

The 2nd Day of December
Commemoration of the Holy Prophet Habákkuk.

Vespers

At “Lord, I call...,” 3 stichera, in Tone 4: *To the melody, “As one valiant among the martyrs....”*

The wondrous prophet Habákkuk receiving the shining light of the Holy Spirit, /
Became wholly deified. /
And when he beheld the wickedness of the judges and their unjust judgements /
He was greatly displeased. /
Then in a manner beloved by God, he was filled with fervent zeal, ///
And displayed the righteousness of his Master, Christ.

Standing vigil at the divine watch /
The honorable Habakkuk heard the report /
Of the ineffable mystery of Thy coming to dwell among us, O Christ /
And he clearly prophesied the preaching of Thy message, /
Foreseeing Thine apostles riding upon their steeds ///
Through the roiling sea of gentile nations.

Rejoicing in the Lord God, Thy Savior, /
O divinely eloquent and glorious one, /
Thou didst receive the radiant light of heaven /
Which illumined thy mind with the light of God, /
And by thy supplications thou dost deliver from every misfortune ///
Those who with faith celebrate thy holy memory.

***Note:** But if we sing “Alleluia” at Matins instead of “God is the Lord,” then the following 3 Stichera to the Theotokos are sung at Vespers, at “Lord, I call,” before the above stichera of the Saint, in the same Tone and melody:*

Shower my thoughts with the dew of the Most Holy Spirit, /
O most pure Mother of Christ, /
Who in His boundless compassion, /
Cleansed the multitude of our transgressions with a drop of dew. /
Dry up the source of my passions, /
And through thy prayers, O Lady, ///
Vouchsafe that I may ever drink at the stream of life.

I have been cast into the pit beneath the ground /
Slain by my spiritual and physical passions /

And I lay covered with the darkness of despair: /
But raise me up to the life of incorruption /
And guide me to the homeland on high /
Where the voices of those who keep festival are heard ///
And where the light of the countenance of Christ doth shine.

Containing within thy womb the uncontainable God, /
Who, in His love for mankind became a man /
And accepted from thee the substance of our flesh /
Thus deifying our nature, /
Do not disdain me, O all-pure one, in my sorrow. /
But come quickly and take pity on me ///
And release me from the harm and enmity of the evil one.

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

Thousands of times have I promised /
To repent of my sins, O pure one, /
But the despised yet cherished habits of mine evil offenses will not depart from me /
So I fall down before thee, crying out: /
Rescue me from their tyranny, O Lady, ///
And instruct me along the higher path which leads to salvation.

Or the Stavrotheotokion, in the same Tone:

Seeing Thee the Lamb and Shepherd on the tree, /
The ewe-lamb who gave birth to Thee lamented, /
And as a mother cried out to Thee: /
“O desired Son, how art Thou hung on the Tree of the Cross, /
O Longsuffering One? /
How art Thy hands and feet nailed by the transgressors, O Word? /
How dost Thou shed Thy Blood, O Master?

Or Dogmatic Theotokion if a Resurrection service.

The Aposticha from the Octoechos.

The General Troparion of the Prophet, in Tone 2:

We celebrate the memory /
Of Thy prophet Habakkuk; /
Through him, we implore Thee, O Lord, ///
To save our souls.

HOLY PROPHET HABÁKKUK.

Matins

— *incomplete as of 10/27/18*

Kontakion for the Prophet, in Tone 8:

O divinely eloquent prophet Habakkuk /

Thou didst announce to the world the coming of God from Teman — from the
Virgin; /

And standing divine vigil thou didst hear the report from the radiant angel who said: /

“Thou didst proclaim the Resurrection of Christ to the world!” ///

Therefore, in gladness we cry out to thee: Rejoice, O splendid adornment of
the prophets!

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