

**THE 10th DAY OF THE MONTH OF APRIL,
COMMEMORATION OF THE HOLY MARTYRS TERENCE, POMPEY & THOSE WITH
THEM
AT VESPERS**

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

Spec. Mel.: “As one valiant among the martyrs ...”:

The company of spiritual athletes of many names * steadfastly endured * multifarious tortures, * and rejoicing, they passed over * to our one God, * and rejoice with the myriads of the sacred incorporeal hosts; * for they vanquished myriads of the serpent’s hosts * by their firm opposition ** and the grace of the Spirit.

Let the most glorious Maximus * and the great Terence, * the most wise Pompey, * the godly Mircanus and Macarius, * be honored with hymns, * and with them the rest of the company of martyrs * who with their own blood * purchased the kingdom on high ** and are imbued with everlasting glory.

Neither starvation, nor tribulations, * neither life nor death, O glorious ones, * was able to separate you * from the love of the Creator; * wherefore, ye have inherited the kingdom of heaven, * inexhaustible delight * and gladness without end. * Yet ask ye for us also ** the cleansing of grace and mercy.

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

O all-pure one, * who hath contained the infinite God in thy womb * Who, in His love for mankind, hath become a man, * and hath received our substance from thee, * deifying it: * disdain me not who am now sorrowing, * but quickly take pity * and free me from divers enemies ** and the malice of the evil one.

Stavrotheotokion: Upon beholding Thee, * the Lamb and Shepherd, upon the Tree, * the ewe-lamb who bore Thee lamented, * and maternally exclaimed to Thee: * “O most desired Son, * how is it that Thou art suspended upon the tree of the Cross? * How is it that Thine arms and legs are nailed * by the iniquitous ones, O long-suffering Word, ** and that Thou hast shed Thy blood, O Master?”

AT MATINS

Canon of the holy martyrs, the acrostic whereof is:
“Save me, O ye multitude of right victorious martyrs”, the composition of
Theophanes, in Tone VIII:

ODE I

Irmos: **H**aving passed through the water as upon dry land, * and having escaped the malice of the Egyptians, * the Israelites cried aloud: * Unto our God and Redeemer let us sing.

O ye multitude of glorious spiritual athletes, entreat Christ, Who hath an abundance of compassion, that He lift the multitude of mine evils, that I may praise your triumph.

Serving the true and living God, O passion-bearers, ye refused to offer worship to inanimate gods, but rather offered yourselves as living sacrifices to the Bestower of life.

The ungodly published an edict abominable to God, and in the midst of the tribunal the forty athletes proclaimed the incarnate Word Who hath delivered the world from irrationality.

Theotokion: **I** hymn thee, O most hymned Virgin, for Thou alone hast given flesh to God through thy precious blood, and in a manner past all telling hast wondrously given birth to Him.

ODE III

Irmos: **O** Lord, thou art the confirmation of those who flee to Thee, * Thou art the Light of those in darkness, * and my spirit doth hymn Thee.

With their sacred mouths the spiritual athletes preached the Lord before the tyrants, suffering patiently.

The spiritual athletes manifestly gave themselves over to dismemberment for Christ, loving Him with a burning zeal.

Those who with the divine Terence, were bound for Christ, have loosed the bonds of vanity.

Theotokion: **S**ave me, O pure Mother who hast given birth to the supremely good Lord, and subdue the greatly tumultuous storm of my soul.

Sessional Hymn, in Tone IV:

Spec. Mel.: “Having been lifted up ...”:

The forty passion-bearers of Christ, armed with the power of Christ, felled hordes of demons with faith; and, dying, they passed over, rejoicing, to an immortal end, where they ask forgiveness of transgressions for us who ever celebrate their victory.

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

As one who loveth sin, I beseech thee who gavest birth to the sinless God Who taketh away the sins of the world: O most pure one, have compassion on my greatly sinful soul and cleanse me of my many sins; for thou art the cleansing, salvation and aid of the faithful.

Stavrotheotokion: She 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: O Lord, I have heard the mystery of Thy dispensation; * I have considered Thy works, * and I have glorified Thy Divinity.

Shining more than sapphires and gold in your steadfast struggles, O martyrs, ye were revealed to be adorned by the infliction of your wounds.

Having received life-bearing activity from the life-giving Trinity, ye drive all pain, all mortality from men’s bodies and souls.

“We will not deny the Lord! We will not sacrifice to mindless demons!” the divinely wise ones cried out while being tormented with pain and tortures.

Theotokion: Surrounded by dangers, I call upon thee for help, O all-immaculate Sovereign Lady. Hasten thou to save me, O thou who hast given birth to the Savior and Word.

ODE V

Irmos: Rising early we cry to Thee, O Lord; * save us, for Thou art our God, * and we know none other besides Thee.

By your endurance of laceration, O all-praised passion-bearers, ye cast down the might of delusion.

