

Music for the Fourth Sunday of Pascha Healing of the Paralytic

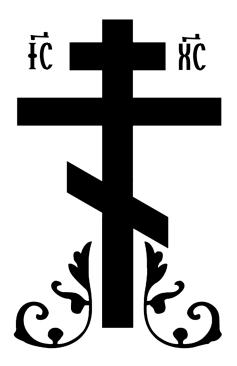
Δόμα ττήχα πέμα μυρομότητα

Holy Myrrh-bearers

Ο Οἶκος τῶν Άγίων Μυροφόρων

www.myrrh-bearers.org

≱вќд. MMXXIV



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Music for the All-Night Vigil, Tone III

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and

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Paschal Matins, Paschal Hours, and Paschal Liturgy

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and

The Pascal Canon of the Pentecostarion

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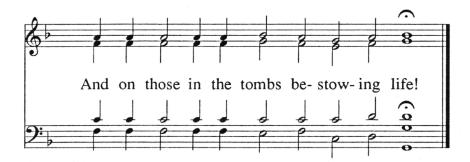
Great Vespers

Christ is Risen

Clergy: Christ is risen from the dead, trampling down death by death, and on those in the tombs bestowing life! *(Twice)*

Christ is risen from the dead, trampling down death by death.

Choir:



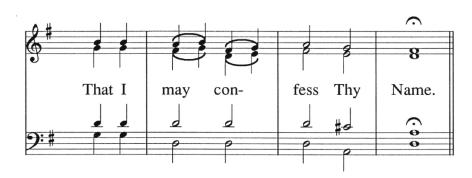
Lord I Have Cried, in Tone III





Resurrectional Stichera, in Tone III

Stichos: Bring my soul out of prison.



By Thy <u>Cross</u> hast Thou destroyed the <u>might</u> of <u>death</u>,/ O <u>Christ</u> our <u>Sav</u>ior,/ and hast <u>set</u> at nought the deception of the <u>de</u>vil./ And the <u>human race</u>, <u>saved</u> by faith,/ ever <u>of</u>fereth a <u>hymn</u> unto Thee.

Stichos: The righteous shall wait patiently for me/until Thou shalt reward me.

All <u>things</u> have been illumined by Thy resur<u>rec</u>tion, O Lord;/ <u>pa</u>radise hath again been <u>opened</u>,/ and <u>all</u> creation, <u>praising Thee</u>,// ever offereth a <u>hymn</u> unto Thee.

Stichos: Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord; / O Lord, hear my voice.

I <u>glo</u>rify the power of the <u>Fa</u>ther and the Son,/ and I <u>hymn</u> the authority of the <u>Spi</u>rit:/ the indi<u>vi</u>sible and uncreated <u>God</u>head,/ the <u>con</u>substantial <u>Trin</u>ity,// Who reigneth unto the <u>ages</u> of <u>ages</u>.

Stichos: Let Thine ears be attentive/ to the voice of my supplication.

We bow <u>down</u> before Thy precious <u>Cross</u>, O Christ,/ and we <u>hymn</u> and glorify Thy resur<u>rec</u>tion;// for by Thy <u>stripes</u> have we <u>all</u> been healed.

Stichos: If Thou shouldst mark iniquities, O Lord, O Lord, who shall stand?/ For with Thee there is forgiveness.

We <u>hymn</u> the Savior incarnate of the <u>Virgin;</u>/ for, <u>cru</u>cified for our sake, He arose on the <u>third</u> day,// granting us <u>great</u> mercy.

Stichos: For Thy name's sake have I patiently waited for Thee, O Lord, my soul hath waited patiently for Thy word,/ my soul hath hoped in the Lord.

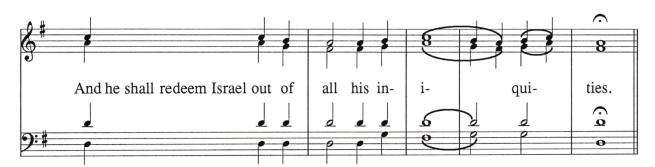
Des<u>cend</u>ing, Christ proclaimed the glad tidings to those in hades, <u>say</u>ing:/ "Be of good <u>cheer</u>! Now have I <u>tri</u>umphed!/ <u>I</u> am the resur<u>rec</u>tion!/ And, <u>break</u>ing down the <u>gates</u> of death,// I will <u>lead</u> you up!"

Stichos: From the morning watch until night, from the morning watch/ let Israel hope in the Lord.

<u>Standing unworthily in Thine all-pure house, O Christ God,/ we send up our evening hymnody,/ crying out from the depths of our souls:/ O Thou Who lovest mankind,/ Who illumined the world with Thy resurrection on the third day,// rescue Thy people from the hands of Thine enemies.</u>

Stichera of the Paralytic, in Tone I

Stichos: For with the Lord there is mercy, and with Him is plenteous redemption.



O compassionate Christ, Who didst create man with Thine all-pure hands, Thou didst come to heal the sick: by Thy word Thou didst raise up the paralytic at the Sheep's Pool, didst heal the ailment of the woman with an issue of blood, didst have mercy on the afflicted daughter of the Canaanite woman, and didst not spurn the plea of the centurion. Wherefore, we cry out: O Almighty Lord, glory to Thee.

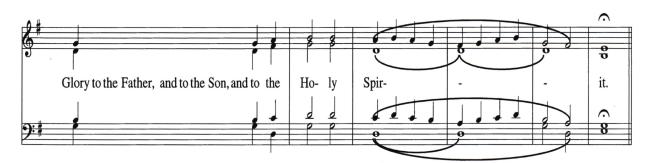
Stichos: O praise the Lord, all ye nations;/ praise Him all ye peoples.

O compassionate Christ, Who didst create man with Thine all-pure hands, Thou didst come to heal the sick: by Thy word Thou didst raise up the paralytic at the Sheep's Pool, didst heal the ailment of the woman with an issue of blood, didst have mercy on the afflicted daughter of the Canaanite woman, and didst not spurn the plea of the centurion. Wherefore, we cry out: O Almighty Lord, glory to Thee.

Stichos: For He hath made His mercy to prevail over us,/ and the truth of the Lord abideth forever.

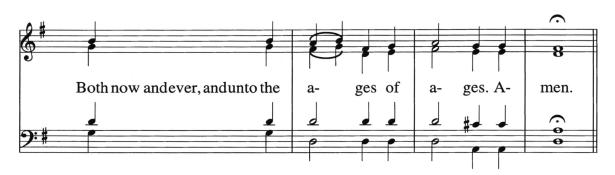
Seeing Thee, the paralytic, who was like an unburied corpse, cried out: "Have mercy on me, O Lord, for my bed hath become a coffin for me. Of what profit is life for me? I have no need of the Sheep's Pool, for I never have anyone to cast me into it when the waters are troubled. But I approach Thee, the Source of healings, that with all I may cry out to Thee: O Lord, glory to Thee!"

Glory, in Tone V



Jesus went up to the Sheep's Pool at Jerusalem, which is called in Hebrew Bethesda, and which had five porches; therein a multitude of the infirm did lie, for an angel of God, descending at all seasons, troubled the water, and imparted healing to those who approached it with faith. Seeing a man who had lain there a long time, He said unto him: "Dost thou desire to be healed?" The afflicted one answered: "Lord, I have no man who, when the water is troubled, will cast me into the pool. I have given all my property to physicians, and it hath not been granted me to receive mercy." But the Physician of souls and bodies said to him: "Take up thy bed and walk, proclaiming My power and great mercy to the ends of the earth!"

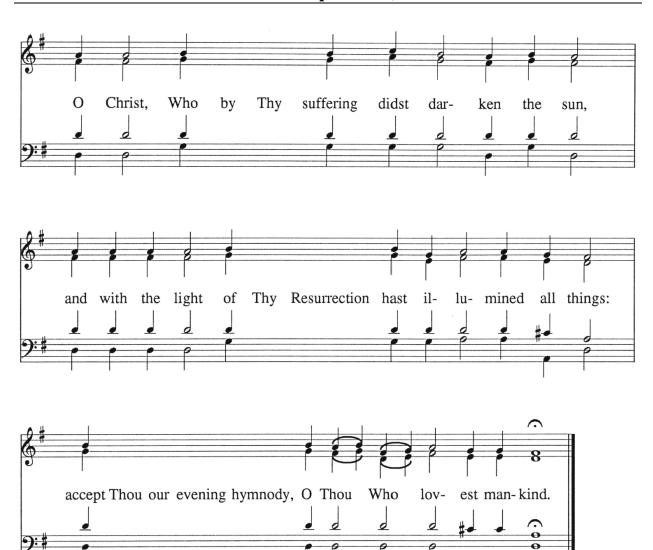
Both Now, in Tone III



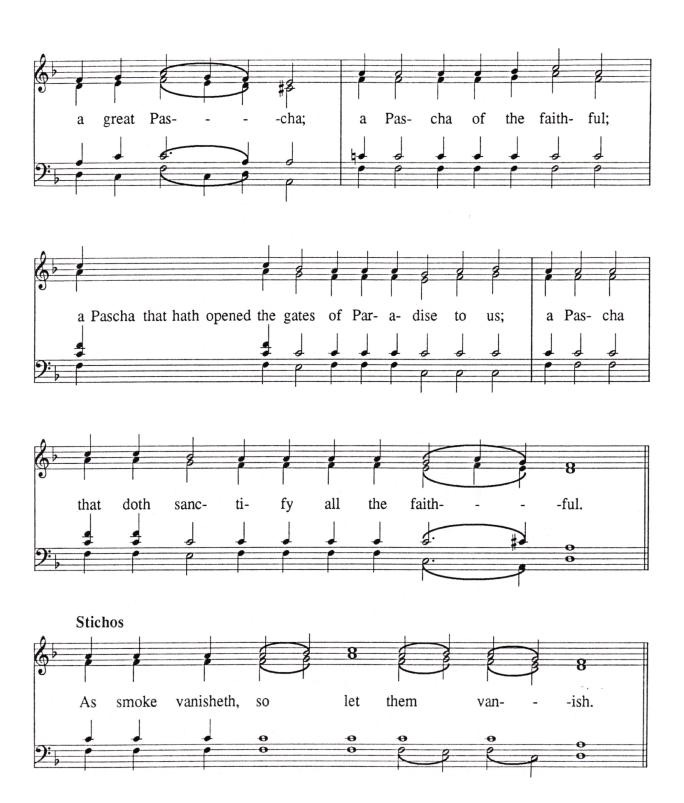
Dogmatic Theotokion, in Tone III

<u>How</u> can we not <u>mar</u>vel/ at thy <u>giv</u>ing birth to the God-man, O all-<u>hon</u>ored one./ For with-<u>out</u> having accepted the temptation of a man, O all im<u>mac</u>ulate one,/ without a <u>fa</u>ther thou gavest birth in the <u>flesh</u> to a Son/ Who was be<u>got</u>ten without a mother before the <u>ages</u>,/ with<u>out</u> His undergoing change, confusion or di<u>vision</u>,/ yet pre<u>ser</u>ving intact the character of both <u>es</u>sences./ <u>Where</u>fore, O Virgin Mother and <u>Mis</u>tress,/ en<u>treat</u> Him, that the souls of those who in Orthodox <u>man</u>ner// confess thee to be the Theo<u>to</u>kos be saved.

