

**Vespers Propers on the Evening of the  
Second Sunday of the Great Fast  
February 28, 2010**

**The venerable martyr Eudoxia.** Having lived a profligate younger life, she was converted and baptized by bishop Theodotus. She was arrested and beheaded for the faith under the emperor Trajan. (2nd century) *Note: the saint's name is pronounced "Ev-do-KHEE-a."*

*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 6 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.

**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.



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

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 mercy.  
*Repeat "I foolishly threw off..."*

**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 disdain.

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:** Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit;  
now and ever and forever. Amen.

**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,

**Cantor:** (Tone 6) Bring my soul out of this prison  
(on 10) and then I shall praise your name.

**Stichera of Repentance - Tone 6 samohlasen**

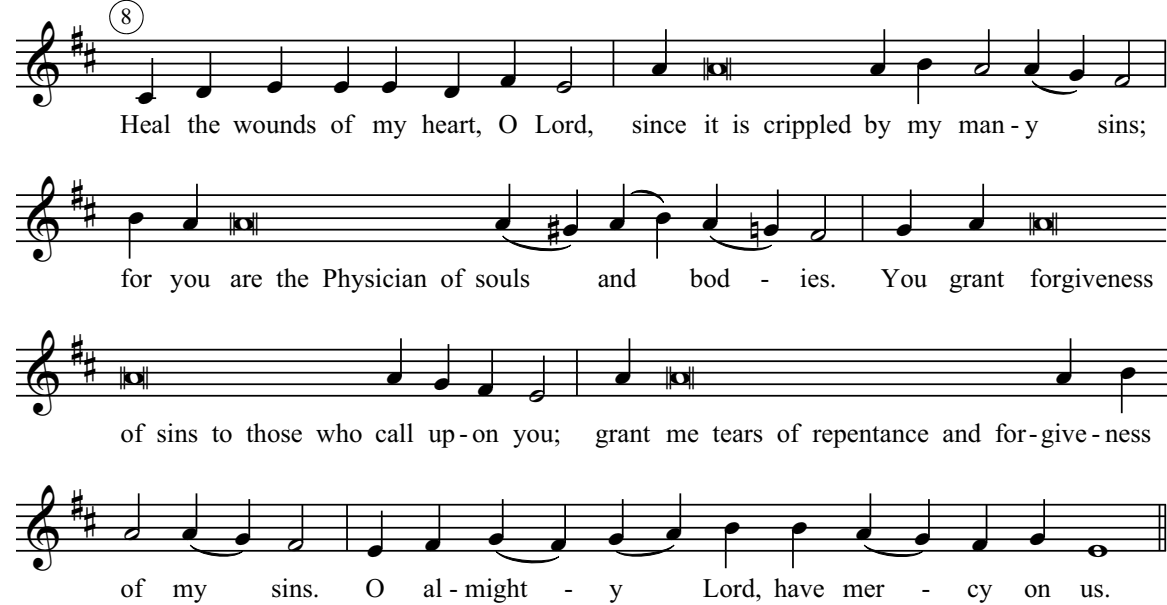
I have had nei - ther re - pent - ance nor tears! For this reason, I implore you  
O Christ God, to con - vert me before my end and give me re - morse  
so that I may be de - liv - ered from tor - - - ment.

**Cantor:** Around me the just will assemble  
(on 9) because of your goodness to me.

At your ter - rifying com - ing, O Christ, grant that we may not hear: I do  
not know you! We have placed our hope in you, O Sav - ior. Al - though  
we have not kept your laws because of our in - dif - fer - ence, still we pray to  
you to save our souls.

