

THE 3rd DAY OF THE MONTH OF JUNE
COMMEMORATION OF THE HOLY MARTYR LUCILLIAN
AND THOSE WITH HIM
AT VESPERS

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

Spec. Mel.: “O all-praised martyrs ...”:

The cruel children of those who put the Lord to death, * consumed with envy, * betrayed thee, O glorious one; * but, invincibly brave, * thou hast received the delight of paradise, O Lucillian. * Wherefore, pray thou, * that Christ grant unto our souls ** peace and great mercy.

The most sacred children * and the glorious and holy Paula, * the right wondrous martyr, * who submitted to thee as to their father, * suffered steadfastly with thee; * and with them thou now dwellest in the heavens. * Entreat Christ, that He grant unto our souls ** peace and great mercy.

Thy shrine ever poureth forth * the waters of healing upon those who have recourse thereto, * O much-suffering martyr, * washing away sufferings * and drowning hordes of the demons * through the activity of the Holy Spirit. * Wherefore, pray thou, that He grant unto our souls ** peace and great mercy.

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:

Rejoice, O pure one, thou strange report! * Rejoice, O holy portal, garden of paradise planted by God! * Rejoice, destruction of evil demons! * Rejoice, two-edged sword * severing the head of the enemy * with thy strange birthgiving! * O all-holy and most immaculate one, ** call us back who have wandered astray!

O most holy one, * heal thou my soul * which hath become sickened with wicked passions, * for thou hast given birth unto Christ, * the Healer and Savior of all, * Who healeth every wound * inflicted by the malice of the devil, ** and hath rescued us from death.

O most holy temple of God, * who art more spacious than the heavens * and holier than the cherubim, * O divinely joyous and all-holy Maiden, * fill my mind with grace * and illumine the eyes of my heart, * granting me forgiveness of all sins ** by thy right acceptable mediations.

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

Woe is me! What shall I do? * For I have defiled My mind, soul and body * with transgressions! * What shall I do? * How shall I escape the unbearable flame * and the unbreakable and everlasting bonds? * Yet, before the end * grant me forgiveness, ** O all-immaculate one!

Stavrotheotokion: **T**he Sovereign Lady, the unblemished ewe-lamb, * beholding her Lamb upon the Cross, * bereft of form and comeliness, * lamenting, said: “Woe is me! * Whither hath Thy comeliness gone, O most Sweet One? * Where is Thy splendor? Where is the brilliant grace * of Thine image, ** O my Son most beloved?”

AT MATINS

Canon of the holy martyrs, the acrostic whereof is: “O hymn the glory of the martyr Lucillian”, 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.

O Lucillian, I hymn thee as the favorite of God the Word and the glory of the martyrs; wherefore, by thy supplications grant me cleansing of evils and healing.

With all thy mind and soul thou didst wholly cleave unto the love of Christ, O wise one, spurning the delusion and weakness of idolatry.

Preferring the dishonor of the tyrant to all earthly glory, O divinely blessed one, thou hast inherited the glory of heaven which waxeth not old.

Theotokion: Thou art the ladder which Jacob saw, O Theotokos; for through thee the Word united Himself to those on earth, drawing human nature up to the heights.

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.

Of old Judas betrayed Christ the Redeemer to the God-murderers; and now thou hast been betrayed to the iniquitous Jews.

The deceiver, striving to lead thee astray with flattering words, O spiritual athlete, hath by Thine own words been shown to be stoned with rocks.

Thou wast a most luminous beacon for those who suffered with thee, radiantly guiding them to the divine paths of heavenly delight.

Theotokion: By thy boldness before Him Who was born of thee, O Sovereign Lady, render Him merciful to me on the day of judgment.

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

Drawing nigh unto the fire, O valiant-minded spiritual athlete Lucillian, thou wast in nowise consumed, having acquired the cooling dew of God. Wherefore, in a manner transcending nature, with thy holy children thou didst finish thy struggles, rejoicing. With them remember thou us.

