

The 18th Day of July

Commemoration of Holy Martyr Emilian of Silistria.

Vespers

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

Thou didst grind into dust the religion of the pagans and their idols, /
And, by the grace of God didst establish thyself /
As a living pillar of the knowledge of God, O martyr Emilian, /
As a temple of sanctity, /
And as an immovable foundation of piet̑y /
For those who with divine wisdom and faith ///
Honor thy valiant deeds, O richly-blessèd one.

Thrown in the dungeon and wounded by torture /
Thou wast grievously injured and then consumed by fire; /
Through all thy torments thou didst not sacrifice to the idols /
Nor didst thou deny Christ /
But instead remained invincible. /
Therefore, the Master grant̑ed thee a crown ///
For He is the Immutable Judge who grants His martyrs victory.

Thou didst enter into the kingdom on high, rejoicing /
Clad in garments steeped in the royal purple of thy blood /
And now thou standest forever before God, the King of all /
Entreating peace, health, and quick deliverance from every evil thing ///
For those who honor thy memory with faith̑ and love.

Glory..., now and ever.... Theotokion 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 stream̑ of life.

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

Seeing Thee nailed to the Cross, O Lord, /
The ewe-lamb, Thy Mother, cried out in amazement: /

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‘What is this sight, O Most-desired Son? /
What has the ungrateful assembly done to Thee /
Having once delighted themselves in Thy many miracles? ///
But I glorify Thy ineffable condescension, O Master!’

The Troparion of Saint, in Tone 4:

Thy martyr Emilian, 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.

Matins

The Canon of the Martyr, Tone 4

Ode 1

*having the acrostic: “I will praise thee, O martyr Emilian,”
(the composition of Theophanes)*

***Irmos:** I shall open my mouth, and it shall be filled with the Spirit, I shall utter the words of my song to the Queen and Mother: I shall be seen radiantly keeping festival, and joyfully praising her wonders.*

***Refrain:** Holy martyr Emilian, pray to God for us!*

Let us praise today our God who is over all things, and let us also praise His martyr, who suffered being condemned by the law and who took the crown of victory by the power of the Spirit.

Arrayed in the grace and power of Him who clothed Himself in our weakness, thou didst strip bare the vain arrogance of the idols, O glorious martyr.

Thou didst joyously proclaim the Trinity united in one Nature thus shattering the delusion of polytheism and idolatry, suffering bravely, O divinely-blessèd martyr.

***Refrain:** Most Holy Theotokos, save us!*

***Theotokion:** Christ the Lord whom thou didst bear, is One in two natures and One hypostasis, and He is my strength, He is my song, and He is the enlightenment of my heart, O all-immaculate Lady.*

Ode 3

***Irmos:** O Theotokos, living and abiding fountain, strengthen those united in spiritual fellowship, the choirs assembled in thy divine glory, and give them*

crowns of glory.

Truly, the law of our God was a lamp unto thy feet, and a light illumining thy steps, O martyr, for thou didst cause the steps of the unrighteous to falter.

Wisely didst thou direct the workings of thy mind toward the calm haven of the will of God, O martyr Emilian, and flee from the raging sea of idolatry and the wickedness of demons.

All the hosts of heaven marveled at thy sufferings, O divine martyr Emilian, and thy faith and courage even unto death, and how thou didst cast down and humiliate the bodiless foe.

Theotokion: **B**eyond the laws of nature was thy birthgiving, O Virgin Mother, for thou didst remain virgin after giving birth to the Author of all creation, O pure and immaculate Lady.

The Sessional Hymn of the Martyr, in Tone 8: *To the melody, "Of Wisdom...."*

Strengthened by divine power, thou didst consign the gods of the ungodly to oblivion, /
O valiant martyr of the Lord, /
And entering the arena thou didst bravely endure both the sword and the flame. /
Thus, thou didst pass through thy divine struggle rejoicing /
And received the wreath of victory as thy reward, /
O all-praised and glorious martyr Emilian. /
Now, we beseech thee to entreat Christ our God ///
That He grant the remission of sins to those who lovingly celebrate thy holy memory.

