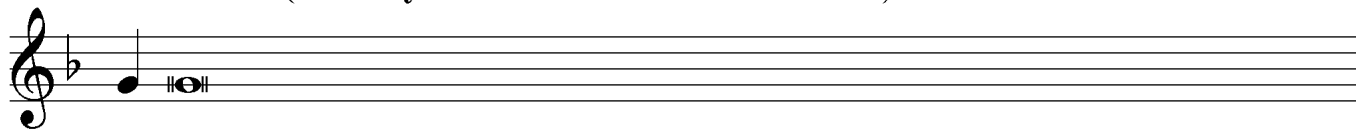


Great Fast. Week 6. Tuesday.

At Vespers, on "Lord, I have cried" sing 6 verses.

First 3 verses from the Triodion.

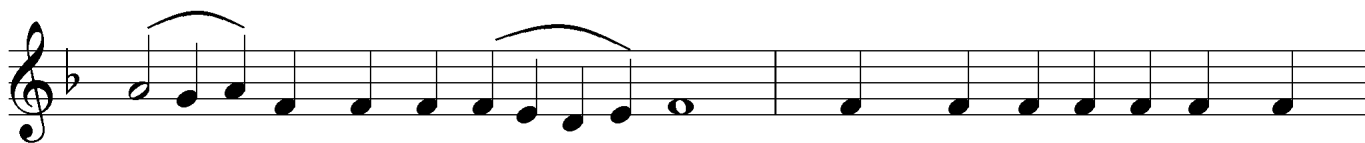
Tone 2 (melody: "When from the Cross")



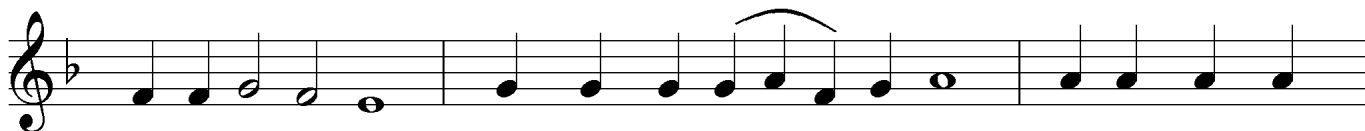
(I) If you, Lord, should mark in - i - qui - ties, O Lord, who will stand? But



there is for - give - ness with you.



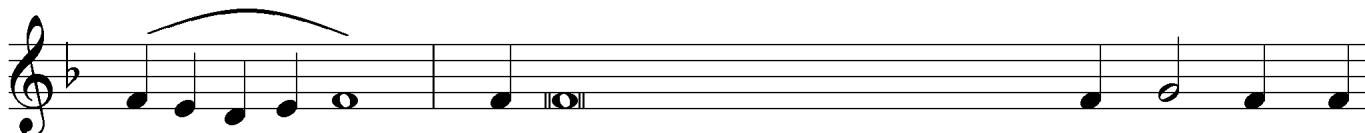
Ruled by man - y pas - - - - sions, weak - ened by all the as - saults



of the e - vil one, my heart lies shame - - ful - ly in the tomb of

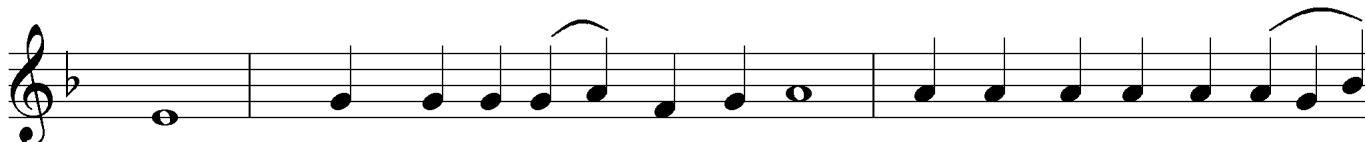


sloth - - - ful - ness, and it is crushed by lack of feel - ing as by a

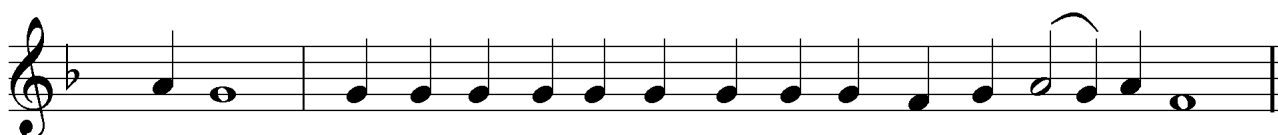


stone.