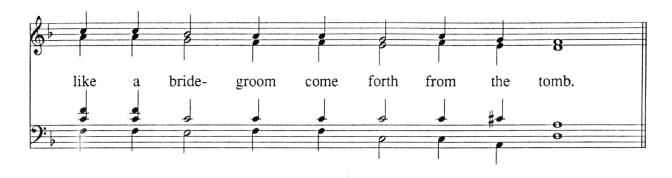
Sticheron of the Aposticha, in Tone III

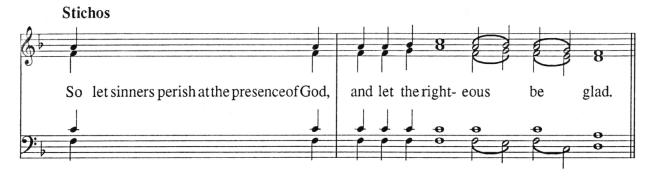


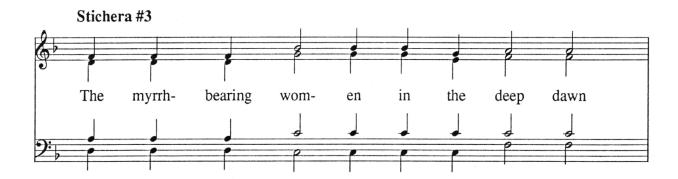


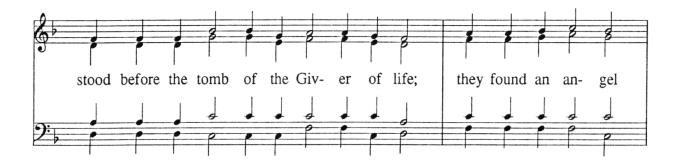


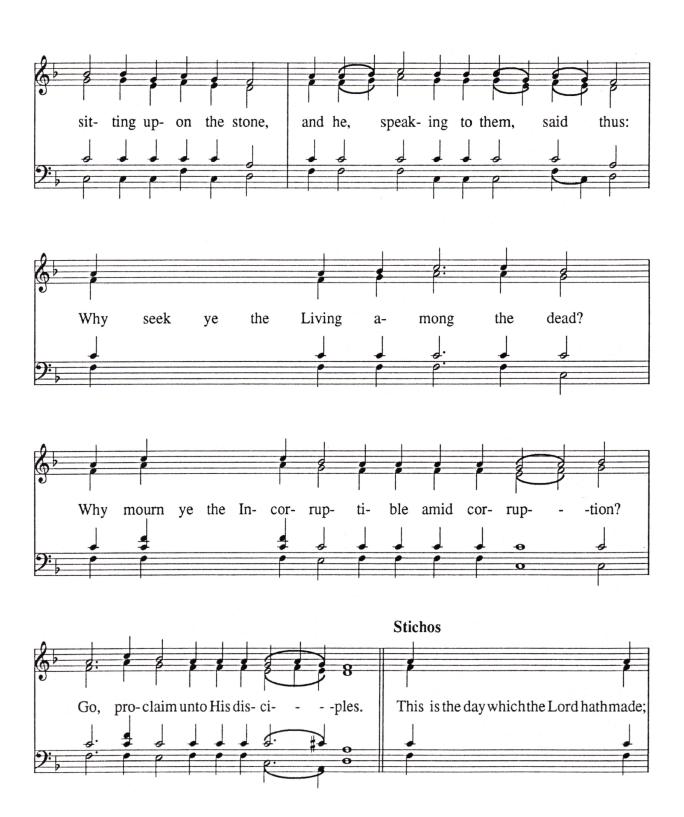


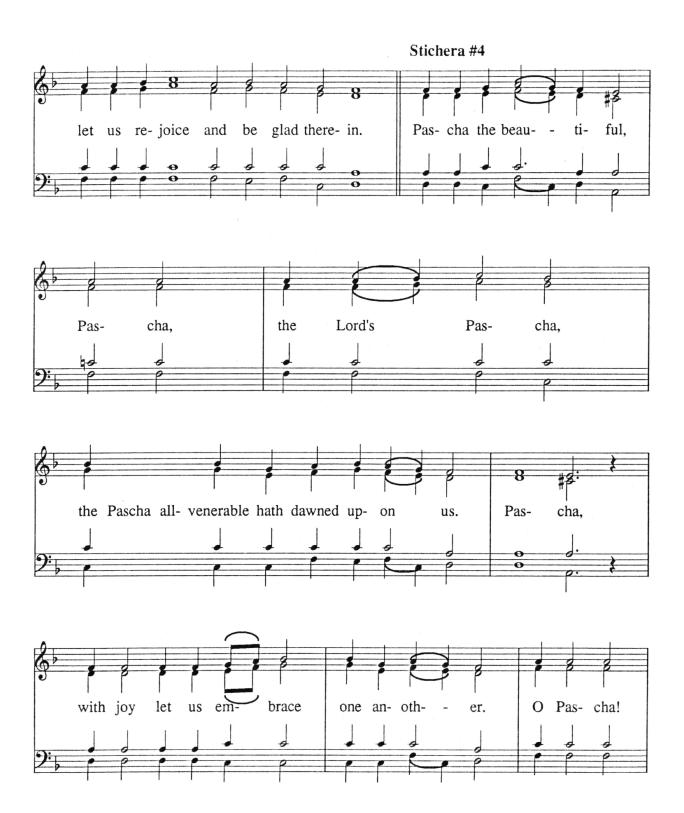


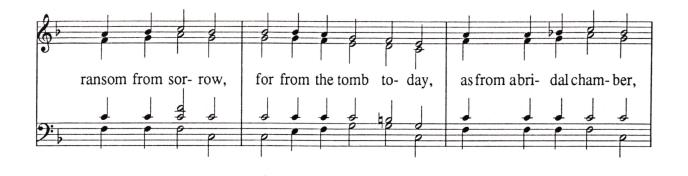


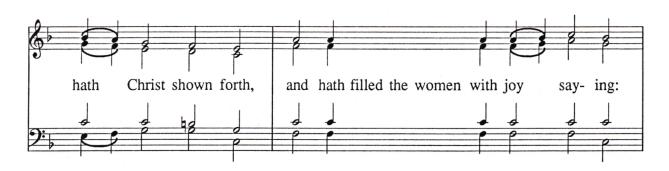


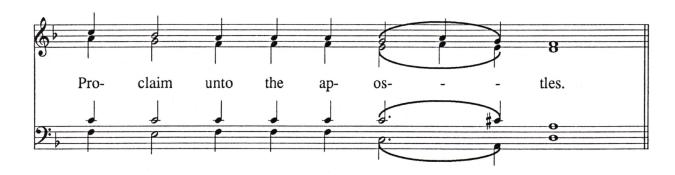




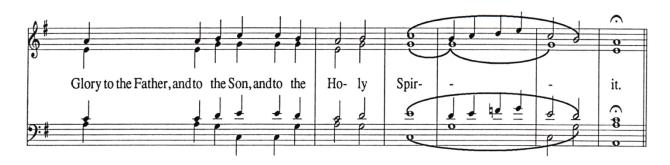




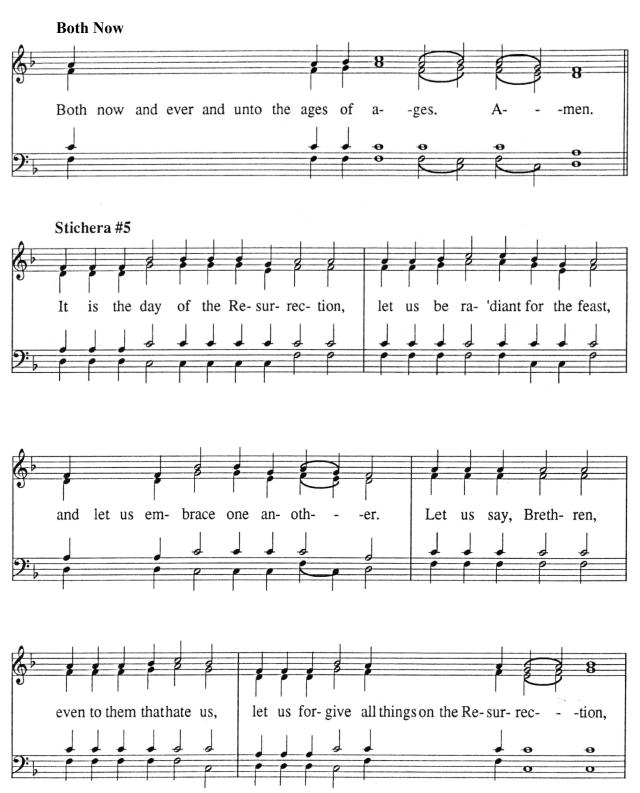


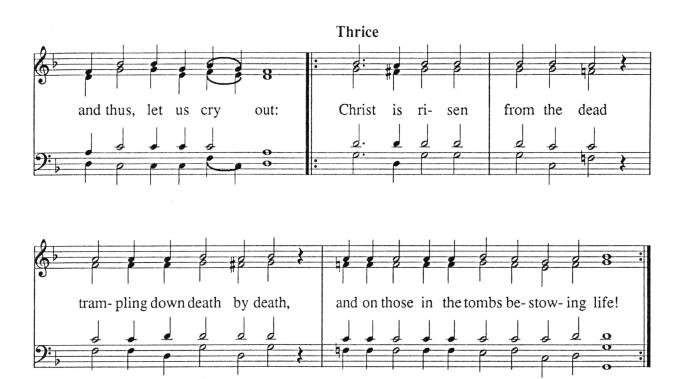


Glory, Tone VIII



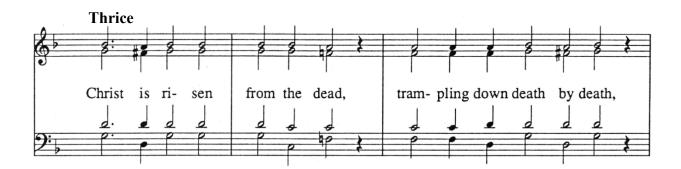
In the porch of Solomon lay a multitude of the infirm;/ and at the time of the Mid-feast Christ found a man who had lain paralyzed for thirty-eight years,/ and said to him with a commanding voice:/ "Dost thou desire to be healed?"/ The afflicted one answered:/ "Lord, I have no man to cast me into the pool when the water is troubled."/ And He said to him:/ "Take up thy bed, and walk./ Behold, thou art well. Sin no more."/ Through the supplications of the Theotokos,// send down upon us great mercy.

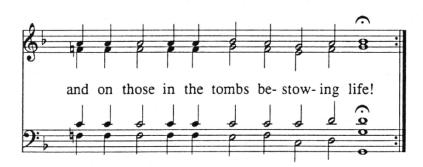




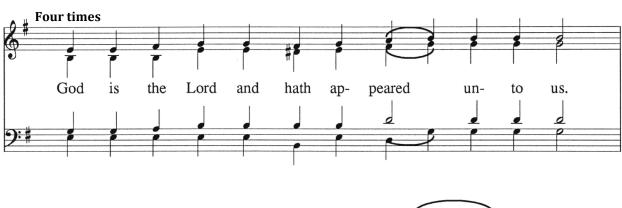
Matins

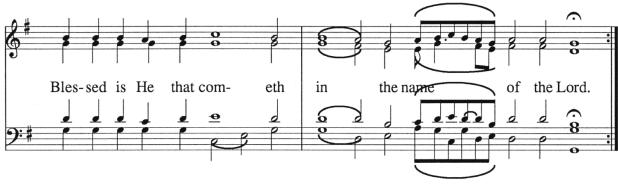
Christ is Risen



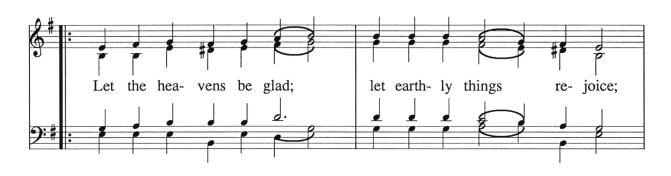


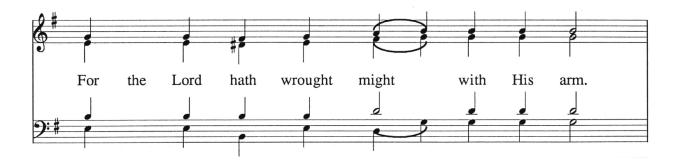
God is the Lord, in Tone III





Troparion of the Resurrection, in Tone III







Resurrectional Theotokion, in Tone III

We hymn thee who hast mediated the sal <u>va</u> tion of our race,/ O Virgin Theo <u>to</u> kos;/ for thy Son and our <u>God</u> ,/ accepting <u>suf</u> fering on the Cross/ in the flesh He had re <u>ceived</u> of thee,/ hath delivered us from cor <u>rup</u> tion,// in that <u>He</u> is the <u>Lov</u> er <u>of</u> mankind.

First Sessional Hymns, in Tone III

Christ hath arisen from the dead, the first-fruits of those who have fallen asleep, the firstborn of creation, the Creator of all that existeth; and in Himself He hath restored the nature of our race which had become corrupt. No longer dost thou have dominion, O death, for the Master of all hath destroyed thy realm!

Stichos: Arise, O Lord my God, let Thy hand be lifted high; forget not Thy paupers to the end.

Having tasted the fruit of death, O Lord, Thou didst cut off the bitterness of death by Thine arising, and hast strengthened man against it, revoking the defeat of the primal curse. O Lord, Defender of our life, glory be to Thee!

Glory..., Now and ever..., Theotokion:

Awed by the beauty of thy virginity and thine all-radiant purity, Gabriel, marvelling, cried out to thee, O Theotokos: "What praise can I bring which is worthy of thee? What shall I call thee?" I am at a loss and filled with awe! Wherefore, as I have been commanded, I cry unto thee: "Rejoice, O thou who art full of grace!"

Second Sessional Hymns, in Tone III

Special Melody: Awed by the beauty

Terrified of Thine immutable divinity and voluntary suffering, O Lord, hell lamented to itself; saying: "I tremble before a Being of incorrupt flesh; I behold One invisible, Who mystically contendeth against me. Wherefore, I hold fast to those who cry: Glory to Thy resurrection, O Christ!"

Stichos: I will confess Thee, O Lord, with my whole heart, I will tell of all Thy wonders.

O ye faithful, let us theologize concerning the incomprehensibility of the crucifixion, the ineffability of the resurrection, the unspeakable mystery; for today death and hell have been made captive, and the human race hath been clothed in incorruption. Wherefore, giving thanks, we cry unto Thee: Glory to Thine arising, O Christ!

Glory..., Now and ever..., Theotokion:

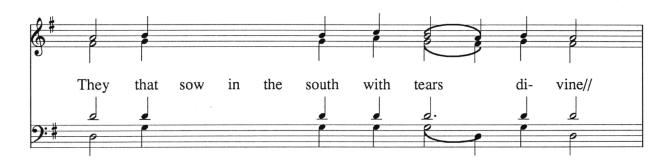
O Theotokos, thou didst mystically contain in thy womb the Unapproachable and Uncircumscribable One, Who is consubstantial with the Father and the Spirit, and through thy birthgiving we have learned to glorify in the world the one and unconfused power of the Trinity. Wherefore, with thanksgiving we cry out to thee: Rejoice, O thou who art full of grace!

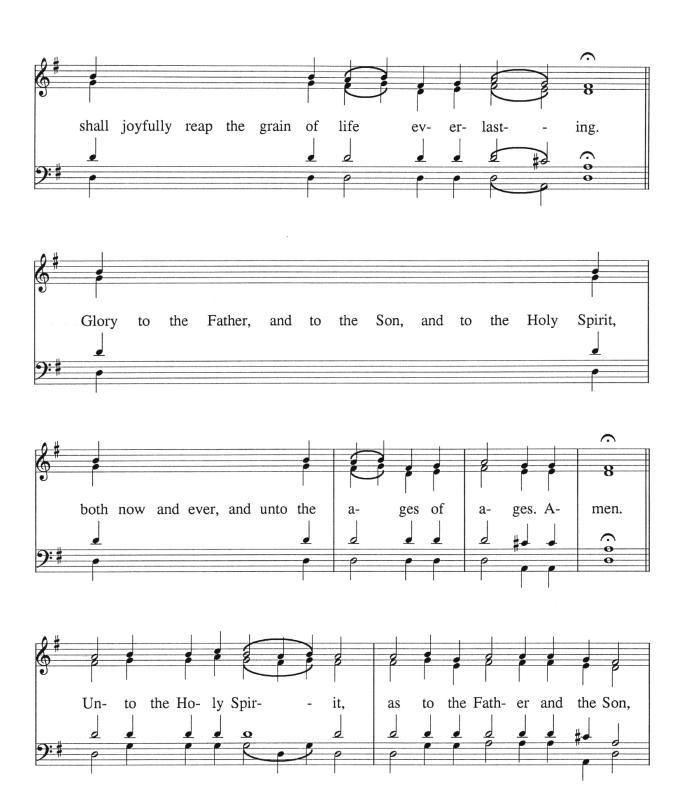
Hypacoï, in Tone III

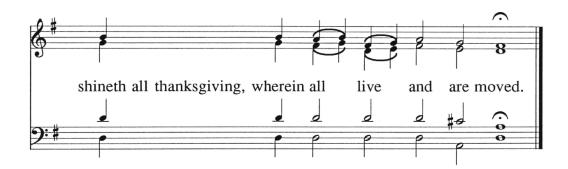
Amazing the myrrh-bearing women by the sight of Him, and refreshing them by his words, the radiant angel said to them: "Why seek ye the Living in the tomb? He Who hath emptied the graves hath arisen! Understand the Changer of corruption to be immutable! Say ye unto God: How awesome are Thy works, for Thou hast saved the human race!"

Hymns of Ascent, in Tone III

Antiphon I captivity Thou didst Simove the of on Babfrom Word:// way lon, 0 \odot 8 Draw me also forth from sions the life. pasunto







Antiphon II

If the <u>Lord</u> buildeth not the house of the <u>vir</u>tues,/ in <u>vain</u> do we <u>la</u>bor;/ and when the <u>Spi</u>rit pro<u>tec</u>teth it,// no one will destroy our <u>city</u>.

<u>Through</u> the Spirit are the saints ever adopted by <u>Thee</u>, O Christ,// as the fruit of <u>Thee</u> and the Father.

Glory..., Both now...

<u>Through</u> the Holy Spirit are all holiness and <u>wis</u>dom perceived;/ for He <u>bring</u>eth every created thing into ex<u>ist</u>ence./ <u>Him</u> do we worship, for <u>He</u> is God,// like the <u>Fa</u>ther <u>and</u> the Word.

Antiphon III

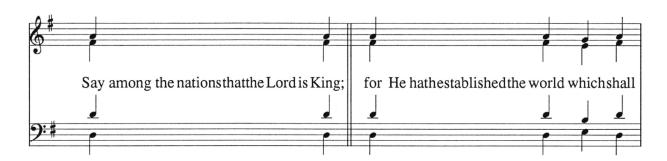
<u>Bles</u>sed are they who <u>fear</u> the Lord,/ who <u>walk</u> the path of the com<u>mand</u>ments;// for they shall eat of all the fruits of life.

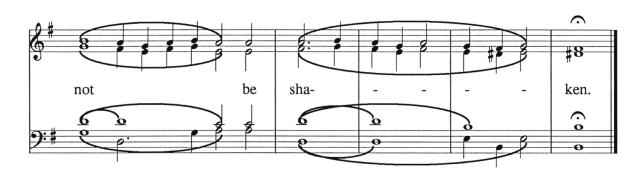
Be Thou glad, O Chief Shepherd,/ beholding Thine offspring round about Thy <u>table</u>,// bearing the branches of goodly works.

Glory..., Both now...

From the Holy <u>Spi</u>rit are all the riches of <u>glo</u>ry;/ from <u>Him</u> are grace and life for every creation:// for He is hymned with the <u>Fa</u>ther and the Word.

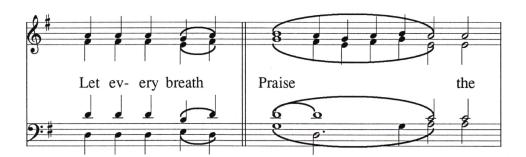
Prokeimenon, in Tone III

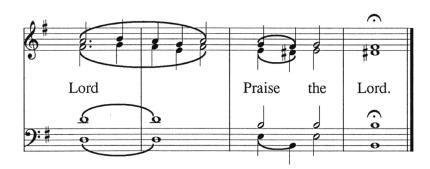




Say among the nations that the Lord is king; for He hath established the world, which shall not be shaken.

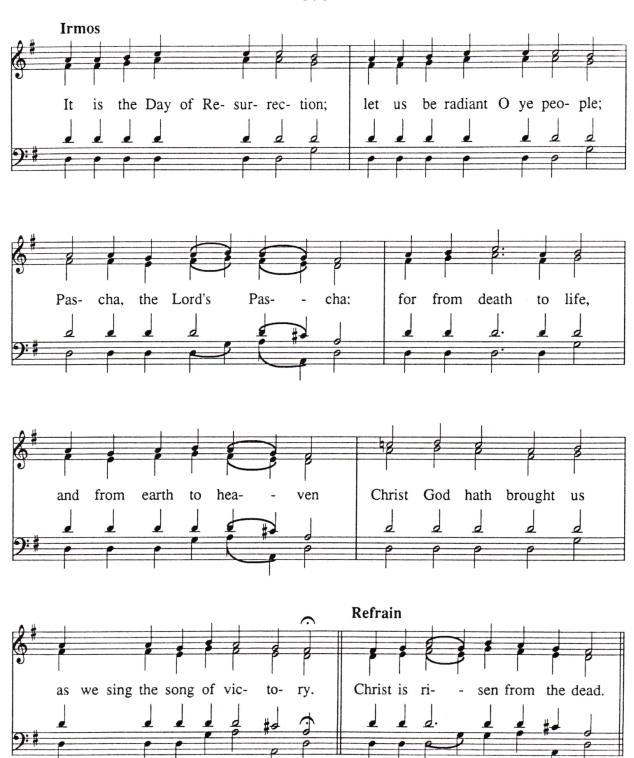
Stichos: O sing unto the Lord a new song.

