

## Great Fast. Week 4. Wednesday

At the Divine Liturgy of the Presanctified Gifts, on "Lord, I have cried"  
sing 10 verses. First 6 verses from the Triodion:

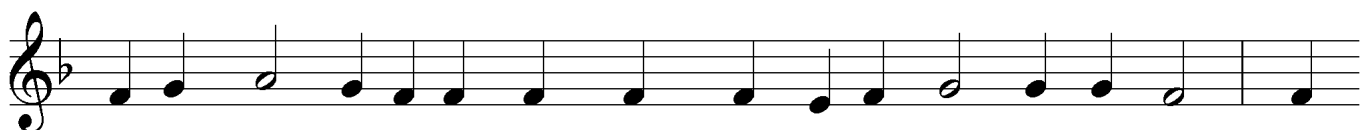
### Tone 4:



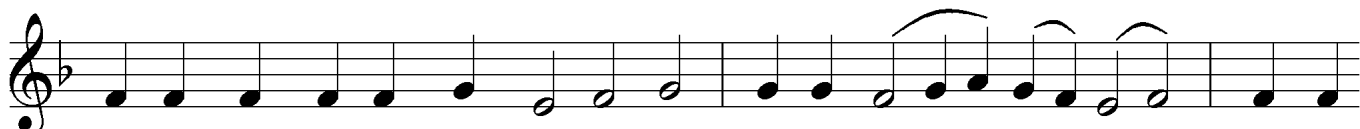
(1) Bring my soul out of pris - on: that I may con - fess your name.



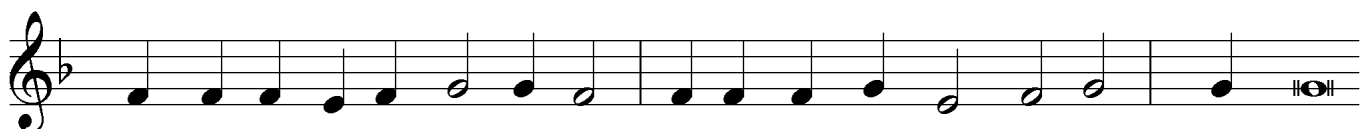
The Fast that brings us bless - ings has now reached its mid - dle point;



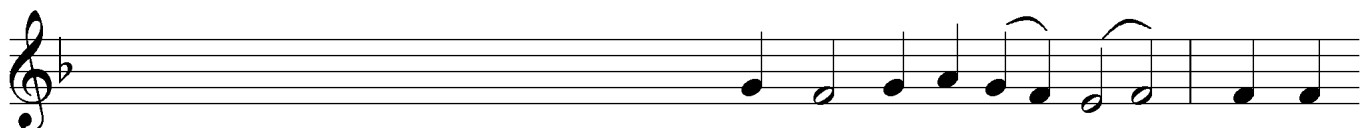
it has helped us to re - ceive God's grace in the days that are past, and



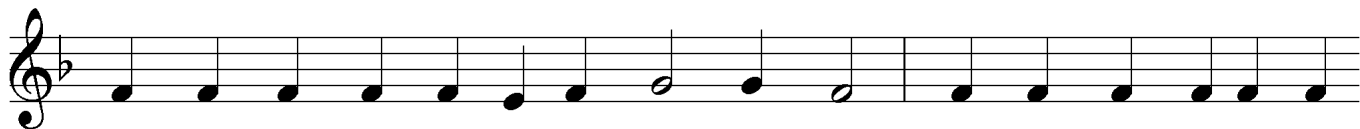
it will bring us fur - ther ben - e - fits in the days to come. For by



con - tin - u - ing in what is right we at - tain yet great - er gifts. There - fore



we are well - pleased to cry to Christ, the Giv - er of all good: for our



sakes you have fast - ed and en - dured the Cross, make us worth - y to share



un - con - demned in your di - vine Pas - - cha. May we spend our lives



in peace and right - ly glo - ri - fy you with the Fa - ther and the Spir - it.

**Tone 5:**



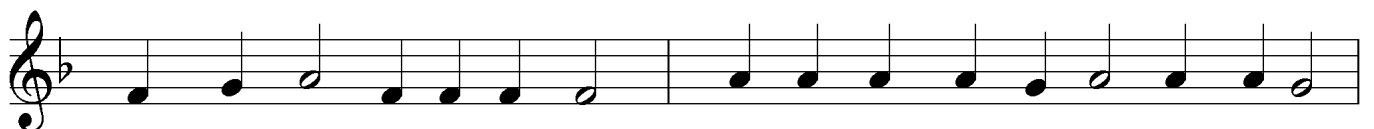
(II) The just will a - wait me: un - til you re - ward me.



