

THE 3rd DAY OF THE MONTH OF JULY
COMMEMORATION OF THE HOLY MARTYR HYACINTH
AT VESPERS

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

Spec. Mel.: “O most glorious wonder ...”:

The chosen Head Cornerstone * hath been set up in Sion, * the immovable Foundation * whereon the ranks of the martyrs have founded themselves. * With them doth the victorious Hyacinth * shine with heavenly luster. * O Thine ineffable loving-kindness, O Master! * Thereby, O Christ, save Thou our souls, ** in that Thou alone art merciful.

Thou didst pass through Jerusalem, * the splendid city of God, * like a stone dyed with blood, * clad in the purple robe of suffering, * and now manifestly praying, * dancing and rejoicing, * do thou, by thy supplications, * save those who celebrate ** thy most glorious and sacred memory, O most blessed one.

Possessed of right acceptable boldness * before Christ the Master, * as an invincible martyr, * and His well-given ear * as a lawful spiritual athlete, * cease not in thine entreaties, O right wondrous one, * to deliver from temptations and evil circumstances * those who, keep thy memory, ** and hymn thee faithfully.

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

The pre-eternal God, * taking flesh from thy blood, * hath shown thee forth, O pure one, * as an intercessor for all mankind. * Wherefore, deliver thy servants * from all misfortune and every evil circumstance, * and grant that all who glorify * and bow down before thee ** be deemed worthy of the splendor of the elect.

Stavrotheotokion: “**W**hat is this sight which I see, * which mine eyes behold, O Master? * How is it that Thou Who dost sustain all creation, * art lifted up upon the Tree and diest, * granting life unto all? * thus said the Theotokos weeping, * upon seeing God and man * Who had shone forth ineffably from her ** hanging upon the Cross.

Troparion of the holy martyr, in Tone IV:

In his sufferings, Thy martyr Hyacinth O Lord, * received an imperishable crown from Thee, our God; * for, possessed of Thy might, * he set at naught the tyrants and crushed the feeble audacity of the demons. ** By his supplications save Thou our souls.

AT MATINS

Canon of the holy martyr, the acrostic whereof is:
“I hymn thee as brilliant stone, O martyr”, in Tone VIII:

ODE I

Irmos: Having 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.

Upon thee, the precious stone of the Church of God, who shone with the splendor of martyrdom, do I now call to help me sing thy praises.

Forsaking earthly glory, thou didst inherit the glory of heaven, O glorious and crowned martyr, who art ever with the Master of all.

Valiantly opposing deception, O martyred spiritual athlete, thou didst display courage of mind for Christ, though thou wast young of age.

Theotokion: The Creator of all, making His abode within thy womb, O Mother of God, became incarnate for the salvation of mankind, assuming human nature for our sake.

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.

Though a youth, O wise martyr of Christ, thou wast shown to possess the understanding of an elder and to be adorned with wisdom. (Twice)

Speedily running the course of martyrdom, thou didst attain to the valor of the martyrs, and a crown of honor.

Theotokion: By thy supplications, O joyous one, guide thou to the entrance of heaven those who piously confess thee to be the Theotokos.

Sessional Hymn of the holy martyr, in Tone III:

Spec. Mel.: “Of the divine Faith ...”:

Thou wast a precious stone of the Church laid up in the treasuries of heaven, O Hyacinth, denouncing those who worship stones, wherefore thou didst drain the cup of suffering, O glorious martyr. Entreat God, that He grant us great mercy.

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

Without separating Himself from the divine Essence when He took flesh in thy womb, the one Lord remained God though He had become a man; and even after thy birthing He preserved thee, His Virgin Mother, as immaculate as thou wast before giving birth. Him do thou earnestly beseech, that He grant us great mercy.

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

Thou wast shown to be a lawful spiritual athlete, imbued with the pangs of piety, O most noetically rich martyr, and feared not the savagery of the tormenters.

Receiving in heaven a crown studded with hyacinth stones, O divinely wise one, thou hast been deemed worthy to join chorus with the inhabitants of heaven, as one who art heavenly.

With a courageous and pious mind thou didst preach the Word, and with invincible resolve thou didst denounce the tyrant, O all-blessed one.

