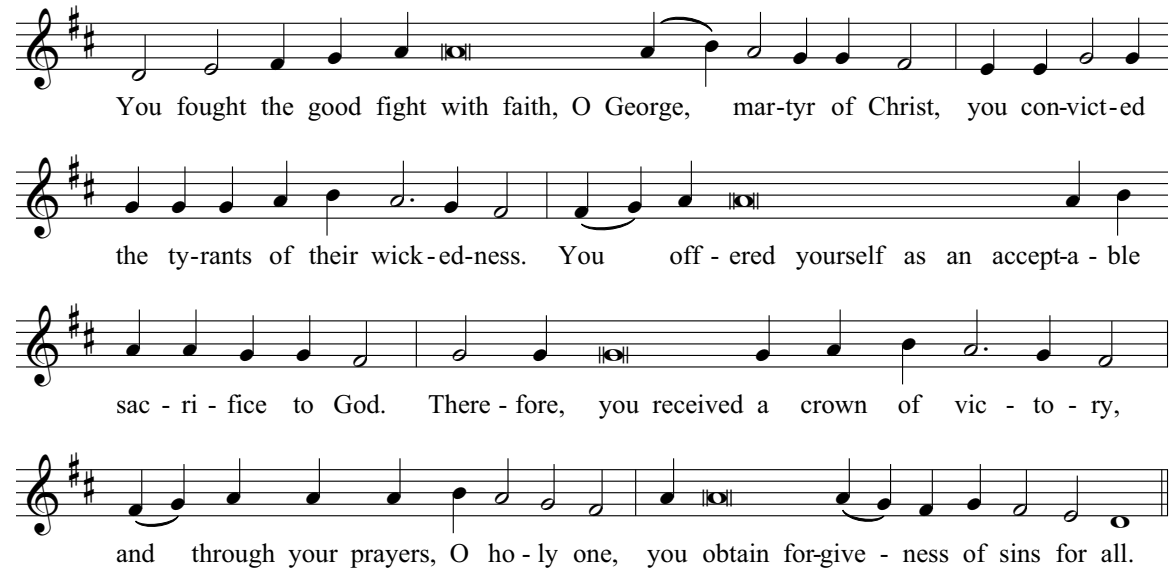


Cantor: (Tone 4) Glory...

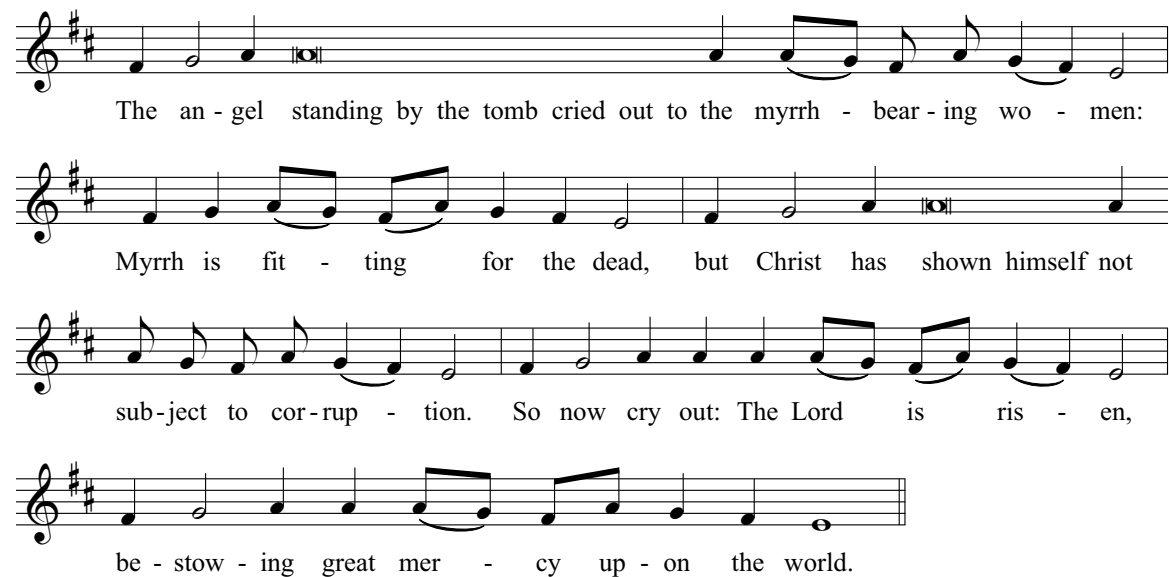
Troparion of the Holy Great-Martyr George - Tone 4



