

Stichera at “Lord, I have cried” - Wednesday of the Sixth Week

Plagal of Tone 1: Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name. (*Idiomelon*)

I am weal - thy with the pas - sions'

rich - es, and I have been wrapped a - bout with

the robe of hy - po - cri - sy's de -

ceit. I re - jice in the e - vils of wick - ed ex -

ces - ses, and I am shown forth as one

mea - sure - less in heart - - -

less - - - ness. I ne - glect-ed my mind, and now I

am cast down be - fore the gates of re - pen -

tance, fam - ished and hun - gry for all good

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things, and thru want of care I suffer
sick - - - ness. But O Lord, do thou make
me like La - za - rus in - stead, a pau - per poor in
sin - ning, and ne - ver give me o - ver to tor - ments in
the flames un - quench - a - - ble, where no fing - er shall
sprin - kle wa - ter to bring my
tongue re - lief; but ra - ther, O thou
that lov - est man - kind, grant un - to
me a place in the bo - som of A - bra - ham.

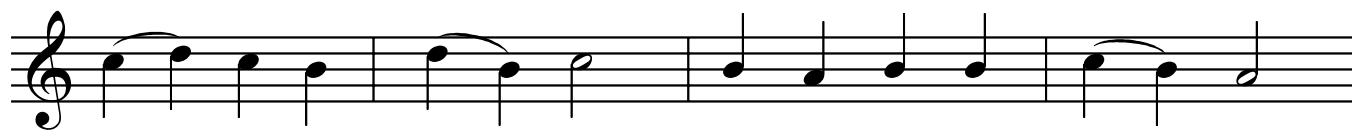
The righteous shall wait for me, until thou recompense me. *(repeat the above sticheron)*

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Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord; Lord, hear my voice. (*Martyrikon*)



Your souls filled with an in - sa - tia - ble love,



O ho - ly Mar - tyrs, ye did not de - ny Christ.



Ye were con - demned to var - ious tor - ments, and



ye en - dured great suf - fer - ings, where - by ye cast down



the ty - rants' bold au - da - ci - ty. Ye pre - served the



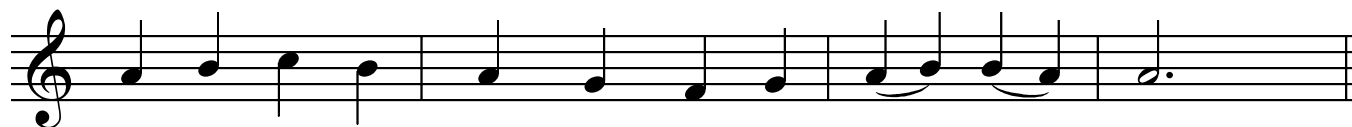
Faith both stead - fast and un - as - sail - a - ble; to



