

**Vespers Propers on the Evening of the
Third Sunday of the Great Fast
March 4, 2018**

The holy martyr Conon, who was a gardener during the reign of the emperor Decian. He was ordered to run in front of a chariot after having his feet pierced with nails. He sank down to his knees and surrendered his spirit in prayer. (251)

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 *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 6 samohlasen

⑩ 

I have had nei - ther re - pent-ance nor tears! For this reason, I implore you



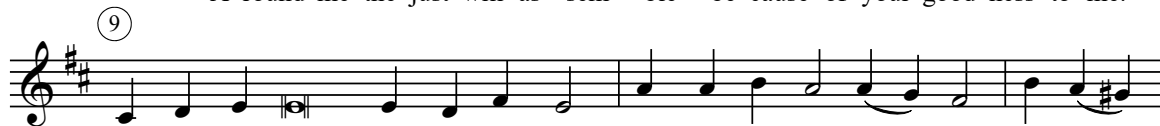
O Christ God, to con - vert me before my end and give me re - morse




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!


⑧ 
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.

⑦ 
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: 

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.

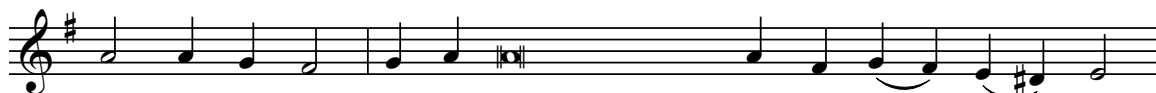
Stichera of the Third Sunday of the Great Fast - Tone 8 samohlasen



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.



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,

Tone 3 samohlasen



and that I may see and vener-ate your ho - ly Cross, O Lord and Lov - er



of us all.



Cantor:

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



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: ^(on 3) *Tone 8 samohlasen*

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 holy martyr Conon - Tone 8 samohlasen

³

O di-vine, un-wan - ing ray, lu-min-ous ra-diance of the com-mand-ments of God,
ev - er-mem-'ra - ble ath - lete, most ex - cel - lent of mar - - - tyrs!
You dis-pelled the gloom of dark - ness like a bril-liant star, O bless-ed one!
O good of - fring, and un - blem-ished sac - ri - fice! There-fore, un - ceas - ing - ly
en - treat Christ, that he may save our souls.

Cantor: 

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



You pro - claim the truth! Show - ing your - self to be a sword-wielding opponent



of un-god - li - ness, you brought down the en - e - my by the suf-fer-ing



your head en - dured, O all-wise mar - tyr, and you clear - ly proclaimed the



com-mand of God, say - ing good things to the un - learn - ed peo - ple.



O Co - non, dweller with the mar - tyrs: en - treat the Redeemer that he deliver



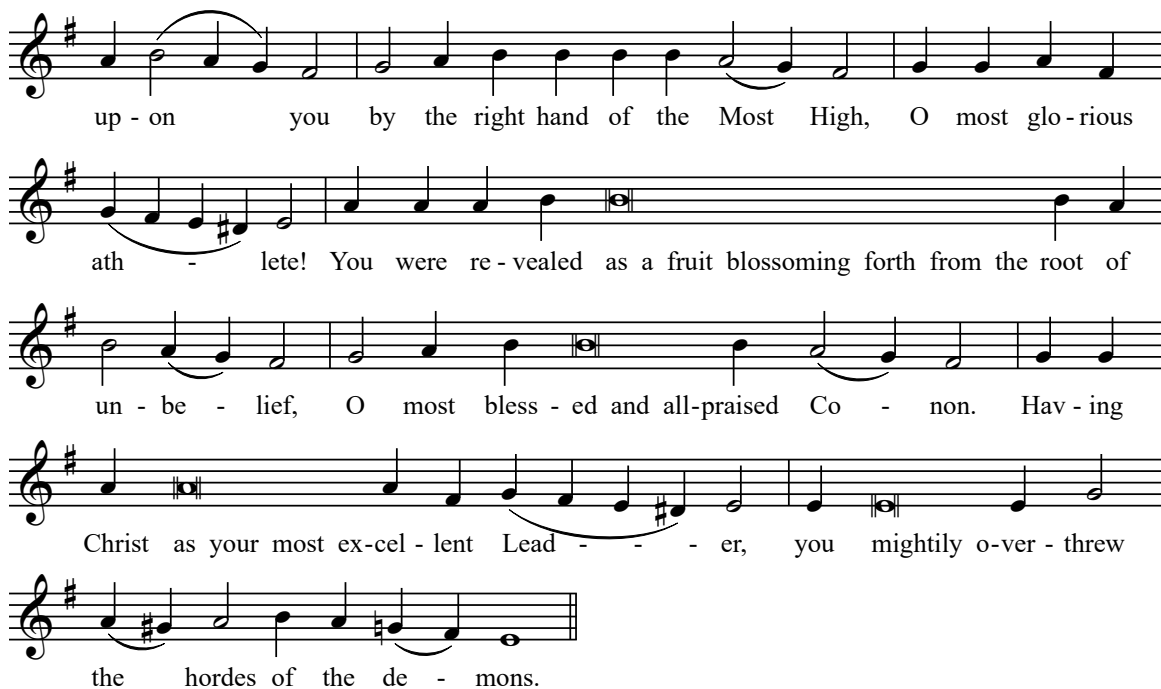
from pas - sions your ser - vants who praise you.

