

**Vespers Propers on the Evening of the
Fourth Sunday of the Great Fast
March 26, 2017**

Our venerable mother Matrona of Thessalonica in Macedonia, martyr. She was a handmaid of a certain Jewish woman. When she secretly worshipped Christ, she was caught by her mistress and struck with many blows. She was finally beaten to the point of death with cudgels. While confessing Christ, she returned her spirit incorrupt to God. (c.350)

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 4 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 ascend to you like in - cense and the lifting 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*.

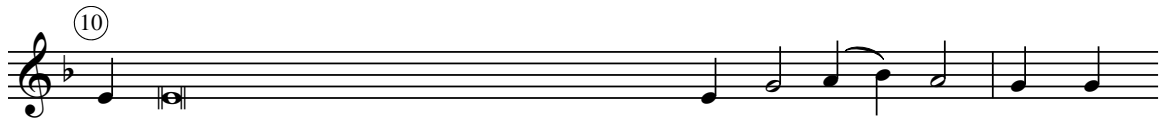
Rescue me from those who pursue me

for they are stronger *than* I.

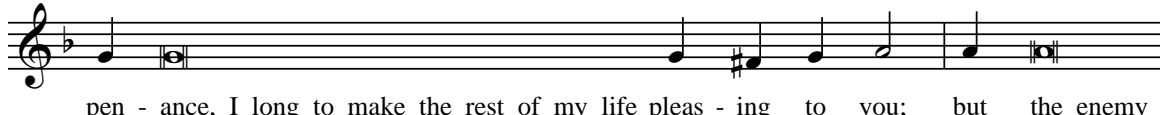
Cantor: 

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


Stichera of Repentence in the tone of the week - Tone 4 samohlasen

¹⁰ 


With my tears I desire to wash away the mark of my sins, O Lord, and through



pen - ance, I long to make the rest of my life pleas - ing to you; but the enemy



deceives me and struggles with my soul. Save me before I com - plete - ly



per - ish, O Lord.

Cantor: 

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

⁹ 

Who is there among the storm - tossed who hastens to your harbor and is not saved,



O Lord? Who is ill and seeks your healing and is not cured? O Cre - a - tor



of everyone and Heal-er of the sick, save me before I com - plete - ly



per - ish, O Lord.



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



Wash me with my tears, O Sav - ior, for I am blemished because of my



man - y sins. And so I bow be - fore you; I have sinned, O God;



have mer - cy on me.



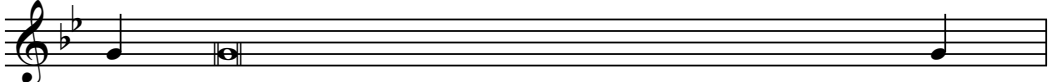

Let your ears be attentive to the voice of my plead - ing.




I am the lost sheep of your mys - ti - cal flock, and I take refuge in you, O







good Shep - herd. Have mer - cy on me, O God.

Cantor:  If you, O Lord, should mark our guilt, Lord, who would sur-vive?
 But with you is found for - give - ness: for this we re - vere you.

Stichera of the Fourth Sunday of the Great Fast - Tone 3 samohlasen

⑥  In this time of fast-ing, O faith-ful, let us strive to gain the great glo-ry
 of heav - en, through the mercy of our great God and Sav - ior
 who delivers us from the flames of Ha - des.

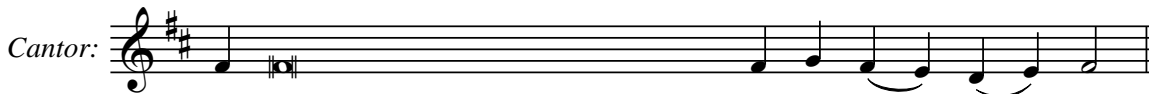
Cantor:  My soul is waiting for the Lord. I count on his word.
 My soul is longing for the Lord more than watch-man for day - break.

