

Vespers Propers on the Evening of the  
Second Sunday of the Great Fast  
March 1, 2015

The holy martyr Theodotus, bishop of Cyrene, who suffered under the emperor Diocletian. (302)

*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 5 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:*   
Bring my soul out of this pris - on and then I shall praise your name.

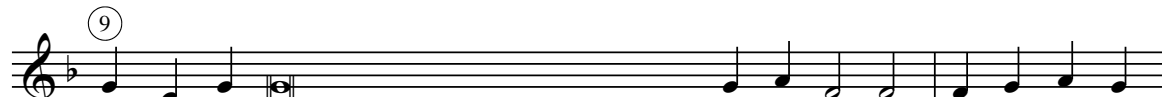
**Stichera of Repentance - Tone 5 samohlasen**


  
O Lord, I have nev - er stopped sin - ning, I do not understand the need to

  
love my neigh - bor. O - ver-come my ig - no-rance, O gra - cious One, and have

  
mer - cy on me: for you a - lone are the God of good - ness.

*Cantor:*   
A - round me the just will as - sem - ble be-cause of your good-ness to me.

  
O Lord, I am afraid because I have not stopped do - ing e - vil, and be-cause of

  
the fear of you. Who is not afraid of the judge at the trial? And who,

  
de - siring to be healed, angers the physi-cian as I have? O long - suf - fering Lord,

have compas-sion on my weak-ness and have mer - cy on me.

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

⑧   
Woe is me, for I resemble the ster-ile fig tree; I fear both the curse and the axe.

But you, the heavenly Garden-er, O Christ our God, make my dried-up soul fertile

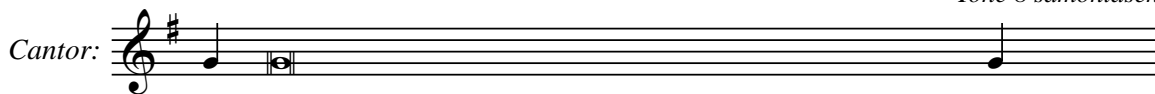
once a-gain. Wel-come me like the Prod-i - gal and have mer - cy on me.

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

⑦   
O Lord, born of the Vir - gin, do not con-sid - er the mul - ti - tude of my sins;

wipe a - way all my faults and give me thoughts of re - pent - ance; O on - ly

Lov - er of us all, have mer - cy on me.



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 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.



My soul is waiting for the Lord. I count on his word.



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

⑤



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



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.



Let the watchman count on day-break and Is - ra - el 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



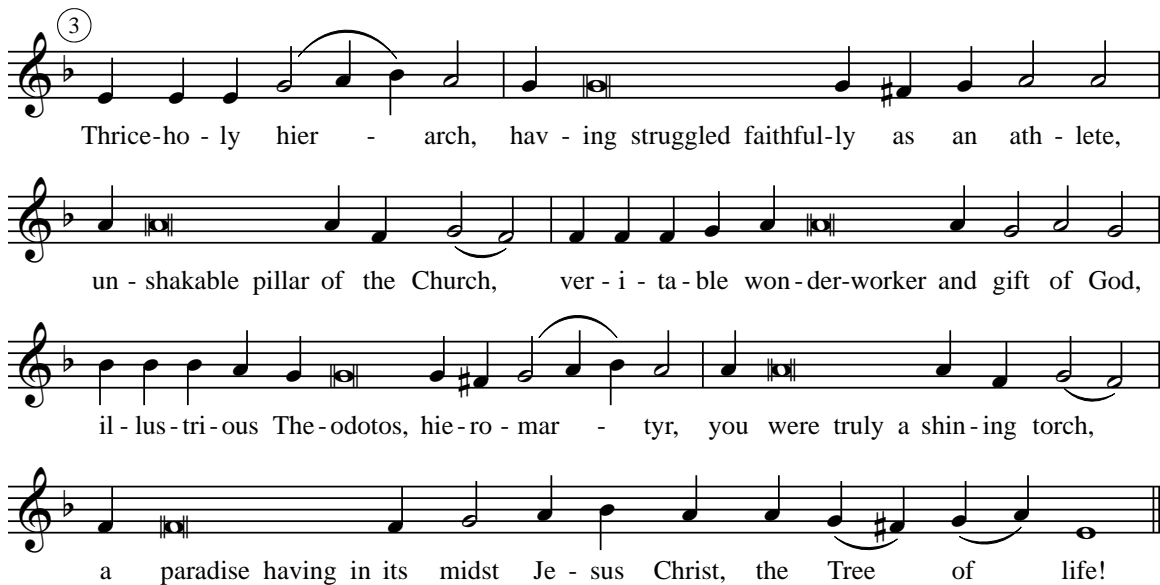
the pas-sions of our flesh fade a-way. Let us gath-er the divine flow-ers of  
 our souls and weave a crown for that Sunday, the queen of days. With crowns  
 up-on our heads, we shall praise the vic-to-ry of Christ.

*Tone 4 samohlasen*

*Cantor:* 

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

**Stichera of the holy martyr Theodotus - Tone 4 samohlasen**



③  
 Thrice-ho-ly hier-arch, hav-ing struggled faithful-ly as an ath-lete,  
 un-shakable pillar of the Church, ver-i-ta-ble won-der-worker and gift of God,  
 il-lus-tri-ous The-odotos, hie-ro-mar-tyr, you were truly a shin-ing torch,  
 a paradise having in its midst Je-sus Christ, the Tree of life!