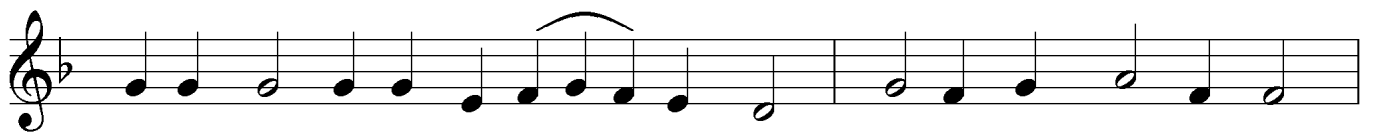
If we look for a spir - it - u - al rec - om - pense, let us per - form our



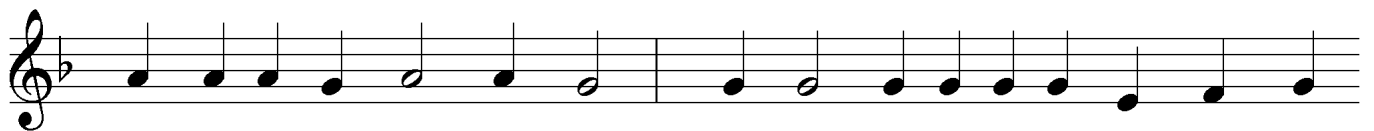
good deeds in se - cret; let us not pro - claim them in the streets but



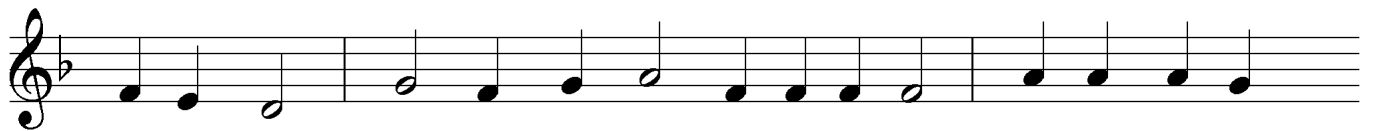
keep them hid - den in our hearts. Then he who sees the se - crets of all



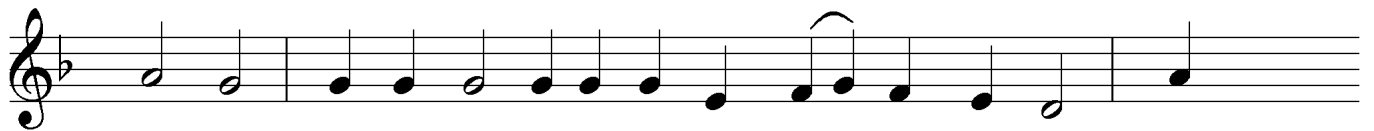
will re - ward us for our ab - - - - stin - ence. Let us com - plete the Fast,



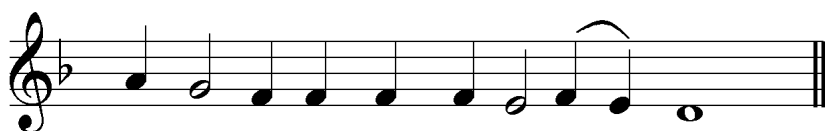
not with a sad coun - ten - ance, but pray - ing in the in - ner cham - ber



of our souls; and with - out ceas - ing let us cry: Our Fa - ther in



heav - en, do not lead us in - to temp - ta - - tion, we pray, but



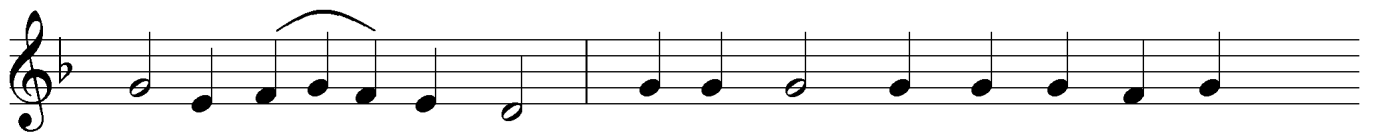
de - liv - er us from the e - vil one.



