

# Aposticha

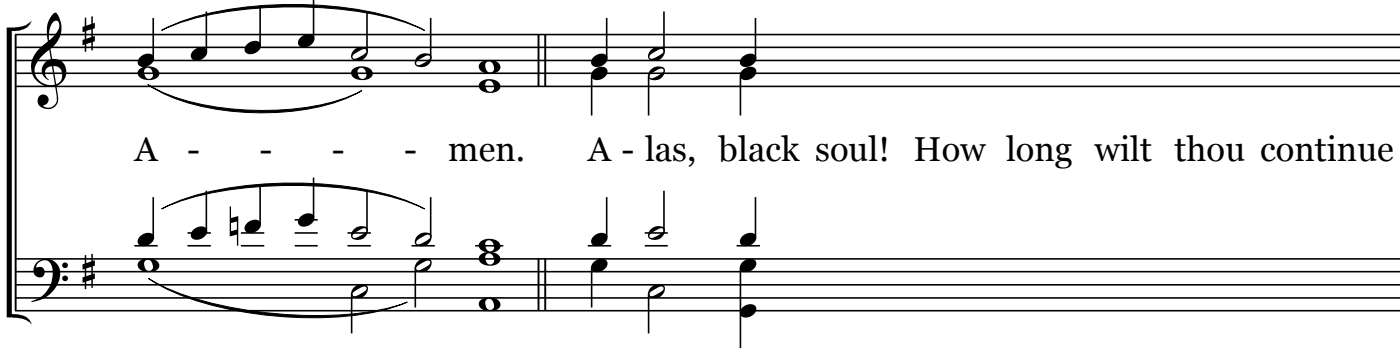
*Reader: Both now, in the 8th Tone.*

II-chant melody

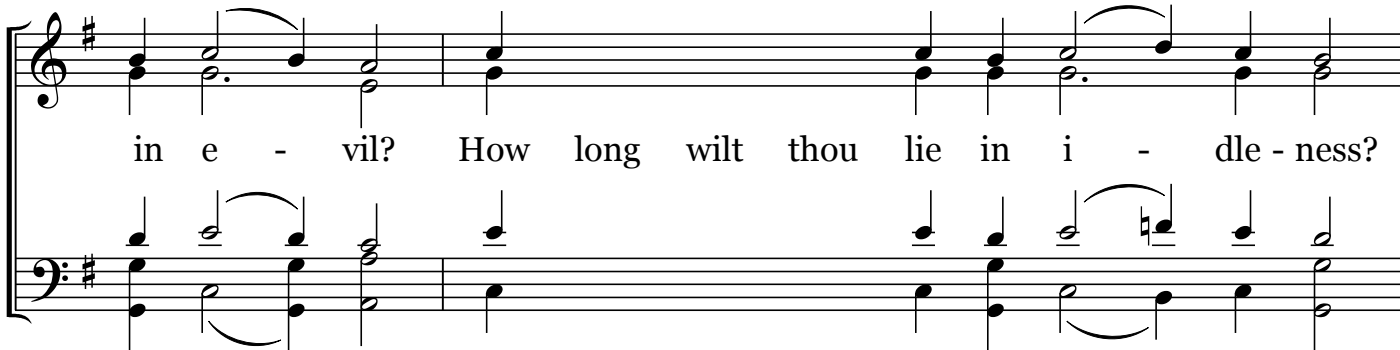


Both now and ever and unto the a - ges of a - ges.

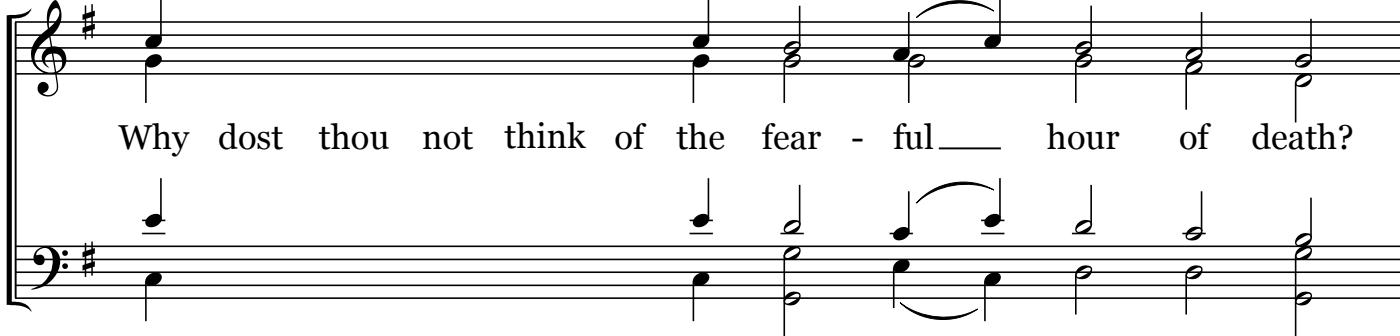
I-descant



A - - - - men. A - las, black soul! How long wilt thou continue



in e - vil? How long wilt thou lie in i - dle - ness?



Why dost thou not think of the fear - ful hour of death?

Sunday of the Last Judgement - Vespers

Aposticha

Why dost thou not tremble at the dread judgement seat of the Sa - viour?

What de - fence then wilt thou make, or what wilt thou an - swer?

Thy works will be there to ac - cuse thee; thine actions will reproach thee

and con - demn thee. O my soul, the time is near at hand;

make haste before it is too late, and cry a - loud in faith:

I have sinned, O Lord, I have sinned a - gainst— Thee; but I know

Thy love for man and Thy compassion, O good— Shep - herd,

*//ending*

deprive me not of a place at Thy right hand in Thy great mer - cy.