

Vespers Propers on the Evening of the
Third Sunday of the Great Fast
February 28, 2016

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.

Our venerable father Cassian, at Massilia in the province of Gaul, priest. He founded two monasteries, one for men and one for women. Long an expert in monastic customs, he wrote “on the Cenobitic Institutions” and the “Conferences of the Fathers” for the edification of monks. (c.453)

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 7 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.

Psalms 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.

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.

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.



as-saults of the de - mons, that I may glo - rify you, and praise and bow down



be - fore you with love, and may ex - tol you, O La - dy, as ev - er - bles - sed.

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



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



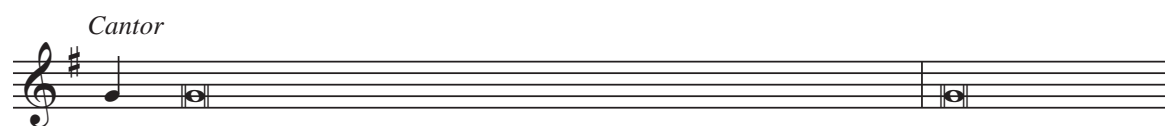
deeds; but like the Publican I sigh and say: For - give me, for I am a



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



O Lord, in your good - - - ness.



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



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 7 samohlasen



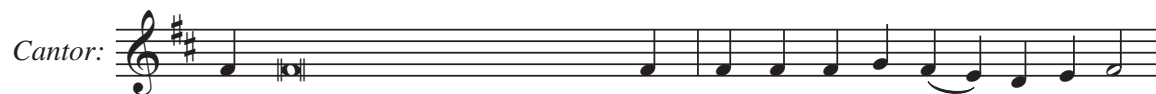
O Ben - e - fac - tor, as a prodigal I come to you. Re - ceive me as I fall



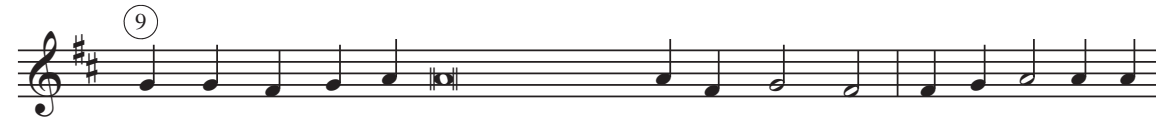
before you like one of your serv - ants, O God. Have mer - cy on me, O



Lov - er of us all.



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



Like one who has fall - en among thieves and is wound - ed, so have I fall - en



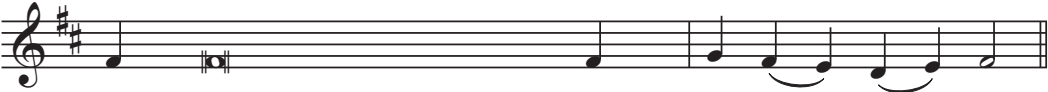
be-cause of my man - y sins. My soul is wound - ed; to whom can I turn?




On - ly to you, the compassionate Heal - er of souls. Pour out on me,




O God, your great mer - cy.

Cantor: 


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



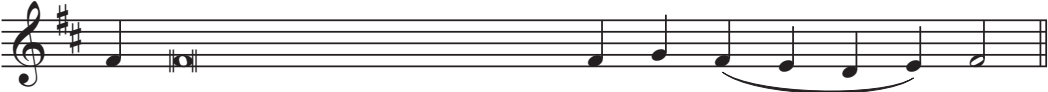
Spare me from the axe, O Sav-ior, as you did the ster-ile fig tree;




grant me for-give-ness of my sins of man-y years; wa-ter my soul with the




tears of re-pent-ance, and I shall bear fruits wor - thy of you.

Cantor: 

Let your ears be attentive to the voice of my plead - - - ing.