Cantor: 

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

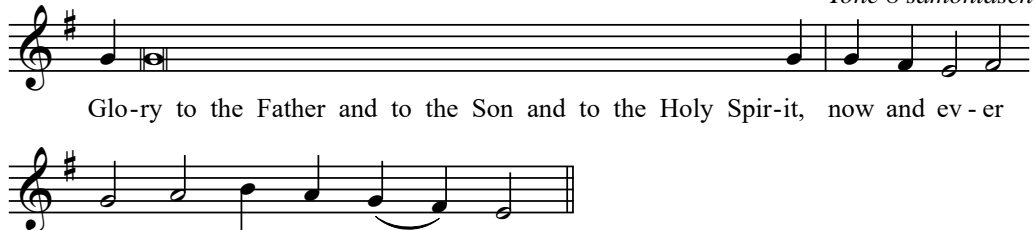


O won-drous trans - for - ma - - - tion which the Lord of our fathers made



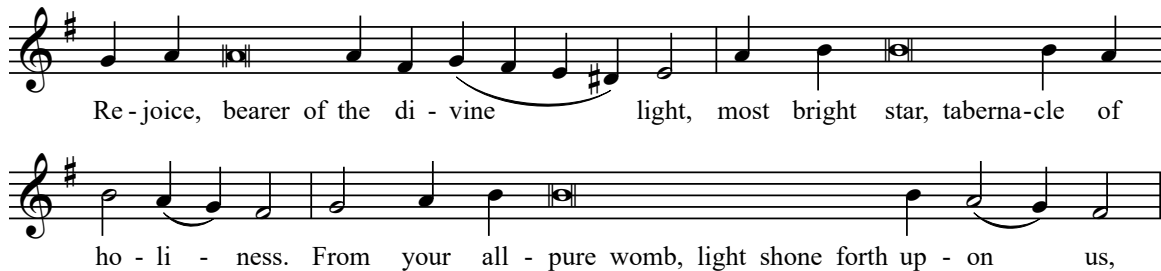
up - on you by the right hand of the Most High, O most glo - rious
ath - lete! You were re - vealed as a fruit blossoming forth from the root of
un - be - lief, O most bless - ed and all-praised Co - non. Hav - ing
Christ as your most ex - cel - lent Lead - - - er, you mightily o-ver - threw
the hordes of the de - mons.

Tone 8 samohlasen

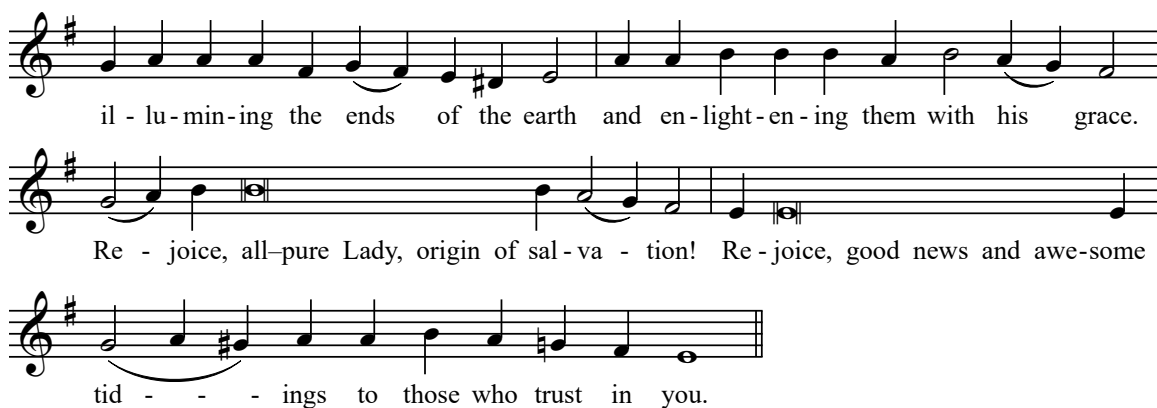
Cantor: 

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 8 samohlasen



Re-joyce, bearer of the di - vine light, most bright star, taberna-cle of
ho - li - ness. From your all - pure womb, light shone forth up - on us,



il - lu - min - ing the ends of the earth and en - light - en - ing them with his grace.

