

**Vespers Propers on the Evening of the
Second Sunday of the Great Fast
February 28, 2010**

The venerable martyr Eudoxia. Having lived a profligate younger life, she was converted and baptized by bishop Theodotus. She was arrested and beheaded for the faith under the emperor Trajan. (2nd century) *Note: the saint's name is pronounced "Ev-do-KHEE-a."*

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 *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.



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

in your goodness, do not close the door of your heart to me; o-pen it
to me, re - ceive me as the Prod - i - gal and save me!

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.
Repeat "I foolishly threw off..."

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-eas - es.
There-fore, we ask of you: Pray that our souls be de - liv - - - ered
from the snares of the En - e - my.

Cantor: Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit;
now and ever and forever. Amen.

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,

Cantor: (Tone 6) Bring my soul out of this prison
(on 10) and then I shall praise your name.

Stichera of Repentance - Tone 6 samohlasen

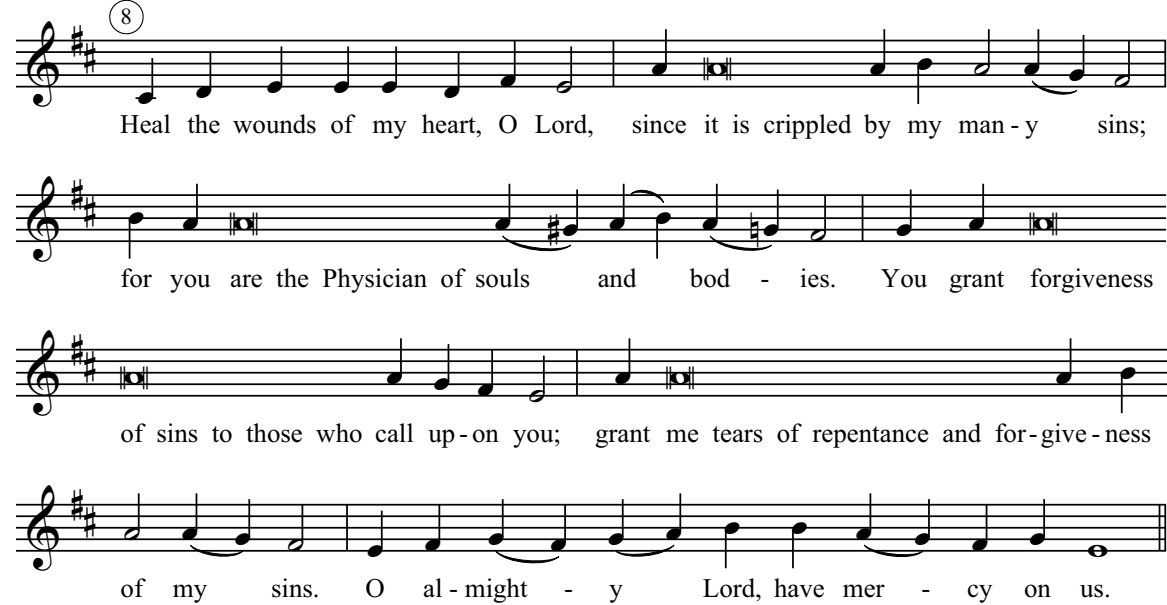
I have had nei - ther re - pent - ance nor tears! For this reason, I implore you
O Christ God, to con - vert me before my end and give me re - morse
so that I may be de - liv - ered from tor - - - ment.

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

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; **Psalm 129**
(on 8) Lord, hear my voice!

