

Paraklesis Service - The Supplicatory Canon to the Most Holy Theotokos

Priest: "Blessed is our God...Amen. Glory to Thee..."

Reader at home: "Through the prayers of our Holy fathers have mercy on us, amen. Glory to Thee O God, Glory to Thee"

We sing: "O Heavenly King..."

O Heavenly King, the Comforter, the Spirit of Truth, Who art everywhere present and fillest all things; Treasury of Blessings, and Giver of Life - come and abide in us, and cleanse us from every impurity, and save our souls, O Good One.

Holy God! Holy Mighty! Holy Immortal! Have mercy on us. (3x)

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit, now and ever and unto ages of ages. Amen.

O Most Holy Trinity have mercy on us, O Lord blot out our sins, O Master pardon our iniquities, O Holy One visit and heal our infirmities for Thy name sake.

Lord have mercy, Lord have mercy, Lord have mercy

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit, now and ever and unto ages of ages. Amen.

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name,
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors,
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from the evil one. Amen

Lord have mercy (x12)

Glory to the Father, and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit,
Both now and ever and unto the ages of ages, amen.

O come let us worship God our King.
O come let us worship and fall down before Christ our King and our God.
O come let us worship and fall down before Christ Himself our King and our God.

Psalm 142

Reader: O Lord, hear my prayer, give ear unto my supplication in Thy truth; hearken unto me in Thy righteousness. And enter not into judgment with Thy servant, for in Thy sight shall no man living be justified. For the enemy hath persecuted my soul; he hath humbled my life down to the earth. He hath sat me in darkness as those that have been long dead, and my spirit within me is become despondent; within me my heart is troubled. I remembered days of old, I meditated on all Thy works, I pondered on the creations of Thy hands. I stretched forth my hands unto Thee; my soul thirsteth after Thee like a waterless land. Quickly hear me, O Lord; my spirit hath fainted away. Turn not Thy face away from me, lest I be like unto them that go down into the pit. Cause me to hear Thy mercy in the morning; for in Thee have I put my hope. Cause me to know, O Lord, the way wherein I should walk; for unto Thee have I lifted up my soul. Rescue me from mine enemies, O Lord; unto Thee have I fled for refuge. Teach me to do Thy will, for Thou art my God. Thy good Spirit shall lead me in the land of uprightness; for Thy name's sake, O Lord, shalt Thou quicken me. In Thy righteousness shalt Thou bring my soul out of affliction, and in Thy mercy shalt Thou utterly destroy mine enemies. And Thou shalt cut off all them that afflict my soul, for I am Thy servant.

Priest/ Deacon (or reader at home): In the 4th Tone, **The Lord is God, and hath appeared unto to us; blessed is he that cometh in the Name of the Lord.**

- * O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good, for His mercy endureth forever.
- * All nations surrounded me, but by the name of the Lord, I warded them off.
- * I shall not die, but live, and tell of the works of the Lord.
- * The stone which the builders rejected hath become the head of the corner; This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.

Troparion, Tone 4:

To the Theotokos let us run now most earnestly,/ we sinners all and wretched ones, /and fall down in repentance/ calling from the depths of our souls: / O Lady, come unto our aid,/ have compassion upon us;/ hasten thou for we are lost in a throng of transgressions./ Turn not thy servants away with empty hands, // for thee alone do we have as our only hope. (*Twice*)

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit, both now and ever, and unto the ages of ages. Amen.

Never, O Theotokos,/ will we cease to speak of thy powers, unworthy as we are. / For if thou didst not intercede in prayer, /who would have delivered us from so many dangers? / Who would have kept us free until now? / Let us never forsake thee, O Lady,// for thou dost ever save thy servants from all perils.

