

Vespers Propers on the Evening of the
First Sunday of the Great Fast
February 21, 2010

The Finding of the venerable relics of the Martyrs at Eugenia near Constantinople. During the reign of the emperor Arcadius, a divine revelation showed the burial place of these martyrs of whom it was said, "God alone knows their names, and he has written them in the Book of Life in heaven."

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 *unharm*ed.

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: 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.

③

O mar-tyr 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: Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit;
now and ever and forever. Amen.

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.

Cantor: (Tone 5) Bring my soul out of this prison
(on 10) and then I shall praise your name.

Stichera of Repentance - Tone 5 samohlasen

⑩

O Lord, I have nev-er stopped sin-ning, I do not understand the need to
love my neigh-bor. O-ver-come my ig-no-rance, O gra-cious One, and have
mer-cy on me: for you a-lone are the God of good-ness.

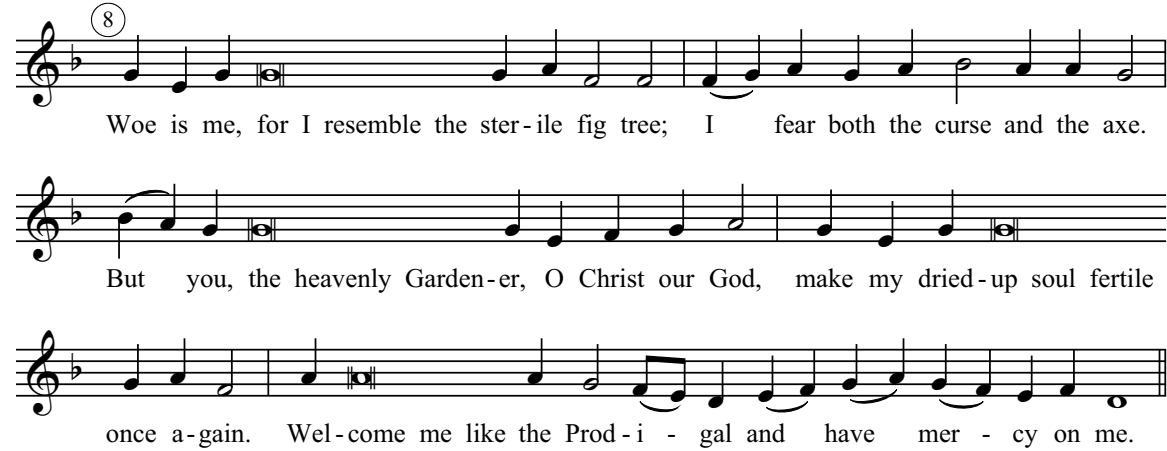
Cantor: Around me the just will assemble
(on 9) because of your goodness to me.

⑨

O Lord, I am afraid because I have not stopped do-ing e-vil, and be-cause of
the fear of you. Who is not afraid of the judge at the trial? And who,
de-siring to be healed, angers the physi-cian as I have? O long-suf-fering Lord,
have compas-sion on my weak-ness and have mer-cy on me.

Cantor: Out of the depths I cry to you, O Lord; **Psalm 129**
(on 8) 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 attentive
(on 7) to the voice of my pleading.

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: (Tone 4) If you, O Lord, should mark our guilt, Lord, who would survive?
(on 6) But with you is found forgiveness: for this we revere you.

Stichera of the first Sunday of the Great Fast - Tone 4 samohlasen

6



Grant contrition and estrangement from e - vil to my soul submerged in the



our refuge and our con - fir - ma - tion, you are our me - diatrix before Christ,
our Lord and mas - ter. We pray you to ask him for peace in the world and
the for-give-ness of sins for those who flee to your pro-tec - - - tion.

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

Aposticha

Tone 8 samohlasen


1 & 2




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: Strong is the love of the Lord for us;
(on 1) he is faithful forever.


①



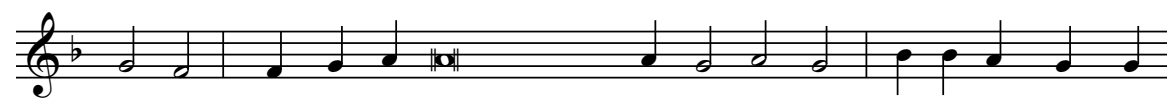
Hid - den under the ground for a long time, the victorious martyrs are now




brought to light as a pre-cious treas-ure which en-rich-es the Queen of Cit - ies.



A wise hi - erarch bears them in his hands, car - rying them into the ho - ly




tem-ple. Those en-treat-ing them receive en-light-en-ment, ben-e-fits, health, and




pro-tec - tion for those who re-ceive them as ser-vants of God.

Cantor: Glory...now and ever...


