

Sunday of the Last Judgement - Apostikha Doxastikon

Tone 8

A- las, black soul! How long wilt thou continue in e - vil?

How long wilt thou lie in i - dle- ness?

Why dost thou not think of the fear- ful hour of death?

Why dost thou not trem - ble

at the dread judgement seat of the Sav - iour?

What defence then wilt thou make,

or what wilt thou answer?

Thy works will be there to accuse thee;

thine actions will reproach thee and condemn thee.

O my soul, the time is near at hand;

make haste before it is too late,

and cry a - loud in faith: I have sinned, O Lord,

I have sinned a- gainst Thee;

but I know Thy love for man and Thy com- pas - sion.

O good Shep - herd, deprive me not of a place

at Thy right hand in Thy great mer - cy.