

The 17th Day of August
Afterfeast of the Dormition of the Most Holy Theotokos; Holy
Martyr Myron.

Vespers

At “Lord, I call...,” 6 stichera,

3 stichera of the Feast, in Tone 4: *To the melody, “Called from on high....”*

Having conceived Life itself, O Theotokos, /
Thou dost depart this life in accord with nature /
Passing over from the earth to heaven /
At the command of the Incarnate One /
Who took flesh from thine All-holy and most pure body. /
And, there came from all the ends of the earth, /
The divine heralds, the apostles, to bury thee, /
And in song they praised thee: /
Rejoice, O living throne of the King of all; /
Rejoice, thou precious ark of His Holiness; ///
Rejoice, thou who alone gavest birth to the Savior of our souls.

When the holy disciples of the Savior, /
The companions of the Light divine,
Those shining stars who dispelled the darkness of idolatry /
Learned through the Holy Spirit, /
That thou, the divine cloud, from which shone forth the Never-setting Sun, /
Had been translated from the earth into the realm of joy, /
On swift clouds they arrived to bury thee /
And with songs of parting they brought thee to the life-bearing tomb, ///
Our hope and Lady Theotokos.

Let all creation prayerfully celebrate /
The coming of the Queen of all /
To the spiritual kingdom of heaven /
To reign together with the King of Creation. /
For through her hath the kingdom of Hades been destroyed, /
Making us able to ascend from the earth to dwell with the angels; /
And through her dormition hath all the patriarchs and prophets, /
All the martyrs and apostles ///
And all creation been mystically gathered together.

And 3 stichera of the Saint, in Tone 2: *To the melody, “Down from the Tree....”*

When the godless were invading and burning the lands /
 Thou wast set afire with the fervor of the Spirit, O blessèd one, /
 And didst preach the Word, who in His goodness /
 Wrapped Himself in flesh taken from the Virgin maiden divine; /
 Thou didst endure cruel torture, fire and torments ///
 Strengthened by the power of grace.

When the wicked enemy sought to temp thee /
 And sway thee away from thy path /
 Then, courageously, didst thou defy him /
 Suffering the pain and torments which brought thee to thy peaceful rest /
 In the heavenly Kingdom of everlasting joy, ///
 O Myron, thou brave and glorious martyr.

When the enemy cruelly whipped and flogged thee /
 Stripping into tatters thy hallowed flesh /
 Thou didst gaze upon Christ, Himself the model of suffering, /
 As He stretched forth His hand of divine strength to thee, /
 And straightway thou didst finish thy course ///
 Receiving great honors, O Myron, thou brave and glorious martyr.

Glory..., now and ever..., Theotokion, in Tone 2: To the usual melody

She who is higher than the heavens, /
 And more glorious than the cherubīm, /
 She who is held in greater honor than all creation, /
 She who by reason of her surpassing purity /
 Became the receiver of the everlasting Essence, /
 Today commends her most pure soul into the hands of her Son. /
 With her all things are filled with joy ///
 And she bestows great mercy on us.

At the Aposticha, these stichera of the Feast, in Tone 2: To the melody, "O house of Ephratha...."

Thy precious and God-pleasing body /
 Is accompanied by the divine apostles singing: ///
 Whither goest thou, O Lady?

Verse: Arise, O Lord, into Thy resting place, Thou and the ark of Thy holiness.

Come, all ye people born on earth /
 And let us form a choir today, ///
 And sing hymns at the repose of the Theotokos.

Verse: The Lord hath sworn to David a sure oath and will not change His mind.

The earth is richly bless't /
By thy burial, O Virgin, /
And the air is sanctified by thy wondrous ascent ///
At thy repose in accord with the laws of nature.

Glory..., now and ever..., in the same Tone:

The spotless Bride, /
The Mother of Him in whom the Father was well pleased, /
She who was foreordained by God to be the dwelling place /
Of His union without confusion, /
Delivers today her blameless soul to her Creator and God. /
The spiritual powers receive her with the honors due to God, /
And she who is truly the Mother of Life departs unto life, /
The lamp of the Light which no man can approach, ///
The salvation of the faithful and the hope of our souls.

The (General) Troparion of the Martyr, in Tone 4:

Thy holy martyr Myron, O Lord /
Through his sufferings received his incorruptible crown from Thee, our God /
For having Thy strength he laid low his enemies /
And shattered the powerless boldness of demons ///
Through his intercessions, O Christ God, save our souls. /

Glory..., now and ever.... the Troparion of the Feast, in Tone 1:

In giving birth, thou didst preserve thy virginity, /
In falling asleep thou didst not forsake the world. /
Thou wast translated into life, O Mother of Life, ///
And by thy prayers dost redeem our souls from death.

Matins

At “God is the Lord...” the Troparion of the Feast (twice); Glory..., that of the Saint; Now and ever..., and that of the Feast (once).

The Canon

The Second Canon of the Feast, with 8 Troparia including the Irmos, in Tone 1,
the composition of John of Damascus;

and the Canon of the Saint, with 4 Troparia,
having the acrostic: “I praise thy myrrh-filled grace, O Myron,”
— incomplete as of 7/21/2014

After the Third Ode, the Kontakion of the Saint, in Tone 4: *To the melody, "Having been lifted up...."*

O Myron, worthy of all praise, /
Thou didst long for Christ from thy childhood. /
Thou didst observe His commandments following Him with all thy strength. /
Now together with the angels thou givest Him glory ///
Asking divine mercy for us all.

After the Sixth Ode, the Kontakion of the Feast, in Tone 2:

Neither the tomb nor death could hold the Theotokos, /
Who is constant in prayer and our firm hope in her intercessions; /
For being the Mother of Life, she was translated to life ///
By the One who dwelt in her virginal womb.

RLE 7/26/2014 SDA
8/23/2014 SDA
7/26/2020 SDA
6/5/2023 SDA