

March 3: Holy Martyrs Eutropius, Cleonicus & Basiliscus Stichera on "Lord I have cried" - Tone 1 Kievan Chant

For 4 stichera from the Menaion, begin here:

(4) *Reader:* In the **1st Tone**— From the morning watch until night, from the morning watch

I-descant
II-chant
melody

Let — Is - ra - el hope in — the — Lord.

"O Martyrs three in number..."

For 3 stichera from the Menaion, begin here:

(3) *Reader:* For with the Lord there is mercy, and with Him is plenteous redemption;

And He shall redeem Israel out of all his in - iq - - - ui - ties.

O martyrs three in numer, /

who contended mightily against those that cruelly condemned you, /

and who endured with faith all manner of pangs most cruel: /

ye have received the kingdom on high. //

Wherefore, pray ye, that God grant unto our souls peace and great mercy.

March 3: Stichera on "Lord I have cried"

(2) *Reader:* O praise the Lord, all ye nations;

Praise Him all ye peo - - - - - ples.

With spiritual songs let us praise Eutropius, /
 the steadfast Cleonicus and Basiliscus; /
 for by the grace of piety, /
 they utterly consumed the tinder of ungodliness with fire. /
 And they now illumine the ends of the earth /
 with the fire of divine effulgences,
 like luminaries most bright, //
 having cast all deception into darkness.

March 3: Stichera on "Lord I have cried"

(1) *Reader:* For He hath made His mercy to prevail over us,

And the truth of the Lord a - bi - deth for ev - - - er.

When your heads were severed, /

ye crushed the head of your enemy under your beautiful feet, O valiant athletes, /

ye unwavering stars, animate sacrifices, /

treasures of the temple of heaven, //

O glorious Eutropius, Basiliscus and Cleonicus, beg peace for us all.

March 3: Stichera on "Lord I have cried"

Reader: Glory, both now, in the same tone.

Glory... Both now and ever, and unto the a - ges of a - ges. A - men.

Rejoice, O pure one, thou strange report! /

Rejoice, holy tree of paradise, divinely planted! /

Rejoice, destruction of the evil demons! /

Rejoice, two-edged sword, /

who cut off the head of the enemy by thy strange birthgiving! /

O most holy and all-immaculate one, //

call us back who have gone astray.

But, instead at Vespers on Tuesday or Thursday evening, this Stavrotheotokion:

The unblemished ewe-lamb and Mistress, /

beholding her Lamb upon the Cross, bereft of form and beauty, /

said lamenting: "Woe is me! /

Whither hath Thy beauty set, O Thou Who art most sweet? /

Where is Thy comeliness? //

Where is the radiant grace of Thine image, O my Son most beloved?