

The 19th Day of December

Holy Martyr Boniface at Tarsus and the Righteous Aglais (Aïda).

Vespers

At “Lord, I call...,” 3 stichera, in Tone 4: To the melody, “Thou hast given a sign....”

Desiring the glory that befits the martyrs, O Boniface, /
Thou didst courageously suffer travail and torture, /
And didst attain to the place of blessedness; /
A place where there is no pain. /
There to receive thy heavenly honors, ///
A dwelling-place in paradise, eternal light, and everlasting life.

Thou didst suffer great torture, O bearer of passions, /
The tearing of thy flesh and thy finger-nails, /
The swallowing of molten lead, /
And finally the severing of thy head. /
Thus, thou didst join the divine choir of martyrs. /
Therefore, we faithfully honor thy feast, O Boniface, ///
The victorious martyr and converser with the angels.

Sending thee, her man-servant, before her, O Boniface, /
The righteous Aïda received thee back as a divine master herself; /
For thou didst overcome the passions, and triumphed over the tyrant, /
And didst cast down the enemy. /
For this, thou didst receive thy crown of victory. /
Therefore, she constructed for thee a holy shrine ///
Where she placed thy relics, praising thy sanctity.

***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:*

Rain down upon me, O Lady, /
The flowing waters of thy mercy, /
And as thou art merciful, /
Give drink to my heart being consumed by the heat of my passions; /
And cause drops of compunction to fall upon me, O Maiden, /
That I may find consolation, I pray thee, ///
Together with those, who sincerely shed their tears.

Take pity on me, O Lady, /
 For I am shaken by the assaults of demons /
About to be cast down into the pit of destruction; /
 But strengthen thou me on the rock of virtues /
 And destroy thou the counsels of mine enemies, /
 And vouchsafe that I may follow the precepts of thy Son and God /
 That I may receive the remission of my sins ///
 On the Day of Judgment.

I have fallen in among thieves and murderers /
 And have been stripped of my immaculate, heavenly garments /
 And by their pitiless assaults, I have been grievously wounded /
 And lie, barely alive, in a place of affliction: /
 Yet, I pray, come thou before me, ///
 Extend thy hand to me and raise me up, O Lady.

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

I lie on the bed of despondency, /
 And waste my life away in laziness, /
 I am terrified at the coming time of my end, /
 And of serpent, who like a lurking lion who will devour my feeble soul; /
 Yet, I pray, come thou to me before my end, ///
 And in thy graciousness raise me up, O Lady.

Or the Stavrotheotokion, in the same Tone: To the melody, "As one valiant among the martyrs..."

Beholding Christ, who loveth mankind, crucified, /
 His side pierced by a spear, /
 The all-pure one, cried aloud, lamenting: /
 "What is this, O my Son? /
 How have these thankless people rewarded Thee /
 For all the good things Thou hast done for them? /
 Dost Thou hasten to leave me childless, O most belovèd Son? ///
 I marvel, O Compassionate One, at Thy voluntary crucifixion!"

The Aposticha is from the Octoechos.

The General Troparion of the Martyr, in Tone 4:

Thy holy martyr Boniface, O Lord, /
 Through his sufferings received his incorruptible crown from Thee, our God /

HOLY MARTYR BONIFACE AND RIGHTEOUS AGLAIS

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

**Both Canons from the Octoechos, and that of the Martyrs, with 4 Troparia, in
Tone 4**

*having the acrostic “With faith I praise thee, O most radiant martyr”, the composition of Joseph.
—incomplete as of 12/5/22*

The Kontakion of the Martyr, in Tone 4:

Thou didst willingly offer thyself to the Lord, /
As a spotless sacrifice to Him ///
About to be born of the Virgin for thy sake, O divinely-wise Boniface.

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