

**Vespers Propers on the Evening of the
Fourth Sunday of the Great Fast
March 14, 2010**

The holy martyr Agapius and his companions. The holy martyrs Timolaus, Dionysius, Pausis, Romulus, Alexander, and another Alexander at Caesarea in Palestine, who were led with bound hands to Urbanus the prefect in the persecution of Diocletian the emperor and confessed that they were Christians. A few days later, with their companions Agapius and another Dionysius, they were beheaded and earned the crowns of eternal life. (303)

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 8 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.

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!

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
 Your mar-tyrs did not re - ject you, nor did they re-nounce your law.
 Have mer - cy on us through their prayers!

Cantor: (Tone 8) Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit;
 now and ever and forever. Amen.

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.

Cantor: (Tone 8) Bring my soul out of this prison
 (on 10) and then I shall praise your name.

Stichera of Repentance - Tone 8 samohlasen

⑩
 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.

⑨
 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!

⑧
 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.

Aposticha

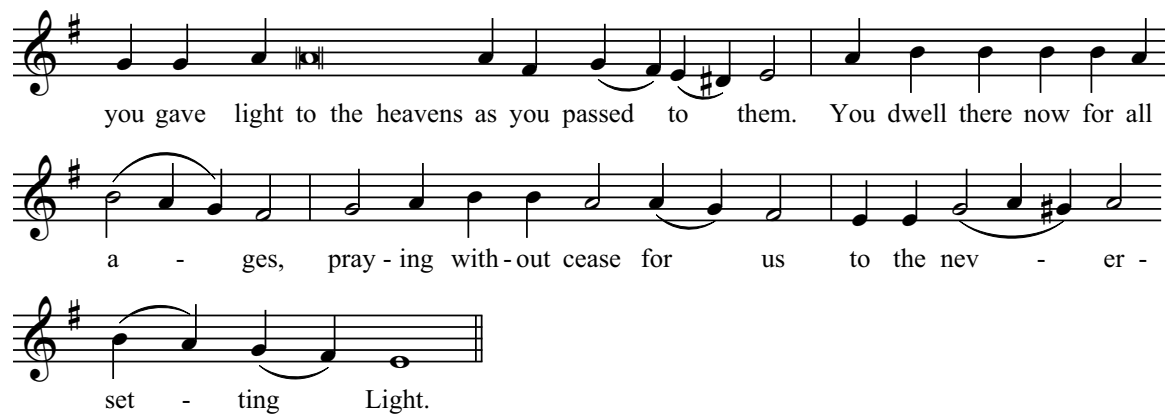
Tone 7 samohlasen

The One who plant - ed the vineyard and called the work - ers is the Sav - ior
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) 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.

Tone 6 samohlasen

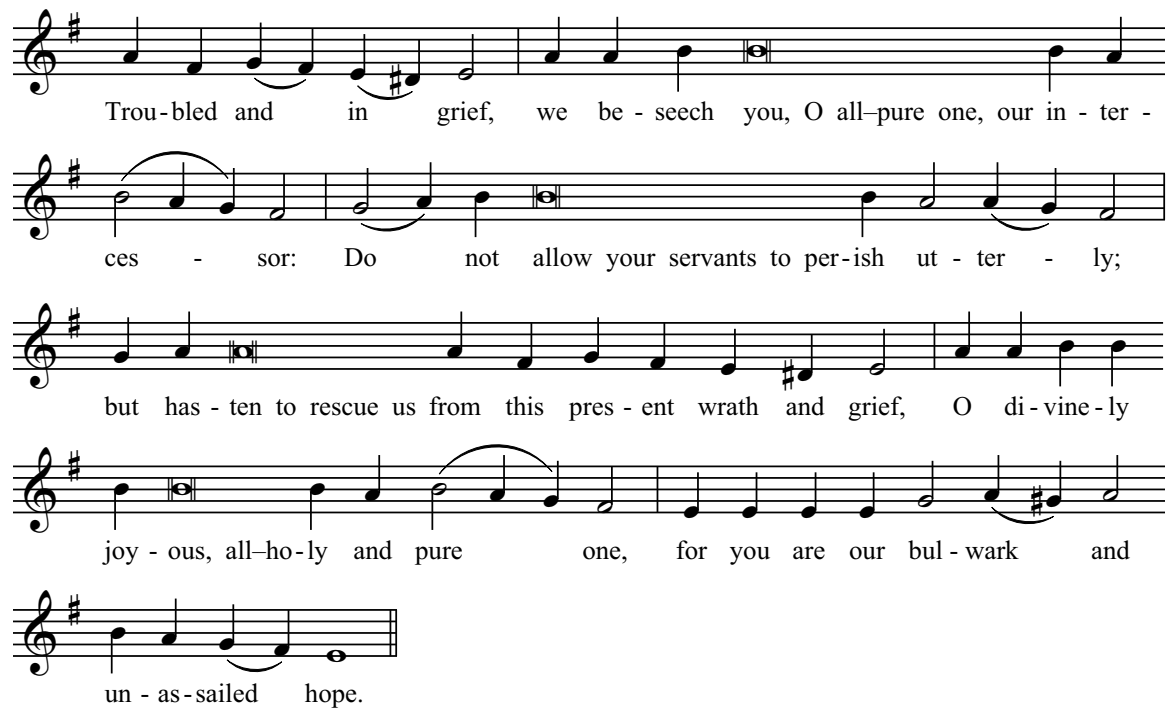
Ad - am fell into the hands of rob - bers of thought; his spirit was betrayed and his
soul was cov - ered with wounds; and he lay na - ked and with - out help.
It was not the priest from be - fore the Law, nor the levite, who came af - ter the Law,



you gave light to the heavens as you passed to them. You dwell there now for all
 a - ges, pray - ing with - out cease for us to the nev - er -
 set - ting Light.

