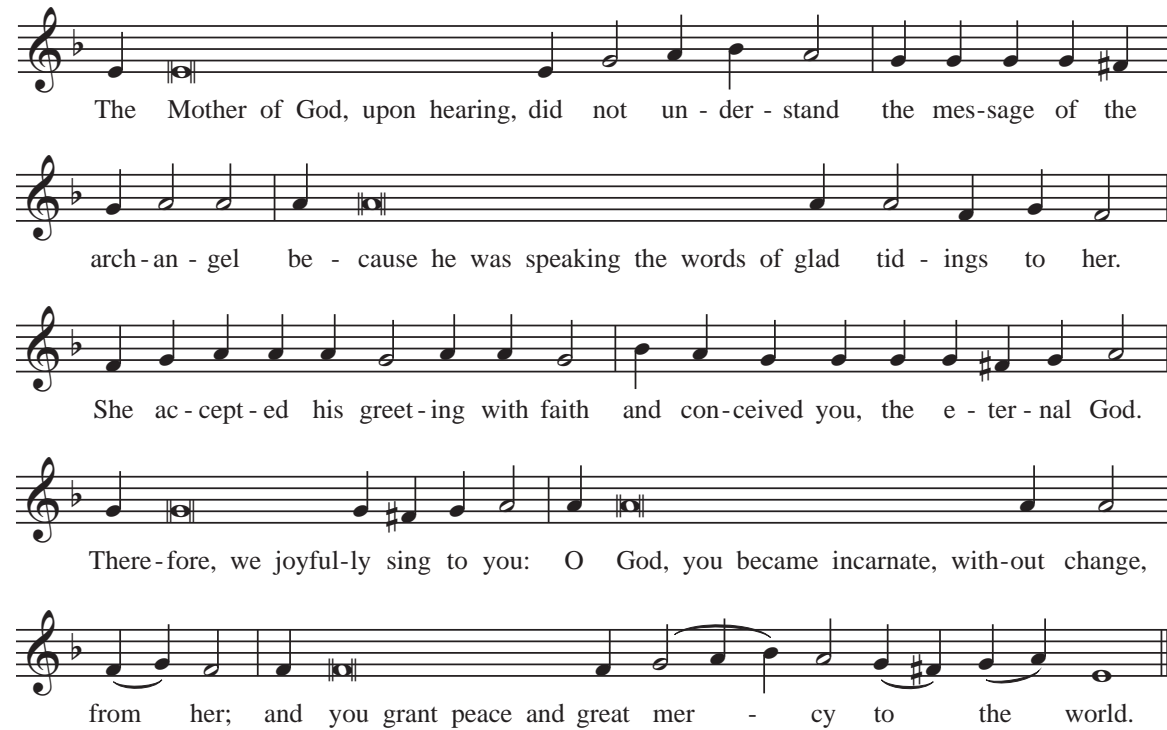


Aposticha theotokion of the pre-feast - Tone 4 samohlasen



The Mother of God, upon hearing, did not un - der - stand the mes - sage of the
arch - an - gel be - cause he was speaking the words of glad tid - ings to her.
She ac - cept - ed his greet - ing with faith and con - ceived you, the e - ter - nal God.
There - fore, we joyful - ly sing to you: O God, you became incarnate, with - out change,
from her; and you grant peace and great mer - cy to the world.

