

**Vespers Propers on the Evening of the  
Third Sunday of the Great Fast  
March 11, 2012**

**Our venerable father and confessor Theophane of the Sygrian Mountain** in Bithynia in the monastery of Ager Magnus. He was called the Chronographer. Having been a very wealthy man, he became a poor monk. He was held in prison for two years by the emperor Leo the Armenian on account of his defense of the cult of holy icons. From there he was deported to Samothrace, where, consumed by his tribulations, he yielded up his spirit. (817)

*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 *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 6 samohlasen**

<sup>(10)</sup> 

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



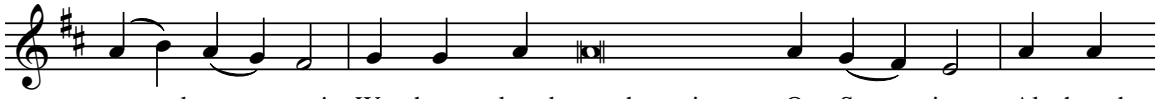
so that I may be de - liv - ered from tor - - - ment.

Cantor: 


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

<sup>(9)</sup> 

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; Lord hear my voice!

⑧   
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 at - ten - tive to the voice of my plead - ing.

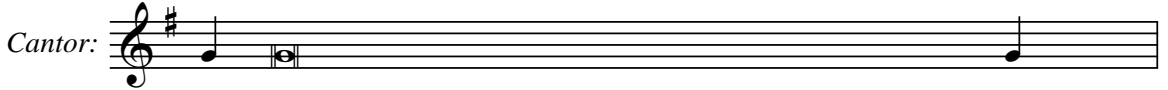
⑦   
Find-ing me stripped of vir-tue, the Enemy has wounded me with the dart of sin;

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.

*Tone 8 samohlasen*



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 third Sunday of the Great Fast - *Tone 8 samohlasen***



O Lord, you willingly stretched out your hands up - on the Cross; now grant us the



com-punction to vener-ate it worth-i - ly. Il - lu - mine our hearts with your



bright-ness, O Lord, by fast - ing and prayer, tem-per - ance and good deeds;



for you are good and you love us all.



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

O Lord, in the a-bun-dance of your love, in this new week of the bright Fast,  
 wipe out the multi-tude of my sins; grant that my soul may be pu - ri - fied,  
 and that I may see and vener-ate your ho - ly Cross, O Lord and Lov - er  
 of us all.

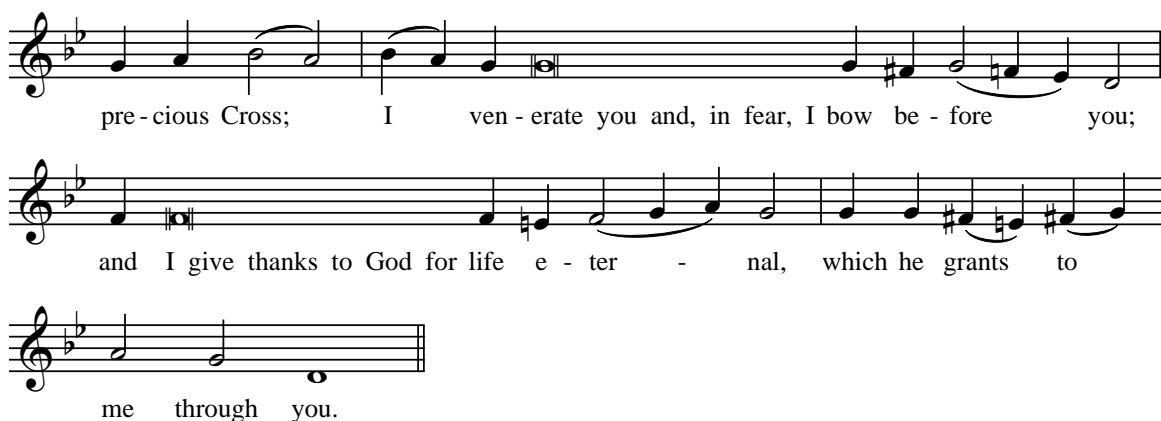
*Tone 3 samohlasen*

Cantor:

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

4


O won - der, sur-pass-ing all the won-ders of old! We be-hold the Cross where  
 Christ was cru-ci-fied in the flesh. The world bows before its bright-ness and  
 cries out: O the pow-er of the Cross! The sight of it puts  
 de-mons to flight: its im-age burns them as a fire. I bless you, O



pre-cious Cross; I ven-erate you and, in fear, I bow be-fore you;  
and I give thanks to God for life e-ter-nal, which he grants to  
me through you.

