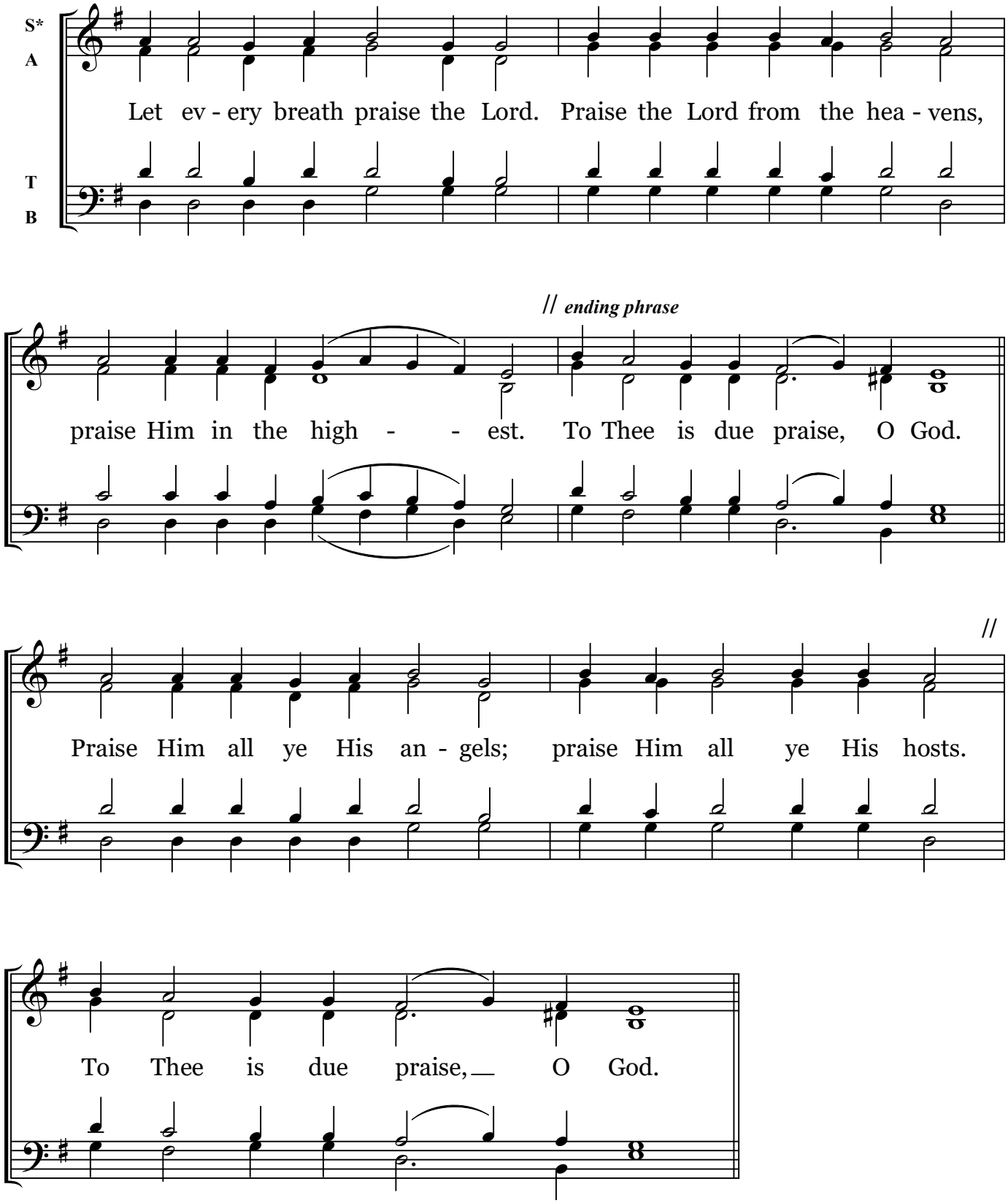
The Praises - Tone 5

Kievan Chant

Reader: **In the 5th Tone, Let every breath praise the Lord.**



**** Melody in Soprano***

And the rest of the Psalm verses are chanted or read until the first appointed stichera:

Praise Him, O sun and moon; praise Him, all ye stars and light.

Praise Him, ye heavens of heavens, and thou water that art above the heavens.

Let them praise the name of the Lord; for He spake and they came to be; He commanded, and they were created.

