

**Vespers Propers on the Evening of the
First Sunday of the Great Fast
March 13, 2011**

Our venerable father Benedict. Born in Nursia in Umbria and educated in Rome, he began a hermit's life in the Subiaco region. He gathered many disciples around himself, and then went to Monte Casino. There he founded his celebrated monastery and composed his "Rule for Monks." This rule spread so widely that he has deserved to be called the patriarch of monks in the West. It is said that he died on the twenty-first day of March. (550)

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 1 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 as - cend 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.

Tone 1


Cantor:  *(on 10)*


Bring my soul out of this pris-on and then I shall praise your name.

Stichera of Repentance - Tone 1 samohlasen

 *(10)*


My sins are like a great gulf, O Sav-ior, and I am sinking hopeless-ly

 be-cause of them. Give me your hand as you did to Pe-ter.


 Save me, O God and have mer-cy on me.


Cantor:  *(on 9)*

A-round me the just will assem-ble be-cause of your good-ness to me.

 *(9)*

O Sav-ior, by my sinful thoughts and e-vil deeds, I have brought judg-ment on

 my-self. Grant me the grace of con-ver-sion, O God, so that I may call out

 to you: Save me, O gra-cious Benefac-tor, and have mer-cy on me.

Cantor: *(on 8)*

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

⑧

An-oth-er world a-waits you, O my soul, and the Judge shall bring out your hid-den

se - crets and sins; do not per - sist in doing evil but has-ten to cry out:

O my Judge and my God, spare me and save me.

Cantor: *(on 7)*

Let your ears be at - ten - tive to the voice of my plead - ing.

⑦

O Sav - ior, do not despise your servant who is a slave to sin and la - zi - ness,

but stir my heart to re - pent - ance. Make me a la - bor - er in your

vine - yard, O Lord, and grant me the wa - ges of the eleventh hour and your

great mer - cy.

(on 6)

Cantor:

If you, O Lord, should mark our guilt, Lord, who would sur-vive?

But with you is found forgive-ness: for this we re - vere you.

Stichera of the First Sunday of the Great Fast - Tone 4 samohlasen

⑥

Grant contrition and estrangement from e - vil to my soul submerged in the

a - byss of pas-sions and separated from you, O divine King of the u - ni - verse.

I have no oth - er hope but you. May I find up-right-ness and vir - tue.

Save me, a poor sinner, in your im-mense good - ness, O al-might - y Lord

and Sav - ior of us all.

(on 5)

Cantor:

My soul is wait - ing for the Lord. I count on his word.

My soul is longing for the Lord more than watch-man for day - break.

⑤

Mo - ses the divine prophet was purified by fast - ing, and he contemplated the One
 whom he de - sired. And you, O my poor soul, hasten to im-i - tate him.
 In this time of abstinence purify yourself of ev-'ry e - vil, so that you may also
 con-tem-plate the Lord who grants you for-give-ness. He is good and the Lov-er
 of us all, the Lord al - might - y.

(on 4) *Tone 6*

Cantor: Let the watch-man count on day - break and Is - ra - el on the Lord.

④

Let us be-gin this second week of the Fast in joy; O faithful, let us exert our-selves
 from day to day as did the prophet E-li - jah the Tish - bite. May the
 four cardinal virtues be our char - iot of fire! Let us lift our spirit by turning a-way

from pas - sions, and through pur - ity, let us strug - gle a - gainst the flesh,
so that we may resist and con - quer the En - e - my.

(on 3) *Tone 2*

Cantor: Be-cause with the Lord there is mercy and fullness of redemp-tion, Is-ra-el
in - deed he will re-deem from all its in - i - qui - ty.

Stichera of our venerable father Benedict - Tone 2 samohlasen

³ O ho - ly fa - ther, with faith and in true love, you re-nounced the world
from child - hood. and joy - ful - ly fol-lowed Christ cru - ci - fied. Hav - ing
mor - tified your flesh in a mul - ti - tude of strug - gles, you re - ceived the
pow - er of healing in a - bun - dance, so that you could bring an end to all types of
dis - eas - ses, dri - ving a - way spite - ful spi - rits, thus you were made

wor - thy of great praise.

Cantor: *(on 2)*

Praise the Lord, all you na - tions; ac-claim him all you peo - ples!

②

You, who are the a-dorn-ment of as - ce - tics, ga - thered an incomparable flock

of ho - ly monks to sing to the Lord, O ven - e - ra - ble fa - ther. You traced out

the path to hea - ven for all those who per - fect - ly fol - low your di - vine

teach - ings O ble - sed fa - ther Ben - e - dict, im - itating your life so full

of vir - tues. You bring them to - geth - er on the day of your pass - ing to God.

Cantor: *(on 1)*

Strong is the love of the Lord for us; he is faith - ful for - ev - er.

①

Like E - li - jah of old, O ho - ly fa - ther, you brought down rain from
 hea - ven by your di - vine prayers. The jar o - beyed you and pro - duced oil.
 You re - turned the dead to life and worked o - ther
 mir - acles for the greater glory of God our Sav - ior. Thus, O ven - erable father
 Benedict, we cel - e - brate your mem - o - ry with love.

Tone 8

Cantor:

Glo - ry to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spir - it, now and ev - er and
 for - ev - er. A - men.

Theotokion - Tone 8 samohlasen

O joy of all who mourn, in - ter - ces - sor for the oppressed and nourisher
 of the hun - gry, con - so - la - tion of wanderers and staff of the blind,

vis - i - ta - tion of the in - firm, pro - tec - tion and help of them who la - bor,
 help of or - phans, you are the Mother of the Most High God. Has - ten, we pray,
 that your serv - ants be saved!

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

Aposticha

Aposticha of the First Sunday of the Great Fast - Tone 8 samohlasen

① & ②
 Come, let us purify our - selves by shar - ing with the poor, not sound - ing the trumpet
 for our giv - ing of alms, nor dis - play - ing our good deeds. May our
 left hand know not what our right hand does, lest vain - glo - ry rob us
 of our fruit! But in se - cret, let us say to him who knows all things.
 For - give us our tres - pass - es, Fa - - - ther, in your good - ness

for man - kind.

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

mer - - - cy.

All repeat, "Come, let us purify ourselves..."

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 dis - dain.

③ 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:
Glo-ry to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spir-it, now and ev - er and

for - ev - er. A - men.

Aposticha theotokion - Tone 8 samohlasen

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.