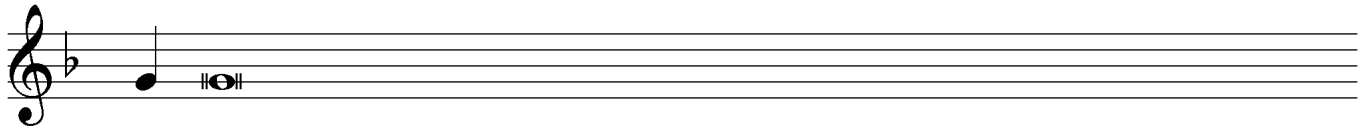
O Sav - iour, who by the Tree of your life - bear - ing



Cross, brought life to all those in Hell, a - wak - en me and give



me life, so that in fear I may glo - ri - fy your di - vin - - i - ty.



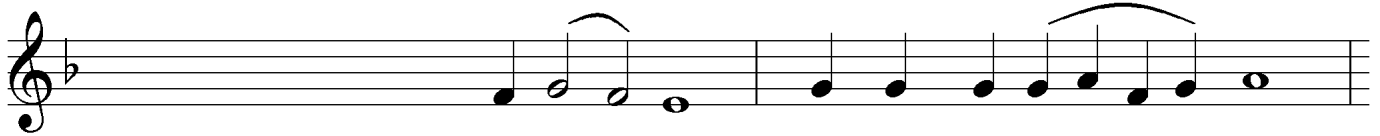
(II) For your name's sake I have wait - ed for you, O Lord; my soul has



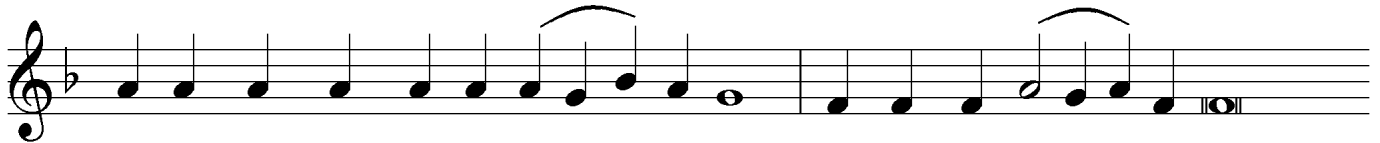
wait - ed on your word, my soul has hoped in the Lord.



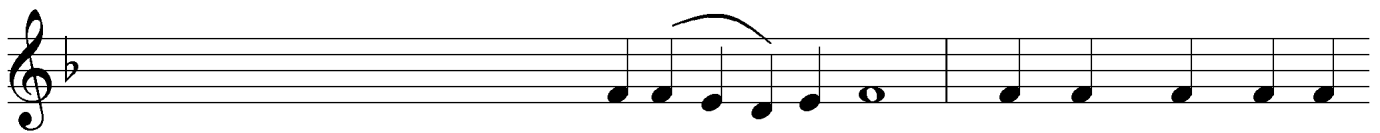
At the prompt - - ing of the e - - - - - vil one I have al - ways loved the



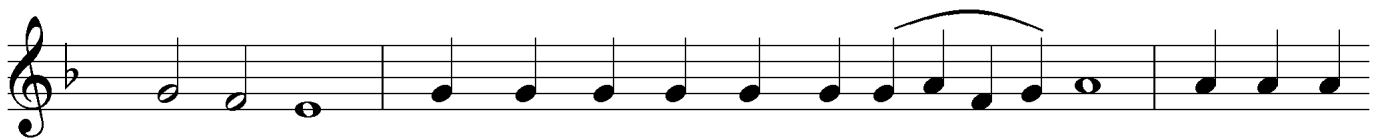
rich - es of cor - rupt - ing pleas - ure, and with - out con - - - - - science



