

The service continues with the Prayer of St. Simeon on page 13.

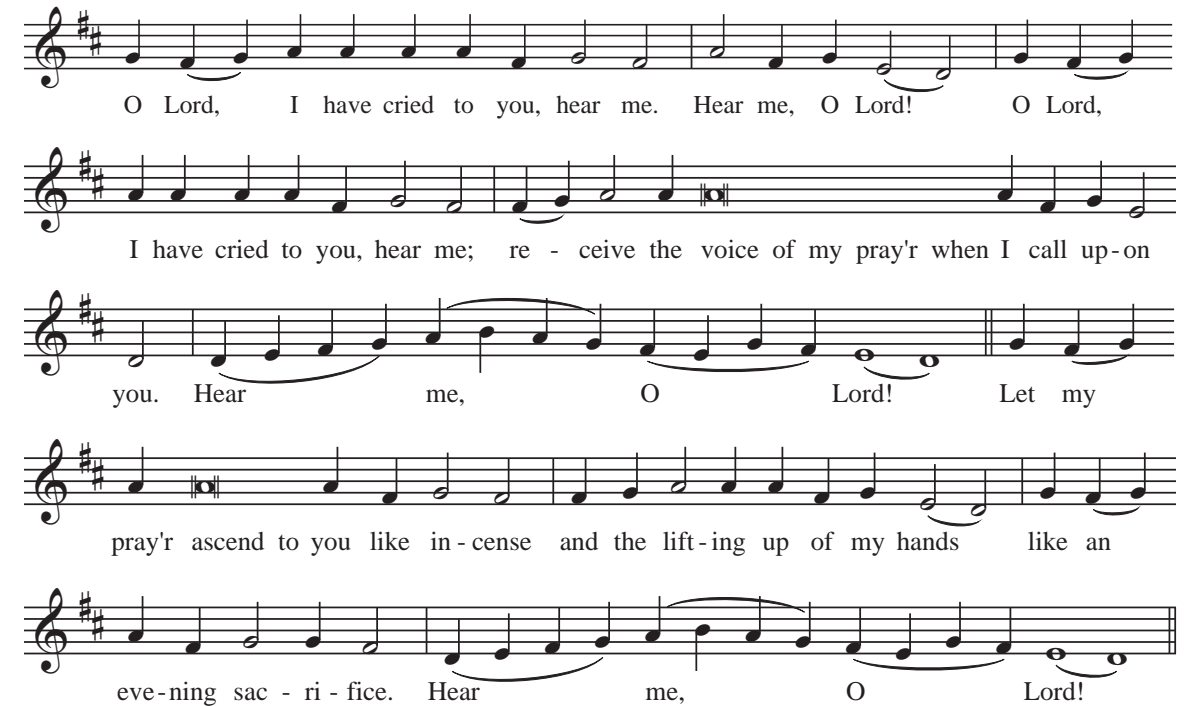
Vespers Propers on the Evening of the
Fourth Sunday of the Great Fast
March 18, 2012

The holy martyrs Chrysanthus and Daria, in the catacomb of Thraso on the Via Salaria Nova, whom Pope St. Damasus praised. (c.253)

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 7 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.

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.

glo - ry to you!

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.

3
 Your mar-tyrs did not re-ject you, nor did they re-nounce your law.

Have mer - cy on us through their prayers!

Cantor *Tone 8 samohlasen*

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 - Tone 8 samohlasen

Re-ceive the prayers of your serv - - ants, O our ho - ly La - - dy.

De - liver us from every af - flic - - tion and dan - - - ger.

great mer - cy for our souls.

Cantor

Tone 6 samohlasen

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

②

Ad - am fell into the hands of rob - bers of thought; his spirit was betrayed and his soul was cov - ered with wounds; and he lay na - ked and with - out help. It was not the priest from be - fore the Law, nor the levite, who came af - ter the Law, but it was you, O Lord my God, who cared for him. You came, not from Samaria but from the Vir - gin Mar - y! O Sav - ior of our souls,

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 7 samohlasen


⑩
O Ben - e - fac - tor, as a prodigal I come to you. Re - ceive me as I fall before you like one of your serv - ants, O God. Have mer - cy on me, O Lov - er of us all.

Cantor:

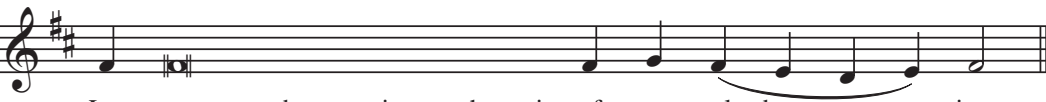
A - round me the just will assem - ble be - cause of your good - ness to me. ⑨
Like one who has fall - en among thieves and is wound - ed, so have I fall - en be - cause of my man - y sins. My soul is wound - ed; to whom can I turn? On - ly to you, the compassionate Heal - er of souls. Pour out on me, O God, your great mer - cy.


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

 Spare me from the axe, O Sav-ior, as you did the ster-ile fig tree;

 grant me for-give-ness of my sins of man-y years; wa-ter my soul with the tears of re-pent-ance,

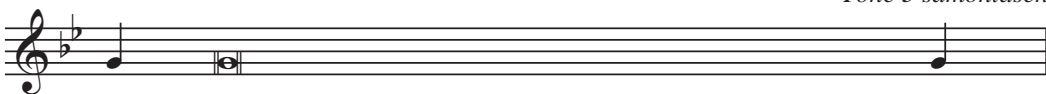
 and I shall bear fruits wor - - - thy of you.


