



FESTAL SERVICE
TO THE HOLY PASSION-BEARER
ALCHMUND
PRINCE OF NORTHUMBRIA
PATRON OF DERBY

Composed

by Presbyter David Somalis
in the 2022nd year of our Lord





Month of March, the nineteenth day:
Commemoration of the Holy Passion-bearer Alchmund,
Prince of Northumbria, Patron of Derby¹

AT GREAT VESPERS

After the Introductory Psalm, we chant “Blessed is the man”, the first stasis. On “Lord, I have cried”, we chant these stichera, in the fourth mode: Spec. Mel.: “Ὡς γενναῖον ἐν μάρτυσι.”—

As protector of Derbyshire, * and defender of Shrewsbury, * as a right-believing, valiant and comely prince, * we praise you, Alchmund, most joyfully * and honour your memory, * and your combats we extol, * and the grace of your miracles; * wherefore never cease, * to implore the Almighty to deliver * from corruption and misfortunes * those who appeal to your sympathy.

(Twice)

Fleeing the fury of Æthelred * to the realm of the Picts you went * and were given refuge in the court of their king; yet, undefiled you kept yourself * from worldly desires and sins, * and you shone by your good deeds * thereby preaching, Alchmund, the Lord * to the ignorant * and instructing them to obey His precepts, * leading them by your example, * to paths of justice and holiness.

(Twice)

¹ We follow the typicon from the feast of the 40 Martyrs (March 9th).

Armed with faith in God's providence * you engaged in war fearlessly * and the men of Wiltshire you led to victory; * and caring not for your mortal flesh * were killed in the battle ground * having sacrificed yourself * for your friends' sake courageously; * hence the Lord received, * saintly Alchmund, your soul into His kingdom * and you joined the choir of Martyrs * clothed in white garb for eternity.

As a proof of your holiness * God did work many miracles * though your sacred relics * to those who came in faith; * and the unsighted did see again, * the deafened did hear anew * and from sicknesses most dire * many pilgrims were truly healed; * therefore now and us * the unworthy who call on you deliver * from all sorrowful diseases, * Alchmund, Northumbria's illustrious child.

Glory..., *in the plagal second mode:*

Today the most glorious feast * of the blessed passion-bearer Alchmund * as a flower blooming in springtime has arrived * scattering the stench of ungodliness * through the fragrance of his sanctity. * Wherefore let us gather * and crown him with crowns of praise, * as a man of mercy * and invincible emulator of the martyrs; * and reverencing his honoured sufferings, * let us piously exclaim: * Oh, undaunted warrior of Christ, * since you have received the reward of your labours * and entered into the joy of your Master, * pray to Him that all who keep * your most holy memory, * may be granted lasting peace * and forgiveness of their sins.

Both now. *Theotokion, in the same mode.*

Who will not call you blessed, most holy Virgin?...



Entrance, Joyful Light, Prokeimenon of the Day, and the following readings.

A reading from the fourth book of the Kingdoms.

Josiah was eight years old when he began to reign; he reigned for thirty-one years in Jerusalem. Before him there was no king like him, who turned to the Lord with all his heart, with all his soul, and with all his might, according to all the law of Moses; nor did any like him arise after him. In his days Pharaoh Neco king of Egypt went up to the king of Assyria to the river Euphrates. King Josiah went to meet him; but when Pharaoh Neco met him at Megiddo, he killed him. His servants carried him dead in a chariot from Megiddo, brought him to Jerusalem, and buried him in his own tomb.

A reading from the Wisdom of Sirach.

All bribery and injustice will be blotted out, but good faith will stand for ever. The wealth of the unjust will dry up like a torrent, and crash like loud clap of thunder in a rain. A generous man will be made glad; likewise, transgressors will utterly fail. The children of the ungodly will not put forth many branches; they are unhealthy roots upon sheer rock. The reeds by any water or river bank will be plucked up before any grass. Kindness is like a garden of blessings, and almsgiving endures for ever.

