

FIRST MODE

Lord, I Have Cried

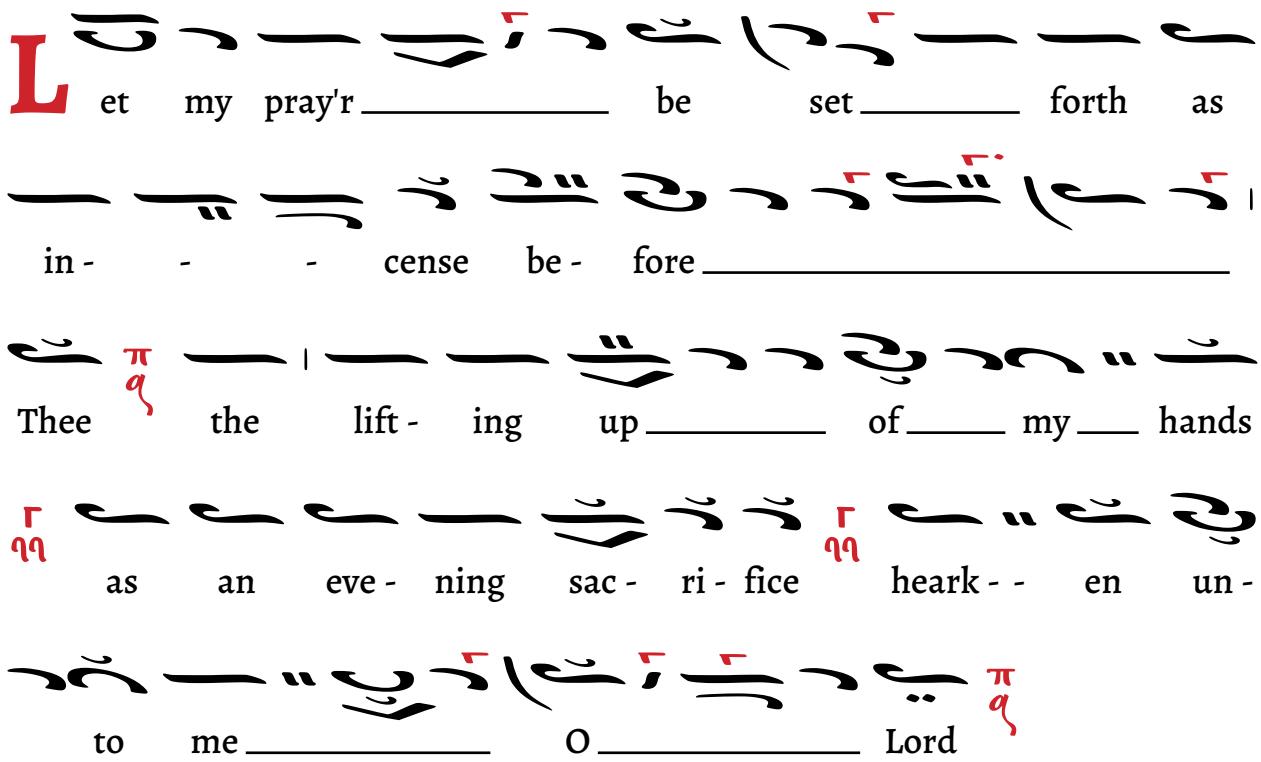
Mode ♭ Πα

X 84
Κύριε ἐκέκραξα

L ord _____ I have cried _____ un - - to _____
Thee _____ heark - en un - - to _____ me _____
heark - en un - to me _____ o _____ Lord
Lord I have cried _____ un - to _____ Thee _____
heark - en un - to me _____ at - tend to the
voice _____ of _____ my sup - - pli - ca - -
- - - - - tion when I cry _____ un -
to _____ Thee _____ Hark - - en un - to me _____
o _____ Lord

Let My Prayer

Κατευθυνθήτω



Verse 1: Set, O Lord, a watch before my mouth, and a door of enclosure round about my lips.

Verse 2: Incline not my heart to words of evil, to make excuses with excuses in sins.

Verse 3: With men that work iniquity; and I will not join with their chosen.

Verse 4: The righteous man will chasten me with mercy and reprove me; as for the oil of the sinner, let it not anoint my head.

Verse 5: For yet more is my prayer in the presence of their pleasures; swallowed up near by the rock have their judges been.

Verse 6: They shall hear my words, for they be sweetened; as a clod of earth is broken upon the earth, so have their bones been scattered nigh unto Hades.

Verse 7: For unto Thee, O Lord, O Lord, are mine eyes, in Thee have I hoped; take not my soul away.

Verse 8: Keep me from the snare which they have laid for me, and from the stumbling blocks of them that work iniquity.

Verse 9: The sinners shall fall into their own net; I am alone until I pass by.

Verse 10: With my voice unto the Lord have I cried, with my voice unto the Lord have I made supplication.

Verse 11: I will pour out before Him my supplication, mine affliction before Him will I declare.

Verse 12: When my spirit was fainting within me, then Thou knewest my paths.

Verse 13: In this way wherein I have walked they hid for me a snare.

Verse 14: I looked upon my right hand, and beheld, and there was none that did know me.

Verse 15: Flight hath failed me, and there is none that watcheth out for my soul.

Verse 16: I have cried unto Thee, O Lord; I said: Thou art my hope, my portion art Thou in the land of the living.

Verse 17: Attend unto my supplication, for I am brought very low.

Verse 18: Deliver me from them that persecute me, for they are stronger than I.

SLOW STICHERA

Verse #1

Ἐξάγαγε ἐκ φυλακῆς 

Bring my soul out of pris - on that I may
 con - fess Thy name 