

Vespers Propers on the Evening of the
Third Sunday of the Great Fast
March 7, 2010

Our venerable father and confessor Theophylact of Nicomedia in Bythinia, who was exiled for the sake of the veneration of the holy icons and died at Strobilis in Caria. (845)

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 *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: (Tone 7) Bring my soul out of this prison
(on 10) and then I shall praise your name.

Stichera of Repentance - Tone 7 samohlasen

⑩

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

⑨

Like one who has fall - en among thieves and is wound - ed, so have I fall - en

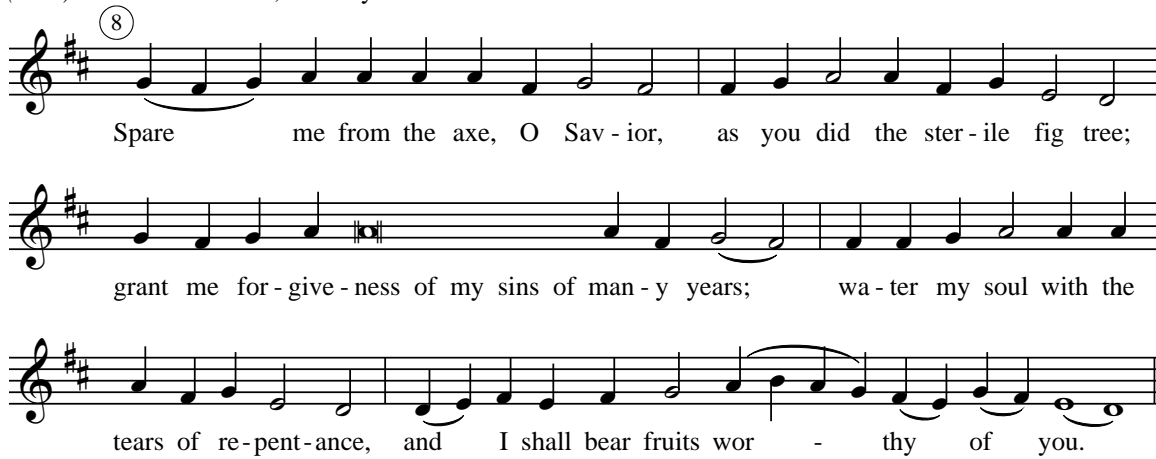
be - cause of my man - y sins. My soul is wound - ed; to whom can I turn?

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

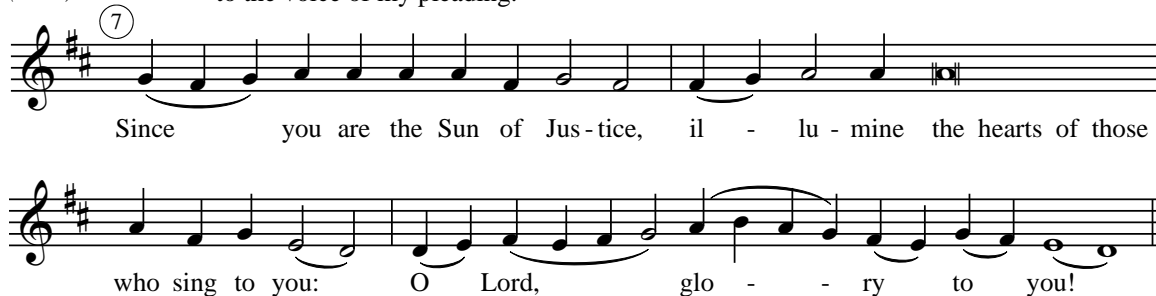
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Spare me from the axe, O Sav-ior, as you did the ster-ile fig tree;
grant me for-give-ness of my sins of man-y years; wa-ter my soul with the
tears of re-pent-ance, and I shall bear fruits wor - thy of you.

