

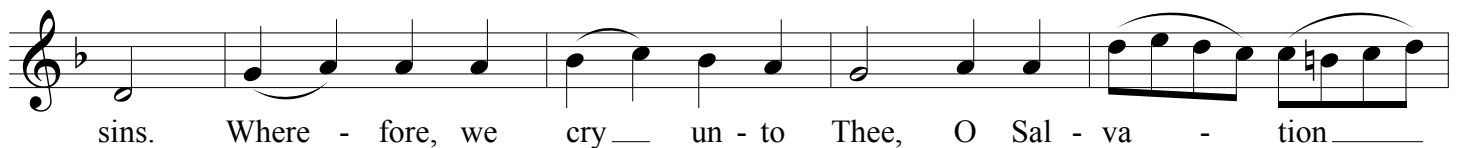
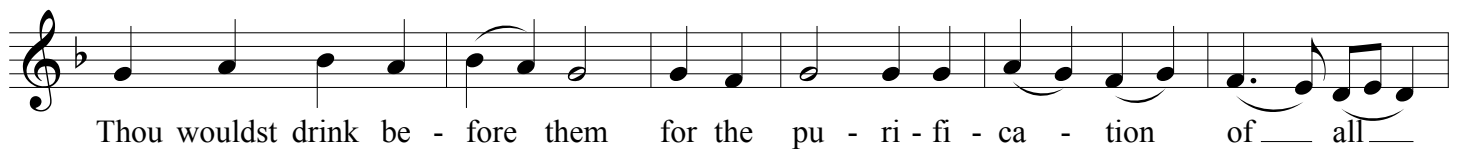
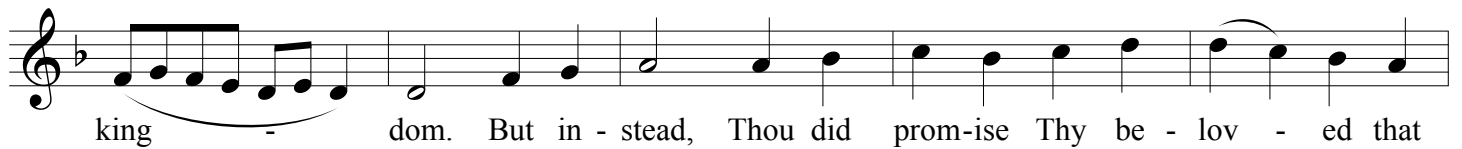
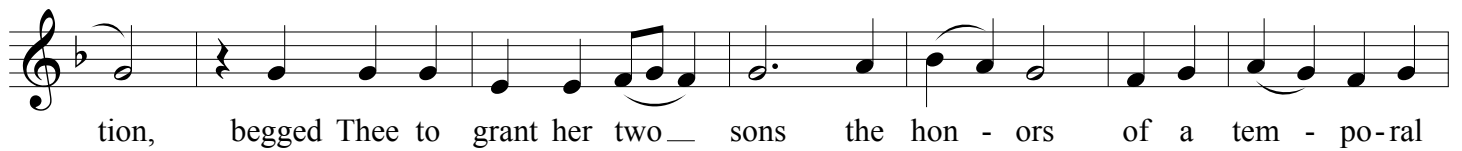
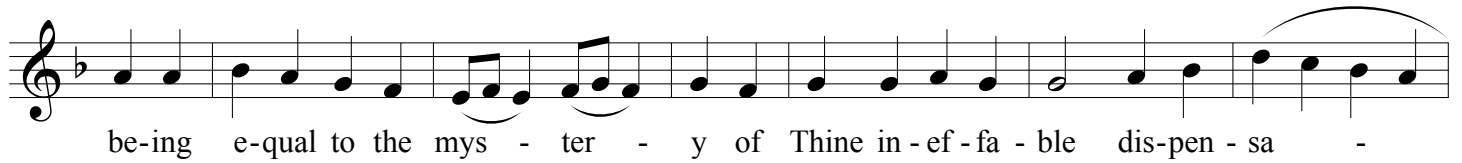
# Aposticha for Bridegroom Matins

*Sunday Evening*

Byzantine Tone 5

Arr. Basil Kazan

Ad. Emily Lowe



We are filled in the morning with Thy mercy.

