

Vespers on Wednesday Evening of the 4th Week
with Pre-sanctified Liturgy

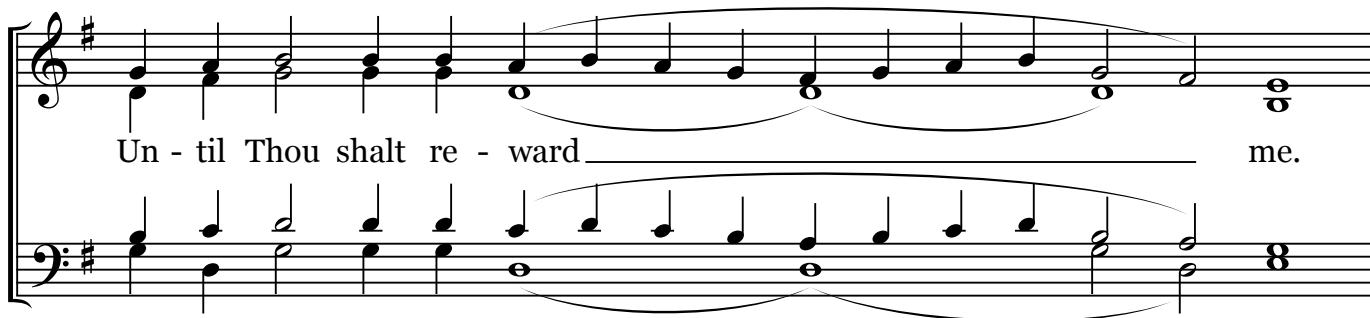
Stichera of "Lord I have cried"
(beginning in the 4th Tone)

(10) Reader: Bring my soul out of prison,

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is labeled 'II-chant melody' and the bottom staff is labeled 'I-descant'. Both staves are in the key of D major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is written in a simple, homophonic style. The lyrics are: 'That I may con - fess Thy name.' The melody features a prominent eighth-note pattern in the descant and a more melodic line in the chant melody.

The Fast that brings us blessings /
has now reached its midmost point: /
it has helped us to receive God's grace in the days that are past, /
and it will bring us further benefit in the days still to come. /
For by continuing in what is right we attain yet greater gifts. /
We therefore, cry to Christ, the Giver of all good. /
O Thou Who for our sakes hast fasted and endured the Cross, /
make us worthy to share uncondemned in Thy divine Passover. /
May we spend our lives in peace //
and rightly glorify Thee with the Father and the Spirit.

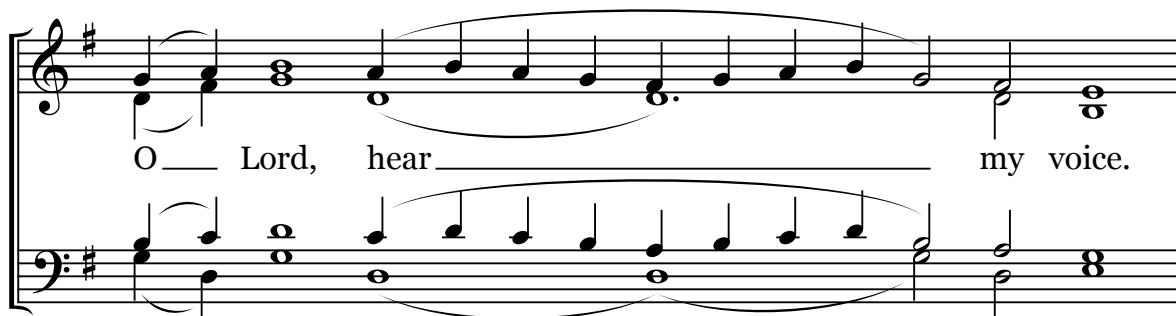
(9) Reader: In the 5th tone— The righteous shall wait patiently for me



Un - til Thou shalt re - ward me.

If we look for a spiritual recompense, / let us perform our good deeds
in secret; / let us not proclaim them in the street / but keep them
hidden in our hearts. / Then, He Who sees the secrets of all men /
will reward us for our abstinence / Let us complete the Fast, not with
a sad countenance, / but praying in the inner chamber of our souls; /
and without ceasing let us cry: / Our Father who art in heaven, /
lead us not into temptation, we pray, // but deliver us from the evil one.

(8) Reader: Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord;



O Lord, hear my voice.

Your souls, O holy martyrs, / were filled with an insatiable love; /
not denying Christ ye endured great sufferings and torments, /
and ye cast down the tyrant's pride. / Ye kept the faith unaltered
and unharmd, / and now have gone to dwell in heaven. /
Since ye have boldness before Christ, //
pray that peace be given to the world, and to our souls great mercy.

Stichera to the Cross

(7) *Reader: In the 1st tone— Let Thine ears be attentive*

To the voice of my sup - pli - - - - - tion.

Let us all wash our souls clean in the waters of the Fast, /
and approaching the precious and honored Cross of the Lord, /
Let us venerate it with faith; /
let us draw from it divine enlightenment, //
gathering the fruit of eternal salvation, peace and great mercy.

(6) *Reader: If Thou shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, O Lord, who shall stand?*

For with Thee there is for - give - - - - - ness.

O Cross, glory of the apostles, /
attended by principalities and powers and archangels, /
keep safe from all harm those that venerate thee. /
Grant us to follow rightly to the end the divine path of abstinence, //
and to reach the day of salvation when we too shall be saved.

(5) Reader: In the 7th tone — For Thy name's sake have I patiently waited for Thee, O Lord; my soul hath waited patiently for Thy word,

My soul hath hoped in the Lord.

As we venerate today the Cross of the Lord, let us cry: /
Rejoice, Tree of life, victory over hell; /
Rejoice, joy of the world and slayer of corruption; /
Rejoice, for by thy power thou scatterest demons! /
Strong support of the faithful, /
weapon that cannot be broken, //
we pray thee, guard and sanctify those who show thee honor.

Then 4 stichera to the saint of the day from the Menaion.

Reader: Glory, both now, in the 8th Tone.

Glory... both now and ev-er, and un-to the a-ges of a-ges. A - - - men.

Today He Who is in essence unapproachable, /
becomes approachable for me /
and suffers His Passion, delivering me from passions. /
He Who grants light unto the blind /
is spat upon by the mouths of the transgressors, /
and He gives His back to scourging for the sake of those that are held captive. /
When the pure Virgin His Mother saw Him on the Cross, /
she cried aloud in pain:
'Woe is me, my Child! What is this that Thou hast done? /
Thou Who wast in beauty fairer than all mortal men, /
dost now appear without life and form, /
having neither shape nor comeliness. /
Woe is me, my Light! /
I cannot bear to look upon Thee sleeping, /
and I am wounded inwardly, a harsh sword has pierced my heart, /
I sing the praises of Thy Passion, /
I venerate Thy merciful kindness: //
O longsuffering Lord, glory to Thee!