Cantor:  Let your ears be attentive to the voice of my plead - - - ing.


 Since you are the Sun of Jus-tice, il - lu - mine the hearts of those


 who sing to you: O Lord, glo - - ry to you!

Tone 3 samohlasen

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.

 of my soul in-to might and pow-er, that, with fear and love, I may keep and observe

 the stat-utes of Christ, that I may a-void the un-bear-a-ble fire, and, ev-er re-joic-ing,

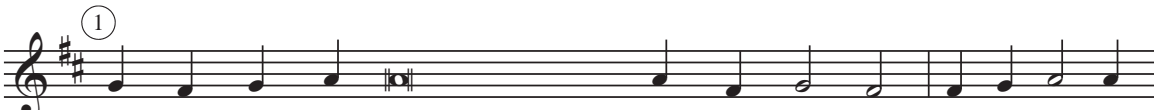
 may in - her - it through you the legacy of heav - en and life

 un - sur - passed.

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


Aposticha


Aposticha of the fourth Sunday of the Great Fast - Tone 7 samohlasen

 The One who plant - ed the vineyard and called the work - ers is the Sav - ior

 whom we shall soon be-hold; come, let us re-ceive the recompense of our labors

 in this Fast, for the Mas - ter remunerates generous-ly from his heart;

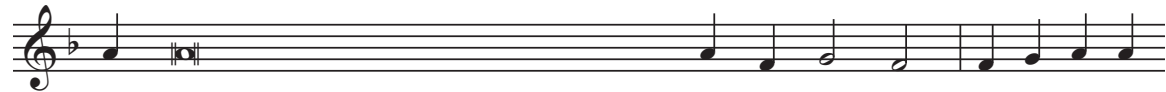
 e - ven though we have labored for on-ly a short time, we shall re-ceive

Cantor: 

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

¹ 

The love of the Cre - a - - - tor pierced you with its gen - tle ar - rows.



Then you completely abandoned the false worship of the pa - gans, go - ing to the



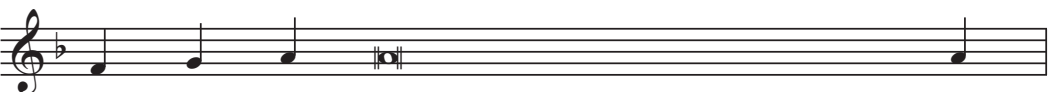
di - vine bridegroom in his dwell - ing, u - nit - ed to him through countless torments



in your bod - y: O far famed Da - ri - a, di - vine tem - ple of the Spir - it,



splen - dor of virgins and a - dorn - - - ment of mar - - - tyrs!

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*

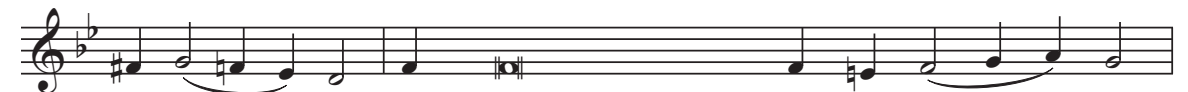


O most immaculate Vir - gin Moth - er, trans - form the infirmity and impo - tence

Stichera of the Fourth Sunday of the Great Fast - *Tone 3 samohlasen*

⁶ 


In this time of fast - ing, O faith - ful, let us strive to gain the great glo - ry



of heav - en, through the mercy of our great God and Sav - ior



who delivers us from the flames of Ha - des.

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 

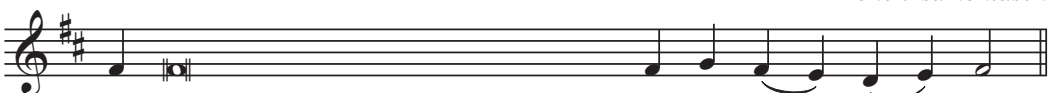
Hav - ing passed the mid - point of this Fast, let us man - ifest the beginning of



con - ver - sion, so that at the end of a ho - ly life, we may find the



happiness that does not pass a - way.

Cantor: 

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

Tone 7 samohlasen

④

Hav - ing passed half the distance of this ho - ly Fast, let us has - ten to its

com - ple - tion in joy; let us a - noint our souls with oil for the strug - gle,

that we may be worthy to venerate the holy Passion of Christ our God

and to con - tem - plate his glo - rious Re - sur - rec - tion.

Tone 4 samohlasen

(on 3)

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 martyrs Chrysanthus and Daria - *Tone 4 samohlasen*

③

Re - ceiving the illumination of the knowl - edge of God, which enlightened your

spir - it - ual vi - sion, you wisely left the shad - ows of er - ror and con - fessed

Christ to be the Lord of all, who took flesh. Then, O Chrys - an - thos, strengthened

by the power of the Spir - it, you were seen to be su - per - i - or to your

tor - - - ments.

Cantor:

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

②

The seductions of the en - e - my and the at - trac - tions of pleas - ure

were nothing more than cob - webs to you; en - dur - ing a dark dun - geon,

you were en - light - ened by di - vine ra - diance. In the midst of filth, you were

filled with a sweet spir - it - ual fra - grance. When a wom - an tried to cor - rupt you,

as an ex - cel - lent teach - er, you led her to Christ as a spot - less bride.