

THE 16th DAY OF THE MONTH OF JUNE
COMMEMORATION OF THE HIEROMARTYR TICHON OF AMATHUS
AT VESPERS

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

Spec. Mel.: “What shall we call you ...”:

Possessed of a life equal to that of the angels, * by spurning pleasures * thou didst show thyself to be a vessel of God; * wherefore, O wise Tichon, as is meet * He ordained thee for the people * as a divine hierarch, * and showed thee to be a pillar and ground of the Faith, * O divinely inspired one, ** pasturing thy flock by the waters of Orthodoxy, O sacred one.

Full of divine understanding, * thou wast revealed to be a most wise shepherd, * piously nurturing * the reason-endowed flock * on the grass of true doctrines; * wherefore, we honor now thy holy festival, * glorifying the Lord Who hath glorified thee. * O all-blessed and divinely wise Tichon, ** pray thou that our souls be saved.

God, Who ever glorifieth those who glorify Him, * hath glorified thee with miracles; * for during thine honored and divine commemoration, * O wise father, * ripe grapes are seen * by those who hymn the most glorious wonder. * And partaking thereof, * the faithful who glorify thee as is meet ** receive sanctification and profit.

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:

Strange and awesome is the mystery * of thy seedless birthgiving, O pure Virgin, * surpassing in its greatness * all human thought. * For the many-eyed cherubim dare not gaze upon Him, * and all the ranks of the holy angels fear Him * to Whom thou hast given birth in the flesh for us, * yet Who hath not separated Himself from the Father’s essence. ** Wherefore we glorify thee Who hast given birth to Him, O Bride of God.

To whom hast thou likened thyself, O wretched soul, * in nowise awakening unto repentance? * And wherefore dost thou not fear * the fire which awaiteth the evil? * Arise, and summon her who alone is quick to help * and do thou cry aloud: * “O Mother of God, * entreat thy Son and our God, that He deliver me ** from the snares of the deceiver!”

O Sovereign Lady, help of all, * send down drops of thy mercy on me * who have fallen into the dark abyss * and am ever cruelly engulfed * by the threefold billows of life; * grant me thy helping hand, * and grant unto me the portion of the elect and the righteous, * in that thou hast given birth to the Abyss of mercy, ** Who is the Lover of mankind.

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

O all-immaculate and pure one, * who hast given birth to the unbearable Fire * Who burneth up sins, and bedeweth the faithful: * by thy supplications * consume the tinder of my boundless offenses, * and with thy dew cool my soul, * which is withering away through the passions, * that with a loud voice I, thy servant, ** may magnify thy mercy and power.

Stavrotheotokion: **T**he ewe-lamb, as she beheld the Lamb * stretched out of His own will * upon the Tree of the Cross, * cried out maternally, in pain with her weeping: * O my Son, what is this strange sight? * O Longsuffering One, how is it that Thou art slain, * Who, as Lord, bestoweth life upon all, * granting resurrection to mortals? ** I glorify Thy great condescension, O my God!

Troparion of the holy hieromartyr, in Tone I:

A desert dweller, an angel in the flesh and a wonder-worker * wast thou revealed to be, O our God-bearing father Tichon. * Receiving heavenly gifts through fasting, vigils and prayers, * thou healest the infirm and the souls of those who with faith have recourse unto thee. * Glory to Him Who hath given thee strength! * Glory to Him Who hath crowned thee! ** Glory to Him Who through thee worketh healings for all!

AT MATINS

Both canons from the Oktoechos, and that of the holy hieromartyr, with 4 Troparia,
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.

Full of visions transcending the mind, O blessed Tichon, and delighting in the divine radiance thereof, grant a voice of grace unto those who hymn thee, whereby we may be shown forth as worthy to recount thy virtues.

Choosing the higher path from thy youth, thou didst regard thine ancestral inheritance as but dust; and distributing it to the poor, thou didst receive recompense an hundredfold, trusting in the words of thy Lord, O blessed one.

He Who resideth in the highest, finding thy heart to be an abode of the virtues, made His habitation within thee and rested in thee; for with the Father He made within thee a dwelling-place purified beforehand by the Spirit, as He said.

