



SUPPLICATORY CANON
TO OUR VENERABLE & GODBEARING MOTHER
MILBURGA
ABBESS OF WENLOCK
THE WONDERWORKER

Priest: Blessed is our God... Reader: Amen. And he recites psalm 142.

Then "God is the Lord" is sung four times, in mode iv, followed by the troparia below.

in Tone iv: Spec. Melody: - "You who were lifted on the Cross"

Let us all now run with faith and contrition * and venerate blessed Milburga's icon * and drink the healing water * that springs from her well * chanting "Give heed to our cries, * and come quickly to help us * rescue us from every wrath, * tribulation, and peril, * and from contagious diseases keep us free, * by your entreaties * to God who has crowned you.

Glory...Both now. Theotokion. Same 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 recites psalm 50 and we then chant the following Canon of the saint, the acrostic whereof is "Praise to Milburga from me, the sinner David".

Mode pl. iv—Ode i. On crossing the water as though dry land

Protect me, Milburga, most wise in God, * your most worthless hymner * as I chant you a song of praise * and scatter the shadows of my passions * which have endarkened my mind and my intellect.

Remember unceasingly to beseech, * Milburga, the Saviour * since you have found boldness to Him * from every affliction to deliver * those who invoke your assistance with confidence.

Ablaze with the ardour of love for Christ, * you scorned earthly glories * and the vanity of the world * and followed the Lord, blessed Milburga, * treading decisively the path of asceticism.

In France you were trained in monastic life * at the famous convent * which the title most aptly bore * of the Ever-Virgin Theotokos * striving, Milburga, her virtues to imitate.

Theotokion.

Superior in glory to angelic hosts * you became, O Virgin, * since you bore in your holy womb * the Lord God whose glory they cannot face; * hence we shall praise you, and have recourse to your aid.

Ode iii. *You constructed the heavens.*

Emulating the Angels * throughout your life, you obeyed * the divine commandments with fervour * and crucified the flesh, * having the Cross of Christ * as an invincible weapon, * wherewith you did overcome * the demon's violence.

Tenderly and yet firmly * you led as Abbess your flock* overseeing them, Mother Milburga, * and always teaching them * all that was valuable, * gracious, honest, and lovely * for Christ's word dwelt in you * truly abundantly.

Owen the blessed hermit * as an instructor you had* and the wise Botolph as teacher, * whereas the hierarch* Theodore the divine * as Abbess came to install you; * and now pray with all of them * for us who honour you.

Theotokion.

Mother of God most Holy, * blameless and pure Maid rejoice! * whom the prophets saw as a ladder, * as gate and sanctuary, * from whom the Saviour came * and saved from death and corruption * those who were enslaved to sin * and crushed the serpent's head.

Deliver us * from all adversities, dangers, and tribulations * through your prayers to Christ the Lord, * and ask Him to grant to us, * most blessed Milburga, * help in temptations.

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

The priest commemorates those for whom the supplication is being offered and we then chant the following sessional hymn.

Mode ii. In seeking the heights.

Dou pour out the streams * Milburga, of your miracles; * you speedily come * to help us when we pray to you * and invoke your holy name. * So we beg of you, as our patron saint: * frustrate the schemes of those who plot against * your supplicants, that we may offer you praise.

Ode iv. I have heard, Lord, the mystery.

Inexplicable miracles * you performed, Milburga, having received this gift * from the Lord God who was really pleased * by your life of righteousness and abstinence.

Listen to me attentively, * said the godly Abbess to those subject to her, * and as children of obedience * do strive to abstain from all the carnal lusts.

Bravely fighting the enemy* with the Spirit's sword you did injure him; * therefore Christ the righteous judge bestowed * to you as a prize the crown of victory.

Theotokion.

Antelligible 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. Lord, enlighten us.

Raising high its streams * river Corfe saved you from the prince, * who enraged with detestable desires* hunted after you, Milburga, modest bride of Christ.

Godly, brave, and wise * leader of monastics having been, * you did govern them in righteousness and truth, * and you taught them by your life to perfect holiness.

As a star you shone * and dispelled the dark of paganism; * now we ask you: vanquish swiftly all beliefs * that pervert the apostolic faith appallingly!

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. I pour out my supplication to the Lord.

Refresh us, * as we are being sprinkled, Milburga, * with the water from your well and give comfort * to those who suffer from manifold ailments, * and grant to us the petitions offered in faith, * since from the Lord you have received * Holy Abbess, the power of miracles.

Orators * would fail to suitably praise you * and proclaim your many wonders, Milburga, * for the dead son of a dolorous widow * you raised to life and restored vision to the blind * and cleansed the leprous maid who had * venerated your relics, O glorious one.

Magnificent * was your life upon the earth * though you sought to hide your virtues, Milburga; * hence the wild geese did obey your commandments * as also did once the birds damaging the maize; * and now we ask you to protect * all the meadows of those who do honour you.

Theotokion.

Milburga * the holy Abbess of Wenlock * at her deathbed did commend, Theotokos* to you the choir of monastics she gathered, * and taught the precepts of God who was born of you; * and now, Lady, pray with her * for those calling on you without any doubt.

Deliver us * from all adversities, dangers, and tribulations * through your prayers to Christ the Lord, * and ask Him to grant to us, * most blessed Milburga, * help in temptations.

Entreat 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 priest commemorates those for whom the supplication is being offered and we then chant the following Kontakion.

Mode ii. In the pools of your blood.