*Glory ..., Both now ..., Sessional Hymn of the Pentecostarion,
or this Theotokion, in Tone I:*

O most holy Virgin, hope of Christians, with the hosts on high do thou unceasingly beseech God to Whom, in a manner surpassing understanding and all telling, thou hast given birth, that He grant forgiveness of all our sins and correction of life unto those who with faith and love ever glorify thee.

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

Thou hast shone forth in thy words, illumining the world with thy sufferings; and driving away the opposition of the tyrants as though it were a weak gloom.

By thy faith thou wast revealed to be a new Abraham, like him who of old was justified in Christ; for in thy recognition of thy Creator thou didst spurn all vanity.

Having acquired thee as a destroyer of falsehood and a physician of painful passions, O glorious martyr, we the faithful ever delight in thy healings.

Theotokion: Beyond all understanding is the mystery of thy birth giving, O Ever-virgin; for, having conceived God in thy womb, thou hast given birth to Him at the behest of His ineffable word.

ODE V

Irmos: Illumine us O Lord with Thy commandments, * and with Thine arm raised on high * grant us Thy peace, * O Lover of mankind!

O Christ, Thou only Physician of souls and bodies, through the entreaties of the martyrs heal the pangs of my suffering.

Thou wast revealed as a sacred flower through the activity of the Spirit, O glorious martyr, showing forth thy fruitfulness in thy sufferings.

Having the words of life in thy heart, O wise and glorious one, by thine opposition thou didst slay the threats of the tyrants.

Theotokion: Having thee as an unshakable rampart, a refuge and foundation, our hope and divine weapon, O pure Mother of God, we are saved.

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.

Mystically elevating the divine desire of thy soul, thou didst boldly hasten to the withering fire, and with the dew of the Spirit both thou and the children were cooled, O most blessed spiritual athlete.

Strengthened by thine exhortations, the wise martyr Paula courageously opposed the deceiver and received a crown of righteousness from the hand of Christ, the Judge of the contest.

Beholding thee unbowed, like the immovable mountain of Zion, the enemy could not stand it, and put to shame and cast down to the ground by thee, O divinely wise Paula, hath been trampled underfoot in the arena.

Theotokion: **T**hou didst supra-naturally conceive the divine Word in thy womb and truly give birth to Him, O most pure one. By thy supplications render Him merciful, that He may deliver all thy servants from misfortunes.

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.’

With Paul thou didst cry out, O Martyr: “What can separate me from the love of Christ? Neither tribulation, nor affliction, nor wounds, nor the sword!” Wherefore, thou didst also cry aloud: O God of our fathers, blessed art Thou!

Thou didst set thy feet upon the rock of thy divine confession, showing thyself to be unshaken by the turmoil of tribulations. Wherefore, thou didst cry aloud: O God of our fathers, blessed art Thou!

Theotokion: **W**e have all been delivered from passions and misfortunes, from evil circumstances and multifarious afflictions, by thine entreaties, O most pure Virgin Mother of God, crying aloud: O God of our fathers, blessed art Thou!

ODE VIII

Irmos: **T**he King of heaven, * Who is glorified by the hosts of angels, * let us praise and supremely exalt throughout all ages.

Truely planted by divine waters through thy faith in the Lord, thou wast shown to be a life-bearing tree, O most blessed one.

Adorned with the beauty of their precious confession of the Lord, the spiritual athletes have fittingly received crowns from heaven.

Theotokion: **O** Mother of God, raise me up who have been bowed down by pain and have fallen, that I may glorify thee throughout all ages.

ODE IX

Irmos: **W**e magnify thee, O undefiled One * Mother of Christ our God, * for thou wast overshadowed by the Holy Spirit.

Beholding the martyrs of Christ to be fragrant flowers of the noetic garden of paradise, we magnify them today with praises.

The martyrs, truly shown to be luminaries of the Church of Christ God, shine forth with the light of their confession.

O Lover of mankind and Who hast healed the pangs of suffering through the prayer of the passion-bearers, heal now also my pangs.

Theotokion: **O** all-immaculate one, we the faithful have acquired thee as a rampart and protection and a calm haven; and through thee we have been saved.