Penitential Stichera
at LIHC on Sunday Evenings in Lent
Tone Eight

The angels praise Thee without ceasing, O King and Master,
and I fall before Thee crying like the Publican: God be merciful to me and save me.

Since thou art immortal, 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 repentance; 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 evils I have done, and I think upon the
fearful day of judgment, seized with trembling I flee to Thee for
refuge O God who lovest mankind. 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.