

**Vespers Propers on the Evening of the
Second Sunday of the Great Fast
February 25, 2018**

Our holy father Porphyry, bishop of Gaza in Palestine. Born in Thessalonica, he spent five years as a hermit in Skete and as many across the Jordan, where he was notable for his kindness toward the poor. Afterwards ordained a bishop, he overturned many temples of idols and was afflicted with troubles by their attendants for a long time, until, worthy of respect, he rested in peace with the saints. (421)

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 5 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.

have compas-sion on my weak-ness and have mer - cy on me.

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

⑧
Woe is me, for I resemble the ster-ile fig tree; I fear both the curse and the axe.

But you, the heavenly Garden-er, O Christ our God, make my dried-up soul fertile



once a-gain. Wel-come me like the Prod-i - gal and have mer - cy on me.

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



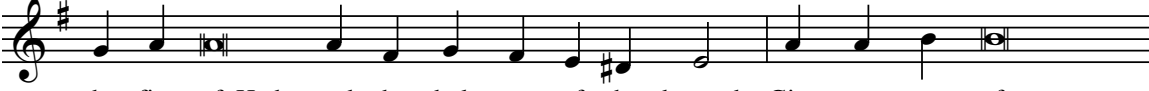



⑦
O Lord, born of the Vir - gin, do not con-sid - er the mul - ti - tude of my sins;

wipe a - way all my faults and give me thoughts of re - pent - ance; O on - ly

Lov - er of us all, have mer - cy on me.

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 Second Sunday of the Great Fast - Tone 8 samohlasen

 ⑥ I have sinned against you with-out meas - ure, and my pun-ish-ment will be
 great in - deed: the sigh - ing without comfort and the gnash - ing of teeth;
 the fire of Hades and the dark-ness of the damned. Give me tears of repentance,
 O most just Judge, that, by fast-ing, I may obtain forgive-ness of my sins
 as I cry to you, O Christ my Lord; have mer - cy on me,
 in your great good - ness.

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



Come, O Word, up-on the moun - tain where my sins have made me wan - der,



seek me out and call me back to you; chase the e - vil thoughts far



from me and bring me back to life, for I am giv-en o - ver to death.



So pu - ri - fy me through fast - ing, that I may cry out to you in unending



tears, O Christ my Lord: Have mer-cy on me, in your great good - ness.



Cantor:

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

④



As we begin the third week of this ho - ly Fast, O faith - ful, let us praise the

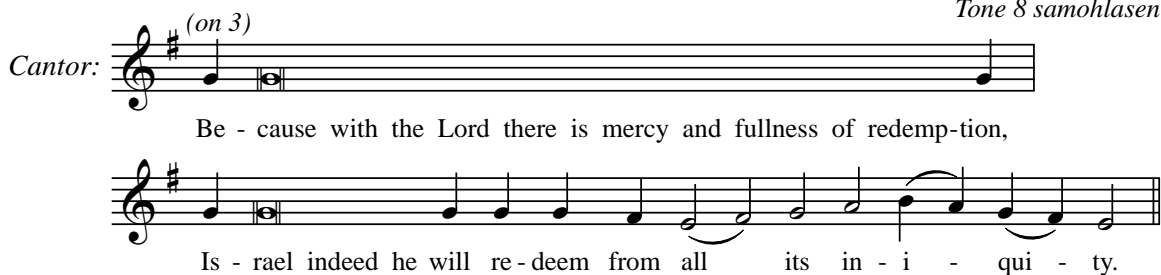


Ho-ly Trin - i - ty! Let us spend the rest of the sea-son filled with joy, and let



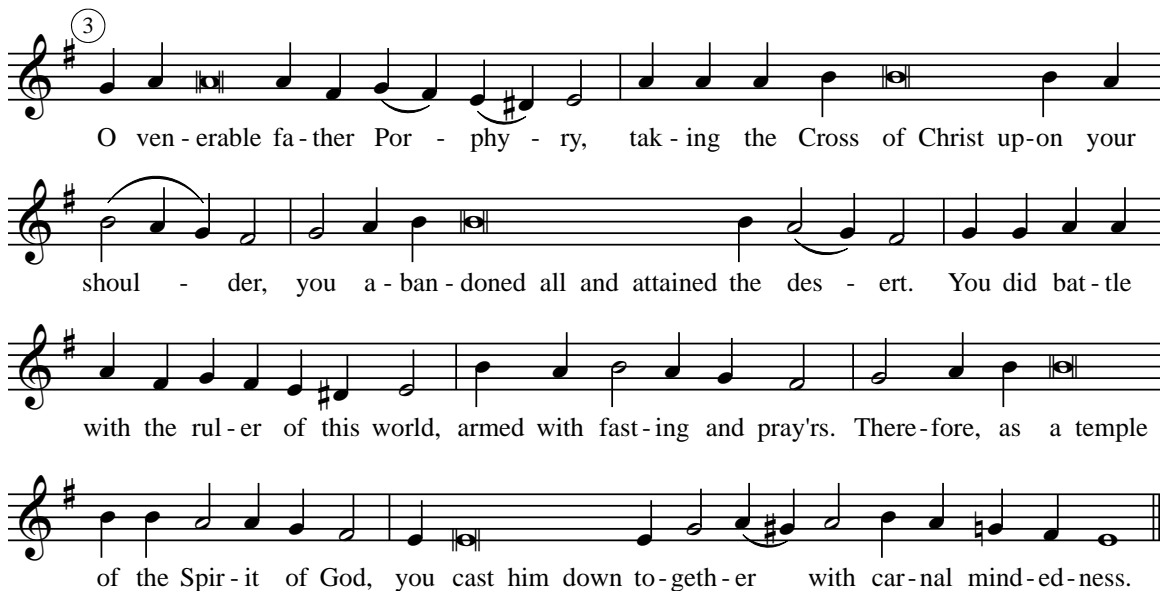
the pas-sions of our flesh fade a-way. Let us gath-er the divine flow-ers of
our souls and weave a crown for that Sunday, the queen of days. With crowns
up-on our heads, we shall praise the vic-to-ry of Christ.

