

Sunday evenings in the Great Fast - Tone 8

At Vespers, on "Lord, I have cried" , first 4 (penitential) stichera:



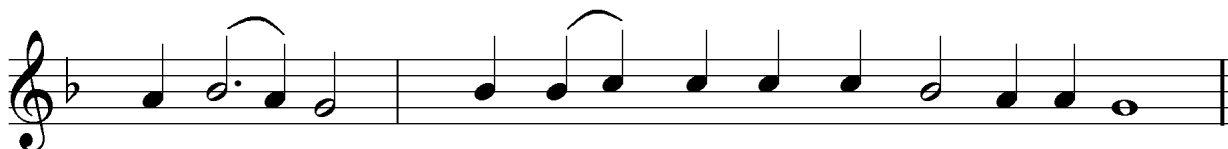
(I) Bring my soul out of pris - on: that I may con - fess your name.



To you, the King and Mas - - ter, An - gels sing praise with - out



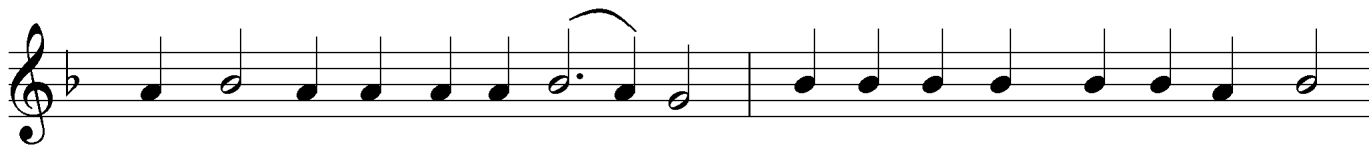
ceas - - - ing, and I fall be - fore you, cry - ing like the Tax



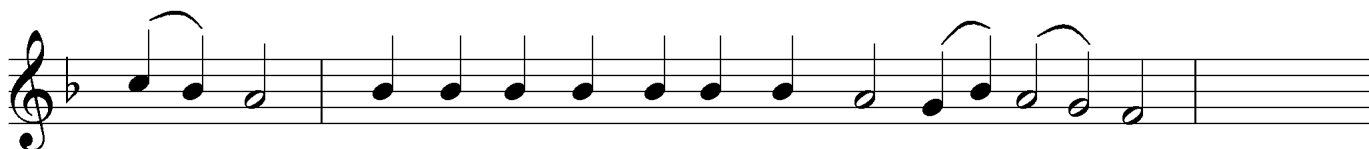
Col - lec - - tor: "God, cleanse me and have mer - cy on me."



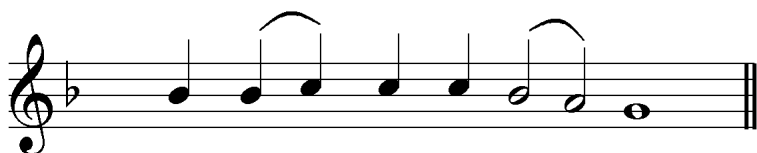
(II) The just will a - wait me: un - til you re - ward me.



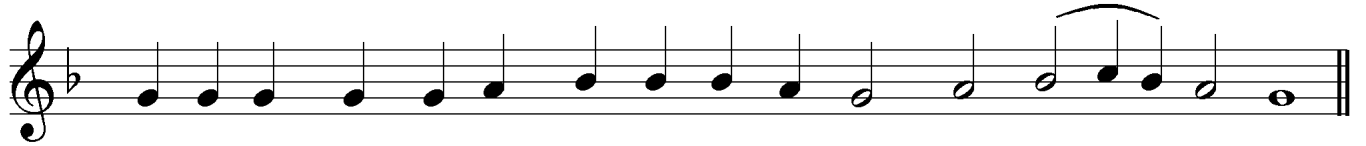
My soul, as you are im - mor - - tal, do not be cov - ered by the waves



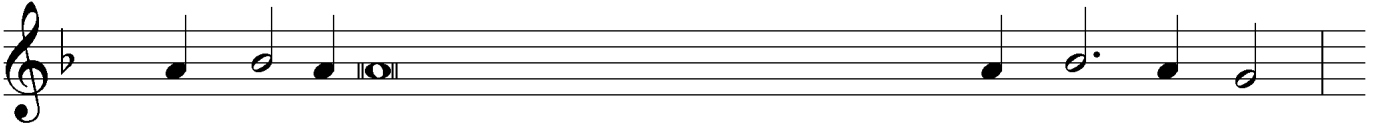
of life, but rise up and cry to your Ben - e - - - fac - - - tor:



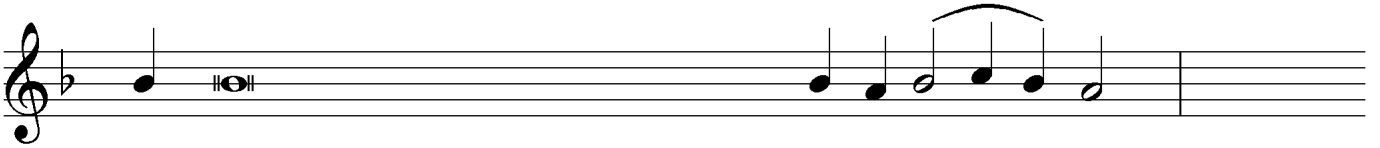
"God, cleanse me and save me."



