

The Divine Liturgy of the Presanctified Gifts

Clean Friday
February 8, 2008

The reading from Genesis tells of the entrance of Noah and his family and the living creatures into the ark which God commanded him to build.

The reading from Proverbs tonight personifies Folly, describing her as a loose woman who tempts men from their straight path into ways of destruction.

Commemoration of the Miracle of St. Theodore

The Lamplighting Psalms

Psalm 140

Tone 5 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 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 *un*harmed.

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.

Bring my soul out of this prison
and then I shall praise *your* name.

Around me the just will assemble
because of your goodness *to* me.

Psalm 129 Out of the depths I cry to you, O Lord;
Lord, hear *my* voice!

Let your ears be attentive
to the voice of *my* pleading.

If you, O Lord, should mark our guilt, Lord, who would stand?
But with you is found forgiveness: for this we *revere* you.

My soul is waiting for the Lord. I count on his word.
My soul is longing for the Lord more than watchman *for* daybreak.

Cantor: (Tone 5) Let the watchman count on daybreak
(on 4) and Israel on the Lord.

Tone 5 samohlasen

④

Come, you faith-ful, let us do God's works in light; let us walk uprightly
in the light of day. Let us rip up every unjust claim a-against our neigh - bors,
and put no stum-bling block in their path. Let us put a-side pleas-ures of the flesh.
Let us grow in spir - it - ual gifts. Let us give bread to those in need
and run to Christ, cry - ing in re - pent - ance: Have mer - cy on us,
our God.

Cantor: (Tone 2) Because with the Lord there is mercy and fullness of redemption,
(on 3) Israel indeed he will redeem from all its iniquity.

Tone 2 samohlasen

③

Come, all you who love the mar - tyrs, let us re-joyce in spir - it
and cel - e-brate. For to - day the martyr Theodore has set a mys - tic - al ta - ble
to glad-den us who love to keep the feasts. So we cry out to him:
Re - joice, in - vin - ci - ble he - ro who tram - pled the threats of earth - ly
ty - rants. Re - joice, for you surrendered your body of clay to tor - ture
for the sake of Christ our God. Re - joice, for you have been tested through
var - i - ous trials and shown to be a sol - dier of heav-en's host.
There-fore, we beg you, O glo-ry of mar-tyrs, in-ter-cede for our souls.

Cantor: Praise the Lord, all you nations,
(on 2) acclaim him all you peoples!

②

Your name shows you to be God's ex - cel - lent gift, O Mar - tyr

The - o - dore. Af - ter your death, just as in your life, you grant the requests of

those who run to you. Once the son of a widow was carried off by pa - gan

sol - diers, and she came to you, drenching your shrine with tears; and in your

sym - path - y for her, mount - ed on a white horse, you brought back her child

in - vis - i - bly. From that day to this, you have not ceased work - ing mir - a - cles.

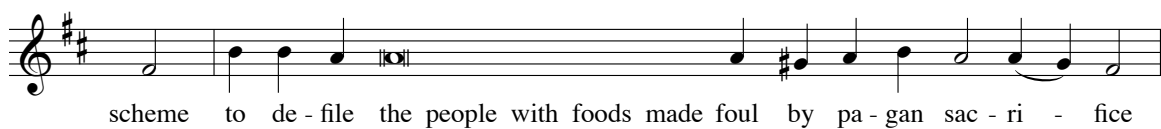
Pray to Christ our God to save our souls.

Cantor: (Tone 6) Strong is the love of the Lord for us;
 (on 1) he is faithful forever.