Psalm 50

Have mercy on me, O God, according to Thy great mercy; and according to the multitude of Thy compassions blot out my transgression. Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. For I know mine iniquity, and my sin is ever before me. Against Thee only have I sinned and done this evil before Thee, that Thou mightest be justified in Thy words, and prevail when Thou art judged. For behold, I was conceived in iniquities, and in sins did my mother bear me. For behold, Thou hast loved truth; the hidden and secret things of Thy wisdom hast Thou made manifest unto me. Thou shalt sprinkle me with hyssop, and I shall be made clean; Thou shalt wash me, and I shall be made whiter than snow. Thou shalt make me to hear joy and gladness; the bones that be humbled, they shall rejoice. Turn Thy face away from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities. Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me. Cast me not away from Thy presence, and take not Thy Holy Spirit from me. Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation, and with Thy governing Spirit establish me. I shall teach transgressors Thy ways, and the ungodly shall turn back unto Thee. Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, Thou God of my salvation; my tongue shall rejoice in Thy righteousness. O Lord, Thou shalt open my lips, and my mouth shall declare Thy praise. For if Thou hadst desired sacrifice, I had given it; with whole-burnt offerings Thou shalt not be pleased. A sacrifice unto God is a broken spirit; a heart that is broken and humbled God will not despise. Do good, O Lord, in Thy good pleasure unto Sion, and let the walls of Jerusalem be builded. Then shalt Thou be pleased with a sacrifice of righteousness, with oblation and whole-burnt offerings. Then shall they offer bullocks upon Thine altar.

Canon, Eighth Tone

ODE I

***Irmos:* Having passed through the water as on dry land, and having escaped the malice of the Egyptians, the Israelites cried aloud: Unto our God and Redeemer let us now sing.**

***Refrain:* O most holy Theotokos, save us.**

Distressed by many temptations, I flee to thee, seeking salvation. O Mother of the

Word, and Virgin, from ordeals and afflictions deliver me.

O most holy Theotokos, save us.

Outbursts of passions trouble me and fill my soul with great despondency. Calm it, O Maiden, by the peace of thy Son and God, O all-blameless one.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit.

I implore thee who gavest birth to the Savior and God, O Virgin to deliver me from perils. For, fleeing now unto thee for refuge, I lift up both my soul and my reasoning.

Both now and ever, and unto the ages of ages. Amen.

Ailing am I in body and soul, do thou vouchsafe me the divine visitation, and thy care, O thou who alone art the Mother of God, for thou art good and the Mother of the Good.

ODE III

Irmos: Of the vault of the heavens art Thou, O Lord, the Maker and Builder of the Church; do Thou establish in me love of Thee, O Summit of desire, O Support of the faithful, O only Lover of Mankind.

O most holy Theotokos, save us.

I have chosen thee to be the protection and intercession of my life, O Virgin, Mother of God. Pilot me to thy haven, O author of blessings, O support of the faithful, O thou only all-lauded one.

O most holy Theotokos, save us.

I pray thee, O Virgin, to dispel the tumult of my soul and the storm of my grief; for thou, O Bride of God, hast given birth to Christ, the Prince of Peace, O only immaculate one.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit.

Since thou broughtest forth Him Who is the Benefactor and Cause of good, from the wealth of thy lovingkindness do thou pour forth on all; for thou canst do all things, since thou didst bear Christ, the One Who is mighty in power; for blessed of God art thou.

Both now and ever, and unto the ages of ages. Amen.

I am tortured by grievous sicknesses and morbid passions: O Virgin, do thou help

me; for I know thee to be an inexhaustible treasury of unfailing healing, O all-blameless one.

Preserve and save, O Theotokos, thy servants from every danger; after God do all of us for refuge flee unto thee; a firm rampart art thou and our protection.

With thy good will, look on me, O all-hymned Theotokos; and behold my grievous illnesses, and heal the cause of my soul's sorrow.

(Little Litany – “For Thou art our God...”)

Sessional Hymn, Second Tone:

O fervent advocate, invincible battlement,/ fountain of mercy, and sheltering retreat for the world,/ earnestly we cry to thee:/ O Lady Theotokos,/ hasten thou, and save us from all imperilment;/ for thou alone art our speedy protectress.

ODE IV

***Irmos:* I have heard, O Lord, of the mystery of Thy dispensation, and I came to knowledge of Thy works, and glorify Thy Divinity.**

O most holy Theotokos, save us.

The turmoil of my passions, and the storm of my sins do thou bestill, thou who gavest birth to the Lord and Pilot, O thou Bride of God.

O most holy Theotokos, save us.

O bestow, out of the abyss of thy compassion, on me thy supplicant; for thou didst give birth to the Kindhearted One and Savior of all that hymn thee.

O most holy Theotokos, save us.

While delighting in thy gifts, O spotless one, we sing a song of thanksgiving to thee, knowing thee to be the Mother of God.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit.

As I lie on the bed of my pain and infirmity, do thou help me, as thou art a lover of goodness, O Theotokos, who alone art Ever-Virgin.

Both now and ever, and unto the ages of ages. Amen.

Having thee as our staff and hope, and as our salvation's unshaken battlement, from all manner of adversity are we then redeemed, O thou all-lauded one.