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



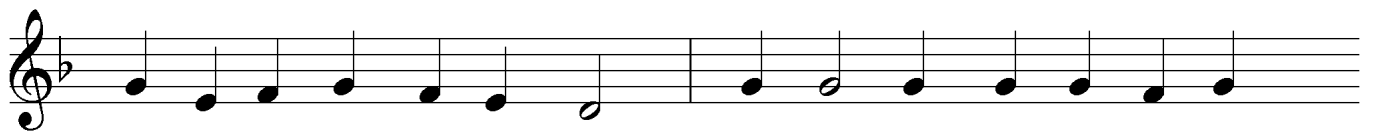
Your souls, O ho - ly Mar - tyrs, were filled with an in - sat - ia - ble love;



not de - ny - - - - ing Christ you en - dured great suf - fer - ings and



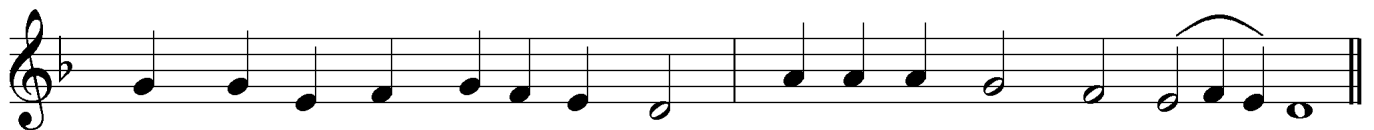
tor - ments, and you cast down the tyr - ants' pride. You have kept the



faith un - al - tered and un - harmed, and now have gone to dwell in



heav - en. Since you have free - dom to ap - proach Christ, pray that

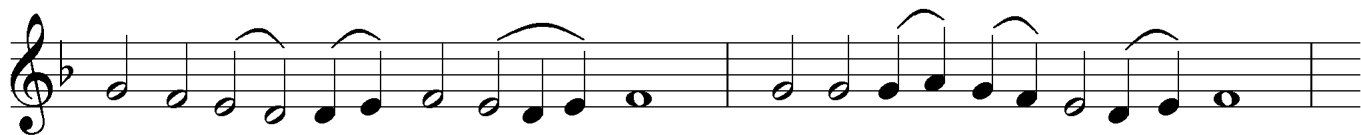


peace may be grant - ed to the world and to our souls great mer - - - cy.

**Tone 1: (melody: "All-praised Martyrs")**



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



Let us all wash our souls clean in the wa - - ters of the Fast,



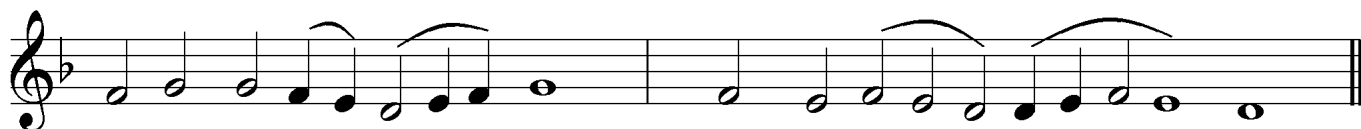
and, ap - proach - ing the pre - - - - - cious and hon - oured Cross



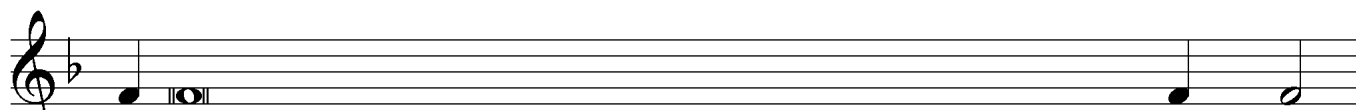
of the Lord, let us bow down be - fore it with faith; let us draw



from it di - vine en - light - en - ment, gath - er - ing the fruit of



e - ter - nal sal - - va - - - - - tion, peace and great mer - - - - - cy.



(1) If you, Lord, should mark in - i - qui - ties, O Lord, who will stand? But



there is for - give - - - ness with you.



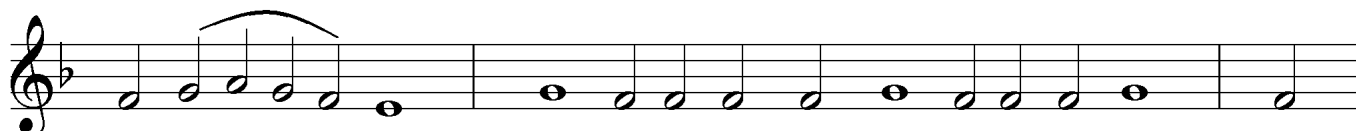
O Cross, glo - ry of the a - pos - - - tles, at - tend - ed by



