

THE 22nd DAY OF THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY
THE COMMEMORATION OF THE DISCOVERY OF THE RELICS OF THE HOLY
MARTYRS AT THE GATE OF EUGENIUS
AT VESPERS:

On “Lord, I have cried ...,” 3 Stichera of the martyrs, in Tone IV:

Spec. Mel.: “Called from on high ...”:

Shedding the garments of mortality * through divers manners of torture, * O glorious martyrs, * ye clothed yourselves in the divine vesture of incorruption; * and now ye dwell in the heavens, * ever standing * before the throne of the Divinity, * O divinely blessed and radiant ones. * Wherefore, we celebrate with faith * your most splendid memory ** and we kiss the shrine of your relics with reverence.

Healing from illness * is imparted by divine power * unto those who approach. * The meager dust of the bodies of the passion-bearers * through grace poureth forth a wellspring of miracles. * Draw ye nigh, * and let us draw forth health of soul * and health of body, * giving utterance unto cries of thanksgiving, and saying: * O Savior of the world, * Thou long-suffering One for Whose sake * the honored spiritual athletes suffered, ** by their prayers remove us from all harm.

O right-victorious martyrs, * your relics for many years were hidden in the earth, * ye have now been revealed as a treasure of great value, * enriching the Imperial City above all other cities, * borne in the hands of a wise hierarch, * brought with honor into the church of God, * given unto those who ask * for their health and benefit, * for the enlightenment and help * of those who accept you ** as faithful favorites of God.

Glory ..., Both now ..., in Tone IV:

As thou art an intercessor for our whole race, * O all-immaculate Birthgiver of God, * from every assault of the enemy * save those who piously * bow down before thy birthgiving; * for thee have we all * acquired now as our help, * our refuge and confirmation, * and mediatrix before Christ our Lord and Master. * Him do thou beseech, we pray thee, * that He grant peace unto the world, * and forgiveness of sins ** unto those who have recourse to thy protection.

Stavrotheotokion: “**L**ament not for Me, O Mother, * beholding Me thy Son and God hanging upon the Tree, * Who hath suspended the earth upon the waters unsupported, * and hath fashioned all creation; * for I shall arise and be glorified, * and shall crush the kingdoms of Hades with strength; * destroying its power * and delivering those in bondage * from its wickedness, * for I am compassionate; * and I shall bring them to My Father, ** in that I am the Lover of mankind.”

Troparion of the martyrs, in Tone IV:

In their sufferings, Thy martyrs O Lord, * received imperishable crowns from Thee, our God; * for, possessed of Thy might, * they set at naught the tyrants and crushed the feeble audacity of the demons. ** By their supplications save Thou our souls.

AT MATINS:

Canon of the martyrs, in Tone VIII:

ODE I

Irmos: **T**he wonderworking staff of Moses, * striking and dividing the sea in the figure of a cross, * once drowned Pharaoh the pursuing charioteer, * while it saved the fleeing people of Israel * as they fled on foot, * chanting a hymn unto God.

Adorned with the gifts of martyrdom, and standing resplendent with love before the great Light, O martyrs, dispel the clouds which darken our souls and the winter of the passions, with the grace of our almighty God.

The assembly of the martyrs, having set itself before God Who seeth all things, and bound souls with His love, hath loosed the bonds of evil and granted forgiveness of sins unto those who bless them with faith.

Aflame with divine fire, and having enlivened men's souls with noetic power, the passion-bearing martyrs were shown to be burning coals consuming the tinder of polytheism and enlightening the ends of the earth with the radiance of piety.

Theotokion: **F**rom enemies visible and invisible deliver me, O Virgin Mother who hast given birth to God, the visible Word Who is invisible; and with thy serenity drive away the storm of my passions, O thou who alone settest men aright.

ODE III

Irmos: **O** Lord, Creator of the vault of Heaven * and Builder of the Church, * do Thou strengthen me in Thy love, O Summit of desire, * O Support of the faithful, * O only Lover of mankind.

Enkindled by divine love, O martyrs, ye quenched the fire of ungodliness with the streams of your blood; for, shining forth as brilliantly as stars, ye have made the whole world radiant.

The luminous relics of the martyrs shine forth with the light of healings upon those who with faith have recourse unto them; for emulating the Savior's sufferings, they drew forth grace from the well-springs thereof

The pillars of faith, the sacrifices of Christ which had long been covered in the waters, have now been revealed; and reverently and venerably they are borne in the hands of the hierarch.

