

Vesper Propers, November 1

The holy priest-martyr Theodore Romzha. Born in Veliky Bychkiv in Carpatho-Russia in 1911, he came from a poor family and exhibited a vocation to the priesthood. Sent to Rome for studies, he was ordained in 1937 and sent to the country parish of Berzovo. In 1939, he was called to the seminary at Uzhhorod and taught there until 1944. In 1944, despite his youth, he was ordained bishop for the Mukachevo Eparchy. During the Soviet Army's occupation of Carpatho-Russia, he was tireless in his care for his flock and in his defense of the rights of the Byzantine Catholic Church. On October 27, 1947, he was severely wounded in a staged accident. He was taken to the hospital in Mukachevo, where he was subsequently poisoned, and died. (1947)

Supplement for The Order of Vespers for Sundays after Pentecost, 2006

Lamplighting Psalms, Tone 4, p. 58)

Bring my soul out of this prison
and then I shall praise *your* name.

Around me the just will assemble
because of your goodness *to* me.

Cantor: (Tone 4) Out of the depths I cry to you, O Lord;
(on 8) Lord, hear my voice!

Tone 4 podoben: Jako dobl'a

I love you, O Lord, you are my strength! You are my strong-hold,
my re - fuge! The - o - dore took this verse to his heart, lived and
died in the light of this word. Lord! feed us as you fed him,

who fed his peo - ple on the Bread for which an - gels yearn and who now
 with the Seraphim in glo - ry cries out: Ho - ly and thrice-ho - ly is
 our God, the Lov - er of us all.

Cantor: Let your ears be attentive
 (on 7) to the voice of my pleading. *All repeat "I love you, O Lord..."*

Cantor: 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.

The cords of death com-passed him a - bout but his cries to God
 reached God's ears. Hell bent its sword to claim a shep - herd- smite the
 shep-herd and scat - ter the sheep- but lay - ing down his own life
 the shep-herd The - odore defeated Hell's dark de-sign. To - geth - er with the
 martyrs he sings the vic - t'ry song: Ho - ly and thrice-ho - ly is our God,



the Lov - er of us all.

Cantor: My soul is waiting for the Lord. I count on his word.
(on 5) My soul is longing for the Lord more than watchman for daybreak.
All repeat "The cords of death..."

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



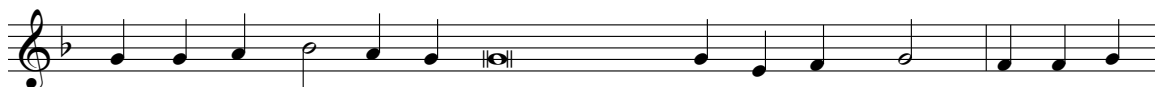
From the depths I cried out to the Lord, from the tem-ple he heard my voice!



The - o - dore makes Da - vid's words his own, call - ing



out from the tem - ple on high: I once served the Mys - ter - ies.



Now I see clear - ly the Lord, whose face I dim - ly glimpsed. I lost my



life for the Lord's sake and so I found it! Ho - ly and thrice-ho - ly



is our God, the Lov - er of us all.

Cantor: Because with the Lord there is mercy and fullness of redemption,
(on 3) Israel indeed he will redeem from all its iniquity. *All repeat "From the depths..."*

Cantor: Praise the Lord all the nations,
(on 2) acclaim him all you peoples.

