Praise Him with the timbrel and dance; praise Him with stringed instruments and organs.

Brethren, let us not pray as the Pharisee: for he who exalts himself shall be humbled. Let us humble ourselves before God, and with fasting crying aloud as the Publican: God be merciful to us sinners.
Praise Him upon the loud cymbals: praise Him upon the high-sounding cymbals. Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord.

A Pharisee, overcome with vain glory,

and a Publican, bowed down in repentance, came to Thee the only Master. The one boasted and was deprived of blessings, while the other kept silent and was counted worthy of gifts. Confirm me, O Christ our God, in these His cries of sorrow, for Thou lovest mankind.
A rise, O my God, lift up Thy hand, and forget not the humble.

Understanding, O my soul, the difference between the Publican and the Pharisee, I see, hate the proud words of the one, and eagerly imitate the trite prayer of the other, crying aloud: God be merciful to me a sinner and have pity on me.
I will praise Thee, O Lord, with my whole heart: I will show all Thy marvelous works.

O ye faithful, let us hate the boastful words of the Pharisee and emulate the trite prayer of the Publican.

Let us not think proud thoughts, but humbling ourselves in contrition let us cry:

God be merciful to our sins.
Sunday of the Pharisee and Publican
Stichera at the Praises

First Mode

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