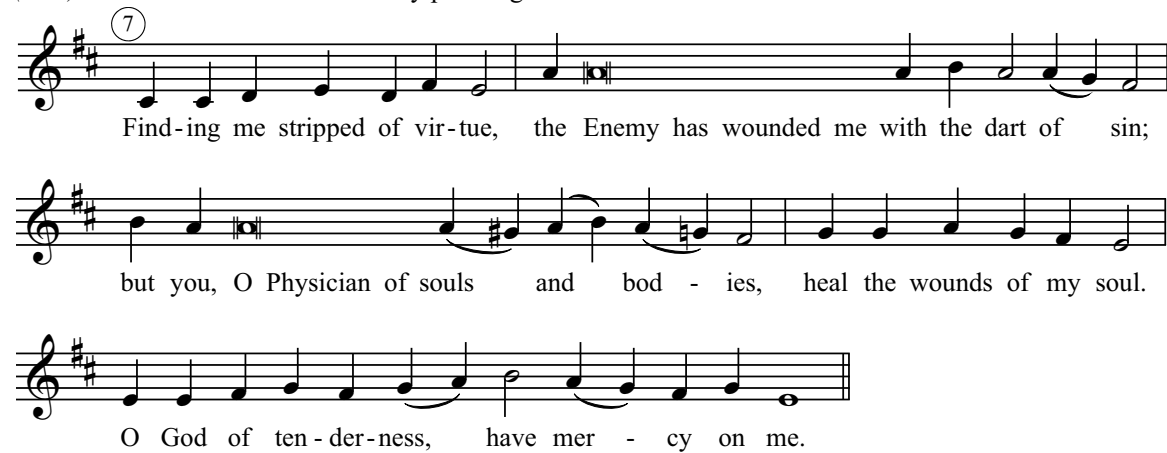
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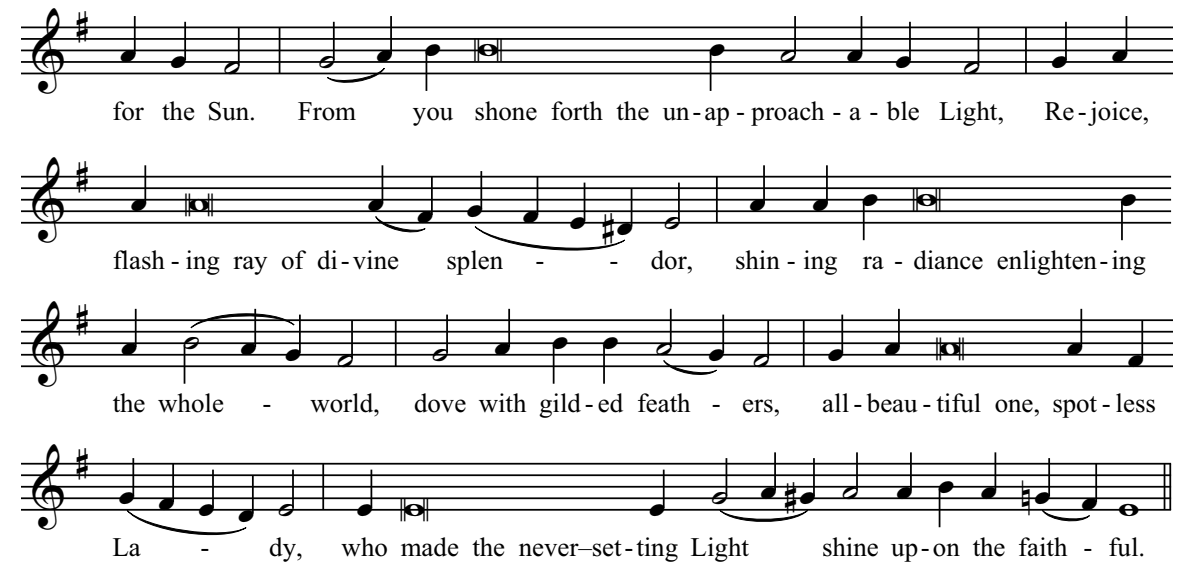
Heal the wounds of my heart, O Lord, since it is crippled by my man-y sins;
for you are the Physician of souls and bod - ies. You grant forgiveness
of sins to those who call up-on you; grant me tears of repentance and for-give-ness
of my sins. O al-might - y Lord, have mer - cy on us.

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

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.