Psalm 116

② & ①

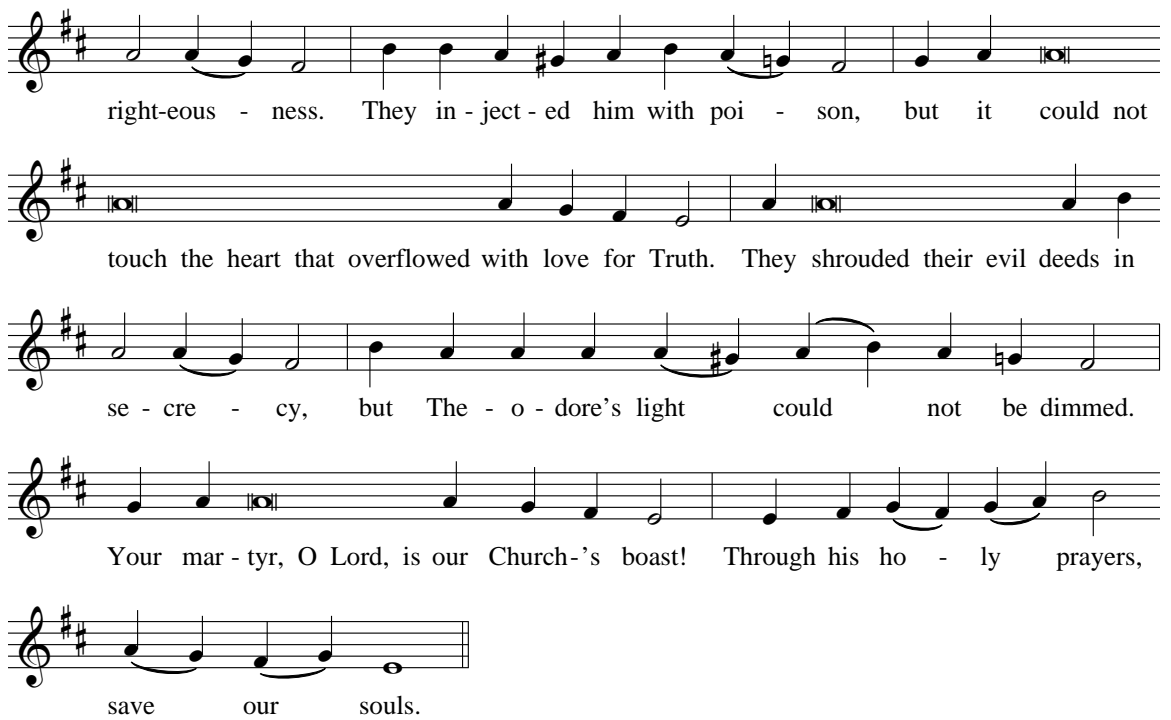
My God reached from on high, he took me, drew me out of man - y
wa - ters. Those who ha - ted truth and u - ni - ty all seemed too
might - y for The - o-dore. They am - bused him in their hate
but the Lord led him into a broad and o - pen place and he re-ward-ed him
for the clean-ness of his hands. Ho - ly and thrice-ho - ly is our God, the
Lov - er of us all.

Cantor: Strong is the love of the Lord for us;
(on 1) he is faithful forever. *All repeat "My Gosd reached from on high..."*

Cantor: (Tone 6) Glory...now and ever...

Doxastikon - Tone 6 samohlasen

They forced his cart from the road, but Theodore did not waver from the path of



right-eous - ness. They in - ject - ed him with poi - son, but it could not
touch the heart that overflowed with love for Truth. They shrouded their evil deeds in
se - cre - cy, but The - o - dore's light could not be dimmed.
Your mar - tyr, O Lord, is our Church-'s boast! Through his ho - ly prayers,
save our souls.

Cantor: Now and ever...

