



**FESTAL SERVICE
TO OUR FATHER AMONG THE SAINTS
CUTHBERT**

*Bishop of Lindisfarne,
Wonderworker of Durham & Northumbria*

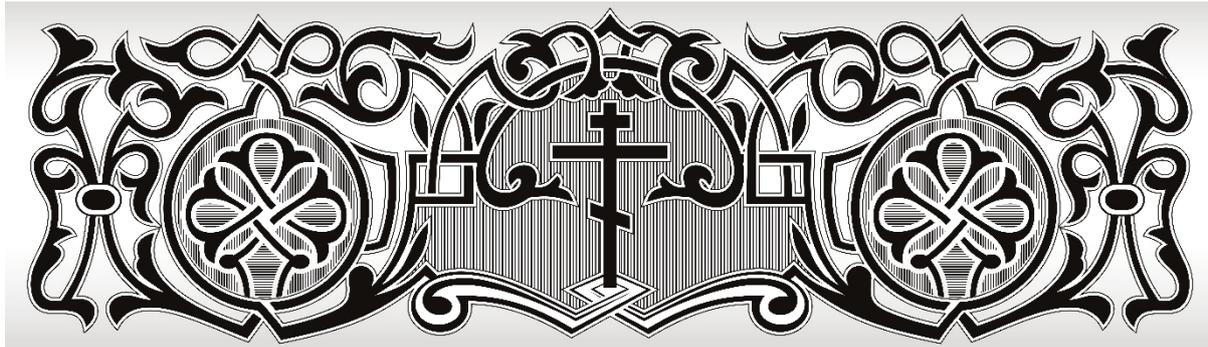
Composed initially by Reader Isaac Lambertsen

and now adapted and supplemented

by Presbyter David Somalis

in the 2022nd year of our Lord





Month of March, the 20th day

Commemoration

of our Father among the Saints Cuthbert,

Bishop of Lindisfarne,

Wonderworker of Durham & Northumbria¹

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.: " Ὁ ἐξ Ὑψίστου κληθεῖς."—

You who were called not by men but by the Most High, * when an angel of the Lord * cured your infirmity * and bread of heaven gave you to eat* thus recompensing, * Cuthbert, your kindness * and hospitality, * you were truly shown to be * an angel in the flesh * and an adornment of pious monks, * a godly shepherd, * and imitator of the Apostles’ zeal; * and now you dwell where all the righteous rest * and behold the Almighty sitting upon His throne; * therefore earnestly pray Him * to illumine us and save our souls.

The holy island of Lindisfarne does praise you * for you truly hallowed it * by your ascetic feats, * and magnified it exceedingly * through all the wonders * which God performed, Cuthbert, glorifying you: * since the otters of the sea

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

* obeisance paid to you, * you did extinguish the rage of fire, * and you protected * the meadows, Father, * from the rapacious fowls, * and had foreknowledge of the things to come * by the Lord being enlightened most certainly; * therefore earnestly pray Him * to illumine us and save our souls.

You who restrained waves of seas and floods of rivers * and verily bridle them * through your appeals to God, * and from undeserved imprisonment * delivered many * who had solicited your beneficence, * be now mindful of all those * commemorating you * and from all troubles and sicknesses * and tribulations * preserve uninjured, * thrice-blessèd hierarch, * and those deceived by vicious heresies * do release from the bonds of irreverence, * Cuthbert, boast of all England, * and great splendour of Northumbria.

And these stichera, in the fourth tone, spec. mel: -Ἐδοκας σημεΐωσιν.

Paul the Apostle's handkerchiefs * and aprons gushed healings to the sick * and put evil spirits to flight; * and you, holy hierarch, * cured a monk from palsy * when his feet touched your shoes, * and he arose strong from his bed; * and dust obtained from your sacred sepulchre * demolishes demonic sways * and stones received from your burial ground * ward off swellings and chronic aches * from those praying to you in faith.

Seeing your body incorrupt, * though having been in the ground interred, * and you looking as if you slept, * the brethren could scarcely speak * and to your successor * Eadbart went, and told him * the great sign they had beheld, * and praised the Lord who did glorify you; * whom we beseech you to entreat, * for those who lovingly keep your memory, * Cuthbert, glory of Lindisfarne, * Durham's keeper and advocate.

In the town of Shrewsbury * as priceless treasure the Orthodox * have a portion, Cuthbert, secured * of your bones and joyfully * honour your endeavours * and ascetic struggles * and from temptations are relieved * calling upon

you with faith unwavering; * therefore we beg you never cease, * from being a quick and invincible * helper of this your little flock * that exults in your patronage.

