Stichera of Compunction
Tone 8, N

The angels praise Thee without ceasing, O King, and I fall before Thee, crying like the Lamb: canst Thou, God be merciful to me and save me.

Since thou art mortal, O my soul be not overwhelmed by the waves of this life, but
Give me tears, O—God— as once Thou
gav'est them to the wom-en who had—sinned
and count me wor-thy to—wash Thy—feet
that have de—liv-ered me from the
way—of er—ron
As sweet smell-ing oint—ment let me
May I al-so hear those words for which I
long; o-h, Thy faith-hath saved them; go in peace.