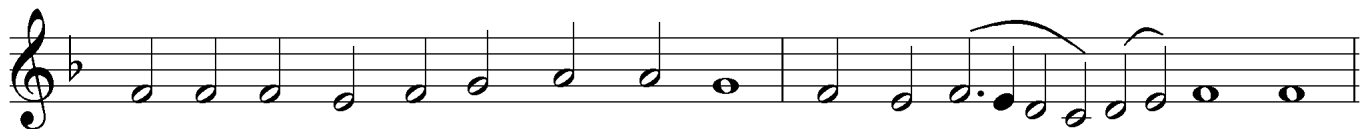


On the Beatitudes. Sunday Tone 7

8 verses

(Greek Chant)



(8) Fair to look up - on and good for food was the fruit that killed me;



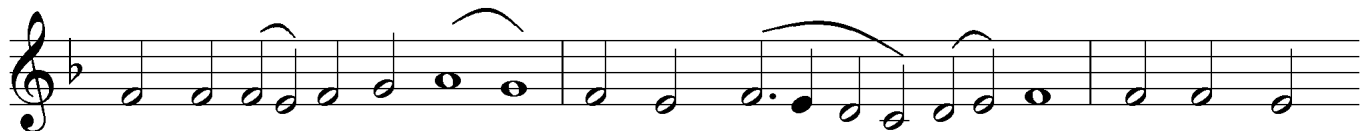
while Christ is the tree of life, eat - ing there - of I do



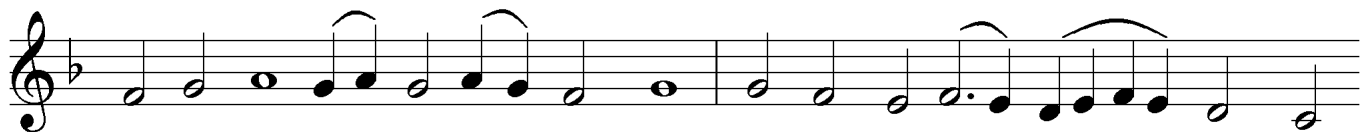
not die, but cry a - - - loud with the thief: Re - mem - ber me, O Lord,



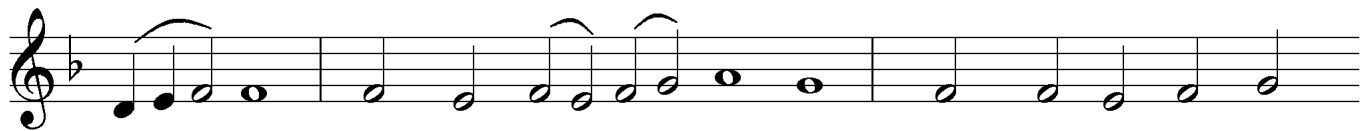
in your king - - - - - dom.



(7) Lift - ed up on the Cross, O Com - pas - - - - - sion - ate, you blot - ted



out the rec - ord of Ad - - am's sin in days of old, and saved from



er - - - - - ror the whole line of mor - tals. There - fore we sing your



prais - es, O Ben - e - fac - - - - - tor and Lord.

(6) You nailed our sins on the Cross, O Christ, the
Com - pas - - - - - sion - ate, and by your death you put
death to death, from the dead rais - ing the dead. There - fore we
ven - er - ate your ho - ly Res - ur - rec - - tion.

(5) The ser - - pent once emp - tied his pois - on in - to the ears of Eve,
while Christ on the tree of the Cross poured the sweet - ness
of life in - - to the world. Re - mem - ber me, O Lord, in
your king - - - - - dom.

(Glory)

(2) The Fa - ther is light, the Son and Word is light, the Ho - - ly
Spir - it is light. But the light is one in three for God is
one in three Per - - - sons, one nat - ure and sov - ereign - ty,
un - div - id - ed, un - con - fused, be - ing pre - e - ter - - - - - nal.

(Both now)

(1) As you your - self know you con - ceived in the flesh for our sake
the Son and Word of the Fa - - - ther, O Moth - - - - - er of
God. There - fore, O Vir - gin Moth - er, those made god - like through
you cry to you: Hail, hope of Christ - - - - - ians.