

SUNDAY VESPERS STICHERA OF REPENTANCE

At Vespers on Sunday evening throughout Lent, on “Lord, I have cried ...,” we chant the following Stichera of compunction in the Tone of the week (Taken from the Sunday Oktoechos Vespers and Matins Aposticha for the given Tone), together with the other Stichera appointed for the day in the Triodion and the Menaion:

TONE ONE

Great is the abyss of my many transgressions, O Savior, and I sink grievously because of mine offenses. Grant me Thy hand, as Thou didst to Peter, O God. Save me, and have mercy upon me!

In that I have been condemned for wicked thoughts and deeds, O Savior, grant me the thought of returning to Thee, O God, that I may cry aloud: Save me, O good Benefactor, and have mercy upon me!

The next world awaiteth thee, O soul, and the Judge will rebuke thy hidden and evil deeds. Wherefore, tarry not amid the things that are here, but step forth beforetime, crying out to the Judge: Cleanse me, O God, and save me!

Overlook me not who am beset by sinful sloth, O my Savior, but lift my mind up to repentance, and show me to be a skillful laborer in Thy vineyard. Grant unto 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 who am penitent, O Father. Have mercy on me, O God!

With the cry of the publican I cry out to Thee, O Christ my Savior: Cleanse me as Thou didst him, and have mercy on me, O God!

Mindful of the unseemly sins I have committed, I flee to Thy compassions, emulating the publican, the harlot who wept, and the prodigal son; wherefore, I fall down before Thee, O Merciful One, and say: Before Thou condemnest me, O God, have pity and mercy upon me!

Overlook mine iniquities, O Lord Who wast born from the Virgin; and purify my heart, making it a temple for Thy Holy Spirit. Turn not Thy face away from me, O Thou Who art possessed of great and boundless mercy.

STONE THREE

Our evening hymnody do we bring to Thee, O Christ, with incense and spiritual songs, Have mercy 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 upon me.

STONE FOUR

I desired to erase the record of my transgressions with tears, and to please Thee well by repentance for the rest of my life; but the enemy deceiveth me and wagemeth war on my soul. Before I utterly perish, O Lord, save me!

Who is tempest-tossed, yet fleeth to Thy haven, O Lord, and is not saved? Who is sick and, falling down before Thy healing power, is not cured? O Lord, Creator of all and Physician of the infirm: Before I utterly perish, save me!

Wash me with my tears, O Savior, for I am defiled by many sins. Wherefore I fall down before Thee crying: 'I have sinned, have mercy upon 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 granted 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 lovest 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 dread coming, O Christ, let us not hear “I know you not.” For we have set our hope upon Thee, O Savior. And even though in our neglect we have not kept Thy precepts, yet take pity on our souls, we pray.

Neither repentance nor tears have I acquired; wherefore, I beseech Thee, O Christ God: Convert me before the end, and grant me compunction, that I may be delivered from tortures.

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

I have come, O Compassionate One, like the prodigal son. As one of Thy hirelings do Thou accept me who fall down before Thee, O God, and have mercy on me, O Thou Who lovest mankind.

Like the one who fell among thieves and was wounded, so have I fallen through many sins, and my soul hath been wounded. To whom shall I who am guilty flee? To Thee alone, the Physician of men’s souls. O God, pour forth upon me Thy great mercy.

Cut me not down, a sinner, like the barren fig-tree, O Savior, but grant that I may tarry for many years, watering my soul with tears of repentance, that I may bring thee the fruit of almsgiving.

As Thou art the Sun of righteousness, enlighten the hearts of those who sing unto Thee: Glory to Thee, O Lord

‘TONE EIGHT

The angels unceasingly hymn Thee, the King and Master; and I fall down before Thee, crying like the publican: Cleanse me, O God, and have mercy upon me!

As thou art immortal, O my soul, let not the waves of life cover thee, but rise up, crying out to thy Benefactor: Cleanse me, O God, and save me!

When I bring to mind the multitude of the evils I have done, and come to consider the dread trial, seized with trembling I flee to Thee, the God Who is the Lover of mankind. Wherefore, disdain me not, I pray Thee, O only Sinless One; grant compunction to my lowly soul before the end, and save me.

Grant me tears as once Thou didst to the sinful woman, O God, and grant that I may wash the feet which have freed me from the path of deception, and that a pure life wrought for me by repentance I may offer Thee as myrrh of sweet savor, that even I may hear Thy longed- for voice saying: Thy faith hath saved thee. Go in peace!