

The 13th Day of March

Translation of the Relics of our Father among the Saints Nicephorus, Patriarch of Constantinople.

Evening Service

At “Lord, I call...,” 3 Stikhera, in Tone 1: *To the melody, “Joy of the ranks of heaven...”*

The billowing clouds of thy wisdom /
Shower down upon the earth a fountain of truth /
From which we the faithful draw sweetness /
Spurning the pollution of heresies, ///
Like the waters at the fountain of Meribah.

Thy most pure body in the grave /
Did not suffer corruption /
But appeared whole, O all blessèd Nicephorus /
Presenting it with care the Orthodox faithful rejoiced ///
As they blessed thee, O divinely wise one.

By thy divine deeds thou didst become a Temple of God, /
And now the Church named after the Apostles has received thee /
Who wast called to share in the Apostolic honor, O all-blessèd one ///
For in a sacred manner thou didst bury the foul deceit of heresy.

Glory..., now and ever..., Theotokion, in the Same Tone: *(and melody)*

I am tossed about on the sea of transgressions /
And with recourse to the calm harbor of thy prayers /
I cry out to thee, O Mother of God: /
Stretch out the right hand of thy might to thy servant, ///
O all-pure one, and save me.

Or the Stavrotheotokion: *(in the Same Tone)*

When she beheld the Lamb lifted up upon the Cross, /
The most pure Virgin cried out lamenting: /
O my Sweet Child /
What is this new and all-glorious wonder? /
How is it that Thou Who holdest all things in the hollow of Thy hand, ///
Art nailed to the Tree in the flesh?

The General Troparion of the Hierarchs, in Tone 4: *(none given in the Menaion)*

In truth thou wast revealed to thy flock as a rule of faith, /
A model of humility and teacher of abstinence, /
So thou didst win the heights of humility, riches by poverty; /
O holy hierarch, father Nicephorus, /
Intercede with Christ our God to save our souls

Morning Service

The Canon of Saint Nicephorus, in Tone 2,
The composition of Ignatius.
— incomplete as of 1/1/2014

The Kontakion of the Saint, in Tone 1: *To the melody, “The choir of angels....”*

The assembly of patriarchs honors thy holy memory, /
With hymns of praise, O Nicephorus, /
For it welcomed thy soul at thy repose, O glorious one; /
Together [with them], the holy Church magnifies Christ the King ///
Glorifying Him Who alone loveth mankind.