

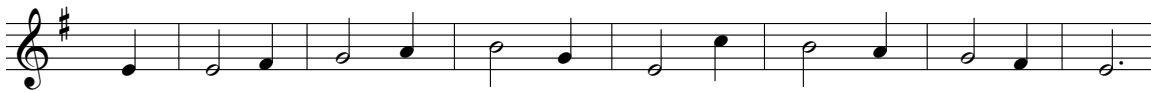
Vespers Propers, February 27, 2006
Cheesefare Sunday (Sunday of Forgiveness)

Our venerable father and confessor Procopius the Decapolite, who, at the time of emperor Leo III Isaurus [c.680-740] vigorously contended for the cult of holy Images.

All page references are to *The Order of Vespers for the Sunday of Forgiveness (Cheesefare Sunday)*, 2005

Hymn

melody: Pod tvoj pokrov/We Hasten to Your Patronage



1. "For - give our sins as we for - give," You taught us, Lord, to pray,
2. In blaz - ing light Your Cross re - veals The truth we dim - ly knew:
3. As we be - gin the Fast once more, We pray You, Lord of all:



But You a - lone can grant us grace To live the words we say.
What triv - ial debts are owed to us, How great our debt to You!
Take far from us in - dif - fer - ence, De - spair, and pow - er's call.



How can Your par - don reach and bless The un - for - giv - ing heart
Lord, cleanse the depths with - in our souls And bid re - sent - ment cease;
In - stead, be - stow in - teg - ri - ty, Hu - mil - i - ty and love;



That broods on wrongs and will not let Old bit - ter - ness de - part?
Then, bound to all in bonds of love, Our lives will spread Your peace.
Let me not judge my neigh - bor's fault! Grant mer - cy from a - bove.

stanzas one and two: Rosamund Herklots, b. 1905; © Oxford University Press

stanza three: J. Michael Thompson

The Lamplighting Psalms

Psalm 140 - Tone 8

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 *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 *with*in 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 prison
(*on 10*) and then I shall praise your name.

Penitential Stichera - Tone 8



Un - ceas - ingly the angels sing to you, O King and Mas - ter. I fall before you

like the Publi-can and cry out: O God, cleanse me and have mer - cy on me!

Cantor: Around me the just will assemble
(on 9) because of your goodness to me.

You are im - mor - tal, O my soul! Do not be overcome by the waves of life,

but rise up and, to your Benefac - tor, cry out: O God cleanse me and have

mer - cy on me!

Cantor: Out of the depths I cry to you, O Lord; **Psalm 129**
(on 8) Lord, hear my voice!

Give me the gift of tears, O Lord, as once you gave them to the sin - ful

wo - man, and let me pour them o - ver your feet, for they have

turned me away from the path of er - ror. I will of - fer you a sweet-smell - ing

oint - ment, the con - ver - sion of my heart and the puri - ty of my life,

so that I too may hear your gen - tle voice: Go in peace, for your faith has
 saved you.

Cantor: Let your ears be attentive
 (on 7) to the voice of my pleading.