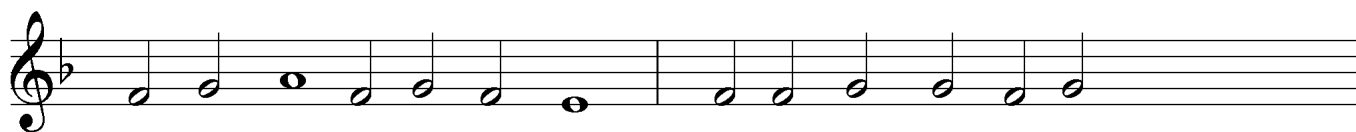
prin - ci - pal - - - - - i - - - ties and pow - ers and arch - an - - - - gels,



keep safe from all harm those who bow down



be - fore you. Grant us to fol - low right - ly to the end the

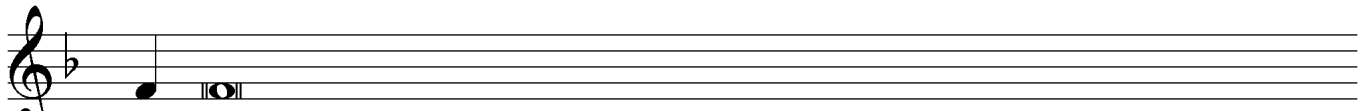


di - vine path of ab - sti - nence, and to reach the day of



sal - - va - - - - tion when we too shall be saved.

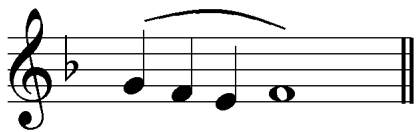
**Tone 7: (melody: "Today Judas watches")**



(II) For your name's sake I have wait - ed for you, O Lord; my soul has



wait - ed on your word, my soul has hoped in the



Lord.



As we bow down to - - - day be - - fore the



Cross of the Lord, let us cry: Hail, Tree of



life, vic - tor o - ver Hell; Hail, joy of the world



and slay - - - - - er of cor - - rup - tion; Hail, for by your



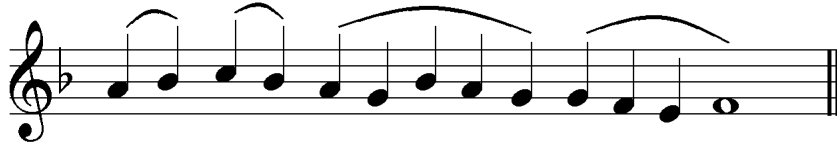
pow - - er you scat - ter the de - - mons! Strong sup - port of the



faith - - - - - ful, weap - on that can - not be bro - ken,



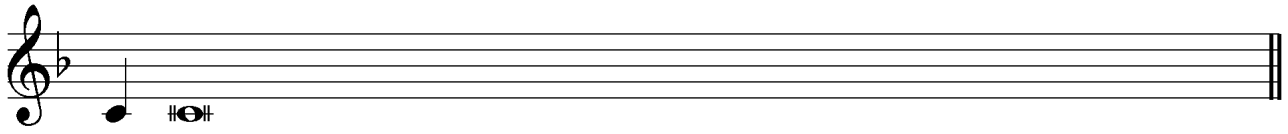
we pray you: Guard and sanc - ti - fy those who



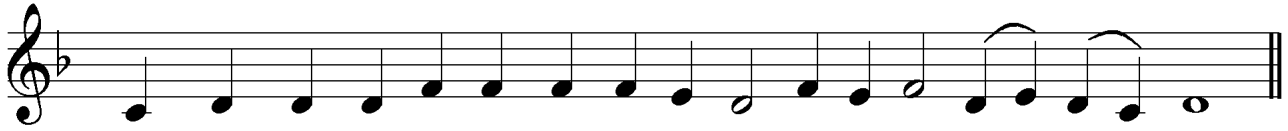
show you hon - - - - - our.

