

THE 10th DAY OF THE MONTH OF MARCH
THE COMMEMORATION OF THE HOLY MARTYR CODRATUS
AT VESPERS:

On “Lord, I have cried ...,” 3 Stichera of the holy martyr, in Tone I:
Spec. Mel.: “Joy of the ranks of Heaven ...”:

With the all-praised Codratus let a song be faithfully raised with splendor * to the great Cyprian, the two Dionysiuses and Anectus as is meet, * together with Crescens, and the glorious Paul, * as divinely spiritual crowned athletes of the Lord ** and our most fervent intercessors.

Today another choir hath appeared * of sacred martyrs, victorious and triumphant, * a brilliant assembly of divine passion-bearers, * a steadfast company, a chosen army, * whereof Codratus holds the captaincy, ** who hath been revealed to be a right glorious conqueror.

O all-praised Codratus, with thine incisive discourse * thou didst cut through the greatly elaborate webs of the rhetors’ wisdom * as though they were darkness. * Faithfully didst thou teach, and with patience suffered for Christ; * and being well adorned in both teaching and suffering, ** thou hast been crowned together with the passion-bearers.

Glory ..., Both now ..., Theotokion, in the same melody:

Held fast by hopeless transgressions, O pure Virgin, * we cry out in thanksgiving, * having acquired thee as our sole intercessor: * Cleanse us, O most holy Bride of God, * for thou art the refuge of the world ** and the help of our race.

Stavrotheotokion: **U**pon beholding the Lamb lifted up upon the Cross, * the immaculate Virgin cried aloud, weeping: * “O my Child most sweet, * what is this new and most glorious sight? * How is it that Thou Who holdest all things in Thy hand ** hast been nailed to the Tree in the flesh?”

AT MATINS:

Canon of the holy martyrs, the composition
of St. Joseph the Hymnographer, in Tone IV:

ODE I

Irmos: O Thou who wast born of the Virgin, * drown I implore Thee, in the depth of dispassion * the triune nature of my soul, * as Thou didst the mighty strongholds of the warriors, * that in the mortality of my flesh * as on a timbrel * I may chant a hymn of victory.

The sacred and wondrous feast of the sacred martyrs, who suffered in a sacred manner, hath dawned! O ye who love the feasts of the Church, assembling and guiding all with the radiance of the Spirit, let us call them blessed as is meet.

Like the radiant sun hast thou shone upon us in the splendor of the virtues, O blessed athlete Codratus, driving away the darkness of polytheism with the rays of thy light, and illumining the assemblies of the faithful.

Proclaiming Jesus our Savior to be God, the Rock of life, O glorious martyrs, ye suffered with steadfastness; and, stoned, ye made the outpourings of your blood into a fountain of sanctity.

Theotokion: From the mire of the passions, from the three-fold waves of evil thoughts, from the darts of the enemy, and from every assault of the adversary, save the souls of those who hymn thine ineffable birthgiving, O pure and all-immaculate Birthgiver of God.

ODE III

Irmos: Likened to a barren woman * the Church from among the nations hath given birth, * and the assembly abundant in children, hath grown weak. * Let us cry out to our wondrous God: * Holy art Thou, O Lord!

The firm and adamant ones, while slain by the sword and steadfastly being subjected to all manner of sufferings, cried out to our wondrous God: Holy art Thou, O Lord!

With wisdom granted him by God, Codratus set at naught the wisdom of the Hellenes, enduring mockery and adorned with his own blood by the divine Spirit.

O ye faithful, with hymns let us with honor and wisdom rightly crown those who suffered with faith: Anectus and Codratus, Crescens and Paul, the godly Cyprian and Dionysius.

Theotokion: Even a celestial intelligence is unable to describe thy birthgiving which surpasseth understanding, O Maiden; for in thy womb thou didst conceive the Word, the primal intelligence, Who by His word created all things, O pure one.

Sessional Hymn, in Tone IV: Spec. Mel.: “Having been lifted up ...”:

By enduring evils, thou didst slay the proud enemy, O passion-bearer; and thou didst endure death by the sword with the all-wise ones who suffered with thee, O Codratus. Wherefore, we celebrate your honored memory, crying aloud: Remember us before the Master, O unvanquished martyrs!

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

Who can describe the multitude of mine impure thoughts and the tempests of my wicked notions, O all-immaculate one? Who can recount the assaults of mine incorporeal foes and their malice? Yet by thine entreaties grant me deliverance from them all, O good one.

Stavrotheotokion: **S**he who in the latter days * gave birth in the flesh unto Thee O Christ, * Who wast begotten of the beginningless Father, * upon seeing Thee hanging upon the Cross, cried aloud: * “Woe is me, O Jesus, most beloved Christ! * How is it that Thou Who art glorified as God by the angels * dost now consent to be crucified by iniquitous men O my Son? ** I hymn Thee, O Thou Long-suffering One!”

ODE IV

Irmos: **H**e who sitteth in glory upon the throne of the Godhead, * Jesus the true God, * is come in a swift cloud * and with His sinless hands he hath saved those who cry: * **Glory to Thy power, O Christ.**

By the wisdom of thy words thou didst put the foolish to shame, and by the instruction of thy doctrines of belief, O martyr Codratus, thou didst attract the godly Anectus; bringing the steadfast martyr to thy Master.

