

**Vespers Propers on the Evening of the
Third Sunday of the Great Fast
March 3, 2013**

Our venerable father Gerasimus of the Jordan, anchorite. At the time of the emperor Zeno, he was brought back to the orthodox faith by St. Euthymius. He engaged in great works of penance, offering to all who practiced the monastic life under him a way of living the most irreproachable discipline. (475)

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 *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.

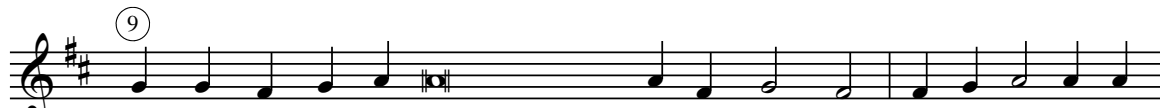
Stichera of Repentance in the Tone of the Week - Tone 7 samohlasen

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,

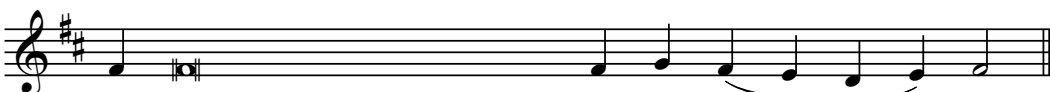
 O God, your great mer - cy.



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

 
Spare me from the axe, O Saviour, as you did the sterile fig tree;


grant me forgiveness of my sins of many years; water my soul with the

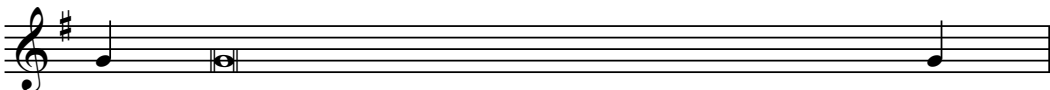

tears of repentance, and I shall bear fruits worthy of you.

Cantor: 
Let your ears be attentive to the voice of my pleading.

 
Since you are the Sun of Justice, illumine the hearts of those


who sing to you: O Lord, glory to you!

Tone 8 samohlasen

Cantor: 
If you, O Lord, should mark our guilt, Lord, who would survive?


But with you is found forgiveness: for this we revere you.

Stichera of the Third Sunday of the Great Fast - Tone 8 samohlasen

⑥

O Lord, you willingly stretched out your hands up-on the Cross; now grant us the
com-pun-ction to vener-ate it worth-i - ly. Il - lu - mine our hearts with your
bright-ness, O Lord, by fast-ing and prayer, tem-per-ance and good deeds;
for you are good and you love us all.

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

O Lord, in the a-bun-dance of your love, in this new week of the bright Fast,
wipe out the multi-tude of my sins; grant that my soul may be pu - ri - fied,
and that I may see and vener-ate your ho - ly Cross, O Lord and Lov - er

of us all.

Tone 3 samohlasen

Cantor:

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

④

O won - der, sur-pass-ing all the won-ders of old! We be-hold the Cross where

Christ was cru-ci-fied in the flesh. The world bows before its bright-ness and

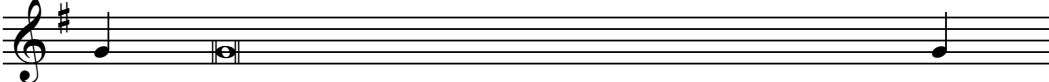

cries out: O the pow-er of the Cross! The sight of it puts

de-mons to flight: its im-age burns them as a fire. I bless you, O


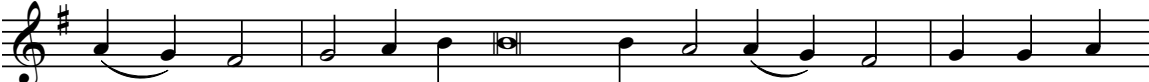



pre-cious Cross; I ven-erate you and, in fear, I bow be-fore you;

and I give thanks to God for life e-ter-nal, which he grants to

me through you.

