The Order of Vespers
on the Sunday of Forgiveness
(Cheesefare Sunday)
and the Sundays of the Great Fast

Metropolitan Cantor Institute
Byzantine Catholic Archeparchy of Pittsburgh

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In the Byzantine tradition, the forty-day fast before Pascha begins on the Monday following the Sunday of Cheesefare (the Sunday of Forgiveness). This booklet provides the service of Vespers as celebrated on the afternoon or evening of Cheesefare Sunday, and on the afternoon or evening of each of the Sundays in the Great Fast.

This book contains the service of Vespers, together with the hymns of repentance in each of the Eight Tones, and the proper hymns for Cheesefare Sunday and for the five Sundays of the Fast. The final stichera at the Lamp-lighting Psalms (for the saint of the day) can be found on the website of the Metropolitan Cantor Institute (http://mci.archpitt.org).

This service may be celebrated with or without a priest (or bishop) as celebrant. If another person leads the service, then:

- The one who leads recites or chants any texts appointed for “Leader.”
- The leader or reader chants the verses of the prokeimenon.
- All other exclamations and prayers of the celebrant and deacon are omitted.
- Incense is not used, and the holy doors remain closed.

This booklet uses the text for the service of Vespers prepared by the Inter-Eparchial Liturgical Commission of the Byzantine Catholic Metropolitan Church of Pittsburgh, and the musical settings of the Inter-Eparchial Music Commission, along with musical settings prepared by the Metropolitan Cantor Institute. Cantors and others may notice some slight changes from previous versions of this service.

Previous editions of this booklet used the “Lenten tone” for hymns and chants throughout the service. This edition follows the decision of the Inter-Eparchial Music Commission to use this melody only for litany responses.

Previous editions of this booklet also gave a longer ending, which is only appropriate on weekday evenings (Monday through Thursday) in the Great Fast. This edition uses the correct conclusion for Sundays found in the official Slavonic liturgical books.

The verses at the aposticha (“To you I have lifted up...” and “Have mercy on us...”) may be sung to the samohlasen verse melody, or chanted to the psalm tone as marked.

Deacon Jeffrey Mierzejewski
Metropolitan Cantor Institute
The Order of Sunday Evening Vespers in the Great Fast

Priest:  Blessed is our God, always, now and ever and forever.

or Leader:  Through the prayers of our holy fathers, O Lord Jesus Christ our God, have mercy on us.

Psalm tone:


Glory to you, our God, glory to you.

Heavenly King, Comforter, Spirit of Truth, everywhere present and filling all things, Treasury of Blessings and Giver of Life, come and dwell within us, cleanse us from all stain, and save our souls, O gracious One.

Holy God, Holy and Mighty, Holy and Immortal, have mercy on us. (3 times)

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit, now and ever and forever. Amen.

Most Holy Trinity, have mercy on us; Lord, cleanse us of our sins; Master, forgive our transgressions; Holy One, come to us and heal our infirmities for your name's sake.

Lord, have mercy. Lord, have mercy. Lord, have mercy.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit, now and ever and forever. Amen.
Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name.
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread,
and forgive us our trespasses
as we forgive those who trespass against us,
and lead us not into temptation,
but deliver us from evil.

Priest: For thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, now and ever and forever.

Response:
A - men.

Lord, have mercy. Lord, have mercy. Lord, have mercy.

(sung twice)

Lord, have mercy. Lord, have mercy. Lord, have mercy.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit, now and ever and forever. Amen.

Call to Worship

Come, let us worship our King and God. (bow)

Come, let us worship Christ, our King and God. (bow)

Come, let us bow before the only Lord Jesus Christ, (bow)
the King and our God.

Psalm 103

Bless the Lord, O my soul!
Lord my God, how great you are,
clothed in majesty and glory,
wrapped in light as in a robe.
You stretch out the heavens like a tent.
   Above the rains you build your dwelling.
You make the clouds your chariot,
   you walk on the wings of the wind;

you make your angels spirits
   and your ministers a flaming fire.
You founded the earth on its base,
   to stand firm from age to age.

You wrapped it with the ocean like a cloak:
   the waters stood higher than the mountains.
At your threat they took to flight;
   at the voice of your thunder they fled.

They rose over the mountains and flowed down
   to the place which you had appointed.
You set limits they might not pass
   lest they return to cover the earth.

You make springs gush forth in the valleys;
   they flow in between the hills.
They give drink to all the beasts of the field;
   the wild asses quench their thirst.

On their banks dwell the birds of heaven;
   from the branches they sing their song.
From your dwelling they water the hills;
   earth drinks its fill of your gift.

You make the grass grow for the cattle
   and the plants to serve man's needs,
that he may bring forth bread from the earth
   and wine to cheer man's heart;
oil, to make his face shine
   and bread to strengthen man's heart.
The trees of the Lord drink their fill,
   the cedars he planted on Lebanon;

there the birds build their nests;
   on the treetop the stork has her home.
The goats find a home on the mountains
   and rabbits hide in the rocks.

You made the moon to mark the months;
   the sun knows the time for its setting.
When you spread the darkness it is night
   and all the beasts of the forest creep forth.

The young lions roar for their prey
   and ask their food from God.
At the rising of the sun they steal away
   and go to rest in their dens.

Man goes out to his work,
   to labor till evening falls.
How many are your works, O Lord!
In wisdom you have made them all.
   The earth is full of your riches.

