

Vespers Propers, February 3, 2008
Cheesefare Sunday (Sunday of Forgiveness)

Our venerable father Isidore of Pelusium, in Egypt, priest, who, notable in his teaching, spurning the world and riches, preferred to imitate the life of John the Baptist in the desert, having taken up the monastic state, founded a monastery at Pelusium, and was held in much esteem as a theologian and a guide of souls. (c. 450)

*All page references are to **The Order of Vespers for the Sunday of Forgiveness** (Cheesefare Sunday), revised 2007*

Hymn

melody: Pod tvoj pokrov/We Hasten to Your Patronage



1. "For - give our sins as we for - give," You taught us, Lord, to pray,
2. In blaz - ing light Your Cross re - veals The truth we dim - ly knew:
3. As we be - gin the Fast once more, We pray You, Lord of all:



But You a - lone can grant us grace To live the words we say.
What triv - ial debts are owed to us, How great our debt to You!
Take far from us in - dif - fer - ence, De - spair, and pow - er's call.



How can Your par - don reach and bless The un - for - giv - ing heart
Lord, cleanse the depths with - in our souls And bid re - sent - ment cease;
In - stead, be - stow in - teg - ri - ty, Hu - mil - i - ty and love;

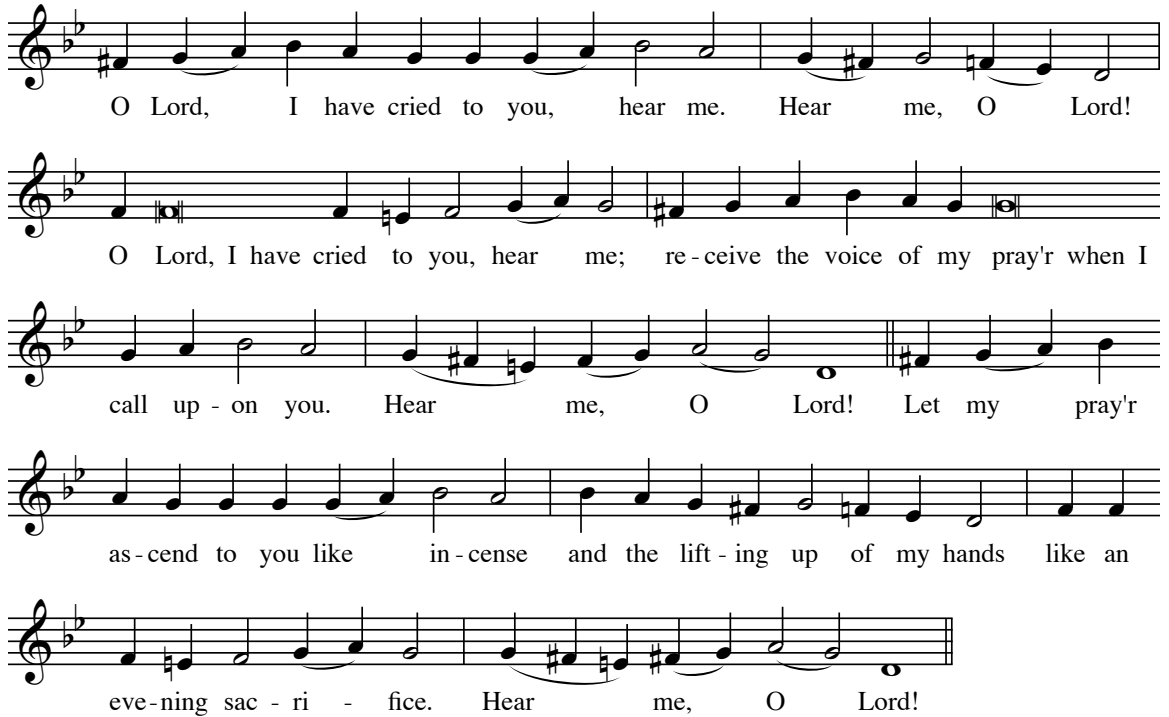


That broods on wrongs and will not let Old bit - ter - ness de - part?
Then, bound to all in bonds of love, Our lives will spread Your peace.
Let me not judge my neigh - bor's fault! Grant mer - cy from a - bove.

stanzas one and two: Rosamund Herklots, b. 1905; © Oxford University Press
stanza three: J. Michael Thompson

The Lamplighting Psalms

Psalm 140 - Tone 3



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 *unharm*ed.

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 *with*in 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 prison
(*on 10*) and then I shall praise your name.

Penitential Stichera - Tone 3


We of - fer you our eve - ning hymn, O Christ, with in - cense and

spir - it - ual song. Have mercy upon our souls, O Sav - ior.

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

Save me, O my Lord God, for you are the Sav - ior of all.