*Cantor:* 

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




Scourged by leath - er whips, stretched on a tree and raked by i - ron hooks,




you were thrown in-to a dun-geon. En - dur-ing the horror of nails through your feet,




fas - ten - ing you to a heat - ed rack, you remained unshaken, O hieromartyr



The - o - do - tos, glo - rify - ing Him who gave you the strength to per - se - vere.

*Cantor:* 


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



By the vigor of your strug - gles, you smothered the ene - my and his pow - er,

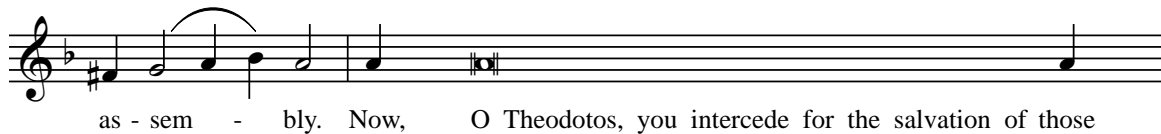


bring - ing him down to de - feat. Ris - ing up ra - diantly, you went to dwell in the

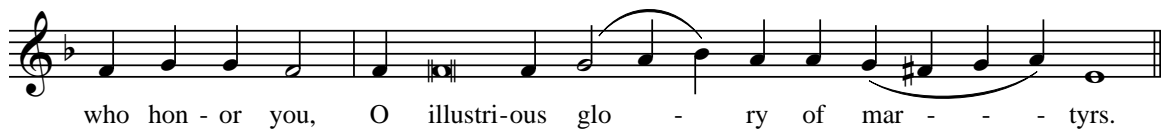


King - dom on high, bear - ing your crown, for you earned the light and joy of the fes - tive

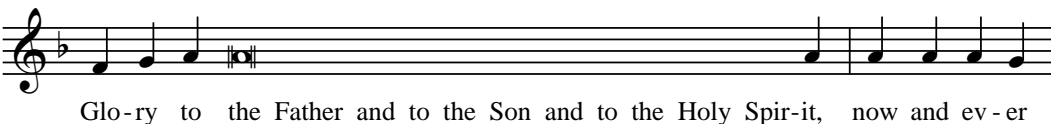




as - sem - bly. Now, O Theodotos, you intercede for the salvation of those



who hon - or you, O illustri-ous glo - ry of mar - - - tyrs.

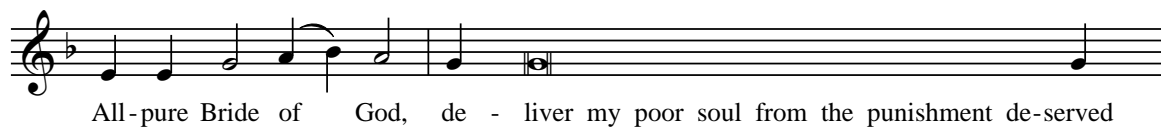
Cantor: 

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

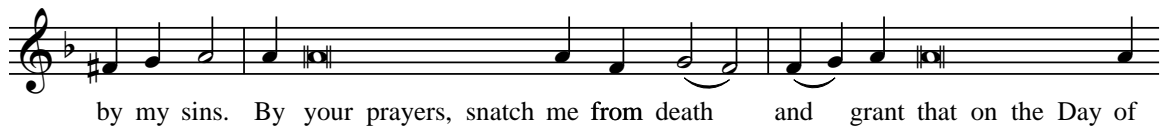


and for - ev - er. A - men.

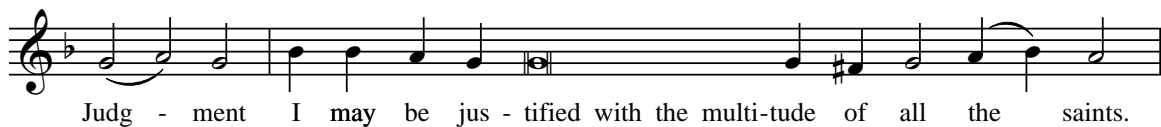
**Theotokion** - *Tone 4 samohlasen*




All-pure Bride of God, de - liver my poor soul from the punishment de-served



by my sins. By your prayers, snatch me from death and grant that on the Day of



Judg - ment I may be jus - tified with the multi-tude of all the saints.



Be - fore the end, purify me through re - pent - ance and tears.

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

# Aposticha

## Aposticha of the second Sunday of the Great Fast - *Tone 8 samohlasen*

① & ②

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,  
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  
mer - - - cy.

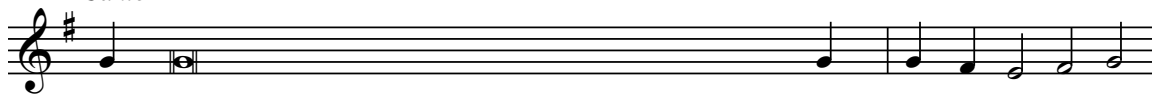
*All repeat, "I foolishly threw off my paternal guidance..."*

*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.

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.

**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,



intercede for the sal - va - tion of our souls.

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