

The 16th Day of June

Commemoration of the Hieromartyr Tycho (Tikhon), Bishop of Amathus.

Vespers

At “Lord, I call...,” 3 stichera of the Saint, in Tone 2: *To the melody, “Down from the tree....”*

Possessing a life equal to that of the angels by spurning the pleasures of this world, /
Thou didst reveal thyself to be a vessel of God. /
Therefore He rightly ordained thee a divine hierarch for the people, O Tikhon the
wise,
And showed thee to be a pillar founded on the ground of the faith, /
Pasturing thy flock by the waters of Orthodoxy, O holy and divinely-inspired one.

Being full of divine understanding /
Thou wast truly a shepherd most-wise, /
Piously nurturing thy reason-endowed flock
In the pastures of doctrines true. /
Therefore, we honor now thy holy festival /
Glorifying the Lord who hath so glorified thee. /
O all-bless’t and divine father Tikhon, ///
Pray that our souls may be saved.

God, who glorifies those who glorify Him /
Hath glorified thee with miracles, /
For at the time of thy holy commemoration, O wise and holy father, /
Clusters of ripened grapes are seen. /
And those who witness this most-glorious wonder and partake of them ///
Receive great spiritual profit and blessings as they rightly glorify thee.

Note: But if we sing “Alleluia” at Matins instead of “God is the Lord,” then these 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.

Strange and awesome is the mystery /
Of thy seedless conception, /
That surpasses the thoughts of all, O pure Virgin. /
For thou has given birth to Him who is of one essence with the Father, /
Upon whom the many-eyed cherubīm dare not gaze /
And before whom all the ranks of angels tremble. ///
We glorify thee who hath given Him birth, O Bride of God.

Whom art thou emulating, O wretched soul? /

One who never rises to repentance? /
 One not afraid of the fire awaiting the wicked? /
 Arise, and quickly call on her who is our lone defense, /
 And cry out: “O Virgin Mother! /
 Entreat thy Son and our God ///
 That He deliver my soul from the snare of the deceiver!”

O Sovereign Lady, thou helper of all in need, /
 Send down a drop of thy myrrh and have mercy on me /
 Who am tossed by the tempest on the sea of darkness /
 Surrounded by the billowing waves of the evils of this life. /
 O, stretch out thy helping hand to me, /
 That I may obtain the portion of the righteous and chosen, ///
 For thou hast given birth to the Lover of mankind!

Glory..., now and ever..., Theotokion, in the Tone 8:

O immaculate and must-pure Lady, /
 Who gavest birth to the Ember of divine fire /
 Which consumeth all sins and sprinkles the faithful with dew: /
 Burn up the chaff of my countless offenses /
 And cool my soul with the dew of thy grace /
 For she hath been withered by my passions, ///
 So that I, thy servant, may ever glorify thy mercy and thy power!

Or this Stavrotheotokion, in the same Tone :

When she beheld the Lamb /
 Stretched out by His own will upon the Tree of the Cross, /
 With maternal tears the Ewe-lamb cried aloud: /
 “Oh, my Son, what is this strange sight that I see? /
 How is it that Thou, Who giveth life to all as Lord, /
 Is put to death, O longsuffering One, /
 While granting the earthborn the resurrection? ///
 I glorify Thy great condescension, O my God!”

The Troparion of the Saint, in Tone 1 :

O dweller in the wilderness and angel in the body, /
 Thou wast a wonderworker, O our God-bearing father Tikhon. /
 Thou didst receive heavenly gifts
 Through fasting, vigil and prayer: /

ST. TYCHO, BISHOP OF AMATHUS

Healing the sick and the souls of those drawn to thee by faith /
Glory to Him who gave thee strength! /
Glory to Him who hath granted thee a crown! ///
Glory to Him who through thee grants healing to all!

Matins

**Both Canons from the Octoechos, and that of the Saint,
with 4 Troparia in Tone 7,**

the composition of Theophanes. —incomplete as of 2/2015

After the Sixth Ode, the Kontakion of the Saint, in Tone 3: *Today the Virgin....*”

Through thine ascetic labors thou didst shine forth, O belovèd of God, /
And didst receive the power of the Comforter from on high /
To cast down the idols of delusion /
And thus, save the people, /
And cast out demons, and to heal the sick. /
Therefore, we honor thee as a friend of God, ///
O our ven'rable father Tikhon.

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