hea - ven have ye gone to dwell. Thus, in that ye have



bold - ness be - fore him, pray to him, be - seech - ing him



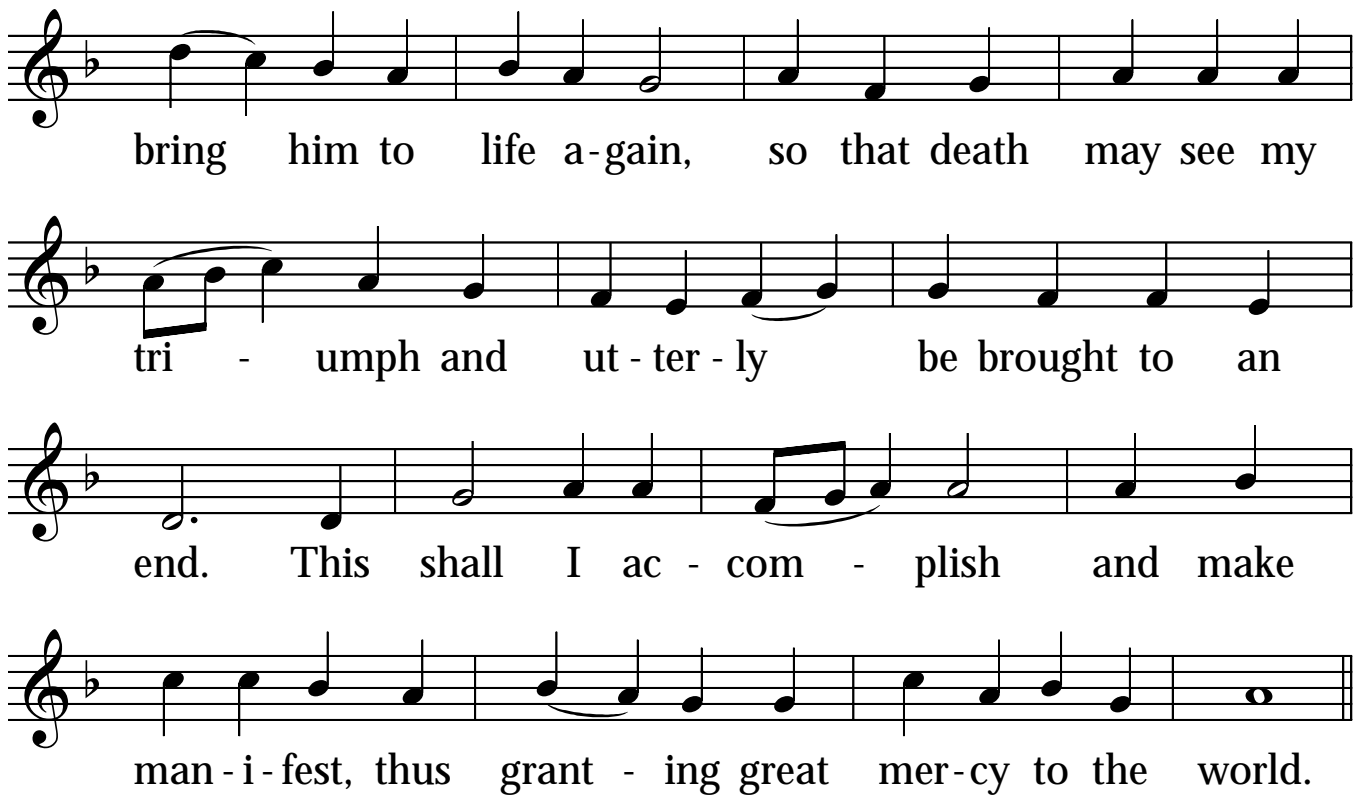
that he may be - stow great mer - cy up - on us.

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Let thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplication. (*Prosimion by Joseph. Special melody: Rejoice*)