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

All generations bless thee, O Virgin, /
As she who alone amongst women /
Gavest birth to God in the flesh without seed; /
For the fire of the Godhead came to dwell in thee /
And with thy milk thou didst feed thy Creator and Lord. /
So, together with the angels we worthily glorify thee, /
And we praise thine all-holy birthgiving, and cry to thee: /
Entreat Christ God that He grants the remission of sins ///
To those who faithfully honor His All-holy Nativity.

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

When she beheld the Lamb, /
The Shepherd and Deliverer stretched out upon the Cross, /
With maternal tears the Ewe-lamb cried aloud: /

“The world rejoiceth for it hath received deliverance though Thee, /
 Yet my womb burns at the sight of Thy crucifixion, /
 Which Thou dost endure in Thy compassion and mercy. /
 O longsuffering Lord, and infinite source of mercy, /
 Have pity and grant the remission of sins ///
 To those who faithfully praise Thy divine suffering.”

Ode 4

Irmos: He who sits in glory on the Throne of divinity, Jesus the True God is come on a swift cloud: with His pure hand He has saved those who cry: Glory to Thy power, O Christ!

The divine will of God set thee aflame with desire for Him, and thou didst courageously endure the bitterness of the sword and the burning of the fire. Thus, thou didst immolate the gods of the ungodly and watered the souls of the faithful with the dew of faith, O all-blessèd martyr Emilian.

Thou didst disdain this temporal world for the sake of the eternal world, and bound thy soul to divine love. By this, thou didst destroy the power of impiety, O right-wondrous and passion bearing martyr Emilian.

Piously glorifying the One essence and glory of the Triune Godhead, O martyr Emilian, thou didst enter the arena as a valiant warrior and cast the mighty serpent down to the ground.

Theotokion: **O** All-holy Maiden, we glorify thee who alone wast the holy sanctuary of Him who had sanctified us; for through thee, have we, the earthborn, been deified and vouchsafed true life.

Ode 5

Irmos: All creation was awed by thy divine glory, for thou, O Virgin who knewest no wedlock, yet didst bear in thy womb the God of all; thou gavest birth to the timeless Son who grants salvation to all who exalt thee in song.

Thou hast extinguished the fire of ungodliness with the drops of thy sacred blood, O martyr Emilian, for thou hast poured forth streams of miracles which dry up oceans of the passions, drown the demons, and cleanse all our infirmities.

The wicked tyrant ordered thee to be stretched on the rack and beaten, and, as thy body was torn and stripped by the lash, thou didst come to depict the blessed sufferings of Christ who hung wounded on the Cross.

Filled with spiritual gifts, O rightly-wondrous one, thou dost heal incurable diseases, stop the burning of fevers, cast out evil spirits, and help all amidst their grief.

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Theotokion: **H**eal me with thine effective remedies as I lie here, wounded by the sword of sin, O thou Mother of Christ the Savior, who, for my sake was wounded by a spear and who pierced the heart of the wicked serpent.

Ode 6

Irmos: *I have fallen into the depths of the sea, and the tempest of my many sins hath encompassed me; but, as Thou art God, lead my life up from the abyss, O greatly merciful one.*

Thou wast richly blessed and filled with divine glory through thy martyrdom, O blessed one, and thou abidest now in heaven with the angels. Pray thou, that our souls may be saved.

Thou didst not spare thy mortal body and hast inherited the life of immortality, for thou hast died for the love of Him who hath slain the passions and hath slain death, O glorious martyr Emilian.

The shrine of thy precious relics pours forth healing myrrh, O thou valiant and richly-bless't martyr, and it dispels the fetid stench of sickness and disease.

Theotokion: **E**ve once plucked the deadly fruit from the tree, but thou, O all-pure Lady, hast given birth to the Tree of Life, who hast given life to all held captive by death.