Theotokion: **G**od became a man through thy womb, O most pure one, yet preserved thee a Virgin still after thy birthgiving; and having deified the nature which was contrary to His likeness, He bestowed upon it its primal dignity.

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.

Thou didst consider gold and silver to be like soil to be trampled underfoot, and worldly glory to be like dung; for thou didst constantly elevate thy mind toward those things which are incorrupt, and having received them, thou madest thine abode among them, O divinely wise and noetically rich Tichon.

That thou mightest obtain the higher life which abideth forever, O sacred martyr Tichon, thou didst overcome corrupt life, giving thyself over to labor for all, of thine own volition.

Thou didst stand at the tribunal of the tyrant, confessing Christ the King with boldness, undaunted by wounds or death, O wondrous one; and by thy words thou didst repel the enemy.

Theotokion: **T**hou hast not spurned one clothed in fetid raiments, who hath alienated himself from Thee through sin, O Christ; for, having assumed my poverty through the Virgin's womb, Thou hast deified and saved it in Thine abundant goodness.

Sessional Hymn, in Tone IV: Spec. Mel.: “Go thou quickly before ...”:

Desiring to receive everlasting life, thou didst truly purify thy soul of the passions, O our divinely wise father; wherefore, having received the effulgence of sanctity thou dost pour forth gifts of healing upon those who with faith have recourse to thy protection, O blessed Tichon.

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

O Bride of God who alone hast given birth unto the Creator of all, adorning mankind by thy birthgiving, deliver me from the snares of the alien one, and set me upon the rock of Christ's will, earnestly entreating Him to Whom thou gavest flesh.

Stavrotheotokion: **O** all-immaculate Virgin Mother of God, a sword passed through thy most holy soul when thou didst behold thy Son and God crucified of His own will. Cease not to beseech Him, O blessed one, that He grant us forgiveness of our transgressions.

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!’**

Receiving the might of the Spirit, O father, thou wast shown to be invincible and tireless; and like a commander, strengthened thy warriors, urging them to advance. Wherefore, having founded thy bloodless victory, thou didst receive the crown of martyrdom.

Consecrated to God, O Tichon, and observing His sacred laws, thou didst live, not as a hireling shepherd, but as one laying down thy life for the flock. Wherefore, having slain the wolves, thou hast nurtured the flock of Christ on life-giving pasturage.

The island of Cyprus doth truly cherish thine honorable memory, joining chorus with all the earth, and proclaiming that which is therein through the outpouring of miracles, even calling all those who desire to see, and behold, the garden of the most glorious offshoot of the vine.

Theotokion: **O** Son of the Father, Who hast shone forth timelessly, Light from Light, Who in the latter times issued forth from the Virgin's womb, setting aright through Thyself all of Adam, who of old had come under death. Wherefore, truly honoring Thy Mother, we, the faithful, proclaim her to be the Theotokos.

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.

Full of true vision, O glorious Tichon, thou didst denounce those who love vain wisdom, driving out the delusion of the demons, and all the myths and vile works of Cyprus.

Possessed of a pure life, and performing works which surpass understanding, thou didst stand before the divine table of Christ in a most sacred manner. Wherefore, through thy supplications, O divinely wise Tichon, thou didst cast down the temples of the demons.

Like Paul, crucified to the world, and crucifying the world to thyself, O God-bearing and noetically rich Tichon, thou didst not live for the flesh, but for God the Spirit. Wherefore, since thou hast obtained those things desired by thee; be mindful of us, thy servants.

Theotokion: O Mother who knewest not wedlock, thou hast been shown to be more radiant than the sun. For who in ages past ever heard of a Virgin giving suck? In thee who hast given birth to thy Creator, O Virgin Mother, were all things accomplished in a divine manner.

ODE VI

Irmos: Cleanse me, O Savior, * for many are mine iniquities; * lead me up from the abyss of evils I pray Thee, * for unto Thee have I cried, * and Thou hast hearkened unto me, * O God of my salvation.

Driving the assaults of the demons away from thy flock, and dispelling the delusion of the idols of polytheism, O wondrous one, thou didst show thyself to be fearsome to the adversary, O divinely eloquent and most wise Tichon.