*Then 4 stichera from the Menaion (repeating the first)*

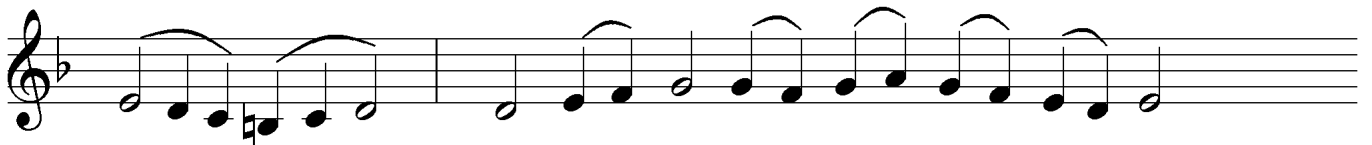
**Tone 8:**



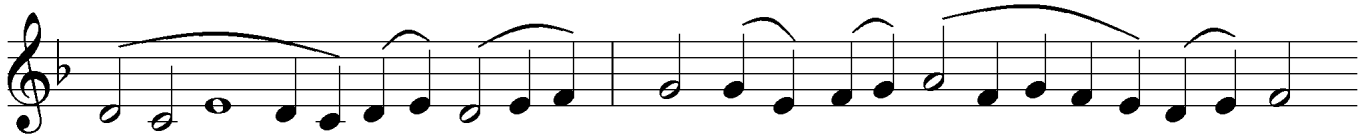
Glo - ry to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Spir - it.



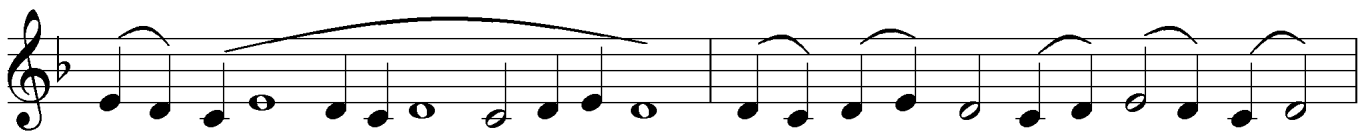
Both now and for ev - er, and to the ag - es of ag - es. A - - - men.



To - - - - day he who is in es - - - sence un - - ap -



proach - - - - - a - - - ble be - comes ap - - proach - - - - - a - - - ble



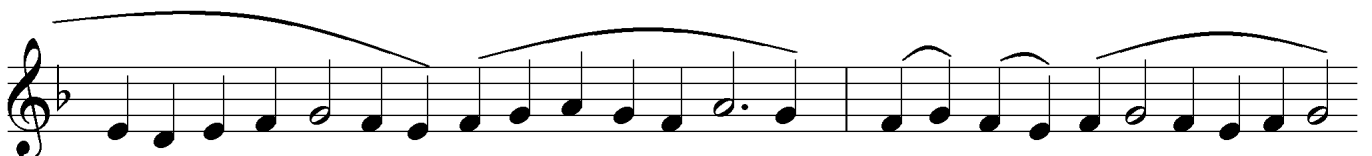
for me and suf - - fers his Pas - - sion,