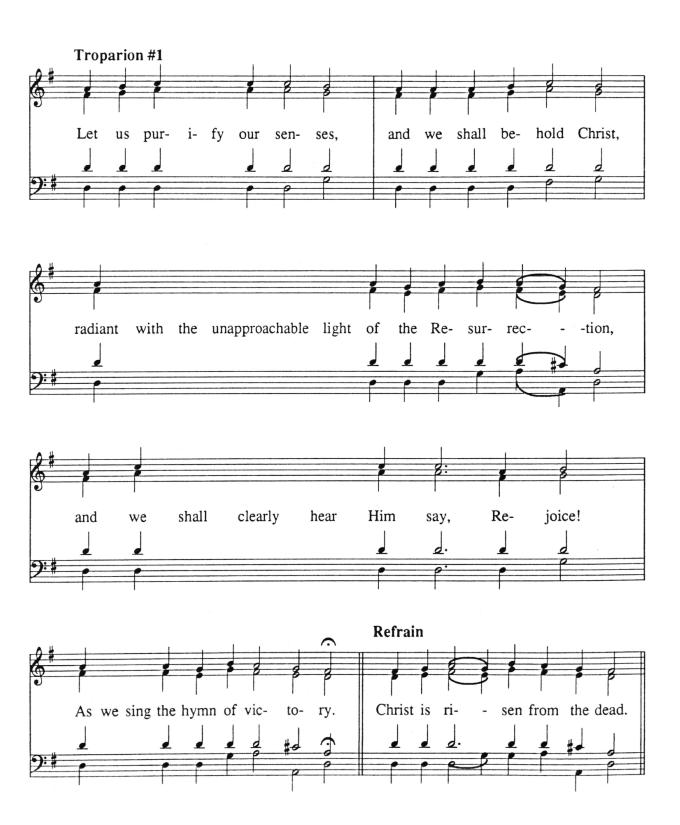


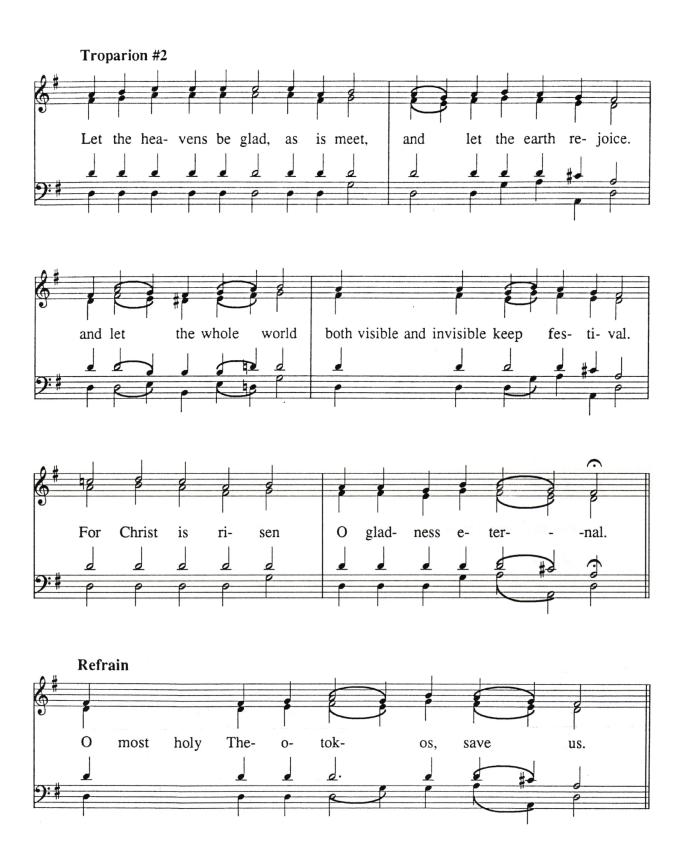


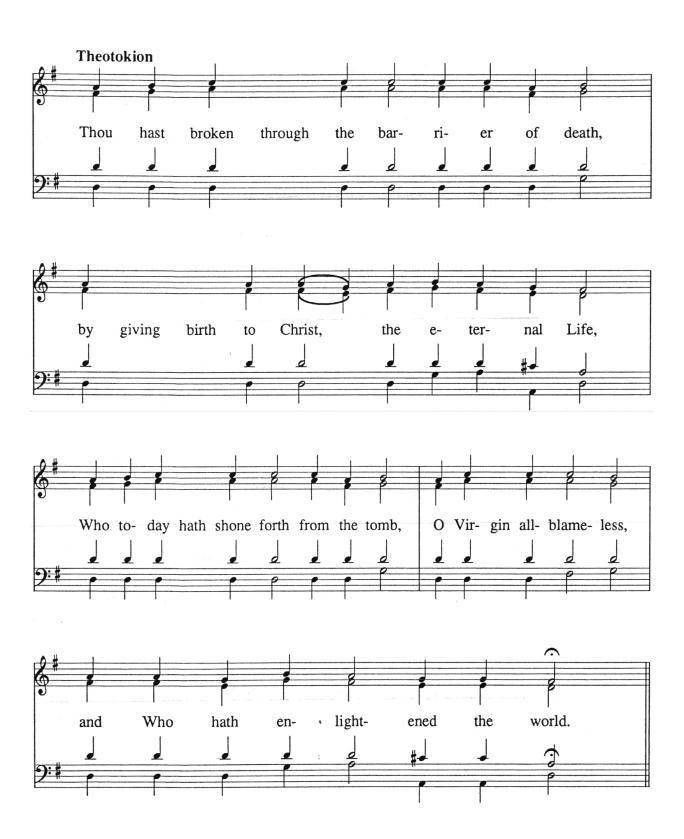
Matins Gospel 4, Luke §112 (24:1-12)

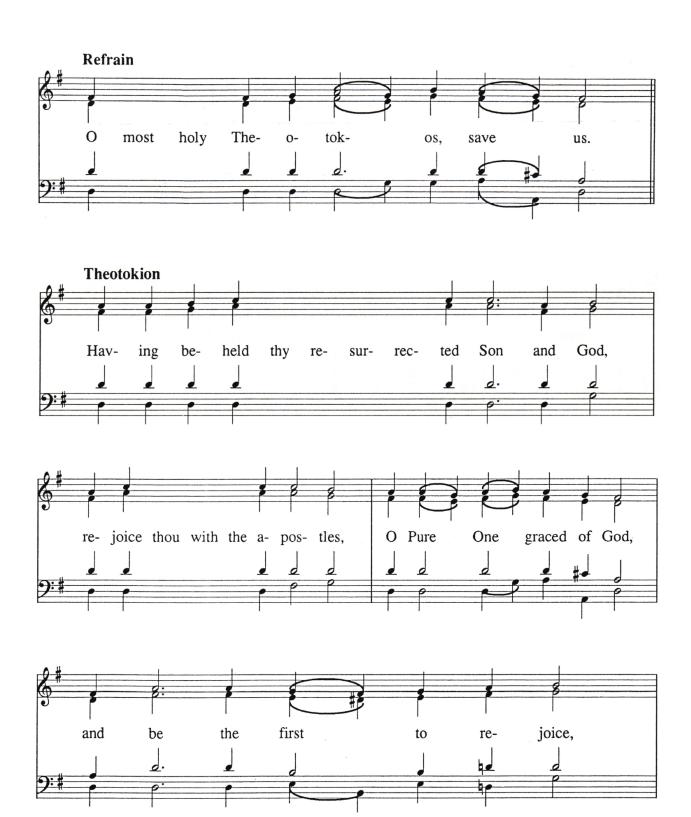
Ode I

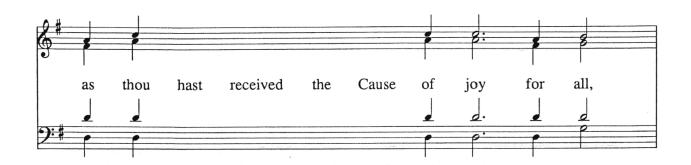


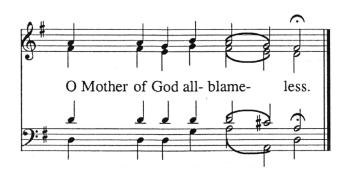












Irmos: Thou, O God, art He Who wondrously and gloriously wrought miracles, Who made the deep land, Who engulfed the chariots, and saved tl1e people who sang unto Thee as our King and God.

O King Who alone workest signs and wonders, in that Thou art compassionate, Thou didst of Thine own will endure crucifixion; and having slain death by Thy death, Thou hast brought life to us.

O ye people, with faith let us join chorus today for the arising of Christ. Hades hath been made captive. The prisoners it held it hath surrendered with haste, and they hymn the mighty works of God.

With divine power, O Christ, Thou didst once restore the paralytic by Thy word. O Thou Who didst command him to take up his bed, heal also my soul which hath long been grievously sick.

At times, the angel would descend into the Sheep's Pool and heal one man at a certain season; but by divine baptism Christ now cleanseth countless multitudes.

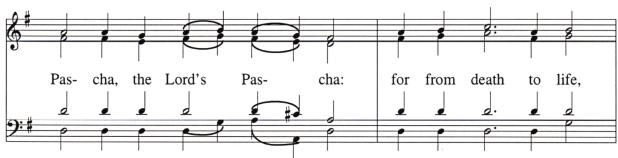
To the Archangel Michael: O leader of the angels, supreme commander of the servants of the Most High: from all temptations protect and preserve those who have gathered in thine honored church and chant hymns to God.

Triadicon: With the incorporeal ones let us unceasingly hymn the unoriginate God in three Persons but a single Nature - the Father, the Son, and the Spirit, Who hath indivisible kingship and dominion.

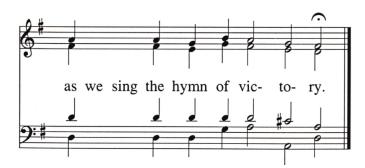
Theotokion: O pure one, from misfortunes, barbarian captivity, civil strife, the sword, and every other threat, do thou save this, thy city, which ever honoreth thee with faith.

Katavasia - Ode I

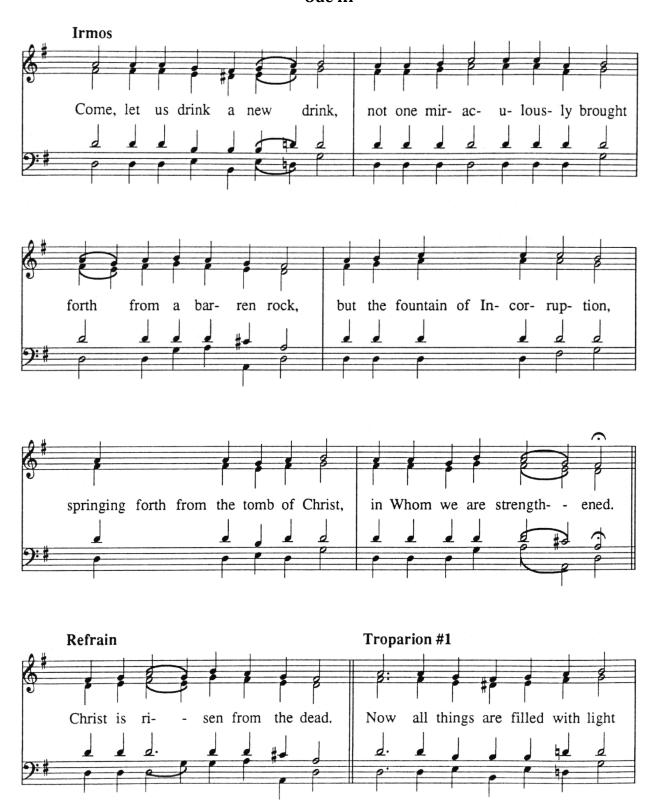


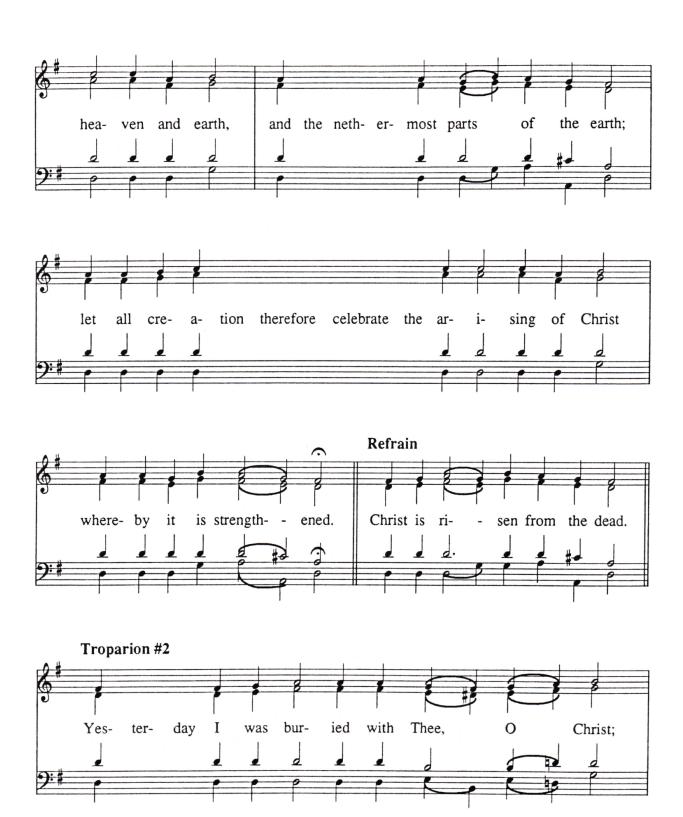




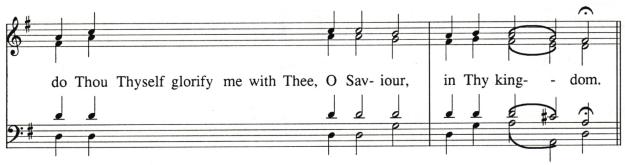


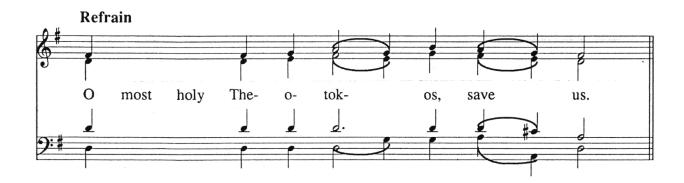
Ode III

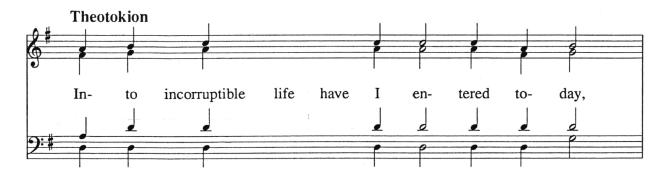


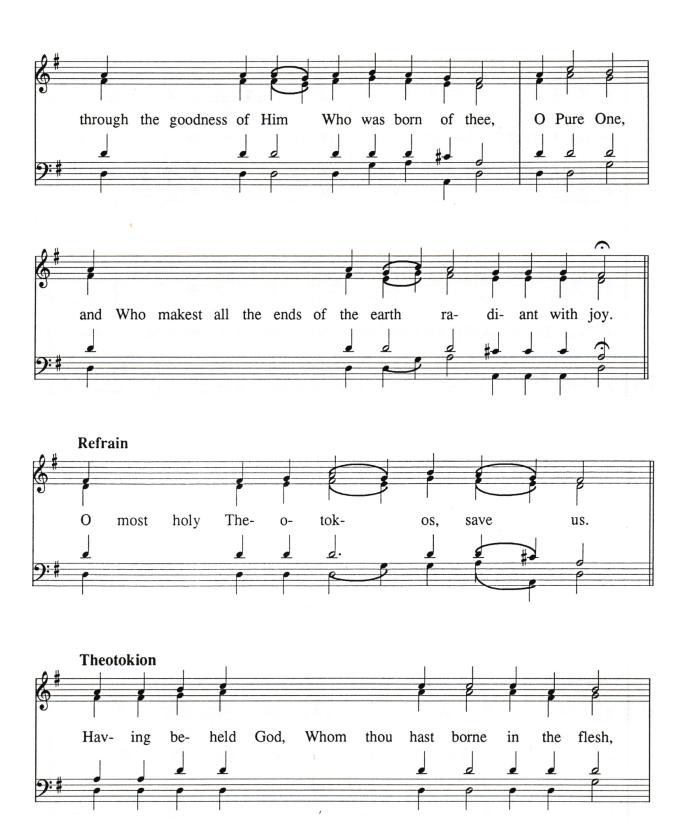


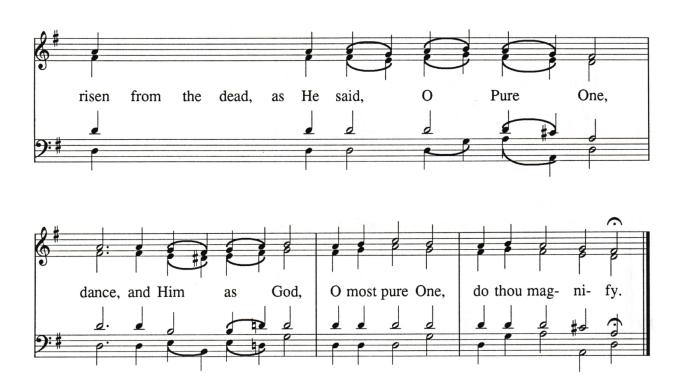












Irmos: O barren and sterile soul, acquire thou right glorious fruit, and cry out in gladness: I have been made steadfast by Thee, O God! There is none so holy or so righteous as Thou, O Lord!

Once, the sun, seeing Thee hanging upon the Tree, O Word, hid its light; and the whole earth trembled; and the dead arose when Thou wast dead, O Almighty One.

When with Thy soul Thou didst come into the belly of the earth, hades quickly surrendered the souls it had acquired, who cried out a hymn of thanksgiving to Thy dominion, O only Lord.

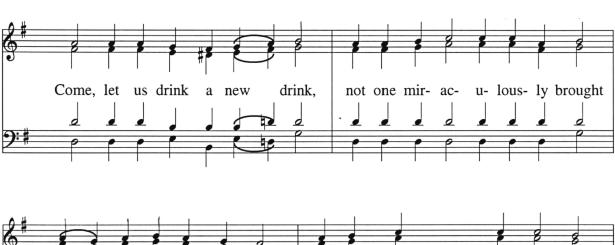
O All-good One, heal Thou my soul, which hath lain grievously sick for many years, as before Thou didst heal the paralytic, that I may follow Thy steps, which Thou hast shown to those who love Thee.