Thou didst teach Thy Disciples, O Lord, to think on

that which is more perfect, and didst tell them not to imitate the Gen-

tiles in lordship over the lowly, saying, "Let it

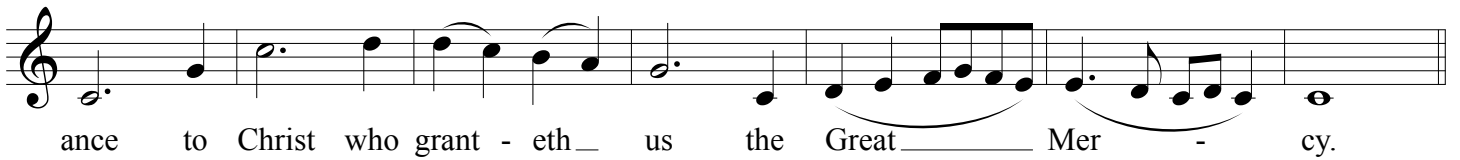
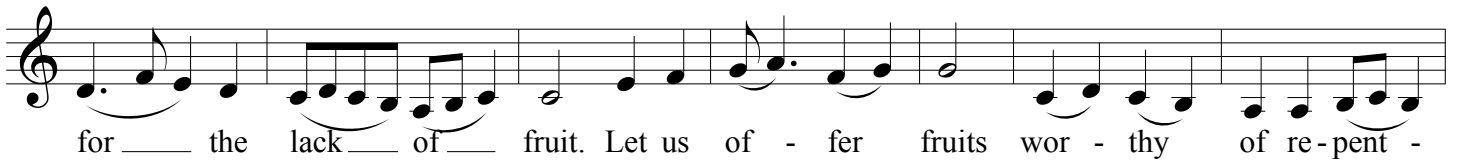
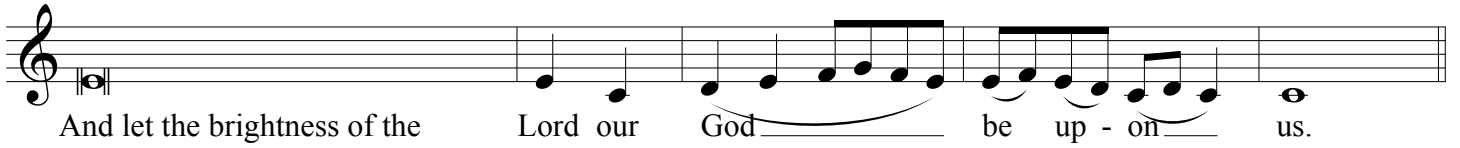
not be so among you, My Disciples; for I have be- come

poor of my own will. And the first among you, let him be the ser- vant of

all; the ruler as the one who is ruled; and the fore- most

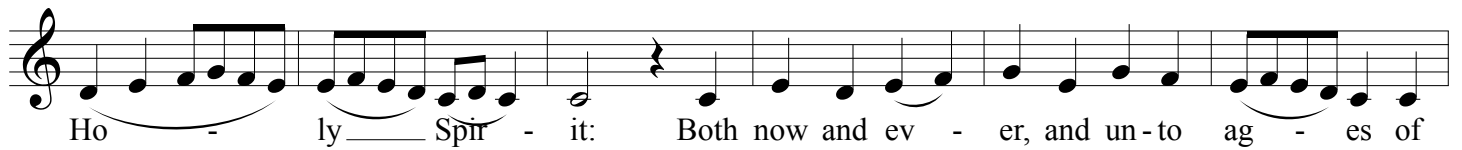
let him be the last; for I have come to serve

poor Adam and to give Myself as a Re- demp- tion






Glo - ry to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the



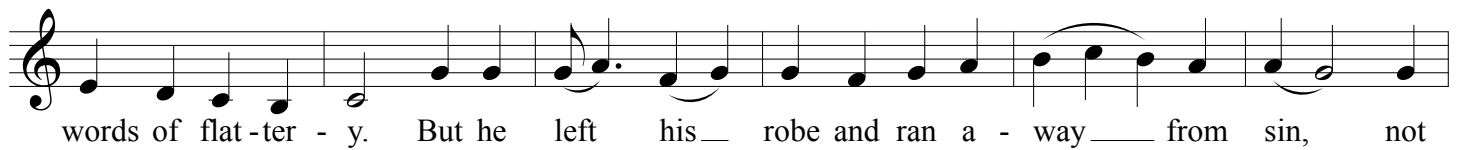
Ho - ly Spir - it: Both now and ev - er, and un - to ag - es of



