

THE 19th DAY OF THE MONTH OF MAY

COMMEMORATION OF THE HOLY HIEROMARTYR PATRICK OF PRUSSIA & HIS COMPANIONS

AT VESPERS

On "Lord, I have cried ...", these stichera, in Tone VI:

Spec. Mel.: "Having set all aside ...":

Steered by the Word * the blessed hieromartyrs * sailed easily across the threefold waves of the passions, * and were entrusted with the task * of healing the sufferings of men * with the waters of fervor. * Their relics were given sacred burial, * and richly pour forth healings upon those in need. * O ye faithful, let us unceasingly honor them * as is meet, * for they pray with boldness * in behalf of our souls.

Wearing purple robes * dyed in the blood of martyrdom * and wielding the precious Cross as a scepter, * rejoicing, the godly martyrs reign with Christ, * having desired willingly to suffer for Him: * Polyenus manifest in holiness, * Acacius and Menander, * and the divinely wise Patrick. * And, rejoicing now, * they stand before the throne of Christ, * praying with boldness * in behalf of our souls.

Desiring the kingdom of Christ, * the blessed and valiant ones * preferred a temporary death * as though it were food, * manfully enduring starvation * and the pain of wounds. * Wherefore, they have become the helpers of all the faithful, * imparting health in abundance * to their souls and bodies. * O ye faithful, * as is meet let us now joyfully hymn them, * for they pray to the Lord * in behalf of our souls.

But if this day falls within the fast, the following stichera of the Theotokos are chanted before the above stichera of the saints, in the same tone & melody:

Rejoice, O thou fulfillment of the law! * Rejoice, O temple of the Holy Trinity, * thou incorrupt Bride! * Rejoice, thou divine chariot of the King of all! * Rejoice, O immaterial fire, * bearing the burning Ember in thine arms * as with tongs, * O new paradise of Him Who closed the garden of Eden, * O divine and all-radiant table, * undefiled dove, * throne of the Most High, * noetic bower of God, * O Maiden whom the Holy Spirit overshadowed.

Do thou quickly visit me * who have been wounded * by the assaults of the demons, as by robbers, * and who ever lie, unable to move, * on the path of this inconstant life, O all-immaculate one, * asking mercy; * and do thou pour forth wine and oil upon mine incurable wounds, * and restore me to health, * that I may glorify thee * and hymn thy mighty words with love, * as is meet, O pure one, * thou Ever-virgin Mother.

Because of mine evil character I have fallen headlong * and been enslaved by wicked falsehood, O Bride of God; * yet, wretch though I am, * O all-holy Maiden, * I flee to thine all-wondrous loving-kindness * and fervent aid. * Deliver me from the bonds of temptations and grief, * and save me from the attacks of the demons, * O all-immaculate one, * that I may glorify and hymn thee with love, * and do thee homage * and magnify thee, * O ever-blessed Mistress.

Glory ..., Now & ever ..., Theotokion:

From the sea-monster's belly of wicked sin * do thou lead me up, O Mistress, * who contained the Infinite One in thy womb. * Deliver me * from the cruel waves of temptations, * and rescue me from the tempest of falls, * O Maiden, * drying up the abyss of mine iniquities, * and repelling the present hordes of the demons * by thy divine assistance, O pure one, * that I may unceasingly glorify thee, * the ever-blessed one.

Stavrotheotokion: **W**hen of old the unblemished ewe-lamb, * the immaculate Mistress, * beheld her Lamb * upon the tree of the Cross, * she exclaimed maternally * and, marveling, cried aloud: * "O my Child most sweet, what is this new and all-glorious sight * which I behold? * How is it that the ungrateful assembly * hath betrayed thee to the judgment of Pilate, * and condemneth to death the Life of all? * Yet do I hymn Thine ineffable condescension, O Word!"

AT MATINS

Canon of the martyrs, the composition of Theophanes, in Tone VIII:

ODE I

Irmos: **The staff of Moses, once working a wonder, striking the sea in the form of the Cross and dividing it, drowned the mounted tyrant Pharaoh, and saved Israel who fled on foot, chanting a hymn unto God.**

Wholly adorned with grace and the raiment of the priesthood, and empurpled with the blood of martyrdom, O glorious ones, well arrayed and invested, ye were shown to be steadfast champions of piety and the Faith.

Christ, the Judge of the contest, Who sitteth at the right hand of the Father, hath opened the arena to all athletes and hath assembled the well-trained company of the four martyrs, who magnify Him with hymns.

As a good shepherd and advocate of the Church, O blessed Patrick, thou didst lay down thy life for it, enriching it with Acacius, Menander and the godly Polyenus, thine allwise allies, ever sending up hymnody to God.

Theotokion: Following the words of the prophets of God, the divinely eloquent martyrs confessed the Word of God Who took on flesh of the all-pure Virgin. And glorifying her as the Theotokos, we ever bless her with hymns.

