

THE 27th DAY OF THE MONTH OF MAY
COMMEMORATION OF THE HOLY HIEROMARTYR THERAPONT
AT VESPERS

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

Spec. Mel.: “Thy martyrs, O Lord ...”:

The all-glorious Therapont, illumined by divine acts, was deemed worthy to behold the beauty of Christ with the eyes of his heart, having pleased Him by his suffering. Wherefore, by grace he ever healeth sufferings of soul and body for those who have recourse unto him with faith.

As a well-spring of living water the most noetically rich Therapont poureth forth streams of healings and utterly washeth away the defilement of grievous ailments from all who have recourse to him with faith. By his entreaties, O Lord, grant unto all great mercy.

The wondrous Therapont, soaked in the dye of his blood, fashioned a truly most splendid garment of sanctity; and arraying himself magnificently therein, he hath entered the Holy of holies. Through his supplications, O Lord, grant great mercy unto all.

But if Alleluia is to be chanted at Matins instead of “God is the Lord ...,” we sing first the following Stichera of the Theotokos, in the same melody:

O Sovereign Lady, rescue me from the hands of the serpent, the slayer of men, who warreth against me with deception, to slaughter me utterly. Crush his jaws, I pray, and annul his machinations, that delivered from his talons, I may magnify thy power.

O all-immaculate one, I am the barren tree which produceth not the fruit of salvation; wherefore, I tremble at the thought of being felled, that, wretch that I am, I shall be cast into the unquenchable fire. Wherefore, I fall down before thee: Deliver me therefrom, and by thy mediation before thy Son show me to be fruitful.

The deadly dart of desire hath wounded my heart: I have been wounded by ignorance and am incurably ill. O Mother of God, disdain me not, wretched as I am, but grant me healing, in that thou hast given birth to the only merciful Lord and Savior.

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

My thoughts are impure, * and my lips are false, * all my works are defiled. * What, then, shall I do? * How shall I meet the Judge? * O Virgin Sovereign Lady, * entreat the Lord, thy Son and Creator, * that He accept my soul in repentance, ** in that He alone is compassionate.

Stavrotheotokion: “**I** cannot bear O my child, to behold Thee, * Who dost grant life and health unto all, * hung upon the Tree; * for of old those who were lulled into the sleep of death * by the fruit of the transgression * have been awakened * and granted divine and salvific life and health by Thee”, * thus said the Virgin weeping, ** whom we magnify.

AT MATINS

Canon of the holy hieromartyr, the composition of Joseph, in Tone VI:

ODE I

Irmos: When Israel walked on foot in the sea as on dry land, * on seeing their pursuer Pharaoh drowned, * they cried: * Let us sing to God * a song of victory.

Joining chorus with the sacred choirs in the heavens, O Therapont, do thou ever deliver from sufferings and cruel misfortunes those who on earth honor thy holy memory.

Thy sacred and honored suffering which took place in the world moveth the faithful to glorify thee splendidly who wast made bold by grace, O wise Therapont.

The noetic Sun, showing thee forth as a star divinely radiant in the light of thy struggles, illumineth with the radiance of miracles the faithful who praise thee in sacred manner.

Theotokion: The sacred choir of the prophets foretold from afar that thou wouldst become the Theotokos, O pure one, who art higher than the cherubim and all creation.

ODE III

Irmos: There is none as holy as Thou, * O Lord my God, * who hast exalted the horn of Thy faithful O good One, * and strengthened us upon the rock * of Thy confession.

Thou wast a favorite of Christ, truly bearing thine appropriate name, O martyr, and thou ever healest infirmities of soul and body.

Thy blood, mingled with chrism, rendereth thy priesthood yet more splendid, O holy hierarch and pastor, thou martyr and physician of the sick; wherefore, we praise thee.

Thou dost heal the grievous sufferings of those who approach with faith, causing sicknesses to cease, and washing away the harm caused by evil spirits, by the divine invocation of Christ, O all-blessed one.

Theotokion: The mind of man is unable to understand the ineffable depths of thy birthgiving, O pure one; for, pouring Himself forth into thy womb in His loving-kindness, God hath wholly restored me.

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

O favorite of Christ, having suffered lawfully, thou wast shown to be a true hierarch and martyr. Wherefore, we beseech thee: Cure now the persistent sufferings of our souls, O holy one, and entreat Christ, Who willeth mercy and is the Lover of mankind.

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

Do thou guide to the path of repentance, we who have ever wandered away into the trackless wastes of evil and have angered the supremely good Lord, O blessed Mary who knewest not wedlock, thou refuge of despairing men and dwelling-place of God.

Stavrotheotokion: **B**eholding 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: **Christ is my power, * my God and my Lord, * the holy Church divinely singeth, * crying with a pure mind, * keeping festival in the Lord.**

Having first rid thy soul of the tumult of the passions, O sacred minister, thou didst receive the holy and divine anointing, and at thine end wast adorned with the wreath of a spiritual athlete.

Thou art seen ever shining with divine signs and wonders, illumining the whole world, and receiving grace from God, O right wondrous holy hierarch.

Thou didst first tend the people with grace and un-bloody sacrifices, sacredly hallowed as a holy hierarch; and being slaughtered like a lamb, thou wast brought to the Lord.

