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

O beloved Paradise, beauty of Springtime and divinely created abode, unending joy and delight, the glory of all the just,
the enchantment of the prophets and the dwelling-place of the saints,

by the rustling of your leaves, implore the Creator of the universe
to open the gates that I have closed by my fault; let me partake 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;
(on 1) he is faithful forever.

For his disobedience, Adam was banished from Paradise; deceived by the woman's words, he was deprived of its delights. Naked,

he sat outside the Garden and wept. Therefore, let us zealously welcome this season; let us keep the Fast and obey the teachings of the Gospel,

so that we may be acceptable to Christ, and once again become
inhabitants of Paradise.

Cantor: Glory...

Doxastikon of Cheesefare Sunday - Tone 6 samohlasen

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

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

now separated from glory. Alas! 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.

Mystically 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.