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| Coptic | CR | Unified Contemporary | AAP |
|  |  | As a child of ten years,  You defied your infidel parents,  And entered the Holy Church,  Becoming a Catechumen. |  |
|  |  | The son of an officer,  You were conscripted into the army,  But your conscience troubled you,  “I am a soldier of Christ, I cannot fight.” |  |
| N/A | N/A | You took the sword of the military,  And with it, divided your cloak,  And gave half a beggar  Who was clothed in rags. | N/A |
|  |  | The Lord Christ appeared to you—  Proclaiming and saying,  “Martin, who is but a catechumen,  Has clothed me with his robe.” |  |
|  |  | You became a disciple of the bishop,  Saint Hilary of Poitiers,  “The hammer of the Arians,”  The Athanasius of the West. |  |
|  |  | Hearing the divine calling,  You returned home,  Facing the devil, you converted  Your mother and a whole brigade. |  |
|  |  | You opposed the Arians,  With such zeal, publicly,  You were rewarded with  Scourges like unto our Saviour. |  |
|  |  | Exiled you took up  The solitary life,  As a hermit you lived  With Christ our Lord. |  |
|  |  | When Hilary returned  From exile, you joined him,  And went forth to preach  The Gospel of Salvation. |  |
|  |  | You were chosen as bishop of Tours.  You visited your children—each parish—  Every year, travelling by  Foot, donkey, and boat. |  |
|  |  | The pagans agreed to fell  Their idol—a fir tree,  If you would stand in its path,  You did, but were saved. |  |
|  |  | Pray to the Lord on our behalf,  Our saintly father, the bishop,  Saint Martin of Tours,  That He may forgive us our sins. |  |