



# THE TYPICA

Second Stasis  
Psalm 145

Grave Mode  
adapted from Athonite Melody

Duration: 3:30

Ἕχος βαρύς ζ

χ 200



**G** <sup>(z)</sup> lo - - ry to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly

Spir - - it; <sup>z</sup> Praise the Lord, <sup>o</sup> O my soul. <sup>(n)</sup> I will praise the Lord <sup>o</sup> in <sup>o</sup>

my life, <sup>z</sup> I will chant un - to my God for as long as I have my be - - ing. <sup>z</sup>

**2** <sup>(z)</sup> Trust ye not in prin - - - ces, <sup>o</sup> in the sons <sup>(n)</sup> of men, in whom there

<sup>(z)</sup> is no sal - va - - tion. <sup>z</sup>

3 His spir- it shall go forth, and he shall re- turn un- to his earth.

4 In that day all his thoughts shall per- - ish.

5 Bless-ed is he of whom the God of Ja- cob is his help, whose hope\_

\_ is in the Lord his God,

6 Who hath made heav- en and the earth, the sea and all that is

there-in,

7 Who keep- eth truth un-to e- ter- ni- ty, Who ex- ec- u- teth

judg-ment for the wronged, Who giv- - eth food un- to the hun- - - gry.

8 The Lord loos- - eth the fet- - - tered; the Lord mak-eth wise the

blind; the Lord set- teth a- right the fall- - en; the Lord lov- eth the

right - - eous; the Lord\_\_pre-serv-eth the pros - - e - lytes.

9 He shall a - dopt for His own the or - - phan and wid - - - ow,

and the way of sin - - ners shall He de - stroy.

10 The Lord shall be king\_\_un-to e - ter - ni - ty; thy God, O

Si - - on, un - to gen - er - a - tion and gen - - er - a - tion.

11 Both now and ev - - er, and un - to the a - - ges of a - - ges.A-men.

O n - - ly - be - got - ten Son and Word of God, Thou Who art im -

mor - tal, and didst con - de - scend for our sal - va - tion to be - come

in - car - nate of the ho - ly The - o - to - - kos and ev - er vir - gin

Mar - y, with - out\_\_change be - com - ing man, Who wast cru - ci - fied, O Christ

*Typica - Second Stasis - Grave Mode*

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our God, by death <sup>(Π)</sup> tram-pling down up - on death: Thou Who art <sup>(Π)</sup>  
one <sup>ⲟ</sup> of the Ho - ly Trin - - i - ty, glo - ri - fied <sup>ⲟ</sup> with the Fa - ther  
and with the <sup>(Z)</sup> Ho - ly Spir - it, <sup>ⲛ</sup> save <sup>(M)</sup> us. <sup>ⲛ</sup>

No one in chanting with a ready and eager mind will be blamed if he be weakened by old age, or young, or have a rough voice, or is altogether ignorant of rhytm. What is here sought for is a sober soul, an alert mind, a contrite heart, sound reason, and a clear conscience.

If having these you have entered into God's sacred choir, you may stand beside David himself. There is no need of zithers, nor of taut strings, nor of a plectrum, nor skill, nor any instruments. But if you will, you can make yourself into a zither, mortifying the limbs of the flesh, and forming full harmony between body and soul. For when the flesh does not lust against the spirit, but yields to its commands, and perseveres along the path that is noble and admirable, you thus produce a spiritual melody.

—St. John Chrysostom, Commentary on Psalm 41