

IRMOS 1: RESURRECTION CANON - TONE 1 (Greek Chant)

As be-fit - ted Thy di- vine ma- je- sty, Thy tri- um-

phant right hand has been glo- ri- fied in strength. In its al-

migh-ty po- wer it dashed the e- ne- my to pie- ces,

O Im- mor- tal Lord, and made a new path thru the

rit.

deep for the peo- ple of Is- ra- el.

ANNO 31

Thou Who a-lone know-est hu-man frail-ty hast ta-ke,

u-pon Thyself from pity the like-ness of mor-tal man:

Gird me with strength from on high, that I may cry a-

loud to Thee: O Lo-ver of man-kind,

holy is the li-ving tem-ple of thine in-ef-fa-ble

glo-ry.

Little Litany  
 Kontakion  
 Ikos  
 Sedalion

} from the Menion

IRMOS 4:

glo-ry. O Moun-tain, Ha-bak-kuk

be-held Thee with pro-phe-tic eyes o-ver-sha-

dow'd by the grace of God, and he fore-told that

from Thee should come the Ho-ly One of Is-ra-el for

our sal-va-tion and re-ge-ne-ra-tion.

rit.

IRMOS 5:

Christ Who hast en- ligh-tened the ends of the

earth with the light of Thy co- ming, and hast made them

shine by Thy Cross, enlighten with the know- ledge of

God those who in the right faith sing Thy prai-

ses.

IRMOS 6:

The ut-ter-most depths have en-compass'd us, and

there is none to de-liver us; we are counted as

sheep for the slaugh-ter. Do Thou, our God, save

Thy peo-ple, for Thou art the strength and re-sto-ra-

rit.

tion of those whose strength fails them. KONDAK

O The- o - to - kos, thou art a li- ving fur- nace on

which we faith-ful gaze; for as the Most High saved

the three chil- dren, so He renewed my na- ture whol- ly

in thy womb: the God of our Fa- thers Who

is wor- thy to be praised and glorified a- bove all for- rit.

e- ver.

and exalting Him through-out all a - ges. In the fur-

nace as in a cru- ci- ble the chil- dren of Is-

ra- el shone more pure- ly than gold with the beau-

ty of god- li- ness, as they sang: all ye works of the

Lord, bless the Lord, praise and exalt Him above all through-

rit.

out all a - ges. Magnificat

out all a - ges. The bush bur-ning but un-con-

*Magnificat*

sumed, pre-fig-ured thy pure con-vei-ving, O

The-o-to-kos; so do we now en-treat thee:

quench the ra-ging fur-nace of temp-ta-tions that be-

set us, that we may ne-ver cease to mag-ni-fy

thee.

*Little Litany*