ag - es. A - men. The ser-pent ver - i - ly found the E -



gyp - tian Eve a sec - ond time, and has - tened to trip up Jo - seph with




words of flat - ter - y. But he left his robe and ran a - way from sin, not



be - ing a - shamed of na - ked - ness, as the first crea - tures be - fore their



dis - o - be - di - ence. Where - fore, by his in - ter - ces -



sions, O Christ, have mer - cy up - on us.

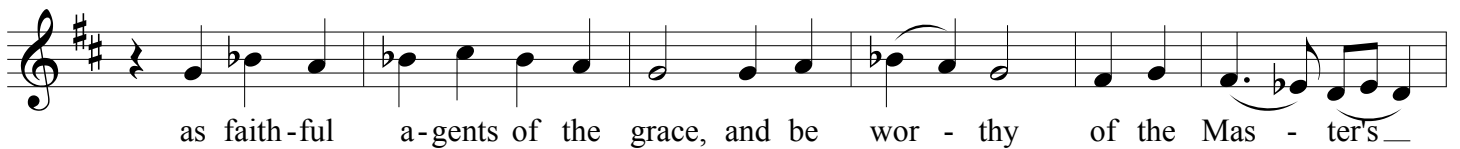
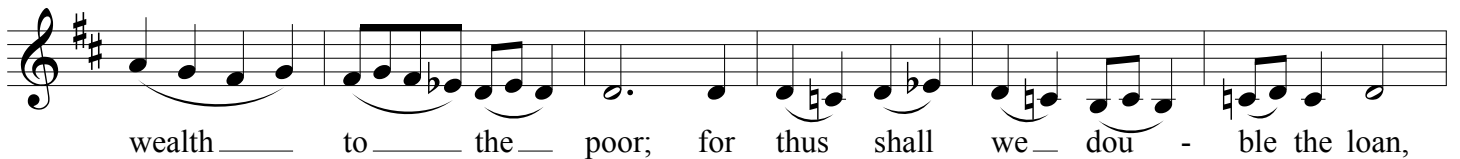
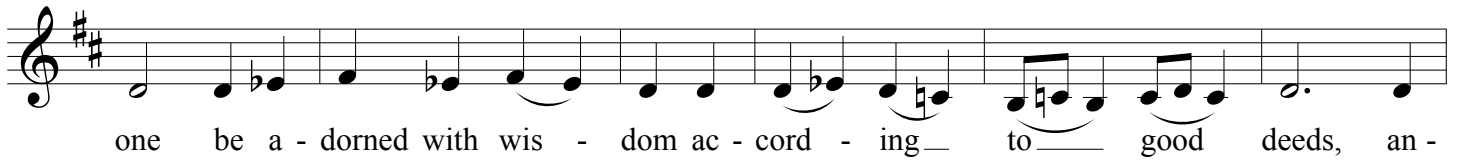
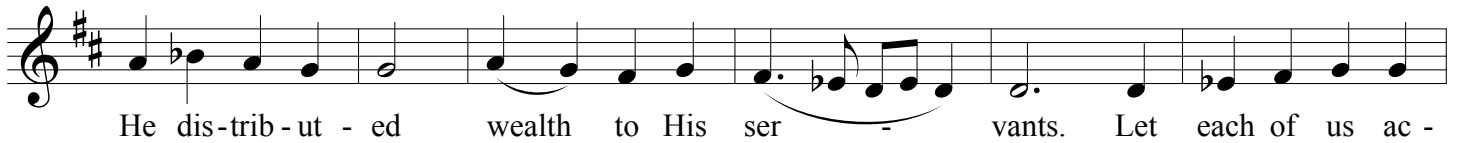
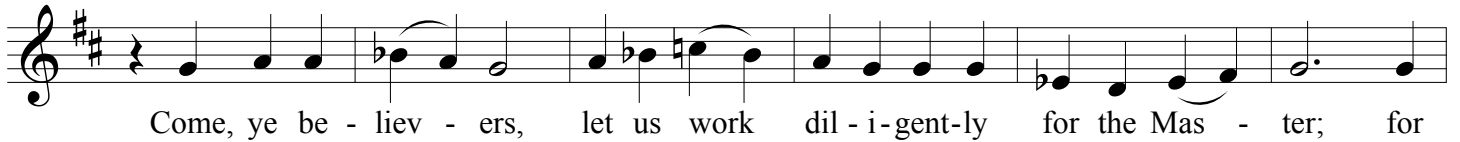
# Aposticha for Bridegroom Matins