A reading from the Wisdom of Solomon.

Though a righteous man may die before his time, he shall be at rest. For old age is not honoured for its length of existence, nor measured by its number of years; but discernment is grey hair for mankind, and a spotless life is the maturity of old age. There was once a man pleasing to God and loved by Him, and while living among sinners he was taken up. He was caught up lest evil change his understanding or deceit deceive his soul. For envy arising from lack of judgment obscures what is good, and a whirling of desire under-

mines an innocent heart. He was made perfect, for in a short time he fulfilled long years, for his soul was pleasing to the Lord; therefore, He took him early from the midst of evil. Yet peoples saw this but did not understand, nor take such a thing to heart, that the Lord's grace and mercy are with His elect and that He watches over His holy ones.

At the Liti, the Sticheron of the patron saint, and these Sticheria:

First mode.

Hreviously David the King and Prophet * fleeing from Saul's oppression * rescued the town of Keilah * from the Philistine's attack.* Now, Alchmund the most pious and Godfearing youth * having fled to the kingdom of the Picts * following his father's deposition * from the throne of the Northumbrians * wisely redeemed the time of his sojourning thither * having his conduct honourable, * and preaching Christ the Saviour * to those sitting in the darkness of unbelief. * Merciful Lord, * through your passion-bearer's supplications * bring back those in error * uniting them to Your holy Church * and deliver us from our iniquities.

Glory..., in the fourth mode

Having laid aside all malice, * all deceit, hypocrisy, * envy, and all evil speaking, * you became indeed a benefactor of your nation, * being a father to orphans* and judging the poor in truth, * Alchmund, adornment of pious princes. Thus, choosing rather to suffer affliction with your people * than to enjoy the passing pleasures of sin, * you fought bravely with them against the tyrants; * and having fallen in the battle * you shared in the passion of Christ our Lord; * Whom we beseech you to entreat unceasingly * to have mercy on our souls.

Both now. Theotokion. In the same mode.

Guard your servants from dangers of every kind, O blessed Theotokos, so that we may glorify you, the hope of our souls.

Aposticha. In the first mode; Spec. Mel.: “Τῶν οὐρανίων ταγμαίων.”—

Having forsaken the glory * of princely rank and ab-
stained * from every form of evil * though you lived in
a palace * you were shown forth a companion * of holy
monks * and the needy you did support * visiting orphans and
widows in their woes, * Alchmund, practicing what Christ had
taught .

*Verse: The righteous man shall flourish like a palm-tree, and like a
cedar in Lebanon he shall be multiplied.*

You were condemned and got murdered * though kind
and innocent * like Abel by his brother * had been pre-
viously slaughtered; * you were added to the righteous *
athletes of Christ * Oswald and Edwin your countrymen; * and
now with them pray, Alchmund, we beg of you, * for the British
isles perpetually.

*Verse: Planted in the house of the Lord, he shall blossom forth in the
courts of our God.*

The city of Derby rejoices * in you its God-given aid, *
and Shrewsbury with gladness * chants a hymn of
thanksgiving * and both commend you, Alchmund, sol-
dier of Christ, * and defeater of demons' crowds; * from whose
attacks keep uninjured * those who with faith * now observe
your gladsome memory .

Glory ..., in the plagal fourth mode:

Being perfected in a short time, * you did fulfil long
years, * Alchmund, right believing prince, * imitator of
the Martyrs; * your soul was pleasing to the Lord, *
therefore he took you quickly * from the midst of wickedness; *
and having suffered a little on earth, * you received a great re-
ward in heaven. * Guardian of Salop and Patron of Derby, *
whose shrine pours forth healing * entreat Him Who alone * is
the Lover of mankind, * on behalf of all who celebrate your

commemoration, * that they may be delivered * from all dangers and temptations.

