

# Akathist Hymn to the Burning Bush of the Most Holy Theotokos

(Daniil Sandu Tudor)

## **Kontakion 1**

Who is This, as white and pure as dawn?  
It is the Empress of prayer, it is prayer incarnate.  
Porphyrogenite Mistress and Lady of the morning,  
Betrothed of the Comforter, Renewal of Life,  
we run to Thee, parched and consumed with longing!  
Make us too partakers of the Holy Mount Tabor.  
Be Thyself for us  
cool shade and dew,  
Thou, prefiguration of Grace,  
so that our nature might find  
its renewal  
out of Thy fountain of Grace.  
So that we may declare unto Thee,  
with all our being fashioned into a complete prostration:  
Rejoice, O Holy Bride, wellspring of ceaseless prayer.

## **Ikos 1**

For fifty long centuries,  
to fulfill its meaning,  
Thy prophesying ancestry  
hath importuned Heaven,  
through Abraham and David,  
with prostration and tears of supplication;  
fashioning, from imploring prayer,  
Thy virgin flesh, the mighty unburnt Bush.  
The Holy Fire chants within Thee  
as within a flower of worship.  
Nature words through Thee  
its longing for salvation.  
Thou art, Lady, the Hypostasys  
of the supernatural praise;  
so fully are we embraced  
by the extasy of the godly love

that our voices should resound

in one calling such as this:

Rejoice, sweetest harvest of Sinaitic fruition;

Rejoice, Thou that hast begotten the Pledge of fire;

Rejoice, Great Entrance of Christ-the-Word's Scriptures;

Rejoice, resounding organ of the Holy Spirit;

Rejoice, heavenly art of East-rising redemption;

Rejoice, living philosophy of man's true God-like transfiguration;

Rejoice, pyre of Godly rapture as there is no other;

Rejoice, unit and measure of all symbols and signs;

Rejoice, chord and sound, string and lute;

Rejoice, body and incarnation of incommensurable joy;

Rejoice, extasy that defeated the World's worthlessness;

Rejoice, O Holy Bride, wellspring of ceaseless prayer.

### **Kontakion 2**

All-consoling Virgin Mother,

Thou, Lady, Pious Infant!

Through the unearthly reverence of Thy tender word

and through the loving intercession of Thy solicitous prayer,

Thou hast first entered the wondrous prothesis,

the Holy Altar of man, our emerald place.

With unfearing wisdom,

through the power of Thy virtue,

Thou hast broken the circle of enslavement, of death, of slumber,

vanquishing the curse of nature, the cruel ruler of our lives,

wherefore we, to Him that Hath Given us Thee,

eternally and ardently will chant: *Alleluia!*

### **Ikos 2**

Sweet Virgin of the eternal age,

Holy Mother of Light!

Lend Thy ear to us sinners,

wretched sons of clay!

Most-kindly, good, all-holy Virgin,

Our Lord Jesus's golden seat!

release us from the bonds that enslave us,

open to us the "path of Heavens."

So that, through enlightened revelation,

the sweet knot of the much longed-for Bridegroom,

just like the barefoot Moses would, in yesteryear,

standing with his face in the pyre's fiery glow,  
we may chant to Thee in the shadow of the dusk:  
Rejoice, stem of light of the unburnt Bush;  
Rejoice, portal of myrrh through which God entered;  
Rejoice, ring of a fire that is above Heaven;  
Rejoice, relief of exemption melting our inner frost;  
Rejoice, flowery cane carrying us throughout our heart's journey;  
Rejoice, thread of shade springing within our inner desert;  
Rejoice, ember signet permeating our soul;  
Rejoice, mind's snow that no passion can reach;  
Rejoice, highest measure of the kingdom within us;  
Rejoice, wisdom emerging from the joy of hereafter;  
Rejoice, great wonder kissed with spiritual reverence;  
Rejoice, O Holy Bride, wellspring of ceaseless prayer.

