

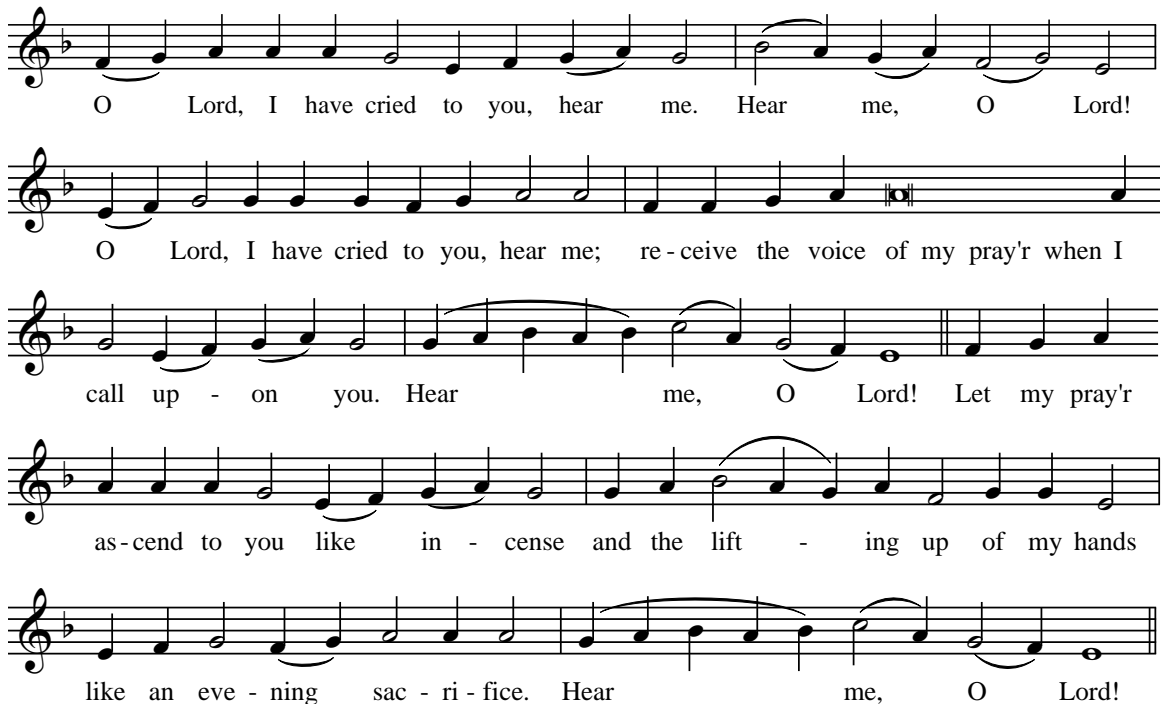
**Vespers Propers on the Evening of the  
Second Sunday of the Great Fast  
March 12, 2017**

**The translation of the relics of our holy father Nicephor, patriarch of Constantinople.** Nicephor died in exile on the island of Prochonis in the year 827. After the death of the last iconoclast emperor, the relics of the holy father were brought back to Constantinople, first to the church of Hagia Sophia and then finally to the Church of the Holy Apostles in the year 846.

*Supplement for The Order of Vespers on Sunday Evening for the Sunday of Forgiveness (Cheesefare Sunday) and the Sundays of the Great Fast.*

**Lamp-lighting Psalms**

**Psalm 140 - Tone 2 samohlasen**



O Lord, I have cried to you, hear me. Hear me, O Lord!

O Lord, I have cried to you, hear me; re-ceive the voice of my pray'r when I

call up - on you. Hear me, O Lord! Let my pray'r

as-cend to you like in - cense and the lift - ing up of my hands

like an eve - ning sac - ri - fice. Hear me, O Lord!

O Lord, set a guard before my mouth  
and set a seal on the door of *my* lips.  
Let not my heart be inclined to evil,  
nor make excuses for sins I *commit*.

Let me never share in sinners' feasting.

If a just man strikes or reproves me it *is* kindness  
but let the oil of the wicked not anoint my head.

Let my prayer be ever against *their* malice.

The princes were thrown down by the side of the rock;

then they understood that my words *were* kind.

As a millstone is shattered to pieces on the ground,

so their bones were strewn at the mouth of *the* grave.

To you, Lord God, my eyes are turned;

in you I take refuge; spare *my* soul!

From the trap they have laid for me keep me safe;

keep me from the snares of those who *do* evil.