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

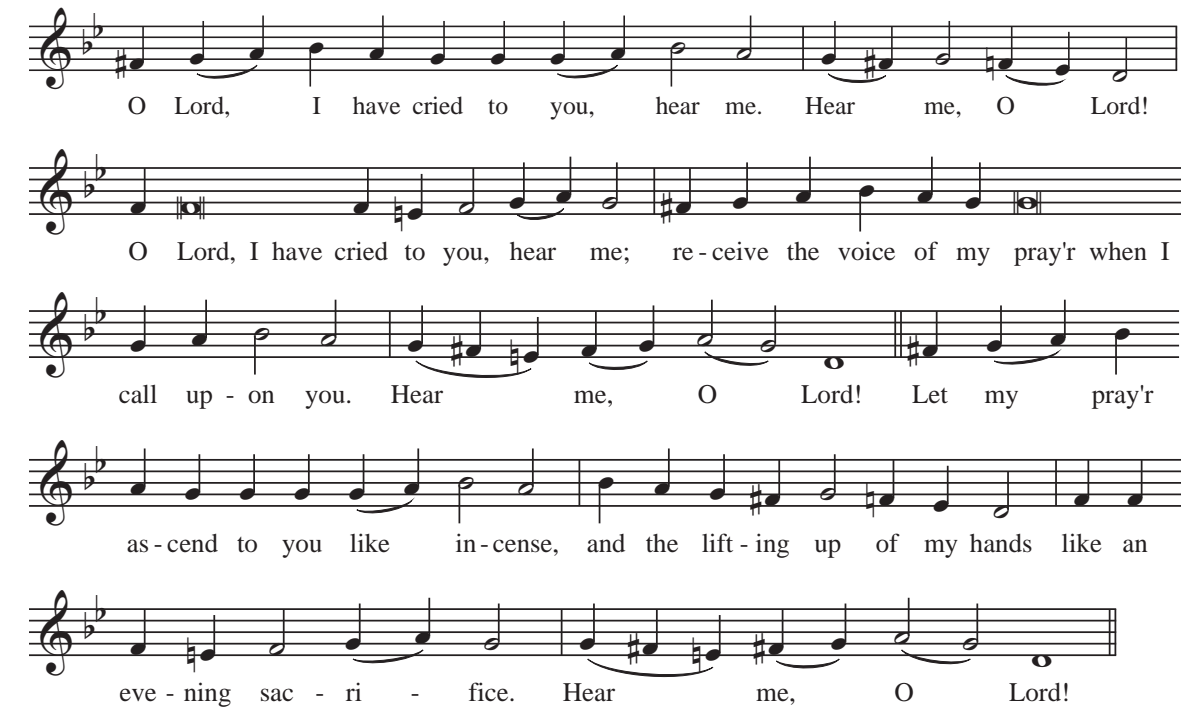
**Vespers Propers on the Evening of the
Third Sunday of the Great Fast
March 23, 2014**

Prefestive day of the Annunciation

*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 3 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
as - cend 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 *unharm*ed.

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.

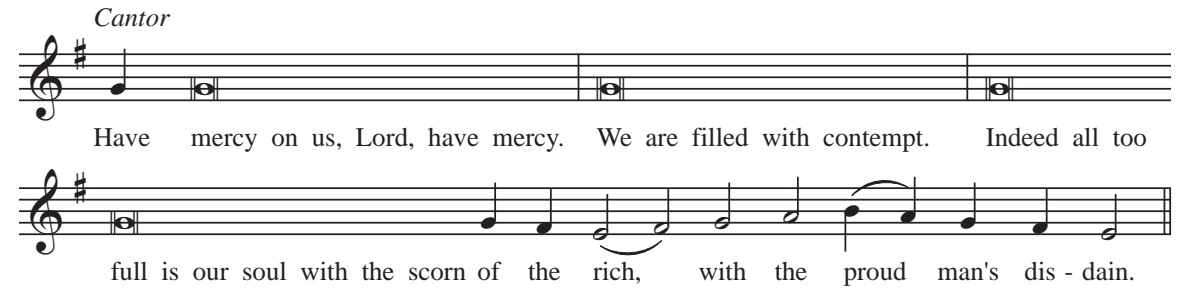
But you, O Lord, know my path.
 On the way where I shall walk they have hidden a snare to *entrap* me.
 Look on my right and see:
 there is no one who takes *my* part.

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."

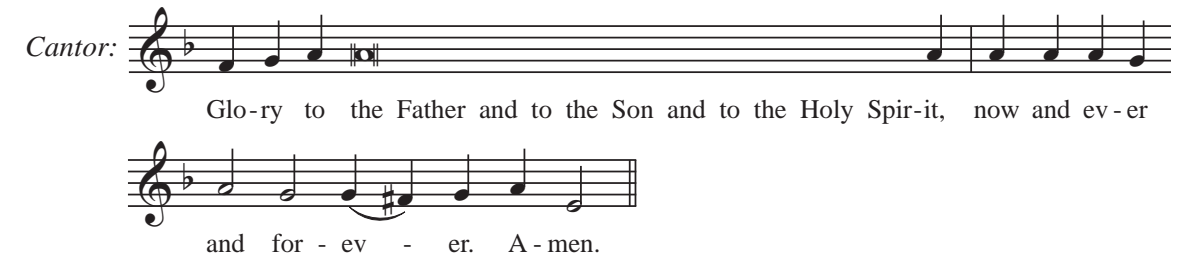
Listen, then, to my cry
 for I am in the depths of *distress*.
 Rescue me from those who pursue me
 for they are stronger *than* I.



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



Tone 4 samohlasen



an-ounce: You shall re-main a virgin, and yet you shall give birth to the Lord.

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

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

Cantor:

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

Stichera of Repentence - Tone 3 samohlasen

We of - fer you our eve - ning hymn, O Christ, with in - cense and

spir - it - ual song. Have mercy upon our souls, O Sav - ior.

