



Month of November, the 3rd day:

Commemoration of the repose of the Venerable Martyr
Winifred, Wonderworker of Holywell, in Wales.

AT GREAT VESPERS

After the Introductory Psalm, we chant "Blessed is the man", the first stasis.
On "Lord, I have cried...", we chant 6 stichera of the Saint.

Mode IV. Spec. Mel.: "As one valiant among Martyrs."

Whe illustrious offspring of Wales * let us all now
praise as is meet * Winifred the righteous, of holy
memory; * for on this day this vain, fleeting world *
she left to be present with* Christ her Spouse for evermore
* and rejoice with angelic choirs * and unendingly * she
implores Him to save from grievous dangers * those who
reminisce her labours * and to her well come with fervent
faith.

Whe immoral prince Caradoc * having tried to
dishonour you * in retaliation decapitated you; *
but you were made whole and returned to life *
through Beuno's pleas to God, * whilst your slayer like wax
* swiftly melted and was destroyed; * wherefore, Winifred,
* from demonic aggressions and entrapments * keep us
safe through your entreaties, * those who the day you
reposed observe.

Though your shrine was indeed destroyed * and your
relics contemptuously * scattered by the godless *
and impious heretics, * your holy wells have been
well-preserved * and bathing therein to health * are the
sick indeed restored * and all those who petition you * and
observe your feast * with unwavering faith do experience *
your assistance and protection * in dangers, most blessed
Winifred.

Mode IV. Spec. Mel.: "You have given as a sign."

[Composition of monk Joseph Lambertsen, modified by Priest David
to match the original automelon]

Like rich soil, O Winifred, * the furrows of your heart
did receive * the divine seed of God's commands, *
which therein attentively * Beuno had planted * the
holy ascetic, * and did bring forth a hundredfold * with
perseverance, patience, and discipline; * therefore we
praise wholeheartedly * your toils and virtues and
celebrate * your memorial with joyful hymns * praising
Christ who to you gave strength.

Yearning from your early days * for Christ your
Spouse as a thirsty deer * you defeated the devil's
wiles; * and when the degraded prince * Caradoc
assailed you * you did flee his pursuit * as does a bird the
hunter's net * and chose to die than submit to him; *
wherefore you did receive two crowns * as both ascetic and
martyred saint * from the just and impartial Judge * who
salvation grants to our souls.

Beuno did supplicate * God, as Elijah had done
before * and did raise you most wondrously * from
the dead your severed head * joining to your body;
* and you passed most wisely * Winifred, the rest of your
life * praying and fasting and mortifying the flesh, * and
did depart again to Christ * and the rewards of your toils
received * having entered into the joy * of your Lord who
did welcome you.

Glory, in the 4th mode: the composition of monk Joseph.

Come, you Christians of these latter times, * when
iniquity abounds * and the love of many has waxed
cold, * and let us partake of the waters of Holywell;
* for in their cool depths * lie surcease of all our sorrows,
* healing for our bodies, *and refreshment for our souls, *
that, revived and restored * by the grace of God which fills
them, * through the supplications of the venerable martyr

Winifred * we may run our race to the end, * and find rest
in the mansions * of the kingdom on high.

Both now. *Theotokion in the same mode.*

David the prophet, forefather of God through you,
cried out in song concerning you to the One who
has done magnificent things for you. The Queen
stands at your right hand. For God, who gladly became
man through you without a father, has proclaimed you
mother and host of life, so that he might restore in us his
image which was corrupted by passion. Having found the
stray sheep caught in the mountains, he laid it on his
shoulders and brought it to the Father. By his own free will
he placed it among the heavenly hosts. Christ, who has
great and abundant mercy, O Theotokos, will save the
world.

*Entrance, Joyful Light..., Prokeimenon of the Day, and the
Old Testament readings.*

A reading from the prophecy of Isaiah.

Thus says the Lord: All the nations are gathered
together, and the rulers shall be assembled from
among them. Who will declare these things or tell
us things from the beginning? Let them bring forth their
witnesses and be proven right; and let them speak the
truth. "You are My witnesses, and I am a witness," says
the Lord God, "and My Servant whom I chose, that you
may know and believe, and understand that I am He.
Before Me there was no other God, nor shall there be after
Me. I am God, and besides Me there is no one who saves.
I proclaimed, and I saved. I denounced foreign gods so
there were none among you. You are My witnesses, and I
am a witness," says the Lord God. "Even from the
beginning, there is no one who can deliver out of My
hands; I will work, and who will reverse it?" Thus says the
Lord God who redeems you, the Holy One of Israel.