He established them forever, yea forever and ever; He hath set an ordinance, and it shall not pass away.

Praise the Lord from the earth, ye dragons and all ye abysses,

Fire, hail, snow, ice, blast of tempest, which perform His word,

The mountains and all the hills, fruitful trees, and all cedars,

The beasts and all the cattle, creeping things and winged birds.,

Kings of the earth, and all peoples, princes and all judges of the earth,

Young men and virgins, elders with the younger; let them praise the name of the Lord, for exalted is the name of Him alone.

His praise is above the earth and heaven, and He shall exalt the horn of His people.

This is the hymn for all His saints, for the sons of Israel, and for the people that draw nigh unto Him.

Sing unto the Lord a new song; His praise is in the church of the saints.

Let Israel be glad in Him that made him, let the sons of Sion rejoice in their king.

Let them praise His name in the dance; with the timbrel and the psaltery let them chant unto Him.

For the Lord taketh pleasure in His people, and He shall exalt the meek with salvation.

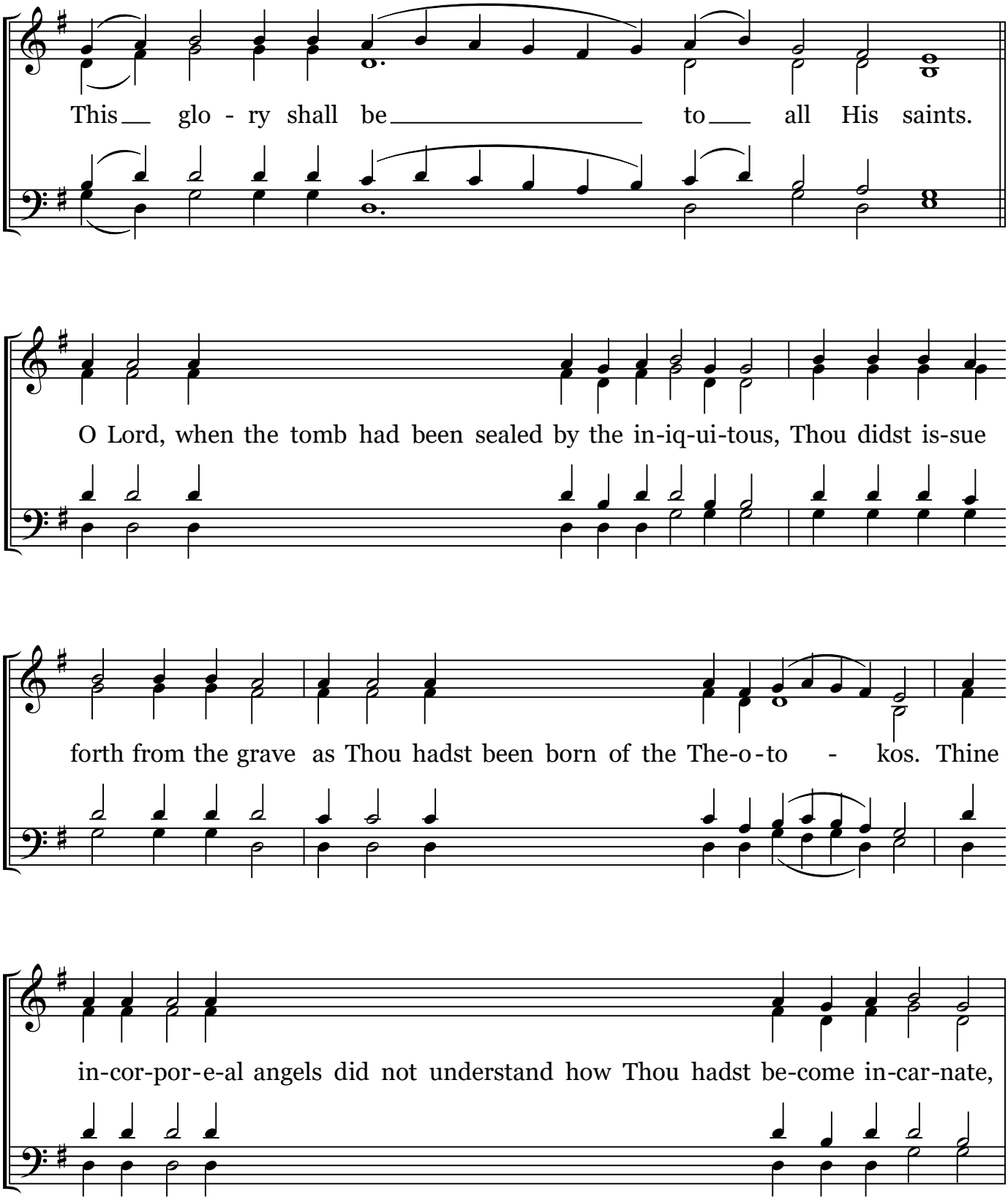
The saints shall boast in glory, and they shall rejoice upon their beds.

