

**Vespers Propers on the Evening of the  
Fourth Sunday of the Great Fast  
March 30, 2014**

*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.*

**Our venerable father Hypatius, bishop of Gangra** in Paphlagonia, bishop, who, pelted with stones by Novatianist heretics on a road, died a martyr. (326)

*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 4 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 lifting 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.

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!

*Tone 8 samohlasen*

*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.  
 Your mar-tyrs did not re-ject you, nor did they re-nounce your law.  
 Have mer - cy on us through their prayers!

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 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.  
 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.

Cantor:

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

Stichera of Repentence in the tone of the week - Tone 4 samohlasen

⑩

With my tears I desire to wash away the mark of my sins, O Lord, and through  
 pen - ance, I long to make the rest of my life pleas - ing to you; but the enemy  
 deceives me and struggles with my soul. Save me before I com - plete - ly  
 per - ish, O Lord.

Cantor:

A - round me the just will assem-ble be-cause of your good-ness to me.  
 ⑨

Who is there among the storm - tossed who hastens to your harbor and is not saved,  
 O Lord? Who is ill and seeks your healing and is not cured? O Cre - a - tor  
 of everyone and Heal-er of the sick, save me before I com - plete - ly

per - ish, O Lord.

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

⑧   
Wash me with my tears, O Sav - ior, for I am blemished because of my

man - y sins. And so I bow be - fore you; I have sinned, O God;

have mer - cy on me.

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

⑦   
I am the lost sheep of your mys - ti - cal flock, and I take refuge in you, O

good Shep - herd. Have mer - cy on me, O God.

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 2 samohlasen**

I beseech you, vessel of vir - gin - i - ty, and dwell - ing - place of God,

O pure, beautiful, and most pre - cious La - dy: calm my soul which has been

af - flic - ted by the ven - om of the ser - pent and is mortified by my

trans - gres - sions, that I may glo - rify you who have exalted all the faith - ful,

O di - vine - ly joy - ous one.

*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**

①   
The One who plant - ed the vineyard and called the work - ers is the Sav - ior

Thus we all have you as a torch, as we celebrate your holy mem-ry to-day  
and call you bles - - - sed.

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

<sup>①</sup> O venerable father Hy - pa - tius, bearing Christ in your heart, that divine King

whom you clear - ly preached as con - sub - stan - tial to the Fa - ther,

you ra - diated the light of your mir - a - cles, en - lightening the whole world,

like the sun run - ning its course. You slew the ser - pent, and by your

pray'rs brought forth a fountain of warm wa - ters for the heal - ing

of our ills.

*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***

<sup>⑥</sup> 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.

<sup>⑤</sup> 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.

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*

*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 Hypatius - Tone 4 samohlasen**

O divinely - wise father, Hy - pa - tius, no - bly ele - vat - ed in tem - p'rance,

you have grown to the height of the vir - tues, strain - ing af - ter the most profound

con - tem - pla - tion and re - flec - ting the beau - ty of Christ. In your soul and

heart, illumined by his ra - diance, you pour forth the light of your resplen - dent

mir - a - cles on all men.

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

O excellent father, Hy - pa - tius, ra - diating the bril - liance of the true Faith,

you enlighten the souls of the faith - ful ap - proach - ing you. You ob - scured

the disciples of A - ri - us, ex - com - mun - icating them from the Church of Christ.