Stichera on "Lord, I have cried" in the 1st tone

- 6 O Fa_ther Euthymius, / an angel of heaven was sent / to announce beforehand the birth of thee / who like John sprang forth from the womb of a bar_ren wo_man; / for thou_ didst show thyself to be an em-u-la-tor of him / and a homeless one who spurned possess_ions, / sharing his way of life, / and, like the Bap_tist, / sustaining thyself in the mountains, // and shining forth in boundless mi-racles.
- 5 O Fa_ther *Euthy*mius / thou didst produce the fruit *of* barrenness / yet wast truly shown to have many children; / for the desert, which before was track_less./ was filled_ with monastics, *thy* spi-ritu-*al* seed. / And now, make thou sup*plica*_tion, // that our souls be granted peace and great mer_cy.

Stichera on "Lord, I have cried" in the 1st tone

4 O Fa_ther *Eu*thymius / thy life *was* excellent / and thy faith truly Orthodox; / for, through ac-ti-vi-ty / thou_ didst attain unto the most exalted vi_sion, / becoming an abode *of* wis_dom, / worshipping Christ in two natures / as One of the Tri-ni-ty. // Him do thou beseech in behalf of our souls.

On "Lord, I have cried" "Glory" in the 3rd tone

Dedicated to God, like another **Sa**_mu-el, / from thy **mo**ther's womb, O father *Eu*thy-mi-us / **Thou** wast the namesake of good courage for *the* **faith_.**_ful, / the **staff** and confirmation of *mo*nas_tics, / and the **pure** habitation of the Holy **Spi_.**_rit. // Ask thou great mercy for **us_.**_ who ho-nor thee.

"Glory" on the Aposticha in the 5th tone

O **ve**ner*ab*le **fa**ther, / thou gavest *no* **sleep** *to* thine eyes, / nor **slum**ber to *thine* **eye_._.** _lids, / until **thou** didst free soul and body *from* the **pas**sions, / and didst prepare thyself as a dwelling-place for *the* **Spi**rit; / for **Christ**, coming with *the* **Fa_._.** _ther, / **made** *His* a**bode** within thee. / In that thou art a favorite of the consubstan*tial* **Tri**nity, / O Eu**thy**mius our father, thou *great* **preach_._.** _er, // pray in be**half_** of *our_* souls.

Troparion in the 4th tone

Rejoice, O desert who hast not **giv**en birth! / Be of good cheer, thou who hast not felt the **pangs** of travail! / For the man of **spi**ritual desires / hath multiplied children for thee, planting them with **pi**-e-ty / and nurturing them with **ab**stinence / unto the perfection of the **vir**tues. // By his prayers, O Christ God, bring **peace** our life.

Kontakion in the 8th tone

Cre-a-tion found joy in thine ho-nored na-ti-vity / and in thy di-vine me-mo-ry, O ve-ne-ra-ble one, / re-ceiv-ing the good cheer of thy ma-ny mira-cles. / Give rich-ly of them to our souls, and wash away the de-file-ment of our sins, // that we may chant: Al-le-lu-i-a.