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

7

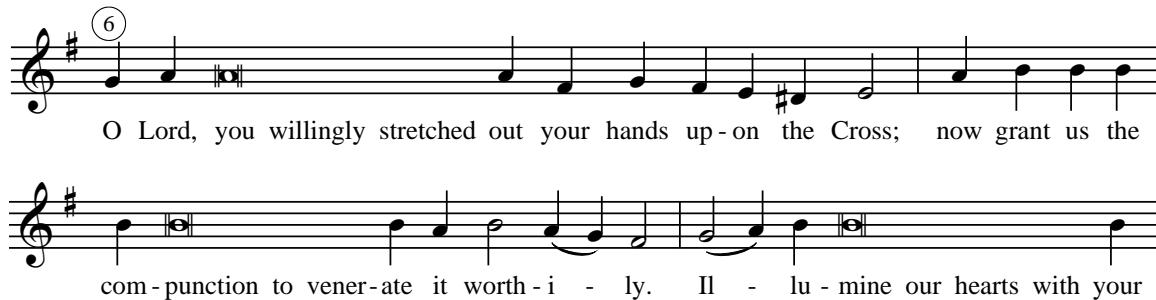


Since you are the Sun of Jus-tice, il - lu - mine the hearts of those
who sing to you: O Lord, glo - - ry to you!

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

6



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.
(on 5) My soul is waiting for the Lord more than watchman for daybreak.

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,

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

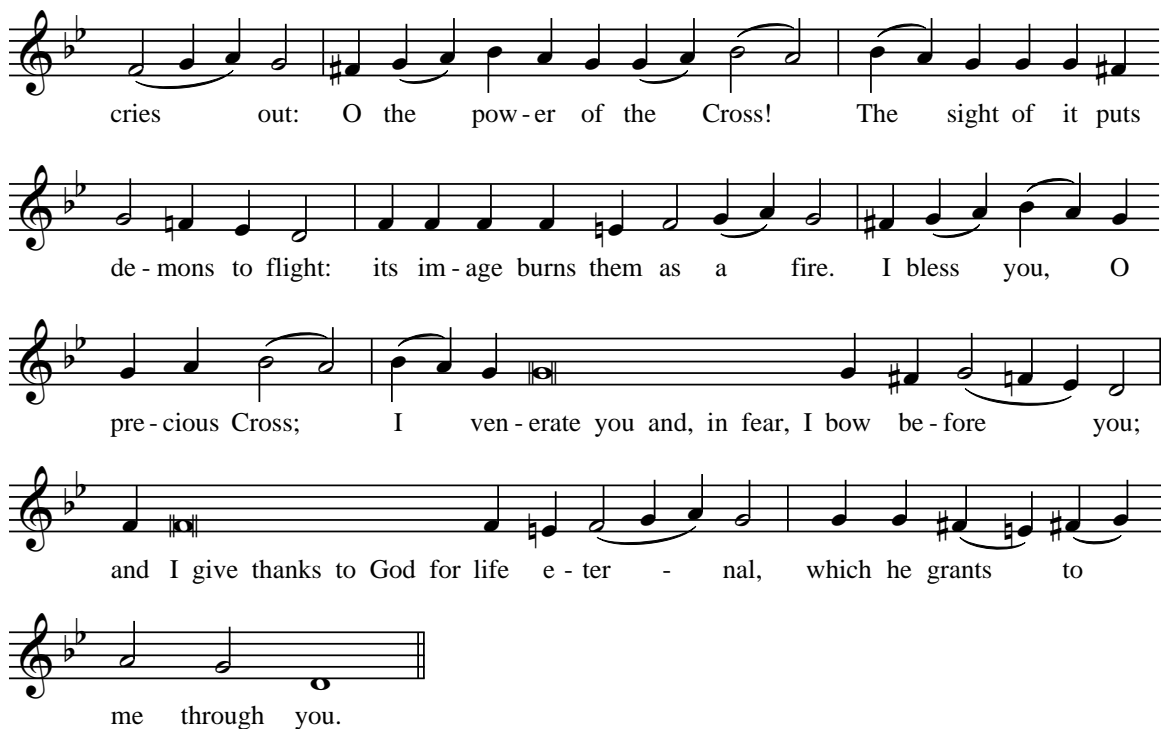
of us all.