There is the sea, vast and wide,
   with its moving swarms past counting,
   living things great and small.
The ships are moving there,
   and the monsters you made to play with.

All of these look to you
   to give them their food in due season.
You give it, they gather it up;
   you open your hand, they have their fill.
You hide your face, they are dismayed;
    you take back your spirit, they die,
    returning to the dust from which they came.
You send forth your spirit, they are created;
    and you renew the face of the earth.

May the glory of the Lord last forever!
    May the Lord rejoice in his works!
He looks on the earth and it trembles;
    the mountains send forth smoke at his touch.

I will sing to the Lord all my life,
    make music to my God while I live.
May my thoughts be pleasing to him.
    I find my joy in the Lord.

Let sinners vanish from the earth and the wicked exist no more.
    Bless the Lord, O my soul.

And again:
You made the moon to mark the months;
    the sun knows the time for its setting.
How many are your works, O Lord!
    In wisdom you have made them all.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit,
now and ever and forever. Amen.

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! (bow)
Glory to you, O God!

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! (bow)
Glory to you, O God!

And the third time, to melody: (bow)

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Glory to you, O God!
The faithful may SIT for the Litany of Peace.

If there is no priest, then in place of this litany, the cantor and faithful chant “Lord, have mercy” (12 times), “Glory.... now and ever...” and continue with the Lamp-lighting Psalms on page 8.

Litany of Peace

Deacon: In peace, let us pray to the Lord.

Response: 1. Lord, have mercy.

Deacon: For peace from on high and for the salvation of our souls, let us pray to the Lord.

Response: 2. Lord, have mercy.

Deacon: For peace in the whole world, for the stability of the holy Churches of God, and for the union of all, let us pray to the Lord.  

For this holy church [or: this holy monastery] and for all who enter it with faith, reverence, and fear of God, let us pray to the Lord.  

For our holy father, (Name), pope of Rome, let us pray to the Lord.

For our most reverend metropolitan, (Name), for our God-loving bishop, (Name), for the venerable presbyterate, the diaconate in Christ, and all the clergy and people, let us pray to the Lord.

For our government and for all in the service of our country, let us pray to the Lord.

For this city, for every city, community, and for the faithful living in them, let us pray to the Lord.

For favorable weather, for an abundance of the fruits of the earth, and for peaceful times, let us pray to the Lord.
For those who travel by sea, air, and land, for the sick, the suffering, the captive, and for their salvation, let us pray to the Lord.

Special petitions may be added here.

That we be delivered from all affliction, wrath, and need, let us pray to the Lord.

Protect us, save us, have mercy on us, and preserve us, O God, by your grace.

Commemorating our most holy, most pure, most blessed and glorious Lady, the Theotokos and ever-Virgin Mary with all the saints, let us commit ourselves and one another and our whole life to Christ our God.

Response:  

To you, O Lord.

The faithful STAND.

Priest:  Evening, morning, and at noon we praise you, we bless you, we thank you, and we pray to you, Master of All and loving Lord. Let our prayer rise like incense before you and do not let our hearts be turned to evil words or thoughts, but deliver us from all that might ensnare our souls. For to you, Lord, O Lord, our eyes are turned and in you we hope; let us not be put to shame, O our God.

For to you, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, is due all glory, honor, and worship now and ever and forever.

Response:  

A - men.
The faithful REMAIN STANDING for the beginning of the Lamp-lighting Psalms and the great incensation of the church; they SIT when the incensation is complete.

The Lamplighting Psalms and the Stichera (hymns) of Repentance are sung in the tone of the week:

- Tone 1 - page 22
- Tone 2 - page 26
- Tone 3 - page 30
- Tone 4 - page 35
- Tone 5 - page 41
- Tone 6 - page 43
- Tone 7 - page 48
- Tone 8 - page 52

These stichera proper to the Sundays of the Great Fast are found on the following pages:

- Cheesefare Sunday (Sunday of Forgiveness) - page 57
- First Sunday - page 62
- Second Sunday - page 67
- Third Sunday - page 72
- Fourth Sunday - page 77
- Fifth Sunday - page 82

The stichera for the saint of the day are found in the insert.

The faithful STAND when the holy doors are opened and the cantor sings:

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit...

to begin the last one or two stichera (doxastika) of the Lamp-lighting Psalms.
During the singing of these hymns, the clergy and servers leave the sanctuary and go in procession through the church, coming to stand before the holy doors.
The clergy and servers enter the sanctuary as “O Joyful Light” is sung. The sanctuary and the faithful are incensed.

Deacon:  Wisdom! Be attentive!

The clergy and servers enter the sanctuary as “O Joyful Light” is sung. The sanctuary and the faithful are incensed.

Hymn of the Evening

Deacon:  Let us be attentive!

Priest:  Peace be to all!

Deacon:  Wisdom! Be attentive!
Evening Prokeimenon

The verses of the prokeimenon are sung either by the deacon or by the priest.

Prokeimenon for Cheesefare Sunday, and the Second and Fourth Sundays of the Great Fast - Special tone 8 (Psalm 68:18, 19, 30, 33):

Verse: Do not hide your face from your servant; answer me quickly for I am in distress. Come close to my soul and redeem me.

Verse: Let your help, O God, lift me up. The poor when they see it will be glad. God-seeking hearts will revive.

