He Who of old by His divine command gathered the waters together and divided the sea for the people of Israel, He is our God and is glorious. // To Him alone let us sing, for He has been glorified.
Out of nothing You brought forth all things, creating them by the Word and perfecting them by the Spirit: All sovereign and Most High. // In Your love establish me.
You have shown us a mighty love, O Lord; for You gave Your Only-begotten Son to death for our sake. Therefore we cry to You in thanksgiving: // “Glory to Your power, O Lord!”
Early in the morning I seek You, Creator of all,

and Peace that passes all understanding; for Your _

commandments are light. // Guide me by them, O Lord!
The deepest abyss of sins has surrounded me, and my spirit faints; but stretch out, O Master, Your mighty arm //

and, as You saved Peter, save me, O my Guide.

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Resurrection Kanon - Tone 3
Sunday - Weekly Cycle (Octoechos)

Heirmos 7

Abbreviated Kievan Chant
arr. from B. Ledkovsky

As of old You re-freshed with dew the three god-ly Youths

in the Chal-de-an flame, so with the en-lightening fire of Your

God-head illumine us al-so as we cry: "Blessed are You,

the God of our fa-thers!"

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UNITED in the unbearable fire, yet unharmed by the flames, the Young Men renowned for their fear of God sang a divine hymn: “All you works of the Lord bless the Lord, // and exalt Him throughout all the ages.”
New is this wonder and fitting for God: for through the closed gate of the Virgin the Lord clearly passes. Naked when He enters in, He comes forth as God clothed in flesh, even as the gate remains closed. // We magnify her as ineffably the Mother of God.