Both now. *Theotokion, in the same mode.*

Lady, receive the supplications of your servants, and rescue us from all necessity and affliction.

Troparion in the fourth mode; Spec. Mel.: “Ταχὺ προκατάλαβε” —

You followed Christ from your youth * and earthly joys you despised ; * you lived a most righteous life, * ever protecting the poor, * and died in the battlefield; * therefore, the crown of glory * you received, blessèd Alchmund, * peer of victorious martyrs * and converser with angels. * And now beseech with boldness the Lord * for us who honour you.

Glory... Both now. *Theotokion, in the same mode.*

The mystery hidden from all ages...

Dismissal.





AT MATINS

*After the first reading from the Psalter, the Sessional Hymn,
in the first mode: Spec. Melody: - "The soldiers keeping watch."*

You changed the princely robes * for the soldier's attire,
* and you preferred to die, * with your kinsmen in bat-
tle; * than live a life of luxury, * in the courts of king
Ciniod; * therefore joyfully, * Alchmund, we now praise your
struggles * and invoke your aid, * with faith in our tribulations,
* most faithful servant of God.

Glory...Both now. Theotokion, in the same mode.

All we who run to you * and with longing take refuge * in
your benevolence * know that you are the Mother * of
God, and after giving birth * are a virgin in very truth. *
Now we sinners have * you as our only protection. * In tempta-
tion we * rely on you for salvation, * O only all-blameless one.

*After the second reading from the Psalter, the Sessional Hymn,
in the third mode: Spec. Melody: - "Awed by the beauty"*

Lauding the innocence, O Martyr, of your life, * and your
philanthropy, * towards the destitute, * we are aston-
ished and amazed * and chant to you, blessed Al-
chmund: * "On this day we venerate * and we honour your holy
deeds. * Crush the prideful insolence * of our arrogant enemies;
* deliver us from all kinds of danger * and save our souls
through your prayers."

Glory...Both now. Theotokion, in the same mode.

Let us sing hymns in praise * of her who knew no man *
and yet gave birth to God, * and held within her womb
* the One whom nothing can contain, * the all-holy
Theotokos. * Only she was capable * of redeeming the human
race * from the curse by giving birth * to the Saviour and God of

all. * And let us say to her all together: * "Rejoice, O Lady full of grace."*

After the Polieleos, the Sessional Hymn,

in the fourth mode: Spec. Melody: - "You who were lifted on the Cross"

Though the details of your life we do not know * your hidden virtues by God have been acknowledged * who knows all His people and calls them by name * who sees what in secret has been done * and does openly recompense it * and rewards them who earnestly * seek Him as it is written. * And now beseech Him, Alchmund, for us all * to be forgiven our errors and trespasses.

Glory...Both now. Theotokion, in the same mode.

Who can relate my many sordid impressions * and my unseemly thoughts that rage like a blizzard, * for they should not be uttered, All-blameless One? * Also, the disturbances * from my fleshless opponents, * and their awful wickedness: * who can fully describe them? * But I implore you to deliver me * from them, O Good One, * by your intercessory prayers.

Song of Ascents, the first antiphon of the fourth mode.

Prokeimenon, in the fourth mode:

The righteous man shall flourish like a palm-tree, and like a cedar in Lebanon he shall be multiplied.

Verse: Planted in the house of the Lord, he shall blossom forth in the courts of our God.

Let every breath praise the Lord ...

Mattins Gospel (see on the Compline of the first Friday of Lent).

Psalm 50 is read. Glory. Mode ii.

At the intercessions of Your passion-bearer, O Lord of mercy, blot out my many offences.

Both now.

At the intercessions of the Theotokos, O Lord of mercy, blot out my many offences.

Idiomelon. In the plagal second mode.

Verse: Have mercy on me, O God, according to Your great mercy; and according to the abundance of Your compassion, blot out my transgression.

