Wretched man that I am, I rejected fatherly restraints,
with constant mind, living in the thoughts of bestial sins,
and wasting all my life in extravagance. And when I was in
need of the food that strengthens the heart, I fed on the delight
that satisfies for but a brief time. Therefore, O Good One, do not close against me the wings of Your love for mankind, but open them, and receive me as the Prodigal Son, and save me!

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, "Wretched man that I am...")

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)
O Martyrs of the Lord, you sanctify every place and heal every ill. Now therefore, intercede with Him, that He may deliver our souls from the snares of the Enemy!

v. Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit, now, and ever, and unto ages of ages. Amen.
Therefore, Theotokos, intercede for the salvation of our souls!