A reading from the Wisdom of Solomon.

The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and no torture will ever touch them. In the eyes of the undiscerning they seemed to have died, and their departure was considered to be misfortune, and their passage from us to be their destruction; but they are at peace. For though in man's view they were punished, their hope is full of immortality. Though chastened in a few things, great kindness will be shown them, for God tested them and found them worthy of Himself. He tested them like gold in a furnace and accepted them as a whole burnt offering. In the time of their visitation they will shine forth, and they will run about like sparks through straw. They will judge nations and rule over peoples, and the Lord shall reign over them unto the ages. Those who trust in Him will understand truth, and the faithful shall continue with Him in love, because grace and mercy are upon His elect and He watches over His holy ones.

A reading from the Wisdom of Sirach.

I give you thanks, O Lord, and King, and praise you, O God my Saviour. I give thanks to your name, for you have been my protector and helper and have delivered me from destruction and from the trap laid by a slanderous tongue, from lips that fabricate lies. In the face of my adversaries, you have been my helper and delivered me, in the greatness of your mercy and of your name, from grinding teeth about to devour me, from the hand of those seeking my life, from the many troubles I endured, from choking fire on every side, and from the midst of fire that I had not kindled, from the deep belly of Hades, from an unclean tongue and lying words—the slander of an unrighteous tongue to the king. My soul drew near to death, and my life was on the brink of Hades below. They surrounded me on every side, and there was no one to help me; I looked for human assistance, and there was

none. Then I remembered your mercy, O Lord, and your work from of old, for you rescue those who wait for you and save them from the hand of their enemies. And I sent up my prayer from the earth and begged for rescue from death. I cried out 'Lord, the Father of my lord; do not forsake me in the days of trouble, when there is no help against the proud. I will praise your name continually and will sing hymns of thanksgiving.' My prayer was heard, for you saved me from destruction and rescued me in time of trouble. For this reason, I thank you and praise you, and I bless the name of the Lord.

At the Liti, Idiomelon, in the 1st mode.

You mountains of Wales, * put forth sweetness!
Leap up like lambs, * all the hills of Flintshire! *
For today, Winifred, * your daughter of great
renown, * made her journey to heaven, * that she may rest
of her labours; * and, as God's gifts and his call are
irrevocable, * her works did follow her: * and as during her
lifetime * there seemed to be no human of any gender, age
and trade, * living in her country, * who would not have
some benefit * from the favours of this holy virgin, * even
more after her repose * nobody who runs to her for help *
comes back frustrated in his cause. * Through her
intercessions * establish your Church in Orthodoxy, O
Christ, and bring peace to our life, * in that you are good
and love mankind.

Glory, in the 2nd mode.

The healing pool of Siloam * cured one and only
individual each year. * The holy well of the passion-
bearer Winifred * cures the entire multitude of the
infirm: * the blind see and the lame walk; * the lepers are
cleansed * and the deaf hear, * demons are expelled * and
the tongues of stammerers * plainly speak and shout for
joy; * for the wealth of the Saint's gifts is never lacking *
nor is ever depleted; * the crutches abandoned there * by

those restored to health * confirm the certainty of the word.
* At her intercessions, O Christ, * have mercy on our souls.

Both now. *Theotokion.*

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

Aposticha. In mode II; Spec. Mel.: "When from the tree."—

When you fell asleep in Christ the Lord * you were
swiftly ushered by angels * and brought to His holy
throne * and your relics you bestowed * to those
who honour you, * as a bulwark impregnable * and a
source of blessings; * hence today triumphantly * we
celebrate your repose, * Winifred, companion of angels, *
imitator of blessed martyrs * and pillar of modesty and
chastity.

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

When the monks of Chester vigil held * praying for
the cure of their brother * who lived in Shrewsbury
* the subprior saw in front * of him the Martyr of
Christ * in a vision inviting him * in her church to offer
supplications to the Lord * that she may heal the infirm; *
hence, although initially doubting, * he obeyed and
Winifred swiftly * did restore to health the former invalid.

