

First Antiphon of Mode 4.

Ἦχος Δ̣ Βου

B

Since my youth have many passions waged war against me. O

my Savior, none-the-less, help ___ me and save me. (Twice)

B

You the hat-ers of Zi-on, be put to shame by the Lord,

for like that in fire you will become-pletely dried up. (Twice)

B **Π** **B**

Glo-ry to the Fa-ther and the Son and the Ho-ly Spir-it.

Π **B**

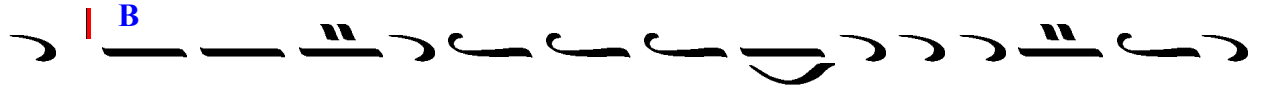
From the Ho-ly Spir-it ev-ery soul re- ceives life, and thru

Π **B**

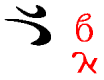
cleans- ing is lift- ed and bright - ened, in a hid- den sa-

cred man- - ner by the tri- nal Mo- nad.

6
x



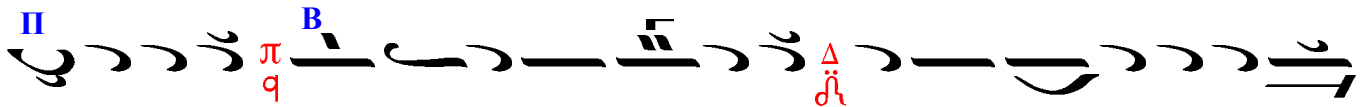
Both now and ev- er and to the a - ges of a- ges. A-



men.



From the Ho- ly Spir - it do the streams of grace__ well forth; they



ir- ri - gate ev- erything cre- at - ed, so that life __be en- gen-



dered.