

THE 13th DAY OF THE MONTH OF MARCH
THE COMMEMORATION OF THE TRANSLATION OF THE RELICS OF OUR
FATHER AMONG THE SAINTS, NICEPHORUS,
AT VESPERS

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

Spec. Mel.: “Joy of the ranks of Heaven ...”:

The streams of thy wisdom, * drawn from noetic clouds, * pour forth a fountain of Orthodoxy upon the world; * and we, the faithful, drawing forth sweetness therefrom, * turn away from the emissions of heresy ** as from the bitter waters of Marah.

Lying in the tomb, * thy most pure body did not in any way decay, * but was found to be whole, O all-blessed Nicephorus; * and bearing it forth with zeal, * those nurtured by Orthodoxy rejoiced, ** gloriously blessing thee, O divinely wise one.

The Church honored with the name of the Apostles * received thee, O all-blessed one, * who through thy godly actions * didst become a temple of God, * and who after thine interment art again interred in a sacred manner ** burying all the fetid foolish prating of the heretics.

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

Tempest-tossed on the abyss of transgressions, * fleeing to the calm haven * of thy most pure supplication, * I cry out to thee, O Birthgiver of God: * Save me, O all-immaculate one, ** extending thy mighty right hand unto thy servant!

Stavrotheotokion: Upon 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 hierarch, the composition of Ignatius, in Tone II:

ODE I

Irmos: Come, O ye people, * let us sing a song to Christ our God, * Who divided the sea, * and made a way for the nation * which He had brought up out of the bondage of Egypt; * for He hath been glorified.

As Thou art almighty, O Compassionate One, with Thine immortal gesture and the hand of Thy tender compassion raise up and give life to me who am cruelly held fast in the tomb of my sins.

Having acquired perfection in the four native virtues, and mounted them as a chariot, O God-bearer, thou wast taken up to thy goal of divine vision as thine activity.

Having tasted of life incorruptible, thou didst drink the draught of sobriety from the cup of God, O venerable one. Wherefore, thou hast become a receptacle of wisdom.

Driven from thy cathedra, glory and flock by the violent hand of the pernicious beasts of heresy, O venerable one, thou hast now entered into thy fold again.

Theotokion: **B**y a word thou didst conceive the Word of the Father, and hast given birth to Him in a manner beyond telling; and after giving birth supra-naturally and ineffably, thou hast remained a virgin as before.

ODE III

Irmos: O Lord, who didst slay sin upon the tree, * firmly establish us in Thee, * and in the hearts of us who hymn Thee * plant the fear of Thee.

Defending thyself with the weapon of the Cross, depicting the divine likeness of the Master, thou didst piously worship it, following the teachings of the Fathers.

Thy flock, desiring thee, the shepherd who calleth it by name and driveth away wolves with the staff of faith, doth hasten to thee, O wise one.

As of old Israel bore the body of the chaste and godly Joseph from Egyptian exile back to Canaan, so now the Church of Christ doth honor the shrine of thy relics.

Theotokion: **A**s the temple and sacred habitation of the Word, O most holy and ever-virgin Theotokos, do thou wash away my transgressions.

Sessional Hymn, in Tone III:

Spec. Mel.: “Of divine faith ...”:

Thou didst crown the Church with triumphs, having driven away the infamy of false doctrine, as a victor, sanctifying the ends of the earth through the translation of thy holy relics. O venerable father, entreat Christ God, that He grant us great mercy!

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

Thou wast the divine tabernacle of the Word, * O only most pure Virgin Mother * who surpassed the angels in purity. * By the divine waters of thy supplications * cleanse me who, more than all others, * have become dust, defiled by carnal transgressions; ** and grant me great mercy, O pure one.

Stavrotheotokion: **T**he unblemished ewe-lamb of the Word, * the incorrupt Virgin Mother, * beholding Him Who sprang forth from her without pain * suspended upon the Cross, cried out, maternally lamenting: * “Woe is me, O my Child! * How is it that Thou dost suffer willingly, * desiring to redeem mankind ** from the indignity of the passions?”

ODE IV

Irmos: **I** have heard report O Lord, * of Thy glorious dispensation, * and I have glorified, Thine unapproachable power, * O Lover of mankind.

An ark of sanctity from whence we draw forth a well-spring of healings hath thy shrine become for those who honor thee.

Thou didst drive out heresies and didst make steadfast the fold of thy flock, fencing it about with divine teachings.

As is meet, we honor the shrine of thy relics as a vase of perfume which emitteth the sweet fragrance of life for the faithful.

Theotokion: **H**onoring thee as the noetic paradise that received Christ, the Tree of life, in thy womb, we therefore glorify thee, O Virgin.