Glory, *in the plagal second mode:*

Rejoice in the Lord, * let us come together * and with songs of praise let us extol * the imitator of the Apostles and great hierarch, * the glory of ascetics and champion of England's Orthodox believers, * gladly chanting and exclaiming: * Rejoice, sunbeam of Lindisfarne, * its revered prelate and clement shepherd! * Rejoice, most radiant star, * who spreads the brightness of your miracles * across the British islands. * Rejoice, mighty banisher of pestilence * and guardian of those sailing the seas. * O most admirable Cuthbert, * never cease in your supplications to Christ * on behalf of those who with faith and love unfeigned * observe your most magnificent * and festive memory.

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 Old Testament readings from Vespers of St. Nicholas.

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

Mode 1.

Rejoice in the Lord, * you distant and stony island of Lindisfarne * celebrating the dormition * of your venerable shepherd; * and let all England today * joyfully sing the praises * of her great wonderworker * Cuthbert the God-bearing, * and experiencing daily his protection * cry out to Christ the Life-giver, * who brilliantly magnified him both on earth and in heaven: * Almighty Master, * through the Hierarch's intercessions, * bestow on us your mercies.

Glory, in the same mode.

Having followed God from your childhood, * and crucified the flesh with its passions and desires, * you were lifted up to the heights of freedom * from unruly urges and compulsions; * and, having served worthily the Lord, * you were vouchsafed of great gifts from heaven, * ever-memorable Cuthbert, * ornament of hierarchs; * hence you spent all your life* doing good and healing those oppressed by the devil, * and rightly dividing the word of truth, * having the same habits as the apostles; * and having departed from the present world * you gush forth healings to those supplicating you in faith * and you avert the lethal threat of plague, * conferring to those asking for your help * gladness and vigour, * and unceasingly beseeching the Lord who glorified you * to grant peace to the Church * and great mercy to our souls.

Both now. Theotokion.

Since you accept the petitions of sinners * and do not ignore the sighs of the afflicted, * O all-holy Virgin, intercede with Him * who came from your undefiled body, *and entreat Him to save us.

Aposticha, in the plagal first tone, Spec. Mel. “Χαίροις ἀσκητικῶν”.

Rejoice, radiance of England most bright, * who do illumine with the light of your miracles * and of your ascetic struggles * all Britain from side to side, * as a true disciple of the King of kings; * rejoice, boast of pious monks, * who like David and Moses were * from being a shepherd * of irrational sheep installed * of the rational * sheep as shepherd and governor * and taught them by your holy deeds * and teachings and principles * the faith that once was delivered, * Cuthbert, adornment of hierarchs; * we pray you entreat Christ * to bestow His peace and mercy * to those who honour you.

Verse: My mouth shall speak wisdom, and the meditation of my heart, understanding.

Aidan's most blessed soul when you saw * in glory ascending to the heavenly citadel * you spurned earthly joys and pleasures * and gladly took up your cross * and did follow Christ treading the narrow path; * and then by the River Tweed, * at the abbey Aidan had built * you dwelt submitting * to the holy man Boisil, * and being taught by him, * and then went to the Inner Farne, * where in immense austerity * you lived and simplicity, * and did defeat all demonic * attacks through prayer and abstinence; * beseech, blessed Cuthbert, * Christ to grant His peace and mercy * to those who honour you.

Verse: The mouth of the righteous shall meditate on wisdom, and his tongue shall speak of judgment.

Having received from God the Most High * the gift of prophecy you knew what would come to pass * and quenched through your supplications * a blazing and dreadful fire, * and worked numerous signs and miracles; * and after you fell asleep, the Lord kept fragrant and intact * your holy relic * and the dust of your sepulchre * proved a medicine * to those coming to you in faith; * wherefore, Cuthbert, ardently pray * from venomous apostates, * walking according to their lusts, * your offspring swiftly to be set free, * imploring the Saviour * to bestow His peace and mercy * to those who honour you.

Glory, in the plagal second mode.

Venerable Father, * Hierarch Cuthbert, * your life was according to your name; * for you having walked worthy * of the calling wherewith you were called, * with all lowliness and gentleness, and longsuffering, * you were truly witnessed to be famous and bright, * since you shone forth in ascetic contests * and overcame the rulers of the darkness of this age; * and you also became renowned through your miracles, * preaching the gospel of the kingdom * as a true shepherd, * and healing every disease * and malady among the people. * Having found boldness with Christ our God * beseech Him constantly * for the salvation of our souls.

Both now. Theotokion.

Theotokos, you are the true vine that produced the fruit of life. Lady, we fervently entreat you to intercede along with the Hierarch and all the saints, that our souls be treated mercifully.

Troparion in the third mode. Spec. Mel.: - “Θείας πίστεως”

England was bestowed * you as defender, * promptly helping her * in times of danger, * Holy Hierarch Cuthbert of Lindisfarne. * Hence, as you humbled the Norman hosts’ arrogance, * and did repeatedly ward off the scourge of plague, * thus, we beg of you, * to Christ our God pray fervently, * that his great mercy may be granted to us all.