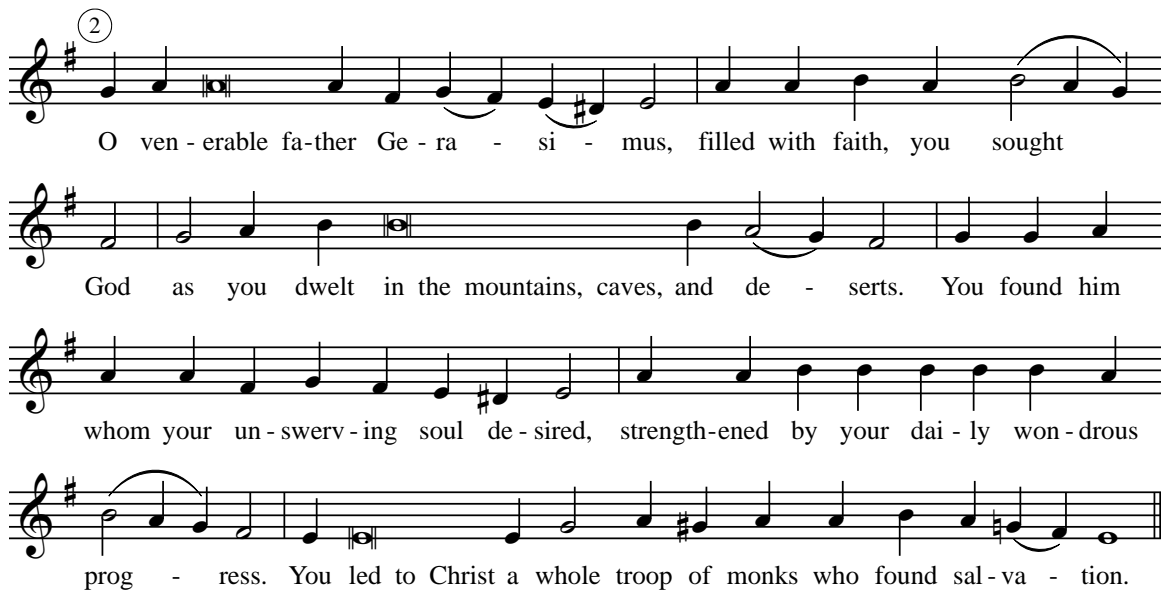
Cantor: 
 Be - cause with the Lord there is mercy and fullness of redemp-tion,

 Is - rael indeed he will re - deem from all its in - i - qui - ty.

Stichera of our venerable father Gerasimus - Tone 8 samohlasen

③ 
 O di - vine - ly wise fa - ther Ge - ra - si - mus, u - nit - ing your - self to God

 through prayer, su - pli - ca - tion and great ab - sti - nence, you re - mained

 impervious to the de - signs of the foe, and showed yourself a servant of the

 Al - migh - ty. And so we hon - or you, and fathfully celebrating your me - mo - ry

 with great joy, we praise you.

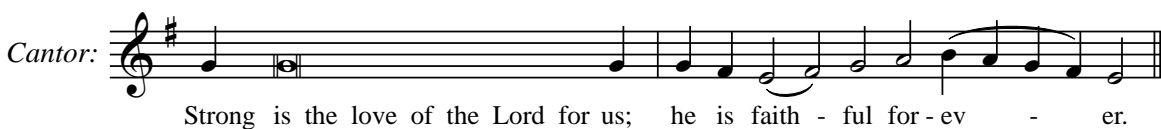
Cantor: 
 Praise the Lord, all you na-tions, ac-claim him all you peo - ples!