*Tone 8 samohlasen*

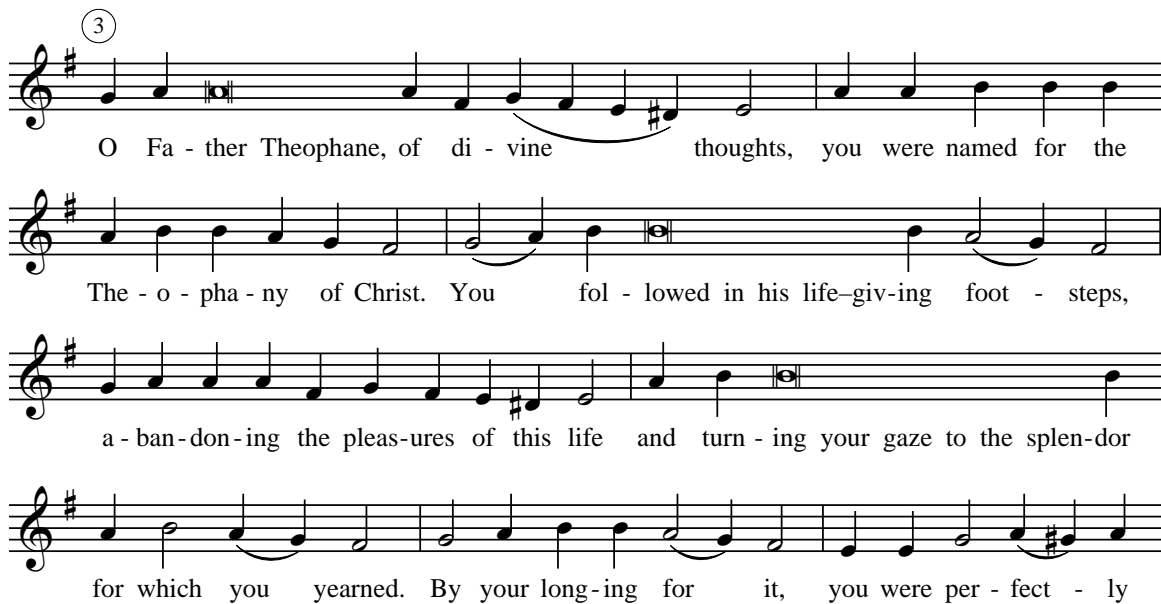
*Cantor:*



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 father Theophane - *Tone 8 samohlasen***

③



O Fa-ther Theophane, of di-vine thoughts, you were named for the  
The-o-pha-ny of Christ. You fol-lowed in his life-giv-ing foot-steps,  
a-ban-don-ing the pleas-ures of this life and turn-ing your gaze to the splen-dor  
for which you yearned. By your long-ing for it, you were per-fect-ly

u - nit - ed to God.

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

<sup>②</sup> O Fa - ther Theophane, of di - vine thoughts, des - pite your phys - i - cal

frail - ty, you pa - tiently endured the bitterness of ex - ile.

When the mad - ness of Le - o caused your ban - ish - ment, O Fa - ther wor - thy

of all praise, you cared more for the ho - ly i - cons than for the con - di - tion

of your bod - y. But you frus - trated the plans of Le - o, his dark spir - it

and his vain thoughts, bring - ing them to de - ri - - - sion.