When the righteous are praised, * the people will rejoice; * Solomon declares inspired by God; * today this Scripture is fulfilled in you, * Alchmund, thrice-blessèd passion-bearer; * for reminiscing your courage and benignity, * we are unspeakably gladdened * and have our hearts strengthened by grace. * Since you now dwell in light * with the heavenly ministers * ask the remission of our sins * from Him who magnified you most rightfully.

Save, O God, your people etc.

Then follow the Canons:

The Supplicatory Canon to the Theotokos with 6 Troparia, including the irmos, and the following Canon of the saint, with 8 troparia, the acrostic whereof is "Hymn to Alchmund's feast from David. Amen".

Plagal fourth mode. Ode i. "Ἄσωμεν τῷ Κυρίῳ"

Hymning your feast I ask you * by your prayers, Alchmund, do enlighten me * your most unworthy servant * that I may duly praise your unblemished life.

Youthful passions and cravings, * you subdued with soberness and abstinence * and for good works were zealous, * blessèd Alchmund, observing the law of God.

Greek and devout and blameless, * not given to wine, greed or debauchery, * not self-willed, not quick-tempered, * you were shown forth to be most admirably.

Theotokion.

Nurture me, Theotokos, * how to imitate your great humility; * for I am proud and wicked * and displeasing to God Who created me.

Ode iii. Σὺ εἶ τὸ στερέωμα.

To whose worshipping false gods * you preached the Gospel eloquently, * shedding the light * of God's holy precepts, * Alchmund, teacher of piety.

Ornament of Shrewsbury, * and blessed prince of Northumbria * regard our pleas * and from all misfortunes * keep unharmed those who honour you.

Avidly and earnestly * you sought the Lord, and compassionate * towards the poor* you were, godly Alchmund, * wholly hating covetousness.

Theotokion.

Lawlessly and evilly * I lead my life * being enslaved to sin; * Mother of God, * set me free I beg you * granting me tears of penitence.

Sessional Hymn, in the fourth mode. Spec. Melody: - «'Επεφάνης σήμερον».

Derby celebrates today *its splendid patron* and the town of Shrewsbury, * likewise keeps a sacred feast, * and both wholeheartedly do cry out:* Rejoice, Alchmund *, the gemstone of godliness.

Glory...Both now. Theotokion, in the same mode.

Virgin Mother, open wide * your undefiled arms, * and thereby protect us all * who put our every hope in you * and who cry out to your Son and pray, * "O Christ our God, * give Your mercy to all of us."

Ode iv. Εἰσακήκοα Κύριε.

Christ the Lord loving eagerly * you despised the secular pleasures wisely * and made no provision for the flesh * but you crucified it, Alchmund, comely prince.

Healings gushed forth continuously * from your noble relics, Alchmund most blessed prince * and your murderers became ashamed * yet those venerating you greatly rejoiced.

Merciful and compassionate * being you gave abundant donations lavishly * to the poor and hungry, saintly prince, * and brought justice, Alchmund, to the fatherless.

Theotokion.

Intelligible is indeed * to the minds of humans the sacred mystery* of your giving birth to Christ our God; * therefore we extol you, Sovereign Lady.

Ode v. *Φώτισον ἡμᾶς.*

Hattering you loathed * strife, envy and lasciviousness * and although you lived, Alchmund, in regal courts * you were shown to be a compeer of the anchorites.

Derby praises you,* passion-bearer, and acclaims now * your devout life, and bravery in war, * and enjoys your protection in adversities.

Glance and relief * may we find in you, athlete of Christ, * in our troubles and afflictions, as we call * on you, passion-bearer Alchmund, asking for your help.

Theotokion.

Favourably look * upon me, O Ever-Virgin Pure, * and deliver your suppliant at the hour* of my end from hell eternal and the second death.

Ode vi. *Γλάσθητί μοι Σωτήρ.*

Empirising and most brave * your soldiers you led to victory * yet having cared more for them, * were murdered maliciously * and shared in the sacrifice * of the martyrs, Alchmund, * and received the crown of righteousness.