②



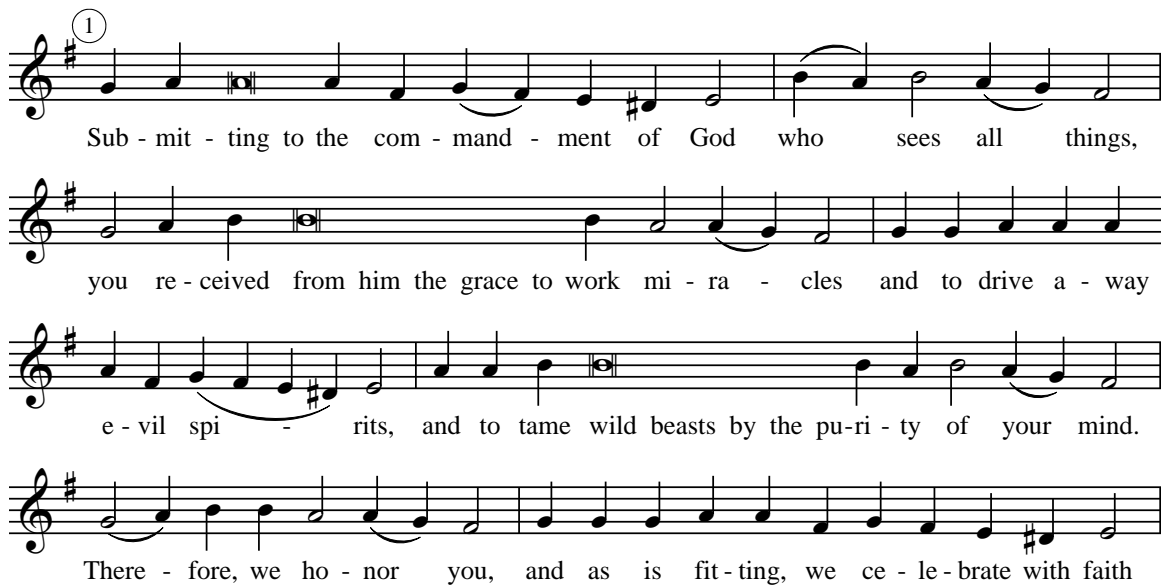
O ven-erable fa-ther Ge-ra-si-mus, filled with faith, you sought
 God as you dwelt in the mountains, caves, and de-serts. You found him
 whom your un-swerv-ing soul de-sired, strength-ened by your dai-ly won-drous
 prog-ress. You led to Christ a whole troop of monks who found sal-va-tion.

Cantor:



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

①



Sub-mit-ting to the com-mand-ment of God who sees all things,
 you re-ceived from him the grace to work mi-ra-cles and to drive a-way
 e-vil spi-rits, and to tame wild beasts by the pu-ri-ty of your mind.
 There-fore, we ho-nor you, and as is fit-ting, we ce-le-brate with faith

your ho - ly me - mo - ry, O di - vine - ly bles - sed one.

Cantor:

Glo - ry to the Fa - ther and to the Son and to the Holy Spir - it, now and ev - er and
for - ev - er. A - men.

Theotokion - Tone 8 samohlasen

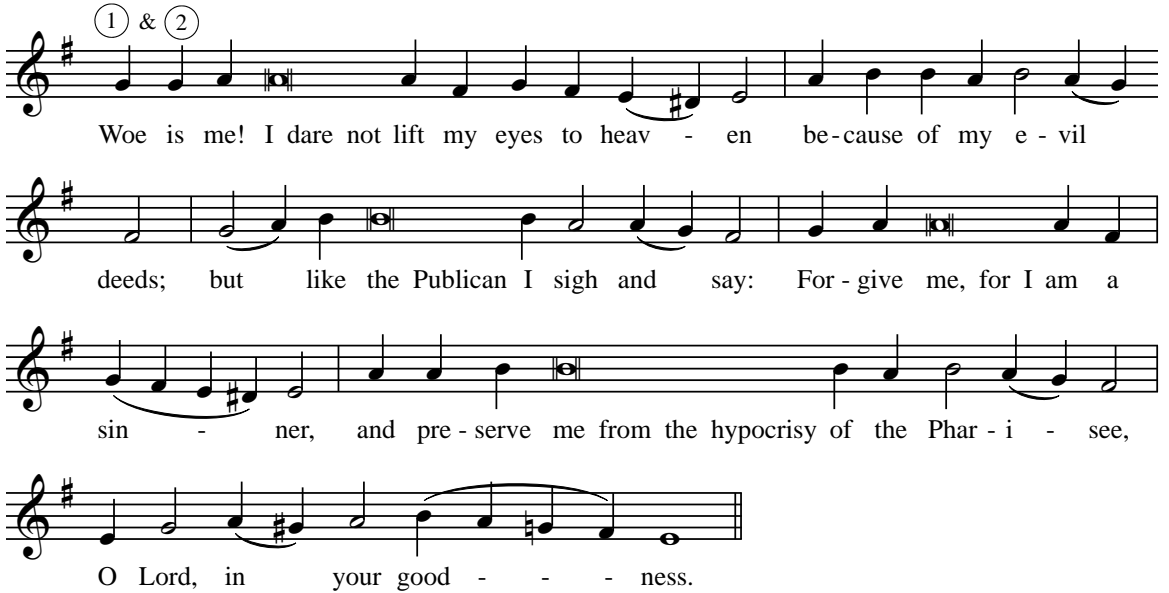
Trou - bled and in grief, we be - seech you, All - pure One, our in - ter -
ces - sor: Let not your ser - vants per - ish ut - ter - ly, but make haste
to rescue us from this pre - sent wrath and grief, O di - vine - ly joyous, all - ho - ly and
pure one. For you are our for - tress and hope un - as - sailed.