⑤  Hav-ing passed the mid-point of this Fast, let us man - ifest the beginning of
 con - ver - sion, so that at the end of a ho - ly life, we may find the



happiness that does not pass a - way.

Tone 7 samohlasen



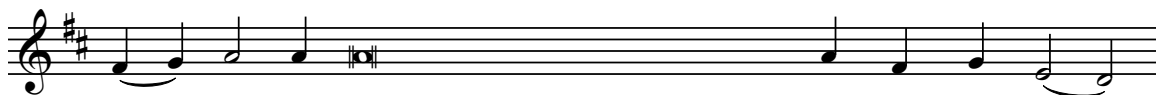
Let the watchman count on daybreak and Is-ra - el on the Lord.



Hav - ing passed half the distance of this ho - ly Fast, let us has - ten to its



com - ple - tion in joy; let us a - noint our souls with oil for the strug - gle,



that we may be worthy to venerate the holy Passion of Christ our God



and to con - tem - plate his glo - rious Re - sur - rec - tion.

Tone 4 samohlasen



Be - cause with the Lord there is mercy and fullness of redemp - tion,



Is - rael indeed he will re - deem from all its in - i - qui - ty.

Stichera of our venerable mother Matrona - *Tone 4 samohlasen*

③



You op-posed the cour - age of your no - ble con - vic - tions to the grumblings



of the people and their cru - el bold - ness, for you con - templated in advance the



com - ing goods, when joy would remain for - ev - er with - out change.



You found endless happiness when you passed from earth to the heaven - ly ban - quet,



O glo - rious mar - - - tyr.

Cantor:



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

②



You were allowed to con - tem - plate the royal splendor, the delightful beau - ty of your



Bride - groom, a - dorned with the jewels of the wounds of your strug - gles. You were



wor - thy to approach the Source of all good, re - ceiv - ing im - mor - tal re - nown

as the fruit of di-vine hap - pi - ness in the fu - ture life.

Cantor:
Strong is the love of the Lord for us; he is faith-ful for - ev - er.

①
Nei - ther the yoke which you car-ried as a slave, nor your fem-in-ine na-ture,

nor hun-ger nor scourg-ing could keep you from imitating the steadfastness of the

mar - tyrs, O glo-rious Ma - tro - na. Ra - ther you generously en-dured

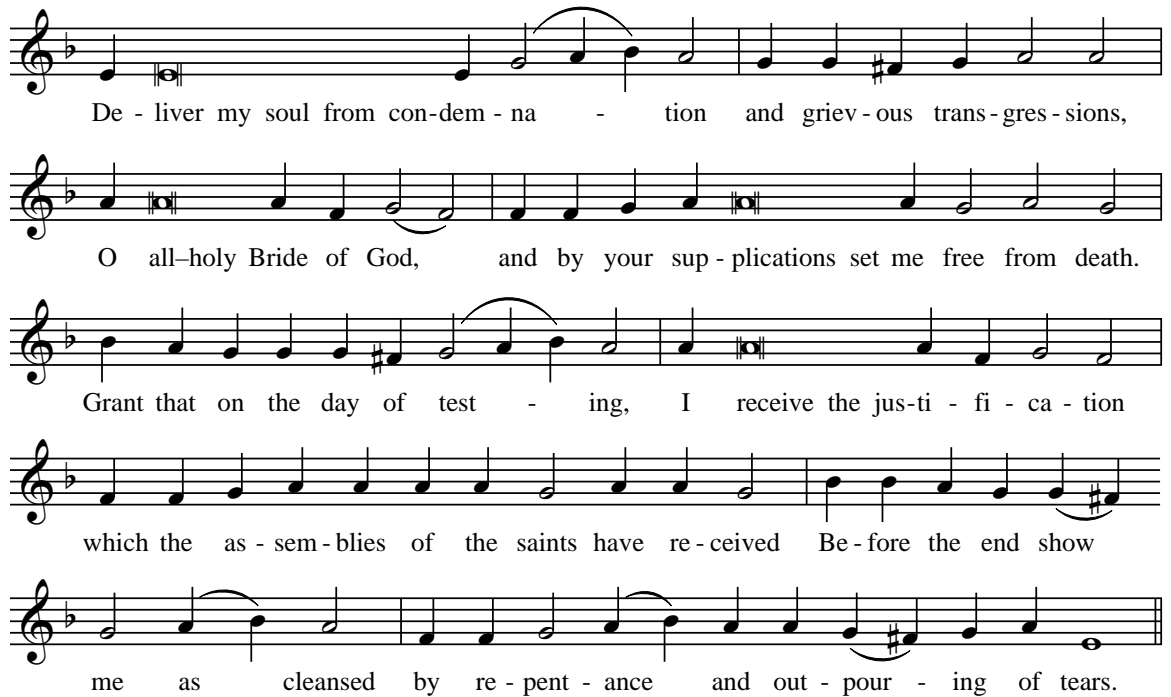
your tor-ments. There-fore, you have found the heavenly dwelling of the Bride - groom