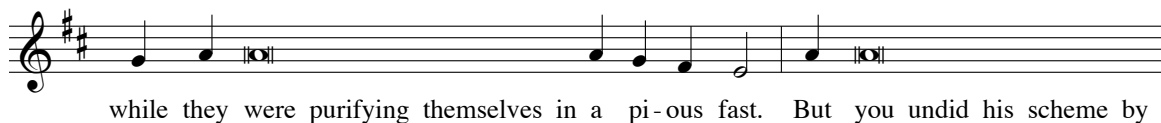
Tone 6 samohlasen

①

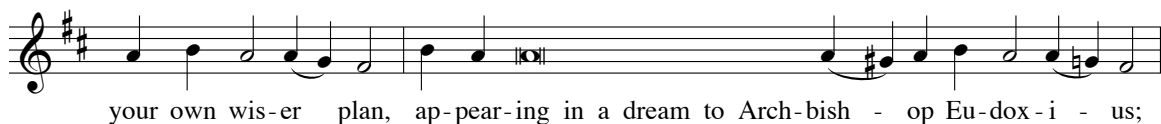
Us - ing Ju - lian the apostate ty - rant as his tool, the Enemy de - vised a wick - ed



scheme to de-file the people with foods made foul by pa-gan sac-ri-fice



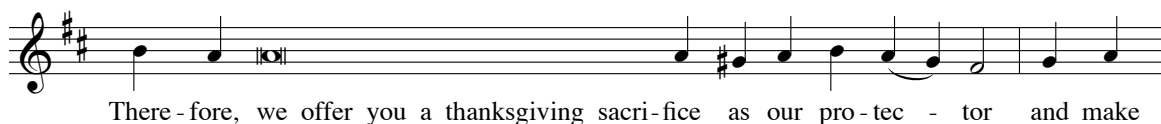
while they were purifying themselves in a pi-ous fast. But you undid his scheme by



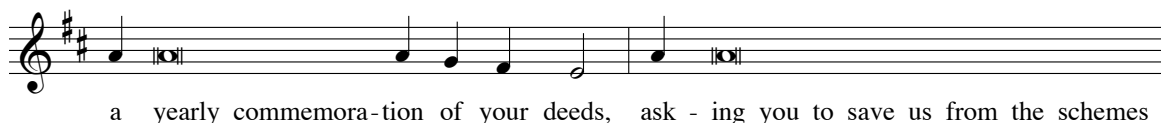
your own wis-er plan, ap-pear-ing in a dream to Arch-bish-op Eu-dox-i-us;



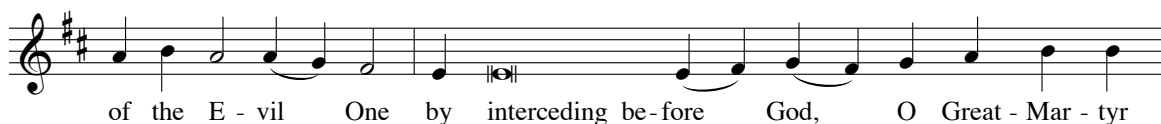
and re-veal-ing the depths of the e-vil de-signs, you ex-posed the foul plot.



There-fore, we offer you a thanksgiving sacri-fice as our pro-tec-tor and make



a yearly commemora-tion of your deeds, ask-ing you to save us from the schemes



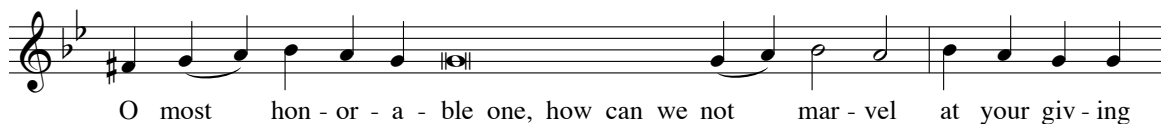
of the E-vil One by interceding be-fore God, O Great-Mar-tyr



The-o-dore.

Cantor: (Tone 3) Glory...now and ever...

