

The 14th Day of December

Martyrs Thýrsus, Leucius, Callínicus of Appolonia; Martyrs Apollonius, Philēmon, Arianus, and Theotychus of Alexandria.

Vespers

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

The wondrous Thyrsus, /
Divinely-wise Callínicus and Leucius, /
Confessed the uncreated Trinity /
While enduring cruel afflictions and torments with true courage. /
Being true champions, they received their crowns of victory, ///
And became co-citizens with the angels in paradise.

The great Philēmon, richly bless’t Arianus and wise Callínicus /
Extinguished the flames of paganism with the streams of their blood /
And watered the earth with the divine streams of the knowledge of God. /
And being our fervent defenders, /
They dried up the rivers of passions by divine grace ///
With the torrent of their healings.

The glorious martyrs blossomed /
Like the beautiful flowers of a garden, /
Giving out the divine fragrance of the Spirit /
Faithfully perfuming the thoughts of those honoring the memorial /
Of their sufferings, struggles and divine repose. /
Now they abide, ever rejoicing, ///
In the glow of the never-waning Light.

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 Saints, 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 despendency, /
 And waste my life away in laziness, /
 I am terrified at the coming time of my end, /
 And of the 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 Martyrs, in Tone 1: (None given in the Menaion)

We beseech Thee, O Lord and Lover of man, /
 By the sufferings Thy saints endured for Thee, /
 To heal all our afflictions, ///

And deliver us from our transgressions.

Matins

Both Canons from the Octoechos, and the Canon of the Saint, with 4 Troparia, in Tone 6

Ode 1

Irmos: When Israel passed on foot over the deep as if it were dry land, and beheld their pursuer Pharaoh drowning in the sea, they cried aloud: Let us sing to God a song of victory!

Refrain: Holy martyrs of Christ, pray to God for us!

Standing before the throne of God arrayed in the beauty of your martyrdom and resplendent with divine grace, O passion-bearers, illumine us who praise your holy memory.

Desiring to attain to the splendor of heaven, you disregarded the beauty of this world, O ye witnesses of Christ; and dying in body, you have been deemed worthy to inherit everlasting life.

Denouncing the delusions of idolatry, O passion-bearing martyrs, you endured the pain of burning and now you enjoy the life without pain.

Theotokion: O pure Lady, thou hast given birth to the uncontainable Word, who became thy Son and was contained in a human body. Beseech thou Him, that we who glorify thee may be delivered from corruption and the assault of every passion.

Ode 3

Irmos: There is none as holy as Thou, O Lord my God, who hast exalted the power of Thy faithful, O Blessèd One, and hast established us upon the rock of thy confession.

The minions of darkness, who cruelly slashed thy body, O Thyrsus mighty in love, were unable to weaken the strength of thy mind, which was fortified by divine love.

O wondrous martyr Philēmon, thy faith in the Lord was unwavering, and thou didst cry aloud: "I am a servant of Christ!" and by this, didst thou put the false religion of the enemy to shame.

Thou didst boldly go forth into battle, O martyr, armed not with shield and spear, but only with thy steadfast faith; and thou didst cast down the enemy.

Theotokion: Having put on our flesh through thy most pure blood, O all pure Lady, One of the Holy Trinity came forth from thee in two natures, and in His goodness, saved the sons of Adam.

Sessional Hymn to the Holy Martyrs, in Tone 4: To the melody: “Joseph was amazed ...”

Clad in the armor of the Cross /
And bearing the shield of piety /
The wondrous martyrs of Christ humiliated the legions of the tyrant /
And were crowned by the Lord with wreaths of victory. /
Now they sing unceasingly with the hosts on high ///
Entreating the Savior to save our souls.

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

Storm-tossed on the sea of passions, /
I, who lack a conscience fervently call out to thee, /
Disdain me not, lest I perish, wretch that I am, /
O thou who hast given birth to the very Depth of mercy; /
For I have no other hope than thee O Lady: /
Let me not become an object of joy to mine enemies, /
Nor a word of scorn, for I trust in thee. /
For thou canst accomplish whatsoever thou dost desire to do, ///
In that thou art the Mother of the God of all.

Or this Stavrotheotokion, in the same Tone:

When the Virgin ewe-lamb beheld her Lamb upon the Cross, /
Who was born of her without seed, /
With His all-pure Body pierced by a spear, /
She was wounded and with grief cried aloud in pain: /
What is this new and all-glorious mystery? /
How dost Thou die who alone art the Lord and the Life of all? ///
Arise then raising up Adam, our fallen forefather of old.

Ode 4

***Irmos:** Christ is my strength, my God and my Lord, the sacred Church sings in a manner befitting God, with a pure mind, keeping festival unto the Lord.*

By confessing the one Lord and God of all, who alone is compassionate, the holy martyrs have, through their sufferings, gained the kingdom of heaven.

Strengthened by the power of the Cross, O richly-blessed youthful martyr Thyrsus, thou didst endure the torture of thy body, being burned by the fire, the attack of wild beasts in the arena, and being cast into the sea.

Adorned with the wounds of thy struggles, O martyred soldier of the Lord, Leucius,

thy soul became more brilliant than of the sun.