and the crown of graces which adorns you in the pres-ence of the Cre - at - or.

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 - *Tone 4 samohlasen*

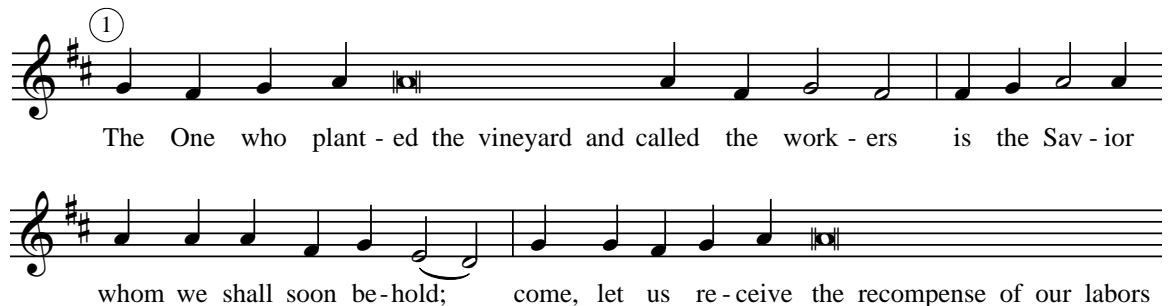


De - liver my soul from con-dem - na - tion and griev - ous trans - gres - sions,
O all - holy Bride of God, and by your sup - plications set me free from death.
Grant that on the day of test - ing, I receive the jus - ti - fi - ca - tion
which the as - sem - blies of the saints have re - ceived Be - fore the end show
me as cleansed by re - pent - ance and out - pour - ing of tears.

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

Aposticha

Aposticha of the fourth Sunday of the Great Fast - *Tone 7 samohlasen*



①
The One who plant - ed the vineyard and called the work - ers is the Sav - ior
whom we shall soon be - hold; come, let us re - ceive the recompense of our labors

in this Fast, for the Mas - ter remunerates generous-ly from his heart;
 e - ven though we have labored for on-ly a short time, we shall re-ceive
 great mer - cy for our souls.

Cantor

Tone 6 samohlasen

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

②
 Ad - am fell into the hands of rob - bers of thought; his spirit was betrayed and his
 soul was cov - ered with wounds; and he lay na - ked and with - out help.
 It was not the priest from be-fore the Law, nor the levite, who came af - ter the Law,

but it was you, O Lord my God, who cared for him. You came, not
 from Samaria but from the Vir-gin Mar - y! O Sav - ior of our souls,
 glo - ry to you!

Cantor

Have mer-cy 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.

③
 Your mar - tyrs did not re - ject you, nor did they re-nounce your law.
 Have mer - cy on us through their prayers!

Cantor

Tone 8 samohlasen

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.

Aposticha theotokion - Tone 8 samohlasen



Re-ceive the prayers of your serv - - ants, O our ho - ly La - - dy.



De - liver us from every af - flic - - tion and dan - - - ger.

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