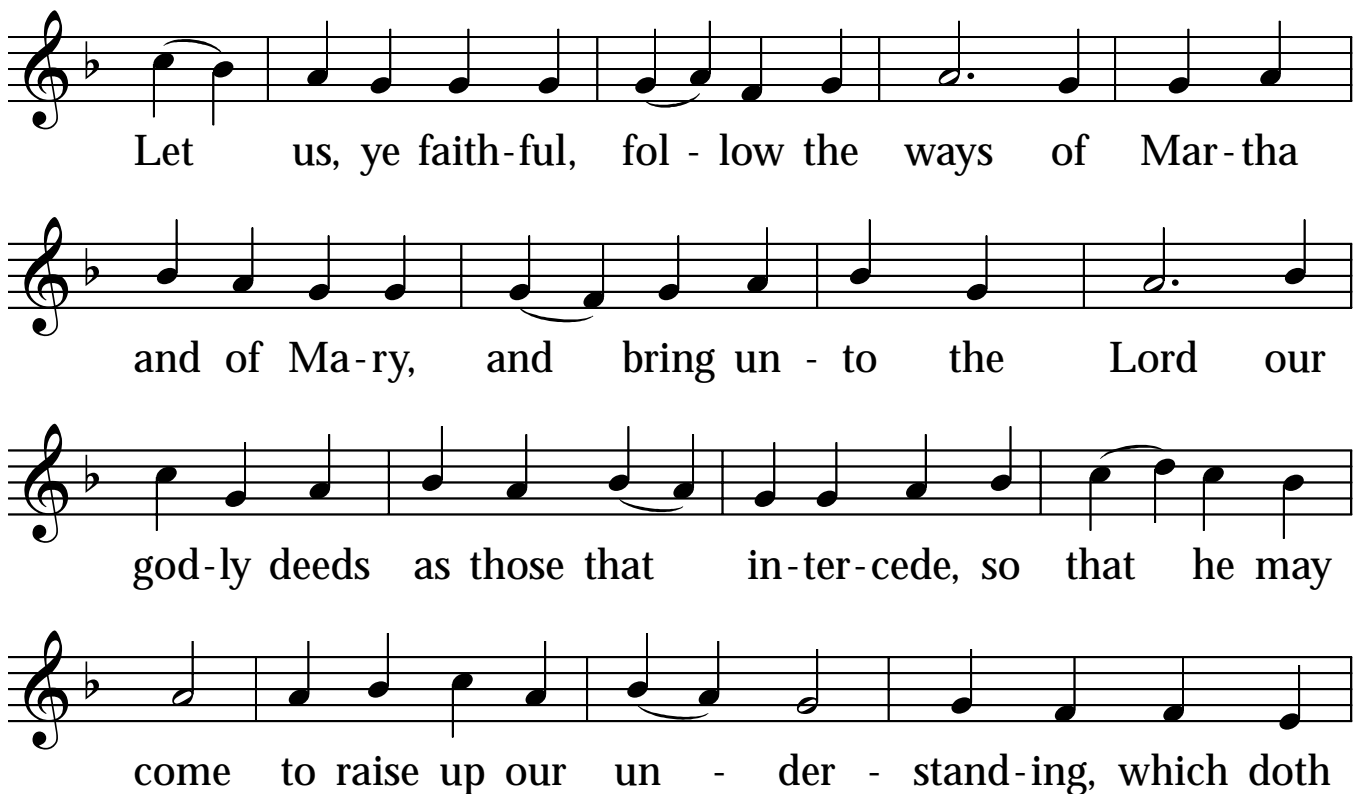


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bring him to life a-gain, so that death may see my
tri - umph and ut - ter - ly be brought to an
end. This shall I ac - com - plish and make
man - i - fest, thus grant - ing great mer - cy to the world.

If thou, O Lord, shouldst mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand? for with thee there is forgiveness.
(Prosomion, by Joseph. To the same melody.)



Let us, ye faith-ful, fol - low the ways of Mar - tha
and of Ma - ry, and bring un - to the Lord our
god - ly deeds as those that in - ter - cede, so that he may
come to raise up our un - der - stand - ing, which doth

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lie out - stretched, wrapped in fear-some death in the
tomb of in - dif - fer - ence, hav - ing no
feel - ing of the fear of God, and de-void
of pre-sence of mind, hav-ing no vi-tal en-er-gy.
Let us cry out: Be-hold, O Lord, and as thou didst
once of old by thy most fear-some au - thor - i - ty
bid thy friend La - za - rus: 'Come forth,' thus
in thy com - pas - sions, O thou life-cre - a - tor,
grant thou great mer - cy un - to all.

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Plagal of Tone 2: Because of thy name have I waited for thee, O Lord; my soul hath waited upon thy word, my soul hath hoped in the Lord.

(Prosimion, by Theodore.)



Now La - za - rus hath been in the tomb for



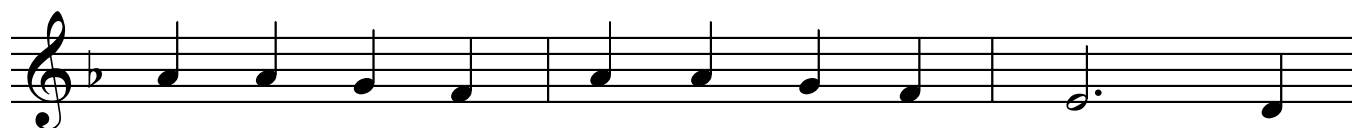
two days; he see - eth all the dead from all



a-ges. There he be - hold-eth things both strange and



fear-some, a mul - ti - tude num - ber - less,



cap - tives held in Ha - des' might - y bonds. Where -



fore his sis - ters wail with keen - ing la - ment as



they be - hold be - fore them his tomb. But Christ shall



come, that he may bring his own friend to

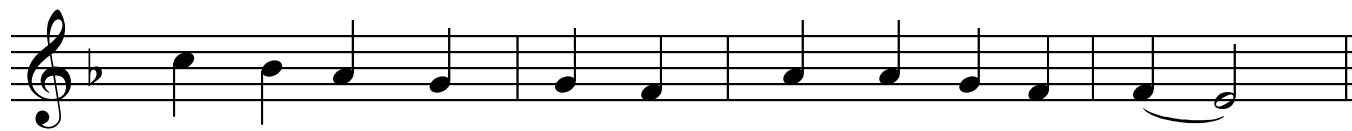
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life a - gain; hence all shall raise their voi-ces as



one in u - ni - son, while sing-ing: Bles - sed art



thou, O Sa-viour; do thou have mer-cy on us.