The Typica*

First Stasis - Psalm 102

Plagal Fourth Mode
adapted from traditional Athonite melody
as written by Hierom monk Hierotheos of Philotheou Monastery

Duration: 4:15

Bless the Lord, O my soul; blessed art You, O Lord. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all that He has done for you,

* On the Holy Mountain (and in Slavic countries) the Typica are chanted every Sunday, except on Sundays that fall between a feast day of the Lord and its leave-taking. The first stasis (Psalm 102, LXX) is chanted instead of the First Antiphon: "Through the intercessions of the Theotokos. . . ." The second stasis (Psalm 145) is chanted instead of the Second Antiphon: "Save us, O Son of God. . . ." The third stasis of the Typica is the Beatitudes, which are chanted as verses for the appropriate hymns of the day.
Who is gracious unto all your iniquities, Who heals all your infirmities,

Who redeems your life from corruption, Who crowns you with mercy and compassion,

Who fulfills your desire with good things; your youth shall be renewed as the eagle's.

The Lord performs deeds of mercy, and executes judgment for all them that are wronged.

He hath made His ways known unto Moses, unto the sons of Israel the things that He has willed.
Com-passionate and mer-ciful is the Lord, long-suf-fering

and plen-teous in mer-cy; not un-to the end will He be an-

gered, nei-ther un-to e-ter-ni-ty will He be wroth.

Not ac-cord-ing to our in-iqui-ties has He dealt with

us, nei-ther ac-cord-ing to our sins has He re-ward-ed us.

For ac-cord-ing to the height of heav-en from the earth,

the Lord has made His mer-cy to pre-vail o-ver them that fear Him.

As far as the east is from the west, so far

has He re-moved our in-iqui-ties from us.

Like a fa-ther has com-pas-sion up-on his sons, so has
the Lord had compassion upon them that fear Him; for He knows where we are made, He has remembered that we are dust.

As for man, his days are as the grass; as a flower of the field, so shall he blossom forth.

For when the wind is passed over it, then it shall be gone, and no longer will it know the place there-of.

But the mercy of the Lord is from eternity, even unto eternity, upon them that fear Him.

And His righteousness is upon sons of sons, upon
The Lord in heaven has prepared His throne, and His kingdom rules over all.

Bless the Lord, all you His angels, might in strength, that perform His word, to hear the voice of His words.

Bless the Lord, all you His hosts, His ministers that do His will.

Bless the Lord, all you His works, in every place of His dominion. Bless the Lord, O my soul.
A psalm consoles the sad, restrains the joyful, tempers the angry, refreshes the poor and chides the rich man to know himself. To absolutely all who take it, the psalm offers an appropriate medicine; nor does it despise the sinner, but presses upon him the wholesome remedy of penitential tears.

—St. Niceta of Remesiana