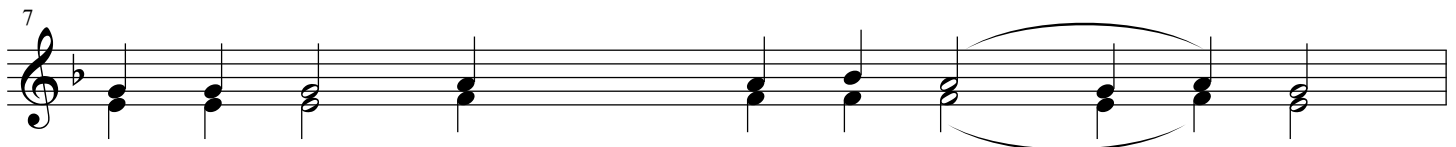
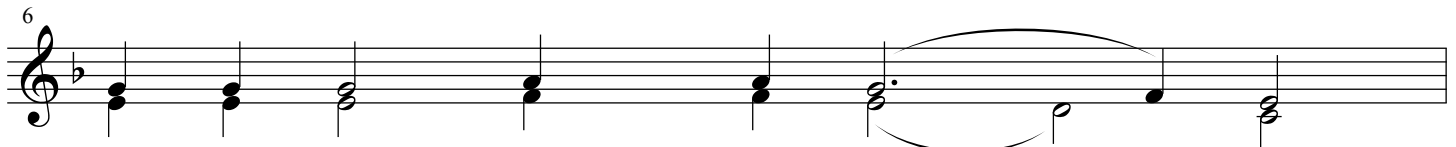
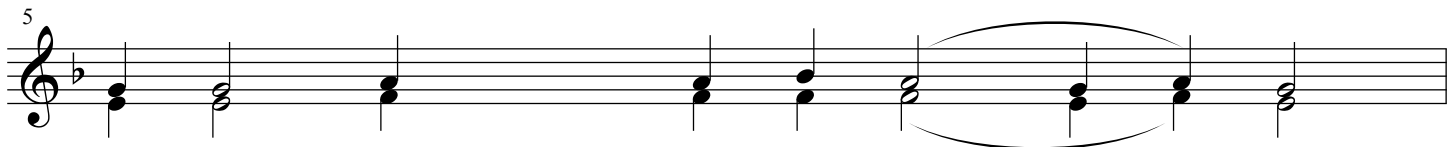
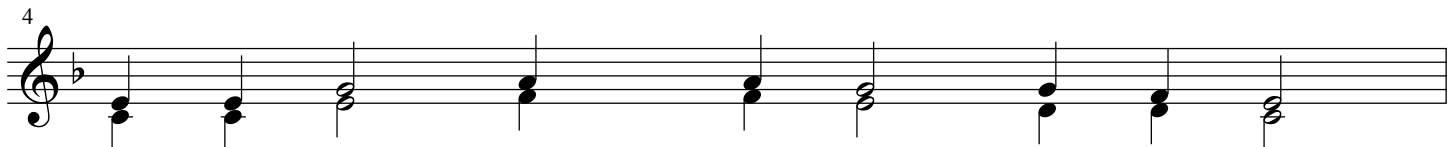
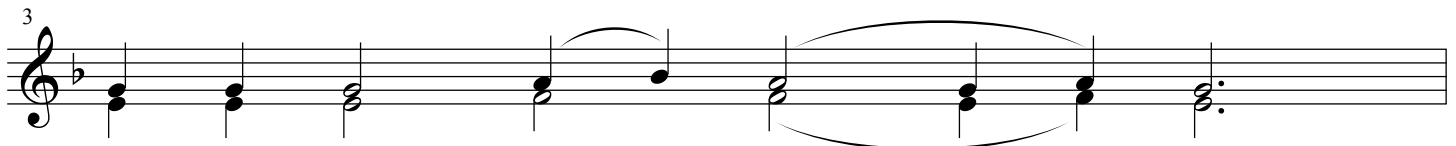
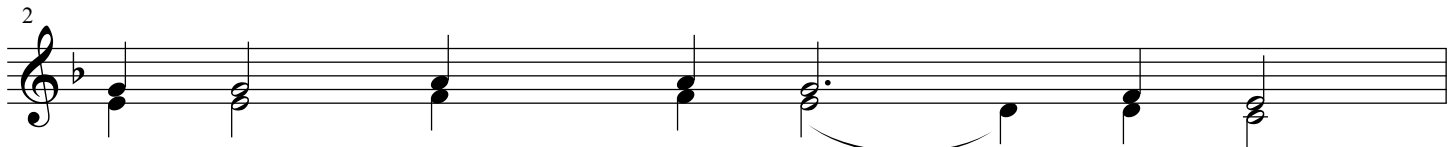


