

The 22nd Day of March
Holy Hieromartyr Basil of Ancyra.

Vespers

At “Lord, I call...,” 3 stichera, in Tone 4: *To the melody, “Called from on high....”*

Adorned with the garment of priesthood, /
Like an angel bringing sacrifices, thou didst serve the Lord /
Who for our sake revealed Himself to us in the flesh, /
O Basil, namesake of the great hierarch. /
For this thou didst sacrifice thyself like a perfect lamb, /
Becoming thyself a most pure offering /
At the table of oblation in heaven. /
Therefore, with voices of joy, we call thee blessèd, ///
Crying out to thee: “Ceaselessly pray that our souls may be saved.”

Enduring grievous bodily torment, /
Being flayed because of an unrighteous judgment /
Gazing toward an end where there is no suffering, O glorious one, /
And on the honors given those who suffered in a pleasing way,
Thou wast refined like iron in the fire, becoming a tempered sword /
Cutting down the regiments of the enemy. /
Therefore, on this day, all the pious honor thee with songs of praise ///
O valiant and wise martyr Basil, worthy of all praise.

Adorned with divine wounds and bound in chains, /
And forced to walk from city to city, /
Thou didst bind instead the torturers themselves /
For all things were set aright by the procession of thy feet: /
For having just come to Cæsarea /
Thou didst receive thy blessèd repose, /
And ascended to the heavenly city wearing thy crown, /
Where thou standest now before God the King ///
Beseeching Him to save and enlighten our souls.

Glory..., now and ever..., Theotokion, in the same Tone: *(and melody)*

Accursed, I have fallen into the depths of sin /
Because of my despair and laziness. /
Now I am held fast by misery and despondency. /
But do thou help me, cleanse me, and save me, /
Grant unto me thy merciful consolation, O pure one. /

I implore thee, take refuge, and fall down before thee, /
And with faith I cry out to thee: ///
Let not the deceiver gloat over me when the end is come.

Or the Stavrotheotokion, in the same Tone: (*and melody*)

“Lament me not, O Mother, /
Seeing thy Son and God hanging on the tree, /
Who suspended the earth upon the waters /
And fashioned all creation. /
For I shall arise and be glorified, /
And shall crush the kingdom of Hades, /
Destroying all its power, /
In that I am compassionate ///
And the Lover of mankind.”

The General Troparion for a Hieromartyr, in Tone 4: (*None given in the Menaion*)

Like the apostles in character, /
A successor on their throne, O divinely-inspired One /
Through visions thou didst find thy work /
Rightly dividing the word of truth. /
Thou didst suffer for the sake of the faith /
Even to the shedding of thy blood ///
O Hieromartyr Basil, pray to Christ God that our souls may be saved.

Matins

The Canon of the Saint, in Tone 6,

*having the acrostic: “I praise thy suffering, O great martyr,”
the composition of Joseph. — incomplete as of 1/4/2014*

After the Third Kathisma, the Sessional Hymn of the Saint, in Tone 3: *To the melody, “The faith divine....”*

Thou art the beauty of the Church, O glorious martyr, /
The strength of the pious and bane of impiety. /
And for enduring thy pain like a bodiless angel /
Thou wast joined to their ranks, rejoicing, O Basil. ///
Beseech Christ God to grant our souls great mercy.

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

HIEROMARTYR BASIL OF ANCYRA

The Only Lord, /
While not being parted from His divine nature, /
Became flesh in thy womb. /
And being God He became incarnate, /
Preserving thee, as His Mother, yet all-chaste as a Virgin. ///
Earnestly pray that He grant our souls great mercy.

Or the Stavrotheotokion, in the same Tone: (and melody)

When the chaste ewe-lamb and incorrupt Virgin Mother, /
Beheld Him hanging on the Cross /
The One who sprang forth from her womb without giving pain /
She cried out lamenting with a mothers' sorrow: /
“Woe is me, O my Child, /
How dost Thou voluntarily endure suffering /
In Thy desire to save mankind ///
From the passion of impiety.

After the Sixth Ode,

The Kontakion of the Martyr, in Tone 8: To the melody, “O victorious leader...”

Condemned to suffer under the writ of the law /
Thou didst run the race and faithfully kept the Faith; /
Thou wast counted worthy of thy crown, O hieromartyr Basil, /
And wast shown to be an unshakeable pillar of the Church /
By confessing the Son coequal with the unoriginate Father, indivisible in Trinity, /
Whom thou dost entreat that we who honor thee may be delivered from
every calamity, ///
So that we may all cry to thee: Rejoice, O godly-wise father Basil.

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