Slow Praises

Third Mode

†Ηχος ‾— Γα

Verse #1

Τοῦ ποιῆσαι ἐν αὐτοῖς

ο ἐν αὐτοῖς ὁ δὲ ποιησαι ἐν αὐτοῖς
do among them the judgment that is written. This
glory shall be to all His saints.

Praises #1

Δεῦτε πάντα

ομε, ἀλλὰ νατιών, με σε διδάξω σε

the power of this awesome mystery

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Third Mode - Slow Praises

Who was in the beginning, was crucified for us, and was buried of His own will, and arose from the dead, that He might save all things. Let us worship Him.
Verse #2

Aiveite ton Theon

Praisethye God in His saints, praise Him in the firmament of His power.

Praises #2

Dihghvsanto

hythm guards have proclaimed all Thy wondrous deeds, O Lord, but the council of fulness filled their hands with gifts, thinking to hide Thy Resurrection, which the world doth glorify. Have mercy on us.
Verse #3

Aíneîte aútôn épit tais

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

Praises #3

Χαρᾶς τὰ πάντα

All things are filled with gladness, having received the proof of the Resurrection. For Mary Magdalene came unto the tomb; she found an Angel in splendour sitting upon the stone and saying: Why seek ye the Living among the dead? He is not here, but He is
ris - - - - en, e - ven as He said; and He

go - eth on be - fore you in - to Gal - - - - - -

- i - - - lee.
Verse #4

Praise Him with the sound of trumpet, praise Him with the psalter - 

and harp.

Praises #4

Shall we see Thy light, O Master, for Thou didst arise from the dead, granting salvation to the race of man, that all creation might glorify Thee, the only sinless One. Have mercy on us.

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**Verse #5**

_Ai ne'te auton en tumpavnw_

Praise Him with timbrel and dance, praise Him with strings and flute.

**Praises #5**

`'Ymnon eiothvnon`

He myrrh-bearing women offered their tears as a hymn at dawn, O Lord; for, as they held sweet-smelling spices, Thy tomb did they reach, beseeching in haste to anoint Thine immaculate Body.

An Angel sitting upon the stone proclaimed the good tidings to them: Why seek ye...
the Living among the dead? For having traveled on death, He is risen as

God, granting unto all great mercy.
Verse #6

Praise Him with tune-ful cymbals, praise Him with cymbals of jubilation. Let every breath praise the Lord.

Praises #6

Re-splendent Angel at Thy life-creating tomb said unto the myrrh-bearers: The Redeemer hath emptied the graves; He hath plundered Hades, and is risen on the third day, since He alone is God and omnipotent.
Verse #7

'Ανάστηθι Κύριε

Arise, O Lord my God, let Thy hand be lifted high;

for-get not Thy pau-pers to the end.

Praises #7

Eiς τὸ μνήμα

At the tomb, Mary Mag-da-lenе sought Thee, as she came on the first day of the week,

Not finding Thee, she wailed with weeping,

weeping, crying out: Woe is me, O

my Saviour! How wast

Thou stolen, O King of all?

But a pair of life-bearing Ang

els

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cried out from with in the tomb: Why weepest thou, O woman? I weep, said she, for they have taken my Lord from the grave, and I know not where they have laid Him; but as she turned herself about and saw Thee, she cried out straightway: O my Lord and my God, glory be to Thee.
Verse #8

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

Praises #8

he Jews enclosed Life within the grave, but with his words the thief opened when he cried out and said: He that was crucified with me and for me hung together with me up on the Tree, and He appeared.
Third Mode - Slow Praises

[to me seat-ed up-on His

thronetogther with the Fa-

er. For He is Christ our God, Who hath

great mercy.

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