Cantor: *(Tone 3)* Let the watchman count on daybreak
(on 4) and Israel on the Lord.

Tone 3 samohlasen

O won-der, sur-pass-ing all the won-ders of old! We be-hold the Cross where

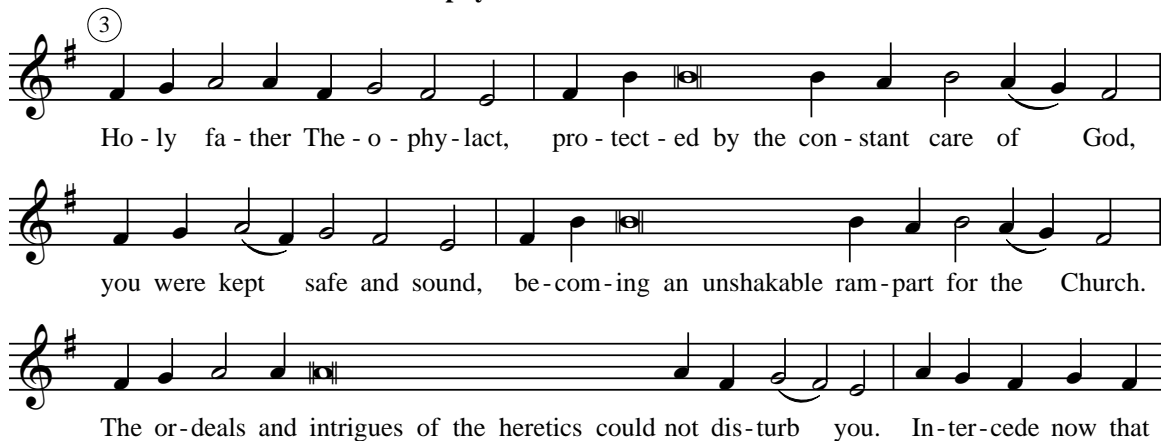
Christ was cru-ci-fied in the flesh. The world bows before its bright-ness and



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: (Tone 1) 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 Theophylact - Tone 1 samohlasen



③
Ho-ly fa-ther The-o-phy-lact, pro-TECT-ed by the con-stant care of God,
you were kept safe and sound, be-com-ing an unshakable ram-part for the Church.
The or-deals and intrigues of the heretics could not dis-turb you. In-ter-cede now that

our souls be giv-en peace and great mer - cy.

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

Ho - ly fa - ther The - o - phy - lact, see - ing God face to face and en - joy - ing
 u - nion with him now, you are di - vin - ized by a - dop - tion.
 You joy - fully found that u - nique bless - ed - ness for which you aspired, O
 bless - ed hier - arch, who dwell at home with the an - gels.

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

Ho - ly fa - ther The - o - phy - lact, leav - ing earth, you hastened toward heav - en:
 you were wor - thy, O bless - ed one, to in - hab - it the ce - les - tial dwell - ings,
 be - cause of the exile that you en - dured for Christ. In - ter - cede now that

our souls be giv-en peace and great mer - cy.

