



AKATHIST OF THANKSGIVING

Glory to God for All Things

This Akathist was found among the effects of Protopresbyter Gregory Petrov upon his death in a prison camp in 1940. The title is taken from the words of Saint John Chrysostom as he was dying in exile. It is a song of praise from amidst the most terrible suffering.

Thanksgiving and Prayer as a celebration is understood perhaps best by one from whom all beauty is seemingly denied; a song of praise from amidst suffering.

Glory to God for all things!

Through the prayers of our Holy Fathers, O Lord Jesus Christ our God, have mercy on us. Amen.

Glory to You, our God, glory to You.

O Heavenly King

O Heavenly King, Comforter, Spirit of Truth, everywhere present and filling all things, Treasury of blessings and Source of Life, come and abide in us, cleanse us of every impurity, and save our souls, O Good One.

Trisagion

Holy God, Holy Mighty, Holy Immortal, have mercy on us. (3X)

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit, both now and forever, and unto the ages of ages. Amen.

O Most Holy Trinity, have mercy on us. O Lord, blot out our sins; O Master, pardon our transgressions; O Holy One, visit and heal our infirmities, for Your name's sake.

Lord, have mercy. (3X)

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit, both now and forever, and unto the ages of ages. Amen.

Our Father, Who art in the heavens, hallowed be Thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. trespasses against us. Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from the evil one.

Lord, have mercy. (12X)

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit, both now and ever, and unto the ages of ages. Amen.

O Come, let us worship God, our King. (*Bow*)

O Come, let us worship and fall down before Christ, our King and God. (*Bow*)

O Come, let us worship and fall down before Christ himself, our King and God.
(*Bow*)

Psalm 50

Have mercy upon me, O God, according to Thy great mercy: according to the multitude of Thy tender mercies blot out mine iniquity. Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity and cleanse me from my sin. For I acknowledge mine iniquity and my sin is ever before me. Against Thee only have I sinned and done evil in Thy sight: that Thou mightest be justified in Thy words, and prevail when Thou art judged. For behold, I was shapen in iniquity and in sin did my mother conceive me. For behold, Thou hast loved truth: the unclear and hidden things of Thy wisdom Thou hast made clear to me. Thou shalt sprinkle me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: Thou shalt wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. Thou shalt make me to hear joy and gladness: the bones which Thou hast broken shall rejoice. Turn away Thy face from my sins, and blot out all my iniquities. Create in me a clean heart, O God: and renew a right spirit within me. Cast me not away from Thy presence and take not Thy Holy Spirit from me. Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation and steady me with a guiding spirit. Then will I teach transgressors Thy ways and the impious shall be converted unto Thee. Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, Thou God of my salvation and my tongue shall sing aloud of Thy righteousness. O Lord, open Thou my lips and my mouth shall declare Thy praise. For hadst Thou desired sacrifice, I would have given it Thee: Thou delightest not in burnt offerings. Sacrifices to God are a contrite spirit: a contrite and humble heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise. Do good, O Lord, in Thy good will unto Zion that the walls of Jerusalem may be built up. Then shalt Thou be pleased with the sacrifice of righteousness, with burnt offering and whole burnt offerings: then shall they offer bullocks upon Thine altar.

The Symbol of the Orthodox Faith

I believe in one God, the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible. And in one Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Only-begotten, begotten of the Father before all ages; Light of Light; true God of true God; begotten, not made; of one essence with the Father, by Whom all things were made; Who for us men, and for our salvation, came down from heaven, and was incarnate of the Holy Spirit and the Virgin Mary, and became man; And was crucified for us under Pontius Pilate, and suffered, and was buried; On the third day He arose again according to the Scriptures; And ascended into heaven, and sits at the right hand of the Father; And shall come again with glory to judge the living and the dead; Whose kingdom shall have no end. And in the Holy Spirit, the Lord, the Giver of Life; Who proceeds from the Father; Who with the Father and the Son together is worshipped and glorified; Who spoke by the prophets. In One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church. I acknowledge one baptism for the remission of sins. I look for the resurrection of the dead, And the life of the world to come. Amen.

KONTAKION 1

Everlasting King, Your will for our salvation is full of power. Your right arm controls the whole course of human life. We give You thanks for all Your mercies, seen and unseen. For eternal life, for the heavenly joys of the Kingdom which is to be. Grant mercy to us who sing Your praise, both now and in the time to come. Glory to You, O God, from age to age.

IKOS 1

I was born a weak, defenseless child, but Your angel spread his wings over my cradle to defend me. From birth until now Your love has illumined my path, and has wondrously guided me towards the light of eternity; from birth until now the generous gifts of Your providence have been marvelously showered upon me. I give You thanks, with all who have come to know You, who call upon Your name.