The high praise of God shall be in their throat,and two-edged swords shall be in their hands.

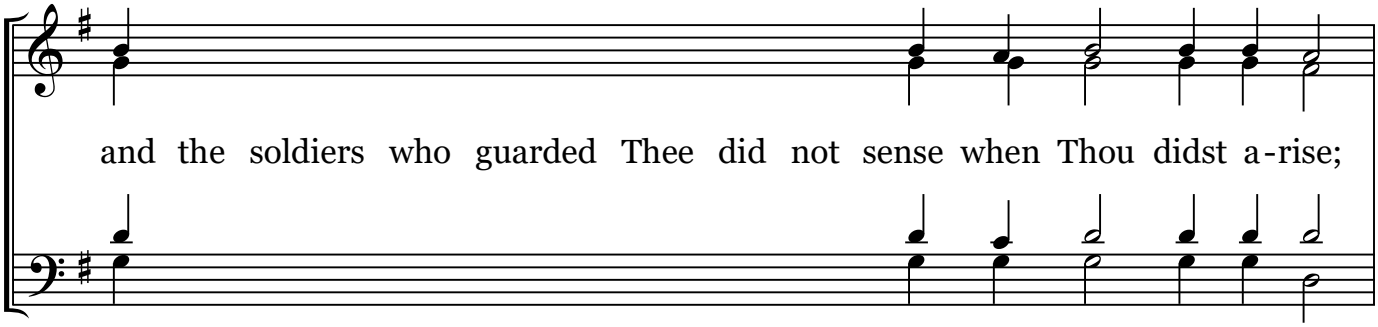
To do vengeance amon the heathen, punishments among the peoples,

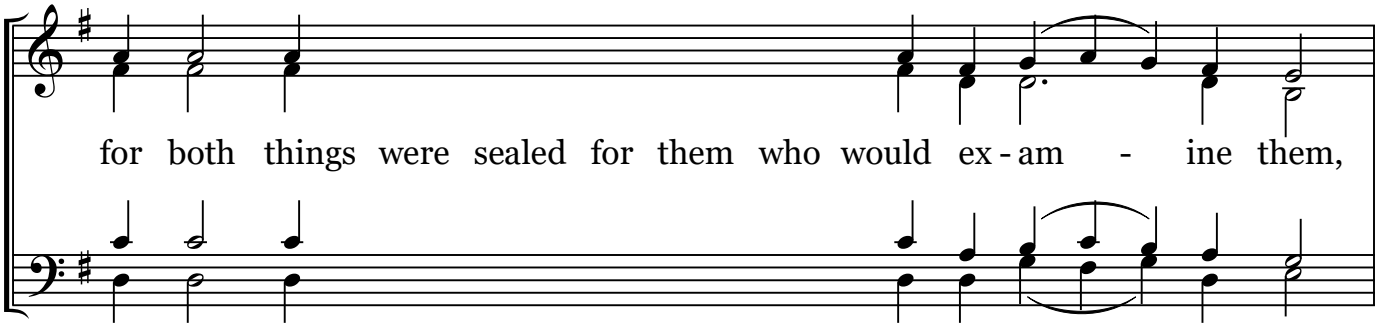
To bind their kings with fetters, and their nobles with manacles of iron,