Prokeimenon for the First, Third, and Fifth Sundays of the Great Fast - Special tone 8 (Psalm 60:6, 3, 5, 9):

Verse: From the end of the earth I call to you; my heart is faint. Let me dwell in your tent forever and hide in the shelter of your wings. So I shall always praise your name.
The deacon closes the holy doors. The faithful SIT for the sermon (if there is one), then STAND for the Hymn of Glorification, which is chanted to the usual psalm tone.

Hymn of Glorification

Make us worthy, O Lord,
to be kept sinless this evening.
Blessed are you, O Lord, the God of our fathers,
and praiseworthy and glorious is your name forever. Amen

May your mercy, O Lord, be upon us
because we have placed our hope in you.

Blessed are you, O Lord, (bow)
teach me your commandments.

Blessed are you, O Master, (bow)
make me understand your commandments.

Blessed are you, O Holy One, (bow)
enlighten me with your commandments.

Lord, your mercy is forever;
despise not the work of your hands.
To you is due praise, to you is due a hymn;
to you is glory due.

Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
now and ever and forever. Amen.

If there is no priest, then in place of this litany, the cantor and faithful chant “Lord, have mercy” (12 times), “Glory.... now and ever...” and continue with the Apostichia on page 14.)

Litany of Supplication

Deacon: Let us complete our evening prayer to the Lord

Response:  

or:

1. Lord, have mercy.  1. Lord, have mercy.
Deacon: Protect us, save us, have mercy on us, and preserve us, O God, by your grace.

Response:  

or:

2. Lord, have mercy.  

Deacon: That this whole evening be perfect, holy, peaceful, and without sin, let us beseech the Lord.

Response:  

or:

3. Grant this, O Lord.  

Deacon: For an angel of peace, a faithful guide and guardian of our souls and bodies, let us beseech the Lord.

Response:  

or:

4. Grant this, O Lord.  

Deacon: For the pardon and remission of our sins and offenses, let us beseech the Lord.  

For what is good and beneficial to our souls and for peace in the world, let us beseech the Lord.  

That we spend the rest of our life in peace and repentance, let us beseech the Lord.  

For a Christian, painless, unashamed, peaceful end of our life, and for a good account before the fearsome judgement seat of Christ, let us beseech the Lord.  

Commemorating our most holy, most pure, most blessed and glorious Lady, the Theotokos and ever-Virgin Mary with all the saints, let us commit ourselves and one another, and our whole life to Christ our God.

Response:  

or:

To you, O Lord.  

To you, O Lord.
Great and most high God, you alone possess immortality and dwell in unapproachable light. You made all creation with wisdom, dividing light from darkness, establishing the sun to rule the day and the moon and stars to rule the night. You have allowed us sinners to approach your presence with thanksgiving in this present hour and to offer you evening praise. O loving Lord, make our prayer ascend to you like incense and accept it as a sweet fragrance. Grant that we may spend the present evening and the coming night in peace; clothe us with the armor of light; deliver us from the fears of the night and from everything that lurks about in darkness. Grant that the sleep you have given us to refresh our fatigue may be free from all illusions of the devil. Yes, O Master of All, Giver of good things, let us feel contrition as we lie on our beds remembering your name throughout the night. Enlightened by meditation on your commands, may we rise with gladdened soul to give glory to your goodness, offering to your compassion prayers and supplications for our sins and those of all your people. Visit us with mercy through the intercession of the holy Theotokos.

For you are a good and loving God, and we give glory to you, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, now and ever and forever.

Peace be to all!

Bow your heads to the Lord!
Priest: Lord our God, you bowed the heavens and came down for the salvation of the human race. Look upon your servants and upon your inheritance, for they have bowed their heads and bent their necks to you, the awesome judge who love mankind. They do not expect human help, but await your mercy and long for your salvation. Protect them at all times, this evening and tonight, from every enemy, from all the devil’s assaults, from vain thoughts and evil imaginings.

May the might of your kingdom be blessed and glorified, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, now and ever and forever.

Response: or:

A - - - - men. A - men.

Aposticha

The Aposticha are found on the following pages:

Cheesefare Sunday - page 59  
First Sunday - page 65  
Second Sunday - page 70  
Third Sunday - page 75  
Fourth Sunday - page 79  
Fifth Sunday - page 85

The Prayer of Holy Simeon the God-Bearer

chanted to the usual psalm tone

Now you may dismiss your servant, O Lord,  
in peace according to your word;  
for my eyes have seen your salvation  
which you have prepared before the face of all people,  
a light for revelation to the Gentiles,  
and the glory of your people Israel.
Trisagion Prayers

Holy God, Holy and Mighty, Holy and Immortal, have mercy on us. (3 times, with a bow each time)

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit, now and ever and forever. Amen.

Most Holy Trinity, have mercy on us; Lord, cleanse us of our sins; Master, forgive our transgressions, Holy One, come to us and heal our infirmities for your name's sake.

Lord, have mercy. Lord, have mercy. Lord, have mercy.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit, now and ever and forever. Amen.

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us, and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

Priest: For thine is the kingdom and the power and glory, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, now and ever and forever.

Response: Amen.
Dismissal for Fasts

Troparion to the Theotokos - Tone 4

Re-joice, O Vir - gin The - o - to - kos! Mar - y full of grace, the Lord is with you! Bless - ed are you a - mong wo - men, and bless - ed is the fruit of your womb. For you gave birth to Christ, the Sav - ior and Re-deem-er of our souls.

Glo - ry to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Spir - it.

Troparion to John the Forerunner - Tone 4

O Bap - tiz - er of Christ, re - mem - ber us all, that we be delivered from our trans - gres - sions; for you have been giv - en grace to in - ter-cede on our be - half.

