

THE 10th DAY OF THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY
COMMEMORATION OF
THE HOLY HIEROMARTYR CHARALAMPIUS
AT VESPERS

On “Lord, I have cried ...,” these Stichera, in Tone VI:

Spec. Mel.: “Having set all aside ...”:

Having wholly set thyself aside * for the Master from thy youth, * desiring Him, * thou didst follow in His steps; * and having been cleansed of all the defilement of the passions, * thou wast enriched with divine grace, * that thou mightest work healings * and perform most glorious miracles; * and having become a martyr, * thou didst remain unmoved by all the assaults of torments, * through the power of Him Who was slain upon the Cross. ** Him do thou earnestly entreat on behalf of our souls.

Though thy blessed, enduring and invincible body * was pierced with nails, * O passion-bearer Charalampius, * thou didst keep thy soul steadfast * and thy mind inviolate; * for divine desire, * richly enkindled within thee, O glorious one, * strength to endure all manner of torments, * O passion-bearing martyr, * sharer in the sufferings of Christ. * Him do thou entreat with boldness ** on behalf of our souls.

Having suffered, * thou didst inherit radiant joy, * ineffable glory, * and everlasting rejoicing, * O venerable priest, * honored passion-bearer, * valiant warrior, * who with the streams of thy blood * manifestly drowned the armies and hosts of the serpent, * and by grace and divine prayer truly raised the dead, * praying with boldness ** on behalf of our souls.

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

O all-immaculate one, * quickly visit me * who am wounded by the robbers’ assaults of demons * and who lieth, wholly unable to move, * on the ever-shifting path of this life, * in need of mercy; * and pour thou wine and oil * upon mine incurable wounds, * and restore me to health; * that I may glorify thee * and hymn thy mighty works with love, as is meet, ** O Mother and Virgin, who alone art pure.

Stavrotheotokion: **A** sword pierced thy heart, * O most pure Sovereign Lady, * as Symeon said, * when thou didst behold Him Who shone forth from thee ineffably, * condemned by the iniquitous * and lifted up upon the Cross, * tasting vinegar and gall, * His side pierced, * His hands and feet run through with nails; * and, lamenting, thou didst exclaim, crying out maternally: * “What is this new mystery, ** O my Child most sweet?”

Troparion, in Tone IV:

In his sufferings, Thy martyr Charalampius 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 hieromartyr, 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.

In gladness traversing the habitations of heaven with the noetic choirs, and shining with never-waning light, O wise one, do thou, by thy supplications, deliver me from the passions, that I may hymn thee.

Thy radiant and sun-like memorial hath shone forth with gifts illumining those who faithfully honor thee, O martyr who art truly the namesake of most splendid joy.

Thou didst flood the salty sea of unbelief with the drops of thy blood, and wast a river of piety, ever watering the Church of Christ.

Theotokion: The tempest of sins, the adverse waves of wicked thoughts, and the assaults of the passions have engulfed me, O Virgin Theotokos; but save me by thy mighty supplication.

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.

It is in no wise possible to recount the multitudes of miracles which thou hast worked while passing through this life to God, O right wondrous martyr and passion-bearer.

Strengthened by divine power, thou didst cast down the feeble insolence of the iniquitous, as a mighty warrior, O spiritual athlete Charalampius, soldier of the army of God.

The streams of blood which flowed from thy body quenched the flame and grievous burning of iniquity, giving rise to a torrent of sweetness.

Theotokion: Thou hast given birth, O all-holy one, unto God, the Holiest of the holy, for thou wast shown to be a pure temple of holiness and the gate through which Christ, Who saveth mankind, hath passed.

Sessional Hymn, in Tone III:

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

Thou wast an immovable pillar of the Church and an ever-burning lamp for the whole world, O athlete Charalampius; and, shining forth more brightly than the sun, thou dost dispel the darkness of idolatry. O glorious martyr, 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 all-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: **Christ is my power, * my God and my Lord, * the holy Church divinely singeth, * crying with a pure mind, * keeping festival in the Lord.**

Thou wast comely, and anointed with the blood of honorable martyrdom; adorned with the beauties thereof, O Charalampius, adornment and confirmation of the passion-bearers.

In thy valor thou didst demolish the temples of the demons, O passion-bearer; showing thyself to be a temple of the Holy Spirit and a pillar and model of true endurance.

Stretching thine arms aloft, the minions of darkness raked thy side with iron claws, truly winning for thee everlasting delight.

Theotokion: **I**n His exceeding great goodness, Christ God, my strength and the subject of my hymnody, Who shone forth ineffably from thee, O pure one, hath delivered us from the first transgression.