The Kontakion of the Martyr, in Tone 3: *To the melody, "Let the heavens rejoice...."*

Set aflame with the fire of divine zeal /
Thou didst not fear the fire with which they threatened thee, /
But didst fearlessly enter it of thine own will /
And wast consumed by the flames as a whole-burnt offering. /
Thus, thou didst present thyself to the Master as a sacrifice, /
O glorious martyr Emilian, ///
Entreat Christ God to grant our souls great mercy.

Ode 7

Irmos: *The godly youths worshipped the Creator not the creature; they trampled on the flames boldly, singing in joy: Blessèd art Thou, and praised above all, O Lord God of our fathers.*

Illumined with the grace of the divine Spirit, O blessed one, thou didst pass through the burning furnace, unconsumed by its flames, and thou didst sing: Blessèd art Thou, and praised above all, O Lord God of our fathers.

Set alight by desire for Christ whom thou dost love, O blessed martyr Emilian, thou didst not fear the flames of the fire, and being sprinkled by the water of the Spirit thou didst sing: Blessed art Thou, and praised above all, O Lord God of our fathers.

By thy sufferings didst thou acquire the beauty of the bodiless angels, O Emilian, wise in God, and standing now together with them before the awesome majesty and beauty of Christ, thou dost sing with joy: Blessed art Thou, and praised above all, O Lord God of our fathers.

Theotokion: **O** Bride of God, with faith do we cry out to thee; for thou gavest birth to Christ the Lord, our ineffable joy, and to Him do we cry aloud: Blessed art Thou, and praised above all, O Lord God of our fathers.

Ode 8

Irmos: *The offspring of the Theotokos saved the godly youths in the flaming furnace. He who was then prefigured has since been born on earth, and He gathers together all creation to sing: Praise the Lord, all you works, exalt Him throughout all ages.*

By voluntarily submitting to torture, thou didst destroy the false worship of the idols, O all-wise martyr Emilian, and loosed the bonds of him who held thee, O all-praised one, as thou didst cry aloud: Praise the Lord, all you works, exalt Him throughout all ages.

“Those who seek me have not found me, nor have I been given over to them who seek to hurt me,” thou didst say, O glorious martyr Emilian, “for you should understand this, O ye unrighteous ones, that I am hastening to be slain as an innocent lamb crying: Praise the Lord, all you works, exalt Him throughout all ages.”

The great martyr Emilian has summoned us to a banquet, mystically offering up us his struggles as our spiritual food. Let us all partake, O faithful, and let us all sing: Praise the Lord, all you works, exalt Him throughout all ages.

Theotokion: **S**hower us with drops of mercy, O thou who gavest birth to the source of mercy, and dry up the floods of my sins and calm the raging waves that batter my soul, O Virgin Mary Theotokos, that I may glorify thee throughout all ages.

Ode 9

Irmos: *Through weakness, Eve brought about the curse of disobedience, but thou, O Virgin Theotokos, hast budded forth blessing unto the world in the Fruit of thy pregnancy. Therefore, we all magnify thee.*

Desiring to behold the ineffable beauty and radiance of God, O glorious Emilian, thou didst zealously come to abhor the beauties of this life and passed through the gates of

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martyrdom. Therefore, we, the faithful call thee blessed.

O all-praised martyr Emilian, thou wast vouchsafed true glory in heaven for thou didst offer thyself as a sweet-smelling fragrance, a living sacrifice, wholly consumed by fire on the divine altar for Him who wast slaughtered as an innocent lamb. Therefore, we, the faithful call thee blessed.

Thy memory hath shone forth today upon us more brightly than the sun, O martyr of the Lord, Emilian, gladdening the hearts of all the faithful, illumining our thoughts, and dispelling the darkness of our infirmities, as we prayerfully praise thee with faith and love.

The choir of the firstborn angels have acquired thee as a fellow citizen, and all the martyrs, beholding thee, have joined together in chorus, crying: Rejoice! And with them, be mindful of us who commemorate and praise thee, O martyr Emilian of great renown!

Theotokion: Illumine me with thy light as I walk in darkness, O all-praised Lady; grant me thy helping hand and drive away the clouds from my soul, and still the tempest of my passions, O thou who art the refuge of all who are in despair.

Liturgy

The Troparion of Saint, in Tone 4:

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