

Sunday evenings in the Great Fast - Tone 5

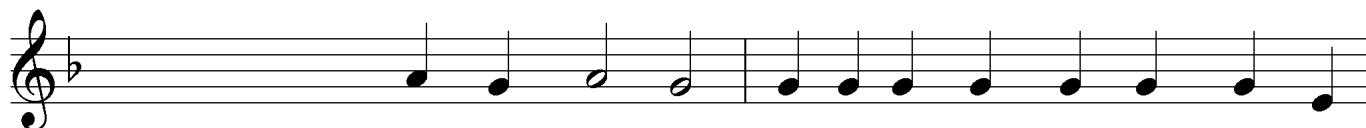
At Vespers, on "Lord, I have cried", first 4 (penitential) stichera:



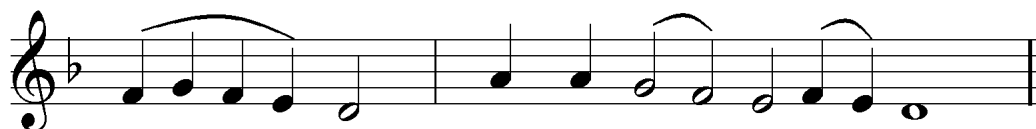
(I) Bring my soul out of pris - on: that I may con - fess your name.



O Lord, I do not cease from sin, nor do I per - ceive the love for



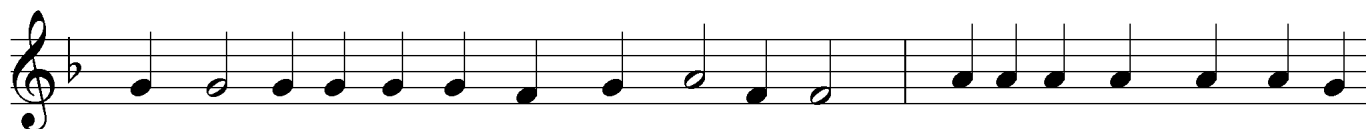
man - kind which has been grant - ed; O on - ly good one, van - quish my



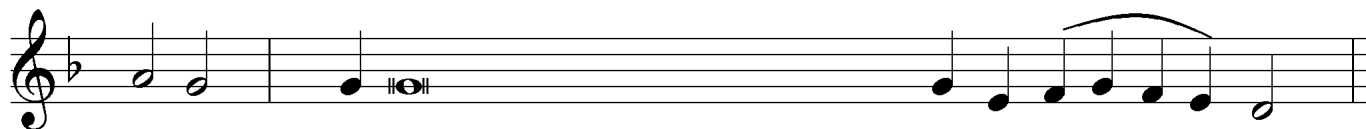
blind - - - - ness, and have mer - - cy on me.



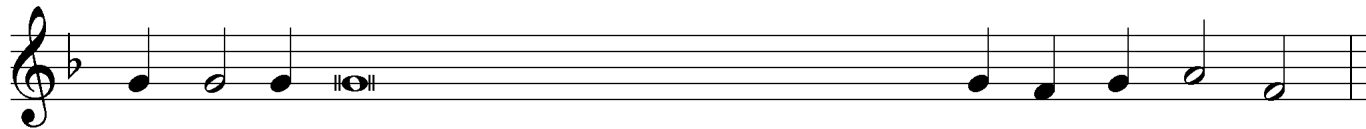
(II) The just will a - wait me: un - til you re - ward me.



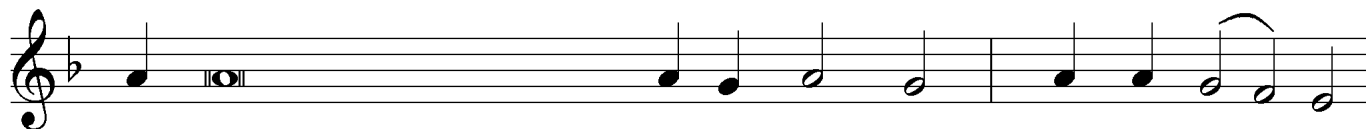
O Lord, I am ter - ri - fied from fear of you, yet I do not cease to do



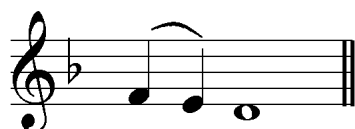
e - vil. Who is not ter - ri - fied of the Judge at the Judge - - - - ment?



Or who an - gers the phy - si - cian as I do when they de - sire heal - ing?



For - bear - ing Lord, take pit - y on my weak - ness, and have mer - - cy



on me.



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



O Lord, who were born of a Vir - gin, o - ver - look the mul - ti - tude of



my of - fen - ces, and wipe a - way all my sins, grant - ing me



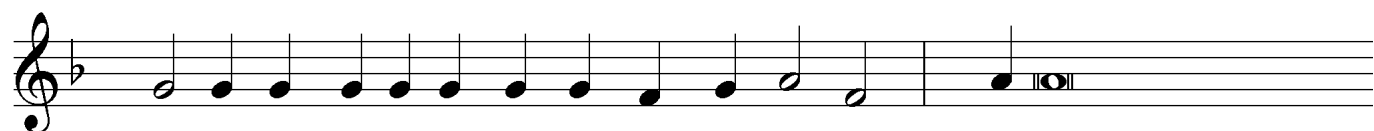
the in - ten - tion to con - vert, I pray you, as you a - lone love man - kind,



and have mer - - cy on me.



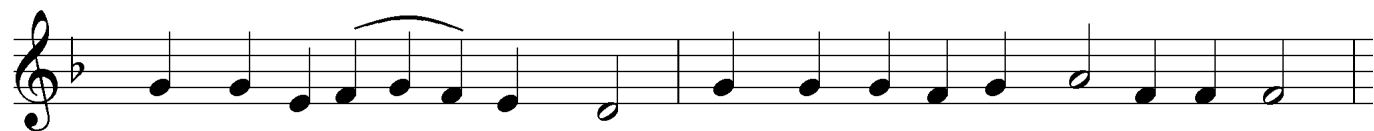
(II) O let your ears be attentive to the voice of my sup - pli - - ca - - tion.



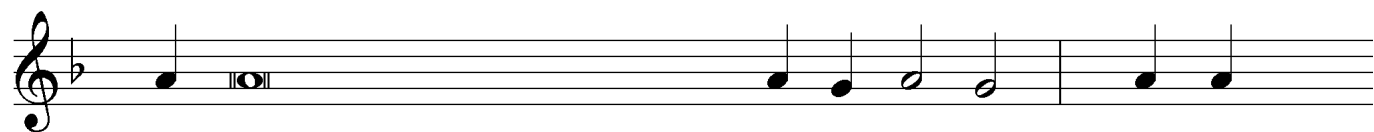
Woe is me, for I am like the bar - ren fig tree, and I am ter - ri - fied



lest I be cursed with it and cut down. But, Christ God, the



heav - en - ly Hus - - - band - man, ac - cept me as the Prod - i - gal Son,



show - ing forth my dry and bar - ren soul as fruit - ful, and have



mer - - cy on me.