Theotokion: **W**e bless the Virgin as a gateway leading to the divine entry, as the divine garden of paradise, as the noetic place of sanctity, as the beauty of Jacob.

ODE V

Irmos: **Illumine with Thy divine light, I pray, O Good One, * the souls of those who with love rise early to pray to Thee, * that they may know Thee, O Word of God, * as the true God, * Who recalleth us from the darkness of sin.**

Illumined with divine radiance, thou wast shown to be a most radiant star, enlightening the world with divine signs through the Spirit of God, O holy hierarch Therapont, blessed of God.

As a sacred wholeburnt offering, as a pleasing oblation, as a perfect sacrifice, thou didst offer thyself to the Word Who suffered in the flesh, O holy hierarch father Therapont, becoming a martyr.

Having truly filled the cup of confession most beautifully, O venerable Therapont, thou dost give all to drink of thy mighty suffering, calling them with exalted proclamation.

Theotokion: After thine awesome birthgiving thou didst remain a Virgin as thou wast before; for God was born, accomplishing all by His will, O Mary who knewest not wedlock, who art full of the grace of God.

ODE VI

Irmos: Beholding the sea of life surging with the tempest of temptations, * I run to Thy calm haven, and cry to Thee: * Raise up my life from corruption, * O greatly Merciful One.

Thy manner of living was divine, thy life godly, and thy death glorious, resplendent with the beauties of martyrdom, illumining with the splendors of miracles the hearts of those who hymn thee.

We recognize thee as a fruitful branch of the true noetic Vine, O divinely wise one, bearing the true grapes of confession which exude the most excellent wine of patience.

Thy temple hath been shown to be a place of sacred healing, easing all the pangs of the infirm by grace and releasing them from ailments, O divinely wise and right wondrous hierarch.

Theotokion: The Word seedlessly assumed flesh in thy womb, and revealed Himself as perfect man, restoring nature in a godly manner as He alone knew how, O all-immaculate one, thou portal which held God.

ODE VII

Irmos: An Angel made the furnace bedew the holy Children. * But the command of God consumed the Chaldeans * and prevailed upon the tyrant to cry: * O God of our fathers, blessed art Thou.

Having subdued the threefold billows of the passions, O venerable one, suffering, thou didst extinguish the conflagration of falsehood with the flood of thy blood, O venerable Therapont, hieromartyr of Christ.

Thou wast consecrated by the anointing of chrism, O venerable initiate of the mysteries, and, having perfected priests and the people, as a pastor thou didst finish the good race, being slain for Christ, O wise martyr Therapont.

With the torrents of thy blood thou didst drown the hordes of the enemy, and with the radiance of miracles thou dost destroy the gloom of the passions, O Therapont, revealing thyself to be a truly wondrous physician of the sick.

Theotokion: He Who sitteth un-circumscribed in the bosom of the Father, O pure one, now sitteth, circumscribed, in thy womb, encompassed by thy body, that He might save Adam, by becoming the new Adam.

ODE VIII

Irmos: **T**hou didst make flame bedew the holy children, * and didst burn the sacrifice of a righteous man with water. * For Thou alone, O Christ, dost do all as Thou willest, * Thee do we supremely exalt throughout all ages.

Thou didst offer un-bloody sacrifices unto God and wast slaughtered like a pure and innocent lamb; and thou didst abolish demonic sacrifices, O holy hierarch Therapont, thou adornment of spiritual athletes.

Having become a resident of paradise, thou wast shown to be a companion of the holy angels, O martyred passion-bearer and a minister of Christ, resplendent with the radiance of martyrdom.

Thou didst bring low the prideful serpent with humility of heart, having opposed him manfully, O holy hierarch, dying thy priestly vesture in the blood of martyrdom.

Theotokion: **D**elivered from the primal curse by thy birthgiving, O all-blessed and divinely joyous Maiden, we send up to thee the cry of Gabriel: Rejoice, O cause of the salvation of all!

ODE IX

Irmos: **I**t is impossible for mankind to see God * upon Whom the orders of Angels dare not gaze; * but through thee, O all-pure one, * did the Word Incarnate become a man * and with the Heavenly Hosts * Him we magnify and thee we call blessed.

Desiring to behold the glory of the Almighty, thou didst endure an unjust death ascending on thy blood as upon a chariot, O glorious hierarch, and soaring aloft to the heavens, where, rejoicing, thou hast found rest.

Like light, like the dawn hast thou shone forth upon us, illumining the ends of the earth with radiant beams, O holy hierarch and divinely inspired pastor, freeing us from the gloom of the passions. Wherefore, we honor and piously bless thee.

As thou art with the choirs of the patriarchs and martyrs, the apostles, the righteous and the venerable, O divinely blessed one, pray with them, that Christ grant forgiveness of sins unto all who piously observe thy divine memorial.

The magnificence of thy temple, ever illumined with the effulgence of miracles, doth free from the gloom of the passions, those who with faith approach in the Spirit, causing sicknesses to cease, O martyred hierarch, and right wondrous pastor.

Theotokion: **W**ith thy light illumine me, I pray O Virgin, divinely blessed among women, and deliver me from everlasting fire, that, as is meet, I may magnify and glorify thee, and hymn thy mighty acts.