Stichera at "O Lord, I have cried"

1) Thou didst give thyself up like a lamb to willing slaughter and death, imitating the Passion of Him Who is dispassionate,

O prize-winner, all-famed Menas. The wrath of rulers didst thou not fear at all, nor didst thou shrink back from torments of the flesh.

O mighty forbiddance! whereby thou throwest to the earth the haughty foe, O Martyr of Christ.

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Thou wast scraped and torn with many wounds; thou, like the Master of old, wast stretched out on a wooden stock; all thy sides were ruthless crushed and beaten with iron rods. Yet thou didst never deny the Name of Christ, having the eyes of thy soul on Him alone; looking steadfastly unto Him, O Saint, thou bravely didst endure all the pain inflicted on thy flesh, O blest Me nas.

3) All the darkness of idolatry, the murky gloom of the world, with the councils of godless men and the mortal soldiery thou forsokest for love of Christ; and thou wast numbered, O most renowned Menas, with that enlistment of His divine elect. Thence wast thou shown to be an unconquered Martyr in all truth when thou strovest most courageous - ly in contest for His sake.