ODE V

Irmos: **O** Lord, Bestower of light and Creator of the ages: * guide us in the light of Thy commandments, * for we know none other God than Thee.

The enemy hath been put to shame, and the heresiarchs have become insane with rage, beholding thy shrine which is venerated with faith by the emperor and all thy flock, O divinely wise one.

Like a dreadful scourge thy sacred shrine driveth out the evil spirits of the demons, and it receiveth from God the victory of divine glory over them, O Nicephorus.

The crucible of conscience heated by the fire of the Spirit showed thee to be as lustrous as gold through thy faith, exposing the vileness of the heretics.

Theotokion: **M**ade comely by the descent of the most holy Spirit, thou gavest suck unto God at thy breasts and didst hold in thine arms Him Who holdeth all creation in His hand.

ODE VI

Irmos: **W**hirled about in the abyss of sin, * I appeal to the unfathomable abyss of Thy compassion: * Raise me up from corruption, O God.

Thou didst endure sufferings for the Faith, and for the precious traditions of the Fathers thou didst bear banishment; but thereby thou hast acquired most precious glory.

Thy firm faith and opposition aroused the fury of the tyrants; and thou didst become a pillar of fire for the honored Church, O blessed one.

Possessing thy shrine and dust as a lustrous pearl and stones of surpassing brilliance, O wise one, the Church is adorned with a crown of Orthodoxy.

Theotokion: Assemblies of mortals and angels honor the ineffable manner of thy birthgiving, O Lady, glorifying thee who art more exalted than all other creatures.

Kontakion of the holy hierarch, in Tone I:

Spec. Mel.: “The choir of angels ...”:

The choir of patriarchs doth honor thy holy memory * with praises and hymns, O Nicephorus; * having received thy soul at thy translation, O glorious one. * Wherefore, today the holy Church, * magnifying Christ the King, ** doth glorify Him Who alone is the Lover of mankind.

ODE VII

Irmos: **When the golden image was worshipped on the plain of Dura, * Thy three children spurned the impious command, * and, cast into the midst of the flame, * they were bedewed, and sang: * O God of our fathers, Blessed art Thou!**

By the power of God thy grave-clothes were preserved incorrupt, and by divine command thy bones were not disunited, O blessed one, but scatter abroad the malice of the unclean spirits. And we cry aloud: O God of our fathers, Blessed art Thou!

Let the divine temple of the disciples of the Word faithfully receive the colleague of the apostles, the companion of the martyrs, the foundation of patriarchs, and one who shared the life of the Fathers, crying aloud: O God of our fathers, Blessed art Thou!

Theotokion: **O**f old Moses beheld the bush which burnt unconsumed by the fire on Sinai, prefiguring thy womb, O most pure Mother; for thou didst conceive the divine Fire and yet wast not consumed, but hast given birth unto the Fashioner of light: God and man.

ODE VIII

Irmos: **God Who descended into the fiery furnace * with the Hebrew children, * and transformed the flame into dew, * do ye works hymn, * and supremely exalt as Lord throughout all ages.**

Thou didst reach the haven of life, passing through the many three-fold waves with the sail of the Spirit, O father, preserving thy good cargo safe and dry; thou dost now delight in the tranquility there.

The faithful, seeing the coffin placed upon a new table of oblation, and sacrifices being faithfully performed thereon, while within lieth thy most sacred body, supremely exalt God and His wonderworker.

Thy flock rejoiceth; the brilliant choir of monks, the pious purple of faithful emperors and every assemblage of the mighty hold festival at the honored translation of thy relics.

Theotokion: Having at a word seedlessly conceived in thy womb the Word Who formed all things by His word, O pure Virgin Birthgiver of God, thou hast given birth unto Him in a manner beyond all telling. Him do we supremely exalt throughout all ages.

ODE IX

Irmos: God the Word, God of God, * Who by ineffable wisdom came to create Adam anew * after his grievous fall to corruption through eating * and Who took flesh beyond all telling from the Holy Virgin for our sake, * Him we faithful with one accord magnify in song.

Multitudes of angels join chorus together, celebrating thy triumph and thy sufferings, O father, thankfully glorifying the most holy Lord, asking that peace from on high be granted to us who faithfully honor thy relics.

May the grace of thy relics be unto our infirmities like a precious remedy, O all-praised and blessed one, and may thy supplication be profitable for all, and a path and guide to God for those who with faith and love honor thee.

Defending the faithful with the cover of victory, O King of all, strengthen Orthodox hierarchs against heresy and preserve Thine Orthodox Church as a firm foundation for the faithful, through the supplications of the venerable one.

Theotokion: O pure and all-hymned one, we are all saved, having acquired thee as a mighty intercession, hope, rampart and anchor, and a steadfast protection, unassailable foundation, a haven untouched by tempests, and our sole refuge.