

THE 5th DAY OF THE MONTH OF JUNE
COMMEMORATION OF THE HOLY HIEROMARTYR DOROTHEUS,
BISHOP OF TYRE
AT VESPERS

On “Lord, I have cried ...,” 6 Stichera of the holy hieromartyr, in Tone VIII:

Spec. Mel.: “Thy Martyrs O Lord ...”:

Thou wast revealed to be a tablet of the Spirit of God, O divinely blessed father, bearing the doctrines of God engraved upon thy divine mind; and in disclosing them thou didst illumine those languishing in ignorance. Wherefore, by thy supplications, O father, ask thou great mercy for us all.

Having dyed thy priestly raiment in the streams of thy divine blood, O Dorotheus, thou hast now entered, rejoicing, into the temple of heaven, to appear before our God, Who bestoweth crowns upon those who have suffered. Him do thou earnestly entreat, that He send down great mercy upon all.

Angelic was thy life and splendid thy martyrdom, for which thou was deemed worthy to rejoice with the angels, O father Dorotheus, illumining the land with divine miracles and teachings. Wherefore, in thine entreaties ask God to grant great mercy unto all.

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:

O Mistress, wrest me from the hands of the serpent, the slayer of mankind, who wars against me with deceit, seeking to slay me utterly. Crush his jaws and destroy his wiles, I pray, that, delivered from his talons, I may magnify thy power.

O all-immaculate one, I am a barren tree devoid of the fruit of salvation, and for this cause I tremble at the thought of being cut down, lest I be cast into the unquenchable fire, wretch that I am. Wherefore, I fall down before thee, crying: Deliver me therefrom, O pure one, and present me to thy Son, rendered fruitful by thy mediation.

The deadly dart of desire hath pierced my heart, and I am wounded by ignorance and suffer incurable pain. O Mother of God, disdain me not, wretch though I am, but grant me healing, in that thou gavest birth to the Lord and Savior Who alone is compassionate.

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

My thoughts are impure, and my lips are false, all my works are defiled. What, then, shall I do? How shall I meet the Judge? O Virgin Sovereign Lady, entreat the Lord, thy Son and Creator, that He accept my soul in repentance, in that He alone is compassionate.

Stavrotheotokion: The unblemished heifer, beholding her Bullock willingly nailed to the Tree, cried out aloud, lamenting piteously: “Woe is me, O my most beloved Child! How hath the ungrateful assembly of the Jews rewarded Thee, desiring to leave me childless and bereft of Thee, my most beloved Child?”

Troparion of the holy hieromartyr, in Tone IV:

As thou didst share in the ways of the apostles * and didst occupy their throne, * thou didst find thine activity to be a passage to divine vision, * O divinely inspired one. * Wherefore, ordering the word of truth, * thou didst suffer for the Faith even to the shedding of thy blood, ** O Hieromartyr Dorotheus, entreat Christ God, that our souls be saved.

AT MATINS

The Canon of the holy hieromartyr, in Tone VIII,

ODE I

Irmos: Let us sing unto the Lord, * who led His people through the Red Sea: * for He alone hath gloriously been glorified.

By thy perfect life and honorable martyrdom thou didst bring thyself to God as a most precious gift, O all-blessed Dorotheus.

Pressing thy thoughts like ripe grapes, O father, thou hast presented thy teachings to the faithful like a cup of gladness.

With the torrents of thy most wise tongue thou hast stopped the streams of falsehood, O Dorotheus, and hast watered the minds of the faithful.

Theotokion: Rain down upon me drops of compunction, O Virgin, washing away the defilement which cling to me, that I may glorify thee.

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.

Thou didst dispel all the night of vanity with the brilliance of thy most wise preaching, O holy hierarch and father.

With miracles and sacred teachings didst thou make steadfast the thoughts of all the faithful, O wise one, as a sacred pastor.

With the oil of the priesthood the Lord anointed thee, O father, ordaining thee a chief-shepherd of His divine Church.

Theotokion: Illumine my whole heart with divine light, O portal of the Light, driving away the darkness of sin.

Sessional hymn, in Tone III, Special Melody: "Of the divine Faith ..."

Ever resplendent with divine dogmas, in thy sufferings thou didst offer thyself to the immortal King as a holy gift, O Dorotheus; and now in gladness thou ever dwellest in the city on high. O venerable father, entreat Christ God, that He grant us great mercy.

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

Without separating Himself from the divine Essence, * when taking flesh in thy womb, * He remained God though He had become a man; * and even after thy birthgiving, 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.

The winter of ungodliness which had arisen didst thou revile, O venerable one, and with the warmth of the divine Spirit thou didst preserve thy heart unharmed.

The mountains of the demons' violence were reduced to dust before thy face, O blessed Dorotheus, and the arrogance of ungodly men withered away.

Though persecuted and driven from city to city, thou didst endure; wherefore, thou hast received the blessed glory and splendor of the martyrs.

