

THE 19th DAY OF THE MONTH OF MAY
COMMEMORATION OF THE HOLY HIEROMARTYR PATRICK OF PRUSSIA
AND HIS COMPANIONS
AT VESPERS

On “Lord, I have cried ...,” 3 Stichera, in Tone VI:

Spec. Mel.: “Having set all aside ...”:

Steered by the Word * the blessed hieromartyrs * sailed easily across the threefold waves of the passions, * and were entrusted with the task * of healing the sufferings of mortals * with the waters of fervor. * Their relics were given sacred burial, * and richly pour forth healings upon those in need. * O ye faithful, let us unceasingly honor them * as is meet, * for they pray with boldness ** on behalf of our souls.

Wearing purple robes * dyed in the blood of martyrdom * and wielding the precious Cross as a scepter, * the godly martyrs reign with Christ rejoicing, * having desired willingly to suffer for Him: * Polyenus manifest in holiness, * Acacius and Menander, * and the divinely wise Patrick. * And, rejoicing now, * they stand before the throne of Christ, * praying with boldness ** on behalf of our souls.

Desiring the kingdom of Christ, * the blessed and valiant ones * preferred a temporary death * as though it were food, * manfully enduring starvation and the pain of wounds. * Wherefore, they have become the helpers of all the faithful, * imparting health in abundance * to their souls and bodies. * O ye faithful, * as is meet let us now joyfully hymn them, * for they pray to the Lord ** on behalf of our souls.

But if this day falls within the fast, the following Stichera of the Theotokos are chanted before the above Stichera of the saints, in the same tone & melody:

Rejoice, O thou fulfillment of the law! * Rejoice, O temple of the Holy Trinity, * thou incorrupt Bride! * Rejoice, thou divine chariot of the King of all! * Rejoice, O immaterial fire, * bearing the burning Ember in thine arms as with tongs, * O new paradise of Him Who closed the garden of Eden, * O divine and most radiant table, * undefiled dove, * throne of the Most High, * noetic bower of God, ** O Maiden whom the Holy Spirit overshadowed.

Do thou quickly visit me * who have been wounded * by the assaults of the demons, as by robbers, * and who ever lie, unable to move, * on the path of this inconstant life, O most immaculate one, * asking mercy; * and do thou pour forth wine and oil upon mine incurable wounds, * and restore me to health, * that I may glorify thee * and hymn thy mighty words with love, * as is meet, O pure one, ** thou Ever-virgin Mother.

Because of my wicked character I have fallen headlong * and been enslaved by wicked delusion, O Bride of God; * yet, wretch though I am, * O most holy Maiden, * I flee to thine all-wondrous loving-kindness * and fervent aid. * Deliver me from the bonds of temptations and grief, * and save me from the attacks of the demons, * O most immaculate one, * that I may glorify and hymn thee with love, * and do thee homage and magnify thee, ** O ever-blessed Sovereign Lady.

Glory ..., Now & ever ..., Theotokion, in Tone VI:

From the sea-monster's belly of wicked sin * do thou lead me up, O Lady, * who contained the Infinite One in thy womb. * Deliver me * from the cruel waves of temptations, * and rescue me from the tempest of falls, * O Maiden, * drying up the abyss of mine iniquities, * and repelling the present hordes of the demons * by thy divine assistance, O pure one, * that I may unceasingly glorify thee, ** the ever-blessed one.

Stavrotheotokion: **W**hen, of old, the unblemished ewe-lamb and immaculate Sovereign Lady, * beheld her Lamb * upon the tree of the Cross, * she exclaimed maternally, and marveling cried aloud: * “O my Child most sweet, * what is this new and most strange sight I see? * How hath the thankless synagogue * betrayed Thee to the judgment-seat of Pilate * and condemned Thee to death, * Who art the Life of all? * Yet do I hymn Thine ineffable condescension, ** O Word!”

AT MATINS

Canon of the martyrs, the composition of Theophanes, 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.

Wholly adorned with grace and the vesture of the priesthood, and empurpled with the blood of martyrdom, O glorious ones, ye were well arrayed and invested, and revealed to be steadfast champions of piety and the Faith.

Christ, the Judge of the contest, Who sitteth at the right hand of the Father, hath opened the arena to all spiritual athletes and assembled the well-trained company of the four martyrs, who magnify Him with hymns.

As a good shepherd and advocate of the Church, O blessed Patrick, thou didst lay down thy life for it, enriching it with Acacius, Menander and the godly Polyenus, thy most wise allies, ever sending up hymnody to God.