**Cantor:** Out of the depths I cry to you, O Lord; **Psalm 129**  
(on 8) Lord, hear my voice!

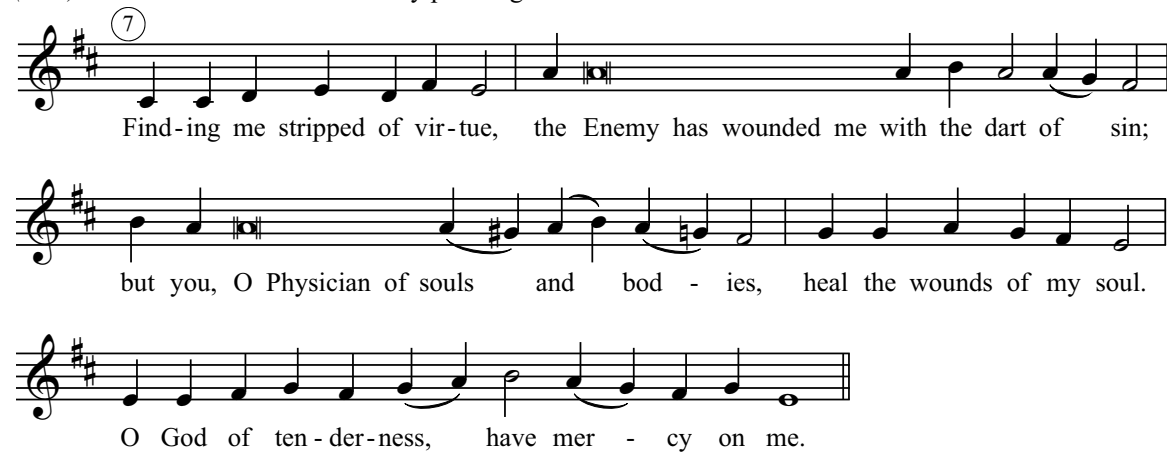
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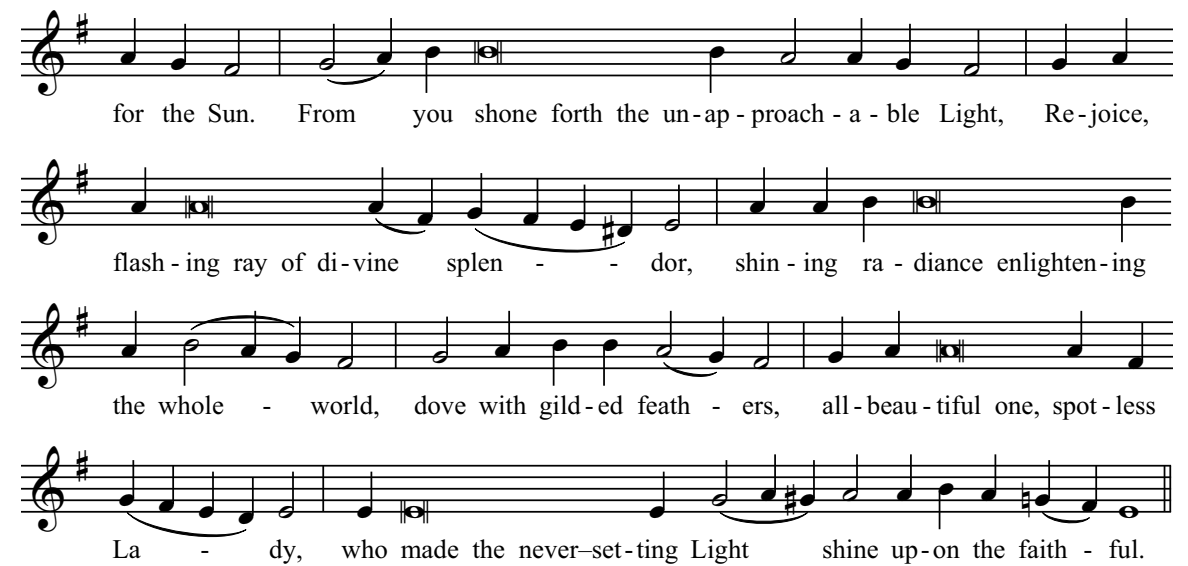
Heal the wounds of my heart, O Lord, since it is crippled by my man-y sins;  
for you are the Physician of souls and bod - ies. You grant forgiveness  
of sins to those who call up-on you; grant me tears of repentance and for-give-ness  
of my sins. O al-might - y Lord, have mer - cy on us.

**Cantor:** Let your ears be attentive  
(on 7) to the voice of my pleading.

7



Find-ing me stripped of vir-tue, the Enemy has wounded me with the dart of sin;  
but you, O Physician of souls and bod - ies, heal the wounds of my soul.  
O God of ten-der-ness, have mer - cy on me.