Prostration

Prostration
Now and ever and ever. Amen.

Pray for us, O holy apostles and all you saints, that we be delivered from danger and affliction, for we have you as our fervent intercessors before the Savior.

Prostration

Then this hymn to the Theotokos, using either melody:

Beneath your compassion we take refuge, O Virgin Theotokos. Despise not our pray'rs, our pray'rs in our need, but deliver us from dangers, for you alone are pure, for you alone are pure and blessed.
or:

Be - neath your com - pas - sion we take ref - uge, O Vir - gin The - o - to - kos.

De - spise not our pray'rs in our need, but de - liv - er us from dan - gers,

for you a - lone are pure and bless - ed.

The following is sung four times:  

Lord, have mercy. Lord, have mercy. Lord, have mercy. Lord, have mercy. Lord, have mercy.

Lord, have mercy. Lord, have mercy. Lord, have mercy. Lord, have mercy. Lord, have mercy.

All:

Lord, give the bless - ing.

If a priest leads the service:

Priest:  Blessed is Christ our God, the One-Who-Is, always, now and ever and forever.

Priest or Leader:  
King of heaven, support our civil authorities, confirm the faith, calm the nations, give peace to the world, and safeguard this city [or: this holy monastery]. Grant those who have gone before us a dwelling place among the righteous, and accept us in repentance and confession and have mercy, for you are good and love us all.

Response:

Lord, have mercy. Lord, have mercy.
Lord, have mercy.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit, now and ever and forever. Amen.

More honorable than the Cherubim, and beyond compare more glorious than the Seraphim, who, a virgin, gave birth to God the Word, you, truly the Theotokos, we magnify.

*If a priest leads the service:*

Give the blessing, Reverend Father, in the name of the Lord.

Priest or Leader:  
Through the prayers of our holy fathers, O Lord Jesus Christ our God, have mercy on us.

Response:

A - men.
The Prayer of Saint Ephrem the Syrian

All:  Lord and Master of my life,  
spare me from the spirit of indifference, despair,  
lust for power, and idle chatter.  (Prostration)

Instead, bestow on me, your servant,  
the spirit of integrity, humility,  
patience, and love.  (Prostration)

Yes, O Lord and King,  
let me see my own sins  
and not judge my brothers and sisters;  
for you are blessed forever and ever.  Amen.  (Prostration)

The following dismissal is omitted if there is no priest.

Dismissal

Priest:  Glory to you, O Christ God, our hope, glory to you.

Response:  Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit,  
now and ever and forever.  Amen.

Lord, have mercy.  Lord, have mercy.  Lord, have mercy.  
Give the blessing.

Priest:  May Christ our true God have mercy on us and save us through the prayers  
of his most pure Mother, through the protection of the honorable and  
heavenly angelic powers; through the prayers of the holy, glorious, and  
illustrious apostles; of the holy (Name), the patron[ess] of this church; of the  
holy (Name of the saint whose day it is); and through the prayers of all the  
saints; for Christ is good and loves us all.

Response:  Amen.
The Ceremony of Mutual Forgiveness
(at the conclusion of Vespers on Cheesefare Sunday)

The priest or leader bows low to those present, and says:

**Priest or Leader:** Brothers and sisters, forgive me, a sinner,
all the sins I have committed this day and all the days of my life,
in word or deed or thought,
with all my spiritual and bodily faculties.

**Response:** May God forgive you and have mercy on you, [if a priest: reverend father].

Then those present bow low to the priest or leader, saying:

*[If a priest: Bless, reverend father, and] forgive us sinners
the sins we have committed this day
and all the days of our lives,
in word or deed or thought,
with all our spiritual and bodily faculties.*

**Priest or Leader:** May God in his grace forgive your sins
and have mercy on all of you.

After this exchange, the faithful come forward individually, make a bow, and say to the priest or leader:

Forgive me, a sinner.

*to which the priest or leader responds:*

May God forgive you.

During the exchange of mutual forgiveness, the cantors and choir quietly sing the irmosy of the Paschal Canon or the Paschal stichera.
O Lord, I have cried to you, hear me. Hear me, O Lord! O Lord, I have cried to you, hear me; receive the voice of my pray'r when I call upon you. Hear me O Lord.

Let my pray'r ascend to you like incense and the lifting up of my hands like an evening sacrifice. 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 excuse for the 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.

22
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.
My sins are like a great gulf, O Savior, and I am sinking hopelessly because of them. Give me your hand as you did to Peter.

Save me, O God, and have mercy on me.

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

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.

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

An-oth-er world a-waits you, O my soul, and the Judge shall bring out your hid-den
secrets and sins; do not persist in doing evil but hasten to cry out:

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

Cantor: Let your ears be attentive to the voice of my pleading.

O Savior, do not despise your servant who is a slave to sin and laziness,

but stir my heart to repentance. Make me a laborer in your

vineyard, O Lord, and grant me the wages of the eleventh hour and

your great mercy.

The stichera for the Sundays of the Great Fast are found on the following pages:

Cheesefare Sunday (Sunday of Forgiveness) - page 57
First Sunday - page 62
Second Sunday - page 67
Third Sunday - page 72
Fourth Sunday - page 77
Fifth Sunday - page 82
O Lord, I have cried to you, hear me. Hear me, O Lord!

