

Vespers Propers on the Evening of the
Fourth Sunday of the Great Fast
March 10, 2013

Our holy father Sophronius, patriarch of Jerusalem. He had John Moschus as a teacher and friend, with whom he visited monastic sites. He was elected patriarch of the see after Modestus. When the Holy City fell into the hands of the Saracens, he defended with vigor the faith and the safety of the people. (644)

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 8 *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*.

Have mer - cy on us through their prayers!

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 - 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.

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

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.

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.

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,

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.

Aposticha

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

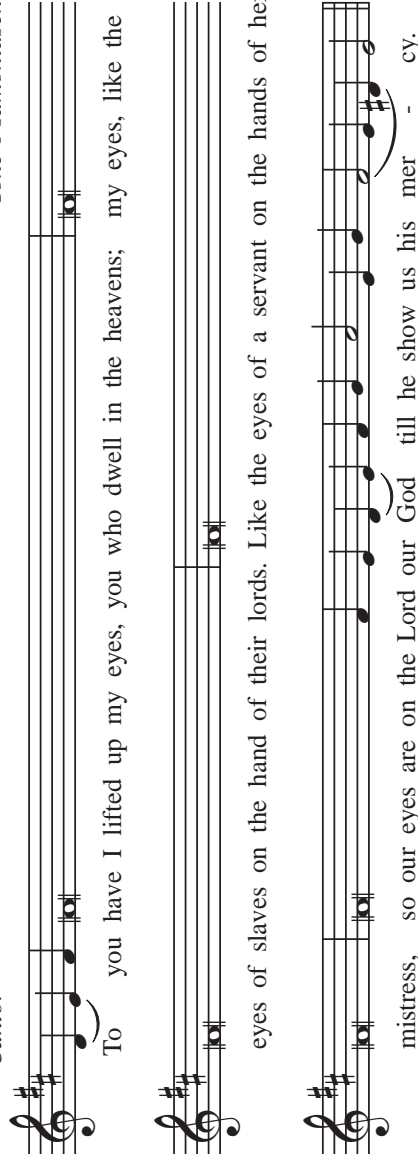
①



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
great mer-cy for our souls.

Cantor:

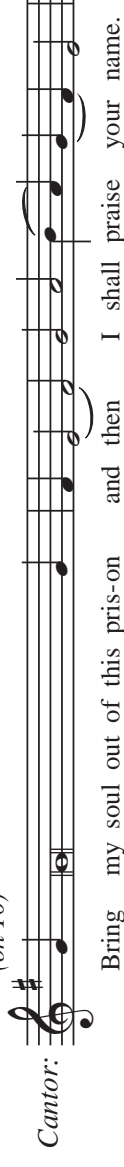
Tone 6 samohlase



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.

(on 10)

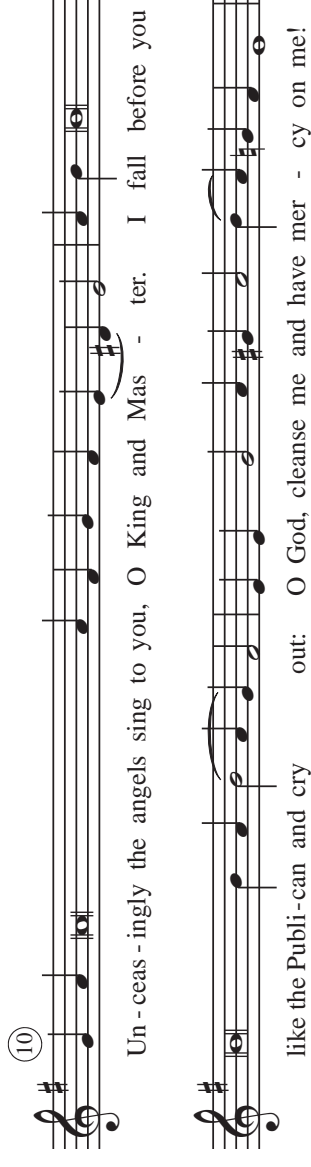
Cantor:



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 8 samohlase

⑩



Un-ceas-ingly the angels sing to you, O King and Mas-ter. I fall before you
like the Publi-can and cry out: O God, cleanse me and have mer-cy on me!