de - - - - - liv - er - - ing me from pas - sions. He

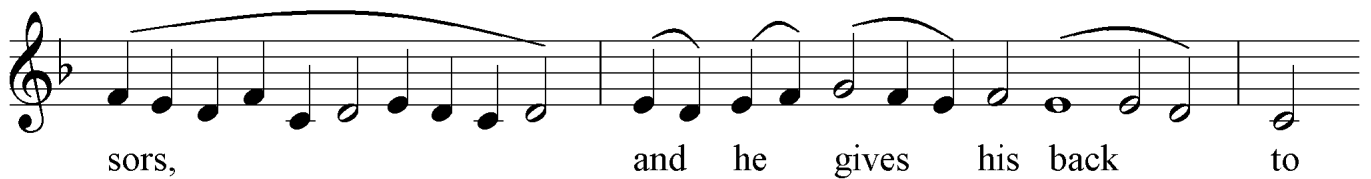


who grants light to the blind is spat

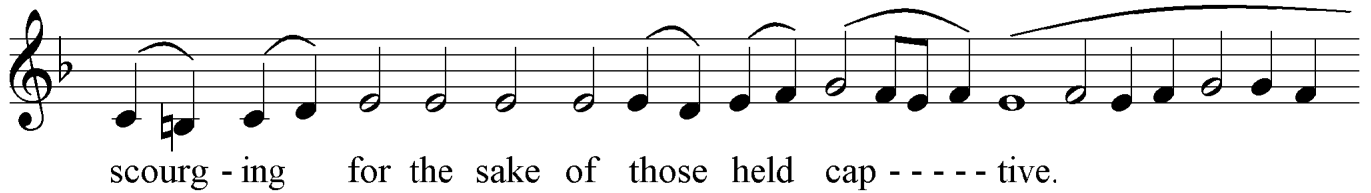


on by trans - gres - - - - -

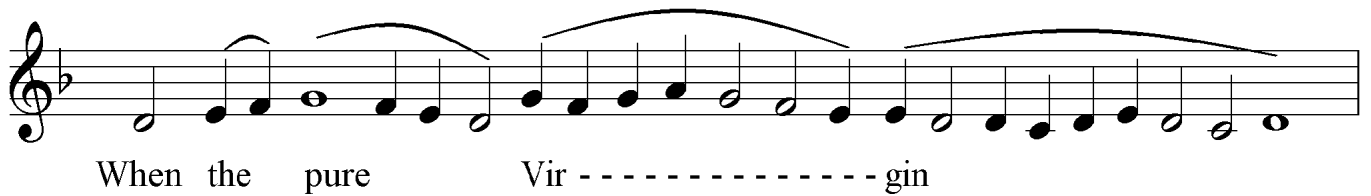




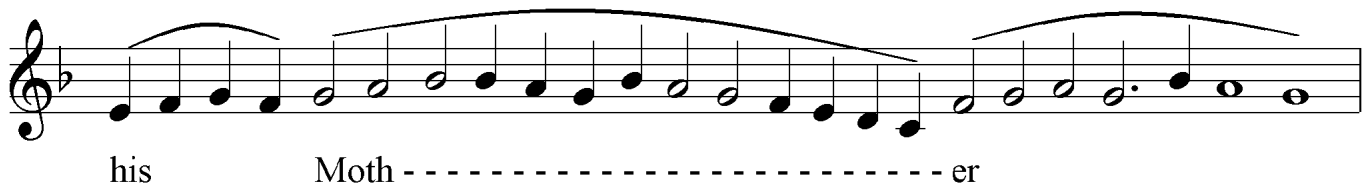
sors, and he gives his back to



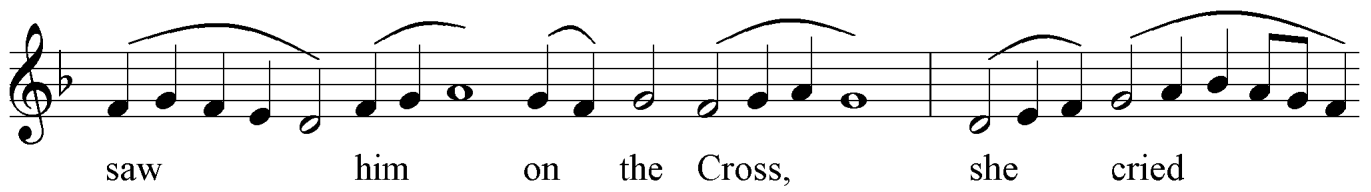
scourg - ing for the sake of those held cap - - - - - tive.



