Christ is risen from the dead as the first fruits of them that slept. The first-born of creation, and the Creator of all things that have come into being, hath renewed in Himself the corrupted nature of our race; no longer, O Death,
art thou lord; for the Master of all hath destroyed thy dominion.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit.
Having tasted of death in the flesh, O Lord, Thou hast banished the bitterness of death by Thy rising; and Thou hast strengthened man against it by revoking the defeat of the ancient curse. O Defender of our life, Lord, glory be to Thee.

Both now and ever, and unto the ages of ages. Amen.
Awed by the beauty of thy virginity and the exceeding radiance of thy purity, Gabriel called out unto thee,

O Theotokos: What worthy hymn of praise can I offer unto thee? And what shall I name thee? I am in doubt and stand in awe. Wherefore, as commanded, I cry to thee: Rejoice, O Full of Grace.
At Thy Divinity's immutability and the dread Passion Thou didst freely will, O Lord, Hades was terror-struck and he bewailed himself: Now I tremble at His body's unrupt subs-tance taint-ed by no de-cay; I see Him that none can see wag-ing war on me se-cret-ly. And all my captives cry out exult-ing: O Christ, glo-ry to Thy Resur-rec-tion.
Glo-ry to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly

We praise as works of God the in-ex-press-i-

ble, in-com-pre-hen-si-ble, and in-ex-

pli-ca-ble mys-t'ry, O Lord, of Thy dread Cru-ci-

fix-ion and Res-ur-rec-tion. On this day is
death de-spoiled; stripped is Ha-des of all his

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goods; Adam's race hath now put on incorruption as fair array. We faithful therefore cry with thanksgiving: O Christ, glory to Thy Resurrection.

Both now and ever, and unto the ages of ages. Amen.
Incomprehensible, uncircumscriptable, Him one in essence with Father and

Comforter hast thou in myst'ry held within thy womb, as God's Virgin Mother. Through thy bringing forth, we learned to give glory throughout the world to the one and unconfused operation of the Trinity. We therefore cry to thee

in thanksgiving: Rejoice O Full of Grace.

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www.stanthonyssmonastery.org/music/Orthros.htm