ODE V

***Irmos:* Enlighten us by Thy commands, O Lord, and by Thy lofty arm bestow Thy peace upon us, O Lover of mankind.**

O most holy Theotokos, save us.

Fill my heart with gladness, O pure one, by giving me thine incorruptible joy, O thou who didst bear the Cause of gladness.

O most holy Theotokos, save us.

Deliver us from dangers, O pure Theotokos, who didst give birth to Eternal Redemption, and the Peace that doth pass all understanding.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit.

Dispel the darkness of my sins, O Bride of God, by the radiance of thy splendor, for thou didst bear the Light Divine and Pre-eternal.

Both now and ever, and unto the ages of ages. Amen.

Heal, O pure one, the infirmity of my soul, when thou hast deemed me worthy of thy visitation, and grant me health by thine intercessions.

ODE VI

***Irmos:* I will pour out my prayer unto the Lord, and to Him will I proclaim my grief; for with evils my soul is filled, and my life unto Hades hath drawn nigh, and like Jonah I will pray: From corruption raise me up, O God.**

O most holy Theotokos, save us.

My nature, held by corruption and death, hath He saved from out of death and corruption; for unto death He Himself hath submitted. Wherefore, O Virgin, do thou intercede with Him Who is thy Lord and Son, to deliver me from enemies' wickedness.

O most holy Theotokos, save us.

I know thee as the protection of my life, and most safe fortification, O Virgin; disperse the horde of temptations, and drive away demonic vexation; unceasingly I pray to thee: From corruption of passions deliver me.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit.

We have acquired thee as a wall of refuge, and the perfect salvation of our souls, and a relief in afflictions, O Maiden, and we ever rejoice in thy light. O Sovereign Lady, do thou also now save us from passions and dangers.

Both now and ever, and unto the ages of ages. Amen.

Bedridden, I lie supine with sickness now, and there is no healing for my flesh; but to thee, O good one who gavest birth to God and the Savior of the world and the Healer of infirmities, I pray: From corruption of illness raise me up.

Preserve and save, O Theotokos, thy servants from every danger; after God do all of us for refuge flee unto thee; a firm rampart art thou and our protection.

With thy good will, look on me, O all-hymned Theotokos; and behold my grievous illnesses, and heal the cause of my soul's sorrow.

(Little Litany – “For Thou art the King of Peace...” 12 “Lord have mercy”s if doing this at home)

Priest/Deacon: Let us attend! Wisdom! The Prokeimenon in the 1st Tone:

I shall commemorate thy name/ in every generation and generation.

Stichos: My heart hath poured forth a good word. I speak of my works unto the King.

Priest: And that we may be vouchsafed to hear the holy Gospel, let us pray to the Lord God.

Choir: Lord, have mercy. (3)

Priest: Wisdom. Aright. Let us hear the Holy Gospel. Peace be unto all.

Choir: And to thy spirit.

Priest: The reading is from the Holy Gospel according to Saint Luke.

Choir: Glory to Thee, O Lord, glory to Thee.

Priest: Let us attend.

(Luke 1:39-49; 56)

In those days Mary arose, and went into the hill country with haste, into a city of Judah; And entered into the house of Zacharias, and saluted Elisabeth. And it came to pass, that, when Elisabeth heard the salutation of Mary, the babe leaped in her womb; and Elisabeth was filled with the Holy Ghost: And she spake out with a loud voice, and said, Blessed *art* thou among women, and blessed *is* the fruit of thy womb. And whence *is* this to me, that the mother of my Lord should come to me? For, lo, as soon as the voice of thy salutation sounded in mine ears, the babe leaped in my womb for joy. And blessed *is* she that believed: for there shall be a performance of those things which were told her from the Lord. And Mary said, “My soul doth magnify the Lord, And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. For he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden: for, behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed. For he that is mighty hath done to me great things; and holy *is* his name.” And Mary abode with her about three months, and returned to her own house.

Choir: Glory to Thee, O Lord, glory to Thee.

Kontakion, Sixth Tone:

O protection of Christians,/ that cannot be put to shame,/ O mediation unto the creator unailing, /d disdain not the suppliant voices of sinners,/ but be thou quick, O good one,/ to help us who in faith cry unto thee; /hasten to intercession and speed thou to make supplication,// thou who dost ever protect, O Theotokos, them that honor thee.

