

THE 13th DAY OF THE MONTH OF MAY
COMMEMORATION OF THE HOLY MARTYR GLYCERIA
AT VESPERS

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

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

Attending unto the sweet words of the divine Spirit, thou didst forsake all the bitterness of the carnal passions, O divinely blessed Glyceria, and through death thou hast passed over to immortal glory, entreating Christ, that He grant great mercy unto all.

Glyceria was wounded with Thy sweet love, O Master, and endured the bitter pain of wounds, O Word of God. Wherefore, she hath been translated to delight devoid of pain, as one undefiled and incorrupt. Through her supplications, O Word, grant great mercy unto all.

Confessing well the name of Christ thy Bridegroom before the iniquitous enemy, thou didst suffer lawfully for His sake, O honored one, thy members forcefully severed, and manfully vanquishing the wild beasts, thou dost now pray, that He grant great mercy unto all.

Glory ..., Both now ..., from the Pentecostarion.

Troparion of the holy martyr, in Tone IV:

Thy ewe-lamb Glyceria, O Jesus crieth out with a loud voice: * “Thee do I love, O my Bridegroom, * and, seeking Thee, I endure suffering. * In Thy baptism I am crucified and buried with Thee. * I suffer for Thy sake, that I may reign with Thee; * I die for Thee, that I may live with Thee. * Accept me, who with love sacrifice myself for Thee, * as an unblemished offering!” ** By her supplications, in that Thou art merciful, save Thou our souls.

Glory ..., Both now ..., Troparion from the Pentecostarion.

AT MATINS

Canon of the holy 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.

By thy supplications unto God, O Glyceria, deliver me from the bitterness of the passions, that I may hymn thy memory and glorify thy mighty struggles.

Wounded by the love of Christ, with the armor of the Cross thou didst vanquish the enemy and receive a crown of victory, O most praised virgin Glyceria.

Those who offered worship unto stones cast stones at thee as thou didst gaze with thy soul upon the Master, the living Rock, Who hath granted thee victory, O bride of God.

Theotokion: Having truly given birth to Him Who is God by nature, thou didst bear Him by a divine birthgiving, O pure Theotokos, truly hearkening to the name which is above every name.

ODE III

Irmos: O Lord, Creator of the vault of Heaven * and Builder of the Church, * do Thou strengthen me in Thy love, O Summit of desire, * O Support of the faithful, * O only Lover of mankind.

Taking up not shield or spear, but the trophy of the Cross with unwavering faith, thou didst eagerly go forth to battle and mighty struggles against the wiles of the prince of this world.

“Desiring Thee, O Bridegroom, I have no fear of death! Delighting in Thy beauties, I put aside bitterness!” Glyceria truly cried aloud, rejoicing as she suffered torture and cruel torments.

Suspended by thy hair, lacerated with iron claws, thou didst endure bodily pain, O most honored one, looking forward with purity of mind to the delight which is devoid of pain and the beauty of the Bridegroom.

Theotokion: O most pure one, thou alone hast led me, who was slain of old, up to life again, having given birth to the hypostatic Life. And malicious death, striking it, hath been manifestly broken asunder.

Kontakion of the holy martyr, in Tone III:

Spec. Mel.: “Today the Virgin ...”:

Loving Mary, the Virgin Theotokos, * thou didst preserve thy virginity incorrupt; * and burning with love for the Lord, * thou didst suffer with manly mind even unto death. * Wherefore, O virgin martyr, * Christ God hath crowned thee ** with a twofold crown.

Sessional Hymn of the holy martyr, in Tone IV:

Spec. Mel.: "Having been lifted up ...":

Splendidly adorned as a bride of Christ in the vesture of thy sacred and wondrous struggles, O virgin, thou hast entered into His incorrupt bridal-chamber, delighting in His beauty. Yet pray that we who hymn thee with love may be saved from all want.

Glory ..., Both now ..., Sessional Hymn from the Pentecostarion.

ODE IV

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

Depicting Thy divine suffering, O Almighty, Thy divinely wise martyr endured hanging and the pain of wounds.

With the drops of thy blood thou didst quench the fire of vainglory, and the torrents of polytheism were likewise engulfed, O all-blessed one.

By the buffeting of thy cheeks thou didst smite the faces of the demons, O martyr, and the shattering of thy face scattered falsehood like dust.

They who wounded the body of thee, who emulated the life of the incorporeal beings, fell dead, smitten by the divine hands of the bodiless ones.

Theotokion: Still thou the turmoil of my passions and the tempest of my transgressions, O Bride of God who hast given birth to the Lord and Helmsman.

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.

Delighted by the beauties and comeliness of Jesus, the Creator of goodness, through sufferings thou didst hasten to the sweet fragrance of His myrrh, burning with desire and aflame with His love and radiance, O Glyceria.

Drawing forth a spring of life everlasting from the well-springs of salvation, thou didst bum with thirst for martyrdom; and, hastening, thou didst run thereto, drinking and finding repose through the desire of utmost love, O bride of God.