Monday Evening

Byzantine Tone 6


Arr. Basil Kazan

Ad. Emily Lowe







joy. Where - fore. O Christ God, pre - pare us for



it, since Thou art the Lov - er of Man - kind.



We are filled in the morn - ing with Thy mer - cy.



When Thou com - est in glo - ry with the an - gel - ic hosts, O Je -



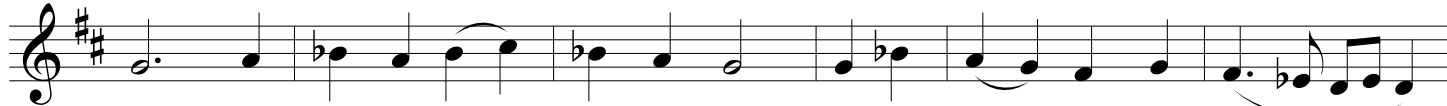
sus, and sitt - est on the throne of judg - ment, sep - a - rate me




not from the ways of Thy right hand; for Thou know - est that the ways of the



left are crook - ed, and de - stroy me not, har - dened sin - ner, with the



goats, but num - ber me with the sheep on Thy right hand, and save



me; for Thou art the Lov - er of man - kind.

And let the brightness of the Lord our God be up - on us.

O Bride-groom, bril-liant in Thy beau - ty a - bove all man-kind, Who didst

call us to the spir - it - u - al ban - quet of Thy cham -

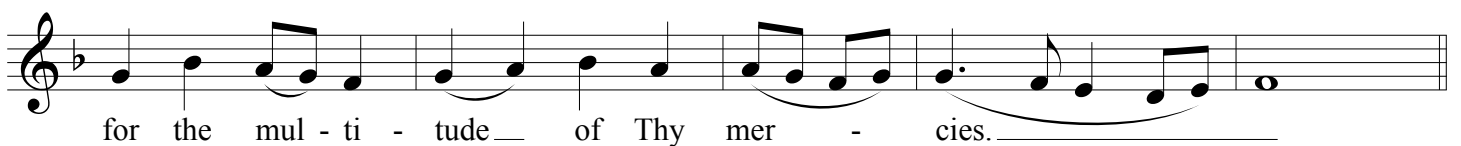
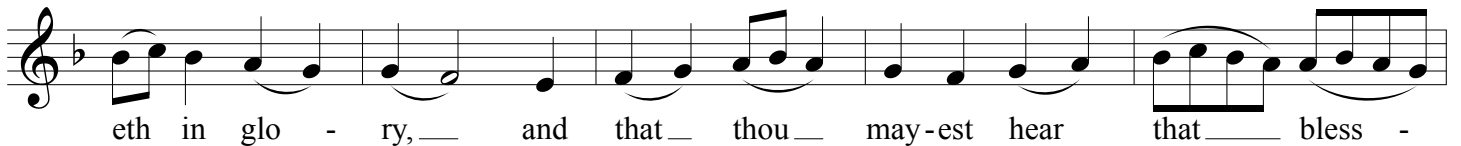
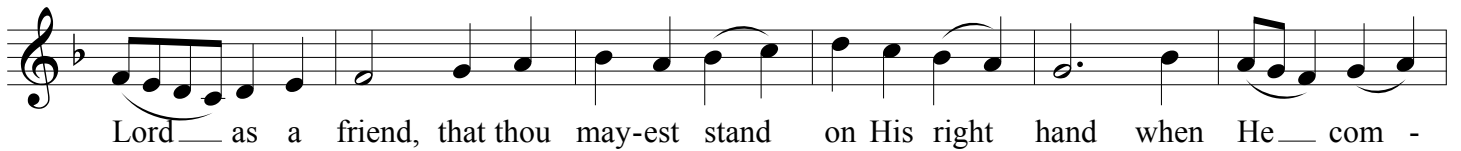
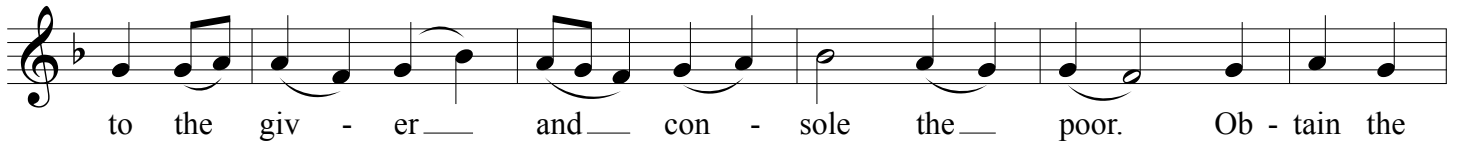
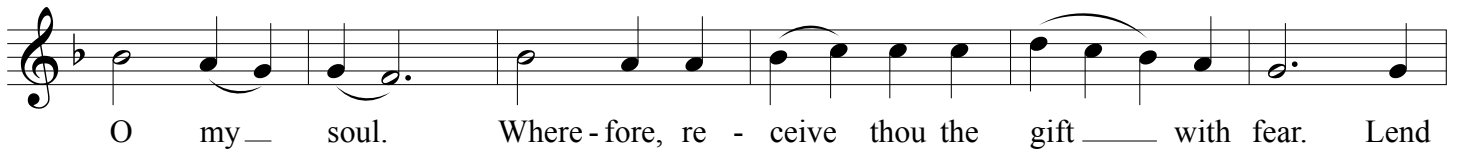
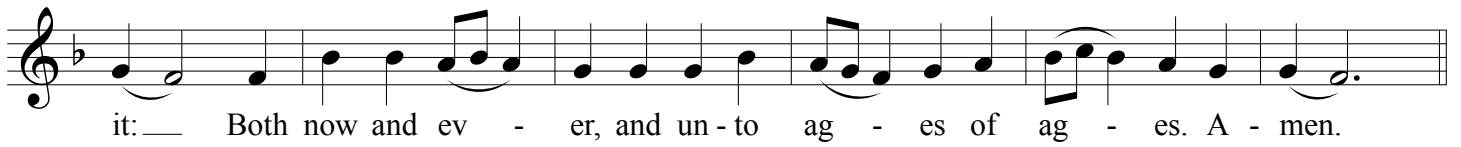
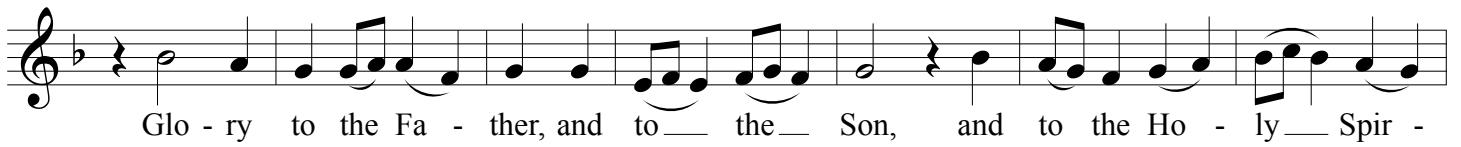
ber, cast a - way from me the like - ness of the rags of in -

iq - ui - ty by par - tic - i - pa - tion in Thy Pas -

sion, and a - dorn me with the robe of Thy beau -

ty. Dis - tin-guish me as a bril-liant guest in Thy king - dom; for

Thou art com - pas - sion - ate.





