

THE 14th DAY OF THE MONTH OF DECEMBER
COMMEMORATION OF THE HOLY MARTYRS THYRSUS, LUCIUS, PHILEMON &
THOSE WITH THEM
AT VESPERS

On “Lord, I have cried ...,” 3 Stichera of the holy martyrs, in Tone IV:
Spec. Mel.: “Thou hast given a sign ...”:

The wondrous Thyrsus, * the divinely wise Callinicus, * and the glorious Lucius, * confessing the uncreated Trinity, * with most courageous resolve * endured torments most grievous and intense, * and as victors have received crowns of victory, * becoming fellow citizens ** with the immaterial hosts.

The great Philemon, * Adria most noetically rich * and the wise Apollonius * quenched the flame of polytheism with torrents of blood, * watered all the earth * with divine streams of the knowledge of God, * and dry up rivers of the passions with showers of healing * and grace divine, ** in that they are our fervent defenders.

The glorious martyrs, * the most beauteous flowers * blossomed forth in the meadow, * emitting the divine fragrance of the Spirit, * and perfuming the thoughts * of those who with faith honor their annual memorial, * their sufferings and struggles, * and their godly end. ** Wherefore, they dwell, rejoicing, in never-waning light.

But if Alleluia be chanted at Matins instead of “God is the Lord ...,” we chant the following Stichera of the Theotokos before the foregoing, in the same melody:

O Lady, rain down upon me * the depths of thy mercy, * and as thou art merciful, O Maiden, * give drink to my heart, which hath been consumed by the burning heat of the passions; * cause drops of compunction * to pour forth continually, I pray, * whereby I may be deemed worthy of the consolation, O pure one, * which those who shed tears in sincerity ** shall receive.

O Lady, take pity on me * who am shaken by the assaults of the demons * and cast into the pit of destruction; * and establish me upon the rock of the virtues. * Destroying the counsels of the enemy, * grant that I may follow * the precepts of thy Son and our God, * that I may receive remission ** on the day of judgment.

I have fallen among vile and murderous thieves, * O most immaculate one, * and by their assaults, O Maiden, * I have been stripped of the incorrupt garments of heavenly splendor, * and have been pitilessly wounded by them * and cast down in a place of affliction, * barely alive. * Yet go thou before me, extend thy hand ** and raise me up, I pray.

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

I lie upon the bed of despondency, O all-immaculate one, * and pass my life in slothfulness, * and I fear the time of mine end, O Theotokos. * Let not the all-evil serpent * mercilessly rend my lowly soul asunder * like a lion. * Wherefore, going before me in thy goodness * before mine end, ** raise me up to repentance.

Stavrotheotokion: **T**he most pure one, * beholding Christ, the lover of mankind, crucified, * His side pierced by a lance, * cried out, lamenting: * “What is this, O my Son? * How have these thankless people rewarded Thee * for the good things Thou hast done for them? * Dost Thou hasten to leave me childless, O most Beloved? ** I marvel, O Compassionate One, at Thy voluntary crucifixion!”

AT MATINS

Both canons from the Oktoechos; and this canon of the holy martyrs, with 4 Troparia, the composition of Theophanes, 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.

Standing before the throne of God, arrayed in the beauties of martyrdom and resplendent with divine effulgence, O passion-bearers, illumine us who hymn your memory.

Desiring divine beauty, ye reckoned the beauties of life to be as naught, O spiritual athletes of Christ; and dying in body, ye have been deemed worthy to receive life without end.

Denouncing the delusion of idolatry in a godly manner, O passion-bearing martyrs, ye endured the burning of manifold pangs and have now attained the life which is devoid of pain.

Theotokion: O pure one, thou hast given birth to the uncircumscribable Word, Who became circumscribed in a human body. Him do thou beseech, that those who glorify thee be delivered from corruption and the assault of the passions.

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.

The minions of darkness, cruelly lacerating thy body, O Thyrsus mighty in love, were unable to weaken the strength of thy mind, which was fortified by divine love.

O wondrous martyr Philemon, thy faith in the Lord was truly constant, and thereby thou didst put the false religion of the enemy to shame, crying aloud: "I am a servant of Christ!"

Thou didst go forth boldly to do battle with the enemy, O martyr, armed not with shield and spear, but divinely defending thyself with steadfast faith; and thou didst manfully cast him down to the ground.

Theotokion: One of the Holy Trinity, having become incarnate through thy pure blood in two natures, O all-pure one, hath issued forth divinely, saving the descendants of Adam in His goodness.

Sessional Hymn of the holy martyrs, in Tone IV:

Spec. Mel.: "Joseph marveled ...":

Protected well by the shield of piety, and arrayed in the armor of the Cross, the right wondrous martyrs of Christ humbled the legions of the tyrant; and, crowned by Him with the wreath of victory, they join chorus unceasingly with the hosts on high, and entreat the Savior to save our souls.

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

Tempest-tossed by the threefold-waves of the passions, * I who lack a conscience fervently call upon thee, O most pure one: * Disdain me not, lest I perish, wretch that I am, * O thou who hast given birth to the Abyss of mercy; * for I have no other hope than thee. * Let me not become a joy unto mine enemies, * nor a byword, for I trust in thee. * For whatsoever thou desirest thou canst do, ** in that thou art the Mother of the God of all.

