

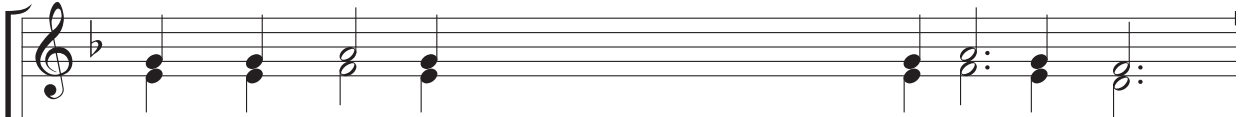
# Stichera at "Lord, I Call"

Ven. Cyriacus - September 29

Tone 8  
Sticheron 1


Russian Imperial Court Chant  
arr. from L'vov/Bakhmetev

Soprano  
Alto





Tenor  
Bass

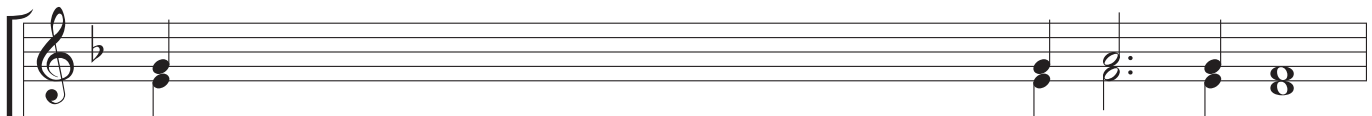

Thou didst curb the passions with the bridle of ab - sti - nence,



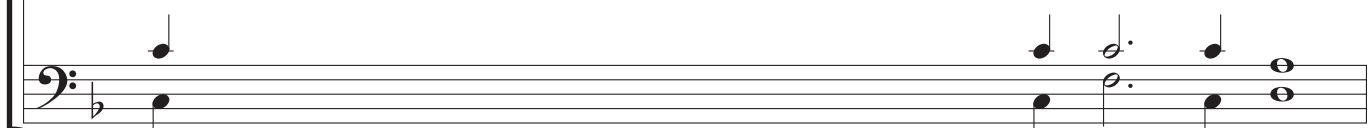
O wonderworker Cyri - a - cus. Thou didst clothe thyself in the



ra - diant gar - ment of dis - pas - sion, uncovering all the



malice of him who stripped our first parents naked in days of old.



[ Now thou dost ever rejoice, . . . ]

Now thou dost ever rejoice rejoice, as thou dwellest in Par - a -

dise. // Pray that our souls may be saved! [Repeat]

Sticheron 2

Bear-ing the Cross upon thy shoul - ders, thou didst follow

af - ter Christ. With unrelenting thought, thou didst turn a-way

from the pleas - ures of life; thou didst kill the passions of the

[ flesh with intense vig-ils and prayers, ]

flesh with intense vig - ils and prayers, receiving the grace to heal

infirmities, O ven - 'ra - ble one. // Pray that our souls may be

saved!

Sticheron 3

Thou didst live in the desert, O venerable Cyri - a - cus,

eating bitter herbs as thy food. Thou didst embitter thy senses, up-

[ (up)-root-ing the pas-sions of thy soul. ]

root - ing the pas - sions of thy soul. Therefore, O blessed one,

thou didst live like the An - gels and hast received the

delight of heaven af - ter thy re - pose. // Pray that our souls

may be saved!