Glory. In the first mode. Spec. Mel.: - “Τοῦ λίθου σφραγισθέντος”

Successor of the godly apostles of the Saviour, * pillar of the Orthodox Doctrines, * and teacher of devotion, * you watched with vigilance over your flock, * as a true shepherd sent to them by God; * hence you did win great favour, * with Christ the Lord, * most blessed Cuthbert, our father. * Glory to Him who gave His might to you; * glory to Him who crowned you; * glory to Him who operates through you, * providing cures to all.

Both now. Theotokion.

When Gabriel had uttered rejoice to you, O Virgin...

Dismissal.





ΑΤ ΜΑΤΙΝΣ

*After the first reading from the Psalter, the Sessional Hymn,
in the first mode: Spec. Melody: - “Τὸν τάφον σου Σωτήρ.”*

Your future glory God * to an innocent youngster * revealed and then He called * you to follow Him, Cuthbert, * when you were vouchsafed to behold * blessed Aidan's holy repose; * therefore pray with him * asking for grace, peace and mercy * to whose praising you, * to be bestowed by the Saviour, * who is wondrous in all His Saints.

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 temptation we * rely on you for salvation, * O only all-blameless one.

*After the second reading from the Psalter, the Sessional Hymn,
in the first mode: Spec. Melody: - “Ταχὺ προκατάλαβε.”*

All England is glad today * and gratefully honours you; * your relics stream remedies * to those deprived of their health, * and pestilence is expelled * from every town and city, * where in faith they invoke you, * Cuthbert, most graceful prelate, * and you pray to the Master * beseeching Him from the second * death to deliver us.

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

Come quickly, Lord, and prevent * us from now being enslaved * to foes who speak blasphemies * against You, Christ our God, * and boastingly threaten us. * Destroy by the power * of Your Cross those who fight us. * Let them know how the faith * of the Orthodox has power, * accepting Your Mother's prayers * for us in Your love of man.

After the Polyeleos, Sessional Hymn, in the plagal fourth mode:

Spec. Melody: - “Τὴν Σοφίαν καὶ Λόγον.”

You excelled in obedience when as a youth * to the most pious Boisil you did submit * in Melrose, and Eata * you did follow to Ripon; * where having been appointed * to serve as a hosteller * you entertained an angel * who tested your piety; * and the nights immersing * yourself in sea’s cold waters * you did mortify the flesh * and subdued its insurgences, * Cuthbert most righteous hierarch. * Intercede with Christ our God, * that He grant forgiveness of iniquities * to those now eagerly keeping * your most sacred memory.

Glory. Both now. Theotokion.

Come, all Nations, and uttering godly words * to the Mother of Him who created all, * let us offer hymns of praise. * O rejoice, as the fiery throne * of the one who is Lord of * all, yes, of Jesus the King of all. * O rejoice, only Lady * of the world, All-immaculate. * Ever-virgin Mary and all-praised Theotokos, * rejoice, for you are the bright, * wholly undefiled vessel * of the Holy Trinity, * Father, Son, and Spirit, our God. * O rejoice, decorous Bride adorned with the sun. * O rejoice, as the joy of * all who sing your praise.

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

Prokeimenon, in the fourth mode:

My mouth shall speak wisdom, and the meditation of my heart, understanding.

Verse: The mouth of the righteous shall meditate on wisdom, and his tongue shall speak of judgment.

Let every breath praise the Lord ...

Mattins Gospel (see at Matins of St Nicholas).

Psalm 50 is read.

Glory. Mode ii.

At the intercessions of Your Hierarch, 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 second mode.

Verse: Have mercy on me, O God...

You extend the inexhaustible grace of your miracles * to all who run to you in faith,* Venerable Cuthbert. * And we extol you for this and say: * You deliver demoniacs, * you heal the sick, * you safeguard the crops, * and you rescue those who sail the seas, * taming the violent tempest; * you foretell clearly to the faithful * what shall come to pass, * and you chastise unbelievers * mocking God imprudently. * You grant to all the petitions * which are conducive to salvation * and are an fervid protector * of those who keep your sacred memory. * Count us with them, holy Hierarch, * and entreat Christ to grant great mercy to us * who praise your most revered repose.

Save, O God, your people etc.

Then follow the Canons:

The Canon of the Theotokos with 6 troparia (with the Irmos) and the Canon of the saint, with 8 troparia, the acrostic whereof is "Lindisfarne's bishop is Durham's boast", in Tone VI—

Ode I

Irmos: When Israel of old, traversing the surging sea with dryshod feet, beheld proud Pharaoh drowned, they joyfully cried out: Let us sing unto the Lord Who hath wrought glorious wonders!

Let us now praise Cuthbert, the radiant star shining brightly in the firmament of the Church of Christ and let us sing unto the Lord Who through him hath wrought glorious wonders!

In Melrose Cuthbert began his monastic journey, guided by Eata and Boisil as by pillars of fire and cloud, led by them to cry: Let us sing unto the Lord Who hath wrought glorious wonders!