ODE III

Irmos: **O Christ, Who in the beginning established the heavens in wisdom and founded the earth upon the waters, make me steadfast upon the rock of Thy commandments; for none is holy as Thee, O Thou Who lovest mankind.**

O ye faithful, let us bless those who manfully trod the path of martyrdom and finished the good race, as victorious martyrs, bearers of divine crowns and hierarchs of godly wisdom.

Enkindled by the zeal of piety, the divinely eloquent one caused the flame of falsehood to die out, steadfastly setting forth the commandments of God and urging all toward truly divine understanding.

Seeing the cruel governor dying of the drunkenness of impiety, Patrick cried out words of divine understanding, sowing the divine word of the Faith among all.

Theotokion: Without knowing wedlock, thou gavest birth to the Word of God, Who became incarnate of thee, O Theotokos. Him did the martyrs, as His warriors, manfully confess, becoming crown bearers.

Sedalion, in Tone VIII: Spec. Mel.: "Of the wisdom ...":

With faith let us honor in hymnody the wise Acacius and the sacred Polyenus, with Menander and the great Patrick; for as priests of God Almighty, they were well-pleasing to Him by their faith. Wherefore, at the end of their martyrdom they were radiantly vouchsafed life and have been united to the angels. With love let us cry out to them: Entreat Christ God, that He grant remission of offenses unto those who with love honor your holy memory!

Glory ..., Now & ever ..., Sedalion from the Pentecostarion, or this Theotokion:

Let us hymn the portal and ark of heaven, the all-holy mountain, the radiant cloud, the bush unburned, the noetic paradise, the restoration of Eve, the great treasure of the whole world, for within her was the salvation of the world and the remission of the ancient transgressions wrought. Wherefore, let us cry out to her: Entreat thy Son, that He grant remission of transgressions unto those who piously worship thy most holy birthgiving.

Stavrotheotokion: The ewe-lamb, beholding the Lamb, Shepherd and Deliverer upon the Cross, exclaimed, weeping, and bitterly lamenting, cried out: "The world rejoiceth, receiving deliverance through Thee, but my womb doth burn, beholding Thy crucifixion, which Thou endurest in the loving-kindness of Thy mercy. O long-suffering Lord, Thou abyss and inexhaustible wellspring of mercy, have pity and grant remission of offenses unto those who with faith hymn Thy divine sufferings!"

ODE IV

Irmos: Thou art my strength, O Lord, Thou art my power; Thou art my God, Thou art my joy, Who, without leaving the bosom of the Father, hast visited our lowliness. Wherefore, with the Prophet Habbakuk I cry unto Thee: Glory to Thy power, O Thou Who lovest mankind!

Invested with the power of Christ, O Patrick, thou becamest His priest, and, having manifestly followed in His steps, thou didst offer thyself to the one Benefactor through tortures, crying out in piety: Glory to Thy power, O Thou Who lovest mankind!

Thou wast revealed to be a divine sacred minister, O father Acacius, delighting in divine radiance, and showing thyself to be a true martyr of Christ, thou didst spit upon the falsehood of idolatry. Wherefore, thou criest out with joyous conscience: Glory to Thy power, O Thou Who lovest mankind!

Joining chorus and rejoicing with the company of Thy martyrs, O Christ, Menander is now resplendent in Thy radiance and, magnificently adorned with effulgence, in heaven he crieth out to Thee, the Master, rejoicing: Glory to Thy power, O Thou Who lovest mankind!

Theotokion: Having acquired the most immaculate one who gave birth to Thee, O Christ, as a weapon, the wise martyrs vanquished the wiles of falsehood and manifestly spurned the blandishments of the tyrants. And now, revealed as crown-bearers, they cry aloud: Glory to Thy power, O Thou Who lovest mankind!

ODE V

Irmos: Wherefore hast Thou turned Thy face from me, O Light never-waning? And why hath a strange darkness covered me, wretch that I am? But turn me, and guide my steps to the light of Thy commandments, I pray.

Having mortified yourselves to the world with the pangs of abstinence, O divinely wise martyrs, ye zealously offered yourselves to Christ as perfect sacrifices, and, being slaughtered like sheep, ye submitted to the divine precepts of the Master.

Having suffered lawfully, O most lauded martyrs, ye have been crowned; for having endured bitter pangs and wounds at the hands of the iniquitous, ye have been vouchsafed to enjoy life incorruptible in the heavens.

Dwelling noetically now with the angels, O blessed Patrick, remember those who celebrate thine honored memory, earnestly entreating the Master with thy supplications, that He save us from misfortunes, O most lauded one.

Theotokion: All the glorious martyrs, acknowledging thee as the true Theotokos, have proclaimed God the Word Who was born of thee, opposing sin like youths unto death, O most hymned Maiden.