Theotokion: **R**ejoice, thou who alone gavest birth unto the Lord of all! Rejoice, thou who hast been the mediator of joy for men! Rejoice, mountain overshadowed and unquarried, confirmation of the faithful! Rejoice, O all-immaculate one!

Kontakion of the martyrs, in Tone IV:

Spec. Mel.: "Thou hast appeared today ...":

Shining forth from the earth as beacons of righteousness, ye have dispelled all the gloom of impiety; and enlightened the faithful, O divine martyrs, and emulators of the Trinity.

Sessional Hymn, in Tone I:
Spec. Mel.: “Thy tomb, O Savior ...”:

Having set at naught the deception of the enemy, and having been hidden for many years because of the malice of the tyrants, ye have now been revealed, O ever memorable martyrs, healing the passions of our souls and curing the ailments of our bodies, unto the glory of our God.

Glory ..., Both now ..., Theotokion, in Tone I:

Set aright mine accursed soul, O pure one, and take pity on it because of the multitude of my transgressions, for I have been dragged down into the abyss of destruction, O all-immaculate one; and at the dread hour of my death, rescue me from the accusing demons and from all torment.

Stavrotheotokion: Beholding Thee stretched out dead upon the Cross, O Christ, Thine all-immaculate Mother cried aloud: “O my Son, Who with the Father and the Spirit, art beginningless, what is this ineffable dispensation, wherewith Thou hast saved the work of Thy most pure hands, O Compassionate One?”

ODE IV

Irmos: Thou, O Lord, art my strength and Thou art my power, * Thou art my God and Thou art my joy, * Thou Who, while never leaving the bosom of Thy Father, * hast visited our poverty. * Therefore with the Prophet Habbakuk I cry unto Thee, * ‘Glory to Thy power, O Lover of mankind!’

The assembly of sufferers desired Thy sacrifice and voluntary death, O Bestower of life, and having endured all manner of pangs, crossed over to the divine gladness which is without pain, chanting in thanksgiving: Glory to Thy power, O Lover of mankind!

Protected by the armor of the Cross and made steadfast by divine love, ye set at naught the weaponry of the foe and destroyed their ranks with faith, O godly martyrs, chanting earnestly: Glory to Thy power, O Lover of mankind!

Enlightened with the beauties of the virtues, O martyrs, ye adorned a robe of purple for yourselves using your own blood as dye; and bearing the trophy of the Cross as it were a scepter, ye have truly been deemed worthy to reign with Christ and have received the blessed things for which ye hoped.

Theotokion: O all-immaculate and blessed Mother of God, thou divine adornment of sufferers, who hast made heavenly our nature which came to be rejected because of the counsel of the serpent: save me from all the pitfalls of life, and deem me worthy to receive salvation.

ODE V

Irmos: O Light never-waning, * why hast Thou turned Thy face from me * and why hath the alien darkness surrounded me, * wretched though I be? * But do Thou guide my steps I implore Thee * and turn me back towards the light of Thy commandments.

Having kept the bones of Thy saints hidden long enough, O Savior, Thou hast now revealed them, as it was Thy good pleasure, unto Thy people, O Word, for their sanctification and salvation, and to shame the enemies that blaspheme Thee.

With the fervor of faith ye have done away with the frigid cold of deception, O glorious ones, having passed through the greatly subtle snares of many torments; and, taking wing with love to the city above, ye now rest, full of glory.

Having cast down all the arrogance of the enemy by endurance, O steadfast warriors, rent asunder, hanged and subjected to material fire, ye utterly consumed all the tinder of ungodliness by grace.

Theotokion: More exalted wast thou than the hosts on high, O divinely joyous one, having conceived the Word Who created all things by His word, and given birth without corruption unto Him Who was begotten of the Father before the ages.

ODE VI

Irmos: Cleanse me, O Savior, * for many are mine iniquities; * lead me up from the abyss of evils I pray Thee, * for unto Thee have I cried, * and Thou hast hearkened unto me, * O God of my salvation.

Blossoming forth like lilies in noetic valleys, ye fill all with divine fragrance, O all-praised ones; dispelling all the fetid stench of sin from men's souls, O right wondrous passion-bearers.

Tortured in many ways, your members cut off; but with the sword of true patience, Thy valiant passion-bearers cut down the enemy who knew Thee not, chanting a hymn unto Thee, O Word.

The wounds of the martyrs heal the sores of our souls; for, having mightily wounded the foe therewith by the divine Spirit, they have become a source of free healing for those who with fervor ask for it.