### **Kontakion 3**

Beyond ages, I can hear Thee, Virgin,  
through the voice of Isaiah the fiery prophet.  
In the Scripture's Heaven, Thy word reverberates  
with all the resonance of Grace:  
“For, behold, an infant will be born unto us  
and a son hath been given us.  
He hath the sign of a Lord on His shoulder  
and His Name is: Wonderful,  
the Angel of the Great Council, God the Victor,  
the Lord of plenary peace and Father of the age to come.”  
This is His Name,  
the five word name,  
the Holy name of the Lord  
that Jesus will bear.  
Soul of mine, take notice,  
so that we all can cry: *Alleluia!*

### **Ikos 3**

From an ever Virgin Mother,  
the One who hath preserved unscathed  
the body of the burning Bush  
hath been conceived, hath been incarnated.  
The Lord's Name of glory  
hath turned itself into Word for uttering,  
God the unseen One

that hath been disclosed in the heart of the fire,  
the Face of Heavely Beauty,  
the boundless Image  
hath bounded Himself,  
with measure He measured Himself  
and the unnamed One  
truly hath shown Himself amongst us,  
a meek victor  
riding a jennet.

Walk yourselves, thus, on the path of the Light-filled Name,  
the ultimate and highest journey.

And you shall pass from death to life  
with your nature sanctified,  
so as we may chant together  
outright and without temptation:

Rejoice, true motif why God can fill our nature;

Rejoice, power carrying us with Jesus upon waters;

Rejoice, mercifulness through which Christ gave Himself to us;

Rejoice, path guiding within us the ultimate consent, Amen;

Rejoice, respite wherein the Logos Reverberates within us;

Rejoice, access and accord with our silent nature;

Rejoice, tenderness that maketh us Emanuel's brethren;

Rejoice, Journey through which the Holy Spirit throbbeth in our blood;

Rejoice, solitude through which Heaven springeth from our heart;

Rejoice, clarity through which the angel is being fashioned within our body;

Rejoice, purity through which the Name of glory entered the world;

Rejoice, O Holy Bride, wellspring of ceaseless prayer.

#### **Kontakion 4**

How are we to find respite from thoughts?

O, Virgin Mother, All-holy Virgin!

How can we tear ourselves from the indolence of passions,  
the irrepressible temptations enfolding us?

Make Thou, Thyself, for us the coveted "whisper,"  
"the proper mastering of the spiritual living."

May it help us reign in our weak unruly nature  
all the way to the ashes of forbearance.

So that, absorbed into Thee, "luminous dispassion,"  
out of complete and wholehearted praise,

we may also tower up

a true psalm of *Alleluia!*

#### **Ikos 4**

Theotokos, Thou Kindled flower of the unconsumed Flame.  
Thou, image of peace perceived into the cool heart of the fire,  
cover us now, Most Kind One.  
Under Thy profuse and tender mercy,  
Give us the grace to obtain  
the rare gift of the Holy Quiver,  
the profound breath of the restful flight  
from the bosom of the silvery Dove,  
which the prophet King could see  
soaring over the heights of Bashan.  
Turn into flesh for each of us  
this kindled overflow of kindness  
torn from Thy very breath.  
Seal upon our tainted lips  
the measure of the pure flare  
so that we can ardently chant to Thee:  
Rejoice, hesychast leap of most blessed flight;  
Rejoice, chastest breath of serene quiver;  
Rejoice, spear of the word through the stretch of thought;  
Rejoice, spirited homecoming of the Holy Spirit dove;  
Rejoice, horizon arching with the cherubim's wings;  
Rejoice, eternity contained within the stretch of a moment;  
Rejoice, almighty oar unto the advance of the chosen rowing;  
Rejoice, imbibing of the heavens with the fine understanding;  
Rejoice, fountain glistening with ripples of Living Water;  
Rejoice, astute warmth stemming from Philokalia;  
Rejoice, masterful revelation of the lesson of prostration;  
Rejoice, O Holy Bride, wellspring of ceaseless prayer.