Not to his monks alone did the holy one confine his gracious admonitions, but as an obedient servant of Christ he went forth into the highways and byways, to summon all to righteousness.

Theotokion: Drowning in a sea of tribulations beneath the weight of our iniquities, we are overwhelmed by waves of trials and temptations; but rescue us, O Lady, who workest glorious wonders!

Ode III

Irmos: Establish Thou Thy Church, O Lord Who didst set up the heavens with understanding, that it may hymn Thine all-pure dispensation, O Thou Who alone lovest mankind.

In the care of his flock, Cuthbert imitated the apostles of the Lord, admonishing them with sound teaching and fending off the demons by his prayers as with a shepherd's staff.

Seeing his coming death with spiritual eyes, the wondrous hierarch left the world and withdrew again to his isle of solitude, where, praising the Lord unceasingly, he gave up his spirit.

For us who honour thee, O Cuthbert, turn thou the tide of temptations, as the moon does the sea, that we may advance unto God, Who by grace sustained thee on thy holy isle.

Theotokion: All creatures—both the angelic hosts on high and we born on earth—hymn the ineffable dispensation, whereby God, in His incarnation through the Virgin, hath saved mankind.

Sessional hymn, in Tone IV: Spec. Mel.:

“O Thou Who wast willingly lifted up on the Cross...”—

Alight with grace like a radiant beacon, O father Cuthbert, thou didst illumine thy flock with the teachings of the true Faith; and having wrought many miracles by the power of God, thou art

now glorified among all Christians. Wherefore, we honour thee with faith, as a holy hierarch and dweller with the angels.

Glory..., Now & ever...: Theotokion—

Though I love sin, I beseech thee, O all-pure one, who gavest birth to the sinless God Who taketh away the sins of the world: Have pity on my most sinful soul and wash away my many sins; for thou art the cleansing of sinners, the salvation and help of the faithful.

Ode IV

Irmos: Thou hast restored the beauty of Thine image; for, leaving the bosom of the Father, Thou didst lower Thyself thereto. And we cry aloud unto Thee: Glory to Thy power, O Thou Who lovest mankind!

Reverence and awe fill our hearts and souls when we bow down before the image of the saint of God, in whom He hath restored the pristine beauty of man. Wherefore, we cry: Glory to Thee Who lovest mankind!

Northumbria is exceeding glad, cherishing the sacred relics of the holy Cuthbert in its bosom; and England exulteth in his intercessions; but all the Orthodox throughout the world trust in his heavenly mediation.

Exalt ye the Lord of hosts, Who, knowing our weakness, hath given us His chosen ones as mighty guardians, that, protected by them, we may cry aloud to Him: Glory to Thy power, O Thou Who lovest mankind!

Theotokion: Seeing thee, O pure Maiden in whom hath been restored the beauty of the image of God, which was man's birth-right before his Fall, we cry aloud unto God: Glory to Thy power, O Thou Who lovest mankind!

Ode V

Irmos: On Thee have I set my hope, O Lord, and unto Thee, the all-divine Beauty, do I rise early. Gladden thou my soul in the light of Thy divine knowledge and save me.

By standing in the cold waters of the sea while at prayer, Cuthbert mortified his flesh and its passions; but in His loving-kindness Christ sent otters to warm his feet.

In the power of thine intercession do we trust, O holy hierarch, for thou standest in glory, the gaze of thy holy soul filled with rapture by the ineffable beauty of God.

Superstition and heathen habits did the glorious Cuthbert zealously uproot from the hearts of men, planting in their stead the true consolations of grace and repentance.

Theotokion: Having risen at dawn unto the knowledge of the divine Light Who shone forth from thee, O Theotokos, we cry out with hope and love: By thine intercessions save us!

Ode VI

Irmos: The uttermost abyss of sin hath encompassed me; the multitude of mine evils hath slain me; and, groaning, I cry unto Thee, O my God: Deliver me, as Thou didst the Prophet Jonah, O greatly Merciful One!

On sea-girded Farne thou didst struggle in ascetic labours, O saint, and though encompassed on every side by hordes of demons, thou didst prevail mightily over them, crying: Deliver me, O greatly Merciful One!

Pursued by hordes of demons that set upon us with fangs and claws, seeking to slay our souls, groaning and in agony we cry out to Cuthbert: Deliver us from their savagery, O good servant of the all-good God!

In great humility Cuthbert would not withdraw from the field of his war against the flesh and the minions of Satan; but in yet greater humility he bowed to the pleas of king and council, to serve the salvation of many.

Theotokion: Sinking into the uttermost abyss of evils, beset on every side by the monsters of the deep, in terror I cry out to thee, O Mother of our Redeemer, Deliverer and God: Save me, as He delivered the Prophet Jonah!