O Lord, I have cried to you, hear me; receive the voice of my pray'r when I call upon you. Hear me, O Lord! Let my pray'r ascend to you like incense and the lifting up of my hands like an evening sacrifice. 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 excuse for the 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.

Psalm 140 - Tone 2 samohlasen
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 prison and then I shall praise
Like the Prodigal, I have sinned against you, O Savior. Receive me, O Father, for I am repentant; and have mercy on me, O God.

Around me the just will assemble because of your goodness to me.

I cry out to you, O Christ my Savior, with the voice of the Publican.

Be merciful to me as you were to him, and have mercy on me, O God.

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

When I consider my foolish deeds, I take refuge in your compassion;
as the publican, the prodigal, and the sinful woman, I bow down to you. Before condemning me, O my God, in your goodness spare me and save me.

Cantor: Let your ears be attentive to the voice of my pleading.

O Lord, born of a Virgin, do not look at my sins, but purify my heart and make it a temple of the Holy Spirit. Do not reject me far from your sight; for with you is the abundance of salvation.

The stichera for the Sundays of the Great Fast are found on the following pages:

Cheesefare Sunday (Sunday of Forgiveness) - page 57
First Sunday - page 62
Second Sunday - page 67
Third Sunday - page 72
Fourth Sunday - page 77
Fifth Sunday - page 82
O Lord, I have cried to you, hear me. Hear me, O Lord!

O Lord, I have cried to you, hear me; receive the voice of my pray'r when I call upon you. Hear me, O Lord! Let my pray'r ascend to you like incense, and the lifting up of my hands like an evening sacrifice. 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 excuse for the 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.

Psalm 140 - Tone 3 samohlasen

Tone 3
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 prison and then I shall praise your name.
We offer you our evening hymn, O Christ, with incense and
spiritual song. Have mercy upon our souls, O Savior.

A round me the just will assemble because of your goodness to me.

Save me, O my Lord God, for you are the Savior of all.

A storm of passion is tossing me about, and the weight of transgression
is sinking me. Give me your helping hand, and lead me to the light of

humbility; for you alone are merciful and you love mankind.

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

Collect my scattered spirit, O Lord; remove the thorns from my heart.
Give me the repentance of Peter, the sighs of the publican, and the tears of the sinful woman, so that I may cry out to you in a loud voice:

Save me, O my God, the Lover of us all, and the only compassionate Lord.

Cantor:

Let your ears be attentive to the voice of my pleading.

Often when I am praising you, I find myself in the state of sin; and when my lips are singing hymns to you, my soul is thinking of vanities. Through repentance, perfect me completely,

O Christ our God, have mercy on me and save me.
The stichera for the Sundays of the Great Fast are found on the following pages:

- Cheesefare Sunday (Sunday of Forgiveness) - page 57
- First Sunday - page 62
- Second Sunday - page 67
- Third Sunday - page 72
- Fourth Sunday - page 77
- Fifth Sunday - page 82
Psalm 140 - *Tone 4 samohlasen*

O Lord, I have cried to you, hear me. Hear me, O Lord! O Lord, I have cried to you, hear me; receive the voice of my pray'r when I call upon you.

Hear me, O Lord! Let my pray'r ascend to you like incense and the lifting up of my hands like an evening sacrifice. 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 excuse for the 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 unharmened.

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.
With my tears I desire to wash away the mark of my sins, O Lord, and through penance, I long to make the rest of my life pleasing to you; but the enemy deceives me and struggles with my soul. Save me before I completely perish, O Lord.

Cantor: Around me the just will assemble because of your goodness to me.

Who is there among the storm-tossed who hastens to your harbor and is not saved, O Lord? Who is ill and seeks your healing and is not cured? O Creator of everyone and Healer of the sick, save me before I completely perish, O Lord.
Out of the depths I cry to you, O Lord; Lord, hear my voice!

Wash me with my tears, O Savior, for I am blemished because of my many sins. And so I bow before you; I have sinned, O God;

Let your ears be attentive to the voice of my pleading.

I am the lost sheep of your mystical flock, and I take refuge in you, O good Shepherd. Have mercy on me, O God.

The stichera for the Sundays of the Great Fast are found on the following pages:

Cheesefare Sunday (Sunday of Forgiveness) - page 57
First Sunday - page 62
Second Sunday - page 67
Third Sunday - page 72
Fourth Sunday - page 77
Fifth Sunday - page 82
O Lord, I have cried to you, hear me. Hear me, O Lord! O Lord, I have cried to you, hear me; receive the voice of my pray'r when I call upon you. Let my pray'r ascend to you like incense and the lifting up of my hands like an evening sacrifice. 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 excuse for the 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 prison and then I shall praise your name. | 
| --- | --- |

Psalm 141
O Lord, I have never stopped sinning, I do not understand the need to love my neighbor. Overcome my ignorance, O gracious One, and have mercy on me: for you alone are the God of goodness.

A round me the just will assemble because of your goodness to me.

O Lord, I am afraid because I have not stopped doing evil, and because of the fear of you. Who is not afraid of the judge at the trial? And who, desiring to be healed, angers the physician as I have? O long-suffering Lord, have compassion on my weakness and have mercy on me.

Out of the depths I cry to you, O Lord; Lord, hear my voice!
Woe is me, for I resemble the sterile fig tree; I fear both the curse and the axe.

But you, the heavenly Gardener, O Christ our God, make my dried-up soul fertile once again. Welcome me like the Prodigal and have mercy on me.