God Who was glorified by thee glorified thee, O God-bearing Tichon, giving thee to us who bless thee with faith as one awesome in signs and great in wonders.

Thou didst sanctify thy life, O wise one, living it honorably on earth; and, passing over from it to receive that of heaven, thou didst glorify it with miracles, O Tichon, true friend of the Master.

Theotokion: O Theotokos, thou hast given birth to the Fruit of life, the divine Garden, for me who of old in the garden of paradise did by nature eat of the fruit of mortality. And partaking of Him, I shall no longer be enslaved to death.

Kontakion of the holy hieromartyr, in Tone III:

Spec. Mel.: “Today the Virgin ...”:

Persevering in the struggle of the love of God, O holy one, * from on high thou didst receive the power of the Comforter * to cast down the idols of delusion, * to save mortals, cast out demons, and to heal sicknesses. ** Wherefore, we honor thee as a friend of God, O blessed Tichon.

ODE VII

Irmos: The Chaldean furnace, burning with fire, * was bedewed by the Spirit * through the presence of God; * and the children chanted: * O God of our fathers, Blessed art Thou!

As thou wast a divine mouth, thou didst make worthy men from the unworthy, O most wondrous Tichon, wherefore, Christ hath truly glorified thee with miracles even after thy repose.

As thou wast desirous of the hope of heaven, O father, thou didst wisely reject all passionate attachments to the world. Wherefore, as a prophet, O wise Tichon, thou didst proclaim thy repose beforehand.

Coming together, O ye who love the feasts of the Church, let us pass over Cyprus with mystic visions, and let us behold the most glorious working of the garden, through which the world doth embrace pure salvation.

Theotokion: **T**he Fruit of thy womb, O Virgin Theotokos, poureth forth immortality upon those who partake thereof; for, having given birth unto God, thou hast released Eve from her debt.

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’.

Adorned with the beauties of the virtues, thou didst weave thy most sacred vesture, O all-famed Tichon; wherefore, telling of thine end and the manifestation of sweet fragrance, thou didst urge those round about thee to glorify the Savior, O blessed one, proclaiming: Supremely exalt Christ throughout the ages!

Ignoring the law of the body, like an incorporeal being thou didst run to where the crown of higher knowledge was prepared for thee, O divinely wise one; for it was not for flesh and blood that thou didst promise to live, O Tichon. Wherefore, beholding the beauties of the kingdom of Christ, thou dost reign with Him throughout all ages.

Thou wast victorious over all the enemies of Christ, and didst undergo torture because of thy conscience, voluntarily sacrificing thyself, O wise Tichon; for before all thy tormenters thou didst cry aloud: “Christ is God! Let the memory of those falsely called gods perish throughout the ages!”

Theotokion: **O** most holy Lady, helper of the world, mighty refuge of the sorrowful, sole aid of thy servants who are in need; rescue thine inheritance from divers misfortunes and sorrows, that we may cry aloud with faith: Rejoice, O joy and salvation of the world!

ODE IX

Irmos: **E**very ear is 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.

O Tichon, accept thou this sacred hymnody offered unto thee from unworthy lips, granting in recompense the deliverance from sins through thy supplications to God; for thee do all of us who faithfully honor thy memory set forth as our advocate.

The pure and most holy Spirit anointed thee with the oil of gladness, O most glorious one, adorning thee with a multitude of gifts, and deeming thee worthy to reign with Him gloriously, O most hallowed Tichon, adornment and boast of priests.

O thy miracles of grace, O sacred Tichon! The tongue of man cannot recount what he hath seen! For the shoot of the vine which before was desiccated hath now, at thy ready gesture, most gloriously put forth ripe grapes.

By thy supplications grant me victory over the passions, I pray, O Tichon, and vouchsafe that I who fervently bless thee with love may obtain the love of God and the delight of good things, and receive His beauties.

Theotokion: O Mother of God who hast given birth to salvation for the world, by thy supplications save me from the multifarious and nefarious temptations which assail me; for upon thee have I, thy servant, faithfully set my hope of salvation.

AT LITURGY

Troparion of the holy hieromartyr, in Tone I:

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