Dogmatikon, Tone 6, p. 87

Hymn of the Evening, p. 12

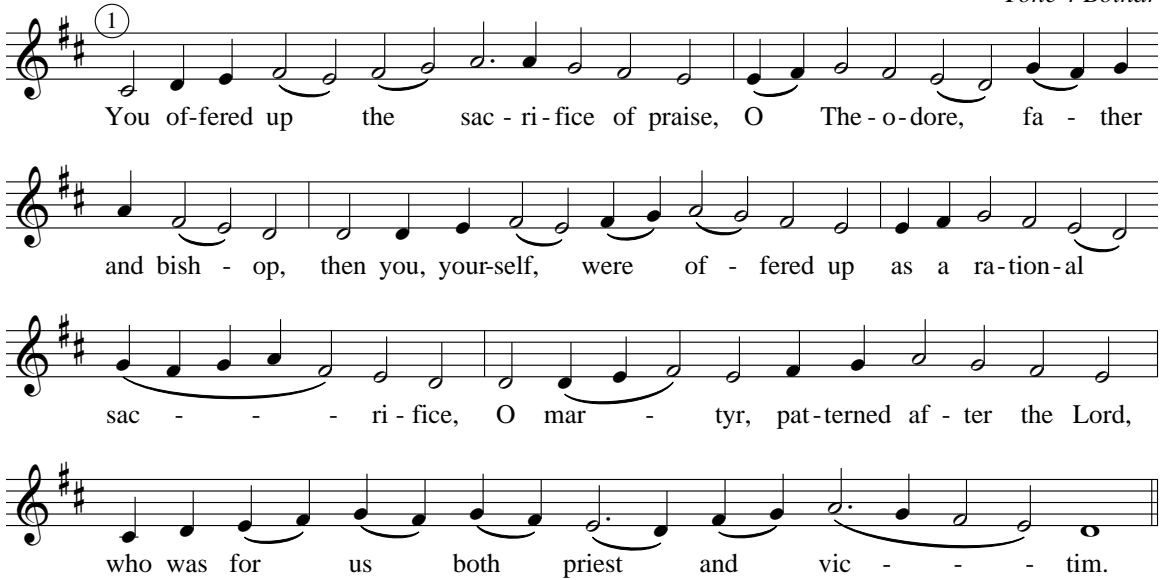
Prokeimenon for the day of the week, pp 114-115

Readings: II Kings 2: 9 - 14
Isaiah 26: 7 - 13
Sirach 2: 1 - 6

Hymns of the Litija

Tone 4 Bolhar

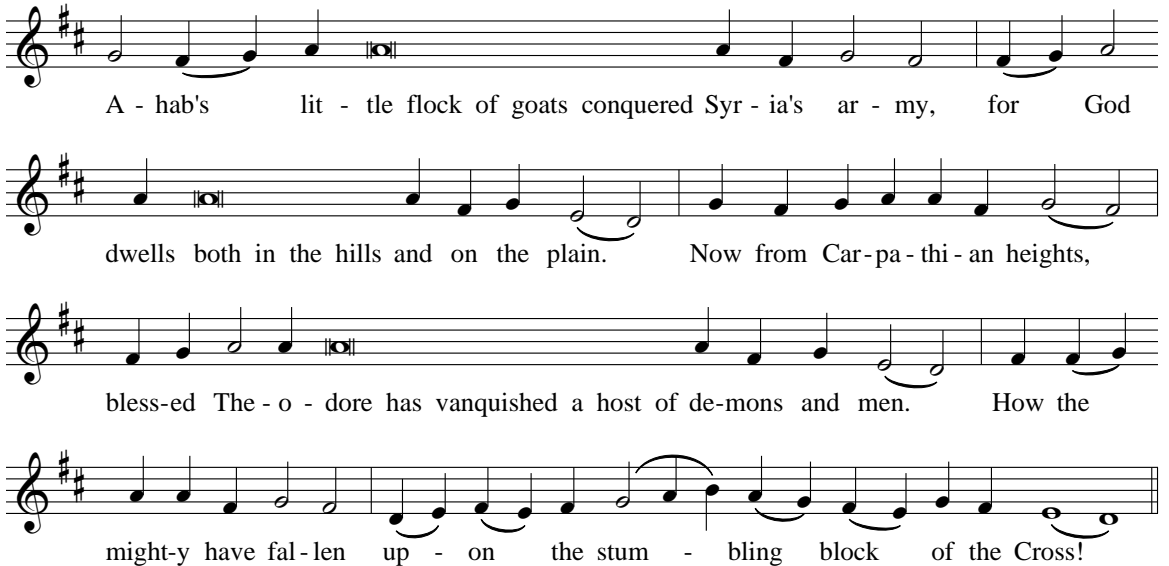
①



You of-fered up the sac-ri-fice of praise, O The-o-dore, fa-ther
and bish-op, then you, your-self, were of-fered up as a ra-tion-al
sac-ri-fice, O mar-tyr, pat-terned af-ter the Lord,
who was for us both priest and vic-tim.