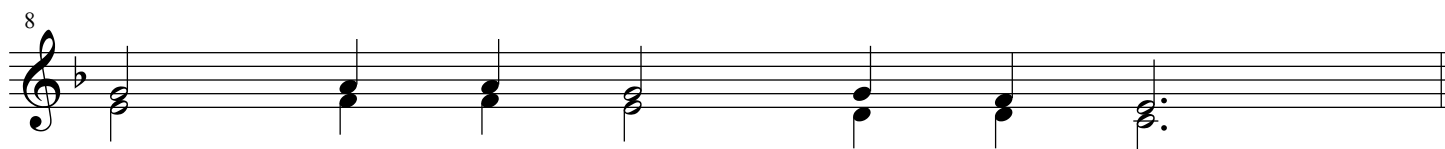
Lord I Call

Fifth Monday of Lent -- Triodion Stichera

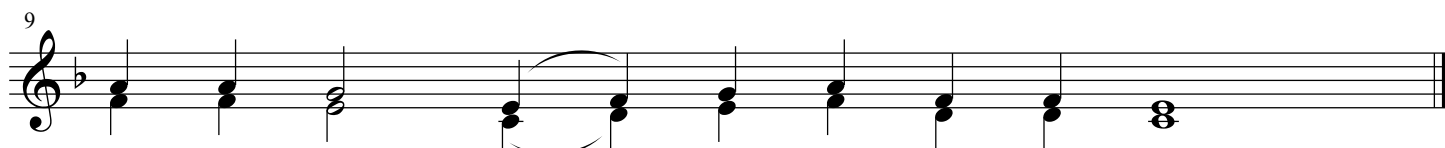
Tone 3

Kievan

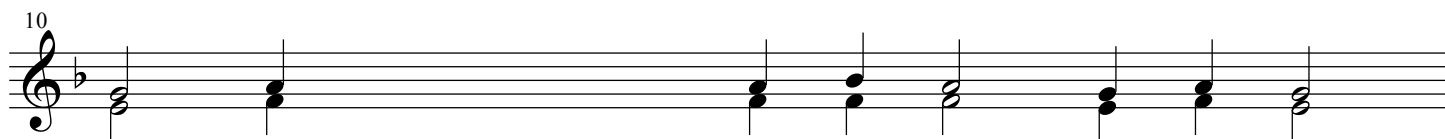




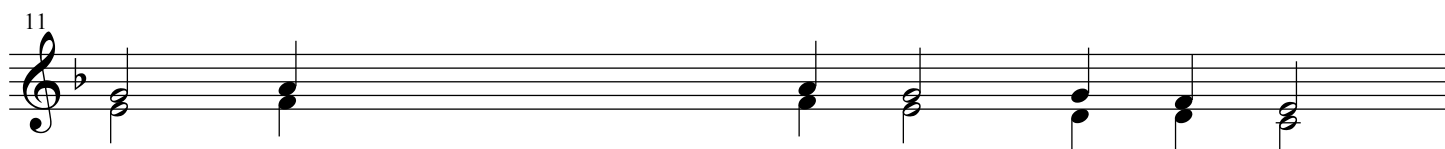
and the warm tears which she shed//



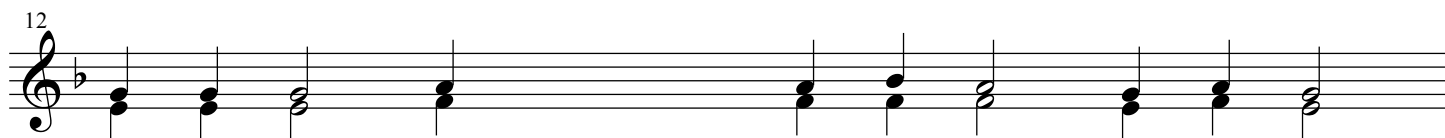
she re - ceived for - give - ness of her sins.