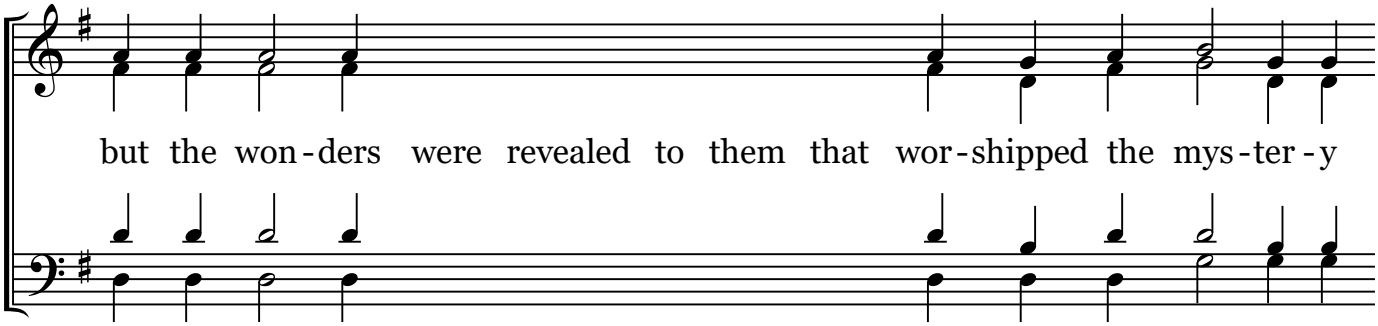
(6) Reader: **To do among them the judgement that is written**

