

# Sunday of Forgiveness

Idiomela at the Praises


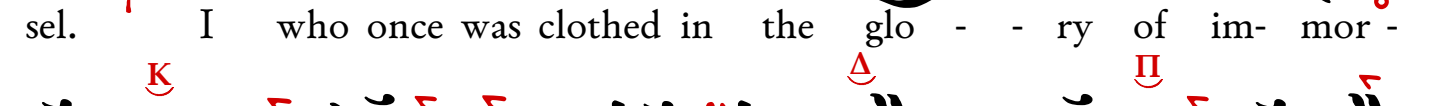
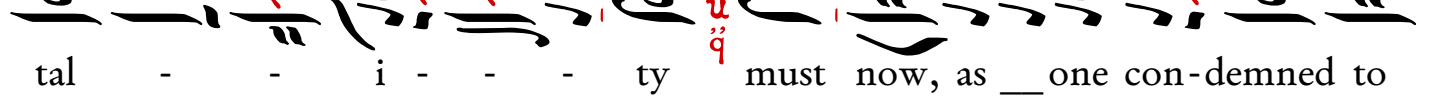

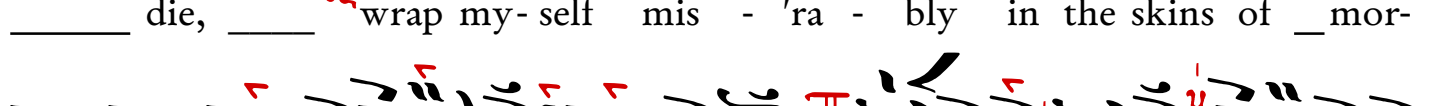
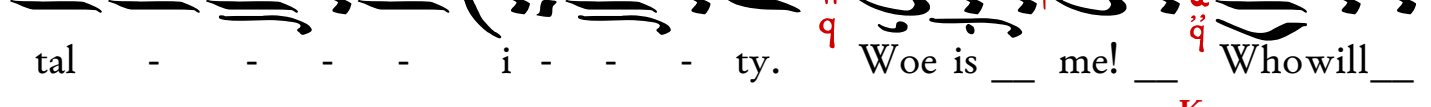

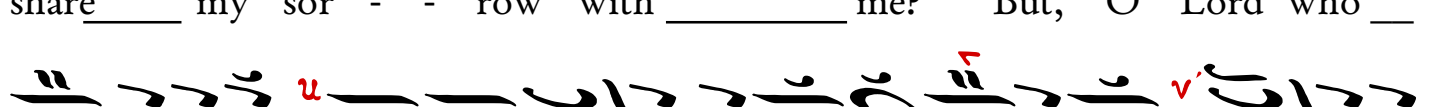
*Mode ᾠή Πα*

Verse

**P**raise Him with tune - ful cym-bals, praise Him with cym -bals of ju-  
bi - la - tion. Let ev - 'ry breath \_\_\_\_\_ praise \_\_\_\_\_ the \_\_\_\_\_ Lord.

1st Idiomelon

**W**oe is \_\_\_\_\_ me!" \_\_\_\_\_ Ad- am cried la - ment - ing: "for  
the ser-pent \_\_\_\_\_ and the \_\_\_\_\_ wom - - - an \_\_\_\_\_ have de - prived me of my  
bold-ness \_\_\_\_\_ be- fore \_\_\_\_\_ God, \_\_\_\_\_ and through eat - ing \_\_\_\_\_ from \_\_\_\_\_  
the \_\_\_\_\_ tree \_\_\_\_\_ I have be - come an ex - ile from the joy \_\_\_\_\_ of  
Par - - - a - - - dise. Woe is \_\_\_\_\_ me! \_\_\_\_\_ No more  
can I en - dure \_\_\_\_\_ the \_\_\_\_\_ shame. \_\_\_\_\_ I who once was king  
of all God's crea- tures up - on earth \_\_\_\_\_ have now be - come a pris -  
- on - er, \_\_\_\_\_ led a - stray \_\_\_\_\_ by e - - - vil coun - - -


  
 sel. I who once was clothed in the glo - - ry of im - mor -
   

  
 tal - - i - - - ty must now, as one con-demned to
   

  
 \_\_\_ die, \_\_\_ wrap my-self mis - 'ra - bly in the skins of \_\_\_ mor-
   

  
 tal - - - i - - - ty. Woe is \_\_\_ me! \_\_\_ Who will \_\_\_
   

  
 share \_\_\_ my sor - - row with \_\_\_ me? But, O Lord who \_\_\_
   

  
 loves man-kind, who hast fash-ioned \_\_\_ me from thē \_\_\_ earth and art \_\_\_
   

  
 clothed \_\_\_ in \_\_\_ com- pas - - - sion, call me back from the
   

  
 bond-age of thē en - e - my \_\_\_ and save \_\_\_ me.”

Mode  $\hat{\eta}\Pi\alpha$ 

## Verse

**A** - rise, O Lord my God, lift up \_\_ Your hand: for - get \_\_  
 not Your poor \_\_\_ for - ev - - - er.

## 2nd Idiomelon

**T** hē a - re - na \_\_ of the vir - tues has \_\_ been o - - -  
 pened. Let all who wish to strug - gle for the prize now \_\_ en - - - ter,  
 gird - ing them - selves for the no - ble con - test of \_\_\_ the  
 \_\_\_ Fast; for those that strive law - ful - ly \_\_ are just - -  
 ly \_\_\_ crowned. Tak - ing up thē ar - mour \_\_\_ of \_\_ the \_\_  
 Cross, \_\_ let us make war a - gainst thē en - - - e - - -  
 my. Let us have as our in - vin - ci - ble ram - - - part \_\_ the \_\_  
 Faith, prayer as our \_\_ breast - - - plate, and as our hel - met alms -

- - giv - - - ing; <sup>Δ</sup> and <sup>Π</sup> as our sword let us use \_\_ fast -  
 ing <sup>Δ</sup> that cuts a - way all e - - vil from \_\_ our \_\_ heart.  
<sup>π</sup> If we do \_\_ this, <sup>κ</sup> we shall re - ceive \_\_ the true \_\_  
 crown from Christ the <sup>Π</sup> King <sup>υ</sup> of \_\_ all <sup>π</sup> at \_\_ the Day \_\_ of  
<sup>Δ</sup> Judge - - - ment. <sup>Δ</sup>