# Aposticha for Bridegroom Matins

Tuesday Evening

Byzantine Tone 6

Arr. Basil Kazan

Ad. Emily Lowe



To - day hath Christ come to the house of the Phar - i - see; and a sin-ful



wom - an ap - proached and fell \_\_\_ at His feet, cry - ing, Look at



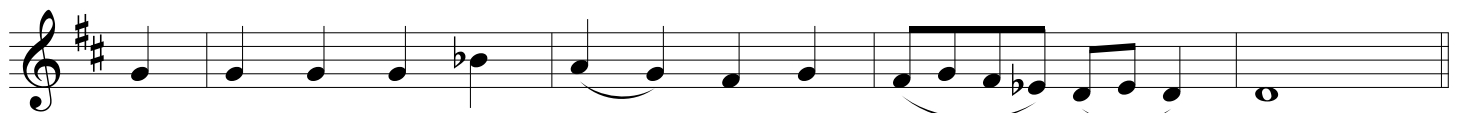
her who is drowned \_\_\_ with sin, who is de - spond - ent be - cause of \_\_\_



her \_\_\_ deeds, and who is not re - ject - ed \_\_\_ by thy good - ness.



Grant me, Lord, for - give-ness of in - iq - ui - ty, and save \_\_\_ me.



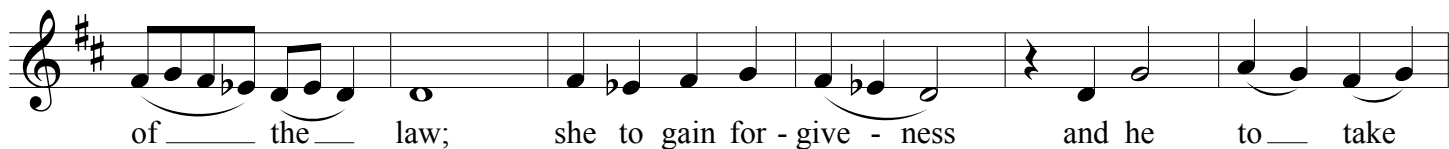
We are filled in the morn - ing with Thy \_\_\_ mer - cy.



O Sav - ior, the a - dul - ter - ess stretched forth her hair \_\_\_ to \_\_\_



Thee, and Ju - das stretched forth his hands to the trans - gres - sors \_\_\_



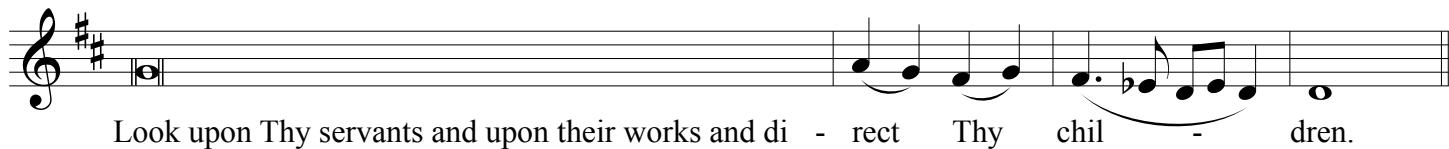
of the law; she to gain for-give-ness and he to take



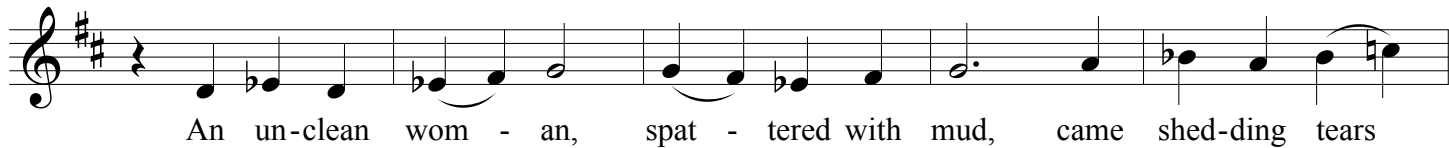
sil-ver. Where-fore, we cry to Thee: O Thou who wast sold and



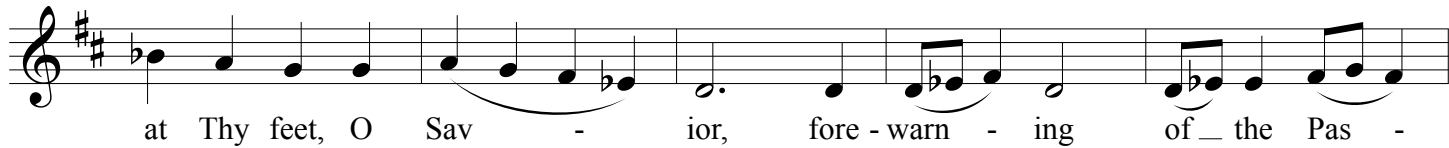
didst free us, O Lord, glory to Thee.



