Sunday of the Publican and the Pharisee

1. Lord of all mercy, each year you bring us
2. Turn us from pride, from being exalted
3. Pharisee’s haughty attitude taints us;
4. Soon will arrive the season of fasting;

Into this time of your boundless grace.
By our own deeds that turn us from you;
In our conceit, we scorn you, O Lord.
Pray’r and good works will fill ev’ry day.

Grant that your people, drawn by your Spirit,
Grant us repentance! Humble our spirits,
Fill us instead with Publican’s penance.
Give us your grace to have the right Spirit,

Open their hearts and seek now your face.
That to your Word we stand ever true.
That in our lives you may be adored.
That in our deeds, your law we obey.

Melody: Krestu Tvojemu / At the most holy cross (from Grekokatolicki Duchovni Pisni, 1969)