#### **Kontakion 5**

“I have come to bring fire on the earth,”  
Spoke Jesus with searing word.  
Most Chaste One, may the tempest of His love  
set us ablaze with the whole convulsion of its scorching  
and fill us with incommensurable light  
just as It did to Thee, Virgin, who carried Him in Thy womb.  
May His Love be indispensable for us  
and His Name of glory be seared into our soul,

may each humble intake of our breath  
kindle within us the calling of the Name,  
and may we burn like pyres within God  
out of the plenary love of His Name.  
And being ablaze in the praising of God  
we will call out with the flames of love: *Alleluia!*

### **Ikos 5**

From Thee, O Virgin, we perceive  
the incomprehensible diligence  
and the effect of the whispered memorial diptychs  
accompanied by silent and humble prayer.  
Yes, the nature of water is soft,  
that of the rock – unspeakably hard.  
Yet, the jug standing on the rock  
with its suspended trickling,  
through its dilligent drop of water  
can pierce the hardest rock.  
O Virgin, persist, thus,  
over our hardened souls  
and win us over with Thy drop of Grace,  
so that we can chant to Thee in glorifying hymns:  
Rejoice, graceful temerity from the “utterance” of the Holy Name;  
Rejoice, fine jug of the drop that showeth particular resilience;  
Rejoice, luminous hardiness of God’s white rock;  
Rejoice, sweetest honeycomb of Jesus the Son of Man;  
Rejoice, nest of thought of my own Christ;  
Rejoice, Eucharist of word from God’s calling;  
Rejoice, overflow of wondrous scent given to us by the Son;  
Rejoice, ceaseless prostration of “God, have mercy upon me”;  
Rejoice, surge carrying me the sinner away too;  
Rejoice, flood of memorial forever widening its breadth;  
Rejoice, graceful flow of a wondrous utterance;  
Rejoice, O Holy Bride, wellspring of ceaseless prayer.

### **Kontakion 6**

Most-Holy Virgin, in front of Thee,  
forever and in eternity, all worldly thought  
and all the rhetoricians of wisdom  
shall be shamed.  
For Thou art the seal of unblemished living,

Gate – locked for the shrewd ones,  
living reflection of the experience of wonder.  
Thou knowst that life was not given us  
only to be constantly reinterpreted.  
That it implies a richer gain  
than merely to be lived.  
Life pertains to the Mind beyond thought and place,  
beyond the chain of the existing moments.  
It is the revelation of the inner fiery heavens  
over the fountains of heart and of deed.  
It belongs to the Word of the world  
that chooseth Himself to be for it  
path and incarnation for an eternal: *Alleluia!*

### **Ikos 6**

Virgin and Pure Mother of ours!  
Thou art truly the wakefulness,  
the will of mind, gathered in chrisim,  
the inner eye open  
to all surrounding horizons,  
heart with its heavens subdued  
by the transparency of the cleanest sentiment.  
Thou art the most righteous attention  
uniting, with the might of perception, beyond words,  
within a flash of the mind:  
the sharpness of cool thought  
with the burning surge of life,  
the warm and the cool in cross,  
bringing to us the highest Reason.  
Yet this wakefulness is that of an infant,  
clear and profound streamline  
with its mighty and distinct current  
that never swerves Thy smooth flowing soul;  
but it gives Thee Thy mighty and holy modesty  
that never ceases to amaze us  
and towards which, we, all creation, each to our ability,  
prostrate and chant to Thee:  
Rejoice, cross of ardour and alertness of the chosen one;  
Rejoice, axis of heavens with the morning star of wisdom;  
Rejoice, clearing up the thoughts with their empty swarm;  
Rejoice, unseen reflection, from beyond body;

Rejoice, innermost crystal of my soul;  
Rejoice, radiant breakthrough of the mentioning of God;  
Rejoice, heart's psalmodying instrument under the stick of thought;  
Rejoice, outcry of five strings into one tune;  
Rejoice, unspoken music of the second birth;  
Rejoice, unique height of plenary learning;  
Rejoice, betrothal to the Name of Wisdom;  
Rejoice, O Holy Bride, wellspring of ceaseless prayer.