Cantor: Glory...


Doxastikon - Tone 7 samohlasen



A-hab's lit-tle flock of goats conquered Syr-ia's ar-my, for God
dwells both in the hills and on the plain. Now from Car-pa-thi-an heights,
bless-ed The-o-dore has vanquished a host of de-mons and men. How the
might-y have fal-len up-on the stum-bling block of the Cross!

Cantor: Now and ever...

Theotokion

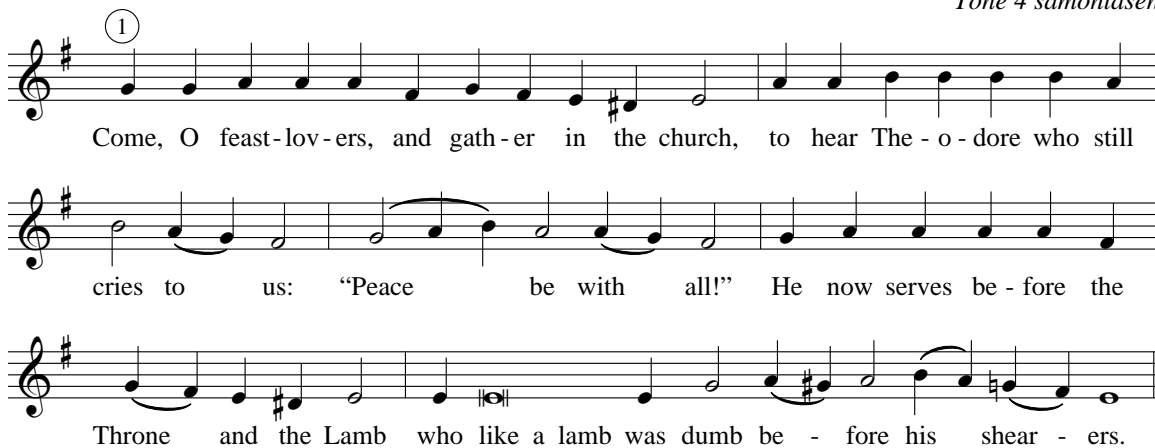


All of us hasten to take refuge in you, O La-dy; and we cry out to you:
O The - o - to - kos, you are our on - ly hope; de - liv - er us from our
count-less sins, and save our souls.

Litany of the Litija, p 116.

Aposticha

Tone 4 samohlasi



①
Come, O feast-lov-ers, and gath-er in the church, to hear The - o - dore who still
cries to us: "Peace be with all!" He now serves be - fore the
Throne and the Lamb who like a lamb was dumb be - fore his shear - ers.

Cantor



Pre - cious in the eyes of the Lord is the death of his faith - - - ful.

②

The god-less ones ground you like wheat, in the jaws of their i-ron ha - tred,

O The - o - dore, cham - pion of the Church, whose ho - ly life

and stead-fast-ness in trials have leav-ened the dough of our faith.

Cantor

How can I re-pay the Lord for his good - ness to me?

③

Come, O feast-lov-ers, let us go in haste, to the mar-tyr's tomb in Uz-ho - rod.

