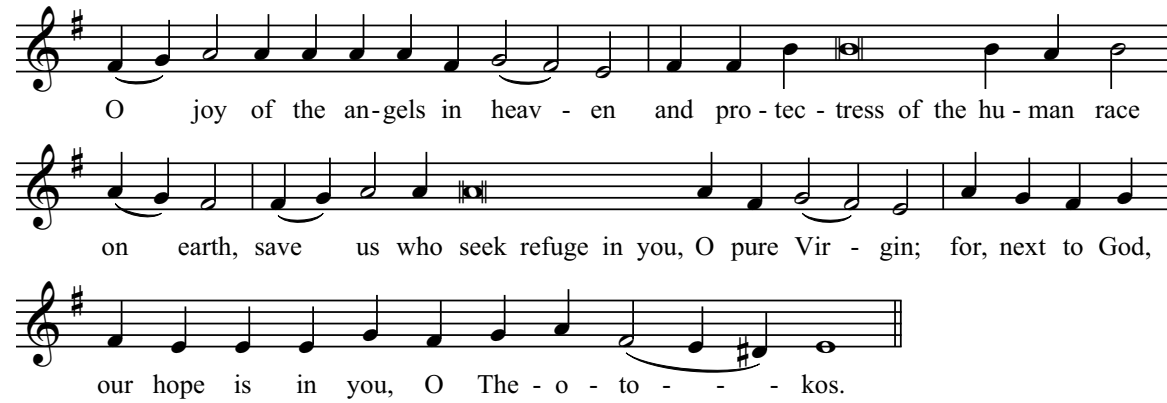


Aposticha theotokion



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 St. Simeon on page 13.

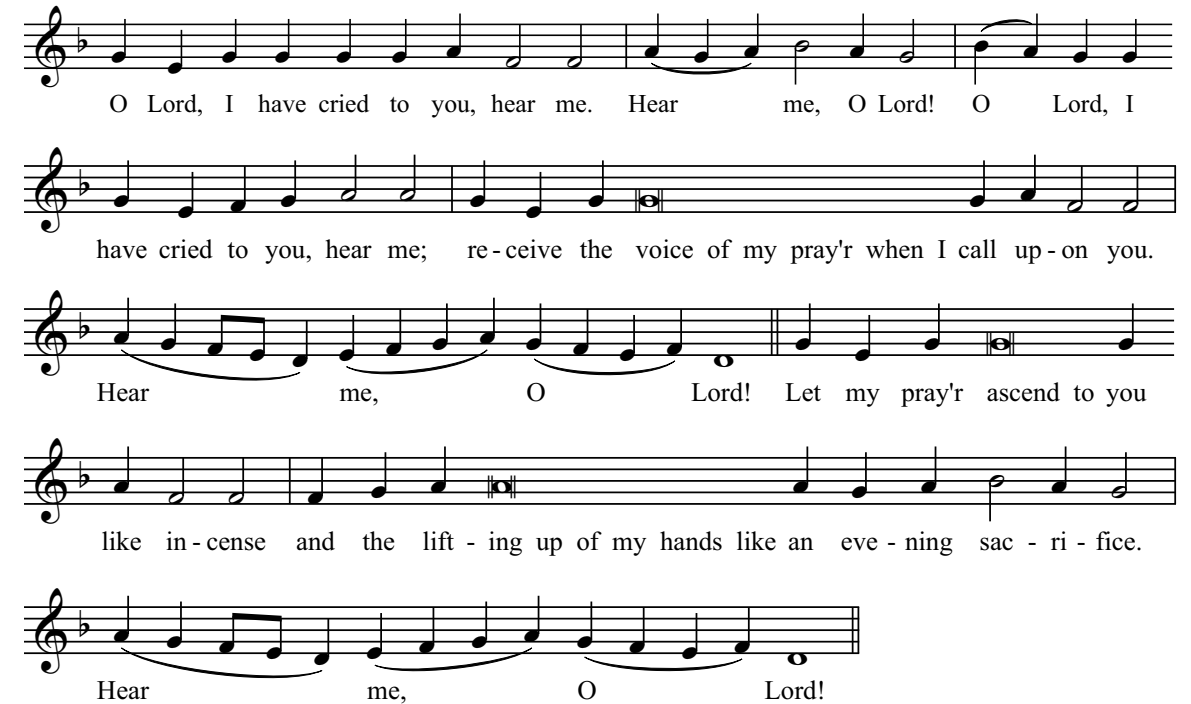
**Vespers Propers on the Evening of the
Fifth Sunday of the Great Fast
April 10, 2011**

The holy martyr Antipas, bishop of Pergamum in Asia who, a faithful witness, just as blessed John says in the Apocalypse (cf Apoc. 2:13), consummated his martyrdom in the reign of Domitian. (c.92)

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 *un*harmed.

Psalms 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.

her mistress, so our eyes are on the Lord our God till he show us his mer - cy.

All repeat, "Truly wondrous if the benevolence of the Lord for us..."

Cantor

Have mer-cy 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.

Through the sup - pli - ca - tion of all of the saints and of the Moth - er of God,
 grant us your peace, O Lord, and save us, since you a - lone
 are com - pas - sion - ate.

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.