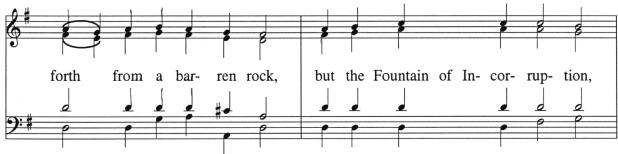
To the Archangel Michael: With the ranks on high make entreaty for those who hymn thee with faith, O archangel of God, keeping and preserving us who have fallen under life's passions.

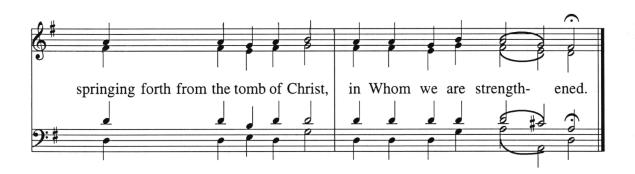
Triadicon: Let us cry out: "Glory to the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit!" for God is One in essence, Whom all the heavenly hosts glorify with fear, crying: Holy, Holy, Holy art Thou!

Theotokion: Thou didst experience a seedless conception and a birthgiving past understanding, O pure Virgin Mother. This is a wonder most great, honored by the angels and glorified by men, O Maiden Mistress.

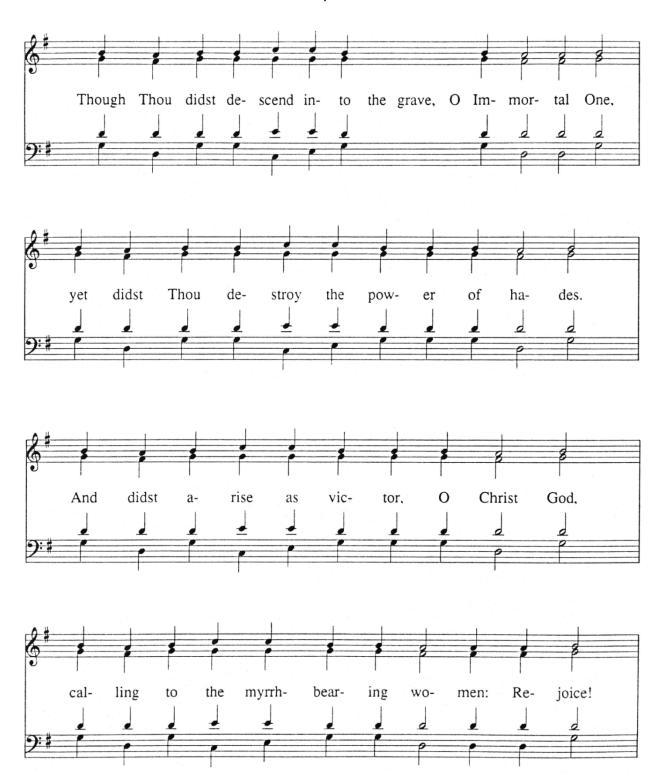
Katavasia - Ode III

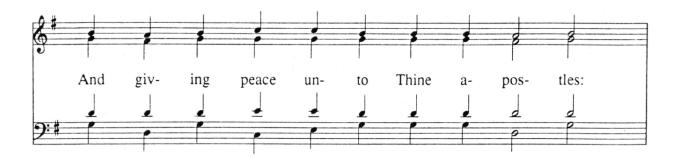






Kontakion, in Tone VIII

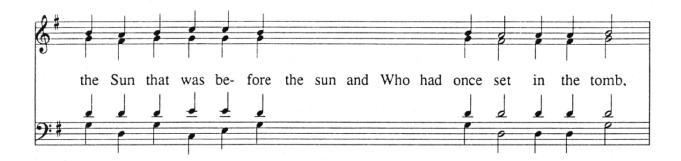






Ikos









Sessional hymn, in Tone III

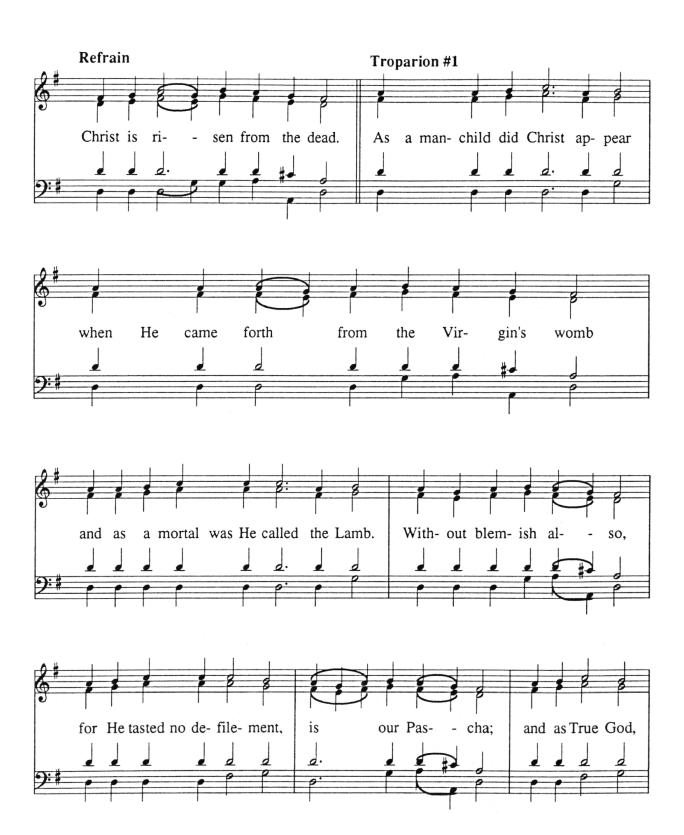
Special Melody: Awed by the beauty...

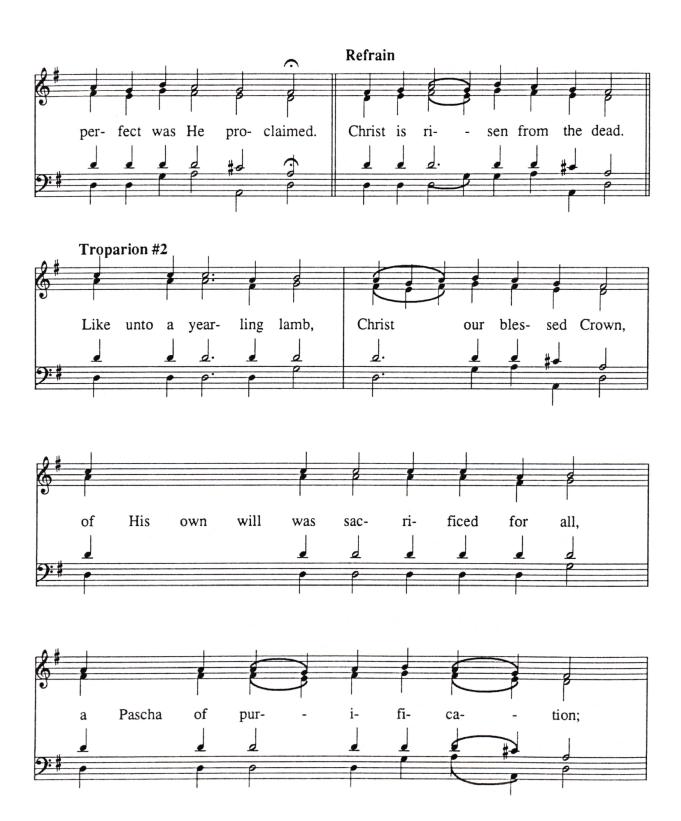
A word alone healed the paralytic, for it was the universal and singular word of Him Who in His compassion appeared on earth for our sake; wherefore, he walked away, bearing his bed, even though the scribes, held fast by the jealousy of wickedness which paralyzeth men's souls, could not bear the sight of what was done.

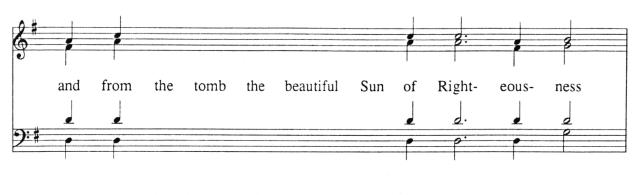
Glory..., Both now...: Theotokion

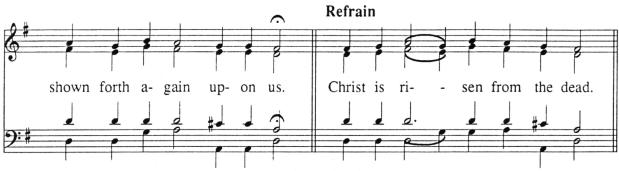
Awed by the beauty of thy virginity and thine all-radiant purity, Gabriel, marveling, cried out to thee, O Theotokos: "What praise can I bring which is worthy of thee? What shall I call thee? I am at a loss and filled with awe! Wherefore, as I have been commanded, I cry unto thee: 'Rejoice, O thou who art full of grace!"

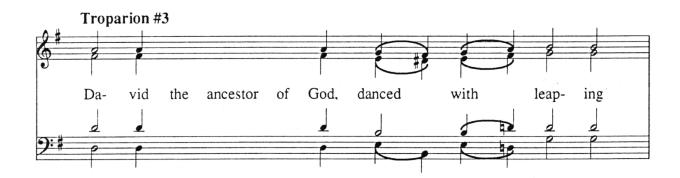




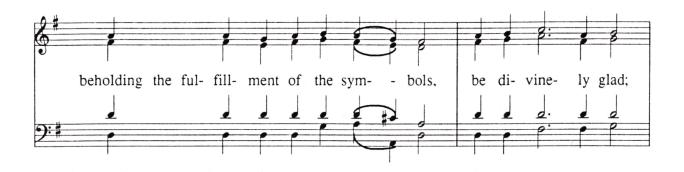


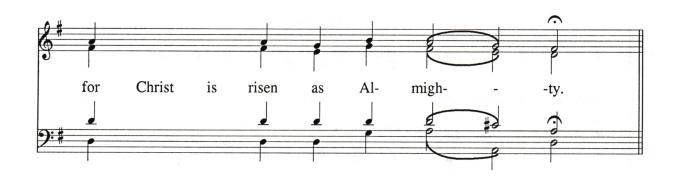


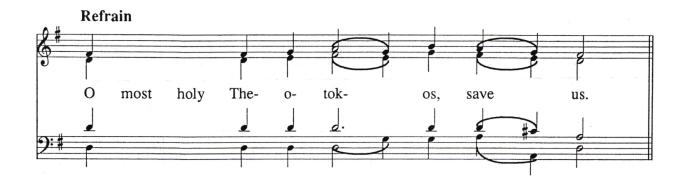


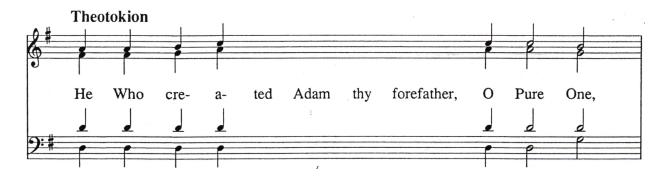


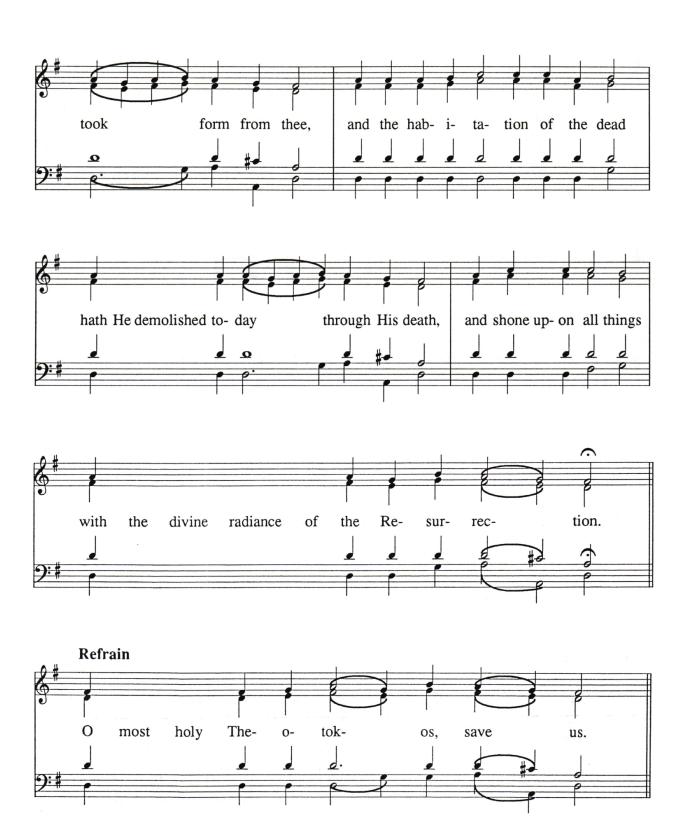


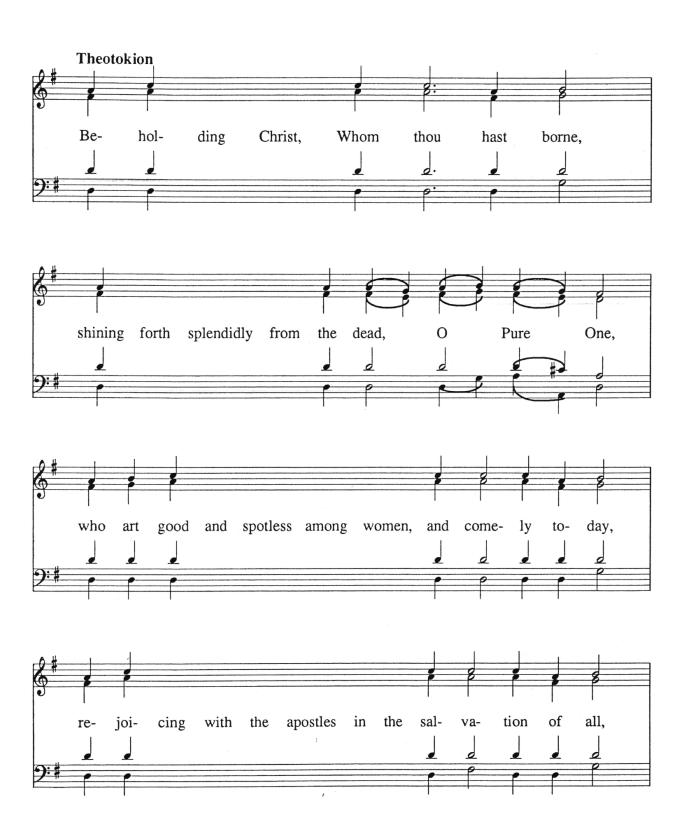


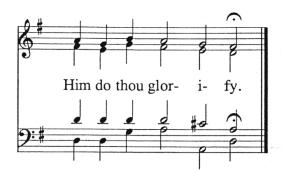












Irmos: O pure one, Habbakuk foresaw thine all-pure womb as a mountain overshadowed; wherefore, he cried aloud: God cometh from Thæman, the Holy One from a mountain overshadowed and densely wooded.

Melting with jealousy, the assembly of the]ews crucified Thee on the Tree, O Lord; but annulling the sentence of death, as One Mighty Thou didst arise, raising up the world with Thyself.

"O ye women with myrrh, why seek ye the inexhaustible Myrrh? He is risen!" the one who sat, clothed in white garments, said to the myrrh-bears, filling the earth with noetic fragrance.

In Thy great compassion Thou didst come, bearing the form of a servant, and didst show forth as healed him who lay ill for many years, O Word; and Thou didst also command him to take up his bed.

The angel of the Lord, descending at a certain season, troubled the water in the pool, healing only one; but Christ saveth a countless multitude through divine baptism.

To the Archangel Michael: O leader of the angels and guide of the lost, chief commander of the Lord, come now into our midst, and bear the entreaties of all to the only Creator and Master.

Triadicon: One in nature and distinct as to Persons is the Holy Trinity — the transcendent Father, the co-eternal Son, and the only holy and omnipotent Spirit.

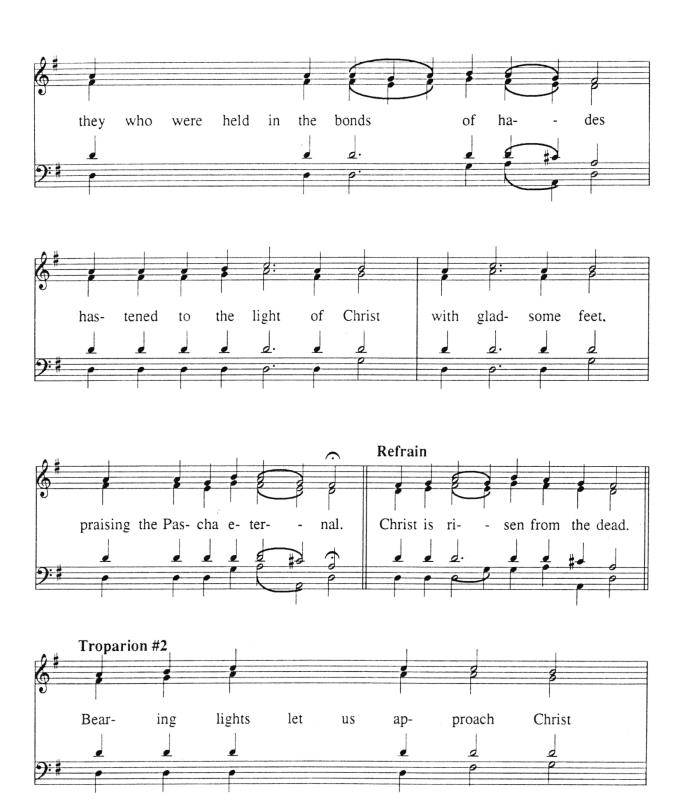
Theotokion: How is it that thou givest suck, O pure one? How hast thou given birth to a Babe Who is more ancient than Adam? How dost thou bear in thine arms a Son Who is borne upon the shoulders of the cherubim? As He knoweth, as He Who hath brought all things into existence understandeth.

