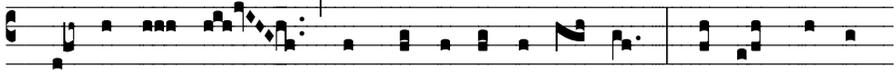


SUNDAY IN OCTAVE OF PASCHA

MATINS

*T*nv. *Alleluia surrexit*, tone 5.

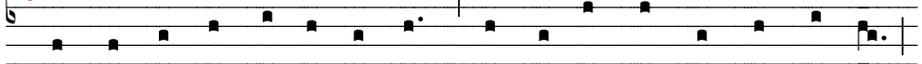


Al- le- lu- ya, the Lord is ris- en in- deed. | O come, let us

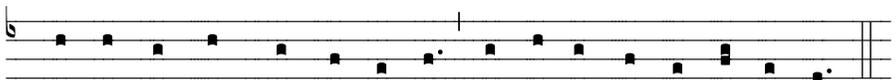


wor-ship, al- le- lu- ya. Ps. 94.

*H*ymn. *Aurora lucis*



The dawn of Light is shi-ning bright, the skies re-sound with songs of praise,

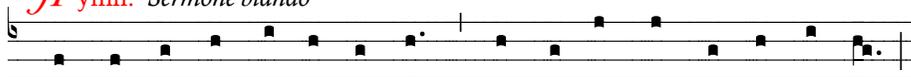


The mer-ry earth crieth out for joy, and ha-des wail-eth sor-row-f'lly.

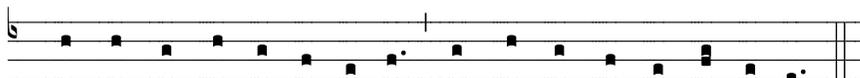
2. For He, the mightiest of kings, | Trampling down hadès with His feet,
Released the suff'ring from their pain, | When death's dominion was
broken.
3. He that was shut beneath the stone, | And guarded by the soldiery,
Arose a Conq'ror from the grave, | With His imperial retinue.
4. Now that hell's groans and cries of woe | Have been abolished and
brought low,
A shining Angel crieth out, | "Our Lord and Master is risen!"
5. Th' Apostles had been sorrowful | Because their Master had been
slain,
For evil's minions sentenced Him | To suffer by a savage death.
6. We pray Thee, Creator of all, | In this rejoicing of Pascha:
Defend the people who are Thine | Against every attack of death.
7. O Master, glory be to Thee, | Who art arisen from the dead,
With Father and Holy Spirit, | To ages that will never end. Amen.

LAUDS

H ymn. Sermone blando



The An-gel, with a gen-tle voice, told the wo-men pro-phe-ti-c'lly:



“The Mas-ter will be seen by all with-in the land of Ga-li-lee.”

2. As the women are making haste | To give th' Apostles these tidings,
They see Him, that He is alive, | And kiss the feet of their Master.
3. When His disciples learn of it, | In haste thither to Galilee
They make their way, that they may see | The Master's longed-for
countenance.
4. The sun, with radiant paschal joy, | Casteth its rays upon the world,
Now that th' Apostles of the Christ | Behold Him with their bod'ly sight.
5. To them are shown the wounds of Christ, | Radiantly shining in His
flesh,
They cry out with a mighty voice, | “The Lord is risen from the dead.”
6. O Christ, our ever-gracious King, | Take up Thy dwelling in our
hearts,
That we may give Thee ceaselessly | The glory which befitteth Thee.
7. We pray Thee, Creator of all, | In this rejoicing of Pascha:
Defend the people who are Thine | Against every attack of death.
8. O Master, glory be to Thee, | Who art arisen from the dead,
With Father and Holy Spirit, | To ages that will never end. Amen.

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