At the Aposticha, Glory in the 8th Tone:
Kievan Chant

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit.
Alas, black soul! How long wilt thou continue in evil? How long wilt thou lie in idleness?

Why dost thou not think of the fearful hour of death?
Why dost thou not tremble at the dread judgement seat of the Saviour?

What defence then wilt thou make, or what wilt thou answer?

Thy works will be there to accuse thee; thine actions will reproach thee and condemn thee. O my soul, the time is near at hand; make haste before it is too late, and cry aloud in faith:
I have sinned, O Lord, I have sinned against Thee; but I know Thy love for man and Thy compassion, O good Shepherd,
deprive me not of a place at Thy right hand in Thy great mercy.

Reader: Both now and ever, in the same tone:

Both now and ever and unto the ages of ages. Amen.

O Virgin who hast not known man, Mother of the Most High God,
thou hast ineffably conceived God in the flesh.

O Undefiled, accept the supplications of thy servants,

for to all thou grantest cleansing from their sins.

Receive our prayers and intercede for the salvation of us all.

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

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