

# Stichera at the Aposticha

Saturday Evening Vespers (Octoechos)

Common Chant

arr. from L'vov/Bakhmetev

Tone 7

Sticheron 1

Soprano Alto

Tenor Bass

As the Sav - ior of the world Thou didst a - rise from the

tomb. As God Thou didst resurrect the race of man with Thy

flesh. // O Lord, ——— glo - ry to Thee!

*v.* The Lord is King; He is robed in majesty!

Sticheron 2

Soprano Alto

Tenor Bass

Come, let us worship the One Who rose from the dead,

and en - light - ened all cre - a - tion! By His death, He has

saved us from the tor - ments of hell. // By His Resurrection He has

granted us eternal life and great mer - - - cy.

v. For He has established the world, so that it shall never be moved.

Sticheron 3

Soprano  
Alto  
Tenor  
Bass

Thou didst de - scend in - to hell, capturing death, O Christ.

In three days Thou didst rise again, resurrecting us who glorify Thy

Res - ur - rec - tion, // O Lord and Lov - er of man.

v. Holiness befits Thy house, O Lord, forevermore!

Sticheron 4

Soprano  
Alto

When Thou wast placed in the tomb as one a - sleep,

Tenor  
Bass

the sight was great and awe - some. But when Thou didst

rise on the third day as al - might - y God, Thou didst resurrect

Ad - am with Thy - self. // Glory to Thy Resur - rec - tion, on - ly

Lov - er of man!