Glory to Thee for calling me into being

Glory to Thee, showing me the beauty of the universe

Glory to Thee, spreading out before me heaven and earth
Like the pages in a book of eternal wisdom
Glory to Thee for Thy eternity in this fleeting world
Glory to Thee for Thy mercies, seen and unseen
Glory to Thee through every sigh of my sorrow
Glory to Thee for every step of my life's journey, for every moment of glory
Glory to Thee, O God, from age to age!

KONTAKION 2

O Lord, how lovely it is to be Your guest. Breeze full of scents; mountains reaching to the skies; waters like boundless mirrors, reflecting the sun's golden rays and the scudding clouds. All nature murmurs mysteriously, breathing the depth of tenderness. Birds and beasts of the forest bear the imprint of Your love. Blessed are you, mother earth, in thy fleeting loveliness, which wakens our yearning for happiness that will last forever, in the land where, amid beauty that grows not old, the cry rings out: Alleluia!

IKOS 2

You have brought me into life as into an enchanted paradise. We have seen the sky like a chalice of deepest blue, where in the azure heights the birds are singing. We have listened to the soothing murmur of the forest and the melodious music of the streams. We have tasted fruit of fine flavor and the sweet-scented honey. We can live very well on Your earth. It is a pleasure to be Your guest.

Glory to Thee for the feast day of life
Glory to Thee for the perfume of lilies and roses
Glory to Thee for each different taste of berry and fruit

Glory to Thee for the sparkling silver of early morning dew

Glory to Thee for the joy of dawn's awakening

Glory to Thee for the new life each day brings

Glory to Thee, O God, from age to age!

KONTAKION 3

It is the Holy Spirit who makes us find joy in each flower, the exquisite scent, the delicate color, the beauty of the Most High in the tiniest of things. Glory and honor to the Spirit, the Giver of Life, who covers the fields with their carpet of flowers, crowns the harvest with gold, and gives to us the joy of gazing at it with our eyes. O be joyful and sing to Him: Alleluia!

IKOS 3

How glorious are You in the springtime, when every creature awakes to new life and joyfully sings Your praises with a thousand tongues. You are the Source of Life, the Destroyer of Death. By the light of the moon, nightingales sing, and the valleys and hills lie like wedding garments, white as snow. All the earth is Your promised bride awaiting her spotless husband. If the grass of the field is like this, how gloriously shall we be transfigured in the Second Coming after the Resurrection! How splendid our bodies, how spotless our souls!

Glory to Thee, bringing from the depth of the earth an endless variety of colors, tastes and scents

Glory to Thee for the warmth and tenderness of the world of nature

Glory to Thee for the numberless creatures around us

Glory to Thee for the depths of Thy wisdom, the whole world a living sign of it

Glory to Thee; on my knees, I kiss the traces of Thine unseen hand

Glory to Thee, enlightening us with the clearness of eternal life

Glory to Thee for the hope of the unutterable, imperishable beauty of immortality

Glory to Thee, O God, from age to age!

KONTAKION 4

How filled with sweetness are those whose thoughts dwell on You; how life-giving Your holy Word. To speak with You is more soothing than anointing with oil; sweeter than the honeycomb. To pray to You lifts the spirit, refreshes the soul. Where You are not, there is only emptiness; hearts are smitten with sadness; nature, and life itself, become sorrowful; where You are, the soul is filled with abundance, and its song resounds like a torrent of life: Alleluia!

IKOS 4

When the sun is setting, when quietness falls like the peace of eternal sleep, and the silence of the spent day reigns, then in the splendor of its declining rays, filtering through the clouds, I see Your dwelling-place: fiery and purple, gold and blue, they speak prophet-like of the ineffable beauty of Your presence, and call to us in their majesty. We turn to the Father.

Glory to Thee at the hushed hour of nightfall

Glory to Thee, covering the earth with peace

Glory to Thee for the last ray of the sun as it sets

Glory to Thee for sleep's repose that restores us

Glory to Thee for Your goodness even in the time of darkness when all the world is hidden from our eyes

Glory to Thee for the prayers offered by a trembling soul

Glory to Thee for the pledge of our reawakening

On that glorious last day which has no evening

Glory to Thee, O God, from age to age!

KONTAKION 5

The dark storm clouds of life bring no terror to those in whose hearts Your fire is burning brightly. Outside is the darkness of the whirlwind, the terror and howling of the storm, but in the heart, in the presence of Christ, there is light and peace, silence: Alleluia!

IKOS 5

I see Your heavens resplendent with stars. How glorious are You radiant with light! Eternity watches me by the rays of the distant stars. I am small, insignificant, but the Lord is at my side. Your right arm guides me wherever I go.

