

and for - ev - er. A - - - men.

Aposticha theotokion - Tone 1 samohlasen

O joy of the an-gels in heav - en and pro - tec - tress of the hu - man race

on earth, save us who seek refuge in you, O pure Vir - gin; for, next to God,

our hope is in you, O The - o - to - kos.

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

**Vespers Propers on the Evening of the
Fifth Sunday of the Great Fast
March 17, 2013**

Our holy father Cyril, archbishop of Jerusalem. He suffered many injustices from the Arians for the sake of the faith and was frequently driven from his see. He set forth by his preaching and instruction to the faithful the orthodox doctrine, the Scriptures, and the sacred Mysteries. (386)

*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 1 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 as - cend 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.

All repeat, "Truly wondrous if the benevolence of the Lord for us..."

Cantor

(3)

Cantor

Aposticha

Aposticha of the fifth Sunday of the Great Fast - *Tone 1 samohlazen*

① & ②

Tru - ly wond - rous is the benevolence of the Lord for us; fore - see - ing the future
 as though it were al - read - y pres - ent. He set be - fore us the parable of
 Lazarus and the wick - ed rich man. Con - sid - ering the end of each of them,
 let us a - void the selfishness and hard - heartedness of the lat - ter,
 and im - itate the strength and endurance of the form - er, so that we may
 cry out with him in the bos - om of A - bra - ham: O Lord and
 just Judge, glo - ry to you!

Cantor:

To you have I lifted up my eyes, you who dwell in the heavens; my eyes, like the

Cantor:

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

Stichera of Repentance in the Tone of the Week - *Tone 1 samohlazen*

⑩

My sins are like a great gulf, O Sav - ior, and I am sinking hopelessly
 be - cause of them. Give me your hand as you did to Pe - ter.
 Save me, O God and have mer - cy on me.
Cantor: A - round me the just will assem - ble be - cause of your good - ness to me.
 ⑨
 O Sav - ior, by my sinful thoughts and e - vil deeds, I have brought judg - ment on
 my - self. Grant me the grace of con - ver - sion, O God, so that I may call out
 to you: Save me, O gra - cious Benefac - tor, and have mer - cy on me.

Cantor:

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

8

An-oth-er world a-waits you, O my soul, and the Judge shall bring out your hid-den

se-crets and sins; do not per-sist in doing evil but has-ten to cry out:

O my Judge and my God, spare me and save me.

Cantor:

(on 7)

Let your ears be at-ten-tive to the voice of my plead-ing.

7

O Sav-ior, do not despise your servant who is a slave to sin and la-zi-ness,

but stir my heart to re-pent-ance. Make me a la-bor-er in your

vine-yard, O Lord, and grant me the wa-ges of the eleventh hour and your

great mer-cy.

Cyr-il, splendor of hierarchs, divine champion of the Church of Christ, and leader of

the ranks of Doc-tors: thus we joyfully celebrate your ho-ly dor-mi-tion.

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 samohlafen

O Virgin who have birth to God my Sa-rior, by your sup-pli-ca-tions,

grant that I may escape im-pend-ing tor-ment and re-ceive divine grace,

excellent re-pen-tence, sav-ing heal-ing, streams of tears, and

mindfulness of the dread and ter-ri-ble hour and the judg-ment which is

im-par-tial.

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

Cantor:

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

(2)

By the wisdom of your discourses and the radi-ance of your life, you shone

like a resplendent star among the Fathers ga - thered in Coun - cil, O hierarch Cyril,

worthy of all ad - mi - ra - tion. With the force of grace you silenced the impious

Ma - ce - do - ni - us, who put him-self out-side the law by unreasonably

blaspheming against the di-vine Spi - rit who gives life to all.

Cantor:

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

(1)

You confounded the de - test - a - ble thought of the fool-ish Man-es, wi - thering with

wis - dom and suc - cess the troub - led teach - ngs of that torment - ed spi - rit, O

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 Fifth Sunday of the Great Fast - Tone 1 podobni: Prechval'nij mučenicý

(6)

E - ven though you were rich, O Christ, you be - came poor to en - rich us mor - tals

with the treas - ure of your im - mor - tal light. And e - ven though I have been

impoverished by the pleas - ures of this life, grant me the abun - dance of vir - tues;

give me a place with Laz - a - rus the poor and spare me from the punishment

of the rich man and from the tor - ments that my deeds de - serve.

Cantor:

My soul is wait - ing for the Lord. I count on his word.

My soul is longing for the Lord more than watch-man for day - break.

5 I have a - massed treasures of lux - u - ry and e - vil deeds; tak - ing de - light in the pleas - ures of this life, I have be - come liable to the fires of Ha - des.

My spir - it knows the poverty of Laz - a - rus, for I have been abandoned at the gate of good deeds. Have mer - cy on me, O Lord, wretch that I am.

Cantor: Let the watch-man count on day - break and Is - ra - el on the Lord.

4 With fer - vor, let us be - gin the sixth week of the ho - ly Fast; O faith - ful, let us sing a hymn of praise to the Lord in prep - a - ra - tion for the feast of Palms.

For he comes in glory and the power of his di - vin - i - ty; he draws near

to Jerusa - lem to van - quish death. There - fore, let us prepare symbols of victory, the palms of our virt - ues, that we may cry: Ho - san - na to the Cre - a - tor of the world!

Tone 4 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 holy father Cyril of Jerusalem - Tone 4 samohlasen

3 You rose like a star to shine upon the faith - ful the holy light of your di - vine teach - ings. You eclipsed heresies, completely put - ting them to flight.

Like the ser - vant who increased his talent, O Cy - ril, You were ac - cept - a - ble to the Lord, into whose hands you reverently com - mend - ed your spi - rit.