### **Kontakion 7**

Holy Mother, to Thy sacred wisdom we run,  
to be renewed under the shelter of Thy palms.  
For at the holy wedding of the Great Bridegroom  
the guard of our entire virtue is demanded.  
No impurity of the eyes and clothes is allowed.  
Thus, no one from those "unaccustomed with the mysteries"  
may touch such things.  
For who would permit pigs to feed on pearls  
or dogs to touch holy vessels?  
The drive as well as the endowment is purely spiritual  
and comes only from Thee, our heavenly Mother.  
Come, thus, humble soul, be cleansed and reconciled  
so we can all together take some zeal  
from the plenary and pure joy of *Alleluia!*

### **Ikos 7**

All-holy, all-praised, all-beautiful,  
all-philokalic Bride!  
Empress of all glory!  
Thou art benevolent Mother  
and giver  
of all that is saintly;  
living dowry of the blessed gifts,  
those from the Mysteries, those from the Offerings,  
from relics, from palms and from words.  
Thou art the Great Teaching,  
desirable and bright,  
of all Oikonomia of blessings,  
as a lustre with seven candles  
before God's Great Throne,  
wherefore all angels and saints glorify Thee:



Rejoice, paschal blessing of new fulfillment;  
Rejoice, patriarchal blessing gently laid on our heads over ages;  
Rejoice, felicitous adoption of us all unto theosis;  
Rejoice, weighed preciousness bestowed by the touch of the cleansing grace;  
Rejoice, light anointed over the meek minds;  
Rejoice, tremendous bestowal of unspeakable strength of the soul;  
Rejoice, temerity of purpose given to the righteous hearts;  
Rejoice, unity of purpose of all reconciled Churches;  
Rejoice, sapphire-precious truth inlaid unto our senses;  
Rejoice, spirited treasure affording us the blessed seventh day respite;  
Rejoice, word made eternal over the wondrous silence;  
Rejoice, O Holy Bride, wellspring of ceaseless prayer.

### **Kontakion 8**

Empress, All-holy Lady,  
Mother untempted by marriage,  
Thou art the only human heart within which, ceaselessly,  
the Name of glory chants,  
out of its living and guileless purpose.  
Thou keepest the crown of praises for the All-blameless One,  
for only within Thee, as never before,  
the heart of man  
with the heart of God  
hath beaten and beat together as one.  
Prayer as an hourglass of thought and of heavens  
flows within Thee  
and twins itself with the clear ektenia of the mystery  
near God's love.  
O, Thou, Abundance of pure Light  
unfading and unsurpassed!  
Soften our hearts with Thy gifts, O Blessed One!  
So that, gifted and worthy,  
as to a Church,  
we will trust ourselves to Thee,  
to be able to chant *Alleluia!*

### **Ikos 8**

Mother of God, Heart of Light,  
Mother of God, Heart of earth,  
Mother of God, Heart without blame,  
Mother of God, Heart of the Word!

For Thee we yearn, shamed and diminished,  
with spent soul and broken knees.  
Because of the overwhelming plague of sin,  
our hearts have become as hard  
as the edge of the blue flintrock, unspeakably bleak.  
“The Lord hath let us go  
about the ways of our minds.”  
Our broken thought wades through mist.  
But, now, behold, to Thee we prostrate,  
Mother of Jesus,  
Embrace us as the rocks of life  
eager for the morning springs,  
the eternal morning,  
and revive us with new and clean hearts  
so that we may sing to Thee:  
Rejoice, my soul’s arch of aliance;  
Rejoice, coffer locked with the Name of God;  
Rejoice, living ship sailing over the world’s billows;  
Rejoice, casket sheltered from all the emptiness of clay;  
Rejoice, throne upon which life is founded;  
Rejoice, resonance box through which a ray resounds;  
Rejoice, nave holding all services of grace;  
Rejoice, shrine of thought for the most spiritual altar;  
Rejoice, holy-day of the heavens wherein the mind performs the Liturgy;  
Rejoice, chest of flame in all our bosoms;  
Rejoice, Church all-eager for the trinitarian wedlock;  
Rejoice, O Holy Bride, wellspring of ceaseless prayer.