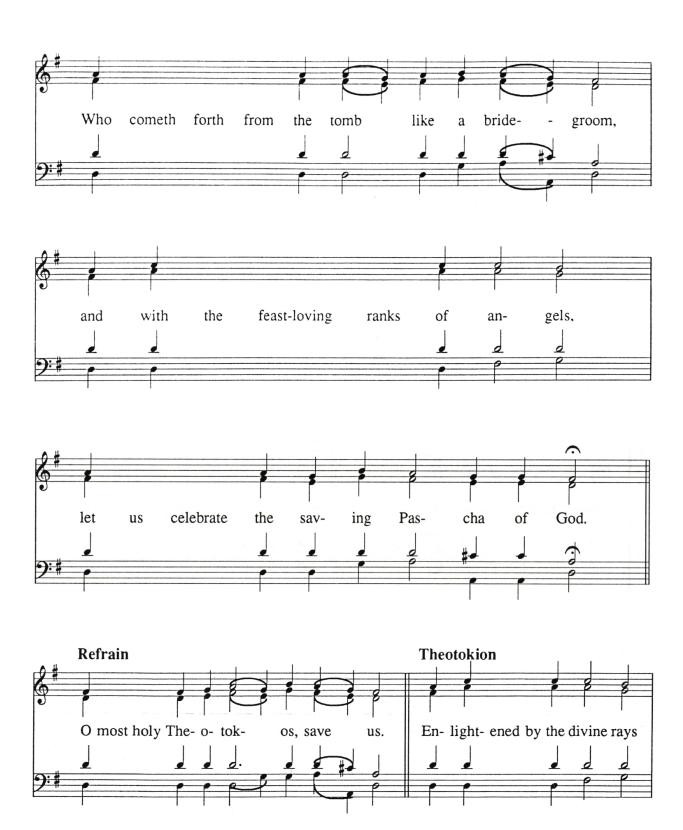
Katavasia - Ode IV

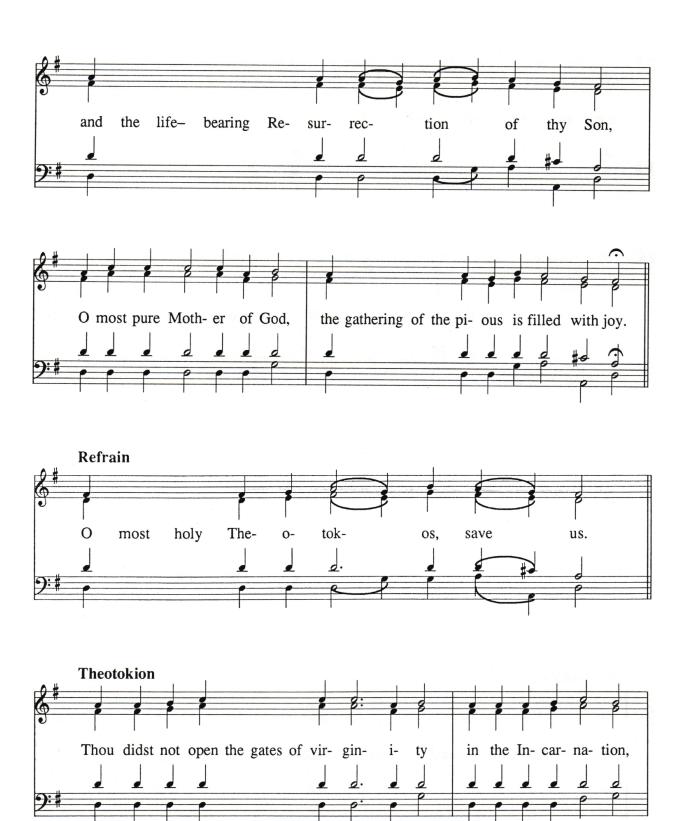














Irmos_: With Thy never-waning light, O Christ God, illumine my lowly soul, and guide me to the fear of Thee, to the light of Thy commandments.

O God Who wast lifted up upon the tree of the Cross, and Who hast raised up the whole world with Thyself, when Thou wast among the dead Thou didst raise up the dead of ages past.

Christ Who hath emptied all the kingdoms of hades is risen, as He said; and He hath appeared to the apostles, granting them everlasting joy.

A radiant angel, clad in white, was seen by the women; and he said: "Weep no longer! Your Life hath risen, imparting life to those dead in the graves."

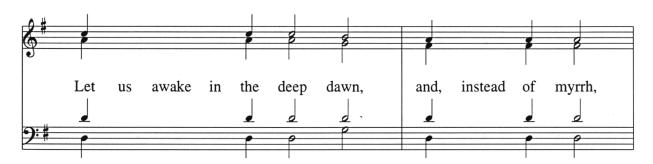
As Thou didst raise up the paralytic, O Christ, heal Tho my soul, which hath been paralyzed by transgressions, and enable me to walk in Thine upright steps.

To the Archangel Michael: O Michael, leader of the angels, save thou those who gather today in thy church and who proclaim the mighty works of God.

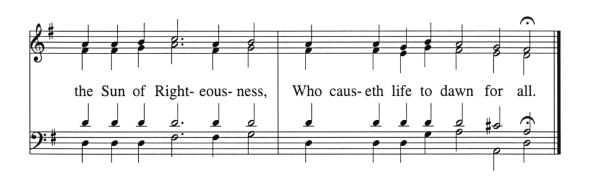
Triadicon: A Unity equal in honor and three in number, faithfully distinguished as to hypostasis, and one in nature, is the Father, the Son and the divine Spirit.

Theotokion: O pure one, we hymn the seedless birth, thine unapproachable Offspring, blessing thee as the Mother of the Creator and Master of all.

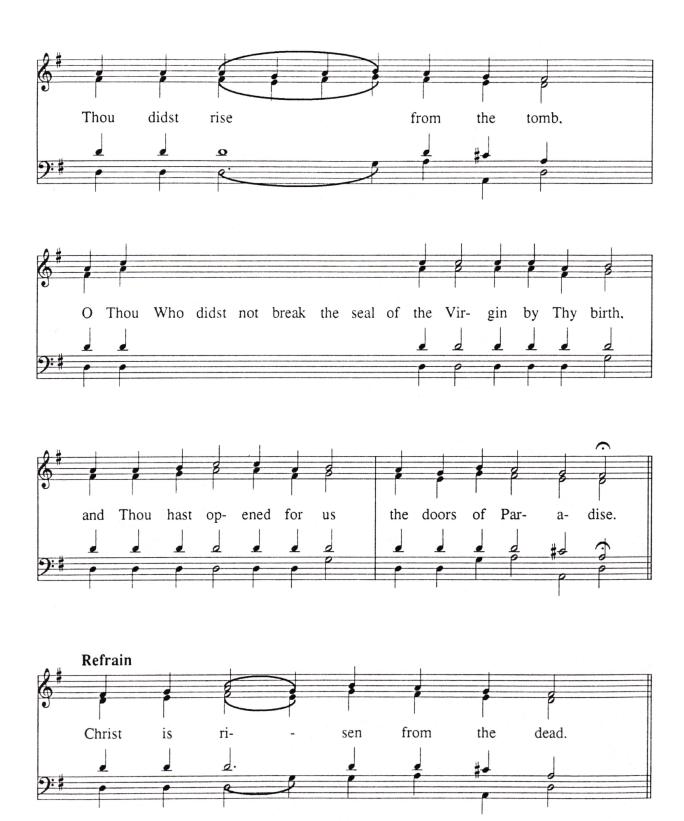
Katavasia - Ode V

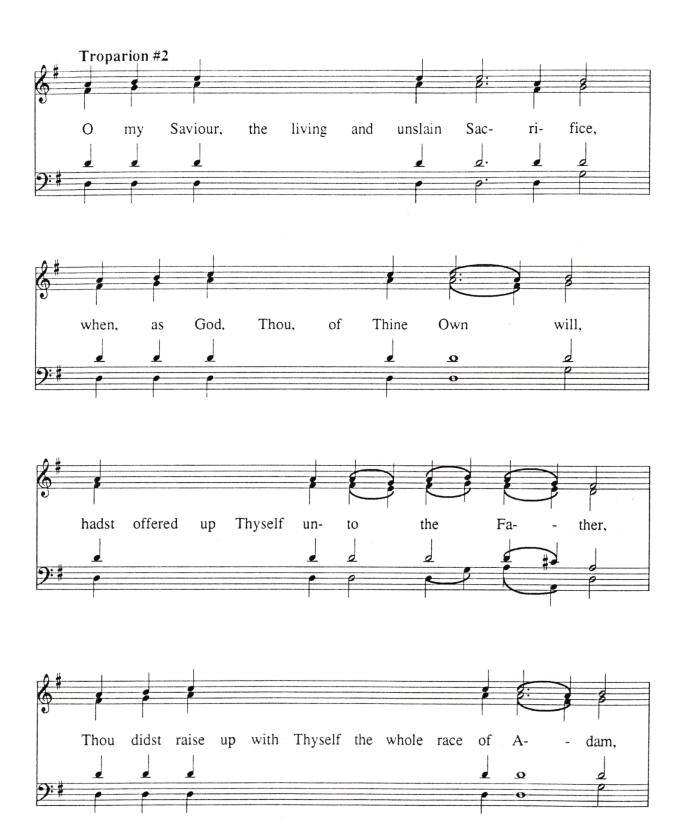


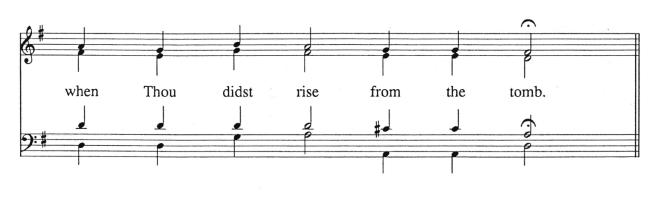


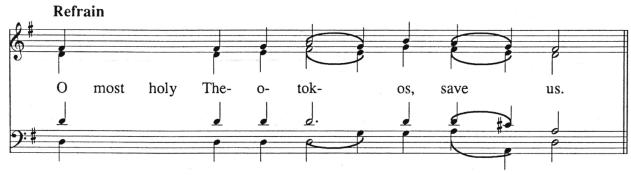




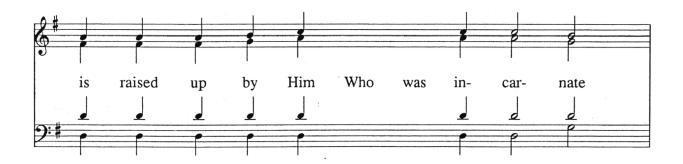


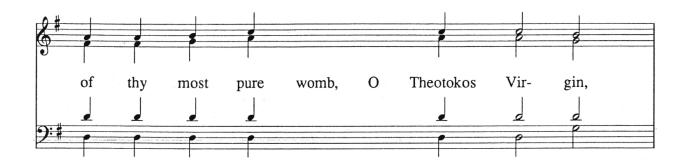


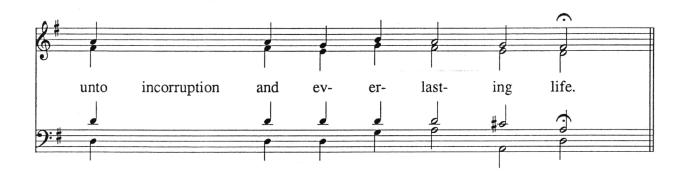


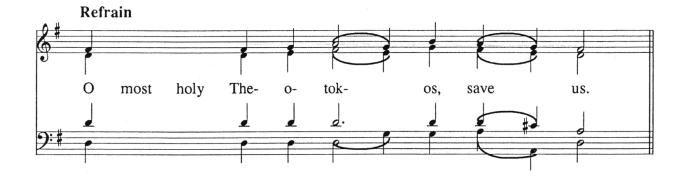


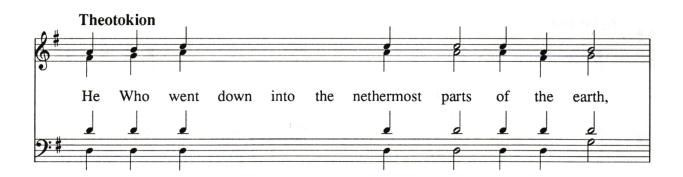


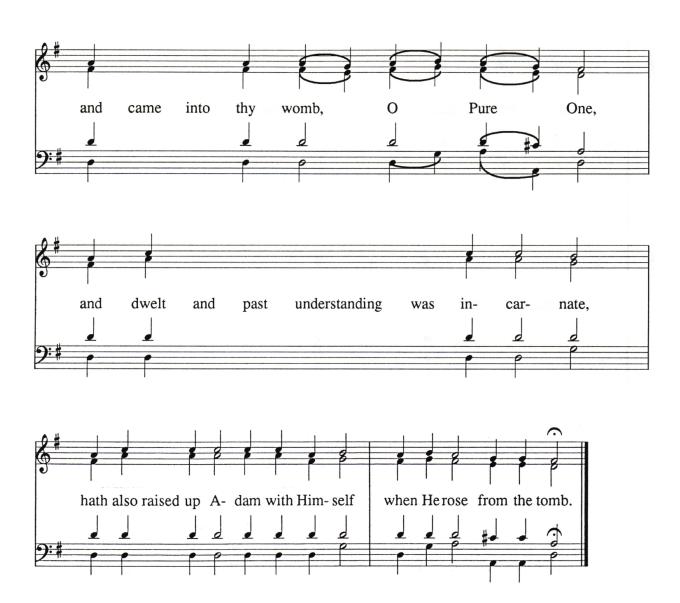












Irmos: The abyss of the passions and the tempest of contrary winds have risen up against me; but going before me, save me, O Savior, and deliver me from corruption, as Thou didst save the prophet from the beast.

O Christ Who of Thine own will wast lifted up upon the Tree, Thou wast laid in the tomb as one dead; and giving life to all the dead in hades Thou didst resurrect them with Thy divine power.

Meeting Thee below, O Compassionate One hades was embittered, quickly surrendering those who were bound, who with never-ceasing voices hymn Thine awesome resurrection, O Savior.

The godly disciples, beholding Christ the Life of all, risen from the tomb, worshipped Him with great love, with uprightness and gladness of soul.

When by Thy command Thou didst heal him who of old lay on a bed of sickness for many years, Christ, he gave glory, hymning Thy compassion, O Bestower of life.

To the Archangel Michael: O Michael, leader of the angels, who standest before the throne of the Master, come among us, guiding to the paths of life those who have acquired thee as a fervent intercessor.

Triadicon: I honor Thee, the Trinity of Persons; and with the dread armies on high I proclaim Thee the Unity in essence, O Father, Son and upright Spirit, O God of all.

Theotokion: He Who upbeareth all things by His divine hand is held in thine arms, O Virgin Theotokos, rescuing us from slavery at the hand of the evil one, in that He is compassionate.

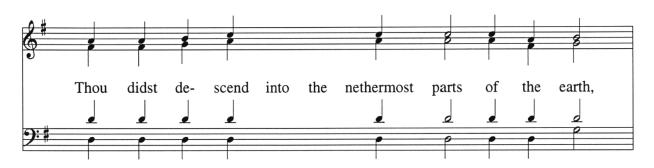
Kontakion of the Paralytic, in Tone III

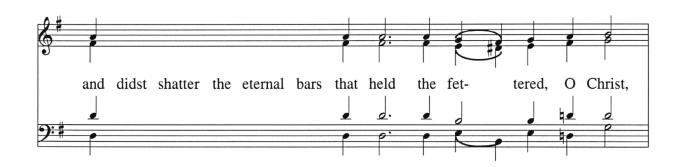
Special Melody: Today the Virgin...

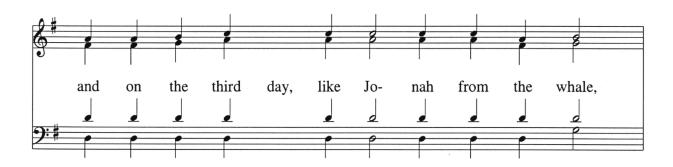
By Thy divine authority, O Lord, raise up my soul, which hath been grievously paralyzed by all manner of sins and unseemly deeds, as of old Thou didst raise up the paralytic, that, saved, I may cry: O compassionate Christ, glory to Thy dominion!

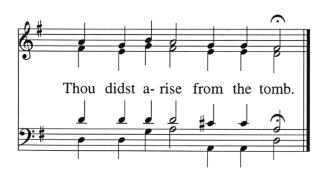
Ikos: O Jesus God, Who holdest the ends of the earth in the palm of Thy hand, O Thou Who with the Father art equally without beginning, and with the Spirit hath equal dominion over all things, Thou didst appear in the flesh, healing infirmities, and didst drive out the passions: Thou didst grant light to the blind, and by Thy divine word didst raise up the paralytic, commanding him to walk immediately and to take his portable bed upon his shoulders. Wherefore, with him we all cry out and sing: O compassionate Christ, glory to Thy dominion!

