

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

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 *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."

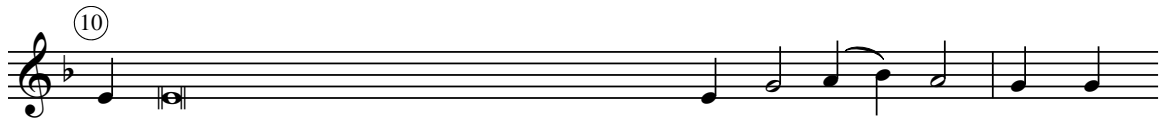
Listen, then, to my cry
for I am in the depths of *distress*.

Rescue me from those who pursue me
for they are stronger *than* I.

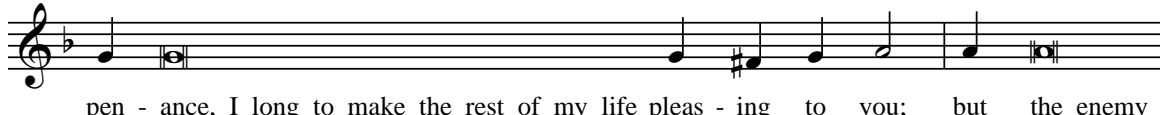
Cantor: 

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


Stichera of 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.



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



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.



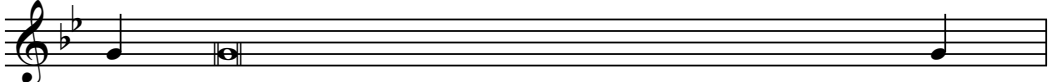

Let your ears be attentive to the voice of my plead - ing.




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:  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



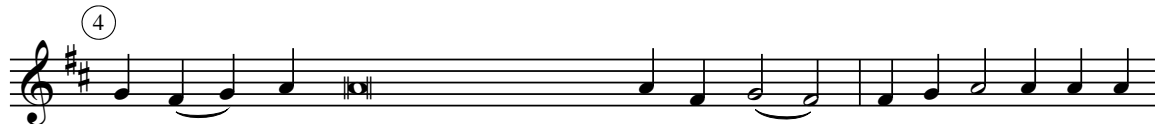
happiness that does not pass a - way.

Tone 7 samohlasen



Cantor:

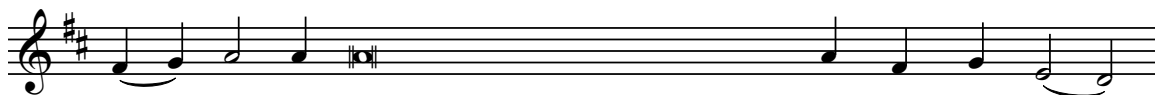
Let the watchman count on daybreak and Is-ra - el on the Lord.



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

③

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!

②

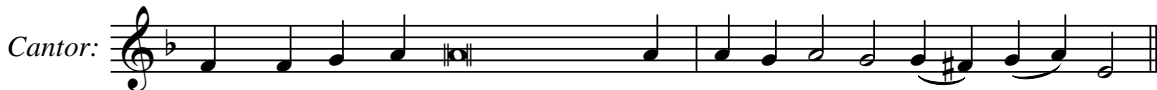
O excellent father, Hy - pa - tius, ra - diating the bril-liance of the true Faith,
you enlighten the souls of the faith-ful ap - proach - ing you. You ob-scured
the disciples of A - ri - us, ex-com-mun-icating them from the Church of Christ.



Thus we all have you as a torch, as we cel-ebrate your ho-ly mem-'ry to-day



and call you bles - - - sed.



