Vesper Propers  
Sunday of the Paralytic  
Fourth Paschal Sunday

All page numbers refer to the Paschal Vespers Book.

Psalm 140 - Tone 3

O Lord, I have cried to you, hear me. Hear me, O Lord!

Let my prayer 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 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.

**Cantor:** (Tone 3) Bring my soul out of this prison
and then I shall praise your name.

By your Cross, O Christ our Savior, the pow'r of death has been
vanquished and the deceit of the devil has been destroyed. The human race, saved by faith, offers you a hymn forever.

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

O Lord, ev'rything has been enlightened by your resurrection, and Paradise has been reopened. All creation exults you and offers you a hymn forever.

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

I glorify the might of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, I praise the Undivided Power, the Uncreated Divinity, the Trinity one in essence, who reigns forever and ever.
We adore your precious Cross, O Christ, and with hymns of praise we glorify your Resurrection, for by your wounds we have all been healed.

Let us sing the praises of the Savior, who was incarnate of the Virgin; for our sake he was crucified, and on the third day he arose from the dead, granting us his great mercy.

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

Christ descended into Hades and announced to those confined there: Take courage, for today I have conquered death. I am the Resurrection, the One who will set you free. I have shattered the gates of the realm of death.
Cantor: Let the watchman count on daybreak, and Israel on the Lord.

Cantor: O Christ our God, we unworthily stand in your most pure temple and offer to you our evening hymns. From the depths of our souls we cry out to you: O Lover of us all, who has enlightened the world by your resurrection on the third day, deliver your people from the hands of your enemies.

Cantor: (Tone 1) Because with the Lord there is mercy and fullness of redemption, Israel indeed he will redeem from all its iniquity.

Cantor: O ineffable goodness who created the human form, you came to heal those who are ill. O Christ, by your word you raised the Paralytic at the Sheep Pool; you healed the suffering of the woman with the flow of blood;
you showed mercy to the tormented daughter of the Canaanite woman; and you did not disdain the prayer of the centurion. Because of this, we cry out in praise: O Lord Almighty, glory to you!

Cantor: Praise the Lord, all you nations, acclaim him all you peoples! (Repeat "O ineffable goodness")

Cantor: Strong is the love of the Lord for us; he is faithful forever.

The Paralytic was like an unburied dead man, and when he saw you, O Lord, he cried out: Have mercy on me, for my bed has become my grave.

Of what use is my life? I have no need of the Sheep Pool, for there is none to put me into the water. Therefore I come to you, O Fountain of all healing, that with all I may cry to you:
O Lord Al-might-y, glo-rry to you!

Cantor:  (Tone 5) Glory...

**Doxastikon**  
Tone 5

Jesus went up to Jerusalem to the Sheep Pool, which in Hebrew was called Beth-es-da. And there lay a great multitude of sick people in its five por-ti-coes; for the angel of the Lord went down at certain times and stirred the wa-ter, grant-ing heal-ing to those who ap-proached in faith. the Lord saw there a man with a chron-ic ill-ness, and he asked him: Do you want to be healed? The sick man re-plied to the Sav-i-or: I have no one to put me into the pool when the wa-ter is stirred. I have spent my money on phy-si-cians and re-ceived no help from an-y-one. The Phy-si-cian of soul and bod- y
said to him: Take up your pallet and walk; proclaim to the whole world
the greatness of my mercy and my mighty deeds.

Cantor: (Tone 3) Now and ever...

Dogmatikon

O most honorable one, how can we not marvel, at your giving
birth to God and man? Most pure one, without knowing man, you gave
birth in the flesh to the Son without a father, beotten before all
ages of the Father without a mother. He underwent no change, confusion,
or division, but maintained the properties of each nature intact.

Therefore, O Lady, Virgin Mother, beg him to save the souls of those
who rightly confess you as Theotokos.

The service continues on page 12.
Aposticha

O Christ, who dark-ened the sun by your pas-sion, and en-light-ened all creation
by your res-ur-rec-tion, ac-cept our even-ing pray'r; for you love us all.

The aposticha continue with the Paschal Stichera. The faithful come forward to kiss the cross as at Paschal Matins.

Let God a-rise and let his ene-mies be scat-tered,
and let those who hate him flee from be-fore his face.

To-day the sa-cred Pasch is re-vealed to us, ho-ly and new Pasch,
the mys-ti-cal Pass-o-ver, the ven-er-a-ble Pass-o-ver,
the Pasch which is Christ the Re-deem-er, spot-less Pasch, great Pasch,
the Pasch of the faith-ful, the Pasch which is the key to the gates of Para-disé,
the Pascha which sanctifies all the faithful.

Celebrant:

As smoke vanishes, so let them vanish,
as wax melts before a fire.

All:

O women, be the heralds of good news and tell what you saw;
tell of the vision and say to Zion: “Accept the good news of joy from us,
the news that Christ has risen.” Exult and celebrate
and rejoice, O Jerusalem, seeing Christ the King,
combing forth from the tomb like a bridegroom.
So let the wicked perish at the presence of God, but let the righteous ones rejoice.

The myrrh-bearing women arrived just before the dawn at the tomb of the Giver of Life and found an angel seated on the stone who spoke these words to them: “Why do you seek the living among the dead? Why do you mourn the incorruptible among those subject to decay? Go announce the good news to his disciples.

This is the day that the Lord has made; let us be glad and rejoice in it.
All:

Pasch so de-light-ful, Pasch of the Lord, is the Pasch—

most hon-ored Pasch now dawnd on us. It is the Pasch! There-fore, let us

joy-ful-ly em-brace one an-oth-er. O Pass-o-ver, save us from sor-row;

For to-day, Christ has shown forth from the tomb as from a bri-dal

cham-ber and filled the wo-men with joy by say-ing: An-nounce

the good news to the A-pos-tles.

Tone 8

Celebrant:

Glo-ry be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Spi-rit.

Doxastikon of the Paralytic - Tone 8

On So-lo-mon's porch there lay man-y sick, and in the midst of the feast,

Christ found a-mong them a man who for thirty-eight years had been
paralyzed To him he called out with a Master's voice: Do you

wished to be made well? And the paralytic man replied:

Lord, I have no one to put me into the pool when the water is stirred.

The Lord said to him: Take up your bed! Behold, you have become whole; do

not sin again. Therefore, O Lord, by the prayers of the Theotokos,

send down upon us your great mercy.

Celebrant:

Now and ever and forever. Amen.

Doxastikon of Pascha

This is the Resurrection Day! Let us be enlightened by this Feast

and let us embrace one another! Let us call "Brethren"
even those who hate us, and in the Resurrection,

for-give ev'-ry thing and let us sing: Christ is ris-en from the dead!

By death he tram-pled death; and to those in the tombs he grant-ed life.

The service continues on page 19.

Troparia

Troparion of the Resurrection - Tone 3

Let the heav-ens re-joice, let the earth be glad; for the Lord

has shown the might of his arm. By his death the Lord has tram-pled Death;

he has be-come the first - born of the dead; he has de-liv - ered

us from the depths of Ha - des and has grant-ed great mer-cy to the world.

Cantor

Glo-ry to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Spir-it,
now and ever and forever. Amen.

Festal Theotokion - Tone 3

We sing your praises, O Virgin; for, as the Theotokos, you always intercede for the salvation of the human race. It is from you that our God and your Son took flesh. Then, by suffering the Passion on the cross, and out of love for mankind, he delivered us from corruption.

The service continues on page 21.