

Doxastichon at the Aposticha

The Sunday of the Publican and the Pharisee

vs. Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit.

Kievan Chant
arr. from B. Ledkovsky

Tone 5

Soprano
Alto

Tenor
Bass

The weight of my transgressions bur - dens my eyes:

I can - not lift my gaze to the heights of heav - en, O Lord.

Ac - cept me in re - pentance, as You accepted the

Pub - li-can; // have mercy on me, — O Sav - ior!

vs. Now and ever, and unto ages of ages. Amen.

O most pre - cious Vir - gin, you are the gate, the tem -

ple, the pal - ace, and the throne of the King. From

you, my Redeemer, Christ the Lord, ap-peared to those asleep in

dark-ness. He is the Sun of Right - eous-ness, Who de -

sired to enlighten His image, whom He had cre - at - ed.

[Since you possess . . .]

Since you possess motherly boldness before Him, O all - praised

La - dy, // pray un-ceas - ingly that our souls may be saved!