From thy swaddling bands thou didst become wholly the possession of thy Creator, and from childhood, having chosen the sense of a mature man and desired wisdom, thou didst wholly become a most pure habitation of Christ, O martyr.

Having fed the six-branched lampstand of Thy martyrs with mystic oil, O Lord, thou hast dispelled the night of polytheism and illumined those who cry out: Glory to Thy power, O Christ!

Theotokion: **T**he holy Theotokos, in whom the consubstantial Word of the Father was well-pleased to make His abode, as a fragrant temple did not burn her womb, nor did she suffer pain, for she hath given birth to Emmanuel: God and man.

ODE V

Irmos: **D**o Thou O Lord send down upon us * Thine enlightenment, and free us * from the gloom of transgression, O Good One, * granting us Thy peace.

Driving away the gloom of ignorance with the enlightenment of reason, thou didst lead a company of athletes to the Lord, O wise Codratus, being crowned with them.

Having first put down the revolt of the passions through fasting, thou didst then destroy the might of the impious, having suffered most mightily, O martyr Codratus.

The dry rock hath been filled by the shedding of thy precious blood, shedding forth splendid streams unto the faithful, sanctifying them with its divine down-pouring.

Theotokion: **H**e Who fashioned Eve out of Adam's rib, O most pure one, hath been conceived from thy pure womb in His tender compassion, wishing to save Adam, in that He is the Lover of mankind.

ODE VI

Irmos: **P**refiguring Thy three-day burial * Prophet Jonah praying in the belly of the sea-monster cried aloud: * Deliver me from corruption * O Jesus Thou King of hosts.

The choir of passion-bearers six in number hath shone upon us like stars in the honored firmament of the Church, illumining the faithful and dispelling the darkness of deception.

Without being battered by waves, the martyrs traversed the deep of torments and received the calm of the Most High, being themselves a haven for the faithful and most fervent intercessors.

Let us praise the glorious Codratus with Anectus, Dionysius and Paul, Crescens and Cyprian, the right faithful branches of the vineyard of Christ.

Theotokion: **T**hou didst render the earthly nature of men heavenly, and fashion anew that which had corrupted. Wherefore, O Maiden, with unceasing cries we all glorify thee.

ODE VII

Irmos: **T**hou didst save the children of Abraham in the fire * and slay the Chaldeans, * who unjustly entrapped the righteous ones. * O God of our fathers, * supremely praised above all, and blessed art Thou O Lord.

Receiving the dew of endurance from on high amid the fire of torments, with the children the valiant martyrs cried aloud: O all-hymned Lord and God of our fathers, blessed art Thou!

The stone which before was dry hath been filled with the rain of your precious blood, O passion-bearers, pouring forth streams of healing upon those who chant: O God of our fathers, blessed art Thou!

As a noetic ointment jar the shrine of thy relics doth exude the myrrh of healings, O Codratus, dispersing the stench of the passions and burning the regiments of the demons with divine power.

Theotokion: Blessed is the fruit of thy blessed womb Whom the hosts of Heaven and the assemblies of mankind bless, and Who hath delivered us from the ancient curse, O blessed one.

ODE VIII

Irmos: O almighty Redeemer of all, * having descended and bedewed the children * in the midst of the flame, * Thou didst teach them to sing: * All ye works bless and hymn the Lord.

Illumined with the splendor of sufferings, O glorious Codratus, thou dost stand as a crown-bearer with those who suffered with thee, crying aloud: All ye works, bless and hymn the Lord!

Made comely by the light of the virtues, O all-wise Codratus, in thine end thou didst inherit the splendor of martyrdom, raising the hymn: All ye works, bless and hymn the Lord!

Corinth hath acquired as fortifications the precious relics of the saints, and their temple as a source of healing for which no payment is exacted, where everyone who hath recourse thereto is freed from pangs and passions.

Theotokion: Delivered from the curse of our foremother by thee, O pure Mother of God, blessed Sovereign Lady, we bless thee with faith and chant hymns to thee, O most holy Virgin Bride of God.

ODE IX

Irmos: Eve dwelt under the curse of sin * because of the infirmity of disobedience; * but thou, O Virgin Theotokos, * hast through the Offspring of thy pregnancy * blossomed forth blessing upon the world. * Wherefore, we all magnify thee.

The sores inflicted during your martyrdom emit a fragrance full of grace, and the blood therefrom poureth forth torrents of healings through the divine Spirit, healing soul-destroying passions. Let us bless them as is meet.

Comely in the beauty of thy wounds, thou didst become like unto the angels, O Codratus; and seated upon thy blood which thou hadst shed as upon a chariot, thou didst fly aloft to the Kingdom on high, receiving honors for thy sufferings.

Pouring forth divine sweetness from thy mouth, O martyr Codratus, thou didst exhort the company of athletes to suffer with thee: Anectus and Paul, Crescens, Cyprian and the godly Dionysius; and with them thou dost join chorus, O right wondrous one.

We all honor the day of the celebration of your suffering, O passion-bearers; for thereon, having taken up the crown of incorruption, ye became sons of the light and the day, forming a choir around the throne of the King of all.

Theotokion: Shown to be the bearer of the Creator of all in a manner past all understanding, O all-immaculate one, thou wast shown to be more exalted than the heavens and as having dominion over all, O undefiled Virgin Birthgiver of God. Wherefore, we all unceasingly magnify thee.