

O LORD, I HAVE CRIED TO YOU

In the proper tone, the following verses of PSALM 140 (141) are sung while the deacon, or priest (if there is no deacon), performs the great incensation.

Господи, візвав я до тебе ,
вислухай мене.* Вислухай мене,
Господи.* Господи, візвав я до
тебе, вислухай мене.* Почуй
голос моління мого,* коли я
взиваю до тебе.*

Приспів: Вислухай мене, Господи.

Нехай направиться молитва моя,*
як кадило, перед тобою,*
підношення рук моїх,* жертва
вечірня.*

Приспів: Вислухай мене, Господи.

Господи, взиваю я до тебе,
вислухай мене.* Вислухай мене,
Господи.* Господи, взиваю я до
тебе, вислухай мене.* Почуй
голос моління мого,* коли взиваю
до тебе.*

Приспів: Вислухай мене, Господи.

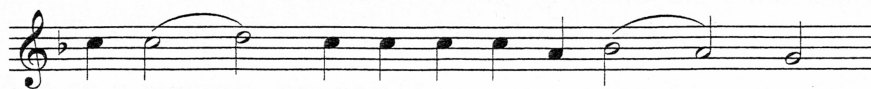
Нехай піднесеться молитва моя,*
мов кадило перед тобою* -
підношення рук моїх,* як жертва
вечірня.*

Приспів: Вислухай мене, Господи.



TONE 1 - PSALM 140 (141)

The Evening Offering



O Lord, I have cried to You, hear me;



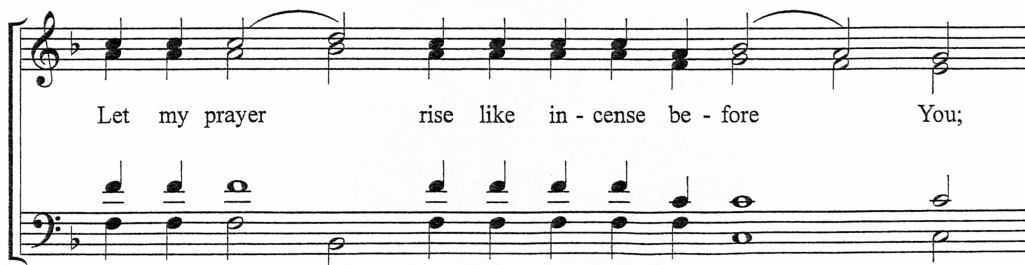
Hear me, O Lord! O Lord, I have cried to You, hear me;



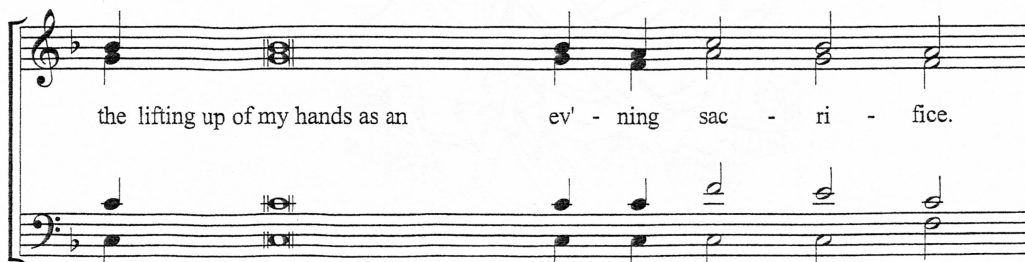
re - ceive the voice of my prayer when I call up - on You.



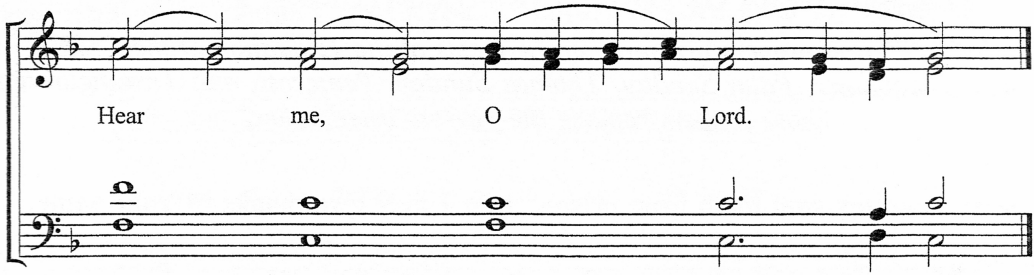
Hear me, O Lord!



Let my prayer rise like in - cense be - fore You;



the lifting up of my hands as an ev' - ning sac - ri - fice.



Set a guard, O Lord, before my mouth* and a portal around my lips.
Incline my heart away from evil dealings,* from finding excuses for sinful deeds.

In company with those who work iniquity,* let me not partake of what they choose.
May the just chasten me with justice and reprove me;* may the oil of the wicked never touch my head.

Yet even then shall I pray for their welfare.* Their rulers were swallowed near the rock.
My words will be heard, for they were sweet.* As a lump of clay broken on the ground, so their bones were strewn near the grave.

To You, Lord, O Lord, my eyes are lifted up.* In You have I hoped; let not my soul be lost.
Keep me from the snare that was set for me,* and from the stumbling-blocks of the wicked.

The wicked shall fall into their own nets,* while I remain alone until I can escape.

PSALM 141 (142) Prayer of the Persecuted

With my voice I cried to the Lord;* with all my voice I implored the Lord.

Before Him I pour out my supplications;* before Him I declare my distress.
When my breath was escaping me,* then you knew my paths;

On the road upon which I was walking,* they set up snares for me.
I looked to my right and observed* there was no one friendly to me;

Even flight was denied me;* there was no one to take care of my life.
I cried out to You, O Lord, and said: You are my hope, my share in the land of the living.

Listen to my supplication,* for I am laid very low.
Deliver me from my oppressors,* for they have overwhelmed me.