

December 8
The Maternity of the Holy Anna

Supplement for The Order of Vespers for Sundays After Pentecost, 2005
"O Lord, I have cried" is sung in Tone 4, page 58.

Bring my soul out of this prison
and then I shall praise *your* name.

Around me the just will assemble
because of your goodness *to* me.

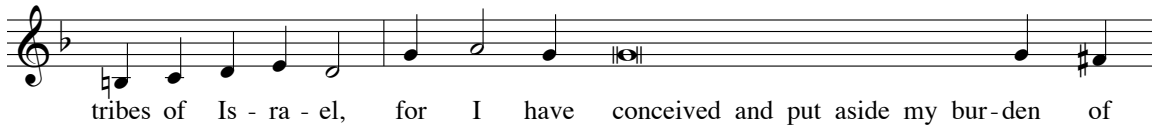
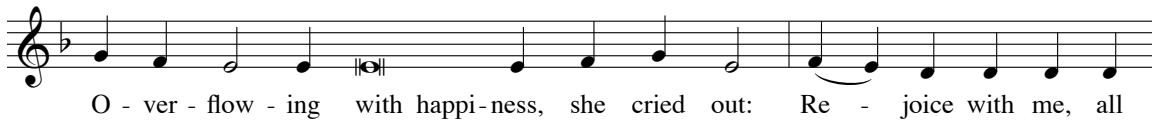
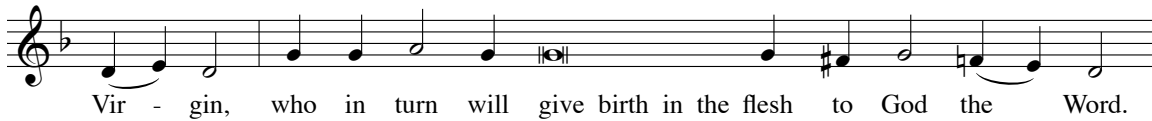
Out of the depths I cry to you, O Lord;
Lord, hear *my* voice!

Let your ears be attentive
to the voice of *my* pleading.

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.

⑥ ⑤

Tone 4 podoben: Zvannyj svyše buw



and healed the pains of my yearning heart.

Cantor: My soul is longing for the Lord. I count on his word.
(on 5) My soul is longing for the Lord more than watchman for daybreak.
(Repeat "The barren Anna...")

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

O Anna, the One who made waters gush forth from a rock bestows

as a fruit of your womb, the ever-virgin Lady. Through her, our

salvation will come. Because of this you were delivered from shame.

No longer will you be on earth as a fruitless soil, for you have produced

an earth which will bring forth the Tree of Life. According to

his will, he delivered the human race from all shame when he became man out of

his compassion - ate mercy.