ODE VI

Irmos: The abyss of my sins and the tempest of my transgressions discomfit me and thrust me down into the depths of violent despondency; but stretch forth Thy mighty arm unto me, as Thou didst to Peter, and save me, O my Guide.

O ye pious people, forming a chorus as is meet, let us now joyously praise the choir of the four athletes, the martyrs and hierarchs, which is illustrious in majesty.

O athletes, the outpourings of warm waters which flow from your tombs offer release from bodily pangs, and by your divine supplications are the passions of the souls of those who approach you with faith removed.

O blessed Patrick, entreating Christ the Deliverer, by thy supplications now cause the noetic dawn to rise upon me who lie in the darkness of transgressions and remain in a life defiled.

Theotokion: O most hymned Virgin Theotokos, who gavest birth to the Effulgence of the glory of the Father, illumine my soul; for the passion-bearers, possessed of thy grace, rejected the blasphemies of the tyrants.

Kontakion of the hieromartyr, in Tone IV: Spec. Mel.: "Thou hast appeared today ...":

As one resplendent in the beauty of the priesthood and all-adorned with the blood of martyrdom, O Patrick, standing before Christ with those who suffered with thee, be thou mindful of us, in that thou art an honored passion-bearer.

ODE VII

Irmos: Once, in Babylon, the fire stood in awe of the condescension of God; wherefore, the youths, dancing with joyous step in the furnace, as in a meadow, chanted: Blessed art Thou, O God of our fathers!

The glorious martyrs, adorned with the vesture of the priesthood, which they made yet more sacred by their blood, chanted, joining chorus in the vision of God: Blessed art Thou, O God of our fathers!

Illumined with divine light, O blessed one, thou didst denounce the cruelty of the rhetors in the depths of the furnace, yet wast not consumed therein, crying: Blessed art Thou, O God of our fathers!

The arrogant governor could not bear the wise words whereby thou didst denounce the most abominable and false deities, and, spitting upon them, thou didst chant, rejoicing: Blessed art Thou, O God of our fathers!

Theotokion: Behold! now the divine prophecy of the godly David hath been fulfilled! For with love the four martyrs entreat thy countenance, O pure one, crying out to Him Who became incarnate of thee: Blessed art Thou, O God of our fathers!

ODE VIII

Irmos: Madly did the Chaldean tyrant heat the furnace sevenfold for the pious ones; but, beholding them saved by a higher Power, he cried out to the Creator and Deliverer: Ye children, bless; ye priests, hymn; ye people, exalt Him supremely for all ages!

Rejoicing, O ye faithful, come, let us honor the crowned martyrs, the divinely wise holy hierarchs, magnifying Christ Who gave the strength not to fear the tortures of the impious unto those who chant: Ye children, bless; ye priests, hymn; ye people, exalt Him supremely for all ages!

With the anointing of the priesthood and the blood of martyrdom were the four right victorious ones anointed, and they shine forth in divers miracles more brightly than the sun, crying out to the Creator and Deliverer: Ye children, bless; ye priests, hymn; ye people, exalt Him supremely for all ages!

Having vanquished the hordes of the demons and been undaunted by the threats of the tyrants, O most lauded ones, ye have received crowns from Christ and chant as victorious athletes: Ye children, bless; ye priests, hymn; ye people, exalt Him supremely for all ages!

Theotokion: Let Menander rejoice, and let Acacius be glad with Polyenus and the radiant Patrick; and forming a choir, let them unceasingly hymn the Word of the Father Who became incarnate of the womb of the Virgin who knew not wedlock, showing themselves to be priests who exalt Him supremely for all ages.

ODE IX

Irmos: Heaven was stricken with awe, and the ends of the earth were amazed, that God hath appeared in the flesh, and that thy womb became more spacious than the heavens. Wherefore, the ranks of men and angels magnify thee as the Theotokos.

Beholding the heads of the athletes severed as they patiently surrendered their souls with love, the tyrants were amazed. But Christ received them, granting them rest near Himself, and through them He poureth forth healings, as from a bowl, upon those who unceasingly have recourse to them.

Hastening to behold the Source of their desires in the heavens, the holy hierarchs and martyrs forsook all their heritage on earth and were taken up to the majesty of the divine kingdom on high, being vouchsafed the food of blessedness which passeth understanding.

O athletes, ye traversed the water of temptations and passed through the fire of tortures; and now, manifestly crowned, ye have received rest in the tabernacles of heaven, wherein ye dance unceasingly. O crowned ones, deliver us from misfortunes.

Theotokion: Like the sun the memorial of the athletes shineth forth miracles upon the faithful; for God, Who was born of thee, O pure Virgin, and whom the saints piously preached, hath shone forth upon them exceedingly, glorifying those who faithfully honored His coming, as He promised.