You fought the good fight with faith, O George, mar-tyr of Christ, you con-vict-ed
the ty-rants of their wick-ed-ness. You off-ered yourself as an accept-a-ble
sac-ri-fice to God. There-fore, you received a crown of vic-to-ry,
and through your prayers, O ho-ly one, you obtain for-give-ness of sins for all.

Cantor: (Tone 2) Now and ever...

Troparion of Sunday of the holy Myrrh-bearers - Tone 2

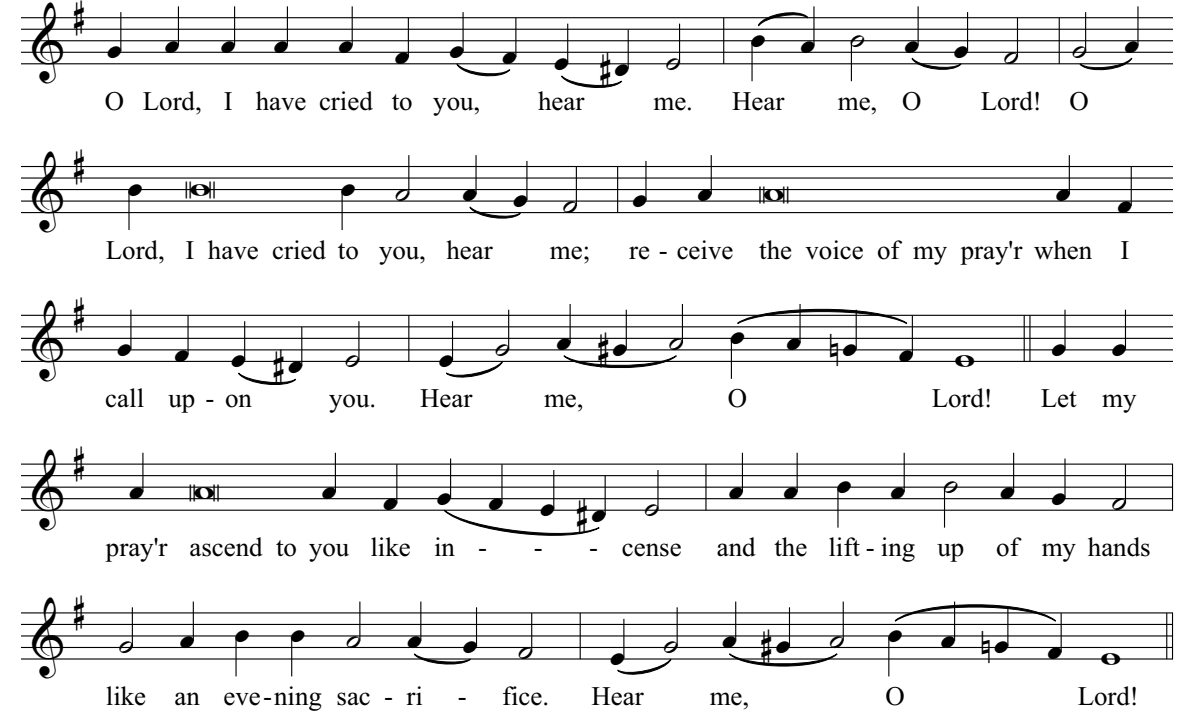


The an-gel standing by the tomb cried out to the myrrh-bear-ing wo-men:
Myrrh is fit-ting for the dead, but Christ has shown himself not
sub-ject to cor-rup-tion. So now cry out: The Lord is ris-en,
be-stow-ing great mer-cy up-on the world.

Vesper Propers, April 23, 2010
The Holy and Victorious Great-Martyr George

All page numbers refer to the Paschal Vespers Book.

Psalm 140 - Tone 8



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 excuse for the 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*harméd.

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.

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.

as from a bri - dal cham - ber. You de - stroyed the do - min - ion of Death.
You o - pened the gates of Par - a - dise to the hu - man race.
Glo - - - ry to you, O Lord!