Cantor: Let your ears be attentive to the voice of my pleading.

O Lord, born of the Virgin, do not consider the multitude of my sins; wipe away all my faults and give me thoughts of repentance; Only Lover of us all, have mercy on me.

The stichera for the Sundays of the Great Fast are found on the following pages:

Cheesefare Sunday (Sunday of Forgiveness) - page 57
First Sunday - page 62
Second Sunday - page 67
Third Sunday - page 72
Fourth Sunday - page 77
Fifth Sunday - page 82
O Lord, I have cried to you, hear me. Hear me, O Lord! O Lord, I have cried to you, hear me; receive the voice of my pray'r when I call upon you. Hear me, O Lord! Let my pray'r ascend to you like incense and the lifting up of my hands like an evening sacrifice. 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 excuse for the 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.
I have had neither repentance nor tears! For this reason, I implore you, O Christ God, to convert me before my end and give me remorse so that I may be delivered from torment.

A-round me the just will assemble because of your goodness to me.

At your terrifying coming, O Christ, grant that we may not hear: I do not know you! We have placed our hope in you, O Savior. Although we have not kept your laws because of our indifference, still we pray to you to save our souls.

Out of the depths I cry to you, O Lord; Lord, hear my voice!
Heal the wounds of my heart, O Lord, since it is crippled by my many sins;

for you are the Physician of souls and bodies. You grant forgiveness of sins to those who call upon you; grant me tears of repentance and forgiveness of my sins. O almighty Lord, have mercy on us.

Cantor: Let your ears be attentive to the voice of my pleading.

Finding me stripped of virtue, the Enemy has wounded me with the dart of sin;

but you, O Physician of souls and bodies, heal the wounds of my soul.

O God of tenderness, have mercy on me.
The stichera for the Sundays of the Great Fast are found on the following pages:

Cheesefare Sunday (Sunday of Forgiveness) - page 57
First Sunday - page 62
Second Sunday - page 67
Third Sunday - page 72
Fourth Sunday - page 77
Fifth Sunday - page 82
O Lord, I have cried to you, hear me. Hear me, O Lord! O Lord,
I have cried to you, hear me; receive the voice of my pray'r when I call up-on
you. Hear me, O Lord! Let my pray'r ascend to you like incense and the lifting up of my hands like an
evening sacrifice. 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 excuse for the 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 prison and then I shall praise your name.
O Benefactor, as a prodigal I come to you. Receive me as I fall before you like one of your servants, O God. Have mercy on me, O Lover of us all.

Around me the just will assemble because of your goodness to me.

Like one who has fallen among thieves and is wounded, so have I fallen because of my many sins. My soul is wounded; to whom can I turn?

Only to you, the compassionate Healer of souls. Pour out on me, O God, your great mercy.

Out of the depths I cry to you, O Lord; Lord, hear my voice!
Spare me from the axe, O Savior, as you did the sterile fig tree;
grant me forgiveness of my sins of many years; water my soul with the tears of repentance, and I shall bear fruits worthy of you.

Cantor: Let your ears be attentive to the voice of my pleading.

Since you are the Sun of Justice, illumine the hearts of those who sing to you: O Lord, glory to you!

The sticher is for the Sundays of the Great Fast are found on the following pages:

Cheesefare Sunday (Sunday of Forgiveness) - page 57
First Sunday - page 62
Second Sunday - page 67
Third Sunday - page 72
Fourth Sunday - page 77
Fifth Sunday - page 82
O Lord, I have cried to you, hear me. Hear me, O Lord! O

Lord, I have cried to you, hear me; receive the voice of my pray'r when I

call upon you. Hear me, O Lord! Let my

pray'r ascend to you like incense and the lifting up of my hands

like an evening sacrifice. 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 excuse for the 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 unharmmed.

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.
Unceasingly the angels sing to you, O King and Master. I fall before you like the Publican and cry out: O God, cleanse me and have mercy on me!

A - round me the just will assemble because of your goodness to me.

You are immortal, O my soul! Do not be overcome by the waves of life, but rise up and, to your Benefactor, cry out: O God cleanse me and have mercy on me!

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

Give me the gift of tears, O Lord, as once you gave them to the sinful woman, and let me pour them over your feet, for they have
turned me away from the path of error. I will offer you a sweet-smelling ointment, the conversion of my heart and the purity of my life, so that I too may hear your gentle voice: Go in peace, for your faith has saved you.

Cantor: (on 7)

Let your ears be attentive to the voice of my pleading.

When I look at my many evil deeds, and when I think of the fearsome judgment, I am seized with fright and take refuge in you; O Lord and Lover of us all, do not despise me; you alone are without sin.

Before the end, grant me contrition and save me.
The stichera for the Sundays of the Great Fast are found on the following pages:

Cheesefare Sunday (Sunday of Forgiveness) - page 57
First Sunday - page 62
Second Sunday - page 67
Third Sunday - page 72
Fourth Sunday - page 77
Fifth Sunday - page 82
If you, O Lord, should mark our guilt, Lord, who would survive?

But with you is found forgiveness: for this we revere you.

Entering into the arena of the holy Fast, let us make every effort to humble our flesh by abstinence;

in prayer and with tears let us seek the Lord our Savior, and, that we might turn away from our evil deeds, let us say to him:

We have sinned against you, O Christ our King; save us as you saved the Ninevites of old, and in your goodness, grant us a share in the Kingdom of Heaven.
My soul is waiting for the Lord. I count on his word. My soul is longing for the Lord, more than watchman for daybreak.