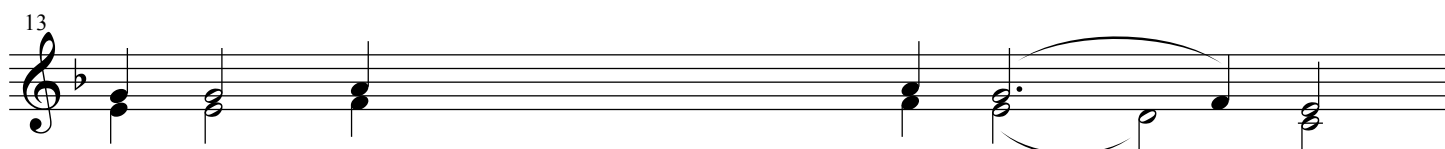
Like the blind man, from my heart, I call up - on Thee:



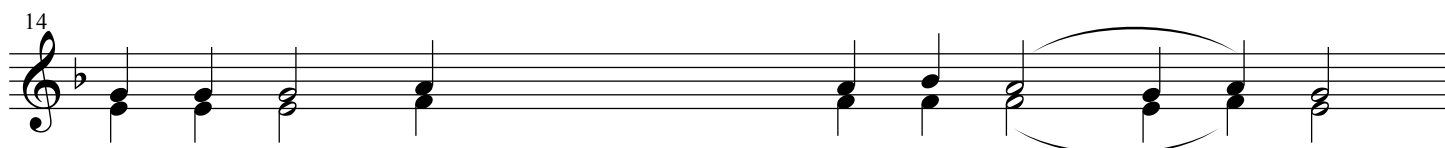
Son of God, give light to the eyes of my heart.



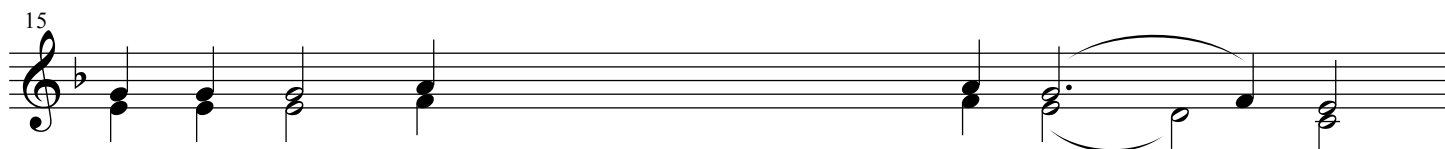
Like the faith - ful woman of Ca - naan, I cry un - to Thee:



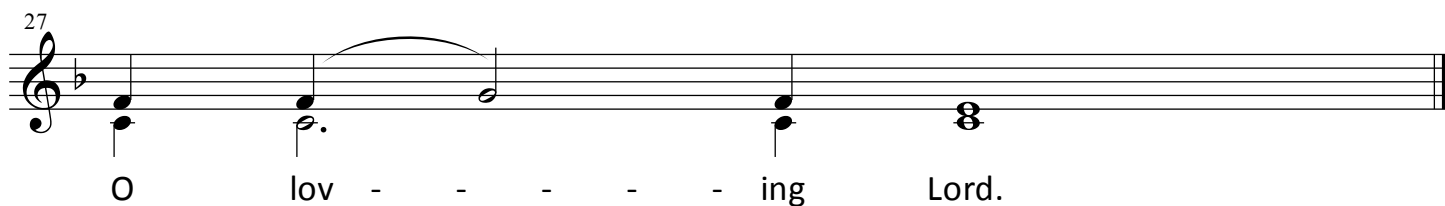
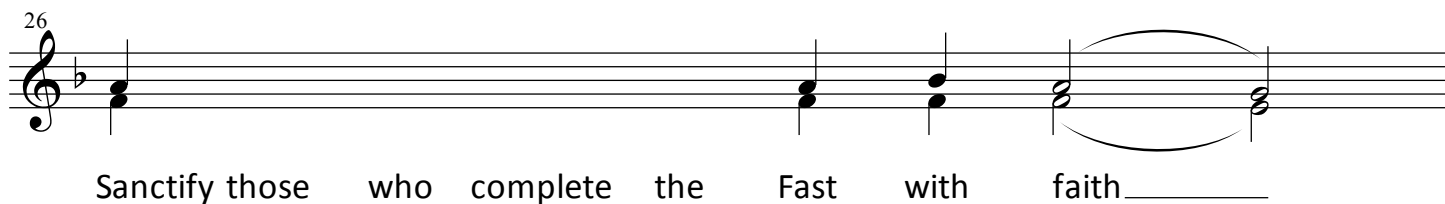
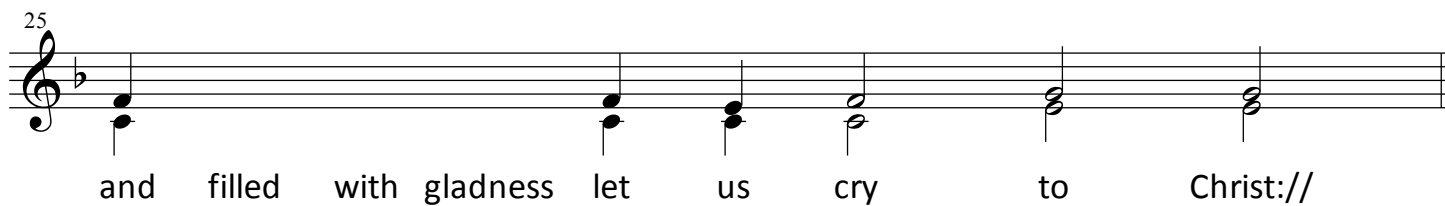
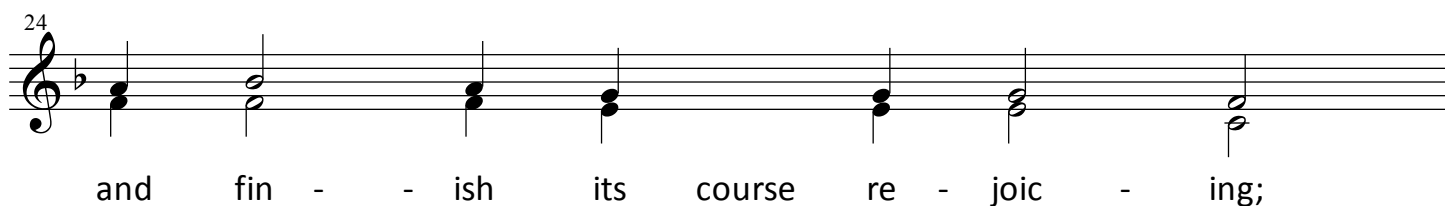
Have mer - cy on me, com - pas - sion - ate sa - - - vior,