Theotokion: **O** blessed Mary Theotokos, thou art the restoration of us mortals, and we know thee, alone among women, to be the Mother who knew not wedlock, the immaculate Virgin, and the most pure Maiden.

Ode 5

Irmos: *With Thy divine light, O Good One, illumine, I ask Thee, the souls of those who in love keep vigil that they may know Thee, O Word of God as the true God Who recalls them from the darkness of sin.*

Sanctified by the splendor of the never-setting Light, O all-praised martyrs, you sailed across the abyss of ungodliness and passed over to the divine tranquility of paradise.

Drugged across the ground and brutally wounded, O all-praised martyrs, you received great honors in heaven and have become fellow citizens of paradise with the angels.

Preferring to die for Christ the Lord who loved thee, O divinely blessed martyr Philēmon, thou didst treat the wounds inflicted upon thy body as though they were made by the paper arrows of children.

Theotokion: **O** Mary, thou Mother of the Word, save those who confess thee with all their soul to be the Theotokos; for in thee, O Lady, have we acquired as our invincible intercessor.

Ode 6

Irmos: *Beholding the sea of life surging high with the storm of temptations, I have fled to Thy tranquil haven and cry out unto Thee: Raise up my life from corruption, O greatly Merciful One!*

Moved by the action of the divine Spirit, O most-wise martyrs, your souls joyfully accepted their noetic deification in heaven

Mounting the flaming chariot, O glorious martyrs, you were caught up into the heavens by the blood you shed, and having attained to the glory of God, you received your crowns of victory from Him.

The four divine and radiant martyrs, Philēmon and Leucius, Apollonius and the ever-memorable Thyrsus, have received their rich reward by partaking immaterially of the radiant glory of the Holy Trinity.

Theotokion: **H**e, who as God doth transcend all creation, both visible and invisible, hath passed incarnate, through thy womb, O Virgin Mother, preserving thee a virgin, incorrupt.

Kontakion of the Martyrs, in Tone 2: To the melody, “The steadfast....”

O cham’pions of faith and piety /
You reviled the evil tormentor and denounced his thirst for your blood. /
You were fortified with the help of Christ /
And defeated his wrathful indignation. /
O Thyrsus, Philēmon, Leucius, and Callinicus /
Pray together with those who suffered with you ///
That our souls may be saved

Ode 7

***Irmos:** An angel made the furnace moist with dew for the godly children and the command of God consuming the Chaldeans made the tyrant cry out: Blessèd art Thou, O God of our fathers!*

Aflame with divine love, you extinguished the furnace of idolatry with the divine rain of your tears, O holy martyrs; and now you joyfully sing: Blessèd art Thou, O God of our fathers!

Casting your divine net onto your persecutor Callinicus, O wondrous martyrs, you drew him forth from the depths of delusion and brought him to Christ, fervently singing aloud: Blessèd art Thou, O God of our fathers!

Showing unshakable resolve and courage, Thyrsus shook the foundations of delusion and toppled the statue of Apollo, and now he joyfully sings: Blessèd art Thou, O God of our fathers!

Theotokion: **T**hy birthgiving is beyond words, O Bride of God; for thou hast given birth to God the Word, who hath delivered mankind from the bonds of delusion, and given us the words to cry aloud: Blessèd art Thou, O God of our fathers!

Ode 8

***Irmos:** Out of the flames Thou didst drop dew on the godly ones, and with water didst kindle the sacrifice of the righteous one, for Thou doest all things as Thou willest, O Christ; we exalt thee throughout all ages!*

Taking up the Cross as a weapon and defending yourself with the shield of piety, O valiant Thyrsus thou glory of the martyrs, thou didst cut down the hordes of the invisible foe.

Aflame with love for the Almighty, thou didst courageously accept the judgement of the tyrant, and, having patiently suffered in silence, thou didst break to pieces the great serpent, O Philēmon, thou witness for Christ.

Thou didst drown the arrogant power of the enemy in the depths by thy courage and patience, O Arianus, and wast deemed worthy of the unshaken and eternal kingdom of heaven.

Theotokion: **W**e confess thee to be the true Theotokos, and like the Angel we cry out to thee: Rejoice! For thou alone on earth hast given birth to our Joy, O only pure, blessed and joyous Lady.

Ode 9

Irmos: *It is not possible for men to see God upon whom the ranks of angels dare not gaze, but through thee, O All-pure One, was the Word incarnate revealed unto men, whom magnifying together with the heavenly hosts, we call thee blessed!*

Emulating the sufferings of Christ, you endured the trial of many torments, O blessed ones; and when your heads were severed, you were numbered among the ranks of martyrs in heaven, resplendent with divine grace and adorned with divine glory.

Thou didst dye thy robe in the purple of thy blood, O wise Thyrsus, and having thus arrayed thyself and wielding the Cross as it were a scepter, thou dost now reign together with Christ, rejoicing with all the passion-bearers in heaven, O divinely blessed one.

The angelic hosts marveled at the violence of your struggles and your valiant deaths, O blessed martyrs; and dwelling together with them now in heaven, O all-praised ones, be ye ever mindful of those who celebrate your holy memory.

Theotokion: **T**he Word appeared in human flesh born from thy womb, O pure and divinely joyous Virgin Mary, and having Himself endured great suffering, He hath drawn to Himself a multitude of martyrs.