A storm of passion is toss - ing me a - bout, and the weight of transgression

is sink - ing me. Give me your help - ing hand, and lead me to the light of

hu - mil - i - ty; for you alone are merci - ful and you love us all.

Cantor: Out of the depths I cry to you, O Lord; **Psalm 129**
(on 8) Lord, hear my voice!

Col - lect my scat - tered spir - it, O Lord; re - move the thorns from my heart.

Give me the repenance of Peter, the sighs of the pub - li - can, and the tears

of the sin - ful wo - man, so that I may cry out to you in a loud voice:



Save me, O my God, the Lover of us all and the on - ly com-pas-sion-ate Lord.

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



Of-ten when I am prais-ing you, I find my-self in the state of sin;



and when my lips are sing - ing hymns to you, my soul is think - ing



of van - i - ties. Through re - pent - ance, perfect me com - plete - ly,



O Christ our God, have mercy on me and save me.

Cantor: (Tone 2) 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 Cheesefare Sunday

Tone 2 podoben: Jegda ot dreva



En - ter - ing in - to the a - re - na of the ho - ly Fast, let us



make ev - 'ry ef - fort to hum - ble our flesh by ab - sti-nence;



in prayer and with tears let us seek the Lord our Sav - ior, and, that

we might turn a - way from our e - vil deeds, let us say to him:

We have sinned a - gainst you, O Christ our King, save us as

you saved the Nin - e - vites of old, and in your good - ness, grant us a share in the

King - dom of Heav - en.

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.

⑤
When I see my deeds that de - serve such pun - ish - ment, I

am with - out hope, O Lord, for I have dis - o - beyed

your ho - ly com - mand - ments, and I have led a fool - ish life.

There - fore I be - seech you: Pur - i - fy me in the wa - ters of re - pent - ance

by fast - ing and prayer, O Sav - ior full of good - ness;



do not re - ject me, O Ben - e - fac - tor of the u - ni - verse.

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



Let us be - gin the time of this bright Fast, giv - ing our - selves



to spir - it - ual strug - gle. Let us san - cti - fy our soul and



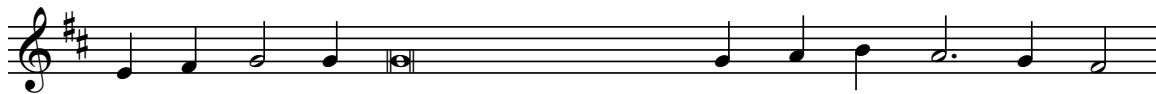
pur - i - fy our flesh. Let us not on - ly fast from food; let us al - so



ab - stain from ev - 'ry pas - sion and cul - ti - vate spir - it - ual vir - tues.