# Doxastikon at the Aposticha

St. Mary Magdalene - July 22

Common Chant

arr. from L'vov/Bakhmetev

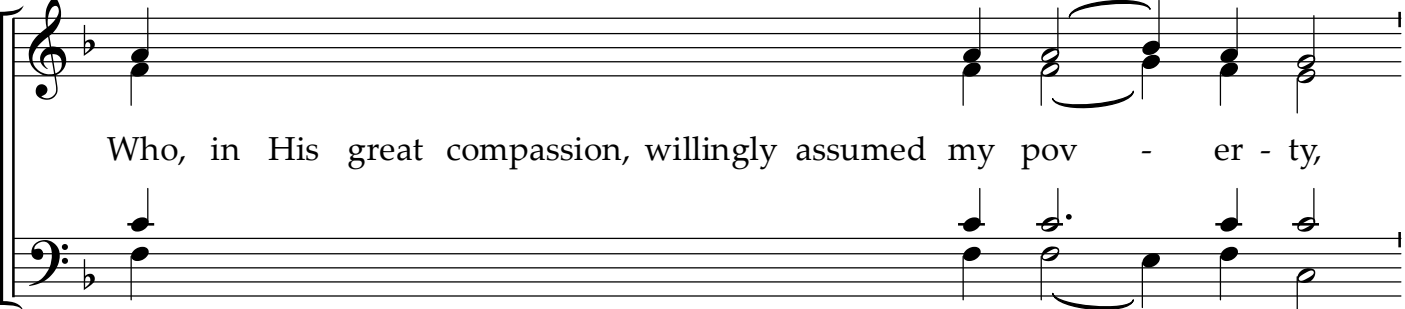
Tone 8

Soprano  
Alto

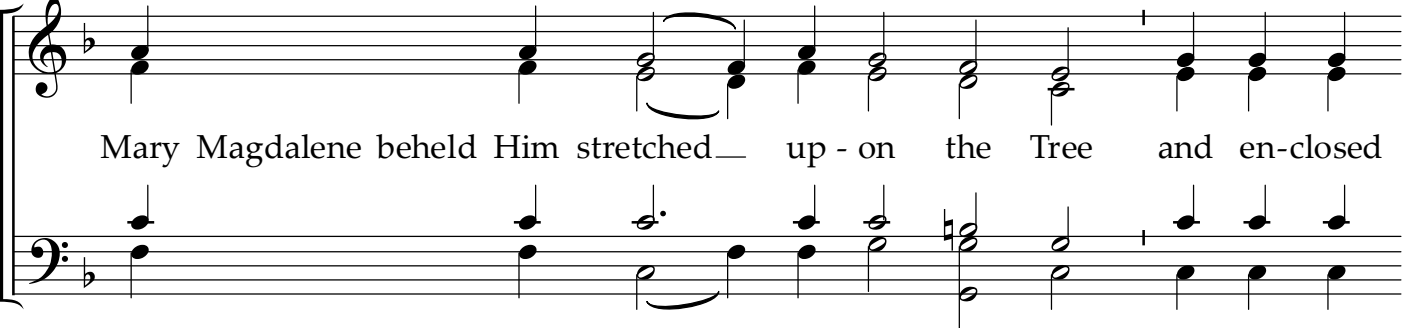


As a dis - ci - ple faithfully ministering to Christ — God

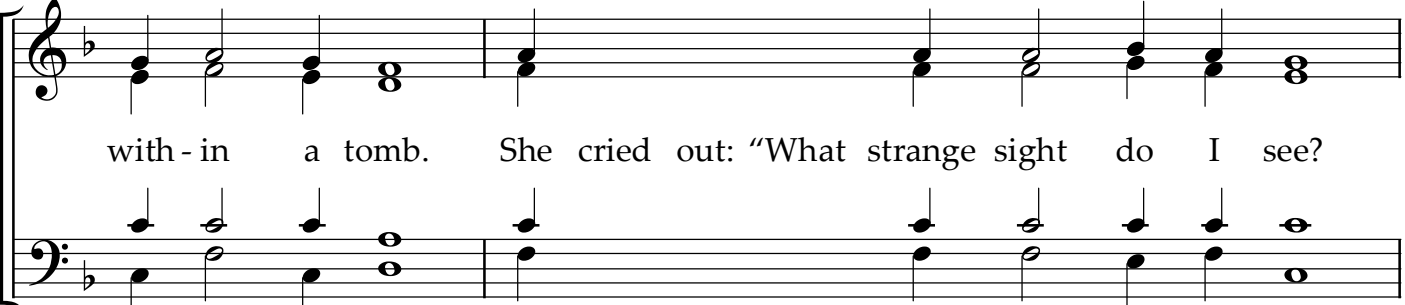
Tenor  
Bass



Who, in His great compassion, willingly assumed my pov - er - ty,



Mary Magdalene beheld Him stretched — up - on the Tree and en-closed



with - in a tomb. She cried out: "What strange sight do I see?"

Thou givest life to the dead, yet Thou art count - ed a - mong

the dead! How shall I bring myrrh to Thee when Thou hast

removed from me the stench of de - mons? How shall I shed

tears for Thee, for Thou didst wipe a - way — the tears of Eve?

Yet, O King of all, Thou didst appear as a gar - den - er, tak - ing

away the burning heat with the dew of Thy words." Thou didst say to her:

"Go to My brethren and declare to them the joy of the Gos - pel!

For I shall ascend to the Fa - ther, to My God and thy God, //

that I may grant great mer - cy to the world!"

# Theotokion at the Aposticha - Tone 8

Octoechos (Weekly Cycle) - Sunday

Common Chant

arr. from L'vov/Bakhmetev


Tone 8

Soprano  
Alto




O un-wed - ded Vir - gin, who ineffably didst conceive God

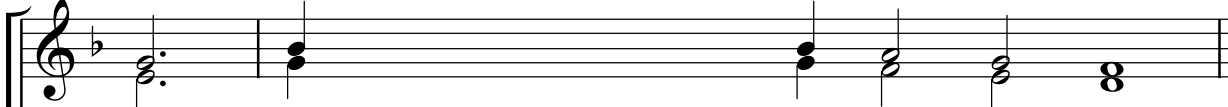
Tenor  
Bass



in the flesh. O Moth - er of God most high, accept the cries of



thy servants, O blame - less one! Grant cleansing of trans - gres - sions to



all! // Receive our prayers and pray to save our souls!

