

*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 - Tone 8 samohlasen*

Re - ceive the prayers of your serv - - ants, O our ho - ly La - dy.  
De - liver us from every af - flic - - tion and dan - - ger.

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

**Vespers Propers on the Evening of the  
Fourth Sunday of the Great Fast  
March 11, 2018**

**Our venerable father and confessor Theophane of the Sygrian Mountain** in Bithynia in the monastery of Ager Magnus. He was called the Chronographer. Having been a very wealthy man, he became a poor monk. He was held in prison for two years by the emperor Leo the Armenian on account of his defense of the cult of holy icons. From there he was deported to Samothrace, where, consumed by his tribulations, he yielded up his spirit. (817)

*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 *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.

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!

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.  
 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.

*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 7 samohlasen**

<sup>10</sup>  
 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.

<sup>9</sup>  
 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 Savior, 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!

Cantor: 
  
Glorify to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit, now and ever

and forever. Amen.

**Theotokion - Tone 8 samohlasen**

Rejoice, bearer of the divine light, most bright star, tabernacle of

holiness. From your all-pure womb, light shone forth upon us,

illumining the ends of the earth and enlightening them with his grace.

Rejoice, all-pure Lady, origin of salvation! Rejoice, good news and awesome

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

The One who planted the vineyard and called the workers is the Savior

of all praise, you cared more for the ho-ly i - cons than for the con-di-tion  
of your bod - y. But you frus-trated the plans of Le - o, his dark spir-it  
and his vain thoughts, bring-ing them to de - ri - sion.

Cantor:

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

<sup>1</sup>

All good comes to us from the Lord, who gen - erously rewarded you for your

suf - fer - ings, O bless-ed Fa - ther, by grant - ing you the power to expel

de-mons and heal dis - eas - es. We can-not even speak of the in - ef - fa-ble joy

which you mer-ited to ex-pe - ri - ence in the place where the an-gels re-joice

in their choirs, for you ceaselessly look upon the face of the all - pow - er-ful Lord.

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

<sup>6</sup>

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.

<sup>5</sup>

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 8 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 Theophane - Tone 8 samohlasen**

O Fa - ther Theophane, of di - vine thoughts, you were named for the

The - o - pha - ny of Christ. You fol - lowed in his life - giv - ing foot - steps,

a - ban - don - ing the pleas - ures of this life and turn - ing your gaze to the splen - dor

for which you yearned. By your long - ing for it, you were per - fect - ly

u - nit - ed to God.

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

O Fa - ther Theophane, of di - vine thoughts, des - pite your phys - i - cal

frail - ty, you pa - tiently endured the bitterness of ex - ile.

When the mad - ness of Le - o caused your ban - ish - ment, O Fa - ther wor - thy