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

She carpenter's daughter who was born * blind
indeed received back her vision * when she had
bathed at your well; * sacrilegious robbers were *
chastised by you, Winifred; * from destructive fevers you
saved * those who had implored you * and many decrepit
men * and women you did make whole; * and now cease
not to be our helper, * pious virgin and valiant martyr, *
and our intercessor with the Lord we beg of you.

Glory, in the plagal 4th mode.

The composition of monk Joseph Lambertsen.

When Christ the Saviour sat by the Well of Jacob, *
He said to the Samaritan woman, * that whosoever
would drink of the water He would give * would
never thirst, f* or that water would be in him a well
springing up into everlasting life. * Wherefore, in the place
where fell * the severed head of the martyr Winifred * the
Lord caused a well of living water to spring forth, * and
when we approach and partake thereof with faith, * the
infirmities of our bodies are cured, * the demons which
assail us are driven away, * and our souls, cleansed of the
mire of iniquities, * are purified for everlasting life.

Both now. *Theotokion.*

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

Troparion in the 3rd mode. Spec. Mel.: - "Of the divine faith"

All Wales does rejoice * in you and praises, * Blessèd
Winifred, your life and struggles, * and to your holy
well which God has glorified, * we have recourse and
we ask you to ease our aches * and heal our souls and our
bodies as we cry out: * Christ be praised * who through you
works mighty miracles * and on those who extol you His great
mercy grants.

Glory.

In the 1st mode, Spec. Mel.: - "As a citizen of the desert"

The renowned offspring of Wales * and adornment of
Shrewsbury * who on earth indeed lived as angel, * let
us hymn holy Winifred * for through her
supplications we receive * the healing of our bodies and
our souls, * whilst we venerate her icon and at her wall *
we bath and exclaim devoutly: * Glory to Christ who
glorified you; * glory to Him who placed a crown on you; *
glory to Him who operates through you, * providing cures
to all.

Both now. *Theotokion.*

When Gabriel had uttered rejoice to you, O Virgin, *
* then with the voice was the Lord of all becoming
incarnate * in you whom the holy Ark of old *
prefigured, as righteous David said. * You carried your
Creator and proved to be more spacious than the heavens.
* Glory to Him who dwelt inside of you! * Glory to Him who
came forth from You! * Glory be to Him who through your
childbirth has set us free!

Dismissal.



AT MATINS

*After the first reading from the Psalter, the Sessional Hymn,
in the pl. 1st mode: Spec. Melody: - "Let us worship the Word"*

You despised worldly glory * and mortified the flesh,
* and Beuno as your teacher * having as angel on
earth, * righteous Winifred, you lived in wondrous
chastity; * hence to be slaughtered you preferred * by a
depraved and wicked prince, * than suffer by him
defilement; * but Christ your heavenly Bridegroom *
caused you to rise from the dead in His love.

Glory...Both now. *Theotokion.*

Gimpassable gateway of God the Lord, rejoice; *
* wall and shelter of those who take refuge in you. *
Stormless haven, rejoice, O Maid who knew not
man * and yet physically gave birth to your Creator and
God. * Never cease interceding * on behalf of those extolling
and worshiping the Son you bore.

After the second reading from the Psalter, the Sessional Hymn,

in the fourth mode: Spec. Melody: - “O Ὑψωθεῖς.”

Humble sinners, let us now come together * unto the holy well of the Virgin Martyr, * and in repentance let us cry * from the depths of our souls: * Show compassion unto us * Winifred, blessed Maiden. * Hasten and deliver us * from all ailments and sorrows, * and our petitions graciously fulfil, * since you have boldness * before Christ our Lord and God.

Glory...Both now. *Theotokion.*

Who can relate my many sordid ideas * and my unseemly thoughts that rage like a blizzard, * for they should not be uttered, All-blameless One? * Also the disturbances from my bodiless 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..

After the Polyeleos, Sessional Hymn, in the fourth mode: Ὁ ὑψωθεῖς.

Your memory, Winifred, * does really gladden our hearts; * your miracles never cease * for those you ask you in faith * and bath in your holy well; * our feeble knees you strengthen, * and our sorrows you scatter, * you put to shame the godless, * and the faithful you comfort, * and you grant us through your entreaties * remission of our sins.