Kontakion, in Tone V—

O Cuthbert, boast of monastics and true model for the servants of God, by thy struggles and pure manner of life thou hast come to shine forth like the brilliant sun upon the faithful; for Christ hath enriched thee with the gift of miracles. Wherefore, O venerable hierarch, we cry out to thee most fervently: In thy supplications, be thou ever mindful of those who honour thy most splendid memory with faith and love!

Ikos: Spurning the corruptible glory of this world, throughout his life the blessed Cuthbert desired to please God alone; wherefore, harrowing soul and body with constant labours, cultivating them with the plough of ascetic toil, and enriching them with prayer, he sowed within himself the seeds of Christian virtue in abundance, and in due season reaped a goodly harvest for his Master, wherewith the faithful ever find nourishment in their spiritual hunger. And, considering the fleeting things of this world as naught, he set his mind steadfastly upon that which is above; wherefore, he hath been shown to be a friend of the angels and a great intercessor for those who honour his most splendid memory with faith and love.

Synaxarion

On the twentieth day of the month of March, commemoration of our Father amongst the Saints Cuthbert, Bishop of Lindisfarne, Wonderworker of Durham & Northumbria.

Cuthbert, though deceased, still every day is working

Many miracles to those who do implore him.

On the northward equinox Cuthbert yielded up his soul in prayer.

And the rest of the synaxarion from the Menaion.

Ode VII

Irmos: By the Angel, O Bestower of light, Thou didst bedew the children in the furnace, who said: Blessed art Thou, O Lord God of our fathers!

Durham is filled with heavenly light, for there doth thy tomb fill with rays of splendour those who chant: Blessed is the God of our fathers!

Unto the shrine of thy relics do we, the faithful, earnestly have recourse, as to a wellspring of healings and a fountain of miracles, O holy one.

Reflecting the divine radiance of the countenance of the Most High, Cuthbert sheddeth the light of grace upon all who honour his memory with faith.

Theotokion: How shall we hymn thee, O Mother of the Bestower of light, other than to cry with the angel of God: Blessed art thou among women!"?

Ode VIII

Irmos: Rejecting the melodious music, from the midst of the flame, the children sang a divine hymn, saying: Ye priests, bless! Ye people, tribes, and nations, exalt the Lord supremely!

Amid the fiery furnace of temptations Cuthbert burned with ascetic zeal, ever singing the hymn: Ye priests, bless! Ye people, tribes, and nations, exalt the Lord supremely!

Men and women, elders and children, youths, and maidens, alike sing the praises of the wondrous hierarch, saying: Ye people, tribes, and nations, exalt the saint of God supremely!

Singing in jubilation, with tongues and mouths instead of psaltery and timbrel we honour the memory of the holy hierarch of God, chanting: Ye Orthodox people, exalt him supremely!

Theotokion: Blessing thee, the all-beauteous Bride of God, with hearts full of praise we chant: Ye priests, bless! Ye people, tribes and nations, exalt the Queen of heaven and earth supremely!

Ode IX

Irmos: O thou who alone gavest birth to the Word at the word of the archangel, stop thou the blasphemous mouths of the heretics. O all-pure one, we magnify thee as a new heaven, a garden of paradise, which cannot be taken away.

Overcome with awe at the sight of the incorrupt body of the saint, the blasphemous heretics dared not defile his precious relics, but sealed the tomb, leaving the holy remains as a treasure which cannot be taken away.

Angels and archangels surround the holy Cuthbert in the courts of the house of our God, and with them he uplifteth his voice to magnify the King of kings and Lord of lords, Who sitteth in glory upon the cherubim as upon a throne.

Sinful through we are, yet do we not despair of divine mercy, for the wondrous Cuthbert standeth as advocate for us before the dread tribunal of the Judge of all, that with him we also may come to dwell in paradise on high.

Theotokion: Though our minds are polluted with vice and our tongues besmirched by the mire of our iniquities, O all-pure one, yet do we make bold to magnify thee as the garden of paradise, wherein the Tree of Life grew and flourished.

Exapostilarion: Spec. Mel.: "Τοῖς μαθηταῖς συνέλωμεν" -

From being a shepherd of the sheep * the Almighty did call you * like Moses he did previously * and king David the psalmist * and gave you the grace of healing * and then put you as shepherd * of his rational flock to lead * those who sat in the darkness * into the light; * and now through your prayers, most blessed Cuthbert, * He promptly comes to succour us * in all dangers and troubles.

Theotokion.

He Lord resided in your womb, * Theotokos, as He knew, * wishing to call the world He made * back from corruption, for it was * lost and perishing. Lady, * now having found salvation, * all together we cry to you * the Angel's famous salutation, "Rejoice, * you are truly blessed among all women!" * For you, O Virgin, have brought forth * holy joy to the whole world.