Let the wicked fall into the traps they have set

while I pursue my way *unharmed*.

#### **Psalm 141**

With all my voice I cry to the Lord,

with all my voice I entreat *the* Lord.

I pour out my trouble before him;

I tell him all my distress while my spirit faints *within* me.

But you, O Lord, know my path.

On the way where I shall walk they have hidden a snare to *entrap* me.

Look on my right and see:

there is no one who takes *my* part.

I have no means of escape,

not one who cares for *my* soul.

I cry to you, O Lord.


I have said: "You are my refuge, all I have in the land of *the* living."

Listen, then, to my cry


for I am in the depths of *distress*.

Rescue me from those who pursue me

for they are stronger *than* I.


Cantor: 

Bring my soul out of this pris-on and then I shall praise




your name.


**Stichera of Repentance - Tone 2 samohlasen**

<sup>(10)</sup> 


Like the Prod-igal, I have sinned a-against you, O Sav - ior. Re - ceive




me, O Father, for I am re - pent - ant; and have mer-cy on me, O God.

Cantor: 


A - round me the just will assem-ble be-cause of your good - ness



to me.


<sup>(9)</sup> 


I cry out to you, O Christ my Sav - ior, with the voice of the Pub - li - can.



Be mer-ci - ful to me as you were to him, and have mer-cy on me, O God.

*Cantor:*   
Out of the depths I cry to you, O Lord; Lord hear my voice!

  
When I con-sid - er my fool-ish deeds, I take ref-uge in your com-pas - sion;


  
as the pub-li - can, the prodigal, and the sin-ful wo-man, I bow down to


  
you. Be - fore con-demn - ing me, O my God, in your good - ness

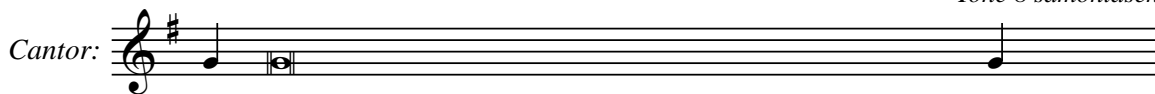
  
spare me and save me.

*Cantor:*   
Let your ears be at - ten - tive to the voice of my plead - ing.

  
O Lord, born of a Vir - gin, do not look at my sins, but

  
pu - ri - fy my heart and make it a temple of the Ho - ly Spir - it. Do not re-ject me

  
far from your sight; for with you is the a-bun - dance of sal - va - tion.



If you, O Lord, should mark our guilt, Lord, who would sur-vive?



But with you is found forgive-ness: for this we re - vere you.

**Stichera of the Second Sunday of the Great Fast - Tone 8 samohlasen**



I have sinned against you with-out meas - ure, and my pun-ish-ment will be



great in - deed: the sigh - ing without comfort and the gnash - ing of teeth;



the fire of Hades and the dark-ness of the damned. Give me tears of repentance,



O most just Judge, that, by fast-ing, I may obtain forgive-ness of my sins



as I cry to you, O Christ my Lord; have mer - cy on me,



in your great good - ness.



My soul is waiting for the Lord. I count on his word.



My soul is longing for the Lord more than watch-man for day - break.

⑤



Come, O Word, up-on the moun - tain where my sins have made me wan - der,



seek me out and call me back to you; chase the e - vil thoughts far



from me and bring me back to life, for I am giv-en o - ver to death.



So pu - ri - fy me through fast - ing, that I may cry out to you in unending



tears, O Christ my Lord: Have mer-cy on me, in your great good - ness.



*Cantor:* Let the watchman count on day-break and Is - ra - el on the Lord.

④



As we begin the third week of this ho - ly Fast, O faith - ful, let us praise the



Ho-ly Trin - i - ty! Let us spend the rest of the sea-son filled with joy, and let

the pas-sions of our flesh fade a-way. Let us gath-er the di-vine flow-ers of  
 our souls and weave a crown for that Sunday, the queen of days. With crowns  
 up-on our heads, we shall praise the vic-to-ry of Christ.


*Tone 1 samohlasen*


*Cantor:* Be-cause with the Lord there is mercy and fullness of redemp-tion,  
 Is-ra-el indeed he will re-deem from all its in-i-qui-ty.