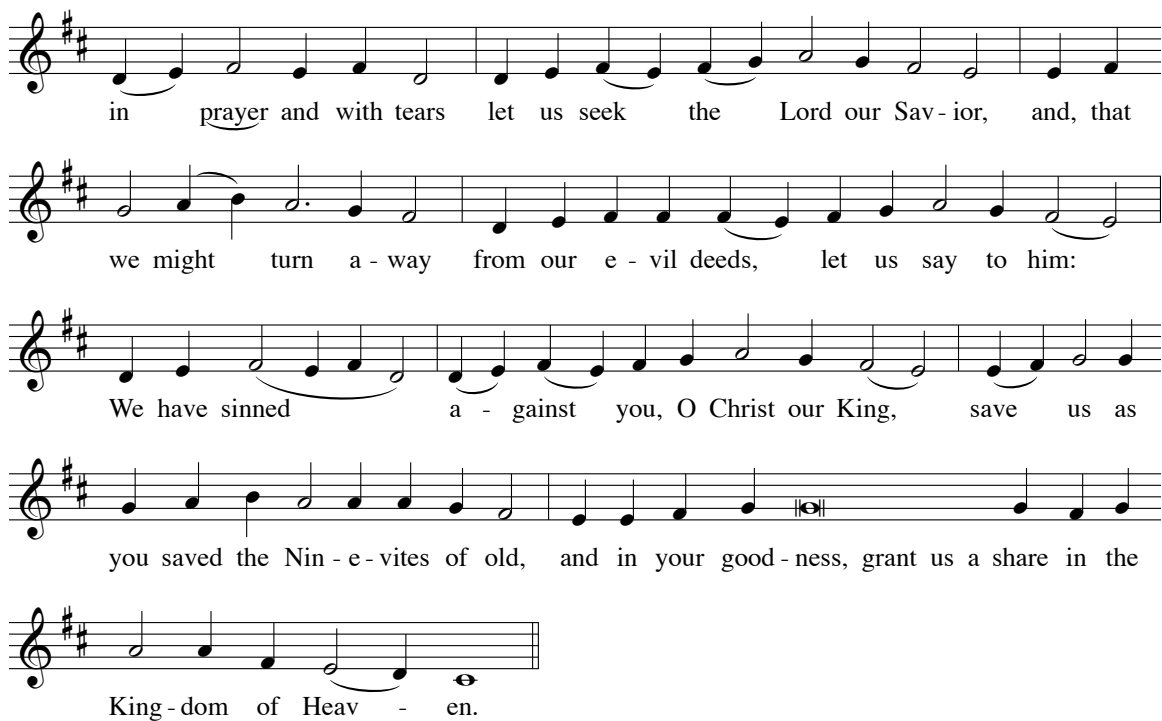
When I look at my man - y e - vil deeds, and when I think of the fear - some
 judg - ment, I am seized with fright and take re - fuge in you; O Lord
 and Lover of us all, do not de - spise me; you a - lone are with - out sin.
 Be - fore the end, grant me con - tri - tion and save me.

Cantor: If you, O Lord, should mark our guilt, Lord, who would survive?
 (on 6) But with you is found forgiveness: for this we revere you.

Stichera of Cheesefare Sunday

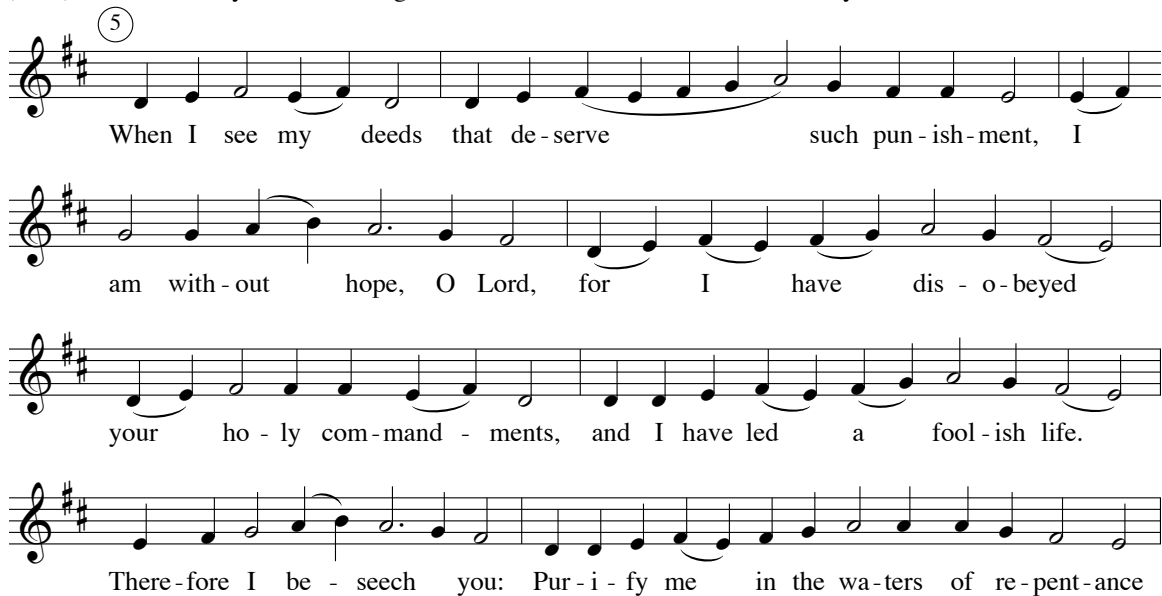
Tone 2 podobn: Jehda ot dreva

En - ter - ing in - to the a - re - na of the ho - ly Fast, let us
 make ev - 'ry ef - fort to hum - ble our flesh by ab - sti - nence;



in prayer and with tears let us seek the Lord our Sav-ior, and, that
 we might turn a-way from our e-vil deeds, let us say to him:
 We have sinned a-gainst you, O Christ our King, save us as
 you saved the Nin-e-vites of old, and in your good-ness, grant us a share in the
 King-dom of Heav-en.

