Kathismata

Fourth Mode

Anabhésesqai toú tafou

Hχος τος Β8

(e - hold-ing the en-trance to the grave, and un-a- ble
to bear the flame of the An-gel, the myrrh-bear-ers stood in
awe with trem-bling, and they said: Was He sto-len per-chance,
Who o-pened Par-a-dise to the thief? Hath He ris-en per-chance,
Who e-ven be-fore the Pas-sion pro-claimed His A-ris-ing? Tru-
ly Christ God is ris-en, grant-ing life and res-ur-rec-tion to
those in Ha-

Intonation: #9

www.stanthonyssmonastery.org/music/Orthros.htm
Text © 2009, Holy Transfiguration Monastery, Brookline, MA. Used with permission.
Fourth Mode - Καθήσματα

Thine own free will, O Lord, Thou didst endure death on the Cross and by mortal men wast laid in a new sepulchre of stone, Who with a word didst establish the world’s foundations. The alien was bound and death was misrably stripped of all his spoils; all those whom Hades held cried out to praise Thy Resurrection, which bringeth life un- to all mankind: Christ God is risen, the Life-besower, Who abidest for ever.
Both now and ever, and unto the ages of ages, Amen.

Κατεπλάγη Ἰωσήφ

Joseph was amazed to see that which transcended nature’s bounds, for without seed, thou, O Maid, didst both conceive and bear a Child. And he remembered the blossoming rod of Aaron, the dew upon the fleece, and the unburning bush which was not consumed, though it was all flame. Thus, thy protector and betrothed cried, as he bare witness before the priests: A Virgin beareth, and after childbirth, still remaineth a Virgin.
After the Second Reading from the Psalter:

'San'estis ós ãthanatos

S
ince Thou art im-mor-tal, Thou didst rise from Ha-des, O Lord;
and with Thee, O Sav-iour, Thou didst raise Thy world by Thy Res-
ur-rec-tion, O Christ our God. Thou in strength didst smite down and de-
stroy death’s do-min-ion, show-ing, O most Mer-ci-ful, Thy dread Res-
ur-rec-tion to all; for which we glo-ri-fy Thee, O on-ly Friend of
man.
Fourth Mode - Kathismata

G

lo-ry to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly

Spir-it.

T

he Lord’s An-gel Ga-briel de-scend-ed from the heights a-
bove to the tomb hewn out of rock where-in the Rock of

Life was laid; and he, ar-rayed in white, cried to the weep-
ing wom-

en: no long-er make_ la-ment; leave off your mourn-
ful

cries, ye_ who_ ev-
er have a-

thry. He Whom ye seek with tears and sigh-
ings is tru-

ly ris-
en;

take cour-age_ now. Where-
fore, pro-

ye to the A-

pos-

tles that the Lord hath a-

en.
Both now and ever, and unto the ages of ages. Amen.

He that by command alone holdeth together all the world as a mortal babe is held, O pure one, in thy chaste embrace; and He that in His ineffable goodness feedeth all things endowed with breath is fed with milk from thee; being ere all time, He yet beginneth now. All the angelic choirs are awe-struck at thy conception's dread mystery; they glorify thee as God's true Mother and exalt thee with praises.