

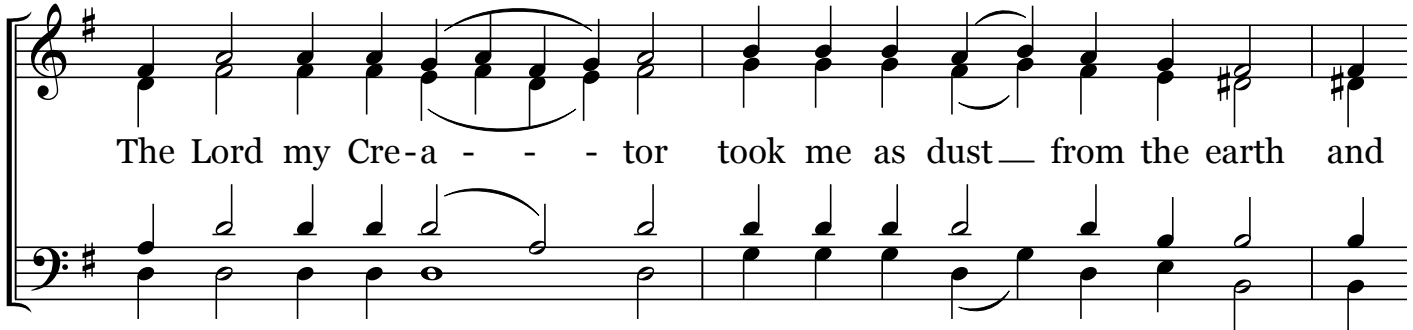
**Sunday of Cheesefare: The Casting out of Adam from Paradise**  
**Stichera at "Lord I have cried"**  
**Tone 6, Special Melody "Having set all your hope\*"**  
**Optina Hermitage Chant**

(7) *Reader:* In the 6th Tone, Special Melody "Having set all your hope..."  
 Let Thine ears be attentive

I-descant  
 II - chant  
 melody



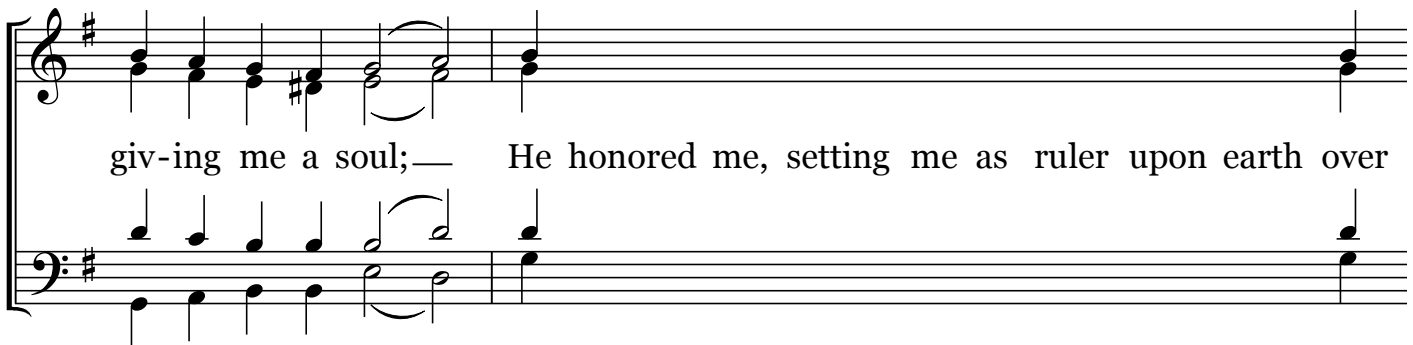
To the voice of my sup - pli - - ca - - - - - tion.



The Lord my Cre-a - - - - tor took me as dust— from the earth and



formed me into a living crea - ture, breathing into me the breath of life and



giv-ing me a soul;— He honored me, setting me as ruler upon earth over

all things vis - i-ble, and mak ing me a companion of the an - gels.

But Sa-tan the de ceiv - - - er, — using the serpent as his instrument,

en-ticed — me by food; he part-ed me from the glo - ry of God

and gave me over to the earth and to the low-est depths — of death. —

But, Master, in com-pas - - - sion call me back — a - gain.

(6) *Reader:* If Thou  
shouldest mark iniquities,  
O Lord, O Lord,  
who shall stand?

For with Thee there is for-give - - - - ness.

In my wretch - - - ed-ness I have cast off the robe wo - ven by God,

dis - o - bey - ing Thy divine com-mand, — O Lord, at the coun-sel of the

en - - - e - my; — and I am clothed now in fig leaves and in

gar - ments of skin. I am condemned to eat the bread — of toil

in the sweat — of my brow, — and the earth has been cursed so that it

bears thorns and this - tles for me. But, Lord, Who in the last — times

wast made flesh of a Vir - - - gin, — call me — back a - gain

and bring me into Par - - - - - a - dise.

(5) *Reader:* For Thy name's sake have I patiently waited for Thee, O Lord; my soul hath waited patiently for Thy word,

My — soul hath — hoped — in the Lord.

O pre-cious Par - - - a-dise, un-sur-passed in beau - - - - ty,

tab-er-na-cle built — by God, un-end-ing glad-ness and de-light, —

glo - ry of the right - - - - eous, joy of the pro - - - - phets,

and dwell-ing of the saints, — with the sound of thy leaves pray to the

Ma - ker of all: may He open unto me the gates which I closed by my

trans-gres - - sion, and may He count me wor - - - - thy\_\_

to partake of the Tree \_\_\_ of Life and of the joy which was mine

when I dwelt in thee \_\_\_ be - fore.

English text from: "The Lenten Triodion",  
translated by Mother Mary and  
Archimandrite Kallistos Ware, ©1977,  
Faber and Faber, London.