Katavasia - Ode VI

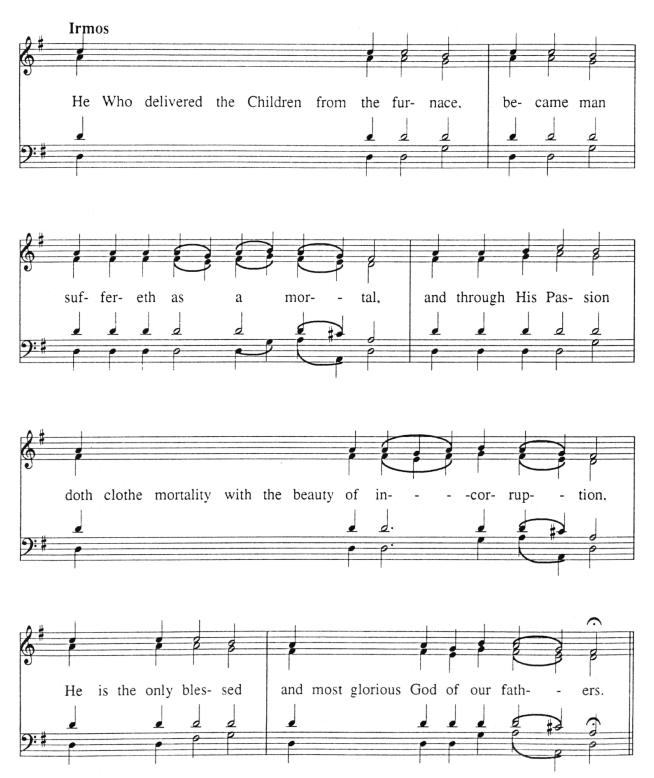


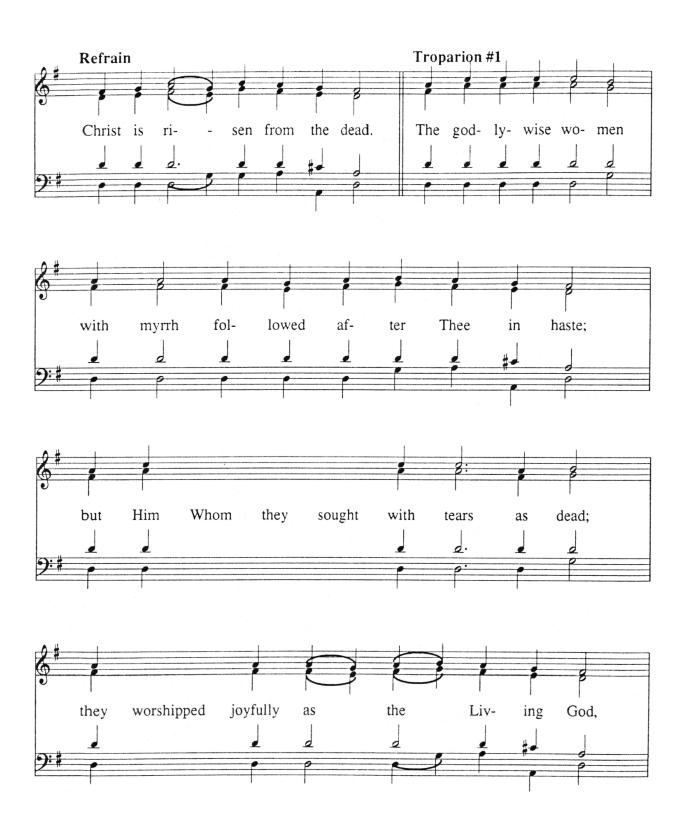


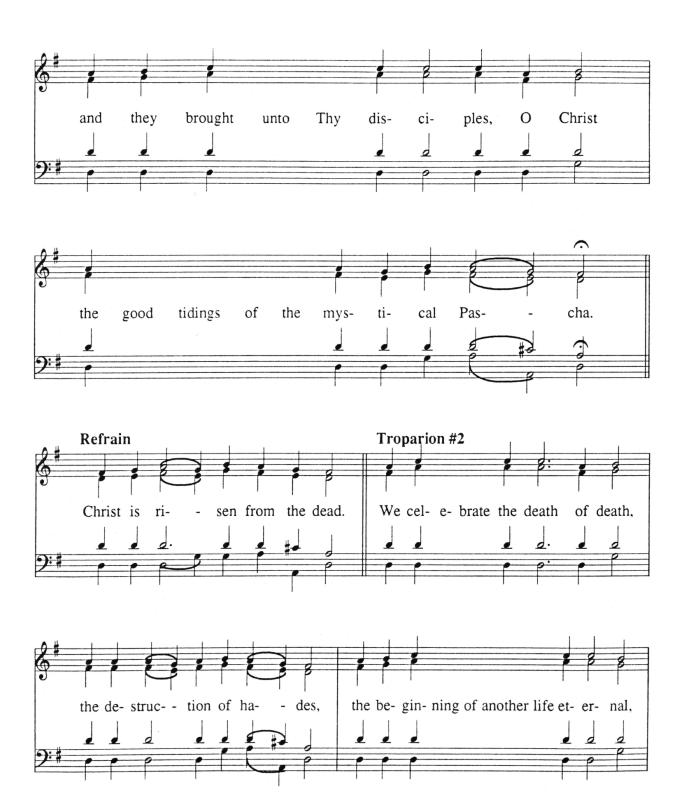


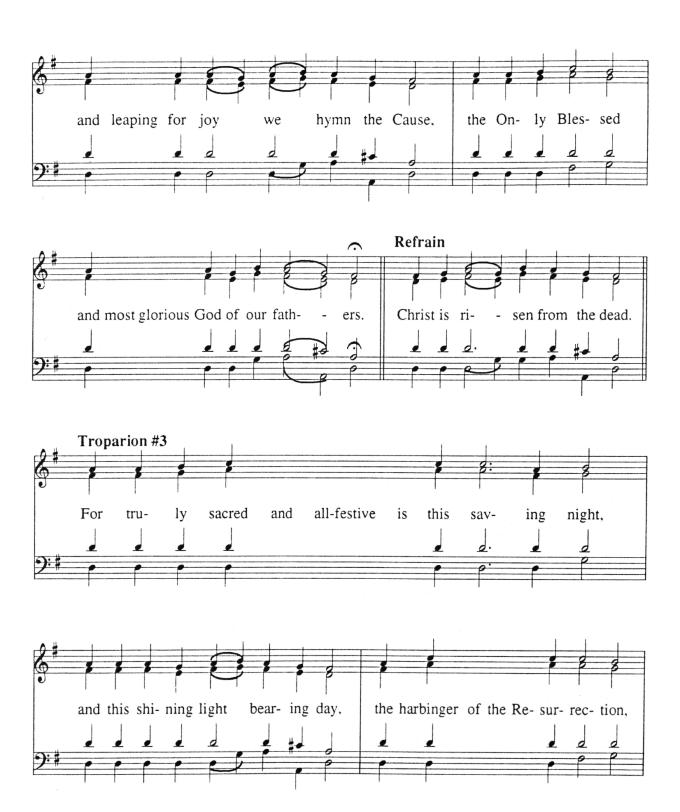


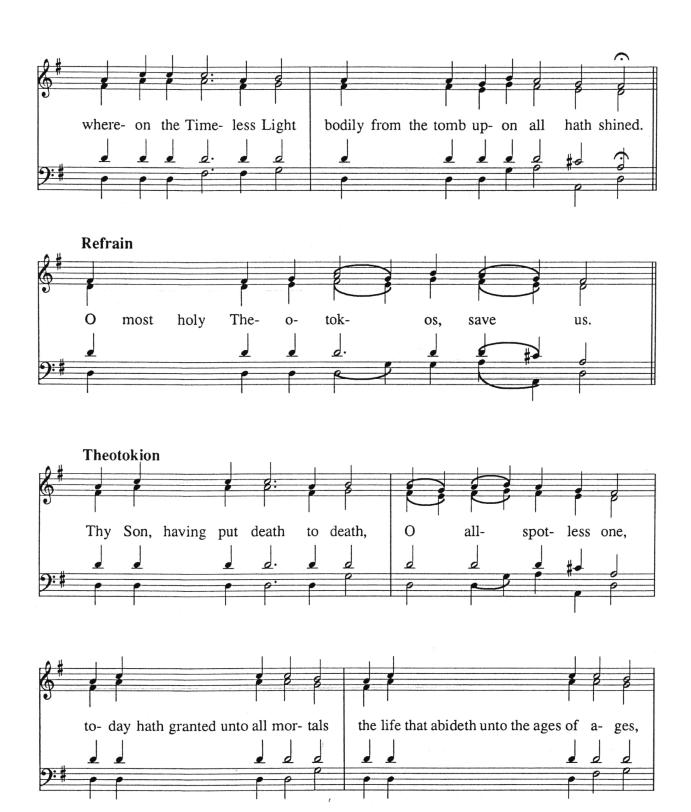
Ode VII

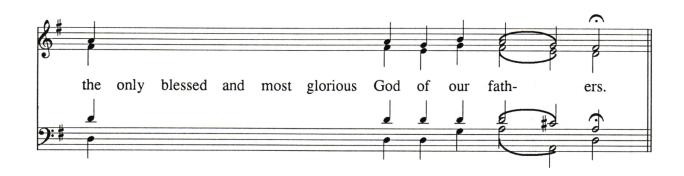


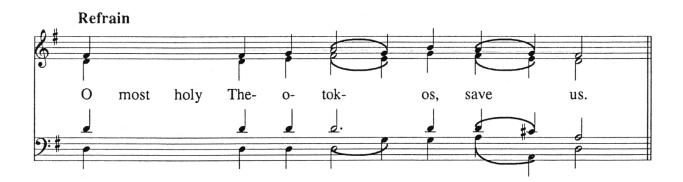


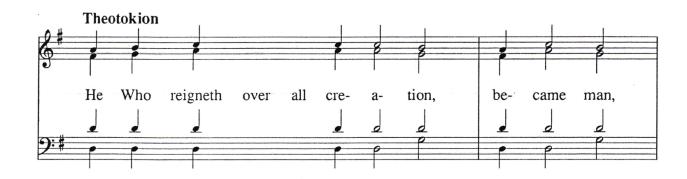


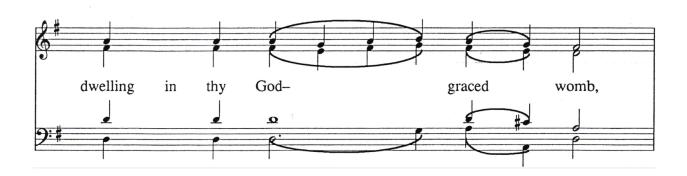


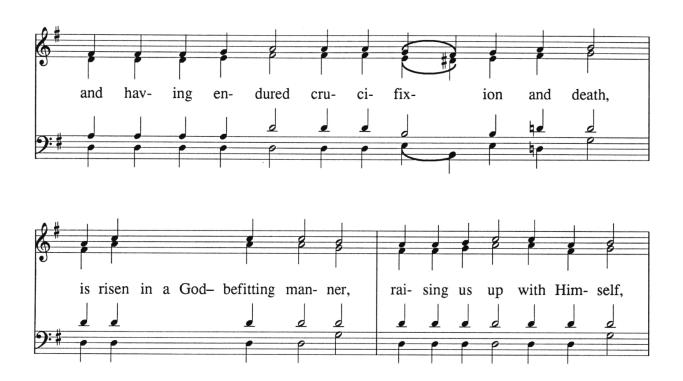














Irmos: O Lord God of our fathers, Who didst bedew the flame of the furnace and save the children unconsumed: Blessed art Thou forever!

When it beheld Thee stretched out upon the Tree, the sun hid its light, unable to illumine the world when Thou, O King of all, didst set of Thine own will, for the enlightenment of all the nations.

Thou didst arise, O Thou Who by Thine omnipotent power didst empty the graves and make hades captive; wherefore, O Christ, we hymn Thine honored and divine arising.

"Why seek ye the living as though He were dead? He is not in the tomb!" the divine angel, his face shining, cried of old to the myrrh-bearing women.

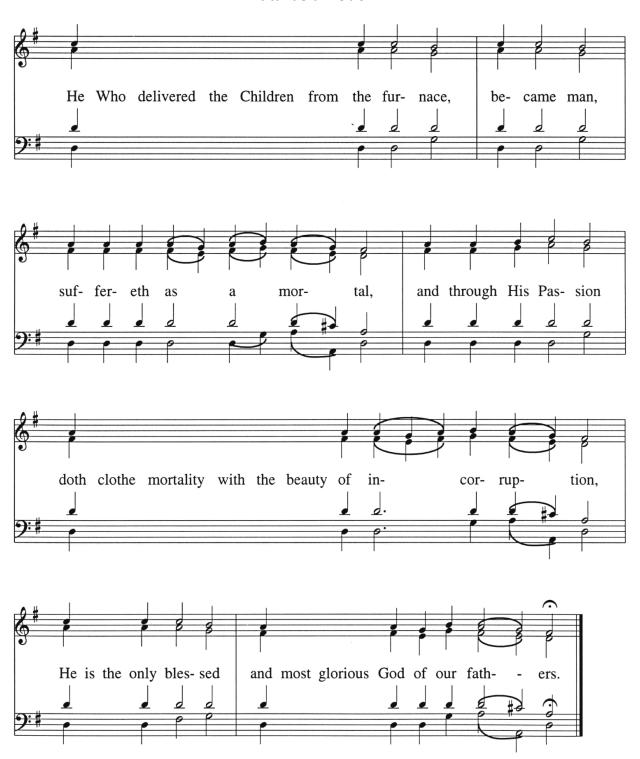
O Thou Who by Thy word didst heal the man who had lain paralyzed for many years, Thou didst cry: "Take up thy bed, and walk, hymning the mighty works of God!"

To the Archangel Michael: O Michael, chief commander of the Lord, in the praise of God guide those who with faith assemble in thy divine temple, and by thy mediation protect them from all manner of evils.

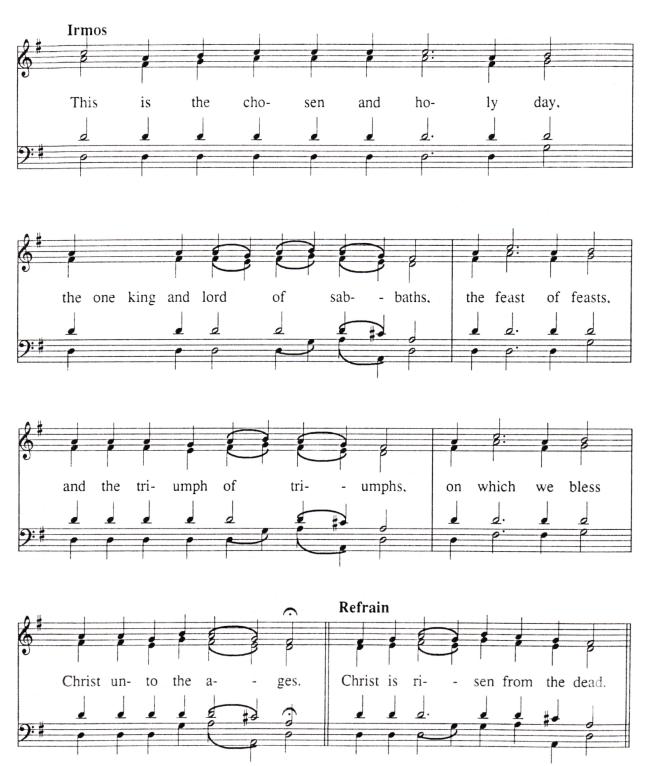
Triadicon: From all misfortunes save those who with faith hymn Thee as the God and Master of all, O Trinity, and cause them to share in Thy good things.

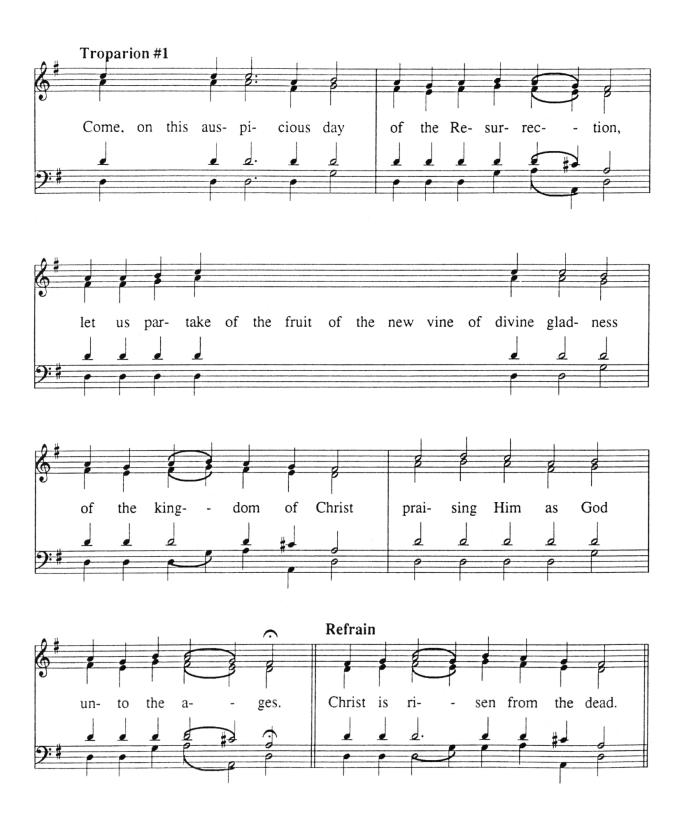
Theotokion: Thou remainest a virgin, though thou gavest birth, in manner past describing, unto Him Who before all the ages was begotten incorruptibly of the unoriginate Father; wherefore, O pure one, we call thee blessed.

