

Aposticha theotokion of the pre-feast - Tone 4 samohlasen

The Mother of God, upon hearing, did not un - der - stand the mes-sage of the
arch-an - gel be - cause he was speaking the words of glad tid - ings to her.
She ac-cept-ed his greet-ing with faith and con-ceived you, the e - ter - nal God.
There-fore, we joyful-ly sing to you: O God, you became incarnate, with-out change,
from her; and you grant peace and great mer - cy to the world.

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

**Vespers Propers on the Evening of the
Third Sunday of the Great Fast
March 19, 2017**

Our venerable fathers of the St. Sabbas Monastery, killed by Saracens in 796. The monks refused to flee from the Muslim invasion, saying “We have fled from the world into this wilderness for the love of Christ; it would be shame to us now to flee from the wilderness for fear of men. If we are killed here, we shall be killed through love of Christ, for whose sake we have come here to live.”

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 3 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.

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.

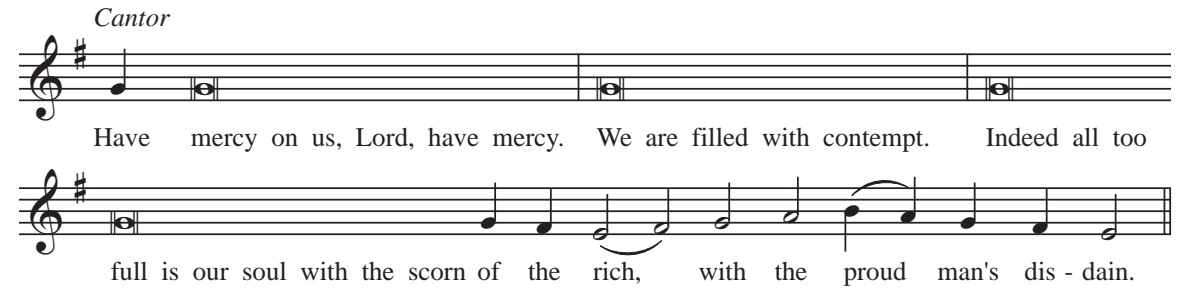
But you, O Lord, know my path.
 On the way where I shall walk they have hidden a snare to *entrap* me.
 Look on my right and see:
 there is no one who takes *my* part.

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."

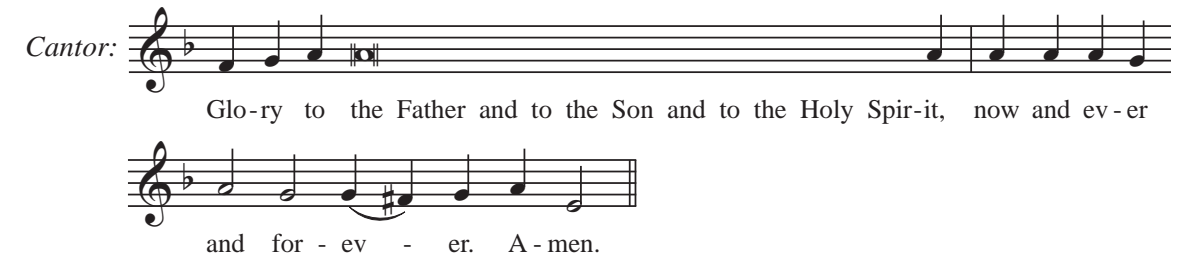
Listen, then, to my cry
 for I am in the depths of *distress*.
 Rescue me from those who pursue me
 for they are stronger *than* I.



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



Tone 4 samohlasen



your pro - tec - tion on the day of judg - - - ment.

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.

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

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

Stichera of Repentence - Tone 3 samohlasen

We of - fer you our eve - ning hymn, O Christ, with in - cense and

spir - it - ual song. Have mercy upon our souls, O Sav - ior.

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

Save me, O my Lord God, for you are the Sav - ior of all.


A storm of passion is toss-ing me a - bout, and the weight of transgression


is sink-ing me. Give me your help-ing hand, and lead me to the light of


hu - mil - i - ty; for you alone are merci-ful and you love man - kind.

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


Col-lect my scat-tered spir-it, O Lord; re - move the thorns from my heart.


Give me the repenance of Peter, the sighs of the pub - li - can, and the tears


of the sin - ful wo-man, so that I may cry out to you in a loud voice:

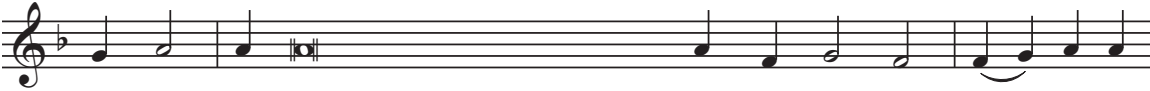

Save me, O my God, the Lover of Mankind and the on - ly com-pas-sion-ate Lord.

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



Of-ten when I am prais-ing you, I find my-self in the state of sin;


and when my lips are sing - ing hymns to you, my soul is think ing


of van - i - ties. Through re - pent - ance, perfect me com - plete - ly,

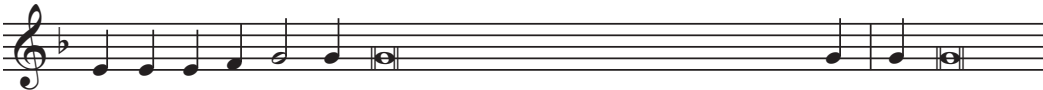

your souls in - to the hands of the Almighty as spot - less vic - tims, in or - der


to be united to the choirs of bodi-less Pow - ers and re - ceive the inheritance


of e - ter - nal bliss: pray unceasingly that those who sing to you



may share your lot.

Tone 4 samohlasen

Cantor: 
Glo-ry to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spir-it, now and ever


and for - ev - er. A - men.

Theotokion - *Tone 4 samohlasen*


O Most Im-mac-u-late One, wheth-er I sail on the sea, travel on land, or rest at home,


give me grace and keep my mind a - lert. En - a - ble me to do God's will,


so that be - cause of the sins of my life, I will find myself hastening under

served as your dwell-ings, you became fellow-citizens with the an - gels through the

grace of God.

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

② Struck by clods of dirt, stones, and fists, O holy martyrs, you all maintained the same

sen-ti-ments to-geth-er, u - nited by fraternal love and af-fec-tion. Sent to-geth-er

to death, your limbs cut off, you vic - to-rious ath-letes were off - ered

as accepta-ble vic - tims at the ta - ble of God!

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

① Suf-focated and burned a-live in the fire, O illustrious martyrs, you com-mend-ed

O Christ our God, have mercy on me and save me.

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.

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-punc-tion 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.

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 for our Venerable Fathers of the St. Sabbas Monastery - Tone 4 samohlasen

3

O vener-able fa - thers, since you cherished the object of your desires with your
 whole heart, you considered the pleasures of this life to be ash-es and dust.
 You were en-am - ored only of the goods that endure for ev - er. In the midst
 of vigils and prayers, in spite of the cold and burn-ing heat, in the caverns which