

Post-Gospel Troparia

Second Mode

Basil Crow

Ἦχος ἁγίου Ἀδελφοῦ

G lo - ry to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho -
ly Spir - it.

O Fa - ther, Word, and Spir - it, the Trin - i - ty in U - ni - ty:
blot out the mul - ti - tude of mine of - fenc - es.

B oth now and ev - er, and un - to the ag - es of ag - es.
A - men.

B y the in - ter - ces - sions of the The - o - to - kos, O Mer - ci - ful
One, blot out the mul - ti - tude of mine of - fenc - es.

H ave mer - cy on me, O God, ac - cord - ing to Thy
great mer - cy; and ac - cord - ing to the mul - ti - tude of Thy com -

pas - sions blot out my — trans - ges - sion.

O en - trust me not, I pray, to an - y hu - man pro - tec -

tion, O our La - dy, ho - ly one, but do thou ac - cept the

prayer of thy sup - pli - cant. Sor - row hath fet - tered me, and

I am un - a - ble to en - dure and bear the de - mons' darts;

a shel - ter have I not, nei - ther place to run, I, the wretch - ed one;

em - bat - tled from all sides am I, and no con - so - la - tion have

I but thee. Mis - tress of cre - a - tion, pro - tec - tion and hope of faith -

ful ones: Turn not a - way when I pray to thee; do — that which

will prof - it — me.

From thee is no one turned a - way a - shamed and emp - ty who doth

run to thee for ref - uge, O pure Vir - gin The - o - to - kos; but

he ask - eth the fa - vour and re - ceiv - eth the gift from

thee, un - to the prof - it of his own re - quest. —

The trans - for - ma - tion of the af - flict - ed and the re - lief

of those in sick - ness art thou in truth, O Vir - gin The - o - to - kos;

save thy peo - ple and thy flock, thou who art the peace of the em -

bat - tled, and who art the calm of the — storm - driv - en, the

on - ly pro - tec - tress of those who be - lieve. —