

August 17th

## Hieromartyr Myron of Kyzikos

### Stichera at "O Lord, I have cried"

Byzantine Tone 2

Special Melody: *When he took thee*

Adapted by Dn. John El Massih

1) When the rag - ing fire of god - less - ness spread through - out the  
land, o - ver - run - ning thē earth, O My - ron most blest,  
then thou, be - ing kin - dled with the Spir - it's  
burn - ing zeal, didst preach God the Word, Who put on  
our flesh from the Maid - en Child of God be -  
- cause of His great good - ness to our race.  
Where - fore, thou didst bear griev - ous tor - tures,  
pun - ish - ments of fire and af - flic - tion,  
be - ing strength - ened by the Ho - ly Spir - it's might.

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2) When the hate - ful foe of e - vil frame keen - ly strove to  
 plun - der thy mind with his smooth and flat - ter - ing words,  
 then a - dorned with brav - er - y and bold with  
 man - li - ness, thou most firm - ly with - stood - est him  
 and pa - tient - ly bar - est pains that led thee  
 up un - to the por - tion free of pain,  
 e - ven to the King - dom of Heav - en  
 and the joy a - bid - ing for - ev - er,  
 won - der - wor - thy My - ron, Mar - tyr of the Lord.

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3) When thine ad - ver - sar - y ruth - less - ly wield - ed ox - hide  
 scourg - es, O Mar - tyr, up - on thy ven - 'ra - ble flesh,  
 wast - ing it re - lent - less - ly with deep - ly  
 cut - ting stripes, thou didst turn thy gaze un - to Christ,  
 the Judge of the con - test, as He stretched out  
 un - to thee a hand of pow'r di - vine.  
 Where - fore, hav - ing fin - ished thy course well,  
 thou hast found mag - nif - i - cent tro - phies,  
 O prize - win - ner My - ron, no - ble cham - pi - on.