Theotokion: O divinely blessed one, who alone didst receive the almighty God within thyself, deliver those who hymn thee from every evil circumstance.

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.

Thou didst denounce the raging tyrant, O spiritual athlete, having been invested by God with invincible power. (Twice)

Accepting death voluntarily for Christ, O crowned one, thou didst acquire immortal piety.

Theotokion: May we who honor thine ineffable birthgiving be delivered from the snares of the enemy by thy supplications, O most pure one.

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.

Suffering the torments inflicted by the impious, the martyr rejoiced, strengthening his mind with the suffering of the Dispassionate One; and, undaunted by the mindless ones, he hath been led in to the Judge of the contest. (Twice)

Like a brilliant hyacinth-stone thou hast given luster to the temple of God, and like a choice purple cloth, thou art dyed in the blood of thy suffering for the Church of the firstborn, O most glorious one.

Theotokion: May we be delivered from evil transgressions by thy supplications, O pure Birthgiver of God, and may we receive the divine splendor of the Son of God Who became ineffably incarnate from thee.

Kontakion of the holy martyr, in Tone VI:

Thy martyr, O Christ, having acquired Thy Faith * like a tree of life in the midst of his soul, * became more honorable than the Garden of Eden, * boldly destroying the tree of the serpent's deception by his spirit; * and he was crowned with Thy glory, ** O greatly Merciful One.

ODE VII

Irmos: The Children of Judaea, * who of old came to dwell in Babylon, * trampled underfoot the flame of the furnace * through their faith in the Trinity, * as they sang: 'O God of our fathers, blessed art Thou.'

Manifestly possessing a pious mind as the ruler of thy passions, O most blessed one, thou didst spew forth the food of the iniquitous; for thou wast nurtured by the divine word, crying aloud: O God of our fathers, blessed art Thou! (Twice)

With purity of soul and radiance of mind, O wise one who art most dear to the Lord, thou didst offer thyself as a sacred sacrifice, crying aloud: O God of our fathers, blessed art Thou.

Theotokion: When the human race fell, O pure and blessed Virgin, thou didst pacify the God of our fathers, having conceived the Wellspring of immortality and Life incorruptible, for the sake of mortal corruption.

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'.

Through the endurance of vile imprisonment thou didst reach the vast and beauteous spaciousness of paradise, beholding the luminous splendors of the saints and gazing upon the choirs of the angels; and standing earnestly before God, thou dost cry: Ye children, bless; ye priests hymn; ye people supremely exalt Him throughout all ages!

With all thy heart didst thou love God, even to the shedding of thy blood, contending against sin and manifestly slaying the foe; and, adorned with wreaths of victory, thou dost cry out with zeal: Ye priests bless; ye people supremely exalt Him throughout all ages!

Like a magnificent ornament, like a jewel of surpassing brilliance, like a sacred robe of purple thou hast adorned the Church of heaven. And having adorned the holy of holies with the splendors of martyrdom, thou dost cry out unceasingly: Ye priests bless; ye people supremely exalt Him throughout all ages!

Theotokion: Ineffably didst thou give birth to the beginningless Word of God, unto the benefit of rational nature; and thereby we have been delivered from the corruption of death, and received the life-creating Spirit. Wherefore, we glorify thee as the true Theotokos, O Virgin, throughout all ages.

ODE IX

Irmos: With never ceasing praises we magnify thee, * the Mother of God Most High, * who art higher than the most pure hosts, * and who beyond comprehension knew not wedlock, * yet hath truly given birth to God.

By thy supplications render the Master merciful to all who with faith hymn thine invincible suffering, whereby thou didst abolish the delusion of idolatry, and made clear the words of piety.

Appearing to the army of the angels as most comely, O Hyacinth, stained with blood as with heavenly dye, thou wast adorned with the crown of thy martyrdom for thy confession and faith in Christ.

Thou wast wholly a most sacred dwelling place of God and didst dedicate thy body and soul to untiring opposition to the warfare of the iniquitous tyrant. Wherefore, we all call thee blessed.

Theotokion: O Sovereign Lady, slay thou the sin which liveth within me; and transform into life the spiritual death of those who piously magnify thee, through the activity of the true Life which was born from thy womb in His ineffable loving-kindness.

AT LITURGY

Troparion of the holy martyr, in Tone IV:

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