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

Aposticha

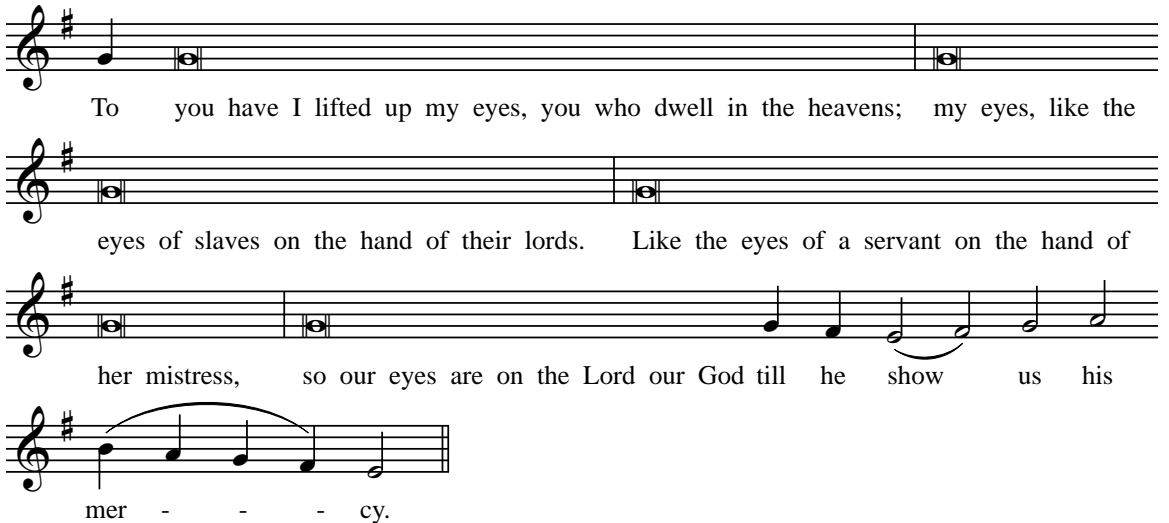
Aposticha of the third Sunday of the Great Fast - Tone 8 samohlasen

① & ②



Woe is me! I dare not lift my eyes to heav - en be-cause of my e - vil
deeds; but like the Publican I sigh and say: For - give me, for I am a
sin - ner, and pre - serve me from the hypocrisy of the Phar - i - see,
O Lord, in your good - - - ness.

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, "Woe is me! I dare not lift my eyes..."

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 disdain.

3



O mar-tyr's of the Lord, you sanc-tify all places and heal all dis-eas - es.

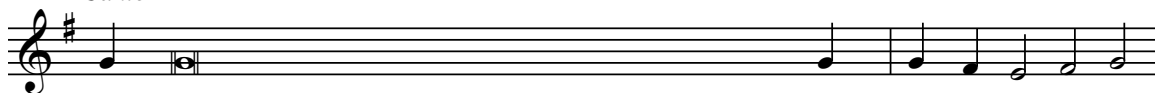


There-fore, we ask of you: Pray that our souls be de-liv - - - ered



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



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 image shows a single line of musical notation on a five-line staff. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody consists of the following notes: a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, a quarter note C#5, a quarter note D5, a quarter note E5, a quarter note D5, a quarter note C#5, a quarter note B4, a quarter note A4, and a final half note G4. There are slurs under the notes G4-A4-B4-C#5 and A4-B4-C#5. The lyrics 'intercede for the sal - va - tion of our souls.' are written below the staff, with hyphens under 'sal - va' and 'tion'.

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