

The 19th Day of August

Afterfeast of the Dormition of the Most Holy Theotokos; Holy Martyr Andrew Stratelates (*The General*) and the 2,593 martyred with him.

Vespers

At “Lord, I call...,” 6 stichera,

3 stichera of the Feast, in Tone 4: *To the melody, “As one valiant among the martyrs....”*

Thy holy, all-pure and honored dormition /
Is not a separation from those who love thee, /
But is an unbreakable union with thee, O Virgin, /
For thou dost always reveal thyself /
To those who glorify thee as the true Mother of God /
Ever bestowing thy grace /
And showing to all that thou hast been given to us ///
As the intercessor for all mankind.

Thou art the ark of sanctification
For Him who made His abode in thee, /
And now thou art translated by Him from earth to heaven /
To make thine abode in a place illumined by His splendor. /
And thou dost now gaze down upon those who praise thee with love ///
And proclaim the divine and mighty power of thy miracles.

Thy Son and God has accepted thee in heaven /
As a palace of great splendor, /
An ark of sanctification where He made His abode, /
And He presented thee to the bodiless powers /
And to those dwelling in the mansions of the saints, /
O pure Lady, clothed in indescribable glory /
Who delivers those who lovingly praise thy glory ///
From all corruption and misfortune.

And 3 stichera of the Saint, in Tone 1: *To the melody, “O all-praised martyrs....”*

Revealing thyself as a model of courage, O holy one, /
As a general, thou didst appear before the tribunal /
And gave thyself over to suffering, /
O passion-bearer Andrew, rich in the grace of God. /
And now thou dost pour streams of healing waters upon the faithful, ///
Receiving grace from heaven.

True to the meaning of thy name, O martyr Andrew, /
 Thou didst truly manifest thy bravery, /
 And didst skillfully engage the enemy, /
 Defeating him as thou he were another Pharaoh /
 Engulfing his whole army in the streams of thy blood, /
 O right and wondrous one ///
 Therefore, pray to God that He grant our souls peace and great mercy.

Thou didst bring to God, the bestower of good things, /
 A great army of martyrs /
 Who found undying glory through death with thee, O glorious one, /
 And now, together with them, we pray thee to entreat the Lord, ///
 That He grant to our souls peace and great mercy.

Glory..., now and ever..., of the Feast, in Tone 4:

At thy departing, O Virgin Theotokos, /
 To Him who was ineffably born of thee, /
James the first bishop and brother of the Lord was there, /
 And so was Peter, the honored leader and chief of the disciples, /
 And the whole sacred fellowship of the apostles. /
 In discourses that showed forth heavenly things /
 They sang the praises of the divine and amazing mystery /
 Of the dispensation of Christ our God: /
 And they rejoiced, O far-famed Virgin, as they buried thy body, /
 The origin of the Life and holder of God. /
 On high the most holy and venerable of the angelic powers
 Bowed in wonder before this marvel, and said one to another:
 “Open wide your gates and receive her who bore the Creator of heaven and earth, /
 With songs of praise, let us glorify her precious and holy body, /
 Dwelling-place of the Lord on whom we may not gaze.” /
 Therefore, we too, as we keep thy feast, cry out to thee, O far-famed Lady: ///
 Raise up the Christian horn and save our souls.

Or Dogmatic Theotokion if a Resurrection service.

Note: Also, if a Resurrection Service:

At Litya, the stikhera from the Vespers Aposticha, in Tone 1: The assembly of the angels rejoices...” (*see below*):

Glory..., now and ever..., in Tone 5: (*from the Matins Aposticha*)

AFTERFEAST OF THE DORMITION;
MARTYR ANDREW STRATELATES

Sing, O ye people, /
Sing ye the praises of the Mother of our God: /
For today she delivers her soul, of light, into the immaculate hands /
Of Hím who was made incarnate of her without seed. /
And she entreats Him without ceasing ///
To grant the inhabited earth peace and great mercy.

At the Aposticha, these stichera of the Feast, in Tone 1: To the melody, "Joy of the ranks of heaven...."

The assembly of the angels rejoices /
In the deathless repose of the Mother of God; /
And she, departing for the eternal mansions, is glad /
And passes over to the gladness of heaven, ///
To divine delight and everlasting joy.

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

Desiring the life on high, /
Thou didst abandon this one, O Theotokos, /
Immaculate maid and flower of virginity, /
Who gavest birth to Christ, the Life of all. /
And the assembly of the angels stood by with reverence ///
At thine honored burial, O Bride of God.

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

The air is sanctified by the hymns at thy burial; /
And in thine ascent, O Mother of God who loveth mankind, /
An awesome miracle is wrought, O Virgin Theotokos, /
Therefore, we, the faithful, bow before thee, ///
O Lady Theotokos, who knewest no wedlock.

Glory..., now and ever..., in Tone 5: (the composition of Theophanes)

Come ye assembly of those who love to keep the feasts, /
Come, and let us form a choir. /
Come, and let us crown the Church with songs, /
As the Ark of God goes to her rest. /
For today is heaven opened wide to receive the Mother of Him who cannot be
contained. /
And the earth, as it yields up the Source of life, is robed in blessing and majesty. /
The hosts of angels, are present with the fellowship of the apostles, /

And gaze with trembling at her who bore the Cause of life, /
 Now that she is translated from life to Life. /
 Let us all venerate and beseech her: /
 Forget not, O Lady, thy ties of kinship with those who commemorate with faith ///
 The feast of thy holy dormition.

The Troparion of the Saint, in Tone 5:

Renouncing all earthly glory and honor /
 Thou didst inherit the kingdom of heaven /
 And didst adorn thy crown of incorruption with the precious drops of thy blood. /
 Thou didst lead an army of martyrs to Christ, /
 And standing now in His unfading light /
 With the assembly of the angels, O holy martyr Andrew, /
 In the presence of Christ, the never-setting sun. /
 Together with those who suffered with thee, ///
 Entreat God that He may 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..., **that of the Feast, (once).**

After the 1st Kathisma, the Sessional Hymn, in Tone 3: *To the melody, “The beauty of virginity....”*

The soul now dwells with the spiritual powers of heaven, /
 O immaculate Lady, /
 And thy body has passed over into paradise /
 Away from corruption to a place of light. /
 Therefore, let the Lord reward the unjust /
 For all their falsehoods spoken against thee, /
 And with the apostles let us cry: ///
 Rejoice, O Lady full of grace!

Glory..., now and ever.... (Repeat)

After the 2nd Kathisma, the Sessional Hymn, in Tone 4: *To the melody, “Quickly go before...”*

The earth was blessed by thy burial /
And the air was sanctified by thine ascent, O all-praised Mary, /
And the angels opened for thee the gates of heaven, /
Where, standing now thou dost entreat thy Son, /
That He may grant peace to the world, ///
O Mother of God who knewest no wedlock.

Glory..., now and ever.... (Repeat)

The Canon

The Canon of the Feast, with 8 Troparia including the Irmos, in Tone 4,
the composition of John of Damascus;
and the Canon of the Saint, with 4 Troparia, in Tone 4,
having the acrostic: “I praise in hymn thee, O Andrew the Stratelate,” the composition of Joseph.
— incomplete as of 3/2018

After the Third Ode, the Kontakion of the Saint, in Tone 2:

Standing before the Lord in prayer like a star before the sun /
Thou art filled with ineffable joy at beholding thy desired treasure of the kingdom. /
And now, together with the angels /
Thou dost sing to the immortal King throughout the ages. ///
Cease not to pray for us, O martyr Andrew.

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.