Applaudable was your life * your manners were sanctified; * and perfect in a short time * indeed you were shown to be; * you suffered for doing good * and now with the angels, * Alchmund, you rejoice eternally.

Salopians in the past * your relics enshrined most lovingly * and now, though missing them * do fly to your custody * and do reverence in faith * your most holy icon, * as a priceless treasure, noble prince.

Theotokion.

Tempestuous winds of sin * do shake me the wretched one * and drive me to the abyss * of despair and hopelessness; but, calling your holy name, * Blessèd Theotokos * I shall be delivered praising you.

Kontakion. Mode ii. Τὰ ἄνω ζητῶν.

The athlete of Christ, * the patron of Derbyshire, * Northumbria's son, * the trophy of Shrewsbury, * Alchmund calls us to rejoice * on his feast-day and recompenses us * saving us from the enemy's attacks * and asking forgiveness of our trespasses.

Ikos.

From your childhood you started to endure hardship, as a good soldier of Christ, following your family into exile and fleeing from the fury of Æthelred the ungrateful apostate, as once did our Lord flee from the impious Herod; and though you had been living in royal courts, neither the tumult of the world, nor the possession of authority, nor transient glory spoiled your desire for God; and that you may be perfect and complete, lacking nothing, it was granted to you, on behalf of Christ, not only to believe in Him, but also to suffer for His sake; whom we ask you to beseech, Alchmund praiseworthy passion-bearer, to grant us forgiveness of our trespasses.

Synaxarion.

On the nineteenth day of March, commemoration of the Holy Passion-bearer Alchmund, Prince of Northumbria, Patron of Derby.

Alchmund alive remains though killed in battle
For the righteous ones live always and for ever.
On the nineteenth of Lide, Alchmund was slayed.

And the rest of the Synaxarion for March 19th.

Ode vii. *Παῖδες Ἑβραίων.*

From all temptations and misfortunes * shelter and defend * most meritorious Alchmund, those who honour your deeds, and reverence your struggles and chant: Most blessed you are Lord, * who has crowned your passion-bearer.

Reading with diligence the scriptures * truly you renounced * all ignominious pleasures, * distributing your wealth * to those in need and sorrow; * therefore in heaven you received, * a reward great and unfading.

How great was your prudence! How magnificent * your abstinence and meekness! * How righteous your life! * and your repose God-pleasing! * How manifold your miracles, * Alchmund, holy prince and martyr.

Theotokion.

Mother of God, Queen of Angels, * who can worthily * praise your glory and splendour? * but accept, being so kind, our melodies * and grant us * through your entreaties lasting peace * and forgiveness of offenses.

Ode viii. *The King of heaven.*

Death did not touch you, * and though as an utter destruction * the ungodly considered your departure * your soul you committed * to God's hands, holy Alchmund.

Abstaining, Alchmund, * from all appearance of evil *
and holding fast to what is good and holy * you rejoiced
praising * God with profound devotion.

Verily, Alchmund, * we have you as an example * of be-
neficence, valour and virtue * and a ready helper * in
the storms of temptations.

Theotokion.

Every tower * seat of the bright King of glory, * Mary,
Ever-Virgin Theotokos, * we praise and extol you *
throughout the many ages.

Ode ix. *We who through you, O Virgin.*

Deliver from all sorrows * those who supplicate you, *
Alchmund, Northumbria's scion and ornament, * and
as a gift of thanksgiving * accept the hymns I wrote.

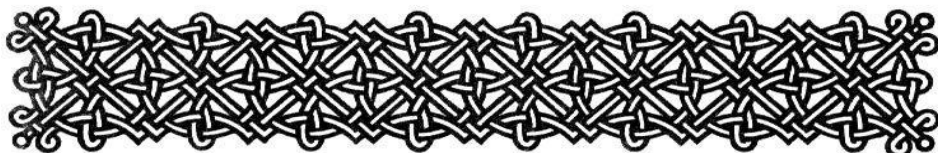
As once you preached the Gospel * to those praying to
idols * do now enlighten anew the land of your birth *
Alchmund, and scatter the darkness * of sin and god-
lessness.