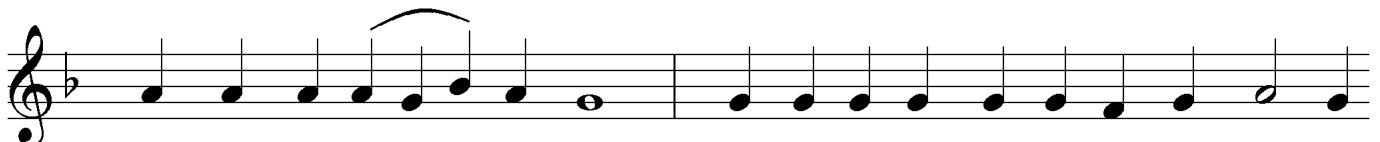
I have de - light - ed in van - - - - i - ty. I have ne - glect - - ed my mind



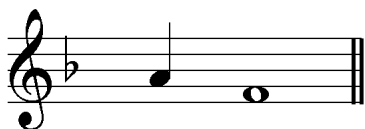
when it groaned like an - oth - er Laz - - - - a - ros and hun - gered for the



food of God. O Word, in your ten - der mer - - - - - cy de - liv - er

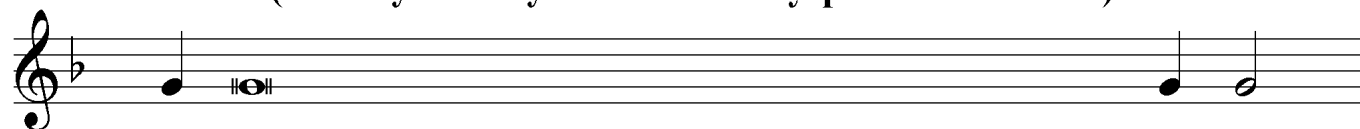


me from the flames to come, so that I may glo - ri - fy your love for

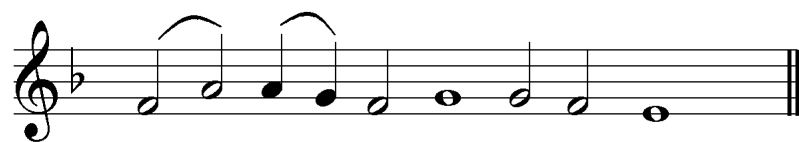


man - kind.

Tone 3 (melody: "They took the thirty pieces of silver")



(1) From the morn - ing watch un - til night, from the morn - ing watch let



Is ----- ra ----- el hope in the Lord.



To --- day

Laz -



----- a ----- ros

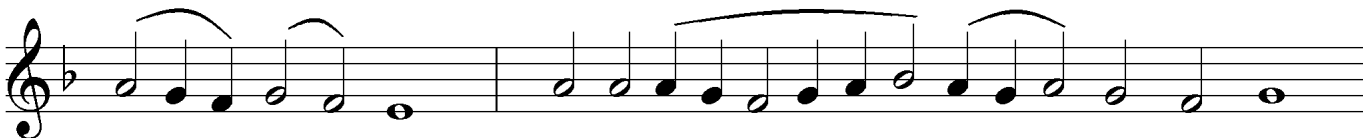
has

died,

and



Beth ----- a --- ny la --- ments for him; but you,



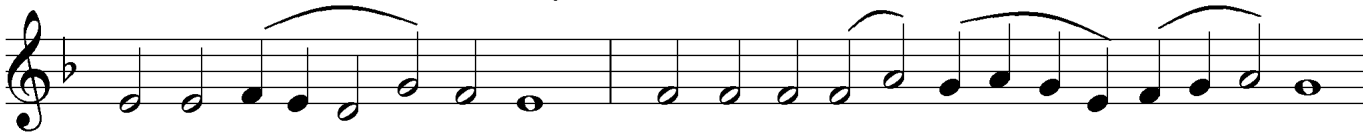
our Sav - - iour, will a - wake him from the dead,