Theotokion: **F**ollowing the words of the prophets of God, the divinely eloquent martyrs confessed the Word of God Who assumed flesh from the most pure Virgin. And glorifying her as the Theotokos, we ever bless her with hymns.

ODE III

Irmos: **O** Christ fortify me on the rock of Thy commandments, * Thou who in the beginning didst establish the heavens with understanding * and didst establish the earth upon the waters, * for there is none holy save Thee, O only Lover of mankind.

O ye faithful, let us bless those who manfully trod the path of martyrdom and finished the good race, as victorious martyrs, bearers of divine crowns and hierarchs of godly wisdom.

Enkindled by the zeal of piety, the divinely eloquent one extinguished the flame of falsehood, steadfastly setting forth the commandments of God and urging all toward truly divine understanding.

Seeing the cruel governor dying of the drunkenness of impiety, Patrick cried out words of divine understanding, sowing the divine word of the Faith among all.

Theotokion: **W**ithout knowing wedlock, thou hast given birth to the Word of God, Who became incarnate of thee, O Theotokos. Him have the martyrs, as His warriors, manfully confessed, becoming crown-bearers.

Sessional Hymn, in Tone VIII: Spec. Mel.: “Of the wisdom ...”:

With faith let us honor in hymnody the wise Acacius and the sacred Polyenus, with Menander and the great Patrick; for as priests of God Almighty, they were well-pleasing to Him by their faith. Wherefore, at the end of their martyrdom they were

splendidly deemed worthy of life and have been united to the angels. With love let us cry out to them: Entreat Christ God, that He grant forgiveness of sins unto those who with love honor your holy memory!

**Glory ..., Now & ever ..., Sessional Hymn from the Pentecostarion,
or this Theotokion, in Tone VIII:**

Let us hymn the heavenly gate and ark, * the all-holy mountain, the cloud of light, the heavenly ladder, * the spiritual Paradise, the redemption of Eve, * the great treasure of the world; * because salvation for the world and forgiveness of ancient offences were wrought in her. * Therefore we cry unto her: * Intercede with thine own Son and God to grant forgiveness of offences ** to those who devoutly worship thy most holy Offspring.

Stavrotheotokion: Upon beholding the Lamb, Shepherd and Redeemer * upon the Cross, * the ewe-lamb exclaimed weeping, bitterly lamenting, and crying aloud: * “The world rejoiceth, having received deliverance through Thee, * but my womb doth burn, beholding Thy crucifixion, * which Thou hast endured in Thy merciful loving-kindness. * O long-suffering Lord, * Thou abyss and inexhaustible well-spring of mercy, * take pity, and grant forgiveness of sins ** unto those who hymn Thy divine sufferings with faith!”

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!’

Invested with the power of Christ, O Patrick, thou didst become His priest, and having manifestly followed in His steps, through tortures thou didst offer thyself to Him as the one Benefactor, crying out in piety: Glory to Thy power, O Lover of mankind!

Thou wast revealed to be a divine sacred minister, O father Acacius, delighting in divine radiance, and showing thyself to be a true martyr of Christ, thou didst spit upon the delusion of idolatry. Wherefore with joyous conscience, thou dost cry aloud: Glory to Thy power, O Lover of mankind!

Joining chorus and rejoicing with the company of Thy martyrs, O Christ, Menander is now resplendent in Thy radiance and, magnificently adorned with effulgence, in heaven he crieth out to Thee, the Master, rejoicing: Glory to Thy power, O Lover of mankind!

Theotokion: **H**aving acquired the all-immaculate one who gave birth to Thee, O Christ, as a weapon, the wise martyrs vanquished the wiles of delusion and manifestly spurned the allurements of the tyrants. And now, revealed as crown-bearers, they cry aloud: Glory to Thy power, O Lover of mankind!

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 mortified yourselves to the world with the pangs of abstinence, O divinely wise martyrs, ye zealously offered yourselves to Christ as perfect immolations, and, being slaughtered like sheep, ye submitted to the divine precepts of the Master.

Having suffered lawfully, O most praised martyrs, ye have been crowned; for having endured bitter pangs and wounds at the hands of the iniquitous, ye have been deemed worthy to enjoy life incorruptible in the heavens.

Dwelling noetically now with the angels, O blessed Patrick, remember those who celebrate thine honored memory, earnestly entreating the Master with thy supplications, that He save us from misfortunes, O most praised one.

Theotokion: **A**ll the glorious martyrs, acknowledging thee as the true Theotokos, have proclaimed God the Word Who was born of thee, youthfully opposing sin even unto death, O all-hymned Maiden.