On the Praises, 4 Stichera, in the fourth mode:

Spec. Mel: "Ὡς γενναῖον ἐν μάρτυσι"

Let us joyfully praise with hymns * the chief shepherd of Lindisfarne * and England's protector given to her by God, * the steadfast teacher of anchorites, * the hammer of heretics, * whose God-pleasing life indeed * was admired by angelic hosts, * who shone as a torch * and dispersed all the clouds of pagan doctrines, * with the light of the Gospel, * Cuthbert, the laudable hierarch.

Having the gift of prophecy * you foretold what was yet to come * and all were astonished seeing the veracity * of your foresight, and the winds obeyed * your orders, as did the sea * whose unruly waves you ruled * as did also the flames of fire, * and from the dry ground * you drew water, most holy Father Cuthbert, * and restored to health those asking * your help with faith unabatedly.

He Omnipotent incorrupt * did your body truly preserved * and an inexhaustible source of miracles * made it to all who approached in faith * and asked, Cuthbert, for your aid; * and now we having obtained, * through God's mercy, a part of it * we do benefit * day by day from your kindness and assistance; * hence, we thank you, and we offer * to you our anthems of gratitude.

As its stronghold and harbourer * Durham's city does honour you, * glorious Father Cuthbert, and Hexham does rejoice, * as does Newcastle acknowledging * your

help in adversities, * and with Chester keep your feast * and proclaim all your miracles; * and in Shrewsbury, * in the church dedicated to the fathers * of the First Council with ardour * you are duly praised, godly hierarch.

Glory, in the plagal fourth tone.

Venerable man of God, * righteous Father Cuthbert, * though not ceasing to observe * the rules of monastic life, * you adorned the office of bishop, * according to the precepts of the Apostles; * for you lovingly pastored the flock committed to your care * by most wholesome admonitions, * firstly practicing yourself what you taught to others; * you recalled those sinfully rejoicing * to that sorrow which is according to godliness * and you saved the needy man from the hand of the stronger; * you gave food to the hungry * and raiment to the shivering * and the miracles with which you shone forth to the world * bore witness to your merits. * And now rejoicing with the ranks of heaven, * standing before the throne of grace, * do not desist from praying on our behalf, * that we may obtain mercy and find * grace to help in time of need.

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

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

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 and Gospel from the Feast of St Nicholas.

Communion verse: In everlasting memory...



SUPPLICATORY CANON
TO OUR FATHER AMONG THE SAINTS
CUTHBERT

BISHOP OF LINDISFARNE, THE WONDERWORKER

After the customary beginning, the Reader reads psalm 142. We then chant "God is the Lord" in the fourth mode, with its appointed verses, followed by the hymns below.

In the fourth mode. Spec. Mel: "Ὁ ὑψωθεὶς ἐν τῷ Σταυρῷ".

As a good shepherd and a pious ascetic * you have been greatly magnified, Father Cuthbert * by Christ Whom you loved eagerly * and dauntlessly you preached; * therefore, never cease to pray * that from every temptation, * sorrow, and necessity * He may keep us uninjured * who call in fervent faith upon you, * and are expecting * the gift of your miracles.

Glory, both now. Theotokion, in the same mode & melody.

We the unworthy shall not ever be silent, * O Theotokos, from proclaiming your powers. * For were you not concerned to intercede for us, * who would have delivered us * from such manifold dangers, * and who else would up to now * have preserved us in freedom? * O Lady, we shall not depart from you, * for you ever save your servants * from evils of every kind.

The Reader reads psalm 50, and then we commence the Canon, the acrostic whereof is "To Cuthbert a hymn of supplication. David."

In the plagal fourth mode. Ode I “ Ὑγρὰν διοδεύσας”

Go you, great hierarch of Lindisfarne * I come for assistance * and beseech you with all my heart: * Deliver me, Cuthbert, through your prayers * from all ordeals and afflictions and sufferings.

Gbliterate, Cuthbert, chosen from God, * all the traps the devil slyly furnished to capture us; * for you did defeat him by your struggles * having the Cross as a weapon invincible.

Guardian of Durham, Cuthbert most wise, * rescue from all painful * fits and seizures those who invoke * without hesitation your protection * and give them vigour and health, peace, and wholesomeness.

Theotokion.

Give us we pray you, Mother of God, * and banish divisions, * strife, and bitterness from our midst, * and aid us to lead our lives, we ask you, * in all humility, goodness and piety.

Ode III. «Ὀὐρανίας ἀψῖδος».

Ghose imprisoned unjustly * calling on you * are released * though bound with infrangible fetters; * wherefore set us now free, * Cuthbert most affable, * from every cumbersome burden * granting us cheer and relief, * pastor of Lindisfarne.

Humble, peaceful, and righteous, * patient and kind and devout * you were shown to be imitating, * Cuthbert, the angels' ranks; * and now pray with them * to God who did glorify you * from pernicious lustfulness * that we be kept unharmed.

Blindness, gout, toothache, deafness, * fevers, headaches, leprosy * and several other disorders, * ailments and maladies * you cured whilst yet alive; * and then after

your dormition, * you work daily miracles, * Cuthbert, prelate divine.