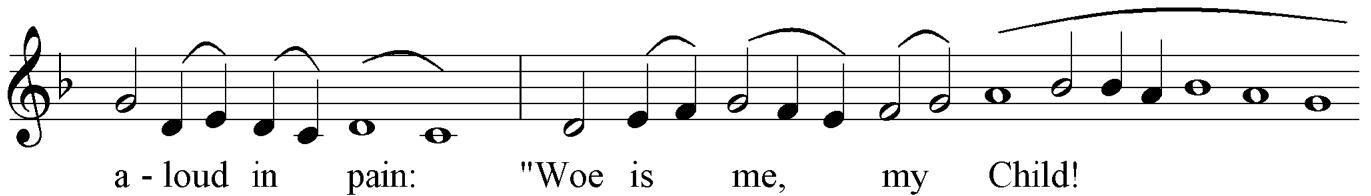
When the pure Vir - - - - - gin



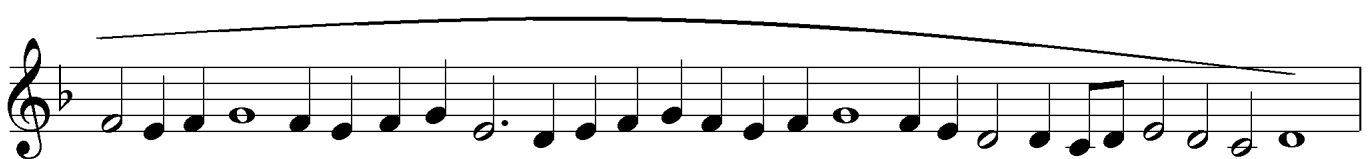
his Moth - - - - - er

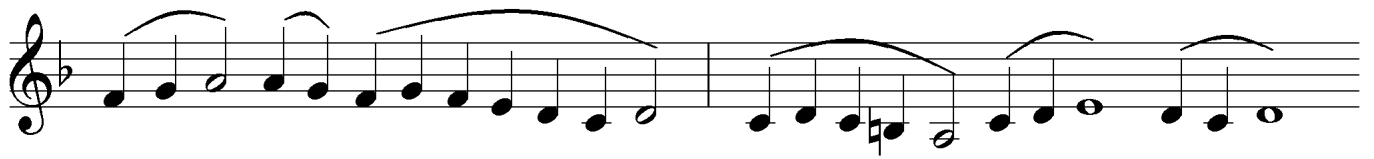


saw him on the Cross, she cried

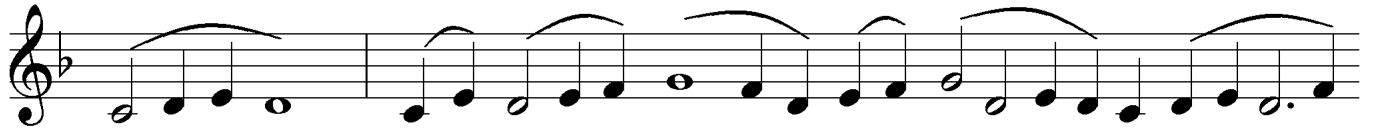


a - loud in pain: "Woe is me, my Child!"

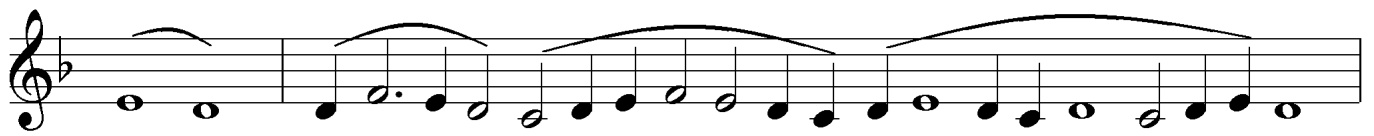




What is this that you have



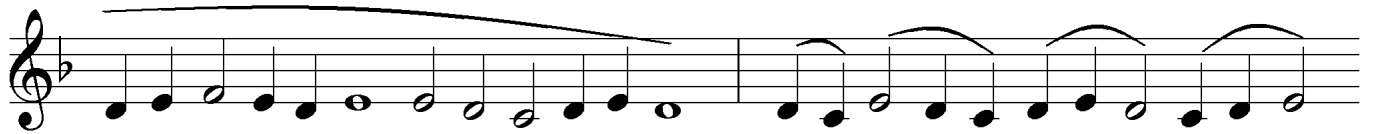
done? You that were in beaut - - - y fair - - - - -



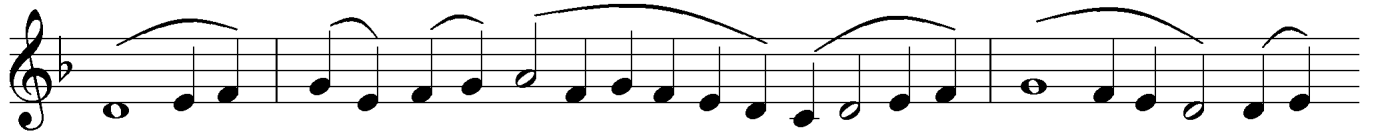
er than all mor - - - - - tals,



now ap - - pear



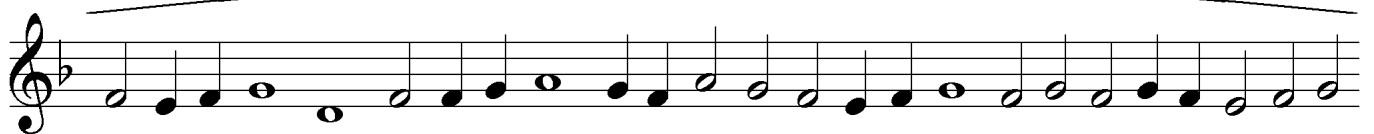
with - out life or



form, hav - - ing neith - - - - - er shape nor

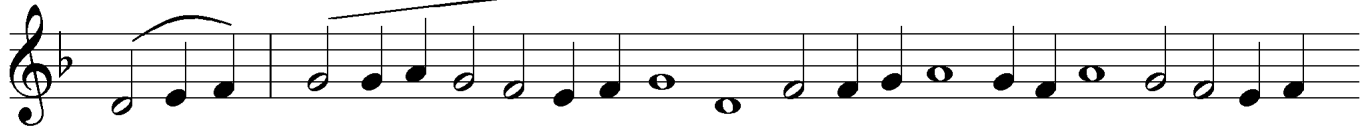


come - - - li - - - ness. Woe is me, my Light!