The service continues on page 19.

Troparia

Troparion of Sunday of the holy Myrrh-bearers - Tone 2

The no - ble Joseph took down your most pure bod - y from the cross.
He wrapped it in a clean shroud and with fra - grant spices laid it in bur - ial
in a new tomb. But you, O Lord, a - rose on the third day,
be - stow - ing great mer - cy up - on the world.



our souls.

Cantor: Glory...

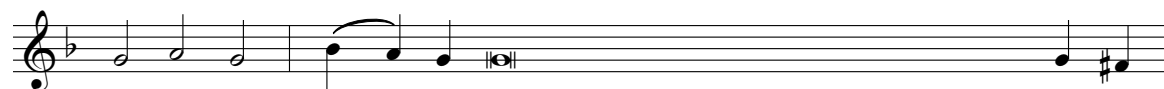
Doxastikon of the Great-Martyr



Let us spiritually praise the great-mar-tyr George, the liv-ing steel of en-dur-ance.



He was tried by fire and brand-ing irons and sharp in - struments of torture for the



sake of Christ. These var - ious tortures ravaged the body which is perisha-ble by



na - ture; but love con-quer-ed na-ture, per - suad-ing the beloved to make his



way through death to Christ our God, the Sav - ior of our souls.

Cantor: (Tone 6) Now and ever...

Doxastikon of Thursday evening in the Week of the holy Myrrh-bearers - Tone 6 samohlasen



Jo-seph asked for the bod-y of Je-sus. He placed it in his own new tomb.



It was fit - ting for the Lord to come forth from the tomb

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

Stichera for Thursday evening in the week of the holy Myrrh-bearers - Tone 8



O hon-or - a - ble myrrh - bear - ers, you fol - lowed Christ's footsteps dur-ing his



earth-ly life, ser-ving him with ea - ger hearts. You would not leave him e - ven



when he died. Driv-en by com-pas - sion, you came to his tomb

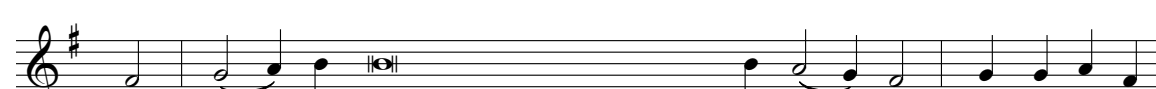


bring-ing myrrh mixed with tears. There-fore we bless your ho-ly me - mo - ry.

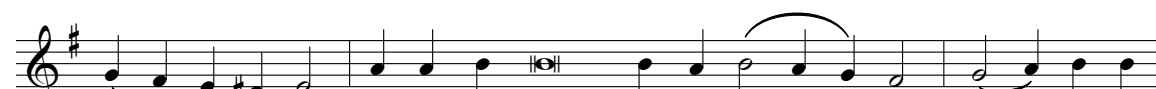
Cantor: Let your ears be attentive
(on 7) to the voice of my pleading.



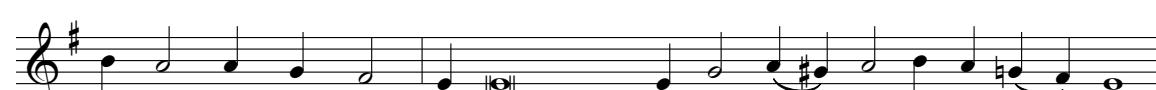
The ho - ly choir of wom - en yearned to see the Life who lay dead in the



tomb. They came in in the night and heard from the an - gels: Christ is ris-en



as he said. Go in haste and tell his dis - ci - ples: Cast sor-row



a - way from your souls. In - stead of tears, re-ceive in - ex-pres-si - ble joy.

Cantor: 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.

⑥

To-day we rejoice in your memo-ry, O myrrh - bear - ers. We glo - rify the most
gracious Lord who glo - ri-fied you. Ne-ver cease to intercede for us, O bles-sed ones,
that we may attain to e - ter-nal glo - ry, and that we may inherit the splen-dor
of the saints; for you have bold - ness be - fore Him.

Cantor: (Tone 4) My soul is waiting for the Lord. I count on his word.
(on 5) My soul is longing for the Lord more than watchman for daybreak.