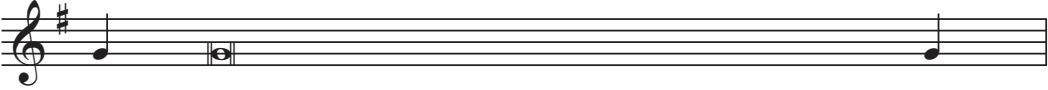


Since you are the Sun of Jus-tice, il - lu - mine the hearts of those




who sing to you: O Lord, glo - - ry to you!


Tone 8 samohlasen

Cantor: 


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.



meek, and innocemt, a prophetic and good - ly her - ald. And now, when you have

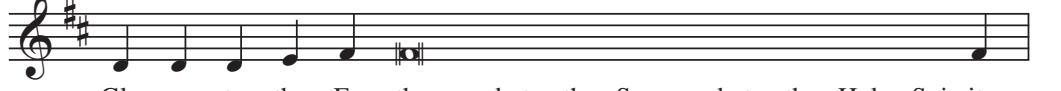


has-tened to God, you have mar-velled all the more, and have re-ceived




the grace of heal - ing,

Tone 6 samohlasen


Cantor: 

Glo - ry to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spir-it,




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

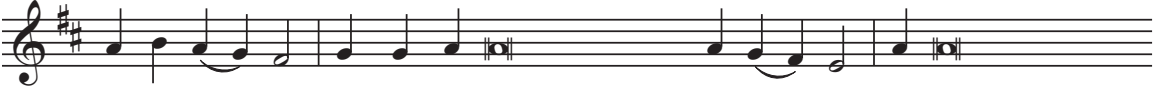
Theotokion - Tone 6 samohlasen



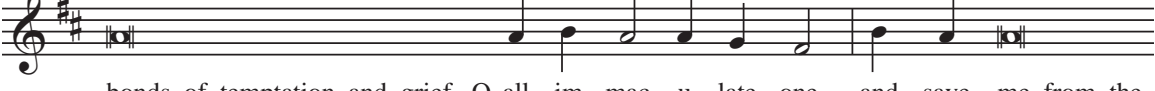
Hav - ing stum - bled because of my evil dis - po - si - tion, and having been enslaved to



wicked decep-tion, O Bride of God, wretch that I am, I flee to your all-won-drous



lov-ing kind ness and your fer-vent aid, O all-ho-ly Maid-en. De- liver me from the



bonds of temptation and grief, O all - im - mac - u - late one, and save me from the

hard and nar - row, yet of sur - pas - sing hon - or, sub - mit - ting to the
 commandments of him who called you There - fore, for your la - bors,
 you have ob - tained a two - hold re - com - pense and fit - ting re - ward:
 the heav - enly kingdom of Christ, and a place to dance in the light with all the saints,
 O Cas - sian. With them, unceas - ing - ly pray in be - half of our souls.

Cantor: *(on 1)*
 Strong is the love of the Lord for us; he is faith - ful for - ev - er.

①
 Ev - 'ry vir - tue was a thing of won - der, O di - vine - ly wise one,
 with which, at first on earth in the flesh, you watch - fully observed silence, O
 ven - e - ra - ble one, and later spoke in words and ma - ter - i - al things, be - ing hum - ble,

Stichera of the Third Sunday of the Great Fast - Tone 8 samohlasen

⑥
 O Lord, you willingly stretched out your hands up - on the Cross; now grant us the
 com - pun - ction 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.

Cantor:
 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.

Cantor:

(on 3) *Tone 6 samohlasen*

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 Cassian - Tone 6 samohlasen

③

You wise-ly per-ceived transitory deception, O all-glo-rious one, and even after your

depar-ture from here to the Lord you hin-dered those who de-man - ded to have it

though it is in no way abiding this fleeting and tem-por-al life and so-cial or - der.

There-fore, as a wise ov-er - seer, you have passed o - ver to a bet-ter life,

hav-ing pleased Christ, O Cas-sian, by your life and works.

Cantor:

(on 2)

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

②

Tak-ing up the cross in childhood, O glo-rious fa-ther, you quickly trod the path which is