

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

Byzantine Chant Tone 4
The Original Melody

D E

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

Un. D

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

E

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

Un. D Un. D G

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

E

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.

⁶ D E

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

Un. D

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

E

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

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Un. D Un. D G

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

E

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.