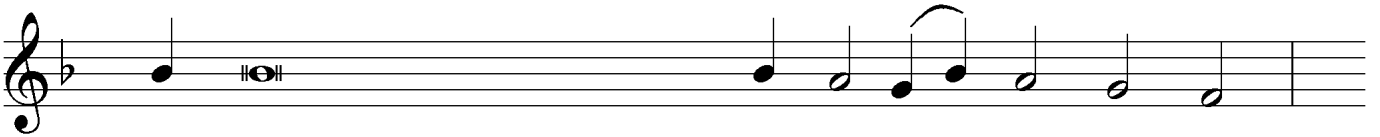
(I) Out of the depths I have cried to you, O Lord: Lord, hear my voice.



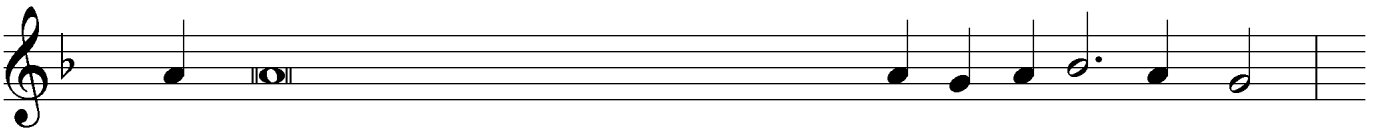
When - ev - er I call to mind the mul - ti - tudes of my dread - ful deeds,



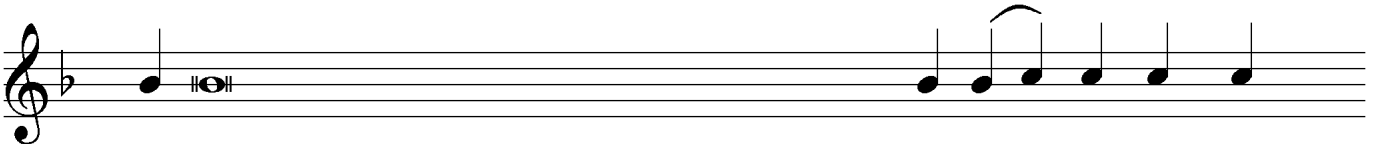
and come to con - sid - er that dread ex - am - i - na - - - - - tion,



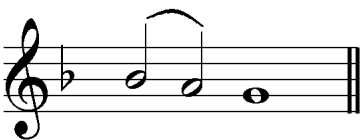
seized with trem - bling I flee to you, the God who loves man - kind.



There - fore do not dis - dain me, I pray you, O on - ly sin - less One,



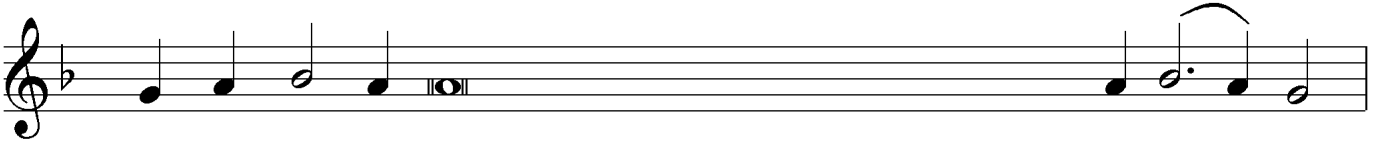
but be - fore the end grant com - punc - tion to my low - - ly soul, and



save me.



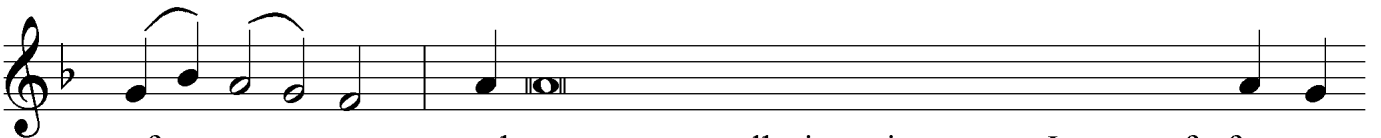
(II) O let your ears be at - ten - tive to the voice of my sup - pli - - ca - tion.



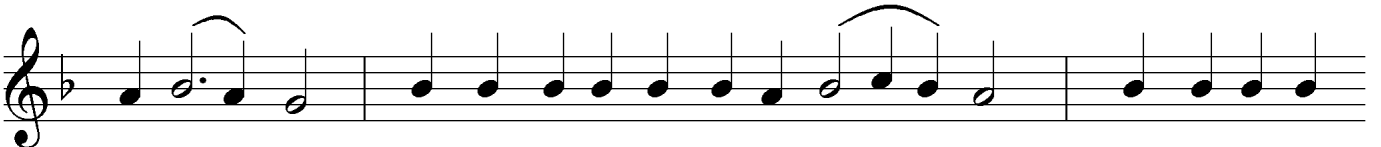
Give me tears, O God, as once you gave them to the sin - ful wom - - an,



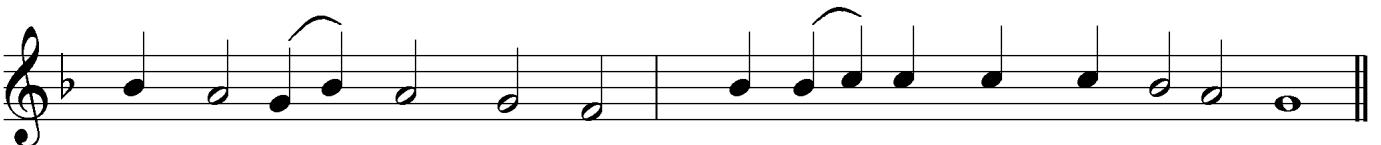
and grant that I may wash your feet, which freed me from the way



of er - - - ror, and as sweet - smell - ing oint - ment I may of - fer you



a pure life, cre - at - ed in me by re - pen - - - tance, so that I too



may hear your longed - for voice: "Your faith has saved you, go in peace."