Having dried up the abyss of delusion with the torrents of your blood, O blessed ones, ye have given drink to every soul.

Ye have shown yourselves to be a meadow abundant with flowers, O godly martyrs, wafting forth the sweet fragrance of the Holy Spirit.

Theotokion: O most pure one, thy Son, the Lover of mankind, Who was born of thee, hath revealed Himself to be the Redeemer of the race of mankind.

ODE VI

Irmos: I will pour out my prayer unto the Lord, * and to Him will I proclaim my grief; * for my soul is filled with evils, * and my life unto Hades hath drawn nigh, * and like Jonah I pray unto Thee: * Raise me up from corruption, O God.

Made steadfast by Thy might, O Jesus, the honored and right victorious martyrs utterly cast down the power of the enemy and were revealed to be truly mighty, doing battle against the weakness of the flesh and casting down their mighty adversary.

Vanquishing the multifariously-formed serpent, thou didst truly crush his head under thy feet, wherefore thy victorious brow hath received a crown, O Terence, martyr of Christ, companion of the holy angels.

The shrine of the martyrs poureth forth healings, washeth away sufferings, cleanseth the defilement of souls and drowneth hordes of demons; and it watereth the hearts of all the pious with grace.

Theotokion: The Prophet Habbakuk foresaw thee as a mountain overshadowed, O Theotokos, from whence God issued forth, incarnate, in a manner beyond all telling, and saved the world which is grievously assailed by the tempest of cruel sin.

Kontakion, in Tone II:

Spec. Mel.: “The Theotokos, who is ever-vigilant ...”:

Today the honored memorial of the martyrs Terence and his companions * hath arrived, gladdening all things. * Wherefore, let us hasten, that we may receive healing; * for they have received from God the grace of the Holy Spirit, ** for the healing of the infirmities of our souls.

ODE VII

Irmos: The Hebrew children in the furnace * boldly trampled upon the flames, * changing the fire into dew, they cried aloud: * ‘Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God, throughout the ages’.

Having acquired attentive ears O wise ones, ready to listen to the precepts of God, and to act upon their divine fulfillment, ye chanted with great diligence: Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God, throughout the ages!

With the laws of God ye opposed the edicts of the iniquitous who commanded you to deny Christ, O athletes. To Him let us chant: Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God, throughout the ages!

Giving your members over to torture, ye rejected the body out of love for Him Who appeared on earth and assumed our flesh. To Him do ye chant, O martyrs: Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God, throughout the ages!

Theotokion: Having ineffably conceived Christ in thy womb, by the Fruit of thy womb, O all-immaculate one, thou hast set aright our first parents, who of old became corrupt through the disobedience of an unseemly offense.

ODE VIII

Irmos: In 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’.

The divinely wise Terence and Africanus, Maximus and Pompey, Alexander and Zephon, the glorious Theodore, together with the thirty three others who contended with them, confessing Christ, the Savior of all, before the tyrants’ tribunal, suffered valiantly.

Tortured for Christ, beaten with thongs of hide, pitilessly lacerated, pricked with tridents, thrown to the wild beasts, their sides scorched with burning stakes, the athletes cried aloud: Ye priests bless! Ye people supremely exalt Him throughout all ages!

Bearing the word of life, the right victorious martyrs saved those dying in deception and slew the enemy, depicting the radiant suffering and death of Christ; and they received a blessed end through multifarious tortures, hymning Him throughout all ages.

Theotokion: O most immaculate one, enliven my deadened soul, raise it up, which hath fallen, and heal it by the spear which pierced the divine side of the Savior who was incarnate of thy womb. Him do the children bless, the priests hymn and the people supremely exalt throughout all ages.

ODE IX

Irmos: All are awestruck at hearing of God's ineffable condescension, * for the Most High voluntarily descended and assumed flesh, * becoming man in the Virgin's womb; * wherefore we the faithful magnify the most pure Theotokos.

Ever flooded by the well-spring of the divine Spirit, the shrine of the martyrs poureth forth healing. Come ye who love the martyrs, and let us draw forth, sanctifying body, heart and soul, faithfully magnifying Christ the Savior.

Like flowers of the garden of God, like mystic roses ye have blossomed forth, and filled the Church with a precious fragrance, driving far from it the fetid delusion of the enemy with divine grace, O ye forty martyrs of Christ.

Today, O ye faithful, let us with faith praise and bless Maximus and Alexander, Theodore, Zephon and Pompey, Africanus and Terence, with the other athletes, hymning their struggles.

The earth took unto itself your blood and your suffering bodies, and heaven received your divine spirits. The armies of the angels assembled to honor your triumph, O wise ones, and Christ hath crowned you as victors.

Theotokion: O gateway of the Light, illumine my soul, which hath become darkened, and vexed by gloomy disobedience, and show me forth as a partaker of the divine day, that I may glorify thee, the unashamed intercessor of the faithful.