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.**

Steadfastly emulating the divine Passion of Him Who for our sake endured suffering, O glorious martyr of Christ, thou didst manfully endure the piercing of thine entire body with nails.

To correct the irrationality of the tormenters, the Word, Who is co-beginningless with the Father, manifestly put speech into the mouth of a dumb beast; and it commanded that thou be released from thy bonds, O most wise one.

Pierced by a lance, thou didst wound the heart of the cruel enemy of mortals with the spear of thy courage and endurance, O right honorable and divinely wise passion-bearer.

Theotokion: With thy divine effulgence illumine my darkened soul, O good one, and guide it to the paths of salvation, O thou who alone hast given birth to Christ the Savior.

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.

Thou wast a beacon, illumining the ends of the earth with the light of thy sufferings; confessing the name of Christ before the tormenters, O most glorious passion-bearer of Christ.

Aflame with the fire of divine love, thou didst quench the burning of the iniquitous with the dew of faith, showing forth the wonders of Christ to the unbelieving, O right wondrous one.

Desiring eternal life, O Charalampius, thou didst mortify the movements of the carnal passions; and by thy supplication raise the dead, who hymned Him who hath glorified Thee in all things.

Theotokion: O Mother of God, as thou hast given birth to the Source of dispassion, make me steadfast who am shaken by the adverse assaults of the passions; for unto thee, the great refuge of mankind, have I fled.

Kontakion, in Tone VIII: Spec. Mel.: “As first-fruits ...”:

Perfected by the grace of the priesthood, O glorious one, * thou didst splendidly adorn the Church with thy divine suffering, * which, rejoicing, thou didst manfully accept for Christ’s sake, * O Charalampius, thou honored beacon of the whole world, * illumining the ends of the earth, in that thou art invincible.

Ikos: Emulating Christ our God, the Shepherd Who, as a Lamb, was well pleased to come to earth to take away the sins of the world and bear the infirmities of all, O holy martyr, thou didst lay down thy life for thy sheep, proclaiming His Passion. Wherefore, today we all praise thee with hymns, as one invincible.

ODE VII

Irmos: In Babylon the Children feared not the fiery furnace; * but cast into the midst of the flames * they were bedewed and sang: * ‘O God of our fathers, Blessed art Thou.’

Subjected to tortures and heated by fire like pure gold, O passion-bearer, thou didst become a sacred offering for Christ.

By the dew of thy supplications thou didst extinguish the furnace of the all-iniquitous ones, O wise one, and being delivered there-from, thou dost chant unto the Creator: Blessed art Thou, O Lord God of our fathers.

In the multitude of thy sufferings thou wast shown to be a tree of lofty stature, sheltering from the burning heat of sin the faithful who cry aloud: O God of our fathers, Blessed art Thou!

Theotokion: O pure and Ever-virgin Theotokos, who hath received Joy in thy most pure womb, fill my heart with gladness, dispelling the grief of the passions.

ODE VIII

Irmos: Thou 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.

Drenched with the streams of thy blood, adorned with the beauty of thy wounds, O martyr, thou didst stand before God magnificently adorned with a crown of victory.

The clouds of tortures did not dim thy courage and valor, O divinely wise martyr, nor did the opposition of the tormenters darken thy most splendid endurance.

Truly, O divinely wise passion-bearer, thou hast been shown to be an invincible priest and martyr, a valiant warrior, an unshakable pillar, the confirmation of the faithful and an enemy of ungodliness.

Theotokion: He Who hath created all things by His divine will made His abode within thy womb, O pure one, desiring to renew us who have fallen prey to corruption. Him do we supremely exalt throughout all ages.

ODE IX

Irmos: It 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.

Neither fire, nor the sword, nor even death; neither persecution, nor tribulation, nor starvation; neither misfortune, nor the devising of any tortures, was able to separate thee from the love of God Who created thee, O right wondrous passion-bearer.

Stripped of the raiment of mortality by the laceration of claws of iron, O passion-bearer, thou didst array thyself in garments woven of thy blood. Wherefore, O invincible martyr, with boldness thou dost stand, rejoicing, before God the Master of all.

Thy memory, O Charalampius, hath shone forth upon the world, full of joy and replete with divine radiance, driving away the winter of the passions and enlightening all; and in celebrating it we find cleansing of our sins by thy supplications.

Theotokion: The tempest of the passions disquieten me, and the threefold waves of the pleasures engulf me, O all-immaculate one. O thou who hast given birth to Christ, the Pilot, extend unto me a healing hand, and save me, O thou who alone art the salvation of those who, with faith, call thee blessed.

AT LITURGY

Troparion of the hieromartyr, in Tone IV:

In his sufferings, Thy martyr Charalampius 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.

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