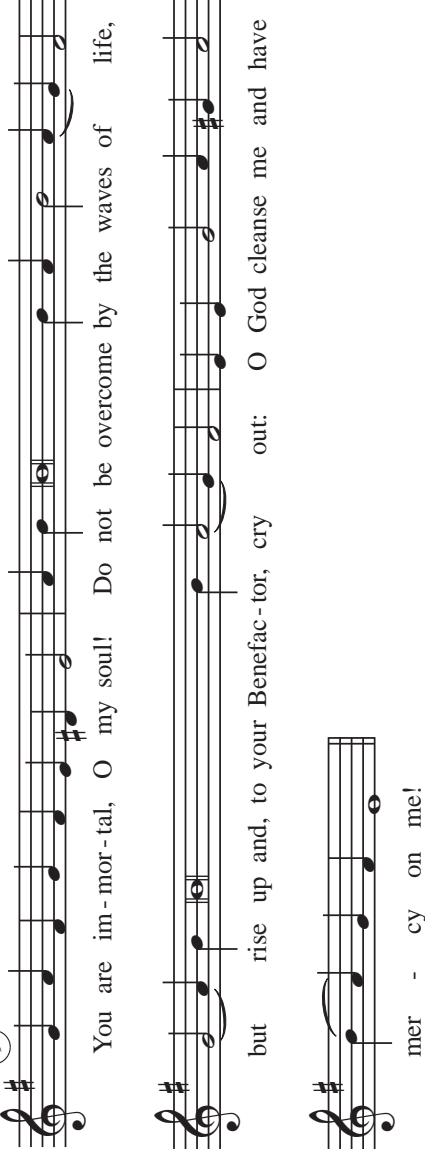
(on 9)

Cantor:



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

⑨



You are im-mor-tal, O my soul! Do not be overcome by the waves of life,
but rise up and, to your Benefac-tor, cry out: O God cleanse me and have
mer-cy on me!

(on 8)

Cantor:



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

8

Give me the gift of tears, O Lord, as once you gave them to the sin-ful
 wo - man, and let me pour them o - ver your feet, for they have
 turned me away from the path of er - ror. I will of - fer you a sweet-smell - ing
 oint - ment, the con - ver - sion of my heart and the puri-ty of my life,
 so that I too may hear your gen - tle voice: Go in peace, for your faith has
 saved you.

Cantor:

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

7

When I look at my man - y e - vil deeds, and when I think of the fear - some
 judg - ment, I am seized with fright and take re - fuge in you; O Lord

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 samohlafen

Be-dew my mind with showers of the All-holy Spi-rit, O all - pure one,
 who ineffably gave birth to Christ, who with his compass-ions wash - es a - way
 the count-less in - i - qui-ties of men; dry up the upwellings of my pas - sions
 and grant to me a torrent of ever-liv-ing nour - ish - ment by your
 sup - pli - ca - - - tions,

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

divinity of the unbegotten Fa - ther, the co - e - ter - nal Son and Holy Spi - rit,
 one God, ha - ving the same Essence, one in Tri - ni - ty, and
 Tri - ni - ty in U - ni - ty.

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

⁽¹⁾ You wise - ly taught that the Word was coeter-nal with the Fa - ther,
 bo - diless, united to the flesh in his Person, without confu-sion or change. He has
 two na - tures, with two en - er - gies, of which He is com-posed,
 and in both of which, in - div - i - si - bly, He can be con-tem - pla - ted
 by vir - tue of their real un - ion.

and Lover of us all, do not de - spise me; you a - lone are with - out sin.
 Be - fore the end, grant me con - tri - tion and save me.

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.

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.

Tone 7 samohlasen

Cantor:

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

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.

(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 our holy father Sophronius - Tone 4 samohlasen

3

Named for moderation, O So - phro - ni - us, you were called be - fore time by
 God. Wise and temperate in your deeds, you were just, reasona - ble, cou - ra - geous,
 crowned with vir - tues and ta - lents. Like a pru - dent stew - ard you
 ra - tion out what - ever is ne - cess - a - ry for bo - dy and soul.

Cantor:

Praise the Lord, all you na - tions, ac - claim him all you peo - ples!
 2

From your mouth as a the - o - lo - - gian, O bles - sed So - phro - ni - us,
 you thundered forth the resounding doc - tri - nal tea - chings, clear - ly pro - claim - ing the