and through your friend you have giv - - en us in ad - vance



an as - - sur - ance of your fear - - some Res - ur - - rec - - tion,

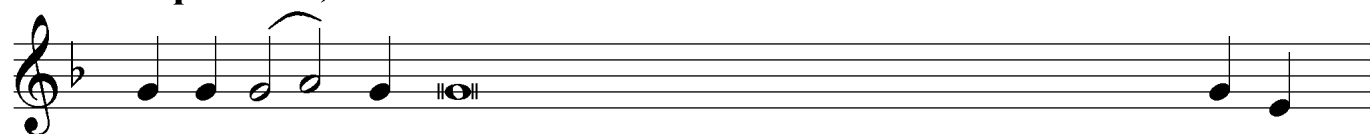


of the death of Hell, and of the life of Ad - - - - am;

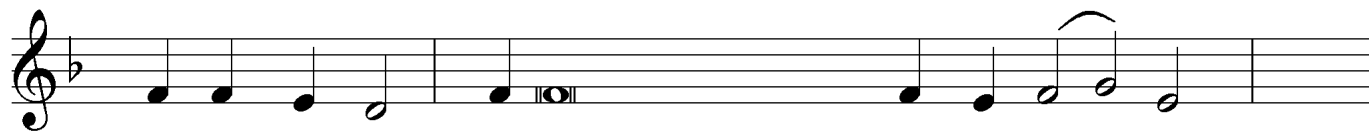


and we there - fore sing your prais - - - - es.

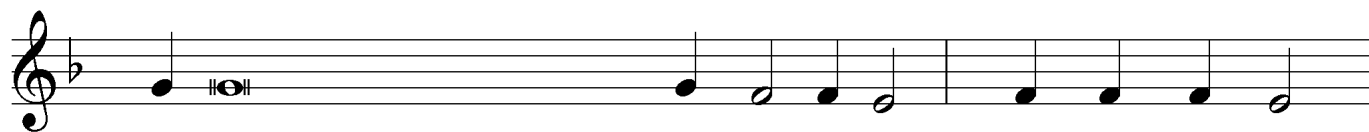
Aposticha, Tone 1



(I) O my soul, you were clothed in the di - vine - ly - wo - ven pur - ple of



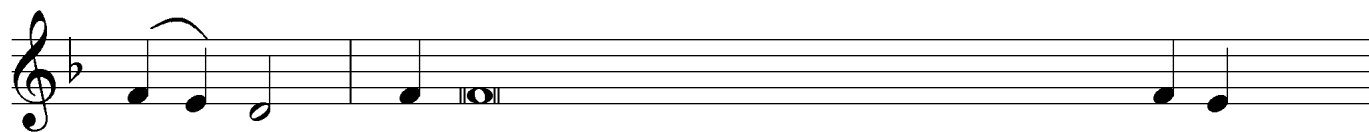
sov - er - eign - ty and in the fine lin - en of in - cor - rup - - tion,



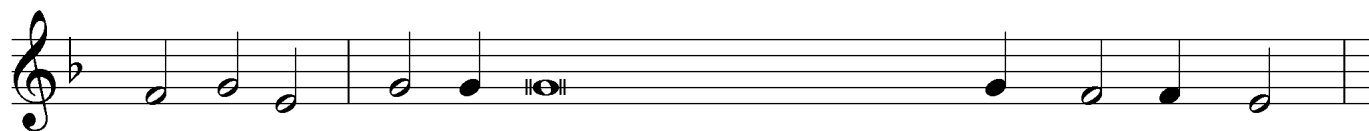
but you have in - sult - ed your own dig - ni - ty. You have made sin



your wealth and de - light, and looked with scorn on your fel - low



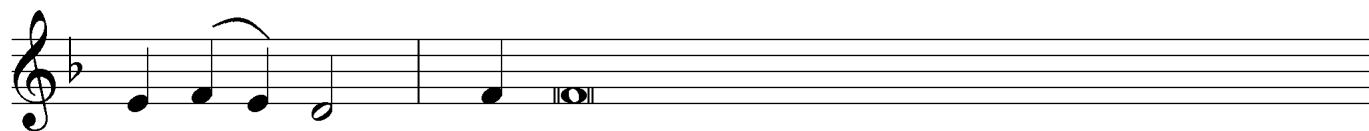
hu - - mans, like the rich man who de - spised Laz - a - ros in his