Glory...Both now. *Theotokion.*

The confident Hope are you * of those who trust in you, * the only one marvellously to give birth in the flesh * to Christ our Lord and God. * Join Winifred the Martyr * to implore Him, O Lady, * that He give to the universe His peace and forgiveness, * and amendment of life to us all before the end.

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

Prokeimenon, in the fourth mode:

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.

Let every breath praise the Lord ...

Gospel according to Matthew (see Saturday of 17th week)

Psalm 50 is read.

Glory. Mode ii.

At the intercessions of the holy martyr, 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...

lessèd Winifred, * like a divinely flowing river * mystically issuing forth from Wales, * you water the faithful * with the streams of your miracles. * Wherefore, having manifestly bestowed * upon our city of Shrewsbury * your protection and most quick assistance * cease not to pray, * that the souls of us who praise you may be saved.

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 “Winifred is a wellspring of God's grace”, in Tone IV

Ode I

Irmos: The people of Israel, having fled across the watery deep of the Red Sea with dryshod feet, beholding the mounted captains of the enemy drowned therein, sang

with gladness: Let us chant unto our God, for He hath been glorified!

With the waters of Winifred's holy well are we cured of maladies of body and soul, for the Lord drew forth a wondrous spring where fell her severed head. Therefore, let us chant unto our God, for He hath been glorified!

Ineffable was the revival of the holy Winifred at the entreaties of the venerable Beuno; for, affixing her severed head to her lifeless body, the saint restored her to life. Wherefore, let us sing unto our God, for He hath been glorified!

Now let us praise Christ; for, honoring the holy maiden, He filleth her spring with an upwelling of grace, that those who immerse themselves in its watery depths may find ease for their pain and sorrows, for He is all-glorious.

Theotokion: In majesty doth thy Son reign over all, O most immaculate Virgin, and everlastingly doth He hearken with pity to thy maternal supplications, which thou dost unceasingly offer up before His throne, entreating Him on our behalf.

Ode III

Irmos: The people of Israel drank from the hard and rough-hewn stone, which poured forth water at Thy command; and Thou, O Christ, art the Rock and Life whereon the Church is established, which crieth: Hosanna! Blessed art Thou Who comest!

Flourishing in the soil of Wales like a tree of comely form, laden with fruit of the virtues, O Winifred; and, watered abundantly by the pure doctrine of thy kinsman, the venerable Beuno, thou didst reserve thy precious virginity for Christ alone.

Rushing forth in great volume, the springs of thy holy well emerge from the rock of Wales and flow down to the sea, O

virgin martyr, irrigating thy native land and watering with divine grace the souls of those who cry to Christ: Hosanna! Ever did her noble parents, Terith and Wenlo, see the saint as a precious gem, sparkling with the grace of God, flawless in purity; wherefore, they entrusted her to the holy Beuno, who taught her to cry to Christ: Blessed art Thou Who comest!

Theotokion: Daily do we offer our entreaties to thee whom thy Son hath given to us, His servants, as a mediator and advocate before Him; and with thankful voices we cry out to thee: Blessed art thou among women! Hosanna to the Fruit of thy womb!

Sessional hymn, in Tone III: Spec. Mel.: Of the divine Faith

Adorned with zeal for the Faith, with piety, reverence and virginity, O Winifred, as a bride of Christ thou didst prefer to die rather than to submit to the accursed Caradoc; wherefore, glorified by God, thou ever prayest earnestly to Him, that He deliver us, His servants, from the disgrace of the passions.

Theotokion, in the same tone & melody

Thou wast the divine tabernacle of the Word, O only all-pure Virgin Mother, who hast surpassed the angels in purity. With the divine waters of thy supplications, O pure one, cleanse me who, more than all others, have become defiled by carnal transgressions, and grant me great mercy.

Ode IV

Irmos: Thy virtue hath covered the heavens, and the earth hath been filled with Thy glory, O Christ. Wherefore, we cry out with faith: Glory to Thy power, O Lord!

In the Christian virtues wast thou tutored and trained by thine uncle, the holy Beuno, O Winifred; wherefore, thou didst cry out with him: Glory to Thy power, O Lord!

Slain wast thou, O venerable one, when thou didst flee him who sought to outrage thy pure virginity, O venerable martyr; but he was destroyed by the power of the Lord.