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

Theotokion - Tone 1 samohlasen

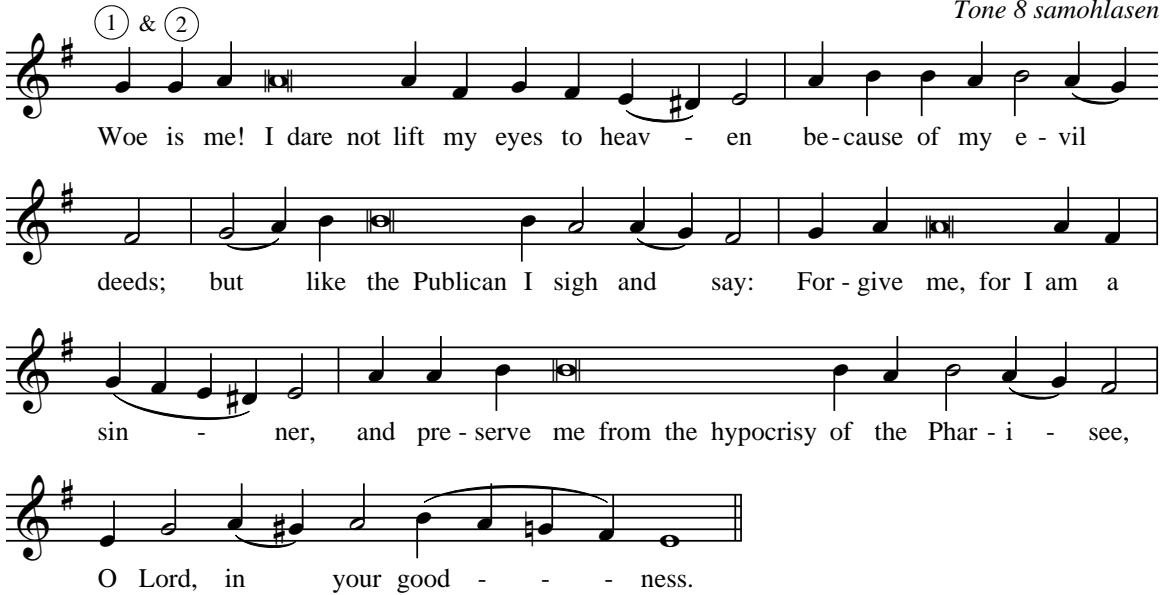
O Wom-an wor- thy of our praise, heal my soul, cruelly afflicted by the
 pas - sions. O Vir - gin, you have given birth to Christ our Sav - ior,
 the Phys - i - cian of all, who heals ev - 'ry dis - ease. For he has crushed
 the head of the ene-my, the de - mon, and de-liv-ers us all
 from death.

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

Aposticha

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.
Repeat "Woe is me! I dare not lift..."

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.

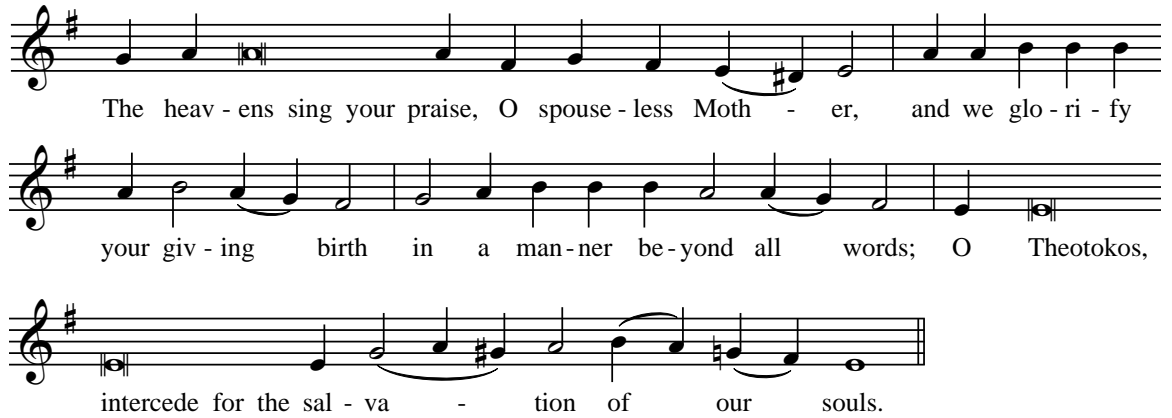
③



O mar-tys 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 musical notation consists of three staves of music in G major (one sharp). The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style. The lyrics are: "The heav - ens sing your praise, O spouse - less Moth - er, and we glo - ri - fy". The second staff continues the melody with lyrics: "your giv - ing birth in a man - ner be - yond all words; O Theotokos,". The third staff concludes the piece with lyrics: "intercede for the sal - va - tion of our souls." The music ends with a double bar line.

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.