### **Kontakion 9**

Lord Jesus Christ, our hearts’ gentle Bridegroom!  
I am also part of the Holy Virgin’s family, a recently adopted offspring.  
To Thee I prostrate my forehead  
and like Thomas I place my hand on the holy spot.  
Tightly curled up within myself, standing speechless,  
I am waiting as a blindman on the bridge of  
“the unfading Light from the deep,  
which is put in man as an innermost sun  
to shine whole within the boundaries of being.”  
Since I cannot see Thee from the darkness, the thickness of sin,  
I feel Thee timidly,  
with the finger of hope, with the finger of faith,

with the finger of suspicion, of longing and even of doubt,  
and powerless I would put the other hand too,  
but my heart, pierced by the burning lightning shaft,  
painfully sweet, with its breath whispers  
Thy whole calling and despite my will  
my heartbeat of prayer runs towards the light chanting *Alleluia!*

### **Ikos 9**

All-holy Virgin, All-helpful,  
Thou art more prescient  
than all the heavenly Minds,  
and Thou knowest the meaning of the godly design  
for the redeeming Transfiguration.  
Thou art the mastery, the art, the industry  
and all the blessed human craft  
which together make the chimera of our sins  
worthy of salvation.  
That is why we persist in glorifying Thee:  
Rejoice, confirmed wisdom of sainthood in detail;  
Rejoice, Sophianic insight of the work done by inward advice;  
Rejoice, godly sweetening of the Name like the pouring chrisms;  
Rejoice, monastic astuteness in the tear-soaked chanting;  
Rejoice, drop-precise measure for cherubimic infancy;  
Rejoice, golden asceticism upon the mat of the desert;  
Rejoice, crown of litanies from the knots of the prayer rope;  
Rejoice, crammed hesychasm under the candle's gentle truth;  
Rejoice, stool manuscript for the hesychast prayer;  
Rejoice, Thou flight of the palms with the right standing rapture;  
Rejoice, engolpion smile for the heart's aridity;  
Rejoice, O Holy Bride, wellspring of ceaseless prayer.

### **Kontakion 10**

O! Unblemished Grace-filled Lady,  
Virgin with the wing span of the Great Eagle,  
Apocalyptic sign of the blameless womb,  
Church - bearer of the inward man!  
Help me build myself in the unspoken nature  
from the litany's unfolding with its soft calling.  
And give me the luminous birth, my Confessoress,  
so that, from the understanding of Resurrection I may cry too: *Alleluia!*

**Ikos 10**

Thou, Generous Mother, Teacher of mystery,  
Lady of hope, of the blue twilight,  
Mistress with three stars on Thy cloak  
Saint Arghira of our infirmities!  
To Thee, again, I have exerted myself,  
broken by the world and defeated by thoughts.  
After the holy guidance and blessing  
I have been made partaker to my salvation.  
I have resolved, rightly and unabated  
to strive, at all times, for prayer.  
But the clay idol, my thought,  
does not allow me the respite  
to make my prayer into God's baptistry  
with the heart's contrition for which I crave.  
See me through, thus, my Helper  
and give me tears, the salt of repentance,  
to wash with them the spectre of powerlessness,  
to become worthy to chant to Thee:  
Rejoice, weeping rose of the return of mystery;  
Rejoice, tenderness of repentance with light as Thy cloak;  
Rejoice, blessing of the tear, revelation of Wisdom;  
Rejoice, discernment in tune with the world's sighs;  
Rejoice, heavens endowed with all the rains of salvation;  
Rejoice, moist wonder from the eyes of childhood;  
Rejoice, porphyry of the kingly endeavours of the Amen;  
Rejoice, crystal of grace from the Thorn's tears;  
Rejoice, dew of benevolence strengthening the faithful;  
Rejoice, helper, even in fall, of those less spritual;  
Rejoice, omophorion covering any weakness;  
Rejoice, O Holy Bride, wellspring of ceaseless prayer.

**Kontakion 11**

I thank Thee, All-merciful Virgin Mother,  
for delivering me from death yet again.  
Danger and temptation are allowed only for testing.  
Through the ceaseless calling  
of the light-filled allmighty Name  
my senses and my heart's will

have passed the threshold into silence.  
Freed from them  
I am waiting to be overwhelmed  
by the godly hearing, seeing and speech.  
From now on, may only these be uttered within me.  
May my Beloved, Himself, the heavenly Jesus,  
see, speak and understand  
through my entire seeing, hearing and will.  
May Christ live like this  
through all my vigour  
so that He can call through me to God: *Alleluia!*