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

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

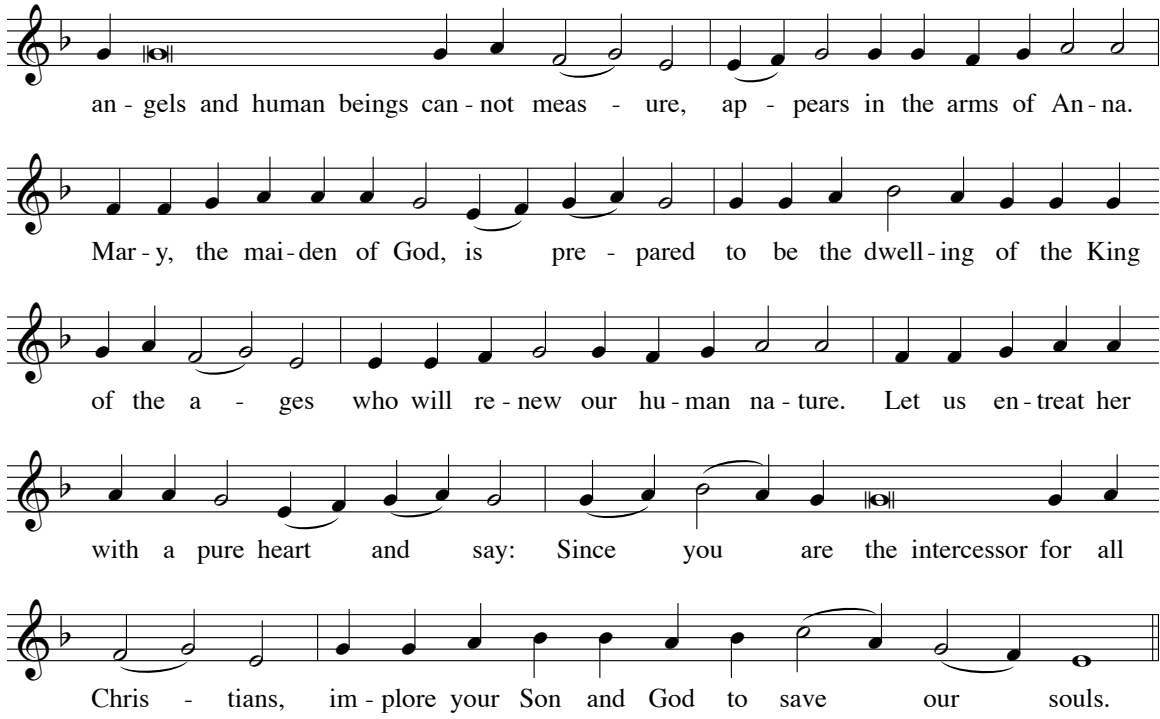
The say - ings of the prophets are now be - ing ful - filled: the ho - ly moun - tain
is plant - ed in the womb; the di - vine lad - der is set up; the throne of
the great king is read - y; the God - inspired city is be - ing a - dorned.
The un - burn - a - ble bush is begin - ning to bud forth, and the treas - ure house
of grace is o - ver - flow - ing. It is spread - ing over the rivers of un - fruit - ful - ness
of the God - wise An - na, whom we glo - ri - fy in faith.

Cantor: Strong is the love of the Lord for us;
(on 1) he is faithful forever. (*Repeat "The sayings of the prophets..."*)

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

Doxastikon - Tone 2 samohlasen

To - day the mystery which has been an - nounced from e - ter - ni - ty, whose depth



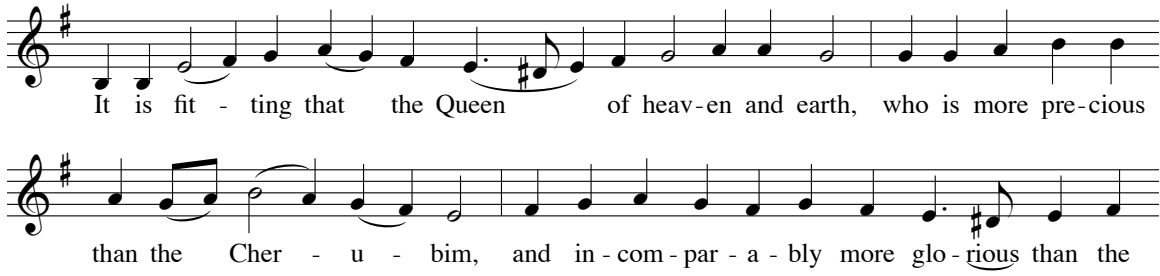
an - gels and human beings can - not meas - ure, ap - pears in the arms of An - na.
 Mar - y, the mai - den of God, is pre - pared to be the dwell - ing of the King
 of the a - ges who will re - new our hu - man na - ture. Let us en - treat her
 with a pure heart and say: Since you are the intercessor for all
 Chris - tians, im - plore your Son and God to save our souls.

Prokeimenon for the day of the week, page 114

Readings: Genesis 28: 10-17
 Ezekiel 43: 27 through 44: 4
 Proverbs 9: 1-11

Litija

Tone 1 Bolhar



It is fit - ting that the Queen of heav - en and earth, who is more pre - cious
 than the Cher - u - bim, and in - com - par - a - bly more glo - rious than the

Ser - a - phim, be con - ceived and remain im - mac - u - late as the an - gels,
 so that they who are serv - ants of the Lord can boast of
 their own Queen, the The - o - to - kos. Glo - ry and praise to the Lord
 who willed it so, the Cre - a - tor of all things.

