Thou, as the Life of all, from the dead art arisen.
An Angel bright with light called out unto the women: Cease ye from tears and weeping; tell the Apostles the tidings full of joy. Cry aloud singing praises, that Christ the Lord is arisen.

Kathismata
Plagal Fourth Mode
en from the dead, He that in truth hath been well pleased, as God, to save the race of mankind.

Glo - ry to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Spir - it.

When in truth Thou hadst ris - en up from the tomb, Thou didst charge the most right - eous wom - en to preach Thy

Ris - - - ing un - to the choir of A - pos -

tles, as Scrip - ture saith. So the swift - run - ning Pe - ter ar -
rived at the sepulchre, and beholding the light in the
grave, he was sore amazed. Though he then beheld there-
in the linen clothes lying alone
in a separate place, Thy divine Body was not there.
For this cause he believed and cried: Glory
be to Thee, O Christ God, O our Saviour,
for Thou savest all, since Thou art God the Father's Ful-
glance, ever shining forth from Him.
Both now and ever, and unto the ages of ages. Amen.

Let us all praise the heavenly gate and ark, yea, the all-holy mountain, the radiant cloud, the ladder to Heaven's heights, that true spiritual paradise, the redemption of Eve, the great treasure of all the world; for through her was salvation enacted for all mankind, and complete for-
give - ness of our an - cient of - fenc - es and
par - don of tres - pass - es. For this rea - son,
we all cry out with great fer - vour and say_
to her: En - treat thy Son and God that He grant
the for - give - ness of trans - gres - sions wrought in_
life to them that pi - ous - ly wor - ship thine all -
ho - ly Child, O Maid.

Plagal Fourth Mode - Kathismata
www.stanthonsmonastery.org/music/Orthros.htm
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Men sealed Thy tomb, O Saviour; an Angel rolled away the stone from the door. The women beheld Thee arisen from the dead, and they proclaimed the good tidings unto Thy disciples in Sion: that Thou art risen, O Life of all, and the bonds of death are loosed. Lord, glory be to Thee.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit.
The women brought their myrrh for Thy burial ointment and heard an Angel's voice from the sepulchre saying: Cease ye from tears and weeping; instead of sorrow, receive exceeding joy; cry aloud singing praises, that Christ the Lord is risen from the dead, He that in truth hath been well pleased, as God, to save the race of mankind.
Both now and ever, and unto the ages of ages. Amen.

In thee, O Full of Grace, all creation—

both the company of Angels and the race of men—

doth rejoice. O hallowed temple and spiritual paradise, boast of virgins: from thee God was incarnate, and became a child, He, our God, Who existed before the ages;
for He made thy womb a throne, and He made thee more spacious than the heavens. In thee, O Full of Grace, all creation doth rejoice. Glory be to thee.