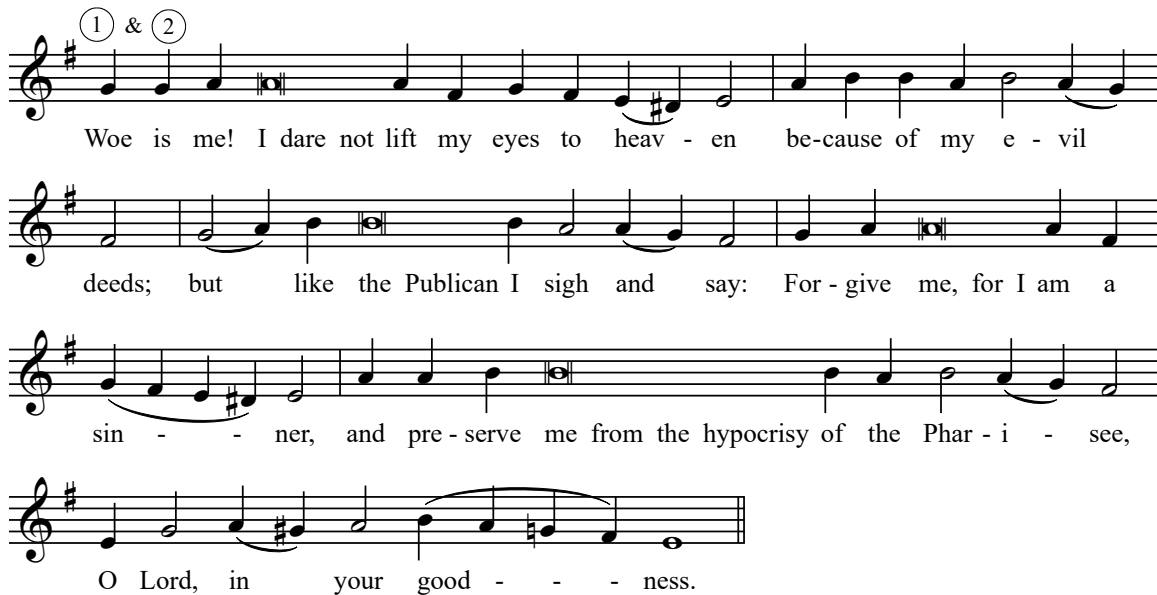
Re - joice, all - pure Lady, origin of sal - va - tion! Re - joice, good news and awe - some

tid - - - ings to those who trust in you.

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

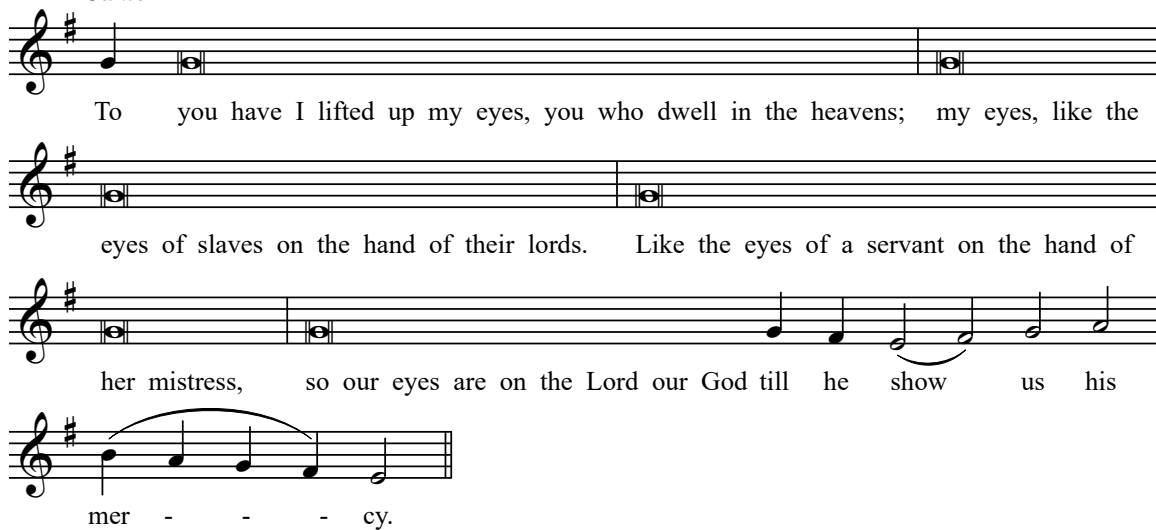
Woe is me! I dare not lift my eyes to heav - en be-cause of my e - vil

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 mercy.

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. O mar-tyrs of the Lord, you sanc-tify all places and heal all dis-eases. There-fore, we ask of you: Pray that our souls be de-liv-ered from the snares of the En-emy.

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