Aposticha

Aposticha of the fifth Sunday of the Great Fast - Tone 1 samohlasen

①&②

Tru - ly wond - rous is the benevolence of the Lord for us; fore - see - ing the future
as though it were al-read - y pres - ent. He set be - fore us the parable of
Lazarus and the wick - ed rich man. Con - sid - ering the end of each of them,
let us a - void the selfishness and hard - heartedness of the lat - ter,
and im - itate the strength and endurance of the form - er, so that we may
cry out with him in the bos - om of A - bra - ham: O Lord and just
Judge, glo - ry 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

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

Stichera of Repentance in the tone of the week - 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: A - round me the just will as - sem - ble be - cause of your good - ness 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; Lord hear my voice!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

to noth - ing by your pa-tient op-po - si - tion like an ath-lete, O mar-tyr.

There-fore, we pray: re-mem-ber-those who com-mem-or - ate you in faith.

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

Show-er upon me the depths of your mercy, O La - dy. As you are mer-ci-ful,

give drink to my heart consumed by the heat of the burning pas-sions, O maid - en.


Cause it to put forth drops of com - punc - tion, I pray, O pure one,


that thereby I may be given the con-so-la-tion which those who weep sin-cere - ly

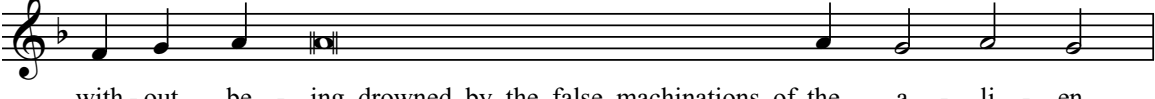
shall re - ceive.


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

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


②  Glo - rious father, as an excell-ent helms - man, you steered the ship of the Church

 with the rud-der of your words, sail - ing over the waves of false - hood

 with - out be - ing drowned by the false machinations of the a - li - en.

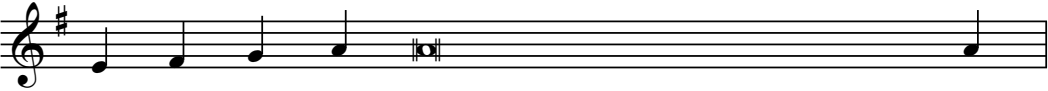
 Hav - ing suf - fered greatly and con-quired the e - ne - my,


 you passed over to Christ whose suf - frings you im - i - ta - ted.

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


①  Your relics e-ver pour forth myrrh, O divinely in - spired bish - op.

 You were truly the sweet frag-rance of Christ, bring-ing the foul stench of falsehood

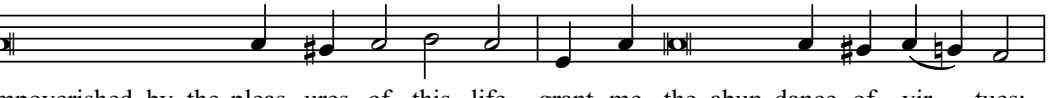
Cantor:  If you, O Lord, should mark our guilt, Lord, who would sur-vive?


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

Stichera of the fifth Sunday of the Great Fast - Tone 1 podobn: Prechval'nij mučenicij

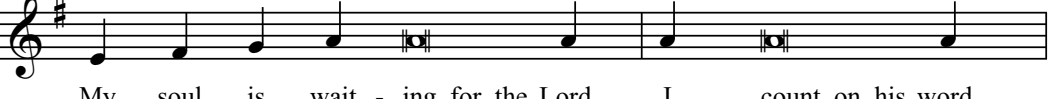
⑥  E-ven though you were rich, O Christ, you be-came poor to en-rich us mor-tals


 with the treas-ure of your im-mor - tal light. And e - ven though I have been

 impoverished by the pleas-ures of this life, grant me the abun-dance of vir - tues;

 give me a place with Laz - a - rus the poor and spare me from the punishment

 of the rich man and from the tor-ments that my deeds de - serve.

Cantor:  My soul is wait - ing for the Lord. I count on his word.

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

5

I have a - - massed treas-ures of lux - u - ry and e - vil deeds; tak-ing
de-light in the pleas-ures of this life, I have be-come liable to the fires of Ha-des.
My spir-it knows the poverty of Laz - a - rus, for I have been abandoned at
the gate of good deeds. Have mer-cy on me, O Lord, wretch that I am.

Cantor:

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

4

With fer - vor, let us be-gin the sixth week of the ho - ly Fast; O faith-ful,
let us sing a hymn of praise to the Lord in prep-a - ra-tion for the feast of Palms.
For he comes in glory and the power of his di - vin - i - ty; he draws near
to Jerusa-lem to van - quish death. There - fore, let us prepare symbols of victory,

the palms of our virt-ues, that we may cry: Ho-san-na to the Cre - a - tor
of the world!

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 the holy martyr Antipas - Tone 4 samohlasen

3

You were a sacred martyr, O An - ti - pas, a truly acceptable bishop,
a good shep-herd, a foundation of piety, a bulwark of the Church,
the a - dorn - ment of hierarchs, a fountain of mir - a - cles. There-fore, we pi - ous - ly
bless you with hymns, and celebrate your ho - ly feast to - day.