Come, let us purify ourselves with alms and mercy to the poor,
not blowing a trumpet or publicizing what we do in charity,
lest our left hand know what our right has done, and vainglory
steal from us the fruit of almsgiving. But let us plead in

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secret with the One Who knows our secrets, crying out: “Father,

for-give us our tres-pas-ses, // for You are the Lover of man-kind!”

v. I lift up my eyes to You, enthroned in the heavens! Behold, as the eyes of servants look to the hand of their master, as the eyes of a maid to the hand of her mistress, so our eyes look to the Lord our God, till He have mercy upon us. (Ps 122/123:1-2)

(repeat Sticheron 1, "Come, let us purify...")

v. Have mercy upon us, O Lord, have mercy upon us, for we have had more than enough of contempt. Too long our soul has been sated with the scorn of those who are at ease, the contempt of the proud. (Ps 122/123:3-4)
ev - ery ill. Now there - fore, in - ter - cede with Him, // that He
may deliver our souls from the snares of the En - e - my!

v. Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit, now, and ever, and unto ages of ages. Amen.

Soprano
Alto
Tenor
Bass

The hosts of heav - en praise you, unwedded Mother,
full of grace. We glorify your in - ef - fa - ble child - bear - ing. //

Therefore, Theotokos, intercede for the sal - va - tion of our souls!