Stavrotheotokion: **T**he Virgin and ewe-lamb, beholding on the Cross the Lamb Who was born of her without seed, His side pierced by a spear, was wounded and with grief and cried aloud, exclaiming amid her pain: “What is this new mystery? How is it that Thou diest Who alone art Lord of life? Wherefore, arise, raising up our fallen forefather!”

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.**

Desiring to confess the one Lord and God of all, Who alone is compassionate, through their sufferings the martyrs have received His kingdom.

Strengthened by the power of the Cross, O most noetically rich martyr Thyrsus, like a youth thou didst endure the laceration of thy body, the raging of the fire, and the onslaught of wild beasts and the sea.

Adorned with the wounds of thy struggles as a warrior of Christ, O martyred spiritual athlete Lucius, thou didst render thy soul more radiant than the brilliance of the sun.

Theotokion: **O** blessed Mary, thou art the setting aright of mortals, and we know thee, alone among women, to be the Mother who knew not a man, the immaculate Virgin, the undefiled Maiden.

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.**

Sanctified in godly splendor by most divine rays, O all-praised martyrs, ye sailed across the inconstant abyss of ungodliness and have passed over to divine tranquility.

Cruelly dragged across the ground and wounded by tortures, O all-praised martyrs, ye have received the honors of heaven, having now become fellow citizens with the angels.

Manifestly preferring to die for Christ Who loved thee, O divinely blessed martyr Philemon, thou didst treat the wounds inflicted on thy body as though they were made by the darts of children.

Theotokion: **O** Mary, good Lady of the word, save those who with all their soul confess thee to be the Theotokos; for thee, who art the Theotokos, have we acquired as our invincible intercessor.

ODE VI

Irmos: **B**ehold the sea of life surging with the tempest of temptations, * **I** run to Thy calm haven, and cry to Thee: * **R**aise up my life from corruption, * **O** greatly Merciful One.

Moved by the winds of the divine Spirit, O wise martyrs, ye most joyously saved the entry of your souls for the noetic havens, delighting together therein in deification.

Mounting the flaming chariot, O spiritual athletes, ye were caught up to the heavens by the blood ye shed, and having attained to the glory of God, ye have received crowns of victory from Him.

Philemon and Lucius, Apollonius and the ever-memorable Thyrsus, the four divine and radiant martyrs, have been enriched by partaking immaterially of the effulgence of the Trinity.

Theotokion: **H**e Who as God transcendeth all creation, noetic and visible, passed, incarnate, through thy womb, O Virgin Mother, preserving thee incorrupt, as thou wast before birthgiving.

Kontakion of the holy martyrs, in Tone II:

Spec. Mel.: “The steadfast ...”:

Reviling the impious tyrant, * O champions of faith and piety, * ye denounced his bestial thirst for blood, * and, fortified by the help of Christ, * O Thyrsus and Lucius, * ye vanquished his wrathful opposition. ** With those who suffered with you, pray ye on our behalf.

ODE VII

Irmos: **A**n Angel made the furnace bedew the holy Children. * **B**ut the command of God consumed the Chaldeans * and prevailed upon the tyrant to cry: * **O** God of our fathers, blessed art Thou.

With divine rains ye extinguished the furnace of polytheism, all-joyously aflame with divine love, O spiritual athletes; and ye now chant: O God of our fathers, Blessed art Thou!

Casting your divine net to ensnare the persecutor, O right wondrous ones, ye drew him forth from the depths of delusion and brought him to Christ, chanting with fervor: O God of our fathers, Blessed art Thou!

Showing unshakable resolve and a courageous mind, ye shook the foundations of delusion, O spiritual athletes, and ye now piously chant: O God of our fathers, Blessed art Thou!

Theotokion: Past description is thy conception, O Bride of God; for thou hast given birth to God the Word, Who hath delivered mankind from all irrationality, and thou givest us the words to cry aloud: O God of our fathers, Blessed art Thou!

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.

Defending yourselves with the shield of piety, and taking up the Cross as a spear, O Thyrsus of valiant mind, thou didst cut down the hordes of the invisible foe, O divine glory of the martyrs.

Aflame with love for the Almighty, thou didst manfully enter the tribunal of the tyrant, and, having suffered patiently, thou didst break asunder the great serpent, O spiritual athlete Philemon.

Showing forth the power of the enemy to be drowned in the depths of thy courage and patience, O Adrian, thou wast deemed worthy of the kingdom which remaineth unshaken throughout all ages.

Theotokion: Confessing thee to be the true Theotokos, like the angel we cry out to thee: Rejoice! For thou alone on earth hast given birth to our Joy, O pure, blessed and joyous one.

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.

Emulating the suffering of Christ, ye endured the trial of many torments, O blessed ones; and when your heads were severed, ye were numbered among the ranks of heaven, resplendent with glory and adorned with divine radiance.

Thou didst dye thy robe purple in thy blood, O wise Thyrsus, and having gloriously arrayed thyself therein, and wielding the Cross as it were a scepter, thou dost now reign with Christ, rejoicing with all the passion-bearers, O divinely blessed one.

The angelic hosts marveled at your struggles, wounds, opposition and violent death, O blessed ones; and dwelling with them, O all-praised ones, be ye mindful of those who celebrate your memory.

Theotokion: In the guise of human flesh the Word appeared, born from thy womb, O pure and divinely joyous Virgin Mary, and, having endured suffering, He hath drawn to Himself a multitude of martyrs.