

*From the Octoechos*  
**Monday evening- Tone 4**  
**Stichera at the Aposticha at Vespers**

Byzantine Chant Tone 4

Special Melody: *O Lord, although I desired to blot out*



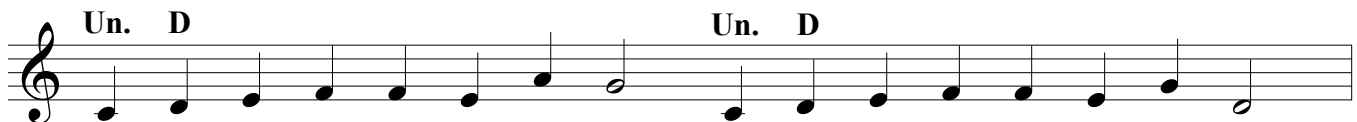
1) O Lord, al - though I de - sired to blot out with my tears the



hand - writ - ing of my man - y sins, and for the rest of my life to



please Thee through sin - cere re - pen - tance, yet doth thē en - e - my



lead me a - stray, as he war - reth a - gainst my soul with his cun - ning.



O Lord, be - fore I ut - ter - ly per - ish, do Thou save me.

**Verse 1.** Unto Thee have I lifted up mine eyes, O Thou that dwellest in heaven. Behold, as the eyes of servants look unto the hands of their masters, as the eyes of the handmaiden look unto the hands of her mistress, so do our eyes wait upon the Lord our God, until He take pity upon us.



2) What man who, be - ing tossed in the tem - pest, flee - (e)th to this



ha - ven and is not saved from harm? Or who in sor - row and pain doth



fall down be - fore this Phy - si - cian and is not ful - ly healed?

Un. D Un. D

O Thou Cre - a - tor of all things, O Thou Who heal - est thē ail - ing:

G E

O Lord, be - fore I ut - ter - ly per - ish, do Thou save me

**Verse 2.** Have mercy upon us O Lord, have mercy upon us: for we are utterly humiliated.  
Let shame come on them that prosper, and abasement on the proud.

*(This last stichera is not metered, sung in Tone 4.)*

O Thou Who acceptest the patient endurance of the holy martyrs, accept also this hymnody from us, O Friend of man. By their entreaties, do Thou grant us Great Mercy.