Sticheron, same tone:

Entrust me not to human protection, /O most holy Lady,/ but receive the supplication of thy servant;/ for sorrow hath fettered me,/ I cannot endure the demon’s darts;/ a shelter have I not,/ neither place to run, I the wretched one;/ always I am fleeing and no consolation have I but thee,/ O Sovereign Lady of creation,/ hope and protection of the faithful;/ turn not away from my supplication,// do that which will profit me.

ODE VII

***Irmos:* Having gone down to Babylon from Judea, the Children of old by their**

faith in the Trinity trod down the flame of the furnace while chanting: O God of our fathers, blessed art Thou.

O most holy Theotokos, save us.

Having willed to accomplish our salvation, O Savior, Thou didst dwell in the womb of the Virgin, and didst show her to the world as the mediatrix; O God of our fathers, blessed art Thou.

O most holy Theotokos, save us.

The Dispenser of mercy, Whom thou didst bear, O pure Mother, do thou implore to deliver from transgressions and defilements of the soul, those who with faith cry out: O God of our fathers, blessed art Thou.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit.

A treasury of salvation, and a fountain of incorruption is she who gave Thee birth; a tower of safety, and a door of repentance hast Thou proved her to them that shout: O God of our fathers, blessed art Thou.

Both now and ever, and unto the ages of ages. Amen.

For weakness of body and sickness of soul, O Theotokos, do thou vouchsafe healing to those who with love draw near to thy protection, O Virgin, who for us gavest birth to Christ the Savior.

ODE VIII

Irmos: The King of Heaven, Whom hosts of angels hymn, praise ye and supremely exalt unto all ages.

O most holy Theotokos, save us.

Disdain not those who need thy help, O Virgin, and who hymn and supremely exalt thee unto the ages.

O most holy Theotokos, save us.

Thou healest the infirmity of my soul and the pains of my body, O Virgin, that I may glorify thee, O pure one, unto the ages.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit.

Thou pourest forth a wealth of healing, on those who with faith hymn thee, O Virgin, and who supremely exalt thine ineffable Offspring

Both now and ever, and unto the ages of ages. Amen.

Thou drivest away the assaults of temptations, and the attacks of the passions, O Virgin; wherefore do we hymn thee unto all ages.

ODE IX

***Irmos:* Truly we confess thee to be the Theotokos, we who through thee have been saved, O pure Virgin; with the bodiless choirs, thee do we magnify.**

O most holy Theotokos, save us.

Turn not away from the torrent of my tears, O Virgin, thou who didst give birth to Christ, Who doth wipe away all tears from every face.

O most holy Theotokos, save us.

Fill my heart with joy, O Virgin, thou who didst receive the fullness of joy, and didst banish the grief of sin.

O most holy Theotokos, save us.

Be the haven and protection, and a wall unshaken, a refuge and shelter, and the gladness, O Virgin, of those who flee unto thee.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit.

Illumine with the rays of thy light, O Virgin, those who piously confess thee to be the Theotokos, and do thou banish away all darkness of ignorance.

Both now and ever, and unto the ages of ages. Amen.

In a place of affliction and infirmity/ am I brought low; O Virgin,/ do thou heal me,// transforming mine illness into healthfulness.

After the Ninth Ode:

It is truly meet to bless thee, O Theotokos, ever-blessed and most pure, and the Mother of our God. More honourable than the cherubim, and more glorious beyond compare than the seraphim. Without corruption thou gavest birth to God the Word, true Theotokos we magnify thee!

(Tone 2 - Special Melody "O House of Ephratha")

Higher than the heavens above art thou, and thou art much purer than the radiance of the sun; for thou hast redeemed us out of the curse that held us, O Mistress of creation, with hymns we honour thee.

From the great abundance of all my sins, ill am I in body, ailing also am I in soul. I have thee as refuge; do thou therefore help me, O hope of all the hopeless, thou who art full of grace.

O Lady and Mother of Christ our God, receive supplication from us wretches who beg of thee, entreat the One Who saves us, the One Who was born of thee; O Mistress of creation, intercede for us.

Now we chant with eagerness to thee, with this ode most joyful, all-hymned Mother of Christ our God; together with the Baptist and all the saintly choirs, beseech, O Theotokos, that we find clemency.

Speechless be the lips of the impious, who refuse to reverence thy revered icon which is known, by the name Directress, and which hath been depicted, for us by the Apostle, Luke the Evangelist.

O all ye arrays of Angelic Hosts, with the holy Baptist, the Apostles' twelve-numbered band, all the Saints together, as well as God's Birthgiver, we seek thine intercession, for our deliverance.

