

Penitential Stichera
at LIHC on Sunday Evenings in Lent
Tone Eight

Kievan Chant

The an - gels praise Thee without ceas - ing, O King and Mas -

- ter, and I fall before Thee cry - ing like the Pub - li - can: God be

merciful to me and save me.

Since thou art im - mor - tal, O my soul, be not overwhelmed by the

waves of this life; but re-turn to so-ber-ness. and cry to thy Bene -

fac - tor: God be merciful to me and save me.

Give me tears, O God, as once Thou gavest them to the wo-man who had

sinned, and count me wor - thy to wash Thy feet which have delivered

me from the way of er - ror. As sweet-smelling ointment let me offer

Thee a pure life, created in me by re-pen-tance; and may I

hear those words for which I long: 'Thy faith has saved thee, go in peace.'

When I call to mind the many e-vils I have done, and I think upon the

fearful day of judge-ment, seized with trembling I flee to Thee for

ref-uge O God who lov-est man-kind. Turn not away from me, I

be - seech Thee, Who a - lone art free from sin; but before the

end comes grant compunction to my humbled soul and save me.