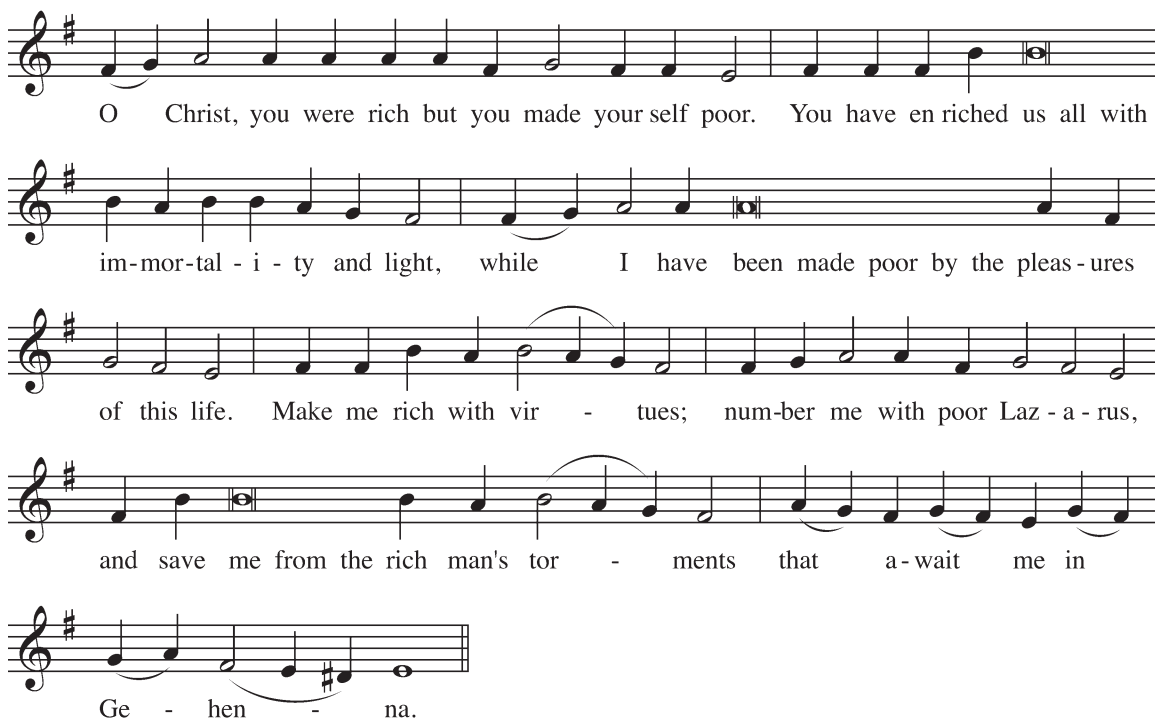
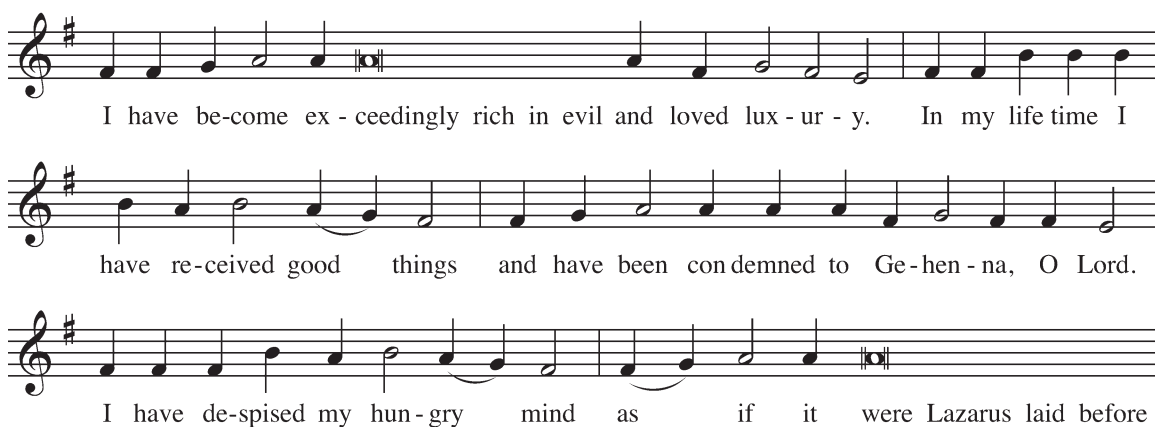