Cantor: My soul is waiting for the Lord. I count on his word.
 (on 5) My soul is waiting for the Lord more than watchman for daybreak.



⑤
 When I see my deeds that de-serve such pun-ish-ment, I
 am with-out hope, O Lord, for I have dis-o-beyed
 your ho-ly com-mand-ments, and I have led a fool-ish life.
 There-fore I be-seech you: Pur-i-fy me in the wa-ters of re-pent-ance

by fast - ing and prayer, O Sav - ior full of good - ness;

do not re - ject me, O Ben - e - fac - tor of the u - ni - verse.

Cantor: Let the watchman count on daybreak
(on 4) and Israel on the Lord.

④ Let us be - gin the time of this bright Fast, giv - ing our - selves

to spir - it - ual strug - gle. Let us san - cti - fy our soul and

pur - i - fy our flesh. Let us not on - ly fast from food; let us al - so

ab - stain from ev - 'ry pas - sion and cul - ti - vate spir - it - ual vir - tues.

And let us faith - ful - ly per - se - vere in this,

so that we may be worthy to see the holy Pas - sion of Christ our God

and the joy of his ho - ly Re - sur - rec - tion.

Cantor: Because with the Lord there is mercy and fullness of redemption.
(on 3) Israel indeed he will redeem from all its iniquity.

Stichera of our Venerable Father Procopius the Decapolite

Tone 4 podobn: Jako doblja

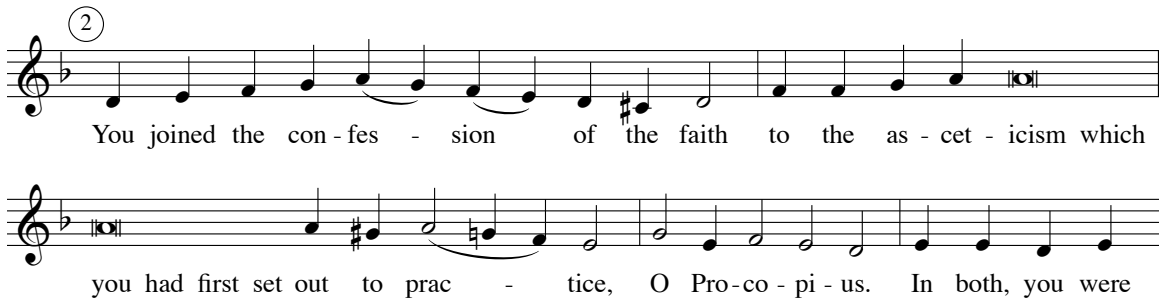
③



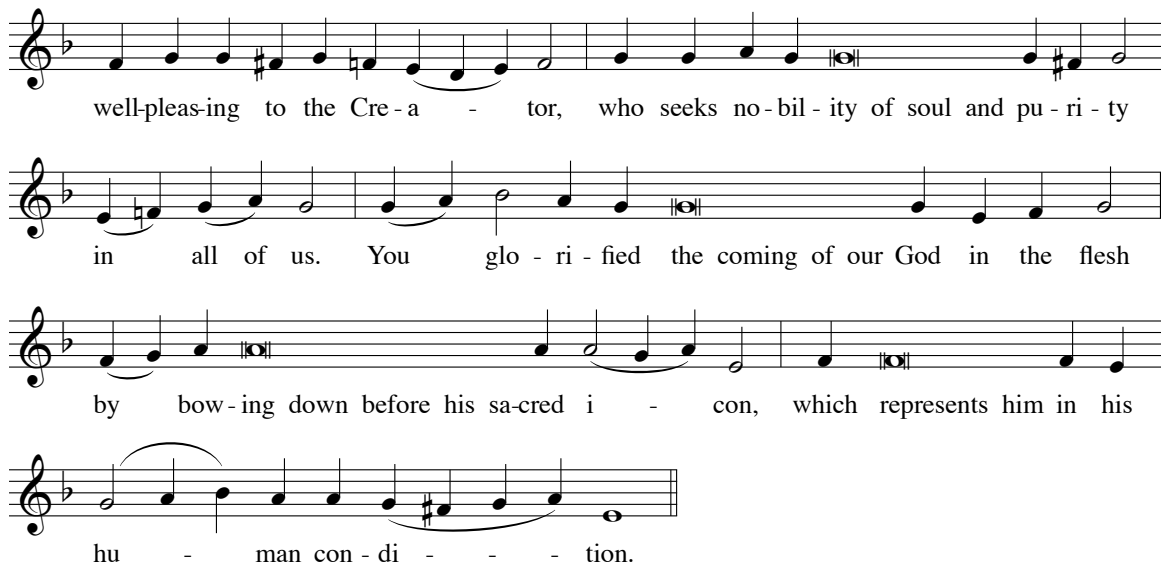
By vir - tue of cre - a - tion, you were made in the im-age and
like - ness of God, O bless - ed fa - ther Pro - co - pi - us. You made ev - 'ry
ef - fort to preserve the dig - ni - ty of the im - age by your pi - ety, the purity
of your soul, chas - ti - ty, temp - 'rance in restraining the pas - sions,
per - se - ver - ance in the true raith, and the manner in which you ob - served the
pre - cepts of Christ.

