

Sunday of the Last Judgment

Stichera at the Praises

Arr. Basil Kazan

Verse 6 (Tone 6): Praise Him on the loud cymbals; praise Him on the high-sounding cymbals;
let everything that hath breath praise the Lord.

I pic-ture that day and that hour, when we shall stand na - ked
and con-demned be - fore the just Judge. Then the trum - pet
shall blow with great shout - ing, and the foun - da-tions of the earth shall shake,
and the dead shall rise from their graves, and all be-come of
one stat - ure, and the se-cret thoughts of all stand re - vealed be - fore Thee. And
they who re - pent-ed not in their life - time shall wail and mourn,
and shall pro-ceed to the neth - er - most fire. But the right - eous shall
en-ter the heav - en - ly cham - ber with joy and re - joic - ing.

Verse 7 (Tone 6): Arise, O my God; lift up Thine hand and forget not the humble.



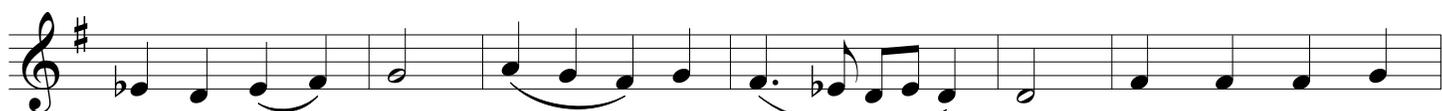
What a ter - ri - ble hour, and what a fear - ful day, when the Judge sit - teth on the



ter - ri - ble throne, and the books shall be o - pened, and deeds re - buked, and the



se - cret things of dark - ness re - vealed, and the an - gels go



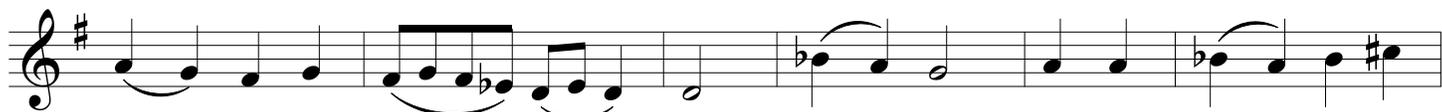
out to gath - er all the na - tions! Come and hear, ye



kings and princ - es, ye slaves and free, ye sin - ners and right - eous,



the rich and the poor; for He that is a - bout to judge the



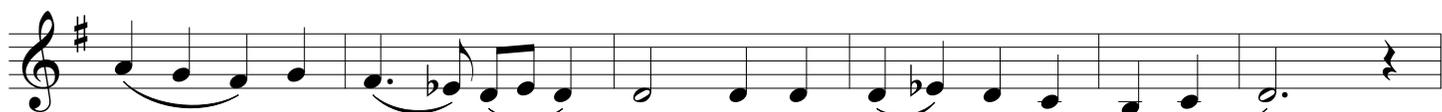
whole u - ni - verse shall come. Who then shall be a - ble to



stand be - fore His face, when the an - gels shall rise be - fore



Him re - proach - ing the deeds, thoughts, and o - pin - ions that came forth in the



night and in the day. What a ter - ri - ble hour then!

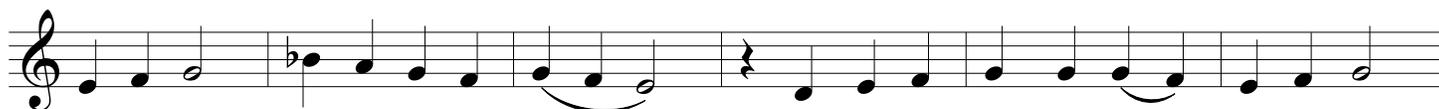


Where - fore, O soul, be - ware, be - fore the end, and cry out,



God, save me a - gain; for Thou a - lone art com - pas - sion - ate.

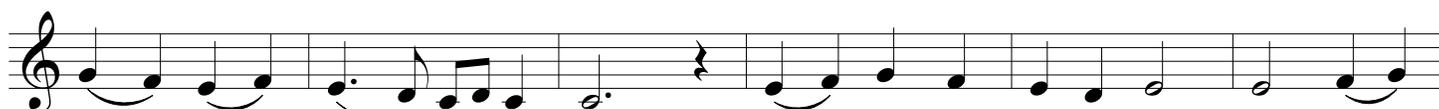
Verse 8 (Tone 8): I will praise Thee, O Lord, with my whole heart; I will show all Thy marvelous works.



Ver - i - ly, Dan - i - el the Proph - et when he be - came the man of de - sires,



and saw the pow - er of God, cried thus, the judg - ment seat was set, and the



books were o - pened. See, there - fore, O my soul. Dost thou



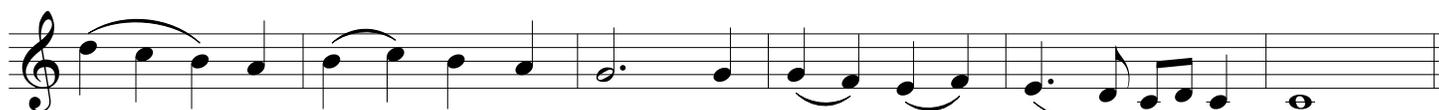
fast? Deal not treach - er - ous - ly with thy neigh - bor. Wilt thou es -



chew food? Judge not thy broth - er, lest thou be sent to the fire and be



burned up like wax; that with - out his - drance



Christ shall bring thee with Him in - to His king - dom.