

O Lord I Have Cried

from Psalm 140

Byzantine Grave Mode (Tone 7)
Sticheraric, from **Ga** (F)

Basil Kazan
transl. Fr. Seraphim Nassar

O Lord, I have cried out unto thee.

Hear thou me. Hear thou

me, O Lord. O Lord, I have cried out

unto thee. hear thou me. Give ear to the

voice of my supplication, when I

cry out unto thee. Hear thou me, O

Lord.

Let My Prayer Be Set Forth

from Psalm 140

Byzantine Grave Mode (Tone 7)
Sticheraric, from **Ga** (F)

Basil Kazan
transl. Fr. Seraphim Nassar

F D

Let my pray'r be set forth be -

C F

-fore thee as the in - cense. and the

D

lift - ing up of my hands as the

C F

eve - ning sac - ri - fice. Hear thou

me, O Lord.

Vespers Stichologia in Grave Mode

from Psalms 140, 141, & 129

Byzantine Grave Mode (Tone 7)
Hiermologic, from **Ga** (F)

Basil Kazan
transl. Fr. Seraphim Nassar

①

Set a watch, O Lord, be-fore my mouth, and a pro - tec - ting
door a-bout my lips.

②

In - cline not my heart to e-vil words, to make ex - cu - ses in sins...

③

...with men that work in - iq - ui - tiy, and I will not com -
-mu - ni - cate with the choi - cest of them.

④

The just man shall cor - rect me in mer - cy and shall re - prove
me, but let not the oil of the sin - ner an-noint my head.

⑤

For my pray'r al - so shall still be a-against the things with which
they are well_ pleased. Their judg-es fall - ing up - on the rock have been
swal-lowed up.

⑥

They shall hear my words for they are___ sweet. As when the
thick-ness of the earth is bro-ken up up - on the ground, their bones are
scat - tered by the side of Ha - des.

⑦

But to thee, O Lord, Lord,_ are mine eyes. In thee_ have I
put my trust, take_ not a - way my soul.

⑧

F **C**

Keep me from the snare which they have laid for me, and the

F

traps of the wor - kers of in - iq - ui - ty.

⑨

F **C** **F**

Let the wick-ed fall in - to their own_ nets, while I a-lone es - cape.

⑩

F **C** **F**

I cried un - to the Lord_ with my voice, with my voice un - to the

F

Lord did I make my sup - pli - ca - tion.

⑪

F **C** **F**

I poured out my sup - pli - ca - tion be - fore_ him. I

F

showed be - fore_ him my trou - ble.

⑫

F **C** **F**

When my spi - rit was o - ver-whemed with - in_ me, then

F

thou didst know my path.

⑬

In the way_____ where - in I walked have they se - cret - ly

laid a snare for me.

⑭

I looked on my right_ hand and be - held, but there was no one

that would know me.

⑮

Re-fuge failed me. No one cared for my soul.

⑯

I cried_____ un - to thee, O Lord. I said, thou art my

re - fuge, and my por - tion in the land of the liv - ing.

⑰

At - tend_____ un - to my cry, for I am brought ver - y Low.

⑮

De - li - ver me from my per - se - cu - tors for they are
strong - er than I.

On Saturdays, skip here to the Resurrextional Stichera.

⑯

Bring my soul out of pri - son, that I may praise thy name.

⑰

The righ - teous shall wait for me, un - til thou re-com-pense me.

⑱

Out of the depths have I cried un-to thee, O Lord. Lord hear my voice.

⑳

Let thine ears be at - ten - tive to the voice of my sup-pli-ca - tion.