Cantor: Praise the Lord, all you nations; **Psalm 116**
(on 2) acclaim him, all you peoples!

②

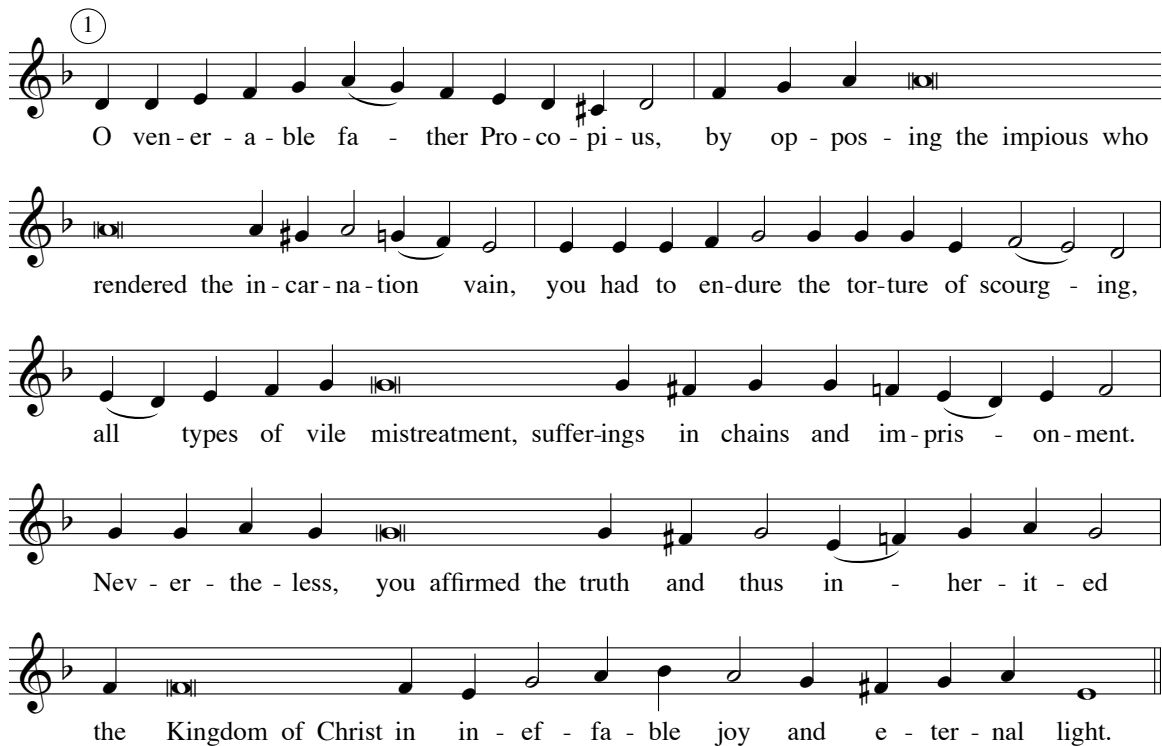


You joined the con - fes - sion of the faith to the as - cet - icism which
you had first set out to prac - tice, O Pro - co - pi - us. In both, you were



well-pleas-ing to the Cre-a - tor, who seeks no-bil - ity of soul and pu - ri - ty
 in all of us. You glo - ri - fied the coming of our God in the flesh
 by bow - ing down before his sa-cred i - con, which represents him in his
 hu - man con - di - - - tion.