Theotokion.

Fever-Virgin most blessèd, * rapidly come to our help; * shatter all the plots of the demons, * in your benevolence; * for after God all our trust, * to you we have placed sincerely, * and we in hymns we magnify * and praise your eminence.

Deliver us * who with unwavering faith do now call upon you, * holy Cuthbert of Lindisfarne, * from every calamity * and ask the remission of our transgressions.

Look graciously upon your servant, all-praiseworthy Theotokos, and upon my painful physical suffering, and remedy my anguish of spirit.

The customary litany is intoned, and we then chant the following hymn.

In the second mode. Spec. Mel: - «Πρεσβεία θερμή».

We humbly request * your intercession to the Lord * for us who have sinned * and angered Him exceedingly; * Cuthbert, holy hierarch, * do not disregard our most fervent pleas, * but pray to God for us who honour you * despite our unworthiness and wickedness.

Ode IV «Εισακήκοα Κύριε».

Reminiscing your noble pains * in ascetic life we are all amazed, * at your patience and austerity * and we praise you, Cuthbert, godly hierarch.

Thieves and drunkards you discipline * and rescue the sheep from the wolves' attack; * hence, deliver us who honour you, * Cuthbert, from intemperance and gluttony.

Aidan's soul you beheld in awe * carried by the angels, Cuthbert, being pure in heart; * wherefore ask the Lord a Christian end, * unashamed and peaceful to grant to our lives.

Theotokion.

Hear my cries, Ever-Virgin Maid, * and under your shelter
keep me and rescue me * from the frenzy of the enemy *
who as roaring lion is attacking me.

Ode V “Φώτισον ἡμᾶς”

Yearning for the Lord * in the isle of Farne you chose to
dwell * and expelled therefrom the wicked demons’
hords, * Cuthbert, glory of monastics, through your ab-
stinence.

Foses water did * from the rock draw in the wilderness; *
and now, Cuthbert, turned the dry and rocky ground *
into a well of water having prayed most earnestly.

Numerous indeed are the miracles you do perform, * to
the sailors who petition you in faith, * Cuthbert, saving
them from shipwrecks providentially.

Theotokion.

Corrupt I am, * fully given to depravity; * you, the holy
and immaculate and pure * give me now tears of com-
punction, that I may be saved.

Ode VI «Τὴν δέησιν»

From sicknesses * that physicians could not cure * you set
free those who with faith call upon you; * even your gar-
ments and shoes give out healings, * as does the dust of
your tomb, blessed hierarch; * therefore, we ask you, man of God,
* from all harrowing ailments deliver us.

Serenity * grant us, Cuthbert, in our lives * and from
scandals and unrest and temptations * keep us unhurt
and support us to work out * our own salvation with
trembling and fear profound * obeying God’s holy commands *
without any dispute, gripe or murmuring.

Unstoppable * were the Normans, yet the mist * which Saint Cuthbert sent enveloping Durham * stroke them with panic and they fled at high speed; * hence, let us beg him with faith now to shelter us * from the assaults of all our foes * who are both plain to see and invisible.

Theotokion.

Fosterity * we are, Virgin of all those, * who as truly Theotokos professed you * in our homeland and honoured you greatly, * in Ipswich, Cardigan, Willesden, and Evesham * and to your patronage we flee * and are saved from our many adversities.

Deliver us * who with unwavering faith do now call upon you, * holy Cuthbert of Lindisfarne, * from every calamity * and ask the remission of our transgressions.

Treat for us, * O spotless Maiden who gave birth to the divine Word * inexplicably through a word in the latter days, * since you indeed * speak with motherly freedom.

The litany is recited, and we then chant the kontakion.

In the second mode, Spec Mel: - «Τοῖς τῶν αἱμάτων σου».

Through your unfailing protection and guardianship, * Cuthbert, our father, support us continuously, * and help us in all our necessities, * keeping us safe and secure, holy hierarch, * from every misfortune and catastrophe.

And immediately the Prokeimenon, in the fourth mode:

My mouth shall speak wisdom, and the meditation of my heart, understanding.

Verse: The mouth of the righteous shall meditate on wisdom, and his tongue shall speak of judgment.

Gospel see at Matins of St Nicholas.

Glory. Mode ii.

At the intercessions of Your Hierarch, 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.

And the following sticheron, in the plagal second mode.

Special Mel:- «Ὅλην ἀποθέμενοι».

Verse: Have mercy on me, O God, according to Your great mercy.

Having scorned all passing things * you lived on earth as an angel * and you crushed carnal desires * through fasting and prayer, * vigils and solitude; * then as hierarch * you excelled and triumphed, * Cuthbert, over pagan bigotry * and spread the light of Christ * to those plunged in error and godlessness; * and did shine through your miracles; * therefore, we beseech you most earnestly: * pray for us who honour * your labours and solicit now your help * and bow with faith and unfeigned love * before your reliquary.