Stichera of the Great-Martyr and Wonderworker George - Tone 4 podoben: Jako dobl'a

⑤

Hav-ing gath - ered to geth-er to - day, we praise you, O George, as a
val-iant mar - tyr. You kept the faith and com-plet-ed the course and re-ceived
from God the crown of vic - to-ry. En - treat him to deliver from trib-ul - la-tions

at the barbarity of the meaning-less i - dols. You ex-claimed to Christ, to the
warrior king, and to the trans-gres - sors: Nei-ther wild beasts nor wheels of tor-ture,
nei-ther fire nor sword shall ever separate me from the love of Christ my God.
Im - plore him now to save and en - light - en our souls.

Cantor

Plant-ed in the house of the Lord, they will flourish in the court-yard of our God.

③

O crown-bear-er George, you scorned the various instruments of torture and the
ter-ri - fy-ing weap-ons. There-fore we crown your resplendent memory with flow-ers of
hymns, and we kiss your pre-cious rel - ics with faith. Since you stand be-fore
the throne of the Mas - ter, pray unceasingly that he save and en-light - en

Aposticha

Tone 4

①

With psalms and hymns the people are praising your glorious mem-o - ry, O George;
for you shone forth as a beautiful bearer of the light, and you are ra-diant with
grace. There - fore, the angelic ranks now dance with joy. The martyrs and
apostles are prais - ing the strug - gles of the suf - fering ones, O Mar - tyr.
They are ex - alt - ing the Savior, Christ our God, who glo - ri - fied you.
Im - plore him to save and il - lu - mine our souls.

Cantor

The just will flourish like the palm tree, and grow like a ce-dar of Le - ba - non.

②

You have put on the shield of Christ, O George, and you were not found by those
who were hunt - ing you. In - flamed with the fire of Christ, you scoffed

and cor-rup - tion those who faithful-ly ob-serve your pre-cious mem - o - ry.

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

④

Draw-ing hope from your firm-ness of mind, O glo-rious one, you will-ing-ly
persevered to martyrdom like a li - on. Scorn - ing the body as something
that would with - er, you were wise-ly concerned with your in-cor-rupt-i - ble soul.
Cov - ered with wounds by various forms of tor - ture, O George,
like gold you were pu - ri - fied sev - en - fold.

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

③

You suf - fered mar - tyr - dom in behalf of the Sav-ior, O glo - rious one,
by a death similar to his vol-un-tar - y death. You reign glo-rious-ly with him,

clothed with the re-splen-dent pur-ple robes of your blood, and you are adorned with
 the scep-ter of your suf-frings. O great mar-tyr George,
 you are re-splen-dent in your crown of vic-to-ry through-out all
 gen-er-a-tions.

Cantor: Praise the Lord all the nations; **Psalm 116**
 (on 2) acclaim him all you people.

②
 With faith as your ar-mor and grace as your shield, with the cross as your
 spear, you waged war. You were in-vin-ci-ble in fac-ing the foes, O George.
 Like a might-y war-rior, you destroyed the camps of the de-mons. Now
 you are dancing joyfully with the an-gels. In-deed you defend, sanctify, and
 save the faith-ful who in-voke you.

Cantor: (Tone 5) Glory...now and ever...

Of the Martyr - Tone 5 samohlasen

Come, let us be filled with de-light. Spring has come and brought forth the
 Re-sur-rec-tion of Christ. Come, let us be joy-ful.
 The com-mem-oration of the martyr has arrived and illu-mined the faith-ful.
 There-fore, come, O lov-ers of the feasts; let us cel-e-brate that mys-ter-y.
 For, as a good soldier, he courageously overcame and confound-ed the tor-tur-ers.
 He was an im-ita-tor of the passion of Christ the Sav-ior. He did not
 spare his earth-en ves-sel, but ex-posed it naked, allowing it to suf-fer tor-tures.
 Let us cry out to him: O Mar-tyr, pray that our souls may be saved.

The Litany of the Litija is found in the Appendix on page 26.

