Let every breath praise the Lord.

I think upon that day and hour / when we shall all stand naked, like men condemned, / before the Judge who accepts no man's person. / Then shall the trumpet sound aloud / and the foundations of the earth shall quake, / the dead shall rise from the tombs / and all shall be gathered together from every generation. / Then each man's secrets will be manifest before Thee: / and those that have never repented shall weep and lament, / departing to the outer fire; / but with gladness and rejoicing / the company of the righteous shall enter into the heavenly bridal chamber.

Carol Surgant ~ music.russianorthodox-stl.org ~ 2/27/08
Reader: I will confess Thee, O Lord with my whole heart,

I will tell of all Thy wonders.

How shall it be in that hour and fearful day, / when the Judge shall sit on His dread throne! / The books shall be opened / and men's actions shall be examined, / and the secrets of darkness shall be made public. / Angels shall hasten to and fro, gathering all the nations. / Come ye and hearken, kings and princes, slaves and free, / sinners and righteous, rich and poor: / for the Judge comes to pass sentence on the whole inhabited earth. / And who shall bear to stand before His face in the presence of the angels, / as they call us to account for our actions and thoughts, / whether by night or by day? / How shall it be then in that hour! / But before the end is here, make haste my soul and cry: // O God who only art compassionate, turn me back and save me.
Reader: In the 8th Tone— I will be glad and rejoice in Thee,

Daniel the prophet, a man greatly beloved, /
when he saw the power of God, he cried out: /
'The court sat for judgement, and the books were opened.' /
Consider well, my soul: dost thou fast? /
Then despise not thy neighbor. /
Dost thou abstain from food? Condemn not thy brother, /
lest thou be sent away into the fire, /
there to burn as wax. /
But may Christ lead thee without stumbling into His Kingdom.
Reader: In the 1st Tone— Arise, O Lord my God, let Thy hand be lifted high;

Let us cleanse ourselves, brethren, /  
with the Queen of the virtues: /  
for behold, she is come, bringing us a wealth of blessings. /  
She quells the uprisings of the passions, /  
and reconciles sinners to the Master. /  
Therefore let us welcome her with gladness, /  
and cry aloud to Christ our God: /  
O risen from the dead, who alone art free from sin, //  
guard us uncondemned as we give Thee glory.

Reader: Glory, in the same tone.

Repeat sticheron: "Let us cleanse ourselves, brethren, ..."