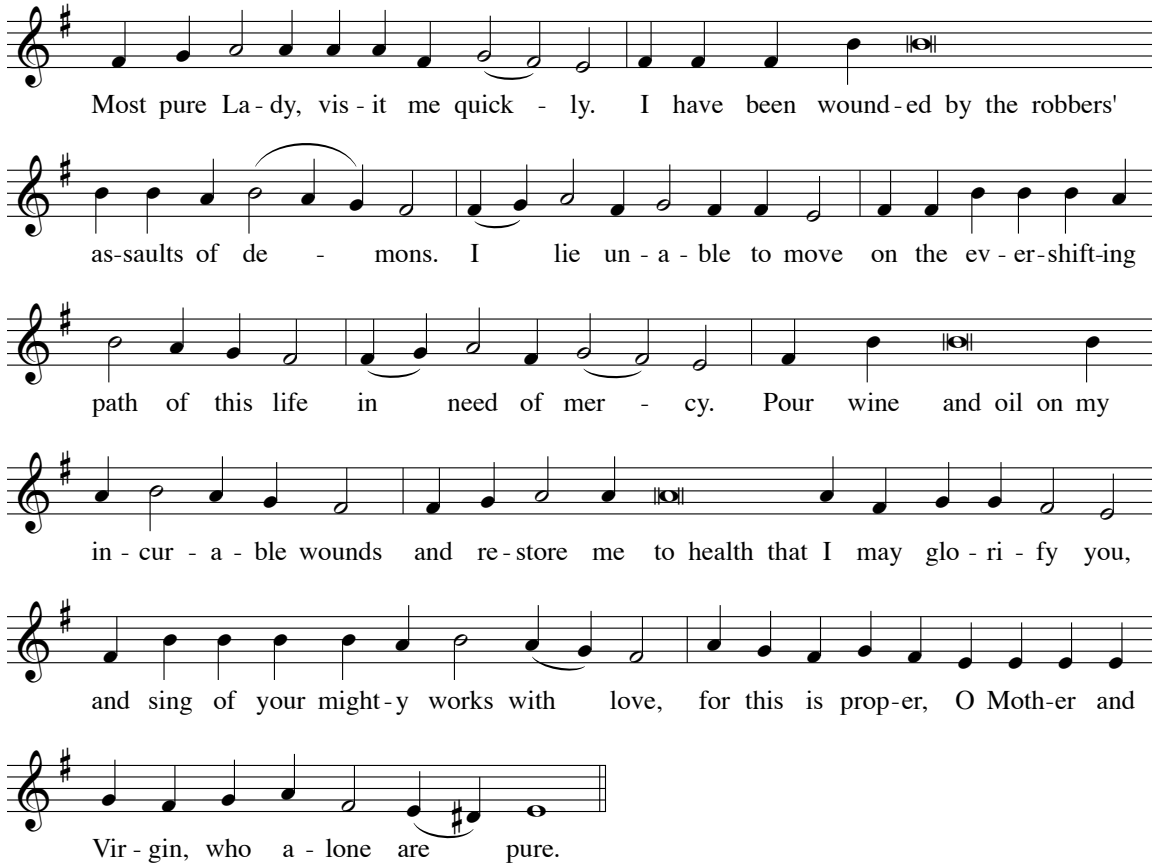
Cantor: Strong is the love of the Lord for us;
 (on 1) he is faithful forever.



①
 O ven - er - a - ble fa - ther Pro-co - pi - us, by op - pos - ing the impious who
 rendered the in - car - na - tion vain, you had to en - dure the tor - ture of scourg - ing,
 all types of vile mistreatment, suffer-ings in chains and im - pris - on - ment.
 Nev - er - the - less, you affirmed the truth and thus in - her - it - ed
 the Kingdom of Christ in in - ef - fa - ble joy and e - ter - nal light.

Cantor: Glory...now and ever...

Theotokion - Tone 1 samohlasen



Most pure La-dy, vis-it me quick-ly. I have been wound-ed by the robbers'
as-saults of de-mons. I lie un-a-ble to move on the ev-er-shifting
path of this life in need of mer-cy. Pour wine and oil on my
in-cur-a-ble wounds and re-store me to health that I may glo-ri-fy you,
and sing of your might-y works with love, for this is prop-er, O Moth-er and
Vir-gin, who a-lone are pure.

The service continues on page 8 with the Hymn of the Evening.