

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.

**Vespers Propers on the Evening of the
Third Sunday of the Great Fast
March 27, 2011**

Our venerable father Hilary the Younger and the holy Stephen the Wonderworker, both of whom died in the persecution of the emperor Leo the Armenian. Hilary was hegumen of Pelekete near the Hellespont, and was a wonderworker. He was exiled with forty of his monks to a deserted place near Ephesus, where they died there in prison. (754)

Supplement for The Order of Vespers on Sunday Evening for the Sunday of Forgiveness (Cheesefare Sunday) and the Sundays of the Great Fast.

Lamp-lighting Psalms

Psalm 140 - Tone 3 samohlasen

O Lord, I have cried to you, hear me. Hear me, O Lord!
O Lord, I have cried to you, hear me; re - ceive the voice of my pray'r when I
call up - on you. Hear me, O Lord! Let my pray'r
as - cend to you like in - cense, and the lift - ing up of my hands like an
eve - ning sac - ri - fice. Hear me, O Lord!

O Lord, set a guard before my mouth
and set a seal on the door of *my* lips.
Let not my heart be inclined to evil,
nor make excuses for sins I *commit*.

Let me never share in sinners' feasting.
If a just man strikes or reproves me it *is* kindness
but let the oil of the wicked not anoint my head.
Let my prayer be ever against *their* malice.

The princes were thrown down by the side of the rock;
then they understood that my words *were* kind.
As a millstone is shattered to pieces on the ground,
so their bones were strewn at the mouth of *the* grave.

To you, Lord God, my eyes are turned;
in you I take refuge; spare *my* soul!
From the trap they have laid for me keep me safe;
keep me from the snares of those who *do* evil.

Let the wicked fall into the traps they have set
while I pursue my way *un*harmed.

Psalm 141

With all my voice I cry to the Lord,
with all my voice I entreat *the* Lord.
I pour out my trouble before him;
I tell him all my distress while my spirit faints *within* me.

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

I have no means of escape,
not one who cares for *my* soul.
I cry to you, O Lord.
I have said: "You are my refuge, all I have in the land of *the* living."

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

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

Cantor

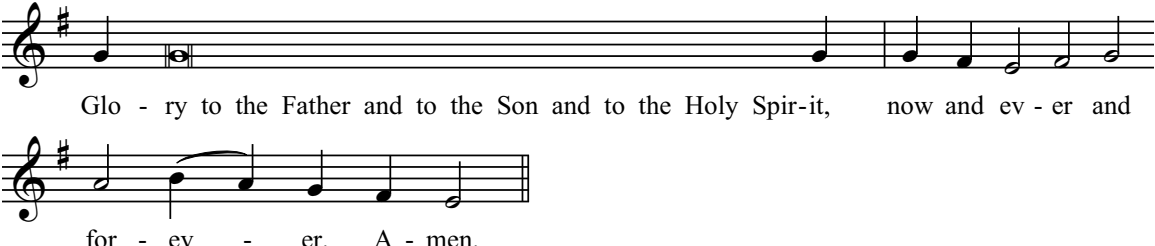


Have mercy on us, Lord, have mercy. We are filled with contempt. Indeed all too full is our soul with the scorn of the rich, with the proud man's dis - dain.

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.

Aposticha theotokion



The heav - ens sing your praise, O spouse - less Moth - er, and we glo - ri - fy

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

Aposticha

Aposticha of the third Sunday of the Great Fast - Tone 8 samohlasen

① & ②

Woe is me! I dare not lift my eyes to heav - en be-cause of my e - vil
deeds; but like the Publican I sigh and say: For - give me, for I am a
sin - - ner, and pre - serve me from the hypocrisy of the Phar - i - see,
O Lord, in your good - - - ness.

Cantor

To you have I lifted up my eyes, you who dwell in the heavens; my eyes, like the
eyes of slaves on the hand of their lords. Like the eyes of a servant on the hand of
her mistress, so our eyes are on the Lord our God till he show us his
mer - - - - cy.

Cantor:

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

Stichera of Repentance - Tone 3 samohlasen

⑩

We of - fer you our eve - ning hymn, O Christ, with in - cense and
spir - it - ual song. Have mercy upon our souls, O Sav - ior.

Cantor:

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

⑨

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

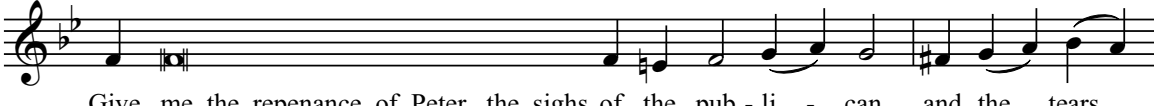
A storm of passion is toss-ing me a - bout, and the weight of transgression


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

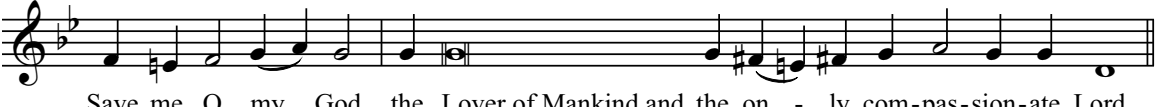
hu - mil - i - ty; for you alone are merci-ful and you love man - kind.