Gagnanimous and clement * being do not despise us * *
as we invoke your assistance with confidence, * Al-
chmund most valiant martyr, * during our sufferings.

Enduring death unjustly, * Alchmund passion-bearer, *
you crushed the snares of the demons victoriously; *
and now save from their malice * those who petition
you.

Theotokion.

Ever and by no means, * Virgin Theotokos, * has it been
known that you left those who came to you * without
succour and comfort, * Mother most merciful.



Exapostilarion. Mode iii. Spec. Mel: - “The heaven in stars”

Alchmund, the peer of the martyrs * is calling now all the faithful * to celebrate his achievements * and reverence all his combats * whilst he does makes supplication * for them to the King of glory.

Theotokion.

O sweetness of the Angels, * the joy of all those in distress, * the Virgin Mother of the Lord, * you are the protection of Christians, * come to my aid, deliver me * from the eternal torments.

On the Praises:

4 Stichera, in Mode i: Spec. Mel: “Πανεύφημοι Μάρτυρες”

Today all of Derbyshire is glad * and Salop exuberates * and both of them simultaneously * the passion-bearer’s feast * gratefully observing * hymns of praise offer to God * who crowned His noble athlete and granted him * the gift of miracles, * and petition * to be kept secure * through his prayers * from every calamity.

(Twice)

Obeying the commandments of the Lord * humble and compassionate * you did become, the impoverished * sustaining graciously * in this manner lending * to the Lord who did repay * your goodness as He has promised verily; * and now petition Him, * blessèd Alchmund, * that eternal peace * and great mercy * be upon our souls bestowed.

Unrighteously killed, innocent prince, * you departed from this world, * whose pleasures, Alchmund, you had denied; * therefore a diadem, * you received in heaven * and enjoy the tree of life * for ever with those who slain for the word of God * and pray on our behalf, * supplicating * that eternal peace * and great mercy * be upon our souls bestowed.

Glory. Mode pl. i.

Alchmund, right-believing prince and passion-bearer, though Eardwulf the vile usurper * ordered his guards to murder you * Christ the King of glory * glorified you as His faithful servant; * hence Æthelflæd, the Lady of the Mercians * transferred your precious relics to Shrewsbury * and founded there a church to your honour, * where those suffering from various diseases had recourse, * and were restored to health. * Be mindful, we entreat you, glorious warrior * of your little flock * and be our aid for evermore, * to the salvation of our souls.

Both now. Theotokion.

Now we call you blessed, O Virgin Theotokos, and we glorify you, duty-bound as believers, the city unshakable, the wall indestructible, the firm and steadfast protection, and the place of refuge for our souls.

Great Doxology and Dismissal.



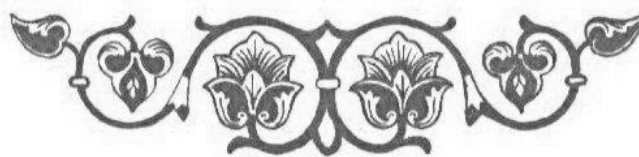
AT LITURGY:

On the Beatitudes, 8 Troparia from the Canon of the Saint: 4 from Ode iii and 4 from Ode vi.

Apostle (with the Prokeimenon of October 26th) from the Saturday of the fifth week after Pentecost.

Gospel from the fifth Sunday of Lent.

Communion verse: In everlasting memory...



And here will I make an end. And if I have done well, and as is fitting the story, it is that which I desired: but if slenderly and meanly, it is that which I could attain unto.

Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.

Presbyter David Somalis

10.ii.2022