

The First Sunday Antiphon

Shout to the Lord, all the earth: sing now to His name, give glory to His praise.

Through the prayers of the Mother of God, O Savior, save us.

Say unto God, "How awesome are your works! Because of the greatness of Your strength Your enemies will flatter You."

Through the prayers of the Mother of God, O Savior, save us.

Let all the earth worship You and sing to You, let it sing to Your name, O Most High.

Through the prayers of the Mother of God, O Savior, save us.

The Third Sunday Antiphon

Come, let us sing joyfully to the Lord, let us acclaim God, our Savior. Son of God, risen from the dead, save us who sing to You: Alleluia.

Let us come before His face with praise, and acclaim Him in psalms. Son of God, risen from the dead, save us who sing to You: Alleluia.

For God is the great Lord and the great king over all the earth. Son of God, risen from the dead, save us who sing to You: Alleluia.

*****Entrance*****

Come, let us worship and fall down before Christ.

Son of God, risen from the dead, save us who sing to You: Alleluia.

Tropars

When You went down to death, O Life Immortal,* You struck Hades dead with the blazing light of Your divinity.* When You raised the dead from the nether world, all the powers of heaven cried out:* "O Giver of Life, Christ our God, glory be to You!"

Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit.

You arose from the tomb, O almighty Savior,* and Hades, seeing this in wonder, was stricken with fear; and the dead arose.* Creation saw and

rejoices with You, and Adam exults.* And the world, my Savior, sings Your praises forever.

Now and for ever and ever. Amen.

The tomb and death could not hold the Mother of God,* unceasing in her intercession and an unfailing hope of patronage,* for as the Mother of Life she was transferred to life by Him * Who had dwelt in her ever-virgin womb.

Apostolos

Prokimenon: My strength and my courage is the Lord,* and he has been my Savior.

Stichon: The Lord has chastised me through his teaching,* yet he has not delivered me to death.

Reading from the Second Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians:

Brethren, the God and Father of our Lord Jesus, who is blessed forever, knows that I do not lie. In Damascus, the Governor under King Aretas was guarding the city of the Damascenes in order to arrest me, but I was lowered in a basket through a window in the wall, and escaped his hands.

It is not fitting for me to boast: but I will come to visions and revelations of the Lord. I know a man in Christ who fourteen years ago (whether in the body, I do not know, or out of the body, I do not know: God knows) was caught up into paradise and heard secret sayings that man may not repeat. Of such a man I will boast; but of myself I give glory in nothing except my weaknesses. For if I do wish to boast, I shall not be foolish, for I shall be speaking the truth. But I give up, lest any man have an idea of me beyond what he sees in me or hears from me. And lest the greatness of the revelation puff me up, there was given to me a thorn for the flesh, a messenger of Satan to buffet me. Concerning this, I begged the Lord three times that it may leave me, but he said to me, "My grace is enough for you, for strength is made perfect in weakness." Gladly, then, will I glory in my weaknesses, that the strength of Christ may dwell in me.

Alleluia: The Lord shall hear you on the day of distress,* the name of the God of Jacob shall defend you.

Stichon: O lord, save your king* and listen to us on whatever day we call upon you.

Gospel (Lk 16: 19-31)

Now there was a certain man of great wealth, who was dressed in fair clothing of purple and delicate linen, and was shining and glad every day. And a certain poor man, named Lazarus, was stretched out at his door, full of wounds, Desiring the broken bits of food which came from the table of the man of wealth; and even the dogs came and put their tongues on his wounds. And in time the poor man came to his end, and angels took him to Abraham's breast. And the man of wealth came to his end, and was put in the earth. And in hell, being in great pain, lifting up his eyes he saw Abraham, far away, and Lazarus on his breast. And he gave a cry and said, Father Abraham, have mercy on me and send Lazarus, so that he may put the end of his finger in water and put it on my tongue, for I am cruelly burning in this flame. But Abraham said, Keep in mind, my son, that when you were living, you had your good things, while Lazarus had evil things: but now, he is comforted and you are in pain. And in addition, there is a deep division fixed between us and you, so that those who might go from here to you are not able to do so, and no one may come from you to us. And he said, Father, it is my request that you will send him to my father's house; For I have five brothers; and let him give them an account of these things, so that they may not come to this place of pain. But Abraham said, They have Moses and the prophets; let them give ear to what they say. And he said, No, father Abraham, but if someone went to them from the dead, their hearts would be changed. And he said to him, If they will not give attention to Moses and the prophets, they will not be moved even if someone comes back from the dead.

Instead of: "It is truly right..."

No change. We sing "It is truly right..."

Kinonikon

Praise the Lord from the heavens;* praise him in the highest.

Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.