The angels fed thee heavenly food in prison, O martyr; for thou didst desire the food of peace and the life of the living. Therein thou didst truly stand, arrayed in the wounds of thy suffering, as in robes.

Theotokion: As thou hast maternal boldness before thy Son, O all-pure one, disdain not the thought of thy kinship with us, we pray, for thee alone do we Christians set before the Master, that we might mercifully receive forgiveness.

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.

Shining forth from the Western lands like the sun, the martyr illumineth the hearts of the faithful with grace, burning up legions of dark demons with the rays of her suffering.

Illumined by the rays of the Cross, thou didst escape the darkness of ignorance, O passion-bearer Glyceria, enlightening the hearts of those who cry out to thee with faith.

Slain by the spear which pierced her face and head, the glorious martyr shed the skin-garments of corruption, O Christ, chanting with thanksgiving to Thee Who gave her strength over him that savagely tortured her.

Theotokion: **B**earing the new Child of God, Who existeth from before time and became incarnate of thee, O all-immaculate one, cease not to pray that He save those who hymn thee.

Kontakion & Ikos from the Pentecostarion.

ODE VII

Irmos: **T**he 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.’

Thou didst sail safely across the deep of suffering, calmly passing over the waves of pangs, and reaching the tranquil havens, propelled by cool divine breezes, thou didst chant: O God of our fathers, blessed art Thou!

Portraying the persecutions of Paul, O divinely wise one, at the command of the tyrant thou wast often moved from city to city, struggling against the princes of darkness; and thus attained unto the city on high, chanting: O God of our fathers, blessed art Thou!

Cast into the furnace, thou wast not consumed; for He Who saved the three youths in Babylon transformed the fire into dew, O most glorious one.

Theotokion: **A**s an animate ark thou didst receive the beginningless Word; as a holy temple thou didst contain the Creator; and as a fiery throne thou didst bear the Master of all creation, O Mother of God.

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’.

Truly thou wast shown to be a most fruitful vine of the Planter of creation, O martyr Glyceria, bearing the grapes of suffering, squeezed in the press of tortures and exuding the wine of compunction for those who chant unto Christ with faith: O ye Youths bless, O ye priests praise, O ye people, supremely exalt Him throughout all ages!

With unwavering resolve thou didst endure laceration by the sharp stones cast at thee, O glorious one; and thou didst pursue him who kept watch over thee, binding him with divine bonds when he freed himself from the delusion of idolatry, and by thy discourse didst rightly lead him to chant as a martyr: O ye Youths bless, O ye priests praise, O ye people, supremely exalt Him throughout all ages!

Like Daniel thou didst close the mouths of the wild beasts with the divine hymns of thy supplications, O most honored one, and didst quench the fire, denouncing the iniquitous; and with thy mortal body thou didst acquire immortality, emulating the angels, with whom thou dost chant: O ye Youths bless, O ye priests praise, O ye people, supremely exalt Him throughout all ages!

Theotokion: **F**ollowing thy words, O most pure one, we bless thee, the blessed one who hast truly given birth in the flesh to the blessed Master, the Bestower of light and Giver of life, Who dwelleth in never-waning Light, Whom ye Youths bless, ye priests praise, and ye people, supremely exalt throughout all ages!

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.

With thy mind delighting in the vision of God, thou didst preserve thyself and thy much-suffering body devoid of fear, O virgin, when, wounded before the tribunal of the tyrants, thou didst suffer steadfastly, bodily vanquishing the incorporeal foes.

Thou didst betroth thyself to Him Who was born of the divine Virgin Maiden, O incorrupt virgin, bringing to Him as a gift thy suffering of multifarious wounds and thine unwarranted death, O martyr; wherefore, He hath truly deemed thee worthy of a heavenly bridal-chamber.

Possessing golden wings shining with the radiance of the Spirit, O martyr, thou didst soar aloft, adorned with flowers and divine splendors, and hast truly found rest in the very divine habitations of heaven, manifestly enjoying deification.

Thou dost now joyously dance with the angels before the face of thy Creator, resplendent in the radiance which ever floweth therefrom. Yet be thou mindful of us who celebrate thy glorious memory with faith, O all-praised passion-bearer Glyceria.

Theotokion: **T**hou wast the dwelling-place of God, containing within thy womb the Uncircumscribed One, awesomely giving birth to Him Who before was incorporeal, but hath now assumed flesh. Him do thou beseech, O pure one, that He grant forgiveness of sins unto all who ever magnify thee with faith.

AT LITURGY

Troparion of the holy martyr, in Tone IV:

Thy ewe-lamb Glyceria, O Jesus crieth out with a loud voice: * “Thee do I love, O my Bridegroom, * and, seeking Thee, I endure suffering. * In Thy baptism I am crucified and buried with Thee. * I suffer for Thy sake, that I may reign with Thee; * I die for Thee, that I may live with Thee. * Accept me, who with love sacrifice myself for Thee, * as an unblemished offering!” ** By her supplications, in that Thou art merciful, save Thou our souls.

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