Sticheron



O Christ, you were rich but you made your self poor. You have enriched us all with im-mor-tal - i - ty and light, while I have been made poor by the pleas - ures of this life. Make me rich with vir - tues; num-ber me with poor Laz - a - rus, and save me from the rich man's tor - ments that a - wait me in Ge - hen - na.

Sticheron



I have be-come ex - ceedingly rich in evil and loved lux - ur - y. In my life time I have re-ceived good things and have been condemned to Ge-hen - na, O Lord. I have de-spised my hun - gry mind as if it were Lazarus laid before

the gates of your div-ine works. Take pit-y on me, O Lord.

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

Theotokion

O Vir-gin, together with the great Fore-run-ner, im-plore the Lamb of God

who takes a way the sins of the world, whom the Fore-run-ner pro-claimed

to the world, to place me, un-wor-thy though I am, at his right

with the sheep on the Day of Judg-ment, and not at his

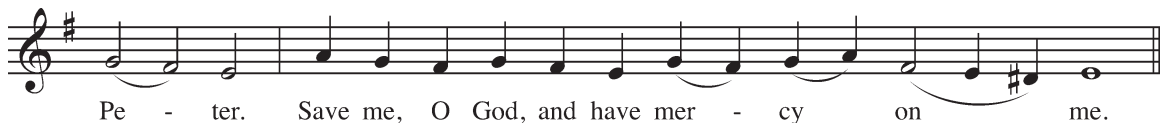
left with the goats.

Aposticha

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

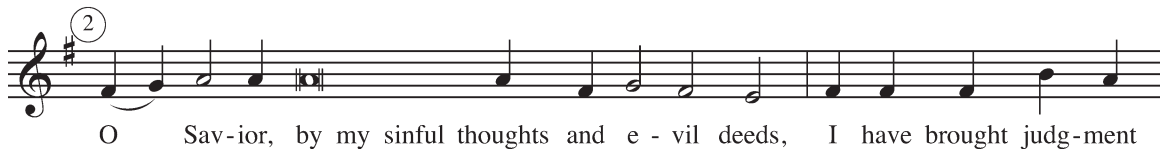


sink - ing hopelessly be - cause of them. Give me your hand as you did to



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

Cantor: I have lifted up my eyes...



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

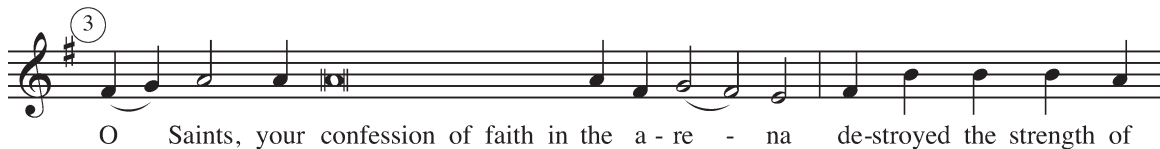


call out to you: Save me, O gra - cious Benefactor, and have mer - cy



on me.

Cantor: Have mercy on us...



O Saints, your confession of faith in the a - re - na de - stroyed the strength of



dev - ils and set us free from de - lu - sion. When you were beheaded

you cried out: O Lord, may the sacrifice of our souls be accept a - ble
in your sight; for in our love for you, the Lov - er of us all,
we have de-spised this tem - p'ral life.

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

Theotokion

O Vir - gin most wor - thy of praise, while Mo - ses gazed at the burning bush
that was not con - sumed, he be-held with pro-phet-ic eyes the mys - tery that was
to take place in you; for your womb was not burned by the fire of the Godhead,
O Most Pure One. There-fore, we beseech you, as the The - o - to - kos,
to ask for peace and great mer - cy for the world.