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



O venerable father Hy - pa - tius, bear-ing 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,



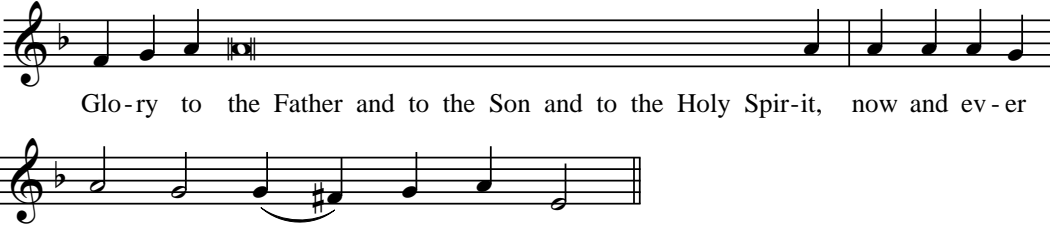
like the sun run-ning its course. You slew the ser - pent, and by your



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

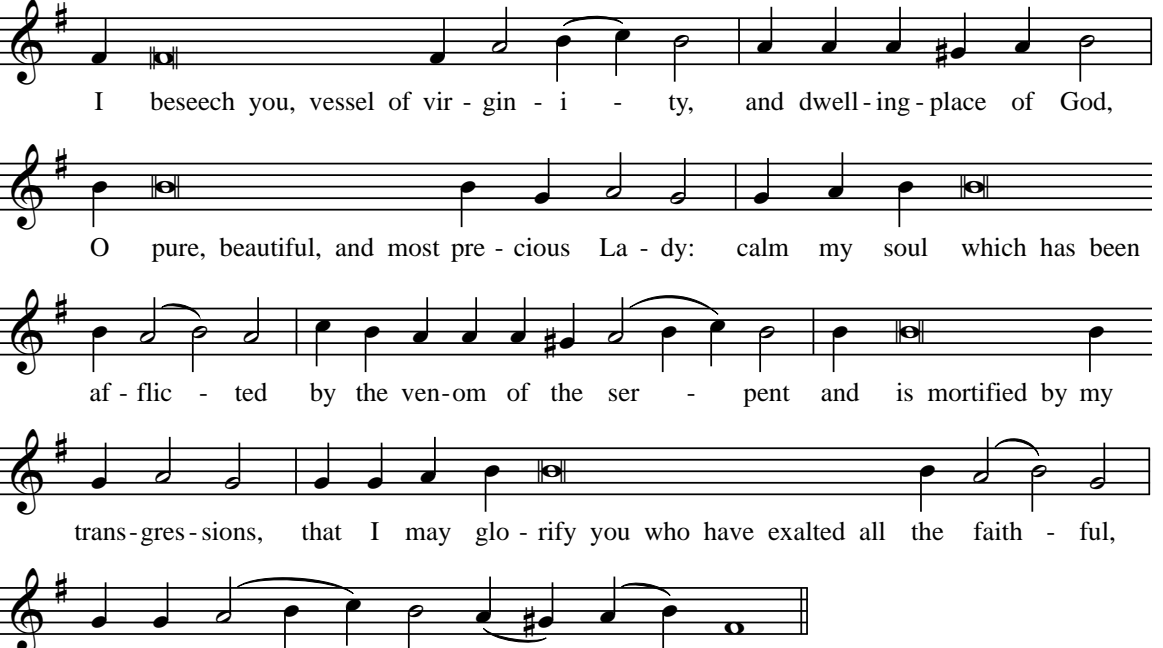


of our ills.

Cantor: 

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.

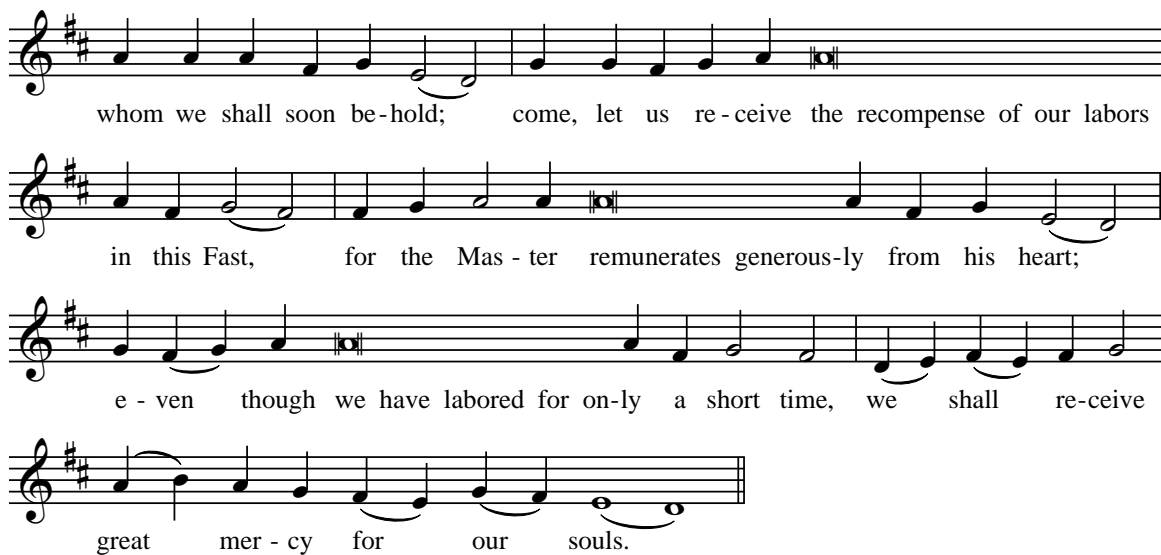
The service continues with the Hymn of the Evening, "O joyful light," on page 8.