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


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



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

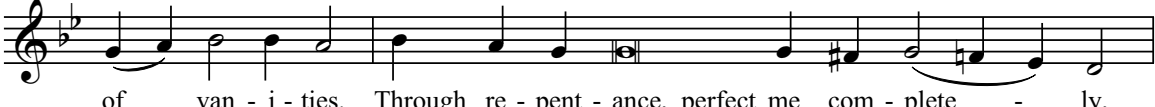

of the sin - ful wo-man, so that I may cry out to you in a loud voice:



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

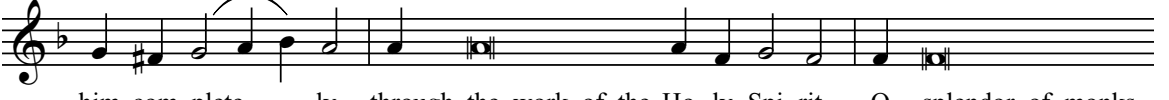
Cantor: 
Let your ears be at-ten - tive to the voice of my plead - ing.


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

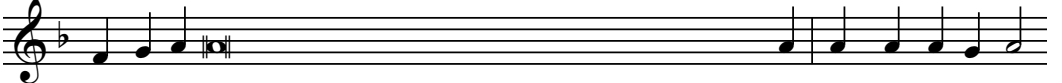

and when my lips are sing - ing hymns to you, my soul is think ing



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


and reproducing the divine beau-ty in it, you did all things in order to resemble

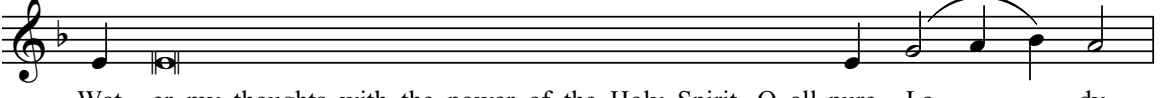

him com-plete - ly, through the work of the Ho-ly Spi-rit, O splendor of monks,

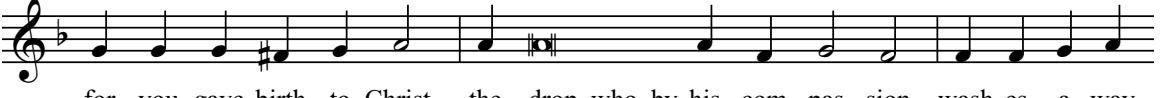

O ven - 'ra - ble fa - ther Hi - la - ry.


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 - *Tone 4 samohlasen*


Wat - er my thoughts with the power of the Holy Spirit, O all-pure La - dy,



for you gave birth to Christ, the drop who by his com - pas - sion wash-es a - way


the infinity of human iniquity with-out num - ber, and by your prayers,



grant me a tor - rent of the food of life.

Cantor: 

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

② 

You were a heav - en - ly man, an earthly angel, O bles - sed fa - ther,



a source of compunction, a river of com - pas - sion, an o - cean of mir - acles,




a corrector of sin - ners, a fer - tile ol - ive tree of our God,



mak - ing the face of the faith - ful gleam with the oil of your deeds,



as they acclaim you, O ven - 'ra - ble fa - ther Hi - la - ry.

Cantor: 

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

① 

Your spirit, radiant with the know-ledge of God, was raised above bod-il - y pas-sions,




with - out mixing in the mire here be - low, but bear - ing the im - age of God,



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

Tone 8 samohlasen


Cantor: 

If you, O Lord, should mark our guilt, Lord, who would sur - vive?



But with you is found forgive-ness: for this we re - vere you.


Stichera of the third Sunday of the Great Fast - Tone 8 samohlasen

⑥ 

O Lord, you willingly stretched out your hands up - on the Cross; now grant us the




com-punction to vener-ate it worth-i - ly. Il - lu - mine our hearts with your




bright-ness, O Lord, by fast - ing and prayer, tem-per - ance and good deeds;



for you are good and you love us all.

Cantor: 

My soul is waiting for the Lord. I count on his word.



My soul is longing for the Lord more than watch-man for day - break.

5

O Lord, in the a-bun-dance of your love, in this new week of the bright Fast,
wipe out the multi-tude of my sins; grant that my soul may be pu - ri - fied,
and that I may see and vener-ate your ho - ly Cross, O Lord and Lov - er
of us all.

Tone 3 samohlasen

Cantor:

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

4

O won - der, sur-pass-ing all the won-ders of old! We be-hold the Cross where
Christ was cru-ci-fied in the flesh. The world bows before its bright-ness and
cries out: O the pow-er of the Cross! The sight of it puts
de-mons to flight: its im-age burns them as a fire. I bless you, O

pre-cious Cross; I ven - erate you and, in fear, I bow be - fore you;
and I give thanks to God for life e - ter - nal, which he grants to
me through you.

Tone 4 samohlasen

Cantor:

Be - cause with the Lord there is mercy and fullness of redemp-tion,
Is - rael indeed he will re-deem from all its in - i - qui - ty.

Stichera of our venerable father Hilary the Younger - Tone 4 samohlasen

3

Hav-ing lived your life with-out re - proach, in patience, gen-tle-ness, com-punc-tion,
un - feigned charity, self-control, night - long vi - gils, faith, hope and com-pas - sion,
you dwelt on earth as an angel in the bo - dy, O blessed fa-ther Hi - la - ry:
you now in-ter-cede for our souls be - fore God.