ODE VI

Irmos: **T**he abyss of my sins and the storm of my transgressions * disquieten me and thrust me down * into the depths of despondency; * but do Thou stretch forth Thy mighty arm, * unto me as Thou didst to Peter, * and save me, O my Guide.

O ye pious people, forming a chorus as is meet, let us now joyously praise the choir of four spiritual athletes, the martyrs and hierarchs, illustrious in majesty.

O spiritual athletes, the outpourings of warm waters which flow from your tombs offer release from bodily pangs, and by your divine supplications the passions of the souls of those who approach you with faith are removed.

O blessed Patrick, entreating Christ the Redeemer, by thy supplications, cause the noetic dawn to rise upon me now, for I lie in the darkness of transgressions and remain in a squalid life.

Theotokion: **O** all-hymned Virgin Theotokos, who hast given birth to the Effulgence of the glory of the Father, illumine my soul; for the passion-bearers, possessed of thy grace, rejected the blasphemies of the tyrants.

Kontakion of the hieromartyr, in Tone IV:

Spec. Mel.: “Thou hast appeared today ...”:

As one resplendent in the beauty of the priesthood * and supremely adorned with the blood of martyrdom, * standing before Christ with those who suffered with thee, * O Patrick, be thou mindful of us, ** in that thou art an honored passion-bearer.

ODE VII

Irmos: **O**nce 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!**

The glorious martyrs, adorned with the vesture of the priesthood, which they made yet more sacred by their blood, chanted, joining chorus in the vision of God: **O God of our fathers, Blessed art Thou!**

Illumined with divine light, **O** blessed one, thou didst denounce the cruelty of the rhetoricians in the depths of the furnace, yet wast not consumed therein, crying aloud: **O God of our fathers, Blessed art Thou!**

The arrogant governor could not bear the wise words by which thou didst denounce the most abominable and false deities, and, spitting upon them, thou didst chant, rejoicing: **O God of our fathers, Blessed art Thou!**

Theotokion: **B**ehold! now the divine prophecy of the godly David hath been fulfilled! For with love the four martyrs entreat thy countenance, **O** pure one, crying out to Him Who became incarnate of thee: **O God of our fathers, Blessed art Thou!**

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'.

Rejoicing, **O** ye faithful, come, let us honor the crowned martyrs, the divinely wise holy hierarchs, magnifying Christ Who gave them strength to not fear the tortures of the impious ones, and who chant: **O ye Youths bless, O ye priests praise, O ye people, supremely exalt Him throughout all ages!**

With the anointing of the priesthood and the blood of martyrdom were the four right victorious ones anointed, and they shine forth in divers miracles more brightly than the sun, crying out to the Creator and Redeemer: **O ye Youths bless, O ye priests praise, O ye people, supremely exalt Him throughout all ages!**

Having vanquished the hordes of the demons and been undaunted by the threats of the tyrants, **O** all-praised ones, ye have received crowns from Christ and chant as victorious spiritual athletes: **O ye Youths bless, O ye priests praise, O ye people, supremely exalt Him throughout all ages!**

Theotokion: **L**et Menander rejoice, and let Acacius be glad with Polyenus and the radiant Patrick; and forming a choir, let them unceasingly hymn the Word of the Father Who became incarnate in the womb of the Virgin who knew not wedlock, showing themselves to be priests who 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.

Beholding the heads of the spiritual athletes severed as they patiently surrendered their souls with love, the tyrants were amazed. But Christ received them, granting them rest near Himself, and through them He poureth forth healings, as from a bowl, upon those who unceasingly have recourse to them.

Hastening to behold the Source of their desires in the heavens, the holy hierarchs and martyrs forsook all their heritage on earth and were taken up to the majesty of the divine kingdom on high, being deemed worthy of the food of blessedness which passeth understanding.

O spiritual athletes, ye traversed the water of temptations and passed through the fire of tortures; and now, manifestly crowned, ye have received rest in the tabernacles of heaven, wherein ye dance unceasingly. O crowned ones, deliver us from misfortunes.

Theotokion: Like the sun the memorial of the spiritual athletes shineth forth miracles upon the faithful; for God, Who was born of thee, O pure Virgin, and whom the saints piously preached, hath shone forth upon them exceedingly, glorifying those who faithfully honored His coming, as He promised.

AT LITURGY

Kontakion of the hieromartyr, in Tone IV:

As one resplendent in the beauty of the priesthood * and supremely adorned with the blood of martyrdom, * standing before Christ with those who suffered with thee, * O Patrick, be thou mindful of us, ** in that thou art an honored passion-bearer.