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

Doxastikon - Tone 1 Bolhar

Be - fore the na - tiv - i - ty of the Son of God, it was fit - ting
 for the Fa - - - ther to be - stow the most pure con - cep - tion up - on the
 The - o - to - kos, who is be - trothed of the Ho - ly Spir - it, that
 she might be filled with heav - en - ly gifts in a man - ner be - yond
 all oth - er crea - tures. Glo - ry and praise to the Lord who willed it so,

the Cre - a - tor of all things.

Litija Litany, p. 116

Aposticha

Tone 5 podoben: Radujsja živosnyj Kreste

1
An - na, whose name means di - vine grace, once cried out in her pray - er,
ask - ing for a child. She in - voked the God and Creator of all, say - ing:
Lord of Hosts, you know what shame it is to be bar - ren. Heal the
pains of my heart. Make my fruit - less womb fruit - ful so that we may
of - fer to you the child who is born as a gift, and that with one mind,
we may bless, praise, and glo - ri - fy your love through which the world ob - tains
great mer - cy.

Cantor

The Lord swore an oath to Da-vid; he will not go back on his word.

②

An - na was praying with great fervor, beseeching the Lord for a child, when she

heard the voice of an an - gel who told her that God had granted her wish,

say - ing plain - ly: Do not doubt, for your pray'r has reached the Lord.

Wipe a - way your tears, for you shall be an olive tree bringing forth a

beau-ti-ful branch. You will bring forth the Vir - gin from whom will blos-som the

flow - er, Christ - in - the - flesh who will grant great mer - cy to the world.

Cantor

A Son, the fruit of your bod - y, will I set up - on your throne.

③

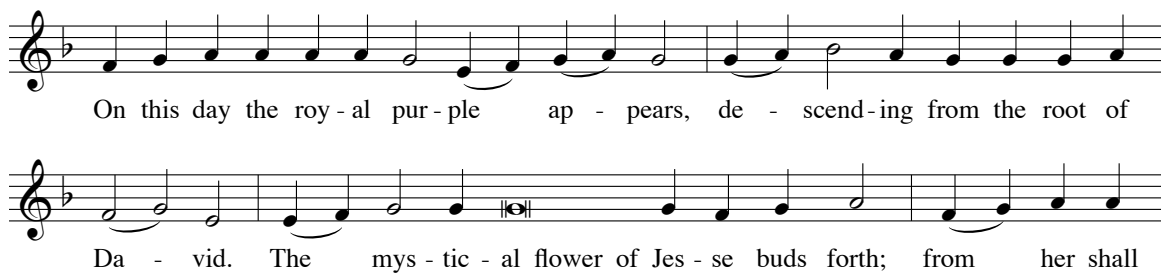
Jo - a - chim and Anna, the right - eous cou - ple, gave birth to



the precious heavenly fruit, the ewe - lamb, who in turn will give birth in a
manner beyond un - der - stand - ing to the Lamb of God who is to be
sac - ri - ficed for all. Be - cause of this, they of - fer to the Lord
an un - ceas - ing and hum - ble hymn of praise. Let us, there - fore, praise them with
fer - vor. And let us joy - fully celebrate the birth of the One who was born
of them. Mar - y, the The - o - to - kos; be - cause through her,
great mercy is grant - ed to all of us.

Cantor: (Tone 2) Glory...now and ever...

Doxastikon - Tone 2 samohlasen



On this day the roy - al pur - ple ap - pears, de - scend - ing from the root of
Da - vid. The mys - tic - al flower of Jes - se buds forth; from her shall

blos - som Christ our God, the Sav - ior of our souls.

Troparion

Priest first, then all:

Tone 4

To - day the bonds of bar - ren - ness are loosed, for God has heard the pray'rs of

Jo - a - chim and An - na. He prom - ised, beyond hope, the birth of their god - ly

daugh - ter. The In - des - cribable, himself, born of her as a mor - tal,

com - mand - ed us through the an - gel to sing to her: Re - joi - ce, O wo - man

full of grace, the Lord is with you.

Glory...now and ever...

The Troparion is repeated