

Glory; both now. **Theotokion. Same Melody.**

Soft Chromatic

8 Who can re - late my man - y sor - did i -

8 de - as and my un - seem - ly thoughts that rage like a

8 bliz - zard, for they should not be ut - tered, All - blame - less One?

8 Al - so the dis - turb - anc - es from my bod - i - less op - po - nents,

8 and their aw - ful wick - ed - ness: who can ful - ly de - scribe them?

8 But I im - plo - re you to de - liv - er me from them, O

8 Good One, by your in - ter - ces - so - ry prayers.