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 holy father Porphyry - *Tone 8 samohlasen*

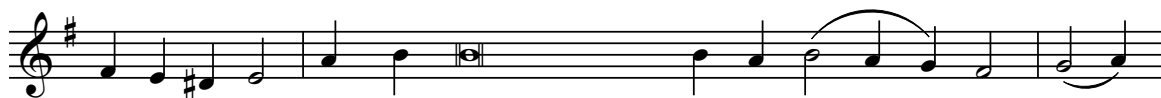



O ven-erable fa-ther Por-phy-ry, tak-ing the Cross of Christ up-on your
shoul-der, you a-ban-doned all and attained the des-ert. You did bat-tle
with the rul-er of this world, armed with fast-ing and pray'rs. There-fore, as a temple
of the Spir-it of God, you cast him down to-geth-er with car-nal mind-ed-ness.


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



As of old God saved the three youths from the fire by his An - gel,



so now through you he saved three youths that had been dragged down


in - to a pit. For when they were borne as in a bas - ket he

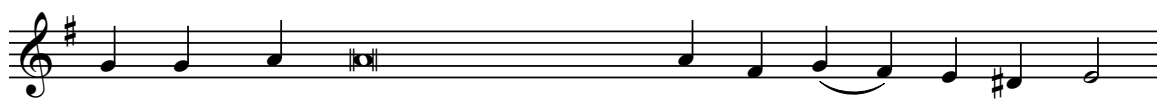

o - vershadowed them with the light of a cloud which formed three cross-es on their


bod - ies to the reproof of those who op - posed you, O Por - phy - ry.

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


Who can wor - thily praise your temp - ta - tions and pains, your mis - for - tunes and


trib - u - la - tions, your strug - gles for the faith, O Por - phy - ry?



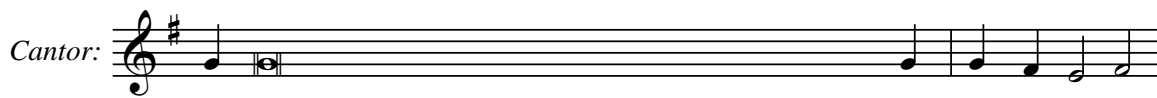
For you showed the boldness that you have be - fore God to be great.



There - fore, we entreat you, for you have such bold - ness: Pray in our be-half



to the Lord, that we may be saved!



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 8 samohlasen



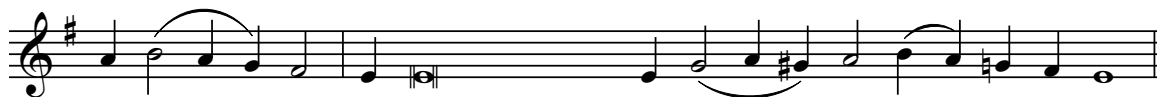
The pre-eternal God, tak-ing flesh from your blood, has re-vealed you, O pure Lady,



as our in-ter-ces - sor. There - fore, deliver your servants from all mis-for - tune



and ev - 'ry e - vil cir - cum - stance, and grant that all who glorify and bow



be - fore you be counted worthy of the splen - dor of the e - lect.

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

Aposticha

Aposticha of the second Sunday of the Great Fast - *Tone 8 samohlasen*

① & ②

I fool-ishly threw off my pa-ter-nal guid-ance, and I have grazed my
flock a-mid un-rul-y thoughts. I have wast-ed all my life in reck-less-ness;
A-las! Woe is me! De-priv-ed of the food that strength-ens the heart,
I have tast-ed the pleasures that satisfy for but a mo-ment in time. O Fa-ther,
in your goodness, do not close the door of your heart to me; o-pen it
to me, re-ceive me as the Prod-i-gal and save me!

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, "I foolishly threw off my paternal guidance..."

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.

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.