Theotokion: Save me from the tempest of temptations and soul-destroying passions, that with faith I may call thee blessed, O most holy Virgin Maiden and Mother.

ODE V

Irmos: Thou hast enlightened * with the knowledge of God * the ends of the universe * that lay in the night of ignorance, * do Thou also, O Lord, illumine me * with the dawning of Thy love for mankind.

Noetically looking forward to divine rewards, O Dorotheus, thou didst endure great tribulations and trials.

Preaching the Trinity in the unity of the Godhead, O Dorotheus, thou didst destroy the vainglorious arrogance of the madness of polytheism.

Refusing to worship the works of the hands of the iniquitous, O martyr Dorotheus, thou didst endure trials, tribulations, wounds and pangs.

Theotokion: Thou wast the orient of the Sun Who shone forth before the morning star, O pure one, and through thee those who were in the darkness of evils have beheld the Light.

ODE VI

Irmos: O Thou that putteth on light as a garment * grant me also a robe of light, * O All-merciful Christ, our God.

Through the inspiration of the Spirit, O Dorotheus, thou didst acquire a burning heart which destroyeth the onslaught of the adverse spirits.

With sacred writings thou didst set forth the lives of the saints, O divinely inspired father, enlightening thy soul with divine understanding.

The sound of thy words and the power of thy beautiful teachings have passed round about the whole world with divine grace, O most blessed one.

Theotokion: O Virgin, entreat God, Whom thou didst bear as a man, that He deliver me from fire and torment.

Kontakion of the holy hieromartyr, in Tone V:

Resplendent with virtues brighter than the sun * and with thy sufferings, O blessed Dorotheus, * thou didst shine forth and illumine the land, * dispelling the darkness of polytheism * and putrid heresy. * Wherefore, we radiantly celebrate thy memory.

ODE VII

Irmos: **T**he Hebrew children in the furnace * boldly trampled upon the flames, * changing the fire into dew, they cried aloud: * ‘Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God, throughout the ages’.

Thou wast shown to be a star of great brilliance, O Dorotheus, illumining with the radiance of thy sufferings the souls of those who cry out with faith: Blessed art Thou, O Lord God, throughout the ages!

Treading the straight paths, thou didst fell the groves of the deceiver, guiding to the paths of life those who cry out: Blessed art Thou, O Lord God, forever!

With the showers of thy blood thou didst extinguish the furnace of deception, O most glorious one; and thou hast made thine abode by the waters of life, crying: Blessed art Thou, O Lord God, throughout the ages!

Theotokion: **D**eliver my wretched soul from the bonds of sin, O Theotokos, and bind it perfectly to the love of God, that with faith O Theotokos, I may glorify thee throughout the ages.

ODE VIII

Irmos: **T**reading down the fiery flame in the furnace, * the divinely eloquent children sang: * ‘Bless the Lord, ye works of the Lord’.

Having humbled thyself in the Lord, O father, thou didst humble the serpent who boasted in malice; and cry aloud: Bless the Lord, all ye works of the Lord!

When thou wast at an advanced old age, the Creator caused thee to dwell in places of rest not subject to age, O sacred father, thou adornment of martyrs.

Possessed of an angelic life, thou standest now with the angels before the throne of thy Master, crying: Bless the Lord, all ye works of the Lord!

Theotokion: **H**aving given birth to the most comely Word, thou wast shown to be a comely Virgin. To Him do we chant: Bless the Lord, all ye works of the Lord!

ODE IX

Irmos: **T**he prophetic vision of the lawgiver on the mountain, * in the fire of the burning bush, * prefigured thy birthgiving O Ever-Virgin, * the salvation of us the faithful, * wherefore with never silent hymns we magnify thee.

Thou didst guide the flock of Christ to the divine havens, having preserved them unharmed by the storm of the adversary, in that thou art a most excellent hierarch and a fulfiller of the commandments of God, O wise father.

As a pure celebrant of the sacred mysteries, a valiant martyr, a wondrous worker of miracles, a recorder of divine things, an unshakable pillar of the Faith, O father, thou hast received everlasting glory.

Having endured many trials and pangs in the tribunal, thou didst pass over, rejoicing, to the divine life which is devoid of pain, where thou dost now partake of divinity in a pure manner, O right wondrous martyr Dorotheus.

Thy divinely radiant memory hath enlightened the world, illumining the faithful with rays of divine gifts. O father, show forth us who glorify it to be partakers also of thy divine radiance.

Theotokion: Bearing in thine arms Christ Who beareth all things in His divine hand, O pure one, do thou ever entreat Him, that He set forth the offerings of our hands as incense before His face.

AT LITURGY

Troparion of the holy hieromartyr, In Tone IV:

As thou didst share in the ways of the apostles * and didst occupy their throne, * thou didst find thine activity to be a passage to divine vision, * O divinely inspired one. * Wherefore, ordering the word of truth, * thou didst suffer for the Faith even to the shedding of thy blood, ** O Hieromartyr Dorotheus, entreat Christ God, that our souls be saved.

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