**Brief Aposticha**

**Plagal Second Mode**

**Aposticha #1**

*Τήν ἁνάστασίν σου*

Angels in the Heav-ens, O Christ_ our Sav-iour, praise Thy Res-ur-

rec-tion with hymns; deem us al-so who are on earth_

wor-thy to glo-ri-fy Thee with___ a pure heart.

**Verse #2**

*Ὁ Κύριος ἐβασίλευσεν*

The Lord is King, He is clothed with maj-es-ty; the Lord is clothed with
strength and He hath girt Himself.

Aposticha #2

Having crushed the brazen gates and shattered the bars of Hades,
as omnipotent God Thou didst raise up the fallen race of man. Wherefore also, we cry out with one accord: Thou Who art risen from the dead, Lord,
glory be to Thee.
Verse #3

For He established the world which shall not be shaken.

Aposticha #3

Wishing to set a-right our former mutability,

Christ is nailed to the Cross and laid in the grave. Seeking

Him with tears, the myrrh-bearing women spake with lamentation: Woe unto us, O Saviour of all. How didst Thou deign to dwell in the grave? And having deigned to dwell there-in,
how wast Thou stolen? How wast Thou removed? What place hath

hid - den Thy life-bear - ing Bod - y? But, O Mas - - -

ter, re - veal Thy - self to us, as Thou didst prom - ise, and

cause our tear - ful la - ment to cease. And as they grieved, an

An - gel cried out to them: Cease your lam - en - ta - tion and

tell the A - pos - tles that the Lord is ris - en, grant -

ing un - to the world for - give - ness and great mer - cy.
Verse #4

Τὸ ὦκω σου πρέπει

Holy-ness be-com-eth Thy house, O Lord, un-to length of days.

Aposticha #4

Σταυρωθεὶς ὡς ἡμολήθης

Be-ing cru-ci-fied as Thou didst will, O Christ, and de-spoil-ing
dea-th by Thy bur-ial, as God, Thou didst rise on the
third day with glo-ry, grant-ing un-to the world un-
end-ing life and great mer-cy.
Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit.

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

My Creator and Redeemer, Christ the Lord, came forth from thy
womb, O all-pure one. Being enclosed with me,

He freed Adam from the ancient curse. Wherefore, O all-pure one, to thee, the true Mother of God and Virgin,

do we unceasingly cry out the Angel's greeting: Rejoice! Rejoice, O Lady, protection and shelter and salvation of our souls.