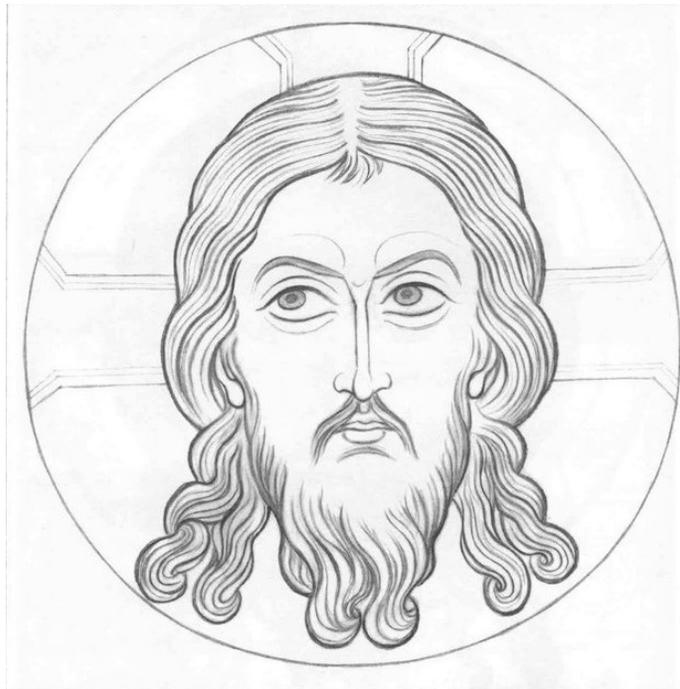


The Akathist Hymn: “Glory to God for All Things” or the Akathist of Thanksgiving



This Akathist, also called the “Akathist of Thanksgiving,” was composed Orthodox Russian clergy in the GULag. The title “Glory to God for all things” is from the famous words of Saint John Chrysostom as he was dying in exile. It is a song of praise from amidst the most terrible sufferings. It was once thought to have been composed by Protopresbyter Gregory Petrov shortly before his death in a prison camp, but it is now thought that the Akathist was composed by Metropolitan Tryphon of Dmitrov (in the world, Boris Petrovich Turkestanov), and found in the effects of Fr. Gregory Petrov after his death in 1942.

Kontakion 1

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

Ikos 1

I was born a weak, defenseless child, but Thine angel spread his wings over my cradle to defend me. From birth until now Thy love has illumined my path, and has wondrously guided me towards the light of eternity; from birth until now the generous gifts of Thy providence have been marvelously showered upon me. I give Thee thanks, with all who have come to know Thee, who call upon Thy 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 Thine 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 Thy 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 Thy love. Blessed is mother earth, with her fleeting loveliness, which wakens our yearning for happiness that will last for ever, in the land where, amid beauty that grows not old, the cry rings out: Alleluia!

Ikos 2

Thou hast 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 flavour and the sweet-scented honey. We can live very well on Thine earth. It is a pleasure to be Thy 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 art Thou in the springtime, when every creature awakes to new life and joyfully sings Thy praises with a thousand tongues. Thou art 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 Thy 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 Thee; how life-giving Thy holy Word. To speak with Thee is more soothing than anointing with oil; sweeter than the honeycomb. To pray to Thee lifts the spirit, refreshes the soul. Where Thou art not, there is only emptiness; hearts are smitten with sadness; nature, and life itself, become sorrowful; where Thou art, 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 Thy dwelling-place: fiery and purple, gold and blue, they speak prophet-like of the ineffable beauty of Thy 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 Thy 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, that 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 Thy 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 Thine heavens resplendent with stars. How glorious art Thou radiant with light!
Eternity watches me by the rays of the distant stars. I am small, insignificant, but the Lord is at my side. Thy 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 art Thou in the powerful track of the storm! How mighty Thy right arm in the blinding flash of the lightning! How awesome Thy 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 Thee in the roar of mountains ablaze. Thou dost shake the earth like a garment; Thou dost pile up to the sky the waves of the sea. Praise be to Thee, bringing low the pride of man. Thou dost 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 dost Thou, like the lightning, unexpectedly light up my heart with flashes of intense joy. After Thy blinding light, how drab, how colorless, how illusory all else seems. My souls clings to Thee.
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 Thine 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 Thy call we hear; in the harmony of many voices, in the sublime beauty of music, in the glory of the works of great composers: Thou leadest 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 Thee, and to make it sing in ecstasy: Alleluia!