O God save your people etc.

Ode VII «Οἱ ἐκ τῆς Ἰουδαίας».

Pray to God, holy Cuthbert, * for your flock which does treasure * as a most precious gem * a portion of your relics, * and guide them and protect them * as they chant with one mouth and heart: * Blessèd indeed is the Lord, * the God of our forefathers!

Indisfarne's kindly prelate, * Durham's most watchful guardian, * Cuthbert, elect of God, * from every epidemic, disease, and infestation * keep us safe as we chant in faith: * Blessèd indeed is the Lord, * the God of our forefathers!

In a desolate island * you withdrew, Cuthbert, living alone in poverty; * and now with all the righteous * and angels in the mansions * of the heavenly citadel * you do rejoice and exalt * the God of our forefathers!

Theotokion.

Contemplating your glory, * is beyond our poor reason * and wretched intellect; * wherefore we chant the Angel's * greeting to you imploring * your protection and charity, * Most Holy Mother of God, * Immaculate and blameless.

Ode VIII. «Τὸν βασιλέα».

All England praises * you as a great wonderworker * and your marvels, Cuthbert, is proclaiming * and exalts supremely * the Lord who magnified you.

Tumours and swellings * you cure and raise the bedridden, * Cuthbert, and from savage fowls you rescue * the crops of those praising * the Lord who glorified you.

In all our troubles * you as a powerful helper * and a prompt deliverer we own you, * Cuthbert, saintly pastor, * who did converse with angels.

Observing, Cuthbert, * the apostolic traditions * prudently you guided, and governed * the flock Christ entrusted * to you; hence, we extol you.

Theotokion.

Divisive and harmful * passions assail and harass me; * who can comfort me and give me solace, * other than you, Mary * the Mother of our Saviour?

Ode IX «Κυρίως Θεοτόκον».

Destroy the demons' schemings * and entrapments, Cuthbert, * which they have set forth for us your petitioners, * you who defeated and vanquished * all their deceitfulness.

Accept my supplications * and the hymns I offer * and be my clement consoler and wakeful guard, * Cuthbert, and succour me promptly * through your benevolence.

Victoriously you ended * your path, pious Cuthbert; * and did receive from the Lord the unfading crown, * and verily did find boldness * to pray on our behalf.

In Chester and in Hexham, * Lindisfarne and Durham, * your gift of miracles many truly enjoy, * as does the Orthodox parish, * Cuthbert, of Shrewsbury.

Theotokion.

Defend me, Holy Virgin, * your unworthy servant * and give me time for repentance I beg of you, * and from eternal damnation * save me, Mother of God.

Megalynaria.

It is truly right to call you blest, O Theotokos...

Rejoice, godly pastor of Lindisfarne, * treasure of ascetics, * and adornment of anchorites; * rejoice, blessed Cuthbert, * illustrious wonderworker, * you who suppress most swiftly * the threat of pestilence.

You shined throughout England from end to end * as a blazing torchlight * of the Orthodox way of life, * and did preach the Gospel * to those revering idols, * as peer of the Apostles, * Cuthbert divinely wise.

The sea and the rivers submit to you, * winds and storms obey you, * and the otters warm up your feet; * you expel the demons, * and you predict the future, * and quench the fire, Cuthbert, * fountain of miracles.

You restore the ailing and sick to health, * and set free the captives, * and false witnesses you chastise, * and those put in prison * unjustly you deliver, Cuthbert, when they invoke you * with faith unwavering,

As a priceless treasure having enshrined, * a piece of your relics, * blessed Cuthbert, * gladly a hymn * offers of thanksgiving * to you for your protection * the Orthodox assembly meeting in Shrewsbury.

Shelter and defend us for evermore, * Holy Father Cuthbert, * from the demons' vicious attacks; * increase our devotion, * our ardency rekindle, * and ask from God forgiveness * of our iniquities.

We implore you, Cuthbert, do not forget * England your own homeland, * but illumine her once again * with the holy doctrines, * which you believed and practiced * and preached with words and actions, * in all Northumbria.

Join the Theotokos, all you arrays, of angelic powers...

The customary litany is recited and then the apolysis, after which, whilst the faithful venerate the relics of the Saint, we chant the following hymns:

In the second mode. «Ὅτε ἐκ τοῦ ξύλου».

From every affliction and distress, * from every misfortune and trial, * from every peril and snare, * keep unharmed your supplicants, * Cuthbert, entreating the Lord * you has worthily crowned you * with the crown of justice, * and has made your sacred bones * a source of blessing and health; * and grant us through your intercessions, * our requests that are for salvation, * peaceful life, and pardon for our many sins.

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

O Mother of God, I have committed my every hope wholly unto you. Keep me under your shelter.

PRIEST: Through the prayers of our holy fathers...