Aposticha

Aposticha of the fourth Sunday of the Great Fast - *Tone 7 samohlasen*

① 

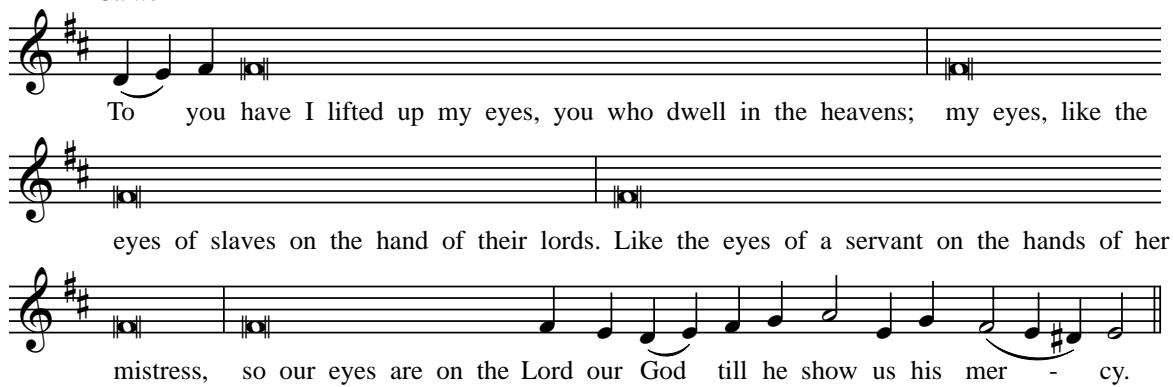
The One who plant - ed the vineyard and called the work - ers is the Sav - ior



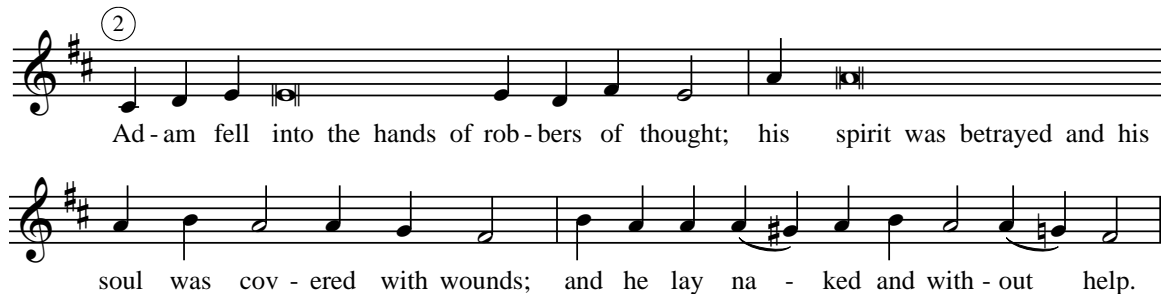
whom we shall soon be-hold; come, let us re-ceive the recompense of our labors
in this Fast, for the Mas-ter remunerates generous-ly from his heart;
e-ven though we have labored for on-ly a short time, we shall re-ceive
great mer-cy for our souls.

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.



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!

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!