Tone 4 Bolhar

②



Come, O as-sembly of the faith - ful. Come, let us cel - e - brate
the feast. To-day is man-i - fested the glorious memo-ry of George the mar-tyr.
Spark-ling with vi-rtues, he is in vis - i - bly il - lu - min - a - ting our hearts.
There-fore, let us cry out with one mind: Re - joice, O war-rior of
Christ the great king! Re-joyce, O most splen-did and rich one!
O most bless-ed one, on our behalf, im-plore Christ our God the Mas-ter of all,
that we may be pre - served from the tempta-tions of the E - vil One
and that our souls may be saved.

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

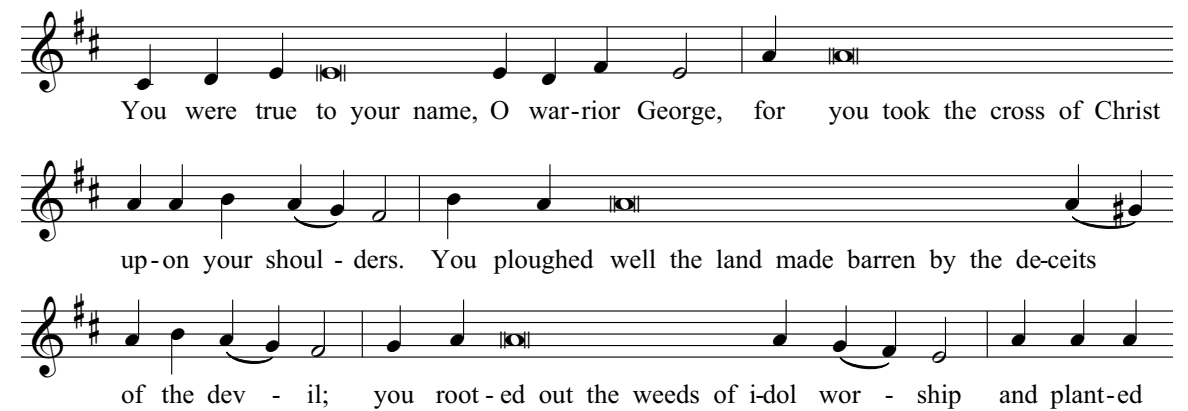
①



We re-cog-nize you as a ver-y bright star, a sun shining in the firmament
of the hea - vens, a ver - y pre-cious pearl, spark-ling more than a gem.
O George, the con-quer-or, we glo-ri - fy you as a son of the day
and cour - a - geous mar - tyr. We commemorate you as a defender of the
faith - - ful in trib - u - la - tions.

Cantor: (Tone 6) Glory...

Doxastikon of the Great-Martyr George - Tone 6 samohlasen



You were true to your name, O war-rior George, for you took the cross of Christ
up-on your shoul - ders. You ploughed well the land made barren by the de-ceits
of the dev - il; you root-ed out the weeds of i-dol wor - ship and plant-ed

the vine of the true faith. There-fore your healing overflows to the faithful through-
 -out the whole world, and you have shown yourself to be the righteous
 gardener of the Trin - i - ty. Pray for peace in the world and sal - va - tion
 for our souls.

Cantor: (Tone 2) Now and ever...

Doxastikon of Friday evening in the Week of the holy Myrrh-bearers - Tone 2 samohlasen

The myrrh-bearing women, O Christ, rose up early and has-tened to your tomb,
 seek-ing to anoint your most pure bod - y. But when the glad tidings
 were brought to them by the words of the an-gel, they has - tened to the apostles
 as her-alds of joy. The Lead - er of our salvation has ris-en and
 con-quired death. He grants the world eter-nal life and great mer - cy.

The service continues on page 12.

The Prokeimenon for Friday evening is found on page 25.

- Readings:**
- | | |
|--------------------|---------|
| 1) Isaiah 43: 9-14 | EOT 303 |
| 2) Wisdom 3:1-9 | EOT 315 |
| 3) Wisdom 4: 7-15 | EOT 308 |

Litija

Tone 1

Be - cause of his glo-rious suf-fer-ing, the bril - liant warrior George rejoices
 with the pow - ers a - bove. At this time we al - so re - joice with them.
 He has in-spired the faith-ful on earth to ob-serve the fast and to cel - e-brate
 with them. Be - cause of that he was consid-ered a serv - ant of Christ.
 Let us there-fore, worth-i - ly ven - er - ate him who prays unceasingly to the
 God of all to grant us great mer - cy.