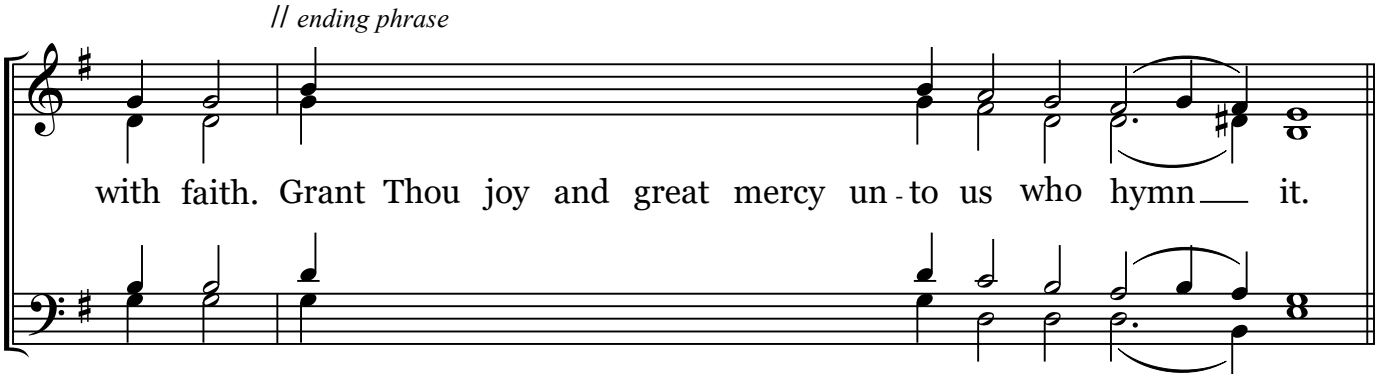


Sunday Octoechos
Praises - Tone 5

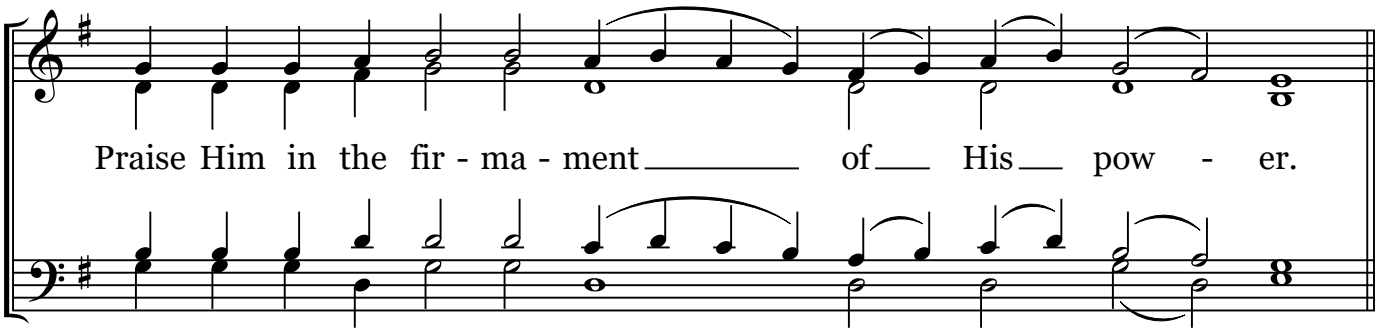






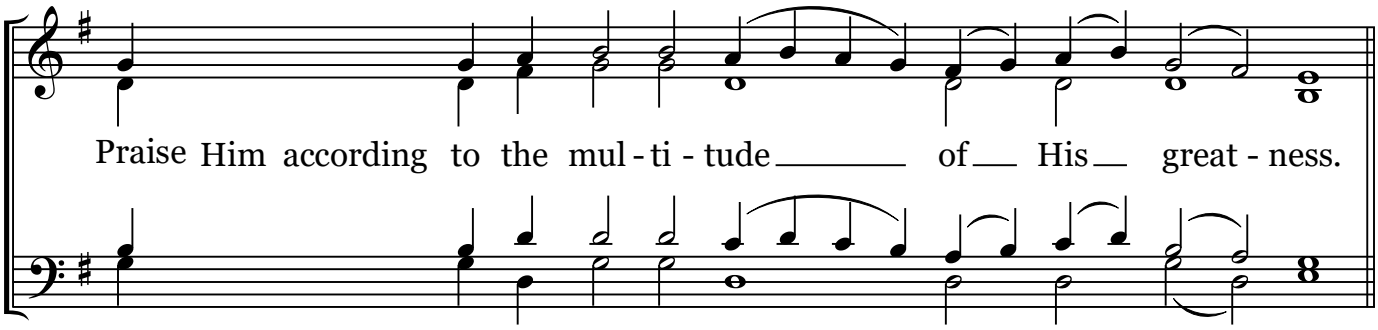


(5) Reader: **Praise ye God in His saints**



O Lord, Who broke asunder the everlasting chains /
and rent apart the bonds of hades, /
Thou didst rise from the tomb, leaving Thy grave-clothes behind /
as a witness to Thy true resurrection on the third day; /
and Thou didst go before Thy disciples into Galilee, /
O Thou Who wast guarded in the cave. /
Great is Thy mercy, O unapproachable Savior! //
Have mercy and save us!

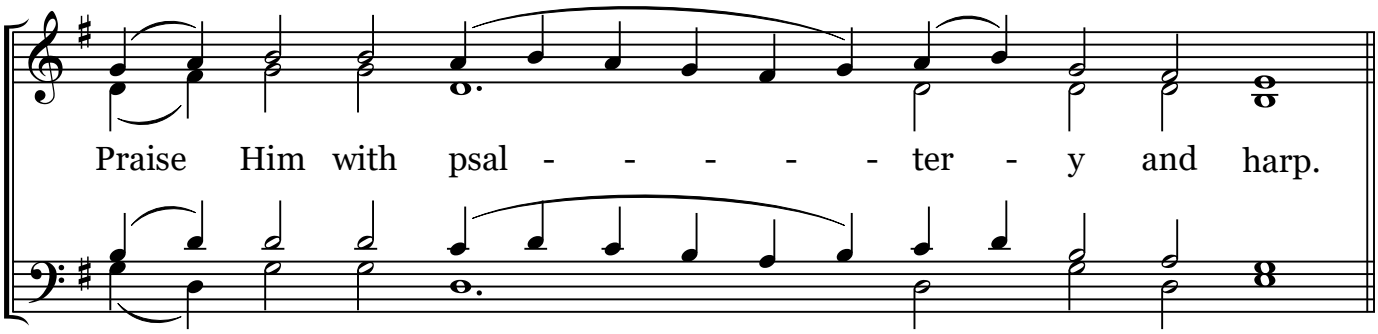
(4) Reader: **Praise Him for His mighty acts**



The women, O Lord, hastened to the tomb /
to see Thee Who suffered for our sake, O Christ; /
and when they were come, they found an angel /
seated upon the stone, which had rolled away in fear; /
and he cried out to them, saying: /
"The Lord is risen! //
Tell ye the disciples that He hath risen from the dead, saving our souls!"