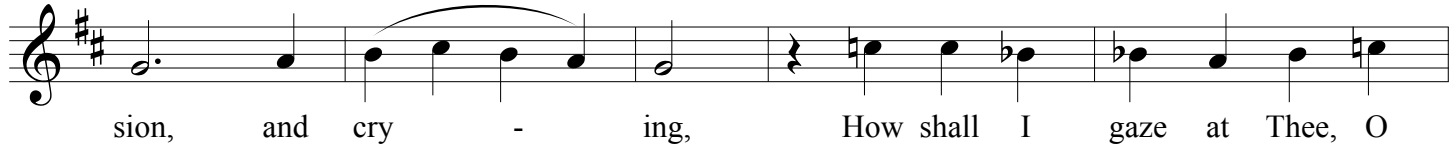
Look upon Thy servants and upon their works and direct Thy children.




An un-clean woman, spat-tered with mud, came shed-ding tears



at Thy feet, O Saviour, fore-warn-ing of the Pas-



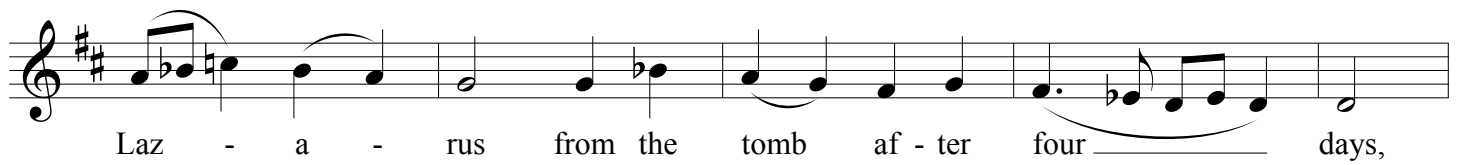
sion, and cry-ing, How shall I gaze at Thee, O



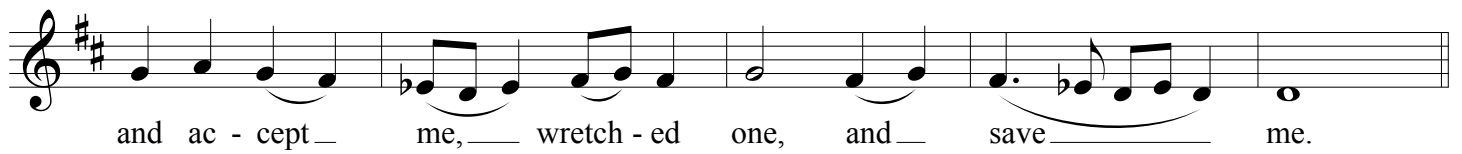
Mas-ter; for Thou hast come to save the adul-ter-



ess. Raise me who am dead from the depths, O Thou Who didst raise



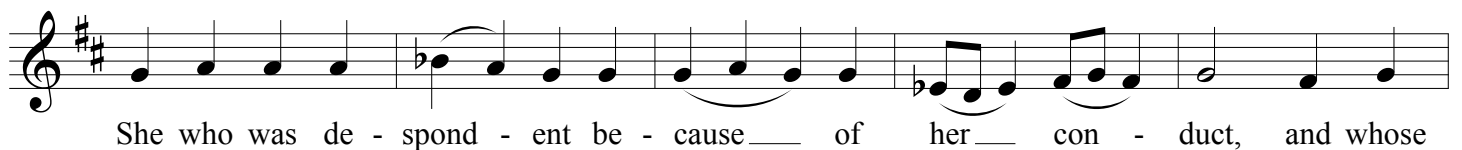
Laz - a - rus from the tomb af - ter four \_\_\_\_\_ days,