When I see my deeds that deserve such punishment, I am without hope, O Lord, for I have disobeyed your holy commandments, and I have led a foolish life.

Therefore I beseech you: Purify me in the waters of repentance by fasting and prayer, O Savior full of goodness; do not reject me, O Benefactor of the universe.

Let the watchman count on daybreak and Israel on the Lord.
Let us begin the time of this bright Fast giving ourselves to spiritual struggle. Let us sanctify our souls and purify our flesh. Let us not only fast from food; let us also abstain from every passion and cultivate spiritual virtues.

And let us faithfully persevere in this, so that we may be worthy to see the holy Passion of Christ our God and the joy of his holy Resurrection.

The stichera for the saint of the day are found in the insert.
The light of your grace has shone upon our souls, O Lord. Behold, this is the favorable time, the season of conversion. Let us turn away from the works of darkness, and let us clothe ourselves with the armor of light, so that crossing the ocean of the Fast, we may come to the harbor of the Resurrection on the third day with our Lord Jesus Christ, the Savior of our souls.

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 mercy. Repeat "The light of your grace..."

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 disdain.

O Christ our God, you are glorified in the remembrance of your saints; through
their intercession, send down on us great mercy.

Cantor:

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit,

now and ever and forever. Amen.

Theotokion - in the same tone

The choir of angels glorifies you, O most pure Virgin, for you have given

birth to our God, co-eternal with the Father and the Holy Spirit, through

whom the angelic armies were brought forth from nothingness. Be seech him

to send the light of salvation upon the souls who profess the true faith,

praising you as the Mother of our God.

The service continues with the Prayer of Holy Simeon the God-Bearer on page 14.
If you, O Lord, should mark our guilt, Lord, who would survive? But with you is found forgiveness: for this we revere you.

Grant contrition and estrangement from evil to my soul submerged in the abyss of passions and separated from you, O divine King of the universe.

I have no other hope but you. May I find uprightness and virtue.

Save me, a poor sinner, in your immense goodness, O almighty Lord and Savior of us all.

My soul is waiting for the Lord. I count on his word. My soul is longing for the Lord more than watchman for daybreak.
Moses the divine prophet was purified by fasting, and he contemplated the One whom he desired. And you, O my poor soul, hasten to imitate him. In this time of abstinence purify yourself of every evil, so that you may also contemplate the Lord who grants you forgiveness. He is good and the Lover of us all, the Lord almighty.

Tone 6 samohlasen

Cantor:

Let the watchman count on daybreak and Israel on the Lord.

Let us begin this second week of the Fast in joy; O faithful, let us exert ourselves from day to day as did the prophet Elijah the Tishbite.

May the four cardinal virtues be our chariot of fire! Let us lift our spirit by
turning away from passions, and through purity, let us struggle against the flesh, so that we may resist and conquer the Enemy.

The stichera for the saint of the day are found in the insert.
Come, let us purify our-selves by shar-ing with the poor, not sound - ing the trumpet
for our giv - ing of alms, nor dis - play - ing our good deeds. May our
left hand know not what our right hand does, lest vain-glo - ry rob us
of our fruit! But in se - cret, let us say to him who knows all things.
For-give us our tres-pass-es, Fa - - - ther, in your good - ness
for man - kind.

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 mercy.
Repeat “Come, let us purify...”

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 disdain.

O mar-tyrs of the Lord, you sanc - tify every place and cure ev - 'ry ill.
We be-seech to pray that our souls be saved from the snares of the enemy.

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 - in the same tone

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 Holy Simeon the God-Bearer on page 14.
If you, O Lord, should mark our guilt, Lord, who would survive? But with you is found forgiveness: for this we revere you.

I have sinned against you without measure, and my punishment will be great indeed: the sighing without comfort and the gnashing of teeth; the fire of Hades and the darkness of the damned. Give me tears of repentance, O most just Judge, that, by fasting, I may obtain forgiveness of my sins as I cry to you, O Christ my Lord: Have mercy on me, in your great goodness.
My soul is waiting for the Lord. I count on his word. My soul is longing for the Lord more than watchman for daybreak.

Come, O Word, upon the mountain where my sins have made me wander, seek me out and call me back to you; chase the evil thoughts far from me and bring me back to life, for I am given over to death.

So purify me through fasting, that I may cry out to you in unending tears, O Christ my Lord: Have mercy on me, in your great goodness.

Let the watchman count on daybreak and Israel on the Lord.

As we begin the third week of this holy Fast, O faithful, 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.

The stichera for the saint of the day are found in the insert.
I foolishly threw off my paternal guidance, and I have grazed my flock amid unruly thoughts. I have wasted all my life in recklessness; alas! Woe is me! Deprived of the food that strengthens the heart, I have tasted the pleasures that satisfy for but a moment in time. O Father, in your goodness, do not close the door of your heart to me; open it to me, receive me as the Prodigious 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 mercy. Repeat “I foolishly threw off...”

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 disdain.

O martyrs of the Lord, you sanctify every place and cure every ill.
We beseech to pray that our souls be saved from the snares of the enemy.

Cantor:

Glory to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit, now and ever and forever. Amen.

Theotokion - in the same tone

The heavens sing your praise, O spouseless Mother, and we glory your giving birth in a manner beyond all words; O Theotokos, intercede for the salvation of our souls.

