

The First Stikheron

Reader: *Out of the depths I cry to Thee, O Lord...*

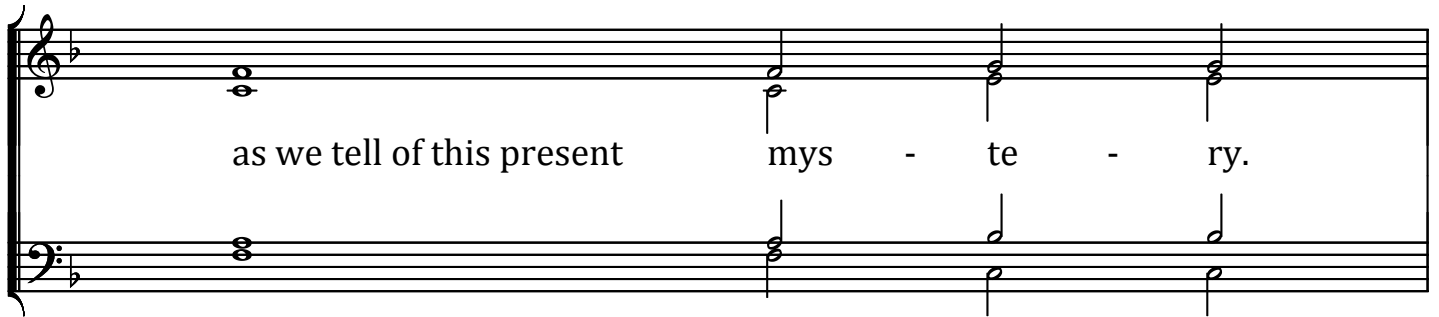
Киеван Tone 2



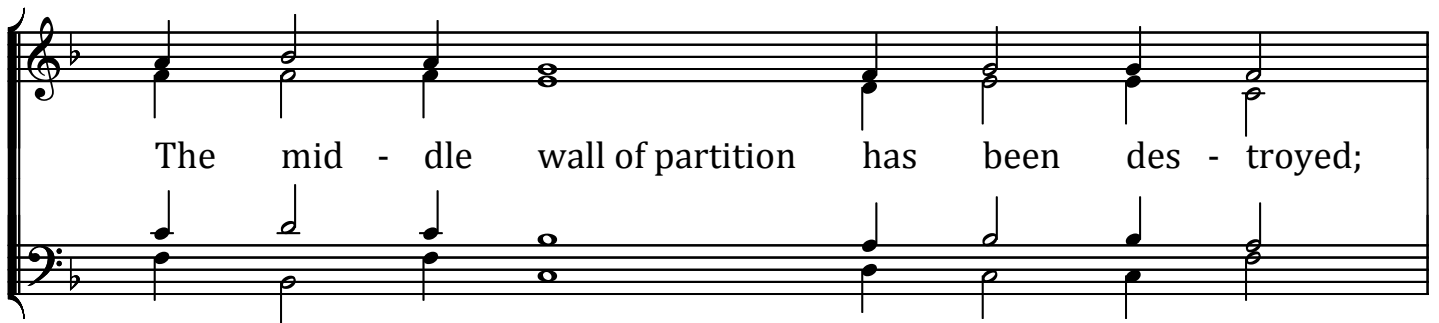
O Lord, hear my cry.



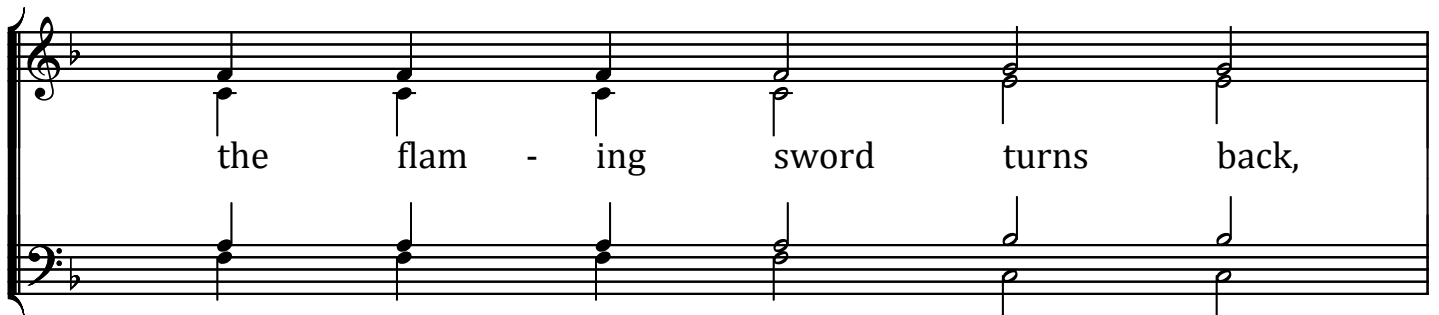
Come, let us greatly rejoice in the Lord



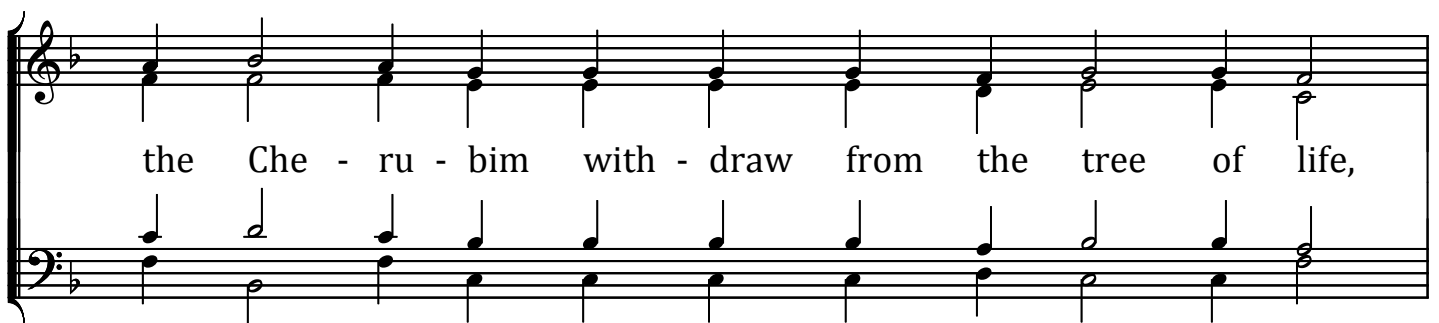
as we tell of this present mys - te - ry.



The mid - dle wall of partition has been des - troyed;



the flam - ing sword turns back,



the Che - ru - bim with - draw from the tree of life,

and I partake of the delight of Pa - ra - dise

from which I was cast out through dis - o - be - di - ence.

For the express image of the Fa - ther,

the Im - print of his eternity, takes the form of a serv - ant,

and without under - go - ing change

He comes forth from a Mother who knew not wed - lock.

For what He was He has re - mained: true God,

and what He was not He has taken u - pon Him - self,

becoming man through love for man-kind. Un - to Him let us cry a - loud:

God born of a Virgin, have mer - cy on us.