Cantor:

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

Save me, O my Lord God, for you are the Sav - ior of all.


A storm of passion is toss-ing me a - bout, and the weight of transgression


is sink-ing me. Give me your help-ing hand, and lead me to the light of


hu - mil - i - ty; for you alone are merci-ful and you love man - kind.

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


Col-lect my scat-tered spir-it, O Lord; re - move the thorns from my heart.


Give me the repenance of Peter, the sighs of the pub - li - can, and the tears



of the sin - ful wo-man, so that I may cry out to you in a loud voice:


Save me, O my God, the Lover of Mankind and the on - ly com-pas-sion-ate Lord.

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


Of-ten when I am prais-ing you, I find my-self in the state of sin;


and when my lips are sing - ing hymns to you, my soul is think ing

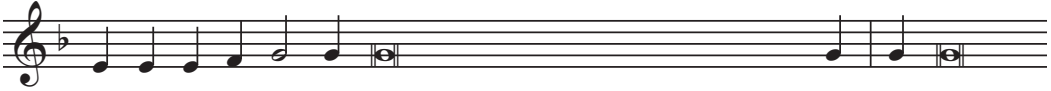

of van - i - ties. Through re - pent - ance, perfect me com - plete - ly,


fal - len! Re - joice, for you a - lone were cho - sen for God!


Re - joice, O Chariot of the Sun of Glo-ry! Re-ceive Him who is with-out flesh

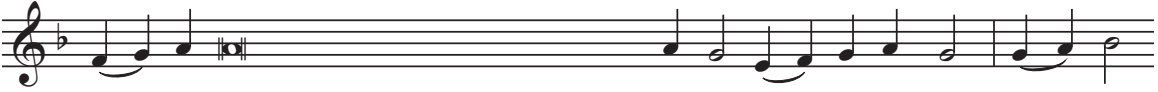

and who de - sires to a bide in your womb.

Tone 2 samohlasen

Cantor: 
Glo-ry to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spir-it, now and ever



and for - ev - er. A - men.

Theotokion - *Tone 2 samohlasen*

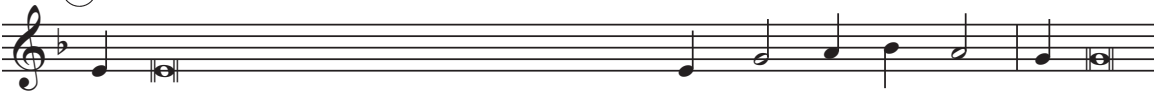

To - day Gabriel announces the good news to the wo - man full of grace: Re - joice,


O Vir - gin who has not known wed - lock; do not fear the strange-ness of my


ap - pear - ance, for I am an arch - an - - - gel. For - mer - ly


the serpent was the cause of grief to Eve, but now is is great joy that I

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


②  A light-bearing palace, the pure womb of the hand - mai - den of God, has been

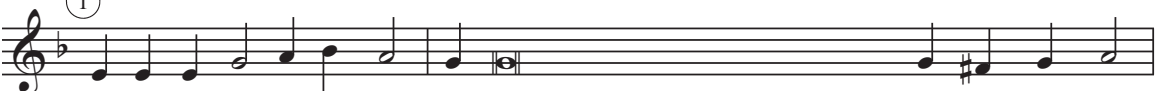
 prepared for you, O Mas - ter. Come down and dwell with - in her. In your


 love for your cre - a - tion, save us from the sla - ve - ry of death

 and restore us to our for - mer beau - ty. By your coming, grant us your peace and

 sal - va - - - - tion.

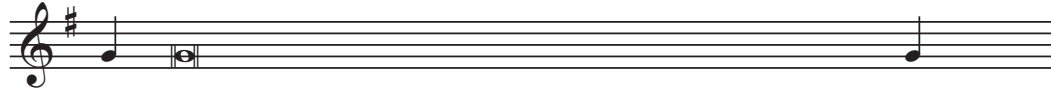
Cantor:  Strong is the love of the Lord for us; he is faith - ful for - ev - er.


①  O all - im - mac - u - late One, the archangel Gabriel openly comes to you and cries out:

 Re - joice, O Remission of the curse! Re - joice, O Resurrection of the

 O Christ our God, have mercy on me and save me.

Tone 8 samohlasen


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 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 - punction 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.

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 pre-feast of the Annunciation - Tone 4 samohlasen

3

The archangel Gabriel affirms the mys-te - ry which was hidden and un-known to the
 an-gels; he now comes to you, the most pure and beautiful Dove, the chosen one of the
 hu-man race. He cries out to you: Rejoice, O most Ho - ly One, pre - pare yourself
 to receive, by my word, the Word of God in your womb.