Theotokion: Through thee, O all-immaculate one, God, Who is rich, upon taking my lowliness from thee, hath appeared unto mortals having assumed flesh, granting unto me a path to immortality.

Kontakion of the martyrs, in Tone VIII:

Spec. Mel.: "As first fruits ...":

O mighty pillars of the Faith, right victorious martyrs, * having undergone divers torments for Christ, ye remained hidden for many years; * and now ye have been revealed like riches of great value, * and are borne with honor into the church of Christ in the hands of a hierarch of God; * and ye bestow that which is profitable upon those who ask. ** Wherefore, pray ye on behalf of our souls.

ODE VII

Irmos: Once in Babylon the fire stood in awe * of God's condescension; * for which sake the youths in the furnace, * dancing with joyous steps as in a meadow, chanted: * O God of our fathers, Blessed art Thou!

Known to the Creator, yet having become hidden of old beyond knowing because of persecution, O most praise-worthy martyrs, ye are now become known unto us who chant: O God of our fathers, Blessed art Thou!

O ye people, draw forth today the waters of salvation from the flowing fountain, from immaterial torrents, for the sake of the relics of the martyrs; and chant unto Him Who hath glorified them: O God of our fathers, Blessed art Thou!

Hidden for many years in a dark hiding place, yet manifest as abodes of light because of their many torments, Thy sufferers shone forth as unwaning beacons, illumining us, O Christ.

Theotokion: **T**he prophets proclaimed beforehand the depth of thy mystery, O Virgin; for thou didst bear God within thy womb and hath given birth to Him in two natures through thy pure blood, O Maiden, for our salvation and deliverance.

ODE VIII

Irmos: **I**n his wrath the Chaldean Tyrant made the furnace blaze, * with heat fanned sevenfold for the servants of God; * but when he perceived that they had been saved by a greater power * he cried aloud to the Creator and Redeemer; * 'ye children bless, ye priests praise, * ye people, supremely exalt Him throughout all ages'.

As branches of the immaterial Vine, the martyrs have set forth for us grapes of divine knowledge, pouring forth the wine of immortality upon all, and doing away with the harm of spiritual drunkenness, chanting: Ye children bless; ye priests hymn; ye people supremely exalt Him throughout all ages!

With the flow of their blood the sufferers dried up the rivers of the madness of idolatry, and with the glory of Christ they utterly consumed the fire of the godless command, and have given drink abundantly unto every heart which crieth out with faith: Ye children bless; ye priests hymn; ye people supremely exalt Him throughout all ages!

Laboring in this sacred work, one foreordained from among the holy hierarchs accomplished your sacred translation, O all-blessed ones, and honoring it yearly, we chant with the priestly company: Ye children bless; ye priests hymn; ye people supremely exalt Him throughout all ages!

Theotokion: **S**anctified by the Spirit, O all-immaculate Theotokos, thou hast given birth unto the Holy One Who resteth in the saints, God our sole Benefactor, Who sanctifieth all who with faith cry out: Ye children bless; ye priests hymn; ye people supremely exalt Him throughout all ages!

ODE IX

Irmos: Heaven was stricken with awe, * and the ends of the earth were filled with amazement, * for God hath appeared in the flesh, * and thy womb was rendered more spacious than the heavens. * Wherefore, the ranks of men and of angels * magnify thee as the Theotokos.

Inspiring one another towards life, and commanding themselves to be of good cheer and to endure the wounds, the strugglers cried aloud: Lo!, the time is now acceptable! Let us rise up and vanquish the foe! For Christ, the Judge of the contest, Who for our sake was pleased to suffer, extendeth unto us crowns of victory!

Thou didst raise Thyself aloft upon the Tree, O Word of God, drawing Thyself to the flock of martyrs who emulated the suffering and sacrifice which Thou didst willingly accept for our sake in Thy tender compassion, O Master. Wherefore, the valiant spiritual athletes, loving Thee, are slain like sheep.

O all-famed martyrs and spiritual athletes, in that ye have been deemed worthy to reign joyously with Christ in the heavens, beg ye that victory over every adversary and spiritual salvation be granted unto the most sacred Synod and to all who praise you today with faith.

Theotokion: O cloud of the noetic Sun, drive away the clouds from my soul! O Sovereign Lady, portal of God, open unto me the gates of righteousness, I pray thee, and lead me to the good entrance, O Virgin, delivering me from the multifarious ways of the Evil One.

AT LITURGY

Troparion of the martyrs, in Tone IV:

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