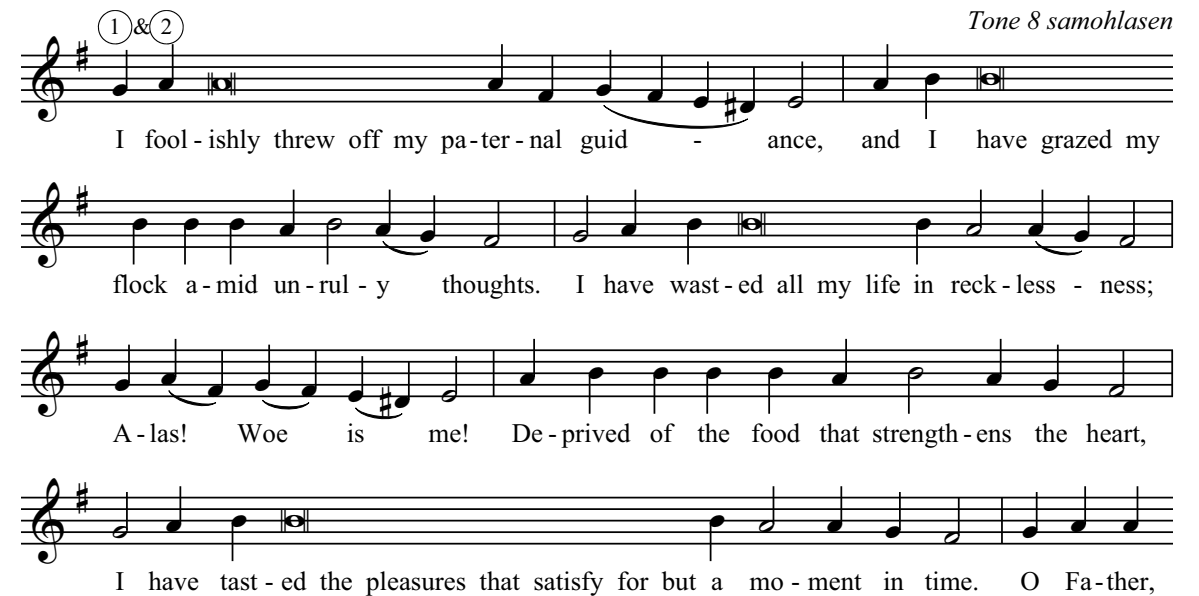


for the Sun. From you shone forth the un-ap - proach - a - ble Light, Re-joyce,
flash - ing ray of di-vine splen - - dor, shin - ing ra - diance enlighten-ing
the whole - world, dove with gild-ed feath - ers, all-beau-tiful one, spot-less
La - dy, who made the never-set-ting Light shine up-on the faith - ful.

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

Aposticha

1 & 2 Tone 8 samohlasen



I fool - ishly threw off my pa-ter-nal guid - ance, and I have grazed my
flock a-mid un-rul - y thoughts. I have wast-ed all my life in reck-less - ness;
A-las! Woe is me! De-priv-ed of the food that strength-ens the heart,
I have tast-ed the pleasures that satisfy for but a mo - ment in time. O Fa-ther,

This was done by the power of the Spir - it, who trans - formed you into something

great - er by his grace, O ven - 'ra - ble Eu - do - xi - - - a.

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

By your life-giving in-ter-ces - sion, you raised up the dead, O illustrious

Eu-do-xi - a, who had put to death bodily passions by the labors of tem-per-ance.

Now you dwell in heav-en with the mar - tyrs, hav-ing completed the course as

an ath-lete through the help of the Spir - it. You ceaselessly intercede for the

faith - - ful who ex - alt you.

Cantor: (Tone 8) Glory...now and ever...

Theotokion - Tone 8 samohlasen

Re-joyce, O you who have the ra-diance of the sun and were the bod-y re-served

Cantor: (Tone 4) 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 the Second Sunday of the Great Fast - Tone 8 samohlasen

I have sinned against you with-out meas - ure, and my pun-ish-ment will be

great in - deed: the sigh - ing without comfort and the gnash - ing of teeth;

the fire of Hades and the dark-ness of the damned. Give me tears of repentance,

O most just Judge, that, by fast-ing, I may obtain forgive-ness of my sins

as I cry to you, O Christ my Lord; have mer - cy on me,

in your great good - ness.

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.

Come, O Word, up-on the moun - tain where my sins have made me wan - der,

seek me out and call me back to you; chase the e - vil thoughts far

Tone 6 samohlasen

from me and bring me back to life, for I am giv-en o-ver to death.

So pu-ri-fy me through fast-ing, that I may cry out to you in unending

tears, O Christ my Lord: Have mer-cy on me, in your great good-ness.

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

⁴

As we begin the third week of this ho-ly Fast, O faith-ful, let us praise the

Ho-ly Trin-i-ty! Let us spend the rest of the sea-son filled with joy, and let

the pas-sions of our flesh fade a-way. Let us gath-er the divine flow-ers of

our souls and weave a crown for that Sunday, the queen of days. With crowns

up-on our heads, we shall praise the vic-to-ry of Christ.

Cantor: (Tone 4) Because with the Lord there is mercy and fullness of redemption.
(on 3) Israel indeed he will redeem from all its iniquity.

Stichera of the venerable martyr Eudoxia - Tone 4 samohlasen

³

By asceticism and tem-per-ance, you first dominated the pas-sions of the bod-y,

Then, O blessed Eudoxia, by your strug-gle in mar-tyr dom, you o-ver-threw the

snares of the enemy and tri-umphed o-ver him. Thus you were crowned for your

double victo-ry by Je-sus, the Lover of us all and Sav-ior

of our souls.

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

²

Un-der divine in-spi-ra-tion, in the furrows of your heart, as in good soil,

you received the seed sown by God. In truth, you brought forth a hundredfold

har-vest through mar-tyr-dom, which you stored in the mys-ti-cal gran-a-ries.