

Aposticha

Reader: In the **8th tone:**

In my wretchedness I dare not raise my eyes to heaven, /
 because of all the evil I have done; /
 but like the Publican I groan and cry to Thee: /
 O God, be merciful to me a sinner, /
 and deliver me from the Pharisee's hypocrisy, //
 for Thou only art compassionate.

Reader: Unto Thee have I lifted up mine eyes, unto Thee that dwellest in heaven. Behold, as the eyes of the servants look unto the hands of their masters, as the eyes of the handmaid look unto the hands of her mistress, so do our eyes look unto the Lord our God,

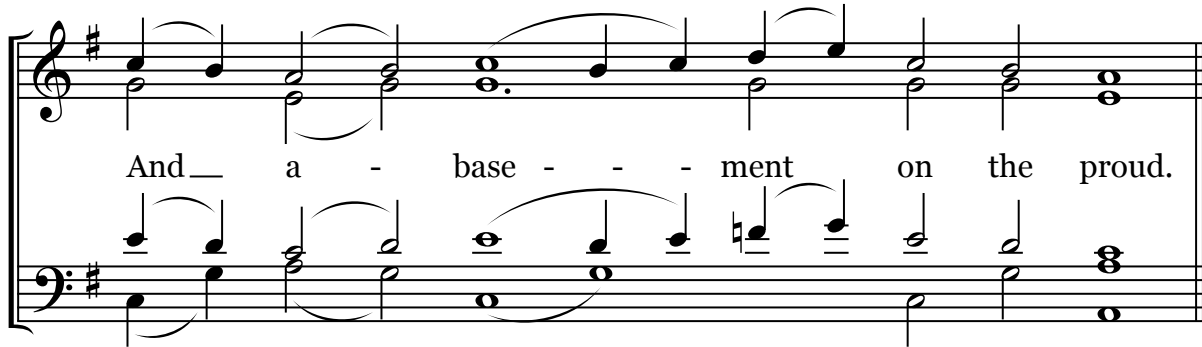
The image shows a musical score for the text "Un - til He take pit - - y on us." The score is written on two staves, a treble clef on top and a bass clef on the bottom. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with some notes in the bass clef. The text is written below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes. The melody is a simple, solemn tune.

Repeat: "In my wretchedness ..."

English text: "The Lenten Triodion", translated by Mother Mary and Archimandrite Kallistos,
 Reprinted by St. Tikhon's Seminary Press, 2002.

Evening of the 3rd Sunday of Lent: Vespers

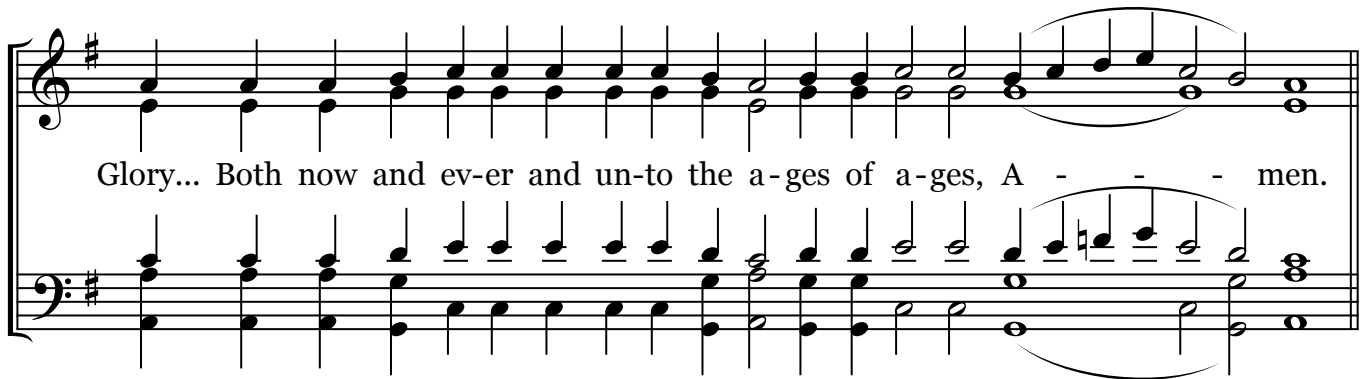
Reader: Have mercy on us, O Lord, have mercy on us, for greatly are we filled with abasement. Greatly hath our soul been filled therewith; let reproach come upon them that prosper,



And a - base - - ment on the proud.

O martyrs of the Lord, ye hallow every place /
and heal every ill: /
and now we entreat you //
to pray that our souls be delivered from the snares of the enemy.

Reader: Glory, both now... in the same tone.



Glory... Both now and ev-er and un-to the a-ges of a-ges, A - - - men.

The heavenly powers praise thee, /
O Virgin Mother full of grace, /
and we also glorify thy childbearing that none can understand. //
O Theotokos, pray for the salvation of our souls.

And the rest of Vespers as on Sunday during Lent.