Theotokion



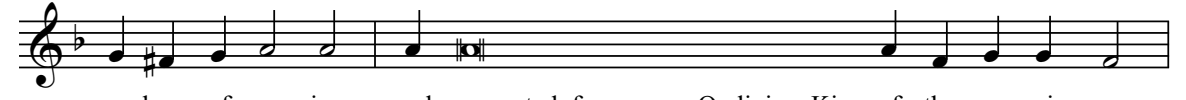
O all-immaculate The-o - to - kos, you are the intercessor for the whole




hu-man race. Save from every attack of the en - e - my those who bow in piety




be - fore your birth - giv - ing, for all of us have you now as our help,



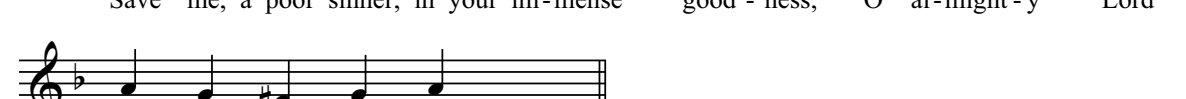
a - byss of pas-sions and separated from you, O divine King of the u - ni - verse.



I have no oth - er hope but you. May I find up-right-ness and vir - tue.




Save me, a poor sinner, in your im-mense good - ness, O al-might - y Lord



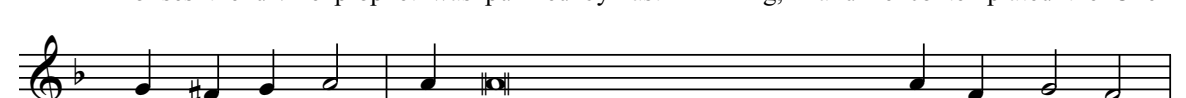
and Sav - ior of us all.

Cantor: My soul is waiting for the Lord. I count on his word.
(on 5) My soul is waiting for the Lord more than watchman for daybreak.

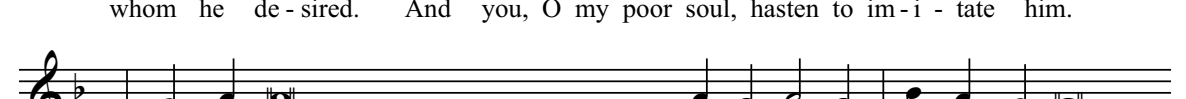
⑤



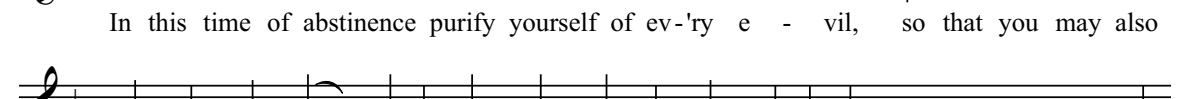
Mo-ses the divine prophet was purified by fast - ing, and he contemplated the One



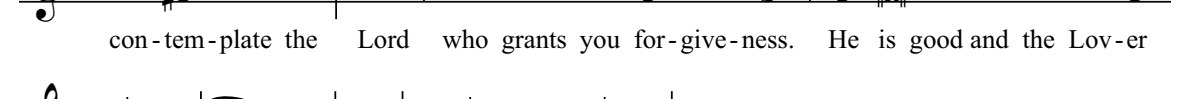
whom he de-sired. And you, O my poor soul, hasten to im-i - tate him.



In this time of abstinence purify yourself of ev-'ry e - vil, so that you may also



con-tem-plate the Lord who grants you for-give-ness. He is good and the Lov-er



of us all, the Lord al - might - y.

Cantor: (Tone 6) Let the watchman count on daybreak
(on 4) and Israel on the Lord.

Tone 6 samohlasen

4

Let us be-gin this second week of the Fast in joy; O faithful, let us exert our-selves
from day to day as did the prophet E-li - jah the Tish - bite. May the
four cardinal virtues be our char-iot of fire! Let us lift our spirit by turning a-way
from pas - sions, and through pur - ity, let us strug - gle a-against the flesh,
so that we may resist and con - quer the En - e - my.

Cantor: (Tone 4) Because with the Lord there is mercy and fullness of redemption.
(on 3) Israel indeed he will redeem from all its iniquity.

Stichera of the finding of the relics of the martyrs - Tone 4 samohlasen

3

Hav - ing stripped off the gar - ments of death by means of all types of torments, O
il - lus - tri - ous mar - tyrs, you were clothed in robes of im - mor - tal - i - ty. Now you
cease - lessly shine in the heav - ens be - fore the throne of our God.

Thus, with faith, we celebrate your light-bear - ing mem - o - ry, and we venerate
the chest of your sa - - cred rel - - - ics.

Cantor: Praise the Lord, all you nations; **Psalm 116**
(on 2) acclaim him, all you peoples!

2

Pro - viding for the weak-ness of man - kind, the power of God grants healings to
all who ap - proach. What a won - der! Through grace, the few ashes remaining
from the bodies of the mar - tyrs pour forth streams of won - drous mir - a - - cles!
Come, let us gain health of soul and bod - y. With thanks - giv - ing, let us sing to God,
"O Sav - ior of the world, they fought the good fight for your sake: by their prayers,
de - liv - er us from all e - vil!"