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

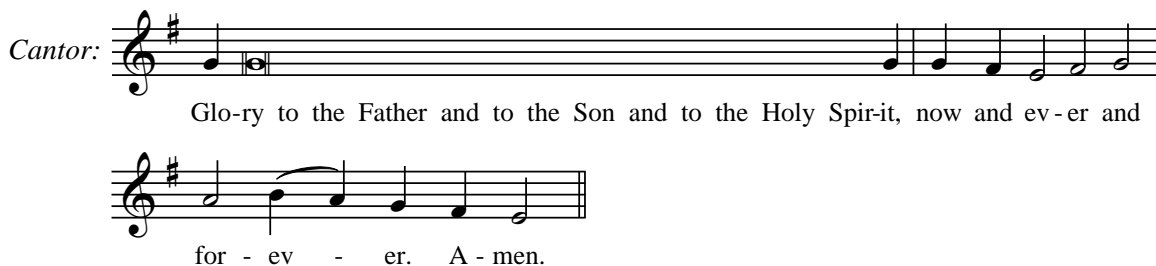


①



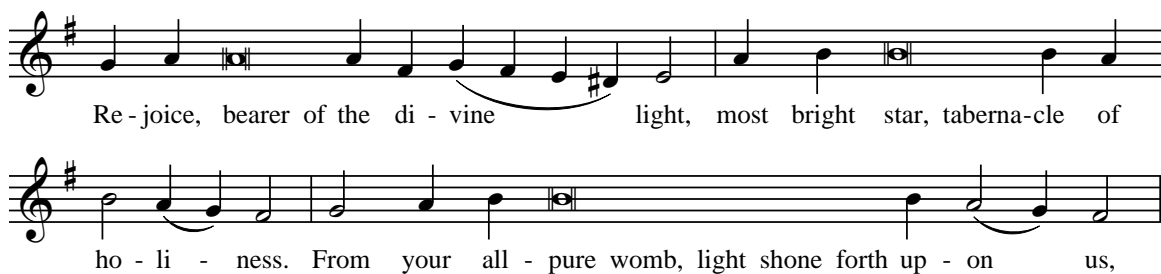
All good comes to us from the Lord, who gen - erously rewarded you for your  
 suf - fer - ings, O bless - ed Fa - ther, by grant - ing you the power to expel  
 de - mons and heal dis - eas - es. We can - not even speak of the in - ef - fa - ble joy  
 which you mer - ited to ex - pe - ri - ence in the place where the an - gels re - joice  
 in their choirs, for you ceaselessly look upon the face of the all - pow - er - ful Lord.

*Cantor:*



Glo-ry to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit, now and ev - er and  
 for - ev - er. A - men.

**Theotokion - Tone 8 samohlasen**



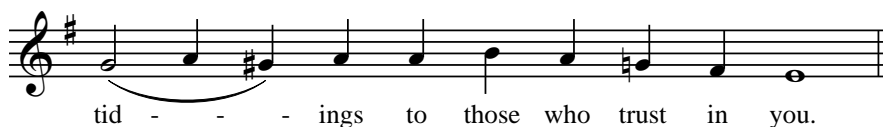
Re-joyce, bearer of the di - vine light, most bright star, taberna - cle of  
 ho - li - ness. From your all - pure womb, light shone forth up - on us,



il - lu - min - ing the ends of the earth and en - light - en - ing them with his grace.



Re - joice, all - pure Lady, origin of sal - va - tion! Re - joice, good news and awe - some



tid - - - ings to those who trust in you.

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

## Aposticha

### Aposticha of the third Sunday of the Great Fast - Tone 8 samohlasen



① & ②  
Woe is me! I dare not lift my eyes to heav - en be - cause of my e - vil



deeds; but like the Publican I sigh and say: For - give me, for I am a

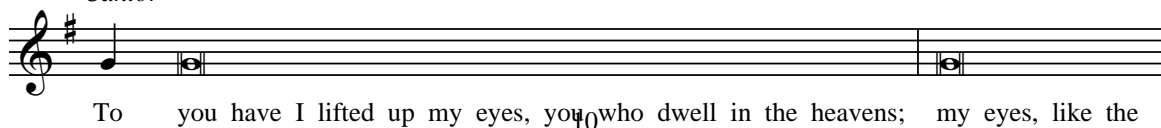


sin - - - ner, and pre - serve me from the hypocrisy of the Phar - i - see,



O Lord, in your good - - - ness.

*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, "Woe is me! I dare not lift my eyes..."

*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.

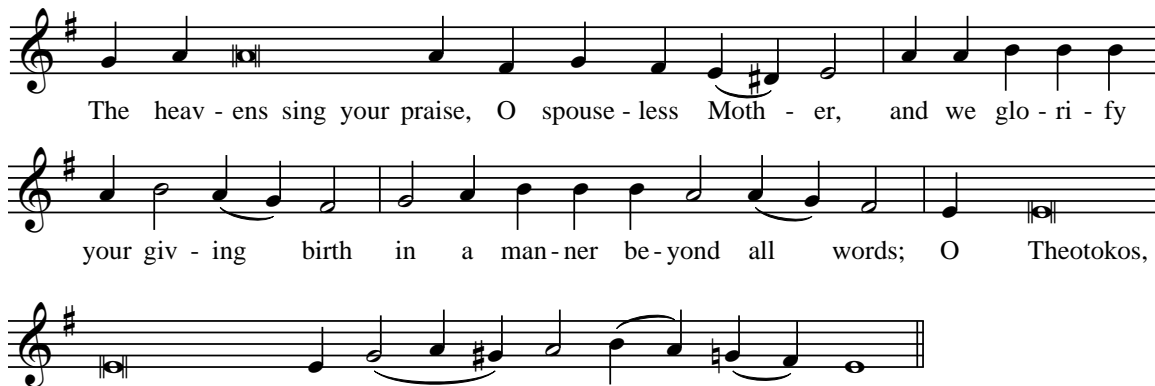
*Cantor*

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.

**Aposticha 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.*