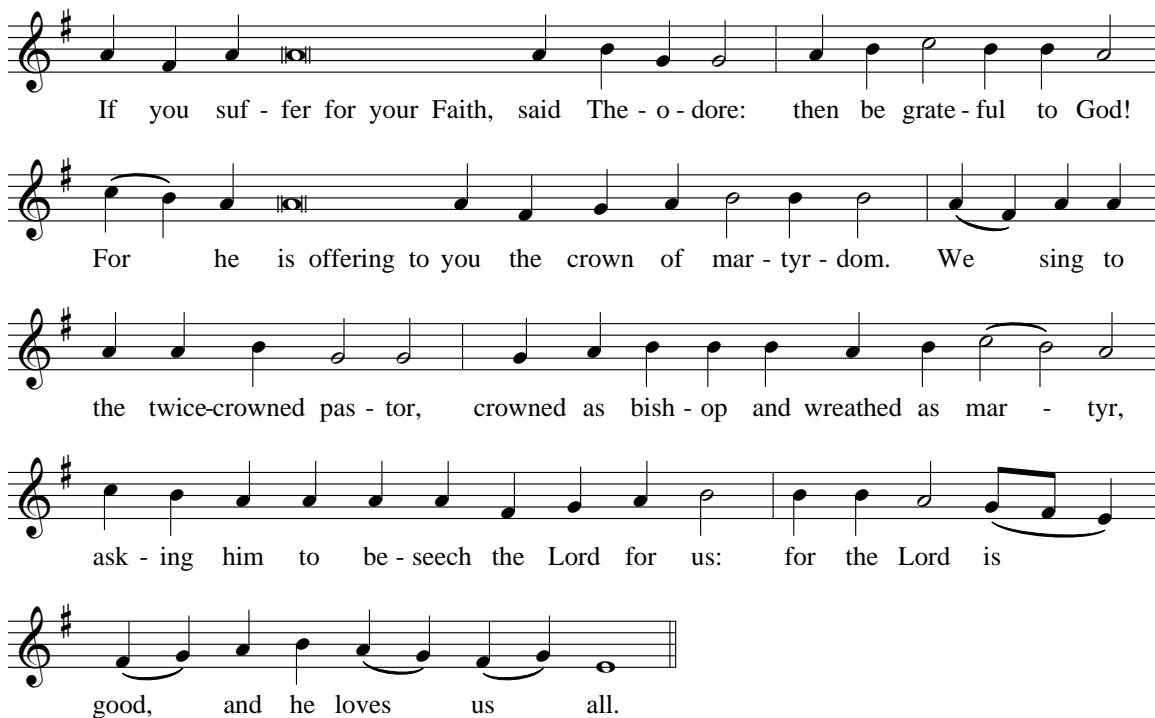
Sing to him who would rather be lowly in the tem-ple of the Lord,

low - ly e - ven un - to death, rath - er than dwell a - mong the

tents of the wick - ed.

Cantor: (Tone 5) Glory...

Doxastikon - Tone 5 samohlasen



If you suf - fer for your Faith, said The - o - dore: then be grate - ful to God!
For he is offering to you the crown of mar - tyr - dom. We sing to
the twice-crowned pas - tor, crowned as bish - op and wreathed as mar - tyr,
ask - ing him to be - seech the Lord for us: for the Lord is
good, and he loves us all.

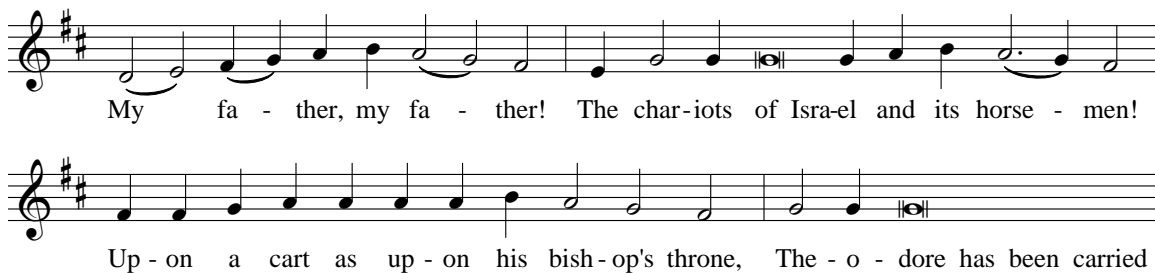
Cantor: Now and ever...

Aposticha Theotokion, Tone 5, p. 79

Prayer of the Holy Prophet Simeon, p. 19.

Troparia

Priest, then All:



My fa - ther, my fa - ther! The char-iots of Isra-el and its horse - men!
Up - on a cart as up - on his bish-op's throne, The - o - dore has been carried

be-yond the sanc - tu - ar - y veil. Let fall, O fa - ther, your man - tle of pray'r,
and be - seech Christ to save our souls.

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

"Rejoice, O Virgin Theotokos," p. 119, followed by the Blessing of Bread.