

# From My Youth

for male chorus

Valaam Chant  
arr. monk David (Pechnikov)

From my youth ma - ny pas - sions have fought a - gainst me;

but do Thou help me and save me, O my Sa - vior.

You who hate Zi - on shall be put to shame by the Lord;

you shall be wi - thered up like grass by the fire.

Glo - ry to the Fa - ther and to the Son and to the Ho - ly

Spi - rit, now and\_ ev - er and unto ages of a - ges.

A - - men. Ev - 'ry soul is en - liv - ened by the Ho - ly

Spi - rit and is ex - alt - ed in pur - i - ty, il - lu - mined

by the Ho - ly Tri - ni - ty in a sac - red mys - te - ry.