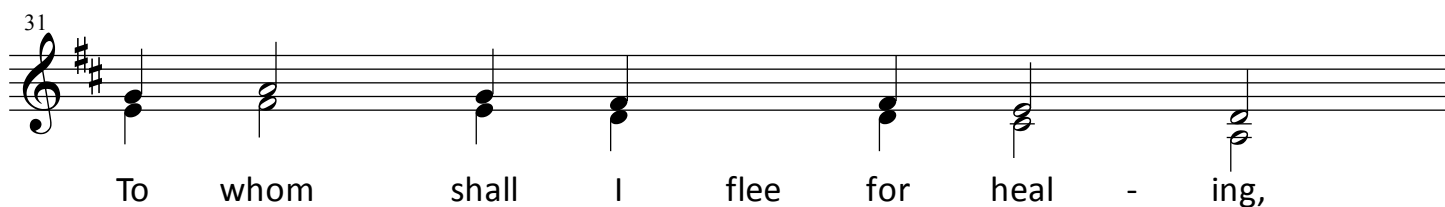
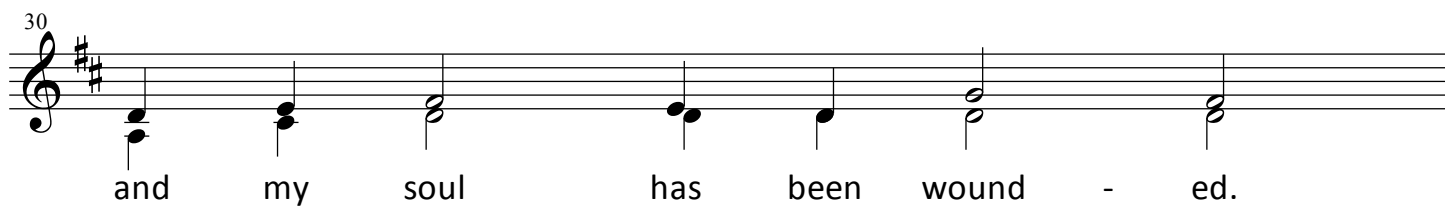
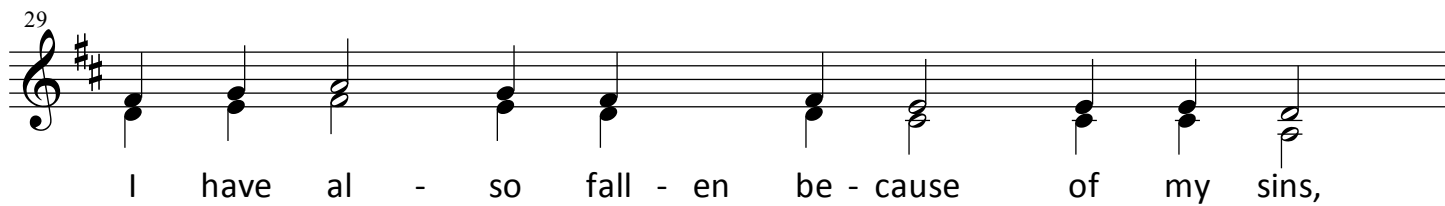
for my soul is vexed by the dev - il of plea - - - sure.