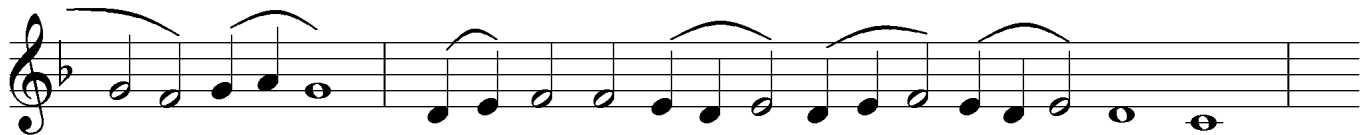
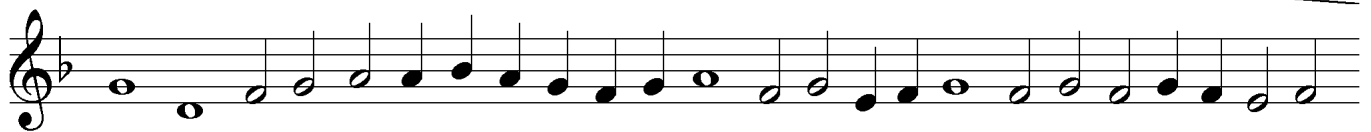




I can - - not bear to look up - - on



you sleep - - - - -



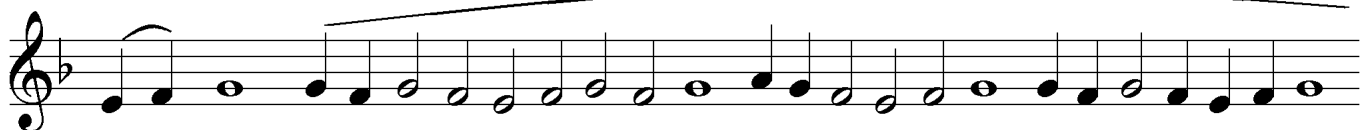
- - - - ing, and I am wound - - ed in - - - - ward - ly,



a harsh sword has pierced



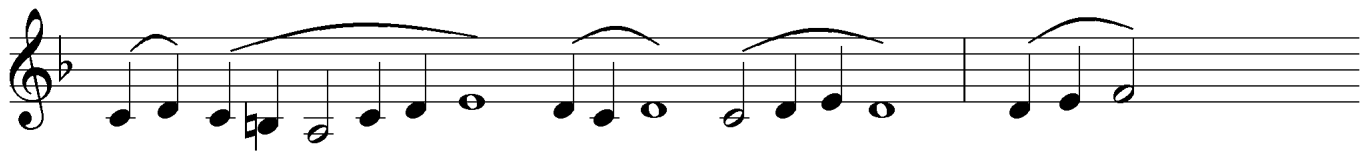
my heart. I sing the prais - es



of your Pas - - - - -



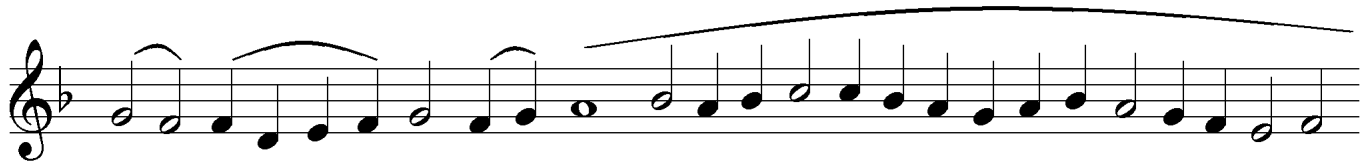
- - - - - sion,



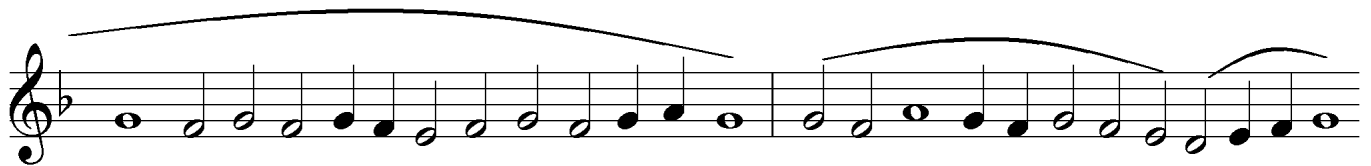
I ven ----- er ----- ate your



mer ----- ci - ful kind - - - - - ness: O



long - suf - - - - - fer - ing Lord,



glo - - - - - ry



to you!