Mother Milburga, the glory of all Shropshire, * gentle, yet mighty protectress of us your flock, * beseech Christ your Bridegroom to pity us * and from our enemies promptly deliver us * and comfort us in your kind-heartedness.

And straightaway the Prokeimenon, in Tone IV:

I waited patiently for the Lord, and He heeded me; and He heard my supplication.

Verse: And He established my feet on a rock and kept straight my steps.

Gospel according to Matthew (25:1-13)

(See on the Saturday of the 17th week of Matthew)

Glory. Mode ii.

At the intercession of Your holy Ascetic, O Lord of mercy, blot out my many offences.

Both now.

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

Sticheron. Mode pl. ii. When the saints deposited.

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

Milburga our patroness, * illustrious offspring of Mercia, * most praiseworthy bride of Christ, * glory of monastics, * Abbess divinely wise, * listen now to our pleas, * come to our assistance, * and do not deprive us of your aid, * but keep us always safe, * and from all misfortunes deliver us, * and heal our many sicknesses, * and our proud opponents swiftly defeat, * and beseech with boldness * the Lord who many wonders works through you * to make us worthy with you His face * to behold eternally.

PRIEST: O God, save Your people etc.

Ode vii. *The Three Youths from Judea.*

Ermenburga, your mother, * and your two holy sisters * may they unite with you, * with Botolph and with Owen, * and Theodore the primate * of all England and pray to God * for the return of your kin, * Milburga, to the right faith.

The two innocent children * led the monks to discover * a treasure
priceless indeed: * the relics of Milburga * emitting fragrant odour;
* hence they rejoiced exceedingly * and chanted: Blessèd are you, *
the God of our fathers.

Healings sprang out, Milburga, * from the shrine of your relics* to
those who had prayed with faith; * those who were blind received
sight, * the lame walked, and the deaf heard* and the lepers were
swiftly cleansed* and chanted: Blessèd are you, * the God of our fathers.

Even the water once used * for the rinsing, Milburga* of your most
sacred bones * restored to health a woman, * casting out of her
stomach * a worm that was tormenting her; * hence in thanksgiving
she praised, * the God of our fathers.

Theotokion.

Shelter me, I beseech you, * your most unworthy servant * beneath
your holy veil; * I have no other refuge, * save you, O Theotokos, *
and to you I have come for help, * the one who has given birth* to
our Lord and Saviour.

Ode viii. *The King of heaven.*

Instead of riches* you wisely chose self-denial, * and austerity instead
of worldly splendour; * therefore now, Milburga, you do rejoice in
heaven.

Nothing debarred you * from loving God with your whole heart; *
hence you bore with fortitude your illness, * being tested by fever*
as silver in the furnace.

Rasty and callous * ruffians sent by a godless * king did set fire to
your sacred relics; * but your name, Milburga* doubtlessly lives
for ever.

Entrapped by passions * and sorely vexed by temptations, * I petition
you, most holy Abbess, * guide me to the haven* of the Lord's will,
Milburga!

Theotokion.

Ravaged and wounded * is my poor soul, Theotokos, * by many
transgressions and offences; * heal me, Ever-Virgin, * that I may
praise you.

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

Deliver from all sorrows * those who supplicate you, * Mother Milburga, adornment of Shrewsbury, * and as a gift of thanksgiving * accept the hymns I wrote.

As once you cleansed a leper, * do now cleanse, I pray you * my soul which is a den of iniquities, * as I am sprinkled with the water * drawn from your holy well.

Visit the congregation * which treasures your icon, * and comfort them with the gift of your miracles, * Milburga most virtuous virgin, * vessel of charity.

In you, blessed Milburga, * we have fled for refuge, * and by your well we have gathered chanting anthems of praise; * do recompense all our labours * through your benevolence.

Theotokion.

Deign to assist me, Mary * Virgin Theotokos, * and shield me under your veil the most wretched one, * for all my hope I have placed in * your tender kindness.

Megalynaria.

It is truly meet to call you blessed...

Let us praise Milburga the bride of Christ, * who spurned earthly riches * and the glories of regal life, * the abbess of Wenlock, * the wondrous spring of healings, * the glory of all Shropshire, * our help in times of need.

Dou cleanse the poor lepers and heal the lame * and the paralytic; * to the blind you give back their sight, * to the deaf their hearing * you do restore, Milburga; * wherefore we gladly praise you * and do your signs proclaim.

Like you tamed the wild geese, Mother, before * curb now our opponents * and deliver us from their plots; * grant us understanding * and courage in our troubles * and succour us, Milburga, in your benevolence.

With your pious mother and sisters pray, * with Owen the hermit and with Botolph the holy one, * Milburga most glorious, * and ask the Lord to grant us * forgiveness of transgressions, * and his heavenly peace.

Those who full of faith, having no doubts * and no hesitations * your most sacred well now approach * bless and, through the sprinkling * of its streams save, Milburga, * from sore eyes and from other * ailments and maladies.

Join the Theotokos, all you arrays * of angelic powers, honoured Fore-runner of the Lord, * holy Twelve Apostles * and all the Saints together, * and pray for our salvation, and intercede for us.

Trisagion Prayers, the Troparion of the Saint, and commemoration by the Priest. At the end of the service the choir chants the following sticheron.

Mode ii. Joseph took You down.

Once you fell asleep in Christ the Lord * the monastics buried your body, * Milburga, Abbess most meek, * in the church which you had built; * and now in Shrewsbury * the believers with faith and love * approaching your icon * from various infirmities, pains and diseases are healed; * hence, we do implore you: protect us * from every affliction and danger * that boldly we may proclaim your miracles.

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.