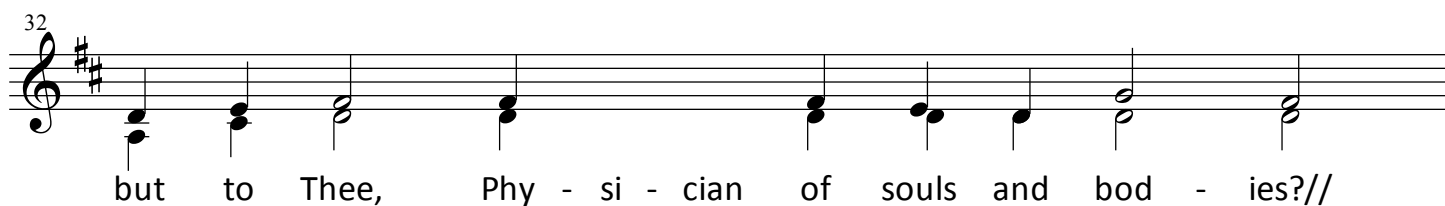


But do Thou free it from the darkness of the pas - - - sions

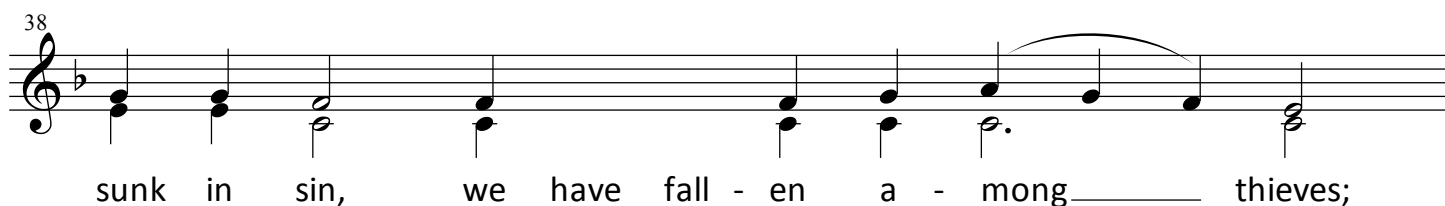
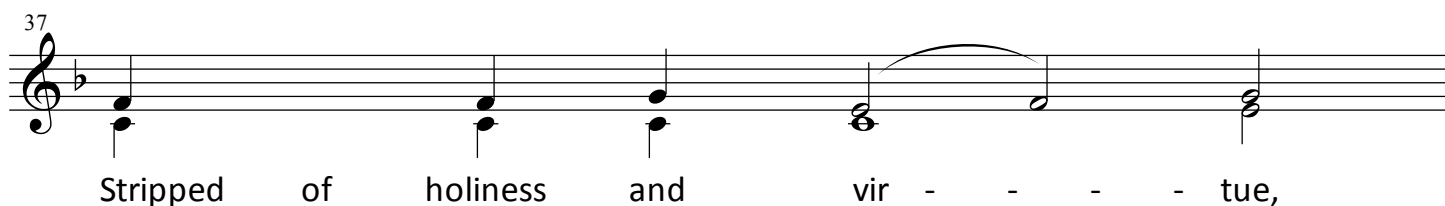
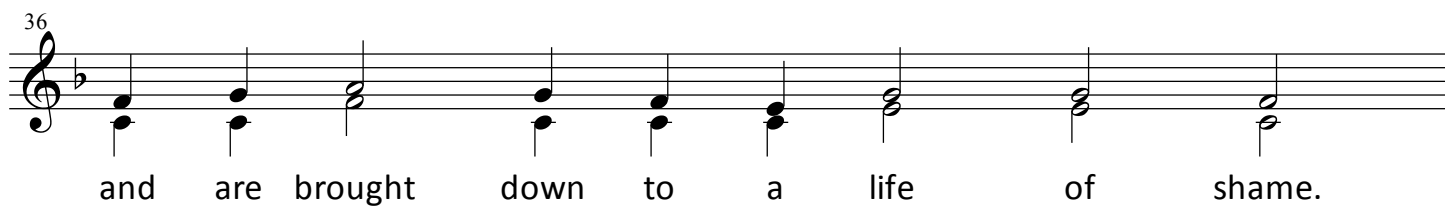
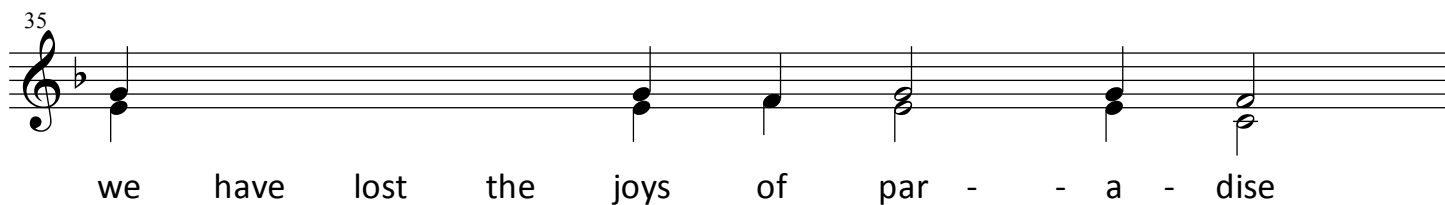
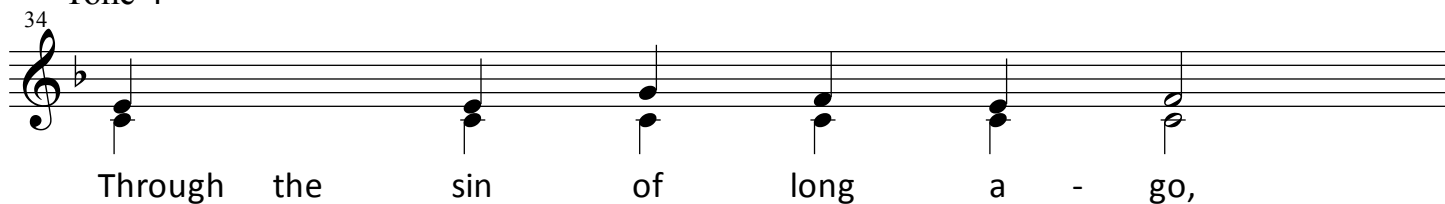


Aposticha -- Tone 7





Tone 4



41

Yet we en - treat Thee, Mas - ter born of Ma - - - ry,

42

Who with dispassion hast shared in our pas - sions:

43

bind up our wounds that come from sin, //

44

and pour on us in Thy love Thy bound - less mer - cy

45

and Thy heal - - - ing care.