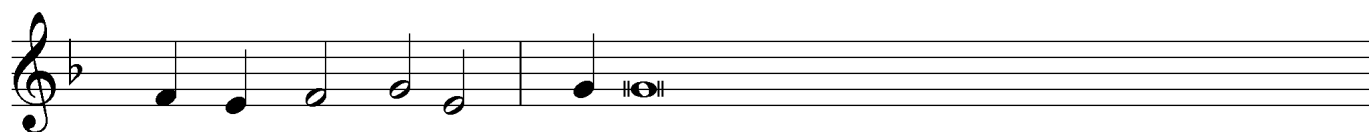
pov - er - ty. So that you do not share the rich man's pun - ish - ment,



be - come poor in spir - - it, and cry to the Lord who for your sake



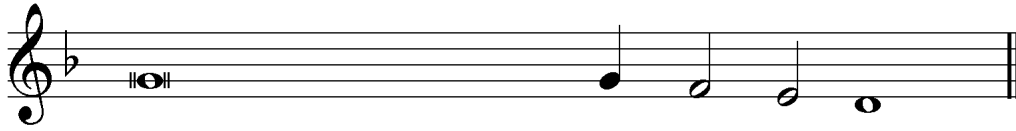
be - came poor: "Be - fore your Cru - ci - fix - ion you wore the pur - ple



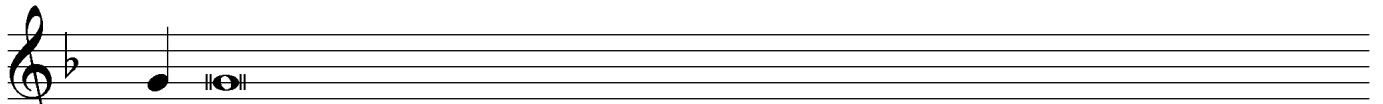
robe of mock - er - y, and na - ked you were fast - ened to the Cross



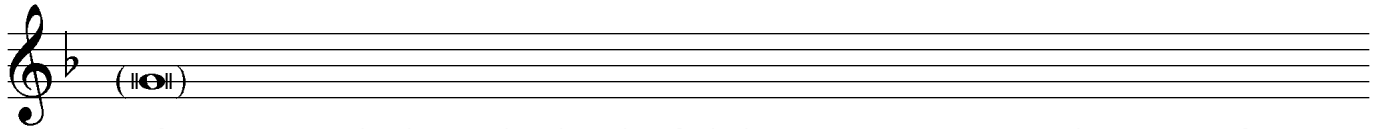
for my sake: clothe me in the robe of your king - dom, and



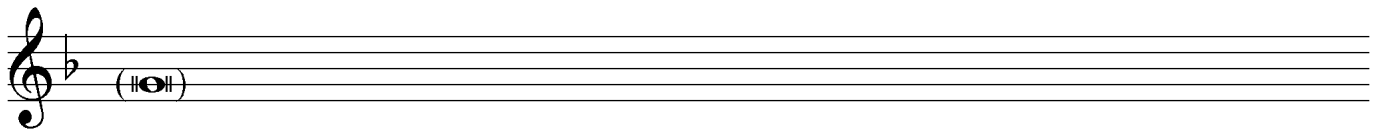
de - liv - er me from e - ter - nal shame, O Christ."



