

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

Let the heavens be glad, let the earth rejoice,* for the Lord has done a mighty deed with His arm.* He trampled death by death. He became the first-born of the dead.* He saved us from the abyss of Hades and granted great mercy to the world.

You are glorified in the highest degree, O Christ our God,* for you made our fathers on earth into shining lights.* Through them you led us all to true faith.* O Lord, rich in mercy, glory to you.

You rose from the tomb, O compassionate Lord,* and led us out from the gates of death.* Today Adam exults and Eve rejoices,* and the prophets together with the patriarchs unceasingly acclaim the divine might of Your power.

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

The Son who came forth from the Father in a way beyond expression* with two natures was born of a woman.* Seeing this we do not reject his image honorably drawn by human hands,* but rather venerate it in faith.* And so the church, holding fast to true faith,* reveres the icon of the incarnation of Christ.

Now and for ever and ever. Amen.

O unfailing patroness of Christians,* O steadfast advocate before the Creator,* turn not away from us sinners as we call out to you in prayer,* but rather, as our gracious Lady, come to our aid as we trustingly appeal to you.* Quickly hear our prayer and make it your own speedy plea,* for you always intercede in behalf of those who honor you, O Mother of God.

Apostolos (Galatians 1: 11-19)

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.

Canticle of the Fathers: Blest are you, O Lord God of our fathers.* Forever praised and glorified is your name.

Reading from the Epistle of St. Paul to the Galatians:

Brethren I give you to understand that the Good News that was announced to you by me is not of man. For I did not receive it from man, nor was it taught to me [by man], but I received it by a revelation from Jesus Christ. For you have heard of the way I lived before in Judaism: how I persecuted the Church of God and ravaged it beyond measure. And I advanced in Judaism above many of my contemporaries in my nation, showing much more zeal for the traditions of my fathers. But when it pleased him who from my mother's womb set me apart and called me by his grace, to reveal

his Son in me, that I may preach him among the Gentiles, immediately, without taking counsel with flesh and blood and without going up to Jerusalem to those who were appointed apostles before me, I retired into Arabia and again returned to Damascus. Then after three years I went to Jerusalem to see Peter, and I remained with him fifteen days. But I saw none of the other apostles, except James, the Lord's brother.

Alleluia: In you, O Lord, I have hoped: let me never be put to shame.* In your justice, save me and deliver me.

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

Gospel: (Luke 7: 11-16)

At that time Jesus journeyed to a city called Nain, and his disciples and a large crowd accompanied him. As he drew near to the gate of the city, a man who had died was being carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. A large crowd from the city was with her. When the Lord saw her, he was moved with pity for her and said to her, "Do not weep." He stepped forward and touched the coffin; at this the bearers halted, and he said, "Young man, I tell you, arise!" The dead man sat up and began to speak, and Jesus gave him to his mother. Fear seized them all, and they glorified God, exclaiming, "A great prophet has arisen in our midst," and "God has visited his people."

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.