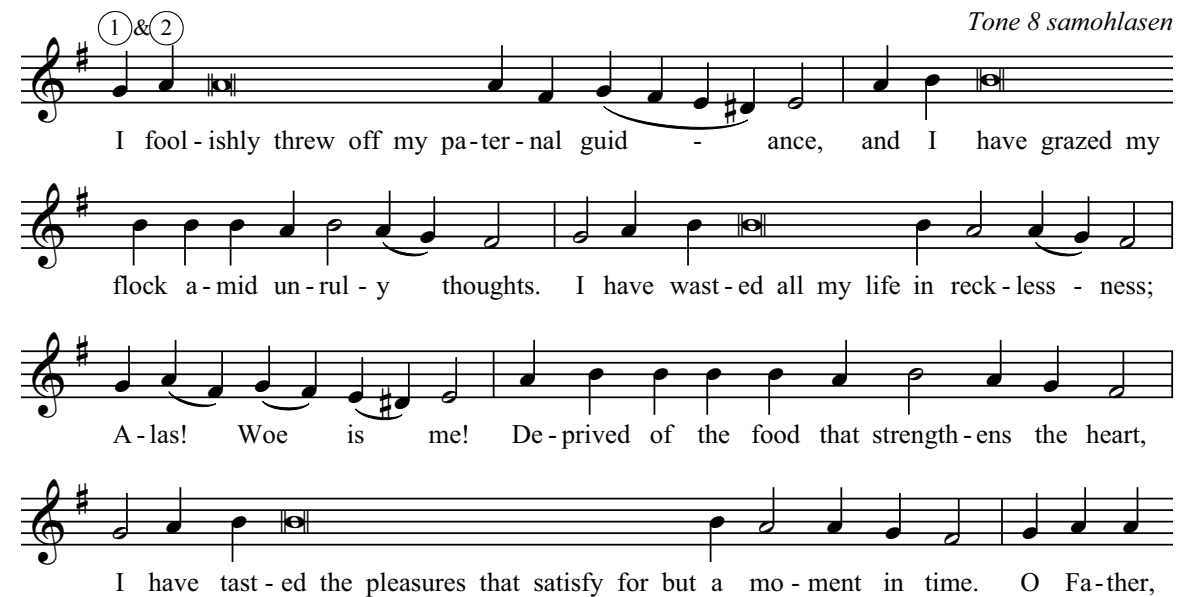


for the Sun. From you shone forth the un-ap - proach - a - ble Light, Re-joyce,  
flash - ing ray of di-vine splen - - dor, shin - ing ra - diance enlighten-ing  
the whole - world, dove with gild-ed feath - ers, all-beau-tiful one, spot-less  
La - dy, who made the never-set-ting Light shine up-on the faith - ful.

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

### Aposticha

1 & 2 Tone 8 samohlasen



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-priv-ed 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,

This was done by the power of the Spir - it, who trans - formed you into something  
great - er by his grace, O ven - 'ra - ble Eu - do - xi - - - a.

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

By your life-giving in-ter-ces - sion, you raised up the dead, O illustrious  
Eu-do-xi-a, who had put to death bodily passions by the labors of tem-per-ance.  
Now you dwell in heav-en with the mar - tyrs, hav-ing completed the course as  
an ath-lete through the help of the Spir - it. You ceaselessly intercede for the  
faith - - ful who ex - alt you.

**Cantor:** *(Tone 8)* Glory...now and ever...

**Theotokion - Tone 8 samohlasen**

Re-joyce, O you who have the ra-diance of the sun and were the bod-y re-served

**Cantor:** *(Tone 4)* If you, O Lord, should mark our guilt, Lord, who would survive?  
*(on 6)* But with you is found forgiveness: for this we revere 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.

**Cantor:** My soul is waiting for the Lord. I count on his word.  
*(on 5)* My soul is waiting for the Lord more than watchman for daybreak.

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 daybreak  
(on 4) and Israel on the Lord.

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 divine 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.

**Cantor:** (Tone 4) Because with the Lord there is mercy and fullness of redemption.  
(on 3) Israel indeed he will redeem from all its iniquity.

**Stichera of the venerable martyr Eudoxia - Tone 4 samohlasen**

By asceticism and tem-per-ance, you first dominated the pas-sions of the bod-y,

Then, O blessed Eudoxia, by your strug-gle in mar-tyr dom, you o-ver-threw the

snares of the enemy and tri-umphed o-ver him. Thus you were crowned for your

double victo-ry by Je-sus, the Lover of us all and Sav-ior

of our souls.

**Cantor:** Praise the Lord, all you nations; **Psalm 116**  
(on 2) acclaim him, all you peoples!

Un-der divine in-spi-ra-tion, in the furrows of your heart, as in good soil,

you received the seed sown by God. In truth, you brought forth a hundredfold

har-vest through mar-tyr-dom, which you stored in the mys-ti-cal gran-a-ries.