(II) To you I lift up my eyes, to you who dwell in the heavens. As the eyes



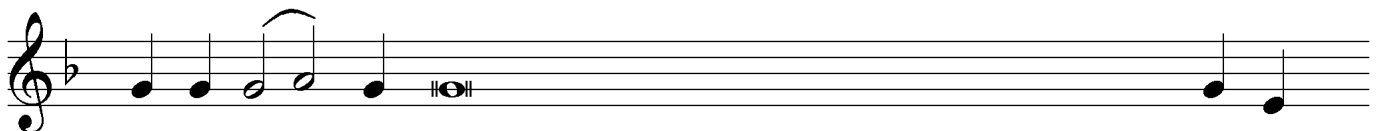
of ser - vants look to the hand of their mas - ters, or as the eyes of a



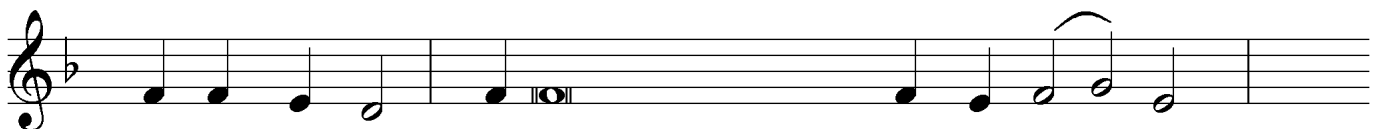
maid to - ward the hand of her mis - tress, so our eyes look to the Lord



our God un - til he show us his mer - - - - - cy.



O my soul, you were clothed in the di - vine - ly - wo - ven pur - ple of



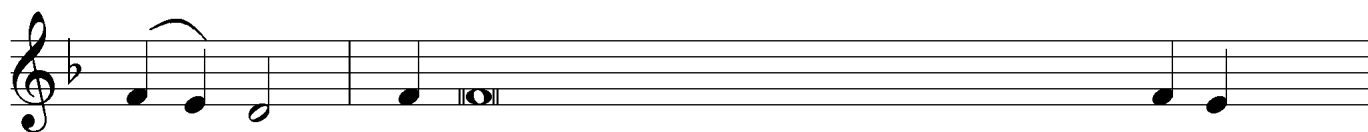
sov - er - eign - ty and in the fine lin - en of in - cor - rup - - tion,



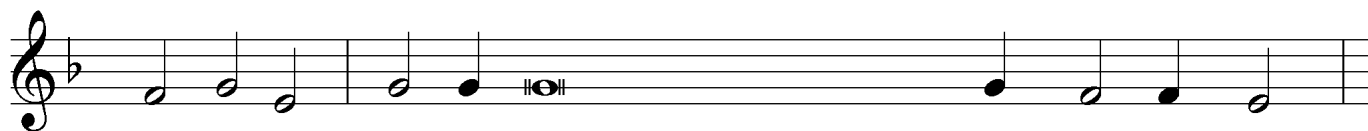
but you have in - sult - ed your own dig - ni - ty. You have made sin



your wealth and de - light, and looked with scorn on your fel - low



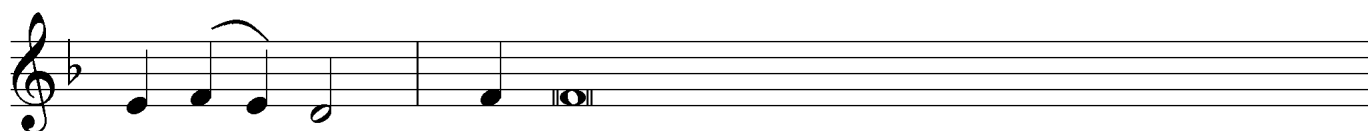
hu - - mans, like the rich man who de - spised Laz - a - ros in his



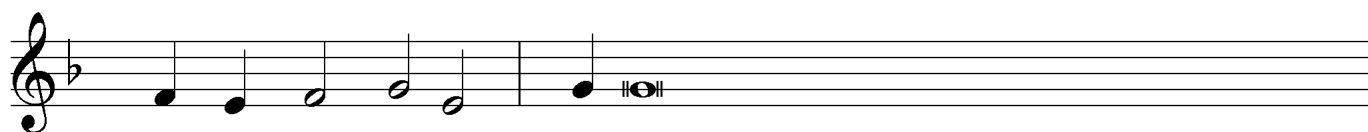
pov - er - ty. So that you do not share the rich man's pun - ish - ment,



