March 6. (42 Martyrs)  Fourth Tone, Boy

O victorious Martyrs of the Most High, shining forth in later times as never-setting stars high in the venerable firmament of the divine Church, ye have enlightened all things under the sun with the splendour of your contests, and ye have dispelled the gloom of error. Ye all-exalted, and ye have passed on now to the light that doth shine eternally. Wherefore with faith we celebrate the feast of your sacred and bright-beaming martyrdom, for we have you as gracious and most kind protectors of our life.
e all were fet-ted and for-ci-bly led captive, taken off to
lan-guish in a pris-on man-y years, with-in a dun-geons un-light-ed keep
since ye were tru-ly great and div-in-e keep-ers of the sav-ing
Faith, for which cause that mad-ty raving beast of evil fame put you to death by
the heads-man’s sword be-cause you would not bow to his evil and im-pi-
- ous com-mands. Wherefore glad-ness ye have now laid hold on the King-
dom of Heav-en as wor-thy heirs, as Christ’s For-ty-two Mar-tys, who are praised in song by all the world.
March 6, (42 Martyrs)  Fourth tone. Bov

6  With a great voice let us laud with acclaimation, Constantine, Bas-
-thes, and most wise Theophilus, Callistus, glorious Theodore, and all the others of that divine choir of trophy bearing saints.

6 For since they preferred to die for Christ, the Life of all, they were with joy slaugh-
tered eagerly. Now they enjoy rest in the divine City of the
Living God, and they entreat for us, that we may find the forgive-
lessness of sins and deliverance and eternal redemption.

in that fearful day of reckoning.
Glory be both now.

Since through mine own sloth and carelessness O Virgin, I am fallen miserably to depths of many sins and I the wretch am in misery and am afflicted with sore despair and dismayed perplexity. Be to me a source of mercy and a ready help and my salvation. O spotless one, and I beseech thee and ask with longing that thou bestow on me thy gracious consolation from on high and I fall down before thee and cry with faith: May I not be forsaken to the enemy's malign

nant joy. (Final Ending)