

**Vespers Propers on the Evening of the  
Second Sunday of the Great Fast  
March 4, 2012**

**The holy martyr Conon**, who was a gardener during the reign of the emperor Decian. He was ordered to run in front of a chariot after having his feet pierced with nails. He sank down to his knees and surrendered his spirit in prayer. (251)

*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 *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 pris - on and then I shall praise your name.


**Stichera of Repentance in the tone of the week - Tone 5 samohlasen**

<sup>10</sup> 


O Lord, I have nev - er stopped sin - ning, I do not understand the need to



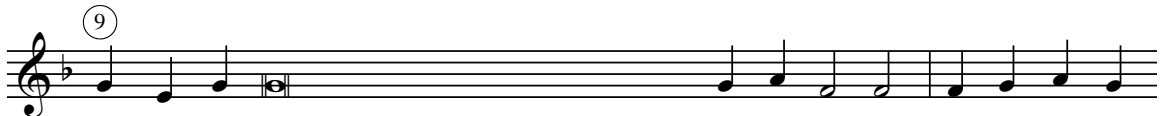
love my neigh - bor. O - ver-come my ig - no-rance, O gra - cious One, and have



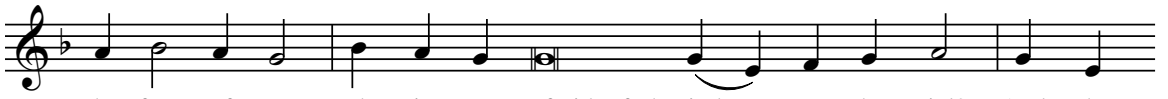
mer - cy on me: for you a - lone are the God of good - ness.

Cantor: 


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

<sup>9</sup> 

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

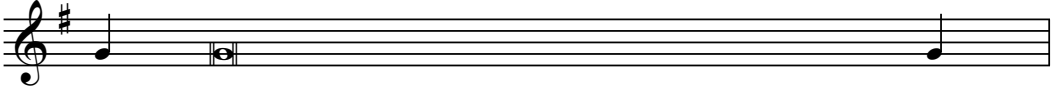
once a-gain. Wel-come me like the Prod-i - gal and have mer - cy on me.

*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.


Cantor: 

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

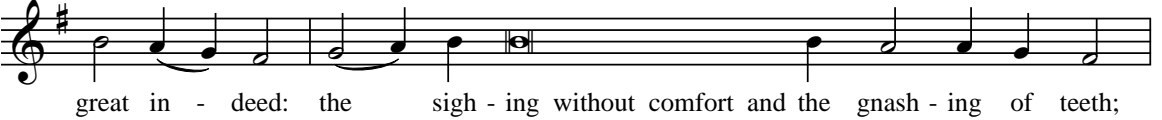


But with you is found forgive-ness: for this we re - vere you.

Stichera of the Second Sunday of the Great Fast - *Tone 8 samohlasen*

⑥ 

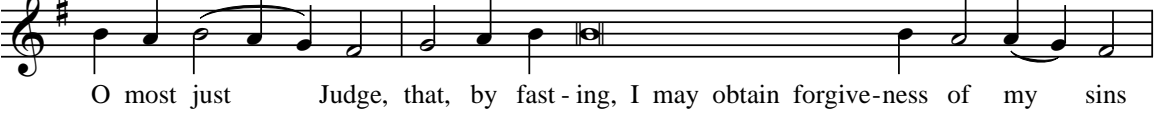
I have sinned against you with-out meas - ure, and my pun-ish-ment will be



great in - deed: the sigh - ing without comfort and the gnash - ing of teeth;



the fire of Hades and the dark-ness of the damned. Give me tears of repentance,



O most just Judge, that, by fast - ing, I may obtain forgive-ness of my sins



as I cry to you, O Christ my Lord; have mer - cy on me,



in your great good - ness.

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



Come, O Word, up-on the moun - tain where my sins have made me wan - der,



seek me out and call me back to you; chase the e - vil thoughts far



from me and bring me back to life, for I am giv-en o - ver to death.



So pu - ri - fy me through fast - ing, that I may cry out to you in unending



tears, O Christ my Lord: Have mer-cy on me, in your great good - ness.



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

4



As we begin the third week of this ho - ly Fast, O faith - ful, 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 di-vine 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.

*Tone 8 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 Conon - *Tone 8 samohlasen***

O di-vine, un-wan - ing ray, lu-min-ous ra - diance of the com-mand-ments of God,  
 ev - er-mem-'ra - ble ath - lete, most ex - cel - lent of mar - - - tyrs!  
 You dis-pelled the gloom of dark - ness like a bril-liant star, O bless-ed one!



O good of - fring, and un - blem - ished sac - ri - fice! There - fore, un - ceas - ing - ly



en - treat Christ, that he may save our souls.