Arrogant and lustful, the accursed nobleman pursued the holy one and slew her at the doors of the church; but the earth swallowed him alive by the power of the Lord.

Theotokion: What words suffice to hymn thy wondrous works, O all-hymned Theotokos? Wherefore, we cry out with faith and love to thy Son and God: Glory to Thy power, O Lord!

Ode V

Irmos: Shine forth upon me the light of Thy precepts, O Lord, for my spirit riseth early unto Thee and hymneth Thee: for Thou art our God, and I flee to Thee, O King of peace.

Emitting the effulgence of the splendid precepts of the Lord, O martyred maiden, when wickedly pursued by the evildoer thou didst flee with haste to the King of peace.

Lord of hosts, King of peace, have mercy upon me, and deliver me from him who intendeth my ruination and spiritual destruction! the holy Winifred earnestly prayed.

Let the sword of the impious Caradoc free me from this vain world and its vile illusions, for I prefer the King of peace above all else! the holy maiden cried aloud.

Theotokion: Slain for piety's sake, the holy Winifred joined the Theotokos at the right hand of her Son; but in His mysterious dispensation, the King of peace restored her to bodily life.

Ode VI

Irmos: Let not the watery tempest drown me, nor the abyss destroy me; for I have been cast into the depths of the heart of the sea. Wherefore, like Jonah I cry aloud: Let my life ascend to Thee out of the corruption of evils, O God!

Pouring forth thy martyr's blood, O saint of God, thou didst dye in its streams a crimson robe, as vesture fit for the bridal banquet; and joining the wise virgins, thou didst enter, rejoicing, into the chamber of thy Lord, O Winifred.

Resurrected from the dead when Beuno prayed to God and joined again thy severed head to thy virginal body, O pure maiden, thy remaining life didst thou dedicate to thy Master, in every way avoiding the corruption of evils.

In the doctrines of piety did the venerable Eleri undertake to tutor thee, O holy one, that having been rescued from the abyss of hades thou mightest ever cry: Let my life ascend to Thee out of the corruption of evils, O God!

Theotokion: Never shall we cease to extol thy manifold wonders, O compassionate Lady, nor shall we ever tire of magnifying thy mighty deeds, for thou dost ever rescue us from the depths of the sea of evils wherein we are drowning.

Kontakion, in Tone IV: Spec. Mel.: Thou hast appeared

Thou hast appeared today, O Winifred, pouring forth grace divine through the water of thy well upon all who partake of it with faith and who, trusting in thy boldness before God, immerse themselves therein with goodly hope.

Ikos: Grace divine poureth forth in torrents from Holywell, for there did the holy Winifred shed her blood for Christ, and as a sign of His good pleasure with her great sacrifice, He caused a spring to arise where her severed head fell to the ground. Wherefore, O ye Christians, let us draw forth its waters as a great blessing from God; and, ever mindful of the words of the Saviour, that whosoever shall give drink unto his neighbour a cup of cold water shall in nowise lose his reward, let us immerse ourselves in these wondrous waters with goodly hope.

Synaxarion.

Month of November, the 3rd day, Commemoration of the repose of the Venerable Martyr Winifred, Wonderworker of Holywell, in Wales.

Verses

Winifred again in God asleep has fallen

But this time awaits the common Resurrection.

Winifred before the Trinity stood on the third day before the Nones of November.

And the rest of the Synaxarion of the day.

Ode VII

Irmos: Of old in Babylon, the Angel, descending into the Chaldæan furnace, bedewed the children; wherefore, they sang: Blessed art Thou, O God of our fathers!

Gwitherin boasteth in thee exceedingly, O saint of God, for in its convent thou didst live a life of piety, singing unceasingly: Blessed is the God of our fathers!

Obediently didst thou shoulder the monastic yoke, O venerable one, submitting to the blessed Abbess Tenoï, singing: Blessed art Thou, O God of our fathers!

Fittingly didst thou succeed the holy Tenoï, O Winifred, and in Gwitherin didst stay until thine own repose, singing: Blessed art Thou, O God of our fathers!

Theotokion: Gazing down upon us from on high, O sovereign Lady, let thy pity fall upon us like rain, that we may cry unto thy Son: Blessed art Thou, O God of our fathers!

Ode VIII

Irmos: O Almighty Deliverer of all, descending into the midst of the flame Thou didst bedew the pious youths and didst teach them to sing: Bless and hymn the Lord, all ye works!

