

The First Sunday Antiphon

Bless the Lord, O my soul.* Blessed are you, O Lord.
Bless the Lord, O my soul,* and all that is within me bless his holy name.
Bless the Lord, O my soul,* and do not forget all his praiseworthy gifts.*
He forgives all your iniquities,* he heals all your ailments,
He redeems your life from corruption,* he favors you with his mercy and compassion.
Gracious and merciful is the Lord,* abounding in patience and mercy!
Bless the Lord, O my soul,* and all that is within me bless his holy name.
Blessed are you,* O Lord.

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

Let rejoicing fill the heavens, let gladness fill the earth;* for the Lord has shown the power of his arm by conquering death by death.* He has become the first born of the dead.* He has delivered us from the bowels of hell, and upon the world he has bestowed great mercy.

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

As you healed the paralytic of old, O Lord,* by your divine intervention, now heal my soul so dreadfully paralyzed by all kinds of sin and senseless deeds* that I might find salvation and cry out to you.* Compassionate Christ, glory to your might.

Now and for ever and ever. Amen.

Although you went down into the grave, O Immortal One,* you destroyed the power of hell.* You arose as a mighty victor, O Christ our God.* You greeted the myrrh-bearing women, saying; Rejoice!* You brought peace to your apostles.* You give resurrection to the fallen.

Apostolos

Prokimenon: Sing praise to our God, sing praise! Sing praise to our King, sing praise!

Stichon: All you peoples, clap your hands! Shout to God with cries of gladness!

Reading from the Acts of the Apostles:

In those days it came to pass that Peter, while visiting all of them, came to the saints living at Lydda. And he found there a certain man named Aeneas who had been lying in bed for eight years, since he was a paralytic. And Peter said to him, "Aeneas, Jesus Christ is healing you: get up and make your bed." And he got up immediately. And all the inhabitants of Lydda and the [plain of] Sharon saw him, and they were converted to the Lord.

Now in Joppa there was a certain woman disciple named Tabitha, which translated means gazelle, and she devoted herself to good works and almsgiving. But it happened at that time that she fell ill and died: and they washed her and laid her in an upper room. And since Lydda is close to Joppa, the disciples, hearing Peter was there, sent two men to him with the request, "Come to us without delay." And Peter got up and went with them, and on his arrival, they led him to the upper room, and all the widows stood around him weeping, showing him the gowns and cloaks she used to make for them. But Peter, putting them all out, knelt down and prayed, and turning to the body, he said, "Tabitha, get up!" And she opened her eyes, saw Peter, and sat up. Then Peter gave her his hand and raised her up, and calling the saints and the widows, he gave her back to them alive. And it became known all over Joppa, and many believed in the Lord.

Alleluia: In you, O Lord, I have hoped: let me never be put to shame. In your justice, save me and deliver me, lend me your ear and hasten my deliverance.

Stichon: Be for me a protecting God, a sheltering house to save me.

Gospel: (John 5:1-15)

At that time Jesus went up to Jerusalem. Now there is in Jerusalem at the Sheep (Gate) a pool called in Hebrew Bethesda, with five porticoes. In these lay a large number of ill, blind, lame, and crippled. For from time to time an angel of the Lord used to come down into the pool; and the water was stirred up, so the first one to get in after the stirring of the water was healed of whatever disease afflicted him. One man was there who had been ill for thirty-eight years. When Jesus saw him lying there and knew that he had been ill for a long time, he said to him, "Do you want to be well?" The sick man answered him, "Sir, I have no one to put me into the pool when the water is stirred up; while I am on my way, someone else gets down there before me." Jesus said to him, "Rise, take up your mat, and walk." Immediately the man became well, took up his mat, and walked. Now that day was a sabbath. So the Jews said to the man who was cured, "It is the sabbath, and it is not lawful for you to carry your mat." He answered them, "The man who made me well told me, 'Take up your mat and walk.'" They asked him, "Who is the man who told you, 'Take it up and walk'?" The man who was healed did not know who it was, for Jesus had slipped away, since there was a crowd there. After this Jesus found him in the temple area and said to him, "Look, you are well; do not sin any more, so that nothing worse may happen to you." The man went and told the Jews that Jesus was the one who had made him well.

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

The angel exclaimed to the Lady full of grace:* Rejoice, O pure Virgin.* And again I say: Rejoice!* Your Son is risen from the grave on the third day.* With Himself he has raised all the dead.* All you peoples, rejoice!

Shine, o Shine!* New Jerusalem!* For the glory of the Lord has shone on you.* Sing now and exult with joy, O Sion.* And you, O pure Mother of God,* adorn yourself* in the splendor of your Son's resurrection.

Kinonikon

Receive the Body of Christ,* drink from the fountain of immortality.
Praise the Lord from the heavens;* praise him in the highest.

Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.