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

Theotokion - Tone 8 samohlasen




Trou-bled and in grief, we be - seech you, O all-pure one, our in - ter -
 ces - sor: Do not allow your servants to per-ish ut - ter - ly;
 but has - ten to rescue us from this pres - ent wrath and grief, O di - vine - ly
 joy - ous, all - ho - ly and pure one, for you are our bul - wark and
 un - as - sailed hope.

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

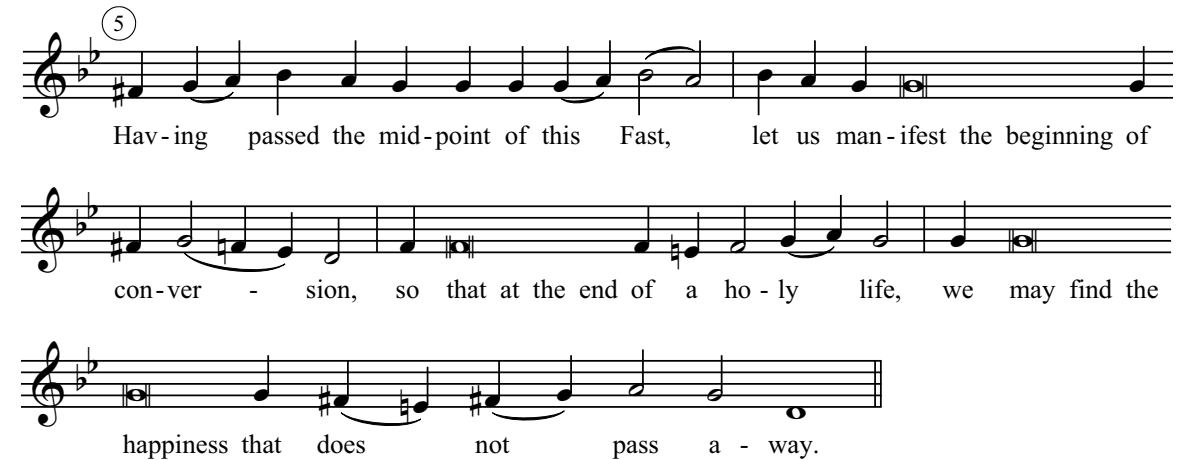
Cantor: (Tone 3) If you, O Lord, should mark our guilt, Lord, who would survive?
 (on 6) But with you is found forgiveness: for this we revere you.

Stichera of the Fourth Sunday of the Great Fast - Tone 3 samohlasen



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.

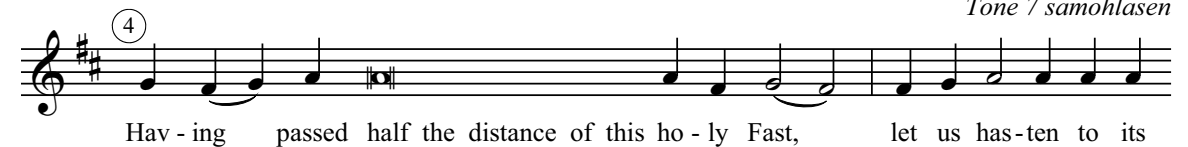
Cantor: My soul is waiting for the Lord. I count on his word.
 (on 5) My soul is waiting for the Lord more than watchman for daybreak.



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.

Cantor: (Tone 7) Let the watchman count on daybreak
 (on 4) and Israel on the Lord.

Tone 7 samohlasen



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.

Cantor: (Tone 8) 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 holy martyr Agapius and companions - Tone 8 samohlasen

Hav-ing strug-gled for Christ, O mar-tyrs, you were not moved at all by
 the torments of the per-se-cu-tors who in-flict-ed a violent death up-on you.
 But with eag-er zeal and ho-ly con-vic-tion, all sev-en of you marched
 in-to the com-bat. Put-ting on the crown of vic-tors,
 you were for-e-ver num-bered a-mong the just. With them, we continual-

glo-ri-fy you and call you blest.

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

O mar-tyred ath-lete A-ga-pi-us, seek-ing the Sum-mit of all desires
 and the Source of all good, you has-tened to drink from the cup of mar-tyr-dom,
 as you called upon the name of the liv-ing God. What de-ter-mination and
 what cou-rage you dis-played! By them you attained your merit-ed glo-ry
 and splen-dor.

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

O praise-wor-thy mar-tyrs, you vol-untarily handed yourselves over for
 im-mo-la-tion. You sanc-ti-fied the earth by your blood;