Dogmatikon - Tone 3



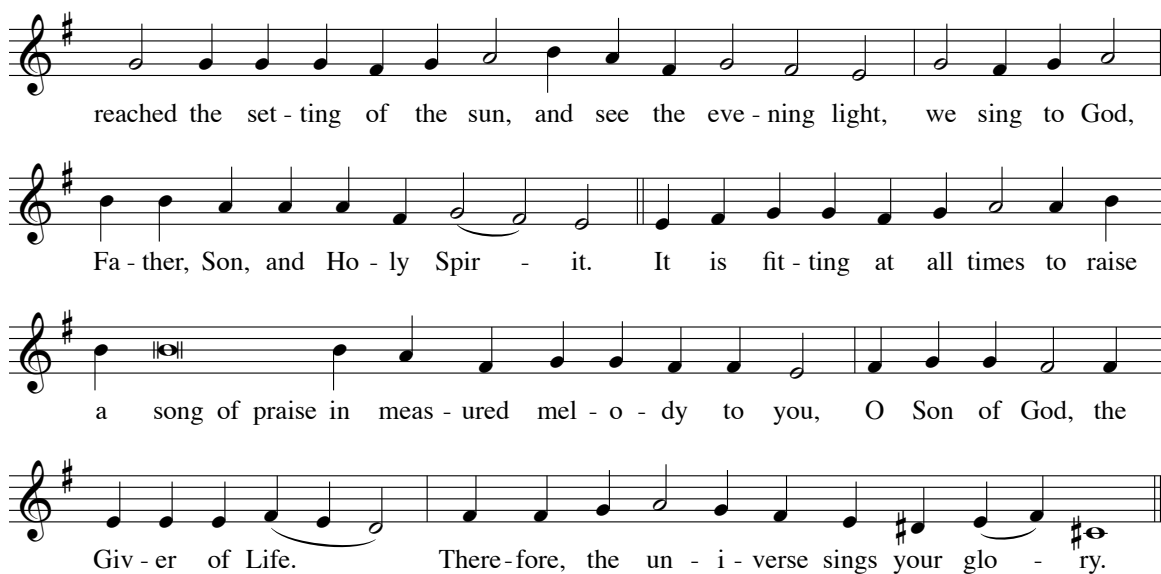
O most hon-or-a-ble one, how can we not mar-vel at your giv-ing

birth to God and man? Most pure one, with-out know-ing man, you gave
 birth in the flesh to the Son without a fa-ther, be-got-ten before all
 ages of the Father with-out a moth-er. He underwent no change, confusion,
 or di-vi-sion, but main-tained the prop-erties of each nature in-tact.
 There-fore, O La-dy, Vir-gin Moth-er, beg him to save the souls of those
 who rightly confess you as The-o-to-kos.

The Hymn of the Evening

Deacon: Wisdom! Be attentive!

O Joy-ful Light of the ho-ly glo-ry of the Fa-ther Im-mor-tal,
 the hea-ven-ly, ho-ly, bles-sed One, O Je-sus Christ: Now that we have



reached the set-ting of the sun, and see the eve-ning light, we sing to God,
 Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Spir - it. It is fit-ting at all times to raise
 a song of praise in meas-ured mel-o-dy to you, O Son of God, the
 Giv-er of Life. There-fore, the un-i-verse sings your glo-ry.

Deacon: Let us be attentive!

Celebrant: Peace ✝ be to all!

Deacon: Wisdom! Be attentive!

Prokeimenon 1 - Tone 5 (Psalm 19: 2a, b)



The Lord will hear you on the day of dis - tress,
 will hear you on the day of dis-tress.

Verse: The name of Jacob's God will protect you.

Deacon: Wisdom!

Lector: A Reading from the Book of Genesis

Deacon: Let us be attentive!

Lector: [Genesis 2: 20 - 3: 20]

Deacon: Wisdom! Be attentive!

Prokeimenon 2 - Tone 6 (Psalm 20: 14, 2)

O Lord, a - rise in your strength; we shall sing and praise
your pow'r, we shall sing and praise your pow'r.

Verse: O Lord, your strength gives joy to the King.

The faithful kneel.

The Blessing With Light

Deacon: Give the command!

Celebrant: Wisdom! Be attentive!

The light of Christ shines upon everyone.

*The faithful give no response to these words. All make three prostrations in silence.
The faithful are seated. The lector, without introduction, begins:*

Lector: A reading from the Book of Proverbs.

Deacon: Let us be attentive!

Lector: [Proverbs 3: 19-34]

Celebrant: Peace ❖ be to you, reader.