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


  
You pro - claim the truth! Show - ing your - self to be a sword - wielding opponent



of un - god - li - ness, you brought down the en - e - my by the suf - fer - ing



your head en - dured, O all - wise mar - tyr, and you clear - ly proclaimed the



com - mand of God, say - ing good things to the un - learn - ed peo - ple.




O Co - non, dweller with the mar - tyrs: en - treat the Redeemer that he deliver



from pas - sions your ser - vants who praise you.




*Cantor:* 


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




O won-drous trans - for - ma - - - - tion which the Lord of our fathers made




up - on you by the right hand of the Most High, O most glo - rious



ath - - - - - lete! You were re - vealed as a fruit blossoming forth from the root of



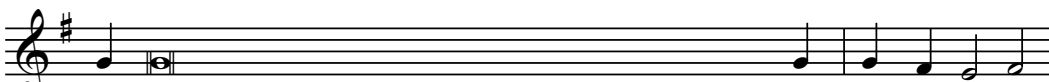
un - be - lief, O most bless - ed and all-praised Co - non. Hav - ing



Christ as your most ex-cel - lent Lead - - - - er, you mightily o-ver - threw



the hordes of the de - mons.

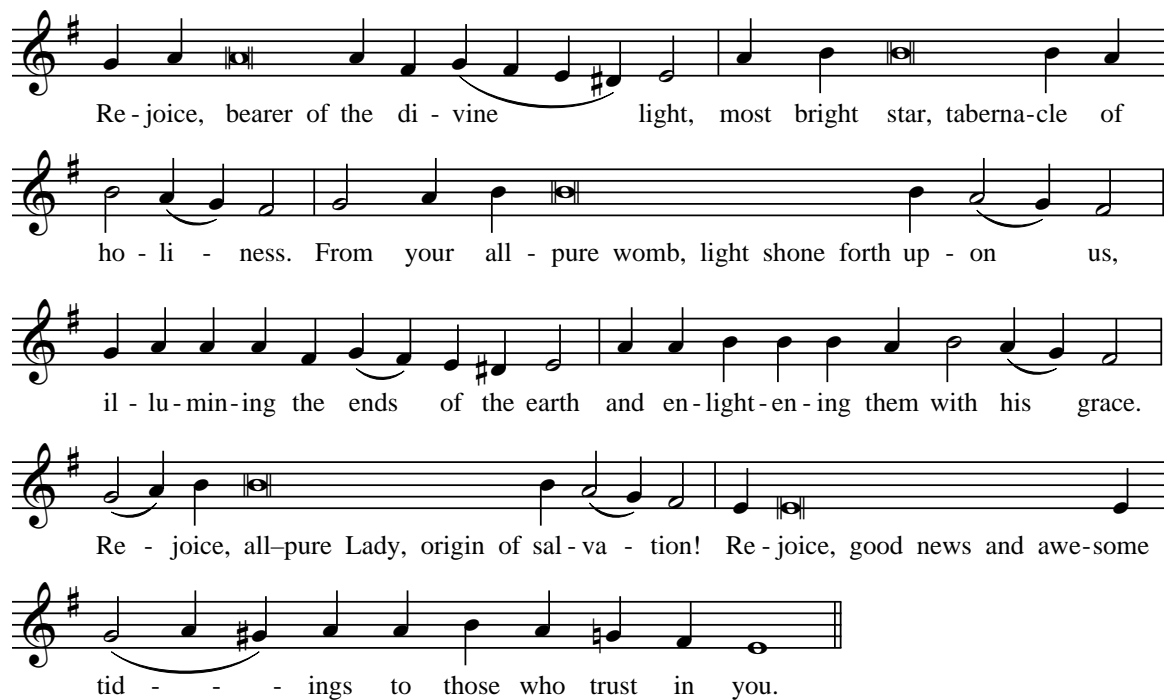
*Cantor:* 

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

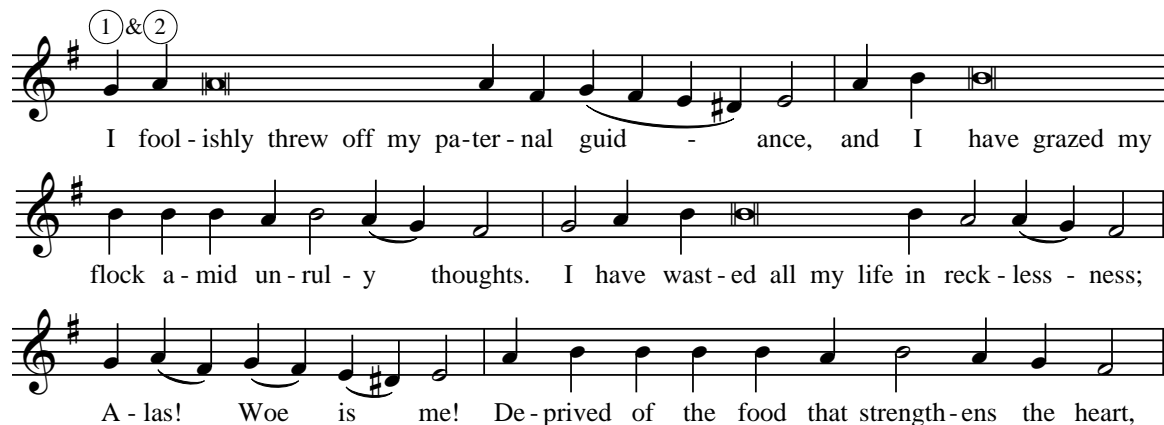


Re-joyce, bearer of the di - vine light, most bright star, taberna-cle of  
ho - li - ness. From your all - pure womb, light shone forth up - on us,  
il - lu - min - ing the ends of the earth and en - light - en - ing them with his grace.  
