

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.

**Vespers Propers on the Evening of the
 Second Sunday of the Great Fast
 February 21, 2016**

The Finding of the venerable relics of the Martyrs at Eugenia near Constantinople. During the reign of the emperor Arcadius, a divine revelation showed the burial place of these martyrs of whom it was said, "God alone knows their names, and he has written them in the Book of Life in heaven."

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 6 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.

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.

hu - man race. Save from every attack of the en - e - my those who bow in piety
 be - fore your birth - giv - ing, for all of us have you now as our help,
 our refuge and our con - fir - ma - tion, you are our me - diatrix before Christ,
 our Lord and mas - ter. We pray you to ask him for peace in the world and
 the for-give-ness of sins for those who flee to your pro - tec - - - tion.

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*

¹&²
 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,

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 6 samohlasen*

¹⁰
 I have had nei - ther re - pent - ance nor tears! For this reason, I implore you
 O Christ God, to con - vert me before my end and give me re - morse
 so that I may be de - liv - - - ered from tor - - - ment.


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


⁹
 At your ter - rifying com - ing, O Christ, grant that we may not hear: I do
 not know you! We have placed our hope in you, O Sav - ior. Al - though
 we have not kept your laws because of our in - dif - fer - - - ence, still we pray to
 you to save our souls.

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


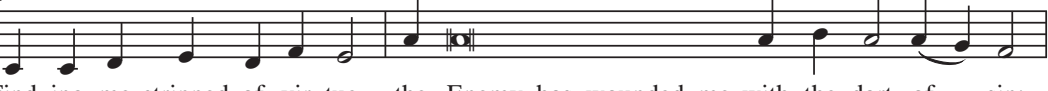
 
 Heal the wounds of my heart, O Lord, since it is crippled by my man - y sins;


 for you are the Physician of souls and bod - ies. You grant forgiveness



 of sins to those who call up-on you; grant me tears of repentance and for-give - ness



 of my sins. O al - might - y Lord, have mer - cy on us.

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


 
 Find - ing me stripped of vir - tue, the Enemy has wounded me with the dart of sin;


 but you, O Physician of souls and bod - ies, heal the wounds of my soul.



 O God of ten - der - ness, have mer - cy on me.

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

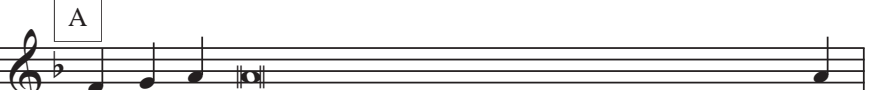
 
 Hid - den under the ground for a long time, the victorious martyrs are now


 brought to light as a pre - cious treas - ure which en - rich - es the Queen of Cit - ies.


 A wise hi - erarch bears them in his hands, car - rying them into the ho - ly


 tem - ple. Those en - treat - ing them receive en - light - en - ment, ben - e - fits, health, and


 pro - tec - tion for those who re - ceive them as ser - vants of 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 - in the same tone


 O all - immaculate The - o - to - kos, you are the intercessor for the whole

Thus, with faith, we celebrate your light-bearing mem - o - ry, and we venerate
the chest of your sa - cred rel - - ics.

Cantor: *(on 2)*

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

(2)

Pro - viding for the weak-ness of man - kind, the power of God grants healings to

all who ap-proach. What a won-der! Through grace, the few ashes remaining

from the bodies of the mar - tyrs pour forth streams of won-drous mir - a - cles!

Come, let us gain health of soul and bod-y. With thanks-giv-ing, let us sing to God,

"O Sav-ior of the world, they fought the good fight for your sake: by their prayers,

de - liv - er us from all e - vil!"

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.

Cantor:

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 divine 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.

(on 3) 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 finding of the relics of the martyrs - Tone 4 samohlasen

③

Hav - ing stripped off the gar - ments of death by means of all types of torments, O

il - lus - tri - ous mar - tyrs, you were clothed in robes of im - mor - tal - i - ty. Now you

cease - lessly shine in the heav - ens be - fore the throne of our God.