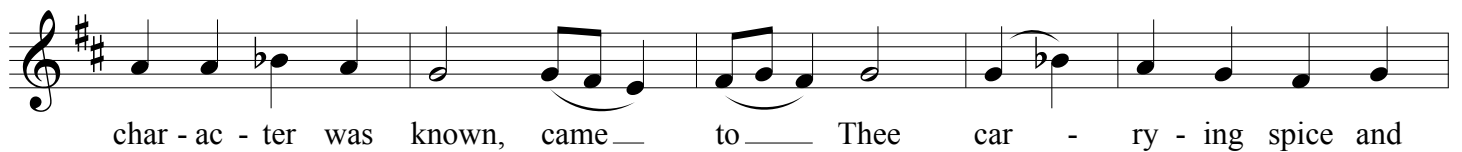
and ac - cept \_\_\_\_\_ me, \_\_\_\_\_ wretch - ed one, and \_\_\_\_\_ save \_\_\_\_\_ me.



And let the brightness of the Lord our God \_\_\_\_\_ be up - on \_\_\_\_\_ us.



She who was de - spond - ent be - cause \_\_\_\_\_ of her \_\_\_\_\_ con - duct, and whose



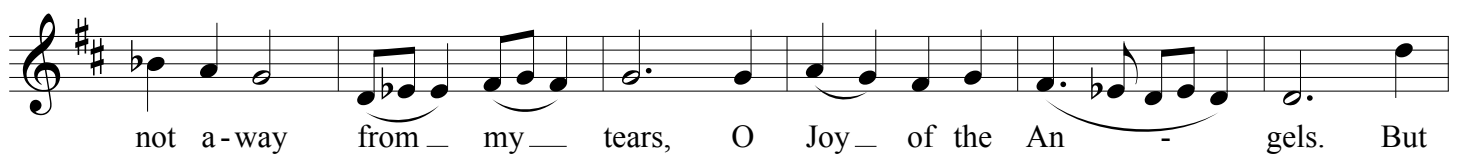
char - ac - ter was known, came \_\_\_\_\_ to \_\_\_\_\_ Thee car - ry - ing spice and



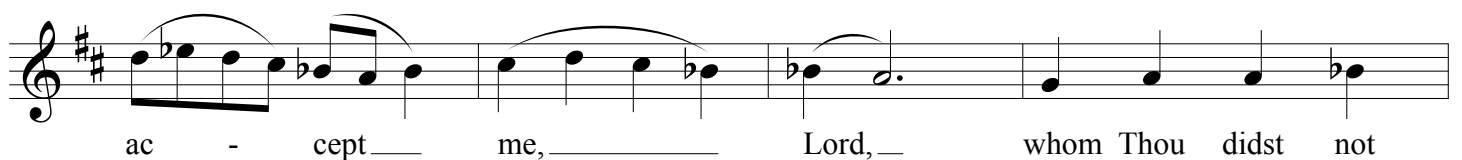
cry \_\_\_\_\_ ing: Cast me not a - way, an a - dul - ter - ess, O



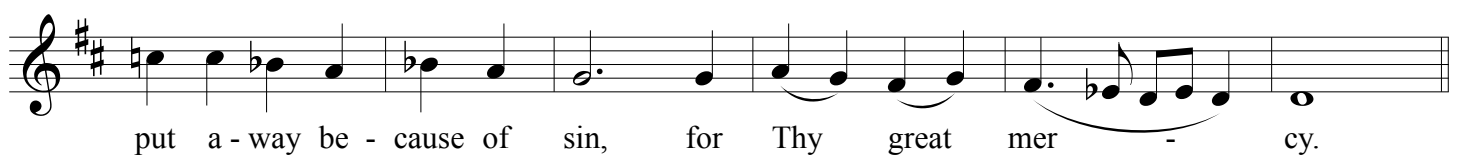
Thou who \_\_\_\_\_ wast born of the Vir - gin, and turn \_\_\_\_\_



not a - way from \_\_\_\_\_ my \_\_\_\_\_ tears, O Joy \_\_\_\_\_ of the An - gels. But



ac - cept \_\_\_\_\_ me, \_\_\_\_\_ Lord, \_\_\_\_\_ whom Thou didst not



put a - way be - cause of sin, for Thy great mer - cy.