Re - joyce, all-pure Lady, origin of sal - va - tion! Re - joyce, good news and awe - some  
tid - - - ings to those who trust in you.

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

## Aposticha

### Aposticha of the second Sunday of the Great Fast - Tone 8 samohlasen



I fool - ishly threw off my pa - ter - nal guid - - - ance, and I have grazed my  
flock a - mid un - rul - y thoughts. I have wast - ed all my life in reck - less - - ness;  
A - las! Woe is me! De - priv - ed of the food that strength - ens the heart,

I have tast - ed the pleasures that satisfy for but a mo - ment in time. O Fa-ther,  
 in your goodness, do not close the door of your heart to me; o - pen it  
 to me, re - ceive me as the Prod - i - gal 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  
 mer - - - - cy.

*All repeat, "I foolishly threw off my paternal guidance..."*

*Cantor*

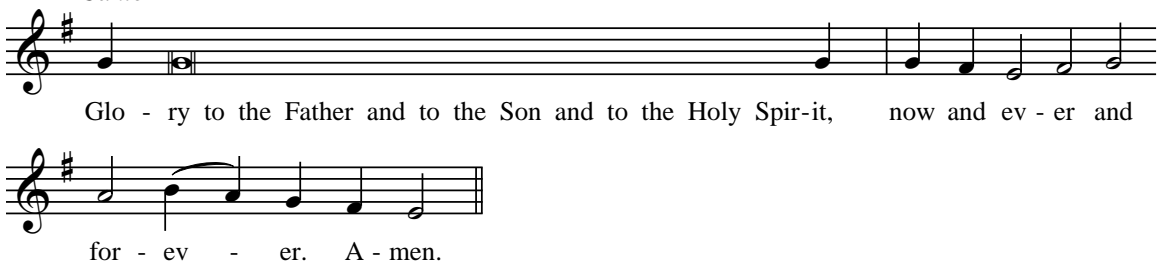
Have mercy on us, Lord, have mercy. We are filled with contempt. Indeed all too  
 full is our soul with the scorn of the rich, with the proud man's dis - dain.

③



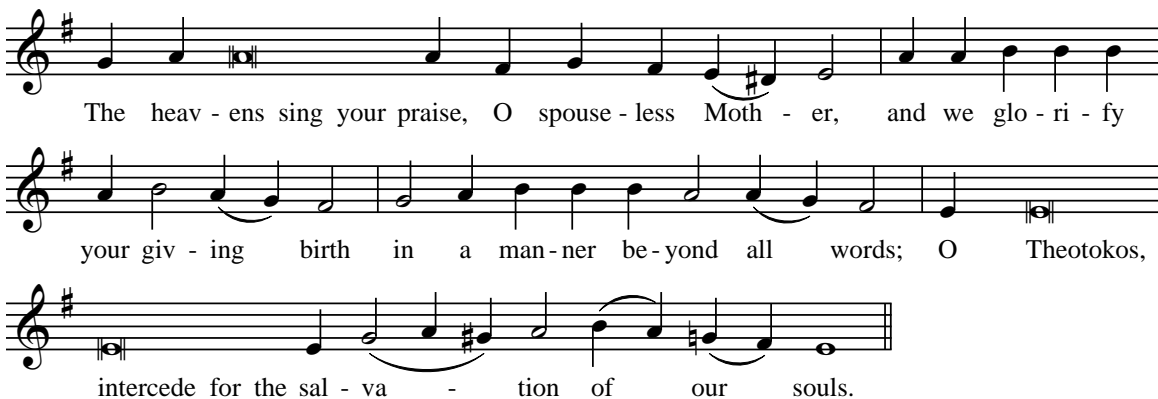
O mar-tyrs of the Lord, you sanc-tify all places and heal all dis-eas - es.  
 There-fore, we ask of you: Pray that our souls be de - liv - - - ered  
 from the snares of the En - e - my.

*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** - *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 St. Simeon on page 13.*