O strange mystery! She who was slain by the sword, her head cut from her body, is restored to life, and liveth on

for many years, crying: Bless and hymn the Lord, all ye works!

Death had no dominion over thee, O glorious Winifred, for as thy well gusheth forth miraculous cures continually, so did thy grave become a wellspring of healing for the afflicted.

Shrewsbury was adorned with thy sacred relics, O wondrous Winifred, for they were translated thither with great solemnity, as our blessed and all-hymned Lord allowed.

Theotokion: Glory adorneth thee, O Theotokos, and as a Queen thou art arrayed in spiritual raiment, inwrought with gold and varied colors, and thou dost teach us to cry: Bless and hymn the Lord, all ye works!

Ode IX

Irmos: With hymns we all magnify the Theotokos, the Chaldæan furnace which of old bore a dew-laden fire, and the bush on Sinai which burned without being consumed.

Resembling in grace the heavenly dew which quenched the Chaldæan flames, the waters of the holy Winifred¹'s well quench the burning of fevers and the fires of the passions.

As God sendeth rain upon the just and the unjust without distinction, so hath He made the waters of His saint's well to pour forth healings upon all who partake of them.

Come, O ye Christians, and let us praise our Most High God, for in His love for mankind He hath given us Winifred, His favored one, as an intercessor and advocate before Him.

Theotokion: Even our most eloquent hymns and orations, adorned with every ornament of human speech, fail utterly to describe the magnitude of thy goodness, O Mother of God.

Exapostilarion. Mode 3. The Elder in the Temple.

Like Joseph the all-comely fled * from the
adulterous woman, * you fled from wicked
Caradoc; * and preferred to be murdered * but
promptly to life were restored; * and were greatly glorified
* by Christ whom you loved from childhood, * godly virgin
Winifred; * and you now deliver us, * from ailments of soul
and body.

Theotokion.

The Thrones and Principalities * with Dominions
and Powers * Archangels and the Angels all, * O
Maiden Virgin Mother, * adore your Son and
worship Him, * since He is God and Master; * and
ceaselessly they extol you. * O Pure one, ever entreat Him,
* so that I may be redeemed * from the dreaded
condemnation.

On the Praises, 4 Stichera, of the Martyr:

in the first mode: Spec. Mel: “Τῶν οὐρανίων ταγμάτων”

Tegeingl be now exultant; * in you has blossomed
forth, * as from a mystic meadow, a most sweet-
scented lily, * Winifred the virtuous; * and
Treffynnon, * that became known as Holywell, * honour
today most triumphantly her repose * and give thanks to
Christ our Lord and God.

Your cousin Hilary gave up * his princely rank and
he chose * a life of self-denial * leading the male
monastics * in Gwytherin and having you,
Winifred, * as an abbess of pious nuns * whom godly Teoni
guided and taught before; * therefore, now with them we
honour you.

Shrewsbury’s abbey your relics * as an invaluable *
treasure contained and many * wonders witnessed
to happen; * and Orthodox believers living therein,

* Winifred, have recourse to you * and visit your wells as pilgrims and duly spread * your devotion most intensively.

With Beuno your holy teacher, * praiseworthy Winifred *, with David the most blessed * Hierarch and wonderworker, * and all the Saints who shone forth * all over Wales * never cease to beseech the Lord, * that to His flock He may gather * those led astray * from the faith which all of you professed.

Glory, *in the fourth mode.*

The composition of monk Joseph Lambertsen.

As of old the desert rock gushed forth water for thirsting Israel when the staff of Moses smote it, so did the rocky ground of Wales put forth a torrent of grace-filled water when, falling, the severed head of the martyred virgin Winifred struck it. The one quenched the bodily thirst of the children of God; while the other, O the wonder! heals the manifold infirmities of their souls and bodies. Come Christians, let us lift up our voices in praise of God for the mighty miracles He has done for us through the pure waters of Holywell and the entreaties of His saint!

Both now. *Theotokion.*

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

Great Doxology and Dismissal.

AT LITURGY:

On the Beatitudes, 8 Troparia from the Canon of the Saint (Odes iii and vi).

Apostle of December 4th. Gospel of 3rd Sunday of Lent.

Communion verse: In everlasting memory...