And let us faith - ful - ly per - se - vere in this,



so that we may be worthy to see the holy Pas - sion of Christ our God

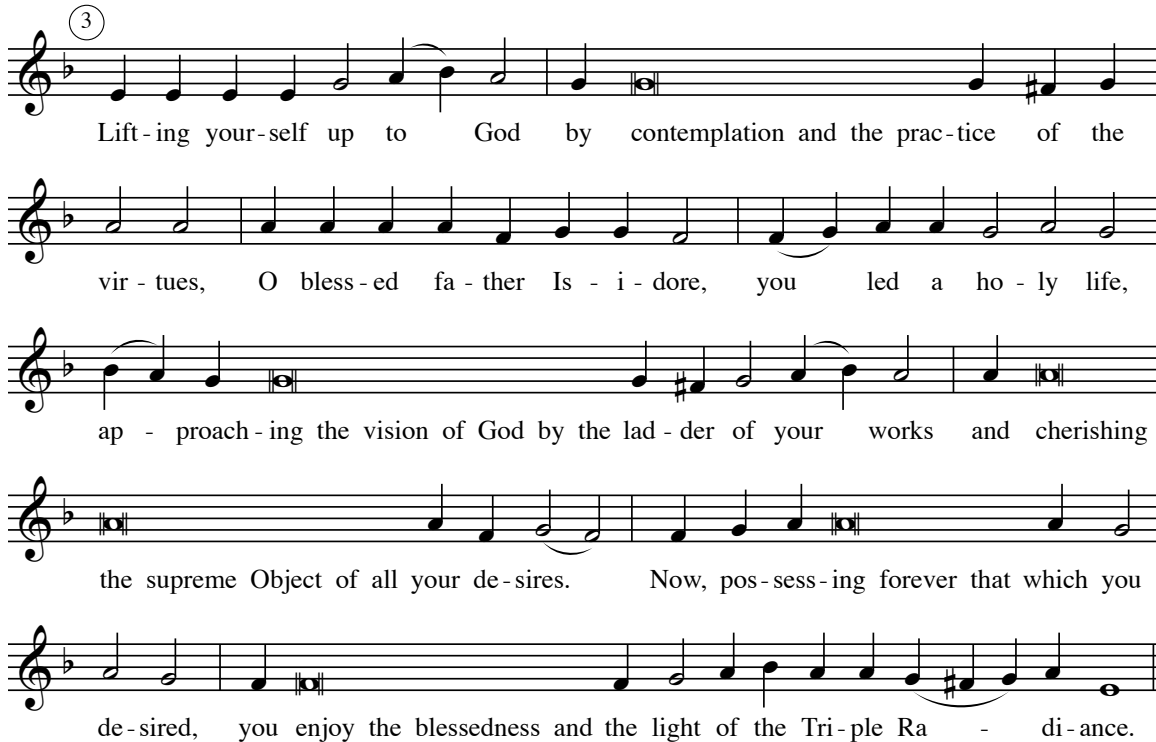


and the joy of his ho - ly Res - ur - rec - tion.

Cantor: 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 Venerable Father Isidore - Tone 4 samohlasen

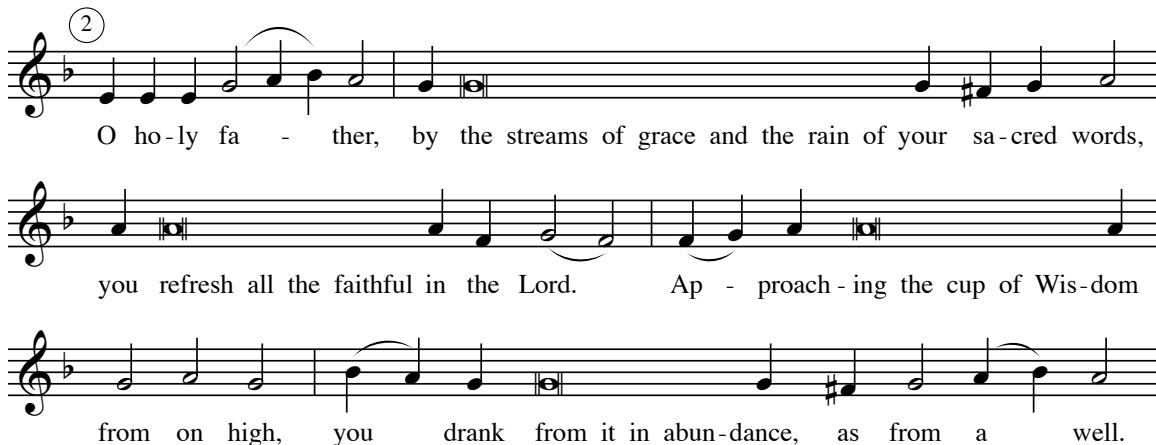
3



Lift-ing your-self up to God by con-tem-pla-tion and the prac-tice of the
vir-tues, O bless-ed fa-ther Is-i-dore, you led a ho-ly life,
ap-proach-ing the vision of God by the lad-der of your works and cherishing
the supreme Object of all your de-sires. Now, pos-sess-ing forever that which you
de-sired, you enjoy the blessedness and the light of the Tri-ple Ra-di-ance.

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

2



O ho-ly fa-ther, by the streams of grace and the rain of your sa-cred words,
you refresh all the faithful in the Lord. Ap-proach-ing the cup of Wis-dom
from on high, you drank from it in abun-dance, as from a well.



By your writings, your admonishing and your teach - ings, you spread your radiant



doc - trine ev - 'ry - where, O fa - ther Is - i - dore, wor - thy of our praise.

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



By temperance, you mortified the arro-gance of the flesh, as you clothed yourself



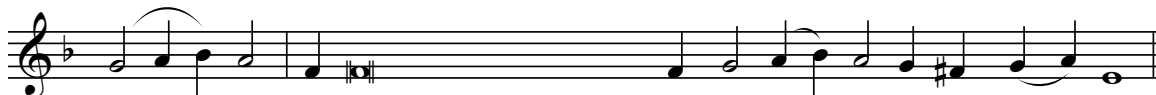
in the life-giv-ing cru - ci - fix - ion. Ex - panding the dispositions of your soul, O



bless-ed Is - i - dore, you have been a - ble to receive the graces of the Ho-ly



Spir - it; and you have be - come a repository of divinely-in-spired



doc - trine, a treasury of wisdom which sur-pass-es our un-der-stand - ing.

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

Theotokion - Tone 3 samohlasen



O Most Pure One, you reign over all crea - tures. By your warm intercession

and your moth - er - ly prayer, free me because I am ruled by my pas - sions
be-yond all com-pre - hen-sion. Free me that I may serve your Son and God.

The image shows two staves of musical notation in a single system. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature. The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes, with a double bar line and repeat sign at the end of the first line. The second staff continues the melody with similar note values and rests, ending with a double bar line. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes.

The service continues on page 8.