Glory to Thee, ceaselessly watching over me

Glory to Thee for the encounters Thou dost arrange for me

Glory to Thee for the love of parents, for the faithfulness of friends

Glory to Thee for the humbleness of the animals which serve me

Glory to Thee for the unforgettable moments of life

Glory to Thee for the heart's innocent joy

Glory to Thee for the joy of living

Moving and being able to return Thy love

Glory to Thee, O God, from age to age!

KONTAKION 6

How great and how close are You in the powerful track of the storm! How mighty Your right arm in the blinding flash of the lightning! How awesome Your majesty! The voice of the Lord fills the fields, it speaks in the rustling of the trees. The voice of the Lord is in the thunder and the downpour. The voice of the Lord is heard above the waters. Praise be to You in the roar of mountains ablaze. You shake the earth like a garment; You pile up to the sky the waves of the sea. Praise be to You, bringing low the pride of man. You bring from his heart a cry of Penitence: Alleluia!

IKOS 6

When the lightning flash has lit up the camp dining hall, how feeble seems the light from the lamp. Thus You, like the lightning, unexpectedly light up my heart with flashes of intense joy. After Your blinding light, how drab, how colorless, how illusory all else seems. My soul clings to You.

Glory to Thee, the highest peak of men's dreaming
Glory to Thee for our unquenchable thirst for communion with God
Glory to Thee, making us dissatisfied with earthly things
Glory to Thee, turning on us Thy healing rays
Glory to Thee, subduing the power of the spirits of darkness
And dooming to death every evil
Glory to Thee for the signs of Thy presence
For the joy of hearing Thy voice and living in Thy love
Glory to Thee, O God, from age to age!

KONTAKION 7

In the wondrous blending of sounds it is Your call we hear; in the harmony of many voices, in the sublime beauty of music, in the glory of the works of great composers: You lead us to the threshold of paradise to come, and to the choirs of angels. All true beauty has the power to draw the soul towards You, and to make it sing in ecstasy: Alleluia!

IKOS 7

The breath of Your Holy Spirit inspires artists, poets and scientists. The power of Your supreme knowledge makes them prophets and interpreters of Your laws, who reveal the depths of Your creative wisdom. Their works speak unwittingly of You. How great are You in Your creation! How great are You in man!

Glory to Thee, showing Thy unsurpassable power in the laws of the universe
Glory to Thee, for all nature is filled with Thy laws
Glory to Thee for what Thou have revealed to us in Thy mercy
Glory to Thee for what Thou hast hidden from us in Thy wisdom
Glory to Thee for the inventiveness of the human mind

Glory to Thee for the dignity of man's labor

Glory to Thee for the tongues of fire that bring inspiration

Glory to Thee, O God, from age to age!

KONTAKION 8

How near You are in the day of sickness. You visit the sick; You bend over the sufferer's bed. His heart speaks to You. In the throes of sorrow and suffering You bring peace and unexpected consolation. You are the comforter. You are the love which watches over and heals us. To You we sing the song: Alleluia!

IKOS 8

When in childhood I called upon You consciously for the first time, You heard my prayer, and You filled my heart with the blessing of peace. At that moment I knew Your goodness and knew how blessed are those who turn to You. I started to call upon You night and day; and now even now I call upon Your name.

Glory to Thee, satisfying my desires with good things

Glory to Thee, watching over me day and night

Glory to Thee, curing affliction and emptiness

With the healing flow of time

Glory to Thee, no loss is irreparable in Thee, Giver of eternal life to all

Glory to Thee, making immortal all that is lofty and good

Glory to Thee, promising us the longed-for meeting

With our loved ones who have died

Glory to Thee, O God, from age to age!

KONTAKION 9

Why is it that on a Feast Day the whole of nature mysteriously smiles? Why is it that then a heavenly gladness fills our hearts; a gladness far beyond that of earth and the very air in church and in the altar becomes luminous? It is the breath of Your gracious love. It is the reflection of the glory of Mount Tabor. Then do heaven and earth sing Your praise: Alleluia!

IKOS 9

When You didst call me to serve my brothers and filled my soul with humility, one of Your deep, piercing rays shone into my heart; it became luminous, full of light like iron glowing in the furnace. I have seen Your face, face of mystery and of unapproachable glory.

Glory to Thee, transfiguring our lives with deeds of love

Glory to Thee, making wonderfully sweet the keeping of Thy commandments

Glory to Thee, making Thyself known where man shows mercy on his neighbor

Glory to Thee, sending us failure and misfortune, that we may understand the sorrows of others

Glory to Thee, rewarding us so well for the good we do

Glory to Thee, welcoming the impulse of our heart's love

Glory to Thee, raising to the heights of heaven

Every act of love in earth and sky

Glory to Thee, O God, from age to age!

