Sunday of Publican and Pharisee
Stichera on the Praises

At the Praises we chant "Let every breath..." in the tone of the week, then beginning with the Psalm verse "To do among them the judgement...", we chant 4 stichera from the Octoechos in the tone of the week; and then the following 4 stichera from the Triodion:

Reader: In the 1st Tone; Praise Him with timbrel and dance,

Brethren, let us not pray as the Pharisee: for he who exalts himself shall be humbled. Let us humble ourselves before God, and with fasting cry aloud as the Publican: God be merciful to us sinners.

English text: "The Lenten Triodion", translated by Mother Mary and Archimandrite Kallistos Ware, Reprinted by St. Tikhon's Seminary Press, South Canaan, PA, 2002
Carol Surgant ~ music.russianorthodox-stl.org ~ 1/27/07
Let every breath praise the Lord.

A Pharisee, overcome with vain-glor-y, and a Publican bowed down in re-pen-tance, came to Thee, the only Mas-ter.

The one boasted and was de-prived of bless-ings,

while the other kept si-lent and was count-ed wor-thy of gifts.
Confirm me, O Christ our God, in these his cries of sorrow,

for Thou lovest mankind.

Reader: In the 3rd Tone: Arise, O Lord my God, Let thy hand be lifted high;

Forget not Thy poor to the end.

Understanding, O my soul, the difference between

the Publican and the Pharisee, hate the proud words of the one,
and eagerly imitate the contrite prayer of the other, crying aloud:

God be merciful to me a sinner and have pity on me.

Reader: I will confess Thee, O Lord, with my whole heart,

I will tell of all Thy wonders.

O ye faithful, let us hate the boastful words of the Pharisee

and emulate the contrite prayer of the Publican.
Let us not think proud thoughts, but humbling ourselves.

in contrition let us cry: God be merciful to our sins.

Reader: Glory, in the 8th Tone.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy

Spirit. O Lord, Thou hast condemned

the Pharisee who justified himself by boasting of his works,
and Thou hast justified the Publican who humbled himself

and with cries of sorrow begged for mercy. For Thou dost reject

proud-minded thoughts, but Thou dost not despise a contrite heart.

Therefore, in abasement we fall down before Thee Who hast

suffered for our sake: Grant us forgiveness and great mercy.

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