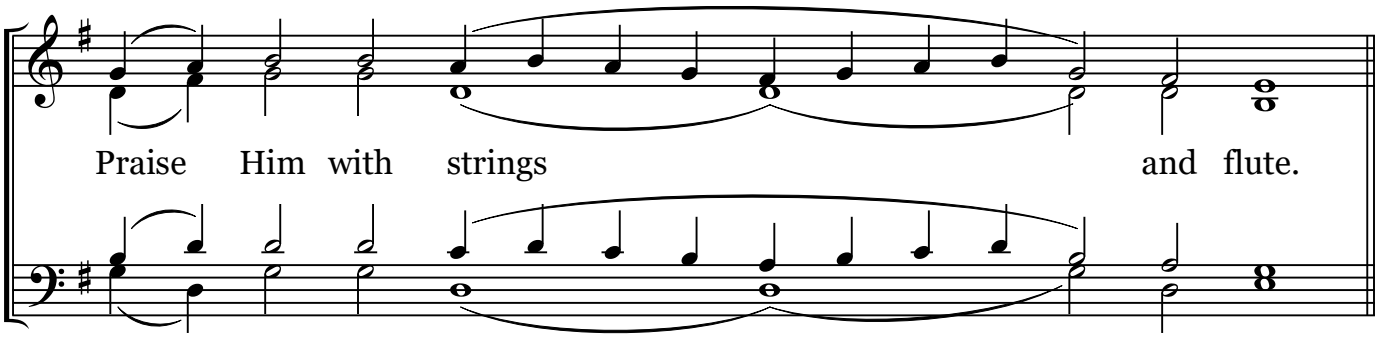
Sunday Octoechos
Praises - Tone 5

(3) Reader: **Praise Him with the sound of trumpet**



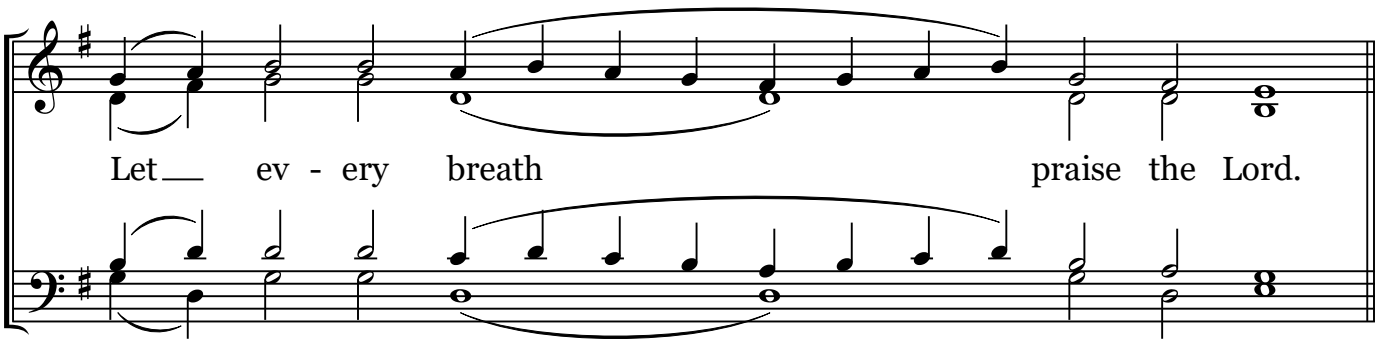
O Lord, as Thou didst come forth from the sealed tomb, /
so Thou didst enter in to Thy disciples while the doors were fast shut, /
showing them the bodily sufferings which Thou didst endure, /
O long-suffering Savior. /
Thou didst endure wounding as One from the seed of David, /
and didst free the world as the Son of God. /
Great is Thy mercy, O unapproachable Savior! //
have mercy and save us!

(2) Reader: **Praise Him with timbrel and dance,**



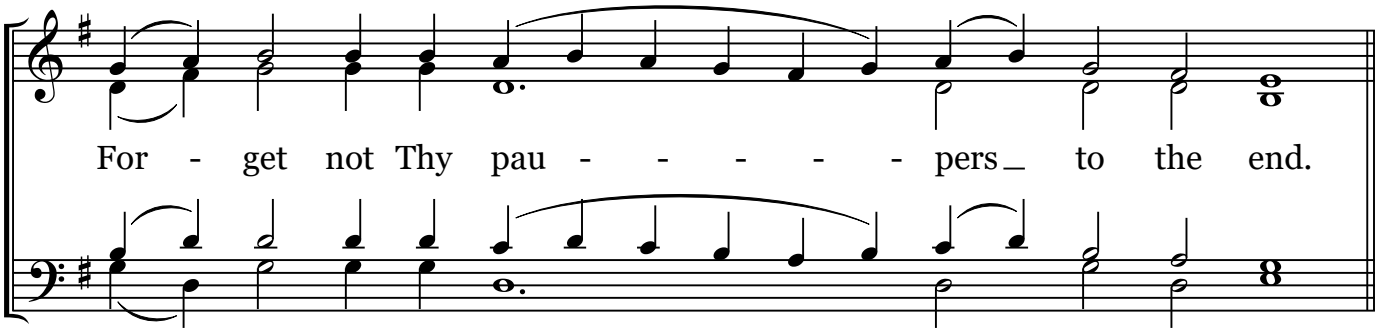
O Lord, King of the ages and Creator of all, /
Who for our sake accepted crucifixion and burial in the flesh, /
that Thou mightest free us all from hades: //
Thou art our God, and we know none other than Thee.

