God, to whom you cried in anguish from the depths of your soul: “My heart burns with pity even...”
un-to death. Turn away from your sins, and cleanse yourselves, O brothers, that, together, we may pray to the Lord:

‘Our Father, forgive us our trespasses!’"

vs. Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit.

Rejoice, O holy Father Tikhon, who gathered around yourself a new host of warriors in Christ, whom you instructed in

Soprano

Alto

Tenor

Bass
faith and love to defeat the enemy through meekness and to acquire the Grace of God through humility. Be our invincible leader! We pray to you, our beloved pastor: “Do not ever abandon us, your faithful flock!”

vs. Now and ever, and unto ages of ages. Amen.

Most precious Virgin, you are the gate, the temple,
the palace, the throne of the King. From you, my Redeemer, Christ
From you, my Redeemer, Christ
the Lord, appeared to those asleep in darkness. He is the Sun of
righteousness, Who desired to enlighten His image, whom He
had created. Since you possess motherly boldness before Him, O
all praised Lady, pray unceasingly that our souls may be saved!