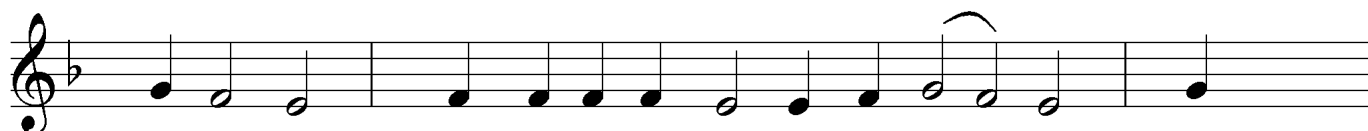
be - come poor in spir - - it, and cry to the Lord who for your sake



be - came poor: "Be - fore your Cru - ci - fix - ion you wore the pur - ple



robe of mock - er - y, and na - ked you were fast - ened to the Cross

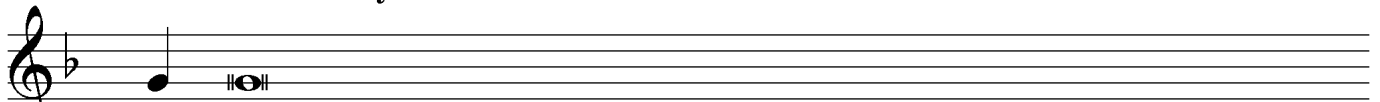


for my sake: clothe me in the robe of your king - dom, and

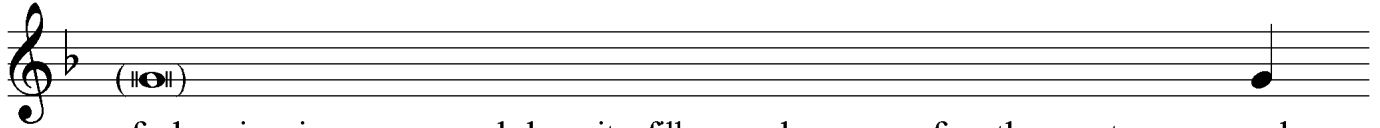


de - liv - er me from e - ter - nal shame, O Christ."

For the Martyrs:



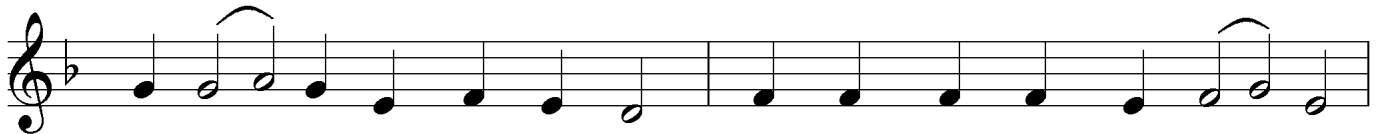
(1) Have mer - cy on us, O Lord, have mer - cy on us: for we have our fill



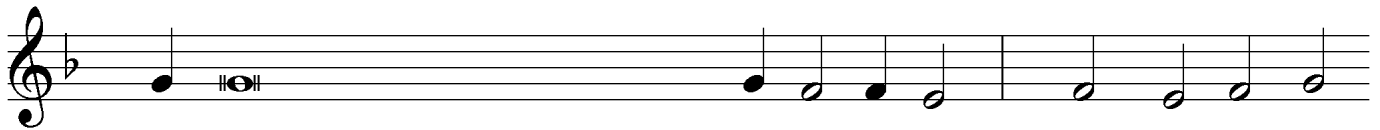
of de - ri - sion; our soul has its fill; mock - er - y for those at ease, and



de - ri - sion for the proud.