(1) Reader: **Praise Him with tuneful cymbals, prais Him with cymbals of jubilation,**



O Lord, who can describe Thine all-radiant wonders? /
Or who can declare Thy dread mysteries? /
For, having become man for our sake, as Thou Thyself desired, /
Thou didst reveal the might of Thy power; /
for by Thy Cross Thou didst open paradise to the thief, /
and by Thy burial Thou didst break the chains of hades, /
and by Thy resurrection Thou hast enriched all things. //
O compassionate Lord, glory be to Thee!

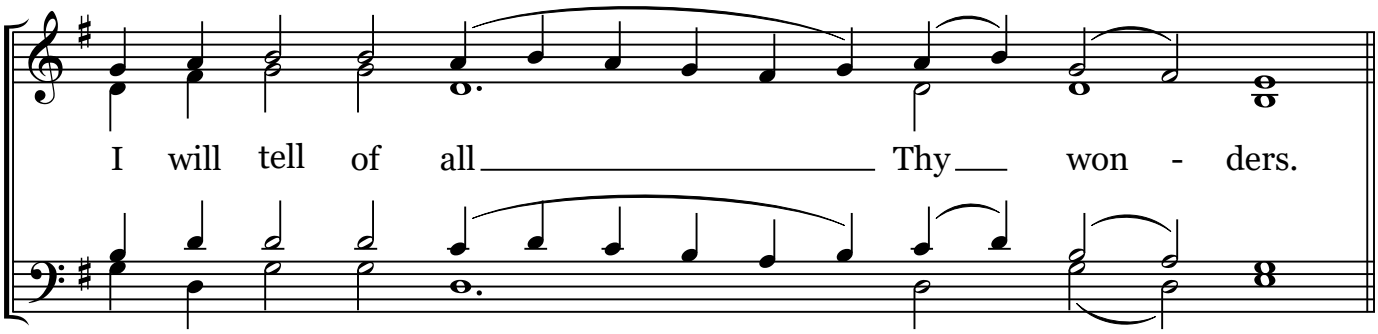
(Sunday i) Reader: **Arise, O Lord my God, let Thy hand be lifted high;**



Arriving at Thy tomb very early in the morning, /
the myrrh-bearing women sought to anoint God the immortal Word with myrrh; /
but, informed by the words of the angel, they returned with joy /
and declared openly to the apostles /
that Thou art risen, O Life of all, //
and hast granted the world cleansing and great mercy.

Sunday Octoechos
Praises - Tone 5

(Sunday ii) Reader: **I will confess Thee, O Lord, with my whole heart,**



The guards of the God-receiving tomb said to the Jews:/

'O your vain-minded counsel! /

In attempting to confine Him Who is uncontainable, ye labored in vain; /

desiring to conceal the resurrection of the Crucified One, ye showed it forth clearly! /

O your vain-minded assembly! /

Do ye again advise us to hide what cannot be hid? /

Hearken, rather, to us, and believe in those things which have truly happened:

A lightning-bearing angel, descending from heaven, rolled away the stone, /

and in fear of him we became as dead; /

and as herald to the myrrh-bearing women of steadfast mind he said: /

"See ye not the guards lying as dead, /

and the seals broken, and the emptying of hades? /

Why seek ye Him Who hath set at nought the victory of hades /

and broken the sting of death, as though He were dead? /

Going forth quickly, proclaim the resurrection without fear to the apostles, crying out: //

Truly the Lord is risen, Who hath great mercy!"'

Text adapted from "The Sunday Octoechos", Isaac Lambertson, St. John of Kronstadt Press. sjkp.org