My Creator and Lord has formed me from the clay of the earth; he has given me a soul by his life-giving breath. He has made me ruler of all things visible on the earth, and has made me a companion of the angels. But Satan has used the serpent as a trap, and has deceived me with this bait; he has separated me from the glory of God and delivered me over to the earth and to death. But you, O merciful Lord, call me back to you.

Cantor: Because with the Lord there is mercy and fullness of redemption, Israel indeed he will redeem from all its iniquity.
A las! I have been stripped of my divine garment by transgressing your commandment, O Lord, and by following the counsel of the Enemy. I am now clothed with fig leaves and the garment of skin; I now eat my bread by the sweat of my brow, and because of my fault, the earth is condemned to bring forth this-tles and thorns.

But you, O Lord, born of the Virgin in these last times, call me back to enter Paradise once again.

Cantor: Praise the Lord all the nations; Psalm 116

(acclaim him all you people.)

O beloved Paradise, beauty of Spring-time and divine-ly cre-a-ted a-bode, un-end-ing joy and de-light, the glo-ry of all the just, the en-chant-ment
of the prophets and the dwelling-place of the saints, by the rustling of your leaves,

im-plore the Cre-a-tor of the uni-verse to o-pen the
gates that I have closed by my fault; let me par-take of the Tree of Life,

and share the joy that I once found in you.

Cantor: Strong is the love of the Lord for us;
he is faithful forever.

For his dis-obedi-ence, Ad- am was ban-ished from Par-a-disé;
de-ceived by the wom-an's words, he was de-prived of its de-lights.

Na-ked, he sat out-side the Gar-den and wept. There-fore, let us zealously welcome this

sea-son; let us keep the Fast and obey the teach-ings of the Gos-pel,

so that we may be ac-cept-a-ble to Christ, and once a-gain be-come
in-habitants of Paradise.

Cantor: (Tone 6) Glory...

Doxastikon of Cheesefare Sunday - Tone 6 samohlasen

Adam sat before Paradise, sighing and weeping over his nakedness:

A! I was seduced by craftiness and stripped naked, and I am

now separated from glory. A! in my simplicity, I was naked,

but now I do not know what to do. O Paradise, never again shall I taste your joy;

never again shall I see the Lord, my Creator and God. For I must

return to the earth from which I was taken. O merciful God, I

cry out to you: I have fallen, have mercy on me.
The sun hid its rays, the moon and stars were changed into blood, the mountains shook and the hills trembled when Paradise was closed.

Adam departed, buried his head in his hands and said:

O merciful God, I have fallen: have mercy on me.

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

Mysteriously we praise you, O Theotokos, for you have become the throne of the Great King, the holy tabernacle more spacious than the heavens, the chariot of the Cherubim and higher than the Seraphim.
the nuptial chamber of the glory of God; from you the God of the universe has been born. Intercede with him for the salvation of our souls.

Litija Litany, p. 116

**Aposticha**

*Aposticha in the Tone of the Week, concluding with:*

*Cantor:* (Tone 6) Glory...

*Aposticha Doxastikon of Cheesefare Sunday - Tone 6*

Adam was banished from Paradise because of the forbidden fruit. He sat before the gates, sighing and lamenting: Alas! Woe is me! What is happening to me? I have transgressed the commandment of the Lord, and now am deprived of every blessing. O Paradise so delightful, you were planted for me; and now you are closed because of Eve. Be-seech your
Creator who has also fashioned me to fill me with the fragrance of your flowers once again. And the Savior said to him: I do not desire the destruction of my creation; I wish it, rather, to be saved and come to the knowledge of truth; for I do not reject those who come to me.

Cantor: Now and ever...

Aposticha theotokion in the same tone (Tone 6, page 90).

Troparion and theotokion in the Tone of the Week.