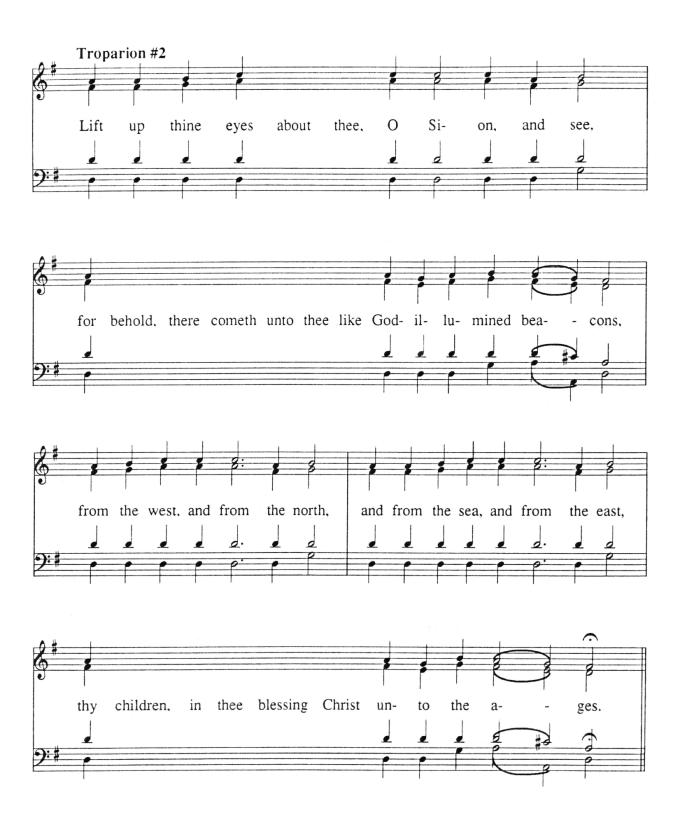
Katavasia - Ode VII

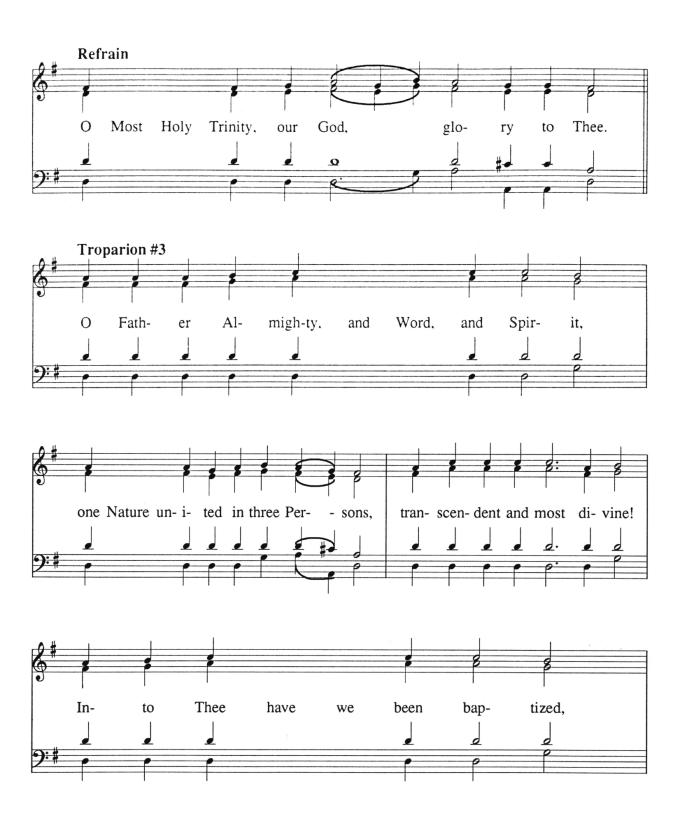


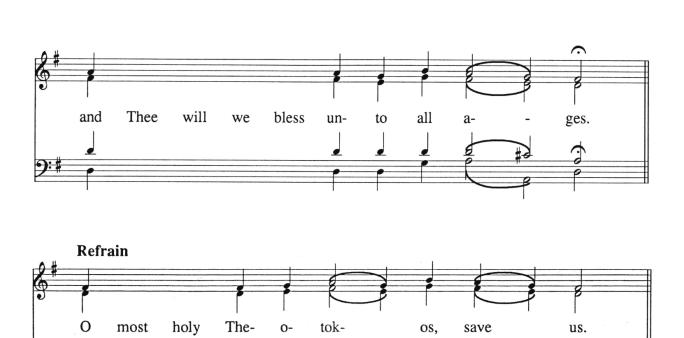
Ode VIII

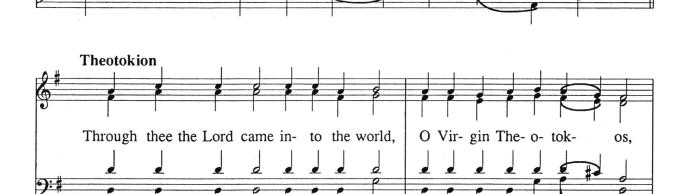


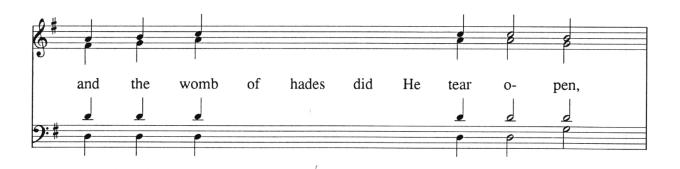


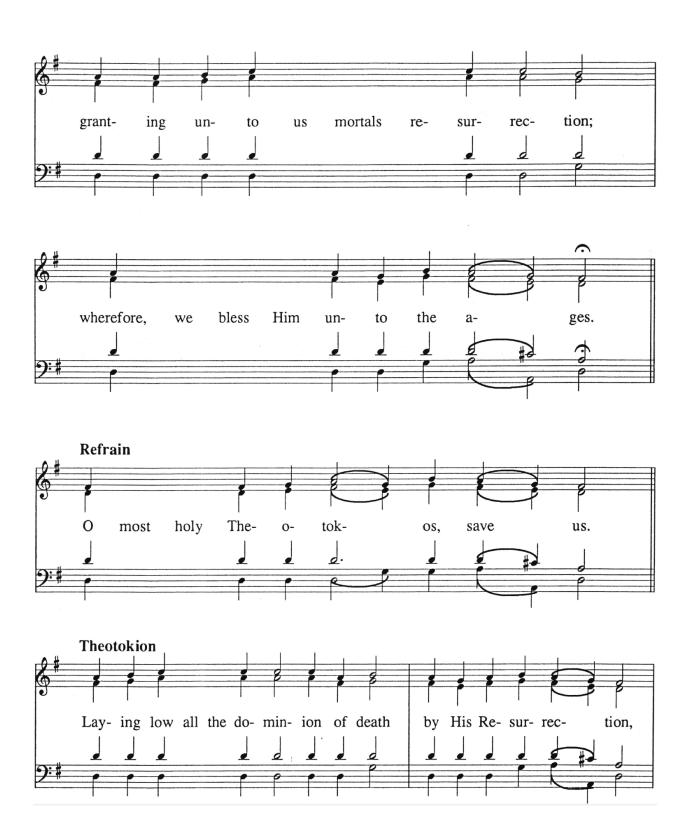


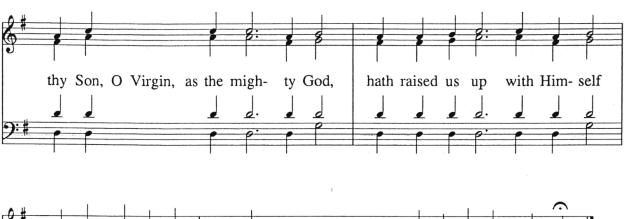


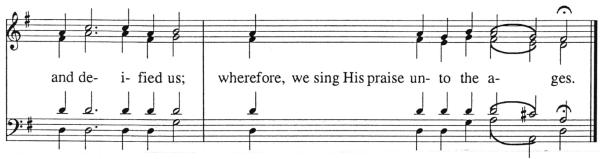












Irmos: O ye heavens of heavens, O earth, ye mountains and hills, O abyss, ye whole generation of mankind: with hymns bless God Who is glorified unceasingly by the angels in the highest, and exalt Him supremely as Creator and Deliverer for all ages.

The veil of the Temple was rent in twain when Thou wast crucified, O our Savior; and death surrendered the dead whom it had devoured; and hades was stripped bare, beholding Thee in the lower depths of the earth.

Where is thy sting, O death? Wherefore now is thy victory, O hades? When the King arose, thou didst die and perish; thou reignest no longer: for the Mighty One hath taken those whom thou hadst kept in bonds.

"Haste ye, and announce the resurrection to the apostles!" the youth who appeared declared to the myrrh-bearing women; "The Master is risen, and the dead of ages past have all-gloriously arisen with Him!"

The paralytic, who had lain inert for many years, cried out: "Have mercy on me who lmow not what to do, O Deliverer!" And He commanded Him to take up his bed straightway, and to walk aright.

To the Archangel Michael: As the leader of the immaterial hosts, O archangel, with us ask that we receive deliverance from our transgressions, amendment of our life, and delight in the eternal good things of heaven.

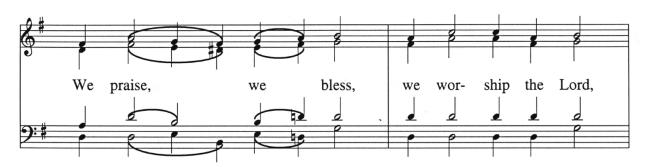
We bless the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit: the Lord.

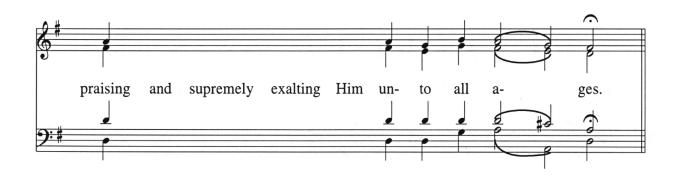
Triadicon: Crying out the dread hymn of the seraphim, together let us hymn the uncreated, indivisible Essence, the Godhead in three Hypostases — God: the unoriginate Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit.

Both now and ever, and unto the ages of ages. Amen.

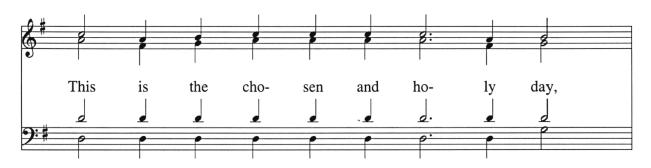
Theotokion: Of old, O Ever-virgin, Isaiah beheld thee as a scroll whereon was written by the finger of the Father the timeless Word, Who saveth from all irrationality us who hymn thee with sacred words.

