

SUNDAY VESPERS STICHERA OF REPENTANCE

At Vespers on Sunday evening throughout Lent, at 'Lord, I have cried', we sing the following penitential Stichera in the Tone of the week (Taken from the Sunday Oktoechos Aposticha for the given Tone), together with the other Stichera appointed for the day in the Triodion and the Menaion:

TONE ONE

Like unto the depths of the sea, * the multitude of my transgressions wickedly drown me. * Grant me Thy hand as Thou didst to Peter, * and save me O God, ** and have mercy on me.

Because my wicked thoughts and deeds condemn me * O Savior: * grant unto me the thought of returning to Thee, O God, * that I may cry: 'Save me, O good Benefactor, ** and have mercy on me'.

Another world awaiteth thee, O my soul, * and there the Judge desireth to reveal thy secret sins. * Tarry not among the things of this life, * but hasten to the Judge and cry aloud: ** 'O God cleanse me, and save me'.

Cast me not away, O my Savior, * though I am held fast in the sloth of sin. * But rouse my thoughts to repentance, * and show me to be a laborer in Thy vineyard; * Grant me the reward of the eleventh hour, ** and great mercy.

TONE TWO

Like the Prodigal Son, * I have sinned against Thee, O Savior; * accept me in penitence, O Father, ** and have mercy on me, O God.

With the voice of the Publican I cry unto Thee, * O Christ my Savior. * Be gracious to me as Thou wast to him, ** and have mercy on me, O God.

When I contemplate the wicked things that I have done, * I flee to Thy tender compassion, * like the Publican, and the Harlot with her tears, * and the Prodigal Son. * Wherefore I fall down before Thee, O merciful one. * before my end condemn me not, ** but spare me, O God, and have mercy on me.

Turn away from my transgressions, O Lord * Who wast born of the Virgin, * and cleanse Thou my heart, making it a temple of Thy Holy Spirit. * Cast me not away from Thy presence, ** for measureless is Thy great mercy.

STONE THREE

Our evening hymn do we bring unto Thee, O Christ, * with incense and spiritual songs, ** Have mercy on us and save our souls.

Save me, O Lord my God, * for Thou art the salvation of all: * The storm of the passions doth disquieten me, * and the yoke of my transgressions doth weigh heavily upon me. * Stretch out Thy helping hand and lead me up to the light of compunction, ** for Thou alone art compassionate and the Lover of mankind.

Gather the scattered thoughts of my mind, O Lord, * and purify my barren and wasted heart, * granting me repentance as didst Thou to Peter, * that like the Publican I may sigh in sorrow, * and like the Harlot shed tears, * that I may cry with a loud voice unto Thee: * Save me, O God, ** for Thou alone art compassionate and the Lover of mankind.

While offering a multitude of hymns, * I am found to be sinning; * for chanting hymns with my tongue, * my soul doth dwell on wicked thoughts. * But do Thou, O Christ God set both aright * through repentance, ** and have mercy on me.

STONE FOUR

I wish to wash away the record of my sins with tears, O Lord, * and please Thee the rest of my life through repentance; * but the enemy deceiveth me and fights against my soul. * Before the end and I utterly perish, ** save me, O Lord.

Who, among the tempest-tossed, * having taking refuge in Thy harbor, * will not be saved O Lord? * Or who, that aileth and falling down in Thine infirmary, * will not be healed? * O Maker of all that is, and Physician of the ailing, * before the end, may I not utterly perish, ** save me, O Lord.

Wash me with my tears, O Savior, * for I am defiled by many sins. * Wherefore I fall down before Thee: * I have sinned, have mercy on me, ** O God.

I am a sheep of Thy rational flock, * and to Thee do I flee for refuge, * O Good Shepherd. I have gone astray, ** do Thou O God, have mercy on me.

TONE FIVE

O Lord, I cease not to sin, * nor do I perceive Thy love for mankind * which Thou hast vouchsafed me. * Vanquish my lack of discernment, * O Thou Who alone art good, ** and have mercy on me.

O Lord, from reverent fear of Thee I tremble, * yet I cease not from committing sins. * Who, when called to trial, doth not fear the judge? * Or who, desiring to be healed, angereth the physician, as I do? * O longsuffering Lord, * have compassion upon my weakness, ** and have mercy on me.

Turn away from the multitude of my transgressions O Lord, * Who wast born of the Virgin, * and cleanse me of all my sins. * I beseech Thee to grant me the thought of turning back unto Thee, * for Thou alone art the Lover of mankind, ** and have mercy on me.

Woe is me, to whom am I like? * I am like the barren fig tree, * and I fear that I shall be cursed and cut down. * But, do Thou O heavenly Husbandman, * make my barren soul fruitful, O Christ God, * and receive me as the Prodigal Son, ** and have mercy on me.

TONE SIX

At Thy fearful Coming, O Christ, * may we not hear the words: * 'I know you not.' * For though, O Savior, we have put our trust in Thee, * from negligence we have not kept not Thy commandments; * yet we entreat Thee, ** do Thou spare our souls.

I have no repentance and I have no tears. * Wherefore I entreat Thee, O Christ God: * before the end is here * turn me back and grant me compunction, * that I may be delivered ** from the torments of Hades.

Finding me naked, and stripped of virtues, * the enemy hath wounded me with the arrow of sin; * but, do Thou as the Physician of both soul and body, * heal the wounds of my soul O God, ** and have mercy on me.

The wounds of my heart, * inflicted on me by my many sins, * do Thou heal O Savior, * as Thou art the Physician of both soul and body, * for Thou dost always grant the forgiveness of sins * unto those that ask it of Thee. * O Lord grant me tears of repentance and remission of debts, ** and have mercy on me.

‘TONE SEVEN

As did the Prodigal Son, I also come to Thee, O compassionate one, * and I fall down before Thee. * Accept me as one of Thy hired servants O God, ** and have mercy on me, O Lover of mankind.

Like the man who fell among thieves and was wounded, * I also have fallen as a result of the multitude of sins, * and my soul hath been grievously wounded. * To whom shall I, guilty as I am, flee for refuge, * if not to Thee, the merciful Physician of souls? ** Pour upon me, O God, Thy great mercy.

Like the barren fig tree, * fell me not O Savior, sinful as I am, * rather grant me cleansing of my many years of sin, * and water my soul with tears of repentance, ** that I may offer unto Thee as fruit, deeds of compassion.

Since Thou art the Sun of righteousness; * illumine the hearts of those who praise Thee, ** and who chant: Glory be to Thee, O Lord.

‘TONE EIGHT

Unto Thee O King and Master * do the angels ceaselessly offer praise, * and I fall down before Thee crying like the Publican: * 'O God be gracious to me ** and have mercy on me'.

O my soul, since thou art immortal, * be not overwhelmed by the waves of this life; * but raise thyself up and cry to Thy Benefactor: ** 'O God be gracious to me and save me'.

When I call to mind the many wicked things I have done, * and I contemplate the fearful day of judgment, * seized with trembling I flee to Thee for refuge, * O God Thou Lover of mankind. * Wherefore I beseech Thee; Turn not away from me, * O Thou who alone art sinless; * but before the end doth come ** grant compunction to my humble soul and save me.

Grant me tears, O God, as once Thou didst to the sinful woman, * and deem me worthy to wash Thy feet * which have delivered me from the path of delusion. * As sweet-smelling ointment let me offer unto Thee * a pure life, created in me by repentance; * that I also may hear those words for which I long: ** 'Thy faith hath saved thee, go in peace.'