

## Proper verses at vespers: All Saints of Britain

*At Lord, I have cried... four verses of the Sunday, then of the Saints:*

*Tone 1:*

Come, let us praise the Saints of Britain:  
holy Monks and Nuns, Hierarchs and Princes,  
Martyrs, Hieromartyrs and Wonderworkers,  
both named and unnamed.  
For by their deeds and words and various gifts,  
they became truly holy,  
and God has glorified even their tombs with miracles.  
And now as they stand in the presence of Christ Who glorified them,  
they pray earnestly for us who with love celebrate their radiant feast.

*Tone 2:*

With beautiful chanting  
let us praise the divinely wise holy Hierarchs of Britain,  
bright adornment of the Church of Christ,  
crowns of the priesthood,  
models of piety,  
unfailing sources of divine healing,  
channels of spiritual gifts,  
rivers abundant in miracles gladdening the land of Britain with their  
flow,  
fervent helpers of pious Christians,  
for whose sake Christ subdued the uprisings of enemies  
and bestoweth on us great mercy.

*Tone 8:*

Earth exulteth and heaven rejoiceth,  
O holy monastic Fathers,  
as we praise your labours and spiritual struggles,  
your moral courage and purity of mind,  
for ye were not defeated by the law of carnal nature.  
O holy company and divine army,  
ye are truly the strength of our land.

*Same tone:*

Blessed, divinely-wise Princes of Britain,  
shining with Orthodox wisdom  
and radiant with the brightness of the virtues,  
ye illumine the gatherings of the faithful  
and dispel the darkness of the demons.  
Therefore we honour you as partakers of unfailing grace  
and untiring guardians of your inheritance.

Most blessed Martyrs of Christ,  
ye gave yourselves up as voluntary sacrifices,  
and have sanctified the land of Britain with your blood,  
and illumined the air by your death.  
And now ye live in the heavens in the unwaning Light,  
ever praying for us, O seers of God.

Ye enlightened the hearts of the faithful with your virtues,  
O righteous Martyr-Kings of Britain.  
For who will not be amazed  
on hearing of your infinite patience and humility,  
your meekness and gentleness to all,  
your mercifulness to those in sorrow and suffering,  
your speedy help to those in trouble,  
the calm haven you were to those at sea,  
and Godspeed to travellers.  
Ye beautifully anticipated every need, O wonderful Saints.  
And now ye have been crowned with unfading crowns  
by the hand of the Almighty God.  
Pray that our souls may be saved.

*Glory... Tone 5:*

Rejoice, wonderworking holy Hierarchs of Britain.  
For ye are the first of all our intercessors with the Lord,  
leaders of Orthodoxy and guides to the true Faith.  
Rejoice, every place and land and city  
that has reared citizens for the heavenly Kingdom.  
These Saints have appeared as lights for our souls,

they have shone spiritually  
with the glow of miracles and works and signs to the ends of the earth,  
and now they pray to Christ for the salvation of our souls.

*Both now... Dogmatikon of the tone*

*Apostikha: Sunday Resurrection and then:*

*Glory... Tone 4:*

As we celebrate today the annual commemoration  
of our holy kinsmen,  
let us worthily bless them.  
For they truly passed through all the Lord's Beatitudes:  
When stripped and poor, they became rich in spirit;  
being meek, they inherited the land of the meek;  
they wept, and were comforted;  
they hungered for justice and righteousness, and were satisfied;  
they showed mercy, and obtained mercy;  
being pure in heart, they saw God as far as it is possible;  
having been peacemakers, they were granted Divine adoption;  
having been tortured and persecuted for the sake of righteousness,  
they now exult and rejoice in heaven;  
and they pray fervently to the Lord to have mercy on our land.

*Both now... Tone 5:*

Let us now blow the trumpet of song,  
let us chant in harmony to the defender of our land,  
our Queen, the Mother of God:  
Rejoice, thou who hast crowned our country from ancient times  
with thy favour and showered thy grace upon it!  
Therefore our British Church  
brightly celebrateth thy most precious Protection  
and the memory of thy miracles.  
Take not thy mercy from us also now, O Lady.  
Look down on our sorrows and afflictions  
and raise us up by thy mighty intercession.