The service continues with the Prayer of Holy Simeon the God-Bearer on page 14.
If you, O Lord, should mark our guilt, Lord, who would survive? But with
you is found forgiveness: for this we revere you.

O Lord, you willingly stretched out your hands upon the Cross; now grant us the
comunction to venerate it worthily. Illuminate our hearts with your
brightness, O Lord, by fasting and prayer, temperance and good deeds;

for you are good and you love mankind.

My soul is waiting for the Lord. I count on his word. My soul is
longing for the Lord more than watchman for daybreak.
O Lord, in the abundance of your love, in this new week of the bright Fast,

wipe out the multitude of my sins; grant that my soul may be purified,

and that I may see and venerate your holy Cross, O Lord and Lover of Man-kind.

*Cantor:*

Let the watchman count on day-break and Israel on the Lord.

O wonder, surpassing all the wonders of old! We behold the Cross where

Christ was crucified in the flesh. The world bows before its brightness and

cries out: O the power of the Cross! The sight of it puts demons to flight: its image burns them as a fire. I bless you, O
precious 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.

The stichera for the saint of the day are found in the insert.
Woe is me! I dare not lift my eyes to heaven because of my evil deeds; but like the Publican I sigh and say: Forgive me, for I am a sinner, and preserve me from the hypocrisy of the Pharisee,

O Lord, in your goodness.

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 mercy. Repeat “Woe is me...”

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 disdain.

O martyrs of the Lord, you sanctify every place and cure every ill.

We beseech to pray that our souls be saved from the snares of the enemy.
Cantor:

Glory to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spir-it, now and ev-er


Theotokion - in the same tone

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 Holy Simeon the God-Bearer on page 14.
If you, O Lord, should mark our guilt, Lord, who would survive? But with you is found forgiveness: for this we revere you.

In this time of fasting, O faithful, let us strive to gain the great glory of heaven, through the mercy of our great God and Savior who delivers us from the flames of Hades.

My soul is waiting for the Lord. I count on his word. My soul is longing for the Lord more than watchman for daybreak.

Having passed the mid-point of this Fast, let us manifest the beginning of
conversion, so that at the end of a holy life, we may find the
happiness that does not pass away.

Tone 7 samohlasen

Let the watchman count on daybreak and Israel on the Lord.

Having passed half the distance of this holy Fast, let us hasten to its
completion in joy; let us anoint our souls with oil for the struggle,
that we may be worthy to venerate the holy Passion of Christ our God
and to contemplate his glorious Resurrection.

The stichera for the saint of the day are found in the insert.
The One who planted the vineyard and called the workers is the Savior whom we shall soon behold; come, let us receive the recompense of our labors in this Fast, for the Master remunerates generously from his heart; even though we have labored for only a short time, we shall receive great mercy for our souls.

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 mercy.

Adam fell into the hands of robbers of thought; his spirit was betrayed and his soul was covered with wounds; and he lay naked and without help.

It was not the priest from before the Law, nor the levite, who came after the Law,
but it was you, O Lord my God, who cared for him. You came, not from Samaria but from the Virgin Mary! O Savior of our souls, glory to you!

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 disdain.

Your martyrs did not deny you, O Lord, nor did they stray from your commands.

Through their prayers, have mercy on us.

Cantor: Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit, now and ever and forever. Amen.

Theotokion - in the same tone

Imitating the voice of the Archangel, let us sing in faith to the heavenly palace
and the truly sealed door: Rejoice. for the Savior of the universe came from you: Christ the fountain of life, and our God. Drive back the enemies of our faith, O our Lady, for their tyranny weighs heavily upon us.

May they see the power of your arm, O holy Virgin, the hope of Christians!

The service continues with the Prayer of Holy Simeon the God-Bearer on page 14.
If you, O Lord, should mark our guilt, Lord, who would survive? But with you is found forgiveness: for this we revere you.

Even though you were rich, O Christ, you became poor to enrich us mortals with the treasure of your immortal light. And even though I have been impoverished by the pleasures of this life, grant me the abundance of virtues; give me a place with Lazarus the poor and spare me from the punishment of the rich man and from the torments that my deeds deserve.

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.

I have amassed treasures of luxury and evil deeds; taking delight in the pleasures of this life, I have become liable to the fires of Hades.

My spirit knows the poverty of Lazarus, for I have been abandoned at the gate of good deeds. Have mercy on me, O Lord, wretch that I am.

Cantor:

Let the watch-man count on day-break and Israel on the Lord.

With fervor, let us begin the sixth week of the holy Fast; O faithful, let us sing a hymn of praise to the Lord in preparation for the feast of Palms. For he comes in glory and the power of his divinity; he draws near
to Jerusalem to vanquish death. Therefore, let us prepare symbols of victory, the palms of our virtues, that we may cry: Hosanna to the Creator of the world!

The stichera for the saint of the day are found in the insert.
Truly wondrous is the benevolence of the Lord for us; foreseeing the future as though it were already present. He set before us the parable of Lazarus and the wicked rich man. Considering the end of each of them, let us avoid the selfishness and hard-heartedness of the latter, and imitate the strength and endurance of the former, so that we may cry out with him in the bosom of Abraham: O Lord and just Judge, glory to you!

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 mercy. Repeat “Truly wondrous...”

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 disdain.
O Lord, through the interces-sion of all your saints and of the The-o-to-kos, grant us your peace and have mer-cy on us; for you a-lone are mer-ci-ful.

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 - in the same tone

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 Holy Simeon the God-Bearer on page 14.