Ikos 7

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

Glory to Thee, showing Thine 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 hast 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 Thou art in the day of sickness. Thou Thyself visitest the sick; Thou Thyself bendest over the sufferer's bed. His heart speaks to Thee. In the throes of sorrow and suffering Thou bringest peace and unexpected consolation. Thou art the comforter. Thou art the love which watches over and heals us. To Thee we sing the song: Alleluia!

Ikos 8

When in childhood I called upon Thee consciously for the first time, Thou didst hear my prayer, and Thou didst fill my heart with the blessing of peace. At that moment I knew Thy goodness and knew how blessed are those who turn to Thee. I started to call upon Thee night and day; and now even now I call upon Thy 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 Thy gracious love. It is the reflection of the glory of Mount Tabor. Then do heaven and earth sing Thy praise: Alleluia!

Ikos 9

When Thou didst call me to serve my brothers and filled my soul with humility, one of Thy deep, piercing rays shone into my heart; it became luminous, full of light like iron glowing in the furnace. I have seen Thy 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 Thou canst restore a conscience turned to ashes. Thou canst restore to its former beauty a soul lost and without hope. With Thee, there is nothing that cannot be redeemed. Thou art love; Thou art Creator and Redeemer. We praise Thee, singing: Alleluia!

Ikos 10

O my God, knowing the fall of Lucifer full of pride, keep me safe with the power of Thy Grace; save me from falling away from Thee. Save me from doubt. Incline my heart to hear Thy mysterious voice every moment of my life. Incline my heart to call upon Thee, 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 revealest 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.

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 Thy breath, I feel Thy blood pulsing in my veins. Part of time has already gone, but now Thou art the present. I stand by Thy 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 Thy praises: Alleluia!

Ikos 11

Blessed are they that will share in the King's Banquet: but already on earth Thou givest me a foretaste of this blessedness. How many times with Thine own hand hast Thou held out to me Thy Body and Thy Blood, and I, though a miserable sinner, have received this Mystery, and have tasted Thy 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 Thy 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 Thee. In the hour of my death, enlighten my soul, too, that it may cry out to Thee: Alleluia!

Ikos 12

What sort of praise can I give Thee? 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 Thee. In winter, I have beheld how silently in the moonlight the whole earth offers Thee prayer, clad in its white mantle of snow, sparkling like diamonds. I have seen how the rising sun rejoices in Thee, how the song of the birds is a chorus of praise to Thee. I have heard the mysterious mutterings of the forests about Thee, and the winds singing Thy praise as they stir the waters. I have understood how the choirs of stars proclaim Thy glory as they move forever in the depths of infinite space. What is my poor worship! All nature obeys Thee, I do not. Yet while I live, I see Thy love, I long to thank Thee, and call upon Thy 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 Thy Kingdom.
Glory to Thee, O Son and Redeemer, who hast shown us the path to salvation.
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.

We sing Kontakion 13 three times:

Kontakion 13

O All-good and Life-giving Trinity! Receive this thanksgiving for all Thy goodness. Make us worthy of Thy blessings, so that, when we have brought to fruit the talents Thou hast entrusted to us, we may enter into the joy of our Lord, forever exulting in the shout of victory: Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

Then we sing again Ikos 1, and then Kontakion 1:

Ikos 1

I was born a weak, defenseless child, but Thine angel spread his wings over my cradle to defend me. From birth until now Thy love has illumined my path, and has wondrously guided me towards the light of eternity; from birth until now the generous gifts of Thy providence have been marvelously showered upon me. I give Thee thanks, with all who have come to know Thee, who call upon Thy 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 Thine 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 1

O Everlasting King,

Thy will for our salvation is full of power.

Thy right arm controls the whole course of human life.

We give Thee thanks for all Thy mercies, seen and unseen,

for eternal life, for the heavenly joys of the Kingdom which is to be.

Grant mercy to us who sing Thy praise, both now and in the time to come.

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