**Stichera of our holy father Nicephor - *Tone 1 samohlasen***


The streams of your wisdom, drawn from the spir-it-ual clouds, pour forth  
 a fountain of true faith up-on the world. We, the faith-ful, draw-ing forth this  
 sweet-ness, turn a-way from the out-pour-ings of her-e-esy  
 as from the bit-ter wa-ters of Mar-ah.

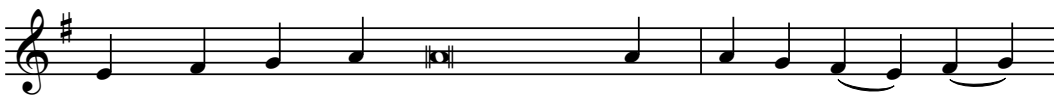
*Cantor:*   
Praise the Lord, all you na-tions, ac-claim him all you peo - ples!

  
Ly - ing in the tomb, your most pure body did not in an - y way de - cay,


  
but was found to be whole, O most bless - ed Ni - ce - phor. Bear-ing it forth


  
with zeal, those nurtured by the true faith re - joiced, glo - rious - ly bless - ing you,

  
O di - vine - ly wise one.

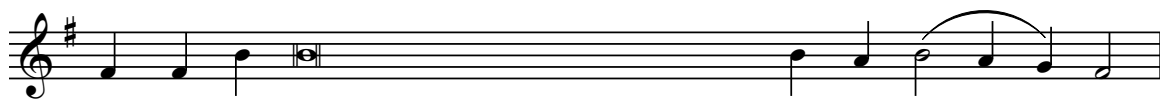
*Cantor:*   
Strong is the love of the Lord for us; he is faith - ful

  
for - ev - - - er.

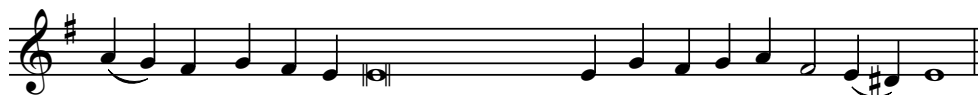
  
The Church hon - ored with the name of the A - pos - tles re - ceived you, O most

  
bless - ed fa - ther, who through your god - ly actions be - came a tem - ple of God,





and who af - ter your interment are again interred in a sa - cred man - ner



and have bur-ied all the foul and fool-ish prat-tle of the her-e - tics.



Glo-ry to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spir-it, now and ev-er



and for - ev - er. A - - - men.

**Theotokion** - *Tone 2 samohlasen*



Since you are the pure dwell-ing-place of God, pray with the an - gels that I may



complete the road of life in vir - tue, so that the eve-ning of death may not



ap-proach me un-pre-pared, nor send me into the blazing fire to be tor-ment - ed.



De - liv - er me from all of this, O Spot - less One.

*The service continues with the Hymn of the Evening, "O joyful light," on page 8.*

# Aposticha

## Aposticha of the second Sunday of the Great Fast - *Tone 8 samohlasen*

① & ②

I fool - ishly threw off my pa - ter - nal guid - ance, and I have grazed my  
flock a - mid un - rul - y thoughts. I have wast - ed all my life in reck - less - ness;  
A - las! Woe is me! De - prived of the food that strength - ens the heart,  
I have tast - ed the pleasures that satisfy for but a mo - ment in time. O Fa - ther,  
in your goodness, do not close the door of your heart to me; o - pen it  
to me, re - ceive me as the Prod - i - gal and save me!

*Cantor*

To you have I lifted up my eyes, you who dwell in the heavens; my eyes, like the  
eyes of slaves on the hand of their lords. Like the eyes of a servant on the hand of

her mistress, so our eyes are on the Lord our God till he show us his  
mer - - - cy.

*All repeat, "I foolishly threw off my paternal guidance..."*

*Cantor*

Have mercy on us, Lord, have mercy. We are filled with contempt. Indeed all too  
full is our soul with the scorn of the rich, with the proud man's dis - dain.

O mar-tyrs of the Lord, you sanc-tify all places and heal all dis-eas - es.  
There-fore, we ask of you: Pray that our souls be de - liv - - - ered  
from the snares of the En - e - my.

*Cantor*



Glo - ry to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spir-it, now and ev - er and



for - ev - er. A - men.

**Theotokion**



The heav - ens sing your praise, O spouse - less Moth - er, and we glo - ri - fy



your giv - ing birth in a man - ner be - yond all words; O Theotokos,



intercede for the sal - va - tion of our souls.

*The service continues with the Prayer of St. Simeon on page 13.*