### **Ikos 11**

O, you, heart, mind and thought of mine!  
Wound yourselves asking God the right questions.  
Which discernable sign, I wonder, do heavenly fruit have?  
And what answer shall you hear  
in your spiritual father's utterance:  
if the image of the unseen Revelation descends upon you  
through the golden breadth of the blessed visions,  
then you will have been most attentive to the spirit's radiance  
just like the Virgin's pure spirit was when She entered the Church.  
And you shall grow so high-resounding and in tune  
just as a praising trumpet that the angels blow.  
And your senses will be perceptive as the flower of the righteous Jesse  
who searches the horizon eagerly waiting for the sign of the Three.  
This is the sign we hunger for and may the Holy Lady give it to us  
so that, in Her merciful intercession, we can all declare unto Her:  
Rejoice, Thou, ladder with its foot in the heart of the faithful;  
Rejoice, hesychast purity of serene prayer;  
Rejoice, warmth of grace overwhelming the flesh;  
Rejoice, unearthly doing sanctifying us with your weavings;  
Rejoice, Thou, heavenly water springing from the eyes' abyss;  
Rejoice, peace detached from the wilderness of thought;  
Rejoice, ascending clearing of a boundless mind;  
Rejoice, spiritual prevision of the incommensurable mysteries;  
Rejoice, unearthly bolt towards the unspoken head of the ladder;  
Rejoice, inexpressible enlightenment from the heart;  
Rejoice, infinity of perfection with unblemished body;  
Rejoice, O Holy Bride, wellspring of ceaseless prayer.

### **Kontakion 12**

Thou art the Amma empress of my soul.  
Give me rest under the shelter of Thy Image;  
under Thy golden amber eyes,  
allow me as well to burn unconsummed,  
from the fountain of the unspoken arcanum of living prayer.  
From Thy ring of cool shelter,  
Thou, sealed Spring,  
let me, again and again, renew,  
the great peace of the joyful rest  
with the stream of Thy perpetual grace.  
Thou, Holy Amma, ignite me thus  
with the living joy of victory  
so that I may chant ablaze and clean  
out of the whole peace of consciosness: *Alleluia!*

### **Ikos 12**

Mother of God, Confessoress lover of earth!  
Wellspring of the Word's teaching of mystery!  
Thou art divinely gentle and meek,  
But, as the Song of Songs testifies  
Thou art also infinitely just and formidable  
"as whole armies under their flags."  
Thou art bright, serene and sharp  
as a dreaded blade.  
Thou hast readily helping saints in the heavenly Jerusalem,  
Thy eager sons of "self denial,"  
all the hosts of hermits and anchorites,  
Thy whole line of wise confessors  
imparting infinite treasures of benediction,  
all their grace for clarifying, cleansing and redeeming  
from Thy endless chastity and mercifulness,  
all that is called "the virtuous Gnosis"  
or the Saints' Legacy  
which Thou hast given to us all  
through the Fathers' writings, labour and words of wisdom,  
for which we will eternally be powerless to praise Thee for,  
to honour Thee for and to glorify Thee, except for singing:  
Rejoice, Sword defending the hesychast legacy;

Rejoice, immortal warrantor of our transfiguration;  
Rejoice, chalice wherein God's blessing lies;  
Rejoice, torch sheltering man's holy metamorphosis;  
Rejoice, tireless weaver of silent miracles;  
Rejoice, undisputed strategian of the invisible warfare;  
Rejoice, watchful eye guarding us with Thy sweet severity;  
Rejoice, canon bestowing order with precise alertness;  
Rejoice, shield guarding the land of the living;  
Rejoice, portal protecting creation from any uncleanness;  
Rejoice, strickle pulverizing the spectre of horridness;  
Rejoice, O Holy Bride, wellspring of ceaseless prayer.

**Kontakion 13** (This kontakion is read three times)

O! Ever virtuous Mother of God  
and most-blessed Mother of Man!  
May this our prostration,  
in its ceaseless flow,  
be as twenty-four theorbos and chalices.  
And may its sweet-scented offering  
towards the Holy Trinity, upraised joy,  
from Thy hands to the Bridegroom Christ,  
fulfil its fruition of true-worship.  
So that we can cry out together with the heavens,  
out of a protective un-restraining embrace,  
to the One above all: *Alleluia!*