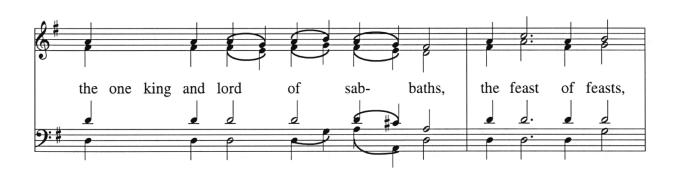
We Praise, We Bless

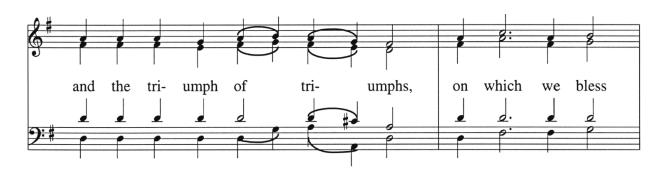


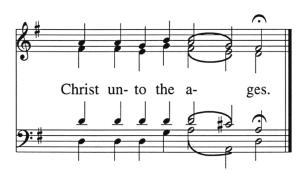


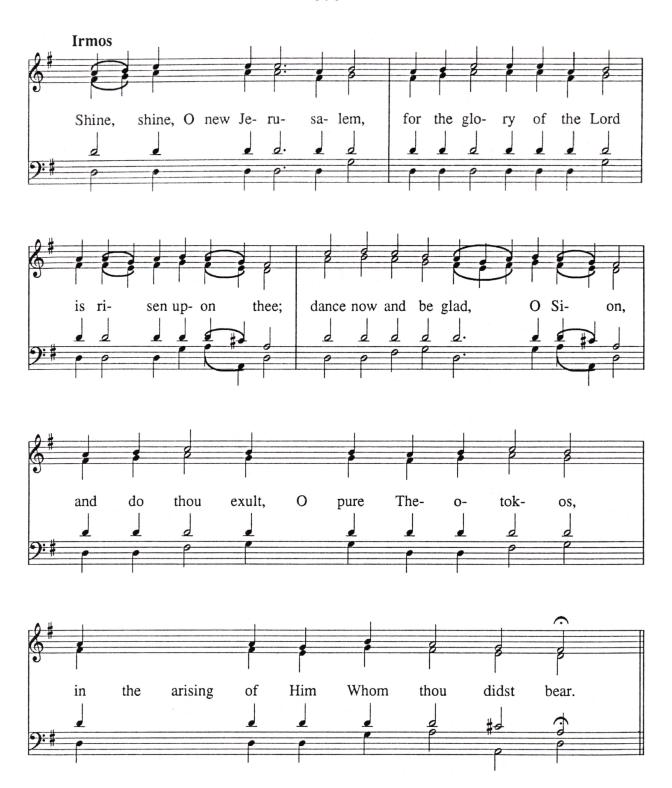
Katavasia - Ode VIII

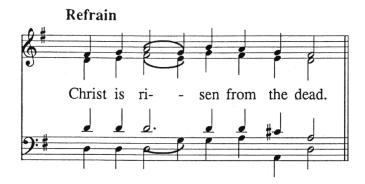


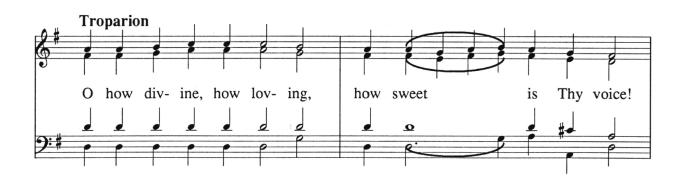




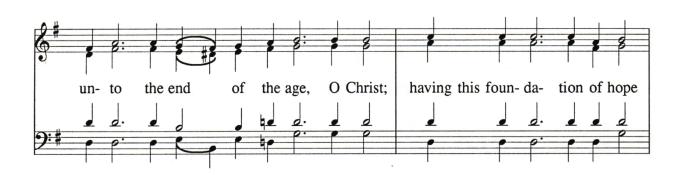




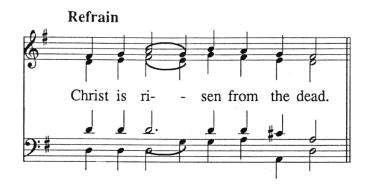


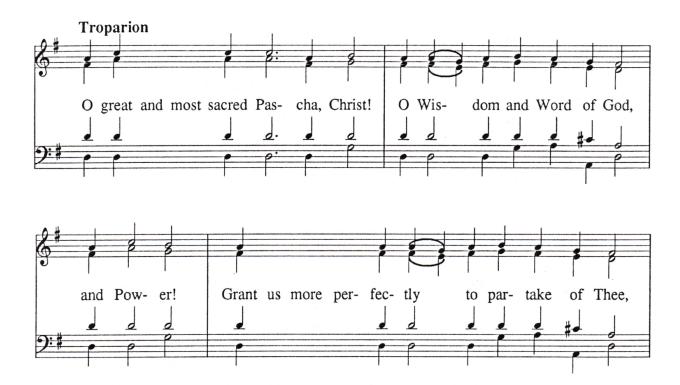


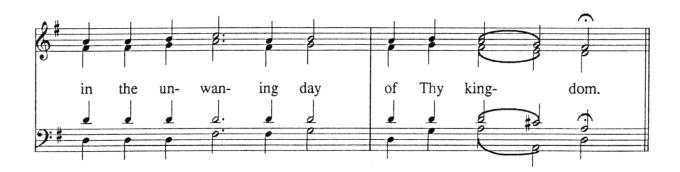


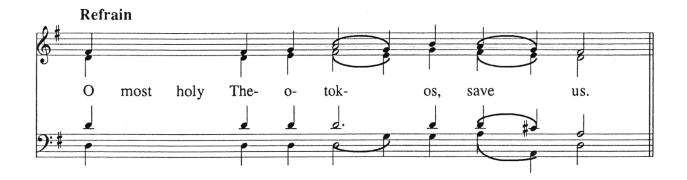




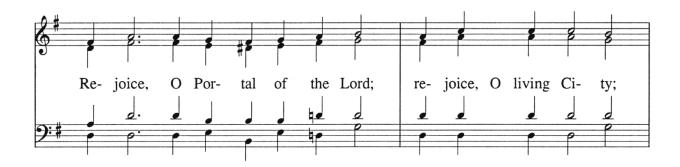




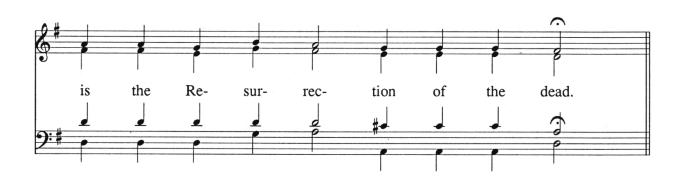


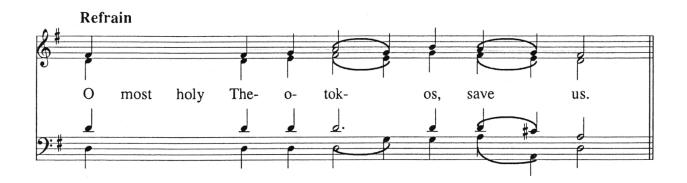


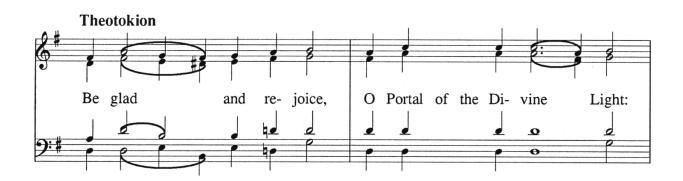


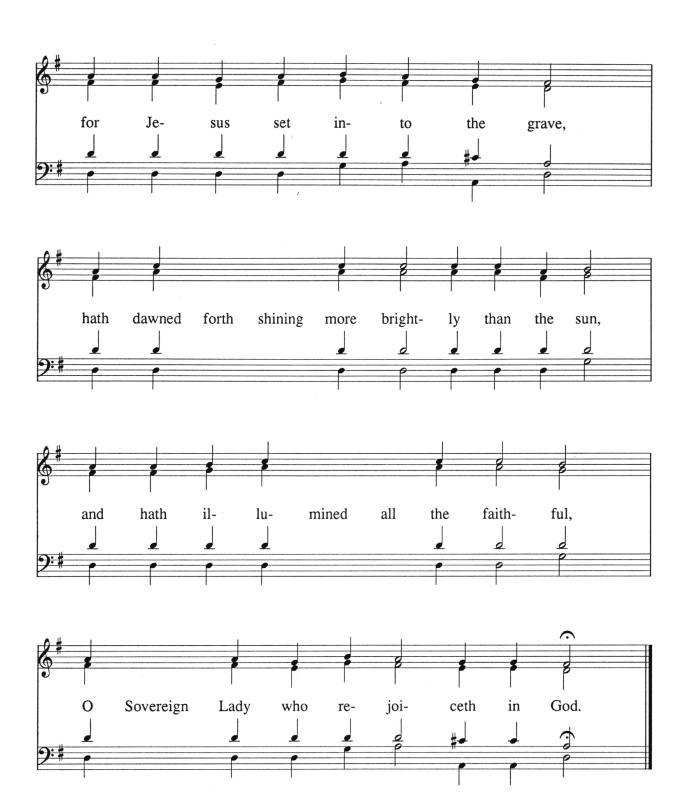


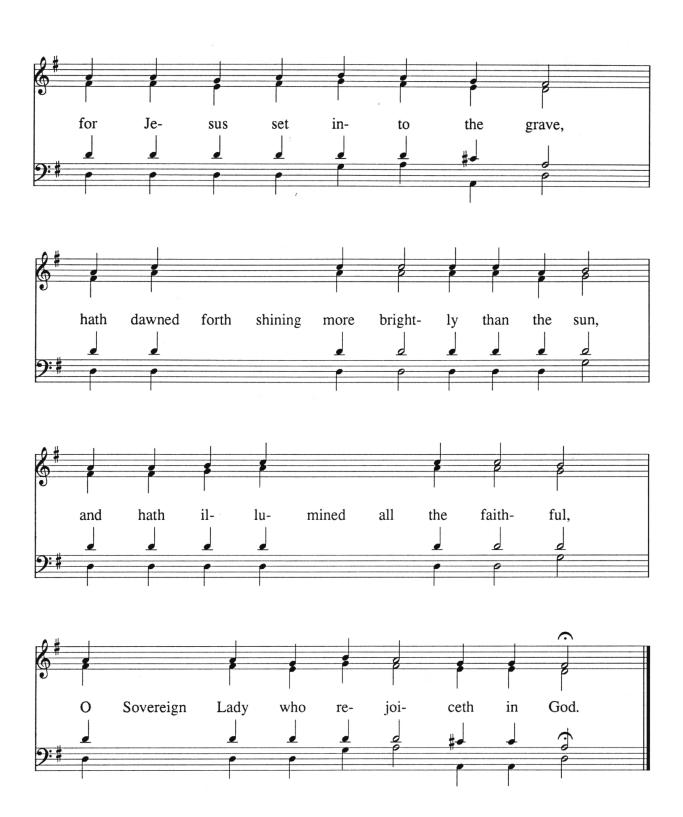












Irmos: On Mount Sinai Moses beheld in the bush thee who without being consumed didst conceive the fire of the Godhead within thy womb. Daniel beheld thee as the unquarried mountain. And Isaiah cried aloud: Thou art the rod sprung forth from the root of David!

Lifted up upon the Tree, O Jesus, Thou didst lift us up with Thyself; and laid of Thine own will in the tomb, Thou didst raise up all the dead from the graves, who hymn Thine unapproachable might and Thine invincible power.

Thou didst shine forth from the tomb like a most comely bridegroom from his chamber, O most beauteous Word, didst destroy the dark dominion of hades, and didst lead forth its prisoners, who cry out together: Glory to Thy power! Glory to Thine arising, O Jesus our God!

Bearing sighs and tears with sweet spices, the women went to the most holy tomb with haste; and were told of the glorious arising of Christ, which we celebrate with faith, rejoicing in gladness of soul.

Health of body followed Thy command, O Christ, and he who before was paralyzed was seen running with haste, bearing his bed, whereon he had lain for many years, and hymning Thy great power.

To the Archangel Michael: Ask enlightenment for us, O great commander, who ever standest before the great Light, and bring peace to our life, which is ever fraught with the perils of the serpent and shaken by the evil circumstances of life, O right lauded one.

Triadicon: Most piously do I glorify Thee, Light and from Light, Life and from Life,

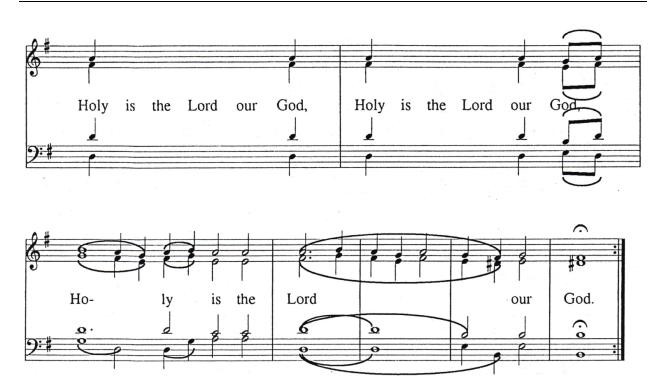
O Father, Word and Holy Spirit, Unity in three Hypostases, indivisible Dominion, unconfused Godhead, crying "Holy, Holy, Holy!" with the powers on high.

Theotokion: Christ, the great Sun, issued forth from thy light-bearing womb, O all-pure one, to enlighten the world with radiant effulgences and to take away the darkness of disobedience; wherefore, we hymn thee as the cause of all good things, O Bride of God.

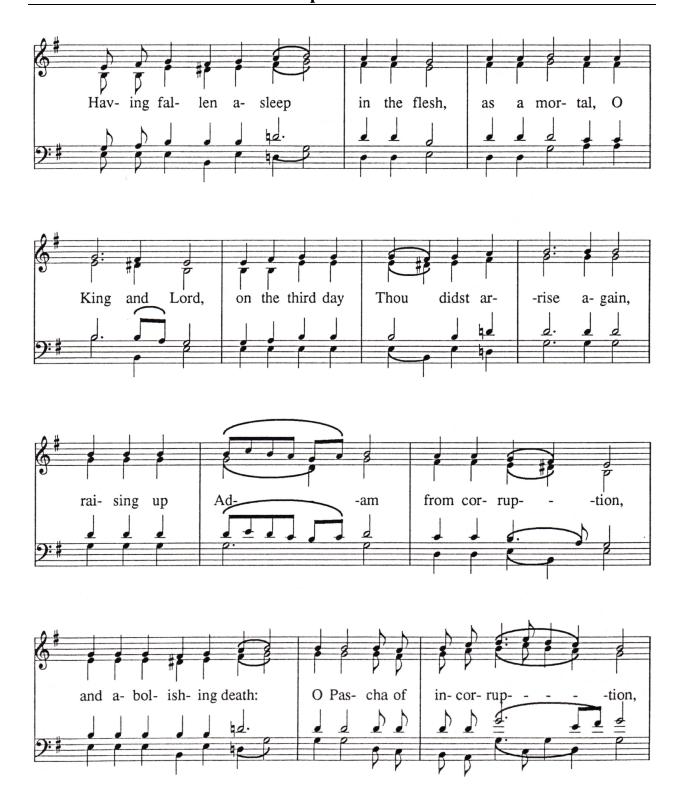
Katavasia - Ode IX

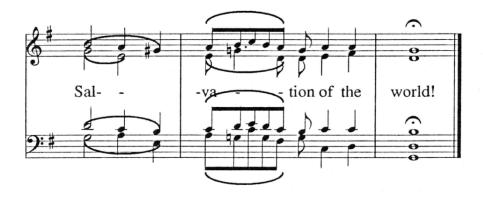


Holy is the Lord Our God, in Tone III



Exapostilarion





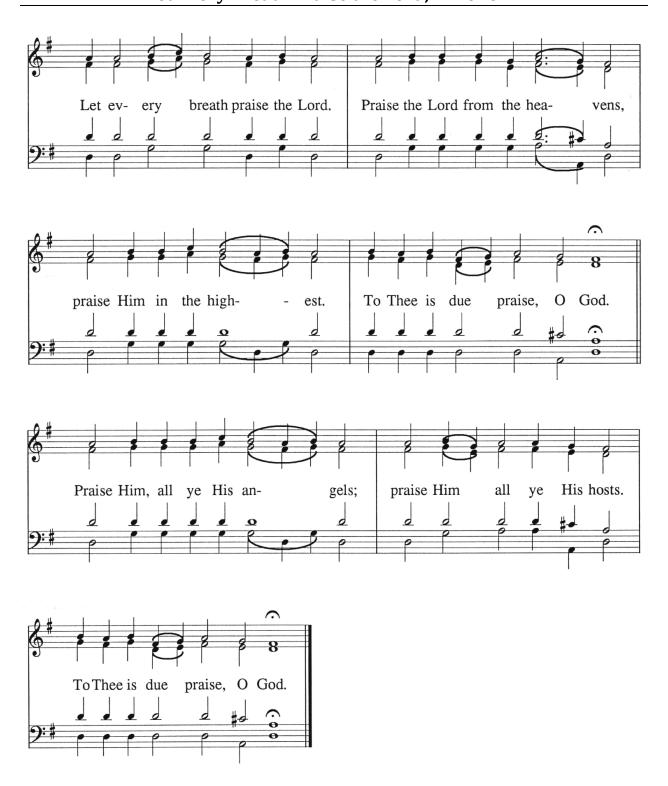
Glory...:

Special Melody: Hearken, ye women...

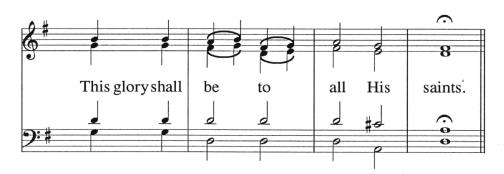
The most compassionate Lord, Who loveth mankind, stood before the Sheep's Pool to heal diseases; and He found a man who had been lying there for many years, and cried unto him: "Take up thy bed, and walk the straight paths!"

Both now...: The foregoing is repeated.

Let Every Breath Praise the Lord, in Tone III



Stichos: To do among them the judgment that is written.



<u>Come</u>, all ye nations, and understand the power of the dread <u>mys</u>tery;/ for <u>Christ</u> the Savior, Who in the beginning <u>was</u> the Word,/ was <u>cru</u>cified for our sake and <u>bur</u>ied,/ and <u>rose</u> from the dead, that He might <u>save</u> all.// Let us <u>wor</u>ship Him.

Stichos: Praise ye God in His saints,/ praise Him in the firmament of His power.

<u>Those</u> who guarded Thee declared all the <u>won</u>ders, O Lord;/ but the <u>coun</u>cil of vainglory filled their <u>hands</u> with a reward,/ in<u>ten</u>ding thus to conceal Thy resur<u>rec</u>tion,/ which the <u>world</u> doth <u>glorify.</u>// Have <u>mer</u>cy upon us!

Stichos: Praise Him for His mighty acts,/ praise Him according to the multitude of His greatness.

<u>All</u> were filled with joy, experiencing the resur<u>rec</u>tion;/ for Mary <u>Mag</u>dalene went to the tomb and found an angel seated up<u>on</u> the stone,/ <u>clad</u> in shining <u>rai</u>ment, who said:/ "Why <u>seek</u> ye the Living a<u>mong</u> the dead?/ <u>He</u> is not here, but is <u>ris</u>en as He said,// going be<u>fore</u> you to <u>Gal</u>ilee!"

Stichos: Praise Him with the sound of trumpet,/ praise Him with psaltery and harp.

In Thy <u>light</u> do we be<u>hold</u> light,/ O <u>Mas</u>ter Who <u>lov</u>est mankind;/ for <u>Thou</u> didst <u>rise</u> from the dead,/ <u>grant</u>ing salvation to the <u>hu</u>man race./ Let <u>all</u> creation glorify Thee Who alone art <u>sin</u>less./ Have <u>mer</u>cy upon us!

Stichos: Praise Him with timbrel and dance,/ praise Him with strings and flute.

With <u>tears</u> the myrrh-bearing women offered Thee a morning <u>hymn</u>, O Lord;/ for, <u>taking</u> sweet-smelling <u>spi</u>ces,/ they <u>went</u> to Thy tomb, intending to embalm Thine all-pure <u>body</u>./ But an <u>angel</u>, seated up<u>on</u> the stone,/ an<u>nounced</u> to them: "Why seek ye the Living a<u>mong</u> the dead?/ For <u>He</u> is <u>ris</u>en as God,// trampling down death and granting great <u>mer</u>cy <u>un</u>to all!"

Stichos: Praise Him with tuneful cymbals, praise Him with cymbals of jubilation./ Let every breath praise the Lord.

The <u>radiant</u> angel, seated on Thy life-cre<u>a</u>ting tomb,/ <u>said</u> to the myrrh-bearing <u>wo</u>men:/ "The De<u>liv</u>erer Who hath emptied the graves hath made hades <u>cap</u>tive and <u>ris</u>en on the <u>third</u> day,// in that He alone is <u>God</u> Al<u>mighty!"</u>

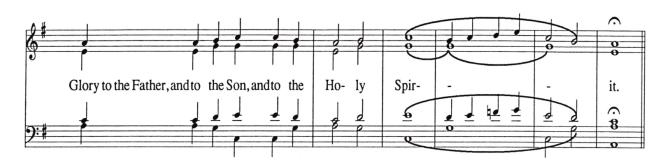
Stichos: Arise, O Lord my God, let Thy hand be lifted high;/ forget not Thy paupers to the end.

Ar<u>riving</u> on the <u>first</u> day of the week,/ Mary <u>Mag</u>dalene sought Thee <u>in</u> the tomb;/ and not <u>find</u>ing Thee, she lamented, weeping and <u>cry</u>ing aloud:/ "<u>Woe</u> is me, O my <u>Sav</u>ior!/ <u>Thou</u> hast been stolen, O <u>King</u> of all!"/ But the <u>two</u> life-bearing angels within the tomb <u>cried</u> out:/ "Why <u>weep</u>est thou, O <u>wo</u>man?"/ "I <u>weep</u>," said she, "because they have taken the <u>Lord</u> from the tomb,/ and I <u>know</u> not where they have <u>laid</u> Him!"/ But <u>turn</u>ing around, she straightway cried out as she <u>saw</u> Thee:// "O my Lord and my God, <u>glory</u> be to <u>Thee</u>!"

Stichos: I will confess Thee, O Lord, with my whole heart,/ I will tell of all Thy wonders.

The <u>Jews</u> closed Life with<u>in</u> the tomb,/ but the <u>thief</u> opened up delight with his tongue, crying aloud and <u>saying</u>:/ "<u>He</u> Who was crucified with me for my sake <u>joined</u> me on the Tree,/ and hath re<u>vealed</u> Him<u>self</u> to me,/ <u>seat</u>ed on the throne with the <u>Fa</u>ther;// for He is Christ our God, Who hath <u>great</u> mercy!"

Glory, in Tone VIII



The pool did not cure the paralytic, O Lord, but Thy word restored him; neither did his illness of many years hinder him, for the effect of Thy voice was shown to be most rapid, and it overthrew the nigh unbearable burden, and he shouldered the burden of his bed as a witness to the multitude of Thy compassions. Glory to Thee!

Both now..., Theotokion in Tone II.

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