Holy God! Holy Mighty! Holy Immortal! Have mercy on us. (3x)

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit, now and ever and unto ages of ages. Amen.

O Most Holy Trinity have mercy on us, O Lord blot out our sins, O Master pardon our iniquities, O Holy One visit and heal our infirmities for Thy name sake.

Lord have mercy, Lord have mercy, Lord have mercy

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit, now and ever and unto ages of ages. Amen.

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name,

Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors,
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from the evil one. Amen

Troparion, Tone 4:

To the Theotokos let us run now most earnestly,/ we sinners all and wretched ones, /and fall down in repentance/ calling from the depths of our souls: / O Lady, come unto our aid, /have compassion upon us; /hasten thou for we are lost in a throng of transgressions./ Turn not thy servants away with empty hands, //for thee alone do we have as our only hope.

Augmented Litany:

Priest: Have mercy on us, O God, according to Thy great mercy, we pray to Thee, hearken and have mercy.

Lord, have mercy. (3)

Priest: Again we pray for all pious, Orthodox Christians.

Lord, have mercy. (3)

Priest: Again we pray for our Metropolitan (Name), our Bishop (Name), and for all our brotherhood in Christ.

Lord, have mercy. (3)

Priest: Again we pray for mercy, life, peace, health, salvation, visitation, pardon and remission of the sins of the servants of God, all pious and Orthodox Christians who dwell and sojourn in this city, the parishioners and benefactors of this holy temple, and all that serve, chant, labour and gather herein; and for the servants of God (Names), and for the forgiveness of their every transgression, both voluntary and involuntary.

Lord, have mercy. (3)

Priest: Hearken unto us, O God our Saviour, Thou hope of all the ends of the earth, and of those that be far off upon the sea, and be merciful, be merciful O Master regarding our sins and have mercy on us.

For a merciful God art Thou and the lover of mankind, and unto Thee do we send up glory, to the Father and to the Son and to the Spirit, now and ever, and unto the ages of ages.

Amen.

(Reader at home: Lord have mercy - x12 or say a prayer for the people on your prayer list)

Prayer to the Most Holy Theotokos: (sung)

O my most blessed Queen,/ O Theotokos my hope,/ guardian of orphans,
intercessor for strangers,/ joy of the sorrowful,/ protectress of the wronged:/ thou
seest my misfortune,/ thou seest mine affliction;/ help me, for I am weak;/ feed me,
for I am a stranger./ Thou knowest mine offence:/ absolve it as thou wilt,/ for I
have no other help beside Thee,/ no other intercessor,/ nor good consoler, except
thee,/ O Mother of God./ Do thou preserve and protect me// unto the ages of ages.
Amen.

Priest: Wisdom! Most Holy Theotokos... (Usual Dismissal)

*Choir/Reader at home: More honourable than the Cherubim, and beyond compare
more glorious than the Seraphim, thee who without corruption gavest birth to God
the Word, true Theotokos, we magnify thee.*

Priest: Glory to Thee our God, Glory to Thee.

*Choir/Reader at home: Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit,
now and ever and unto ages of ages, Amen.*

Lord have mercy, Lord have mercy, Lord have mercy, *(Choir: Father bless)*

*(Reader at home): Bless O Lord. Through the prayers of our Holy fathers, O Lord
Jesus Christ have mercy on us, Amen.*

*After the conclusion of the service, as we venerate the icon we sing (Byzantine
melody or Kievan Stichera Tone 3):*

**O ye Apostles from afar, being now gathered together, here in the garden of
Gethsemane, lay my body in burial; and Thou, my Son and my God, receive
thou my spirit.**

**Thou art the sweetness of Angels, the gladness of us afflicted ones, and the
protectress of Christians, O Virgin Mother of our Lord; be thou my helper**

and save me, from out of eternal torments.

I have thee as Mediatress, with the God who lovest mankind; may He not censure my actions before the hosts of the Angels. I supplicate thee, O Virgin, come to my aid most quickly.

Thou art a gold-entwined tower, and a twelve-walled encircled city, a shining throne bathed in sunbeams, a royal chair of the King, O inexplicable wonder! How dost thou milk-feed the Master?

The priest: Through the prayers of our holy Fathers, Lord Jesus Christ our God, have mercy on us.

(Reader at home): Through the prayers of our Holy fathers, O Lord Jesus Christ have mercy on us, Amen.