KONTAKION 10

No one can put together what has crumbled into dust, but You can restore a conscience turned to ashes. You can restore to its former beauty a soul lost and without hope. With You, there is nothing that cannot be redeemed. You are love; You are Creator and Redeemer. We praise You, singing: Alleluia!

IKOS 10

Remember, my God, the fall of Lucifer full of pride, keep me safe with the power of Your Grace; save me from falling away from You. Save me from doubt. Incline my heart to hear Your mysterious voice every moment of my life. Incline my heart to call upon You, present in everything.

Glory to Thee for every happening

Every condition Thy providence has put me in

Glory to Thee for what Thou speakest to me in my heart

Glory to Thee for what Thou reveal to me, asleep or awake

Glory to Thee for scattering our vain imaginations

Glory to Thee for raising us from the slough of our passions through suffering
"slew"

Glory to Thee for curing our pride of heart by humiliation

Glory to Thee, O God, from age to age!

KONTAKION 11

Across the cold chains of the centuries, I feel the warmth of Your breath, I feel Your blood pulsing in my veins. Part of time has already gone, but now You are the present. I stand by Your Cross; I was the cause of it. I cast myself down in the dust before it. Here is the triumph of love, the victory of salvation. Here the centuries themselves cannot remain silent, singing Your praises: Alleluia!

IKOS 11

Blessed are they that will share in the King's Banquet: but already on earth You give me a foretaste of this blessedness. How many times with Your own hand have You held out to me Your Body and Your Blood, and I, though a miserable sinner, have received this Mystery, and have tasted Your love, so ineffable, so heavenly.

Glory to Thee for the unquenchable fire of Thy Grace

Glory to Thee, building Thy Church, a haven of peace in a tortured world

Glory to Thee for the life-giving water of Baptism

In which we find new birth

Glory to Thee, restoring to the penitent purity white as the lily

Glory to Thee for the cup of salvation

And the bread of eternal joy

Glory to Thee for exalting us to the highest heaven

Glory to Thee, O God, from age to age!

KONTAKION 12

How often have I seen the reflection of Your glory in the faces of the dead. How resplendent they were, with beauty and heavenly joy. How ethereal, how translucent their faces. How triumphant over suffering and death, their felicity and peace. Even in the silence they were calling upon You. In the hour of my death, enlighten my soul, too, that it may cry out to You: Alleluia!

IKOS 12

What sort of praise can I give You? I have never heard the song of the Cherubim, a joy reserved for the spirits above. But I know the praises that nature sings to You. In winter, I have beheld how silently in the moonlight the whole earth offers You prayer, clad in its white mantle of snow, sparkling like diamonds. I have seen how the rising sun rejoices in You, how the song of the birds is a chorus of praise to You. I have heard the mysterious mutterings of the forests about You, and the winds singing Your praise as they stir the waters. I have understood how the choirs of stars proclaim Your glory as they move forever in the depths of infinite space. What is my poor worship! All nature obeys You, I do not. Yet while I live, I see Your love, I long to thank You, and call upon Your name.

Glory to Thee, giving us light

Glory to Thee, loving us with love so deep, divine and infinite

Glory to Thee, blessing us with light,

And with the host of angels and saints

Glory to Thee, Father all-holy,

Promising us a share in Your Kingdom

Glory to Thee, Holy Spirit, life-giving Sun of the world to come

Glory to Thee for all things, Holy and most merciful Trinity

Glory to Thee, O God, from age to age!

KONTAKION 13

Life-giving and merciful Trinity, receive my thanksgiving for all Your goodness. Make us worthy of Your blessings, so that, when we have brought to fruit the talents You have entrusted to us, we may enter into the joy of our Lord, forever exulting in the shout of victory: Alleluia! (*Repeat 3x*)

IKOS 1

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Like the pages in a book of eternal wisdom

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It Is Truly Meet

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Soprano
Alto

Tenor
Bass

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It Is Truly Meet

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Through the prayers of our holy fathers, O Lord Jesus Christ, our God, have mercy on us. Amen.

Many Years - OCA Diocese of the South

If there is no Bishop present

Common Chant

His Beatitude the Most Bless - ed Ti - - - khon,

2
Archbishop of Washington, Metropolitan of all America and Can - a - da,

3
His Eminence the Most Reverend Al - ex - an - - - der,

Archbishop of Dal-las and the South, This God protected land, all civil-authorities, and all

Or - tho - dox Christ - ians, Preserve O Lord, for ma - ny years.