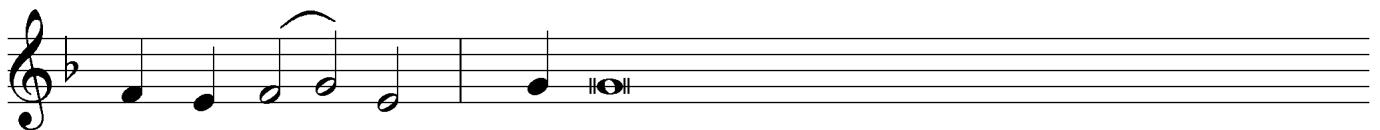
How good is your trade, O Saints! You shed blood and gained heav - en.



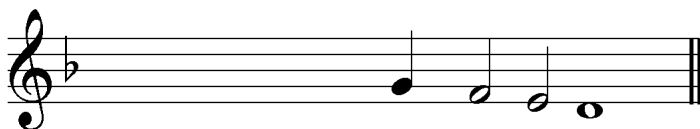
Test - ed for a time, you re - joice in e - ter - ni - ty. Your trade is good



in - deed! For by for - sak - - ing cor - rup - - tion you in - her - it - ed

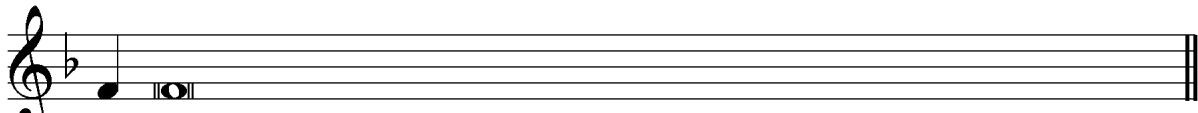


in - cor - rup - - tion, and with the an - gels you cease - less - ly praise the



con - sub - stan - tial Trin - i - ty.

Stavrotheotokion (melody: "All-praised martyrs")



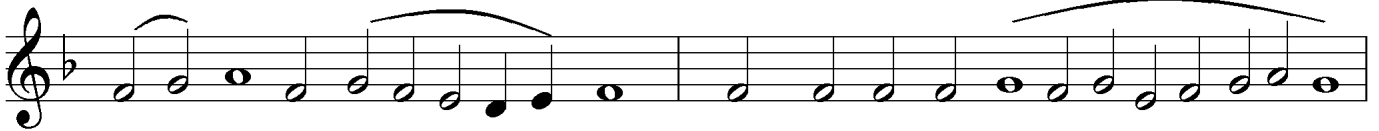
(II) Glo - ry to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Spir - it.



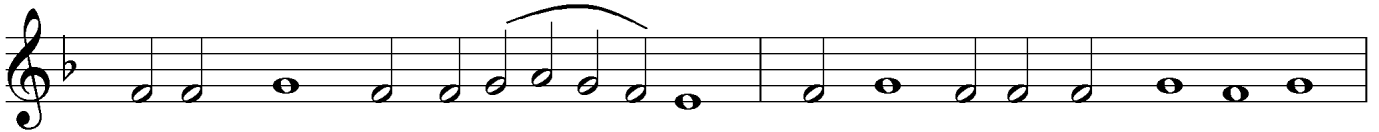
Both now and for ev - er, and to the ag - es of ag - - - - es. A - men.



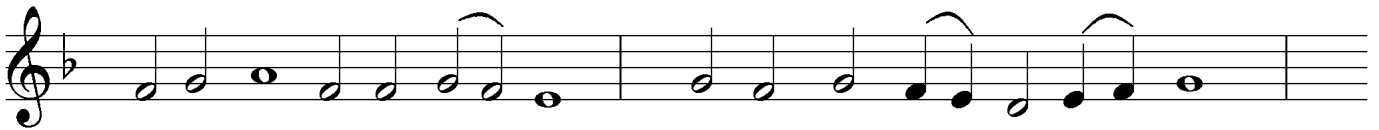
O Son, a sword pierced my heart, the Vir - - - - - gin cried,



when she be - held Christ hang - ing on the Tree,



and it wounds me, O Mas - - - - - ter, as Sym - e - on fore - told of old.



But a - rise, O Im - mor - tal, and to - geth - er with your - self



glo - ri - fy your Moth - - - er and slave.