Matins Propers
Bright Thursday


On each day of Bright Week, Matins is celebrated as on the Sunday of Pascha except that:

- The Paschal procession is omitted. The opening Paschal troparion and its verses are sung as the celebrant stands at the holy table.

- Small Litanies are not intoned after every Ode of the canon, but only after the third, sixth and ninth Odes.

At the Praises

On Thursday, the opening verses of Psalm 148, and the four stichera of the Resurrection. are sung in Tone 5.

Psalm 140 - Tone 5 samohlasen

Let ev'-ry-thing that lives and that breathes give praise to the Lord.

Praise the Lord from the heav-ens, praise him in the heights. To you is
due a hymn, O God. Praise him, all his an-gels, praise him,

all his host. To you is due a hymn, O God.
Al-though the lawless sealed your grave, O Lord, you came forth from the tomb
just as you were born from the Vir-gin. Your bodiless angels did not know
how you were in-car-nate and the sol-diers guarding you did not perceive your
res-ur-rec-tion. Both these mar-vels are sealed to those who in-ves-ti-gate,
but are man-ifest to those who worship the mys-ter-y with faith. As we now
praise them in song, grant us joy and great mer-cy.

Cantor: O praise him with sound of trumpet, praise him with lute and harp.

O Lord, you smashed the e-ter-nal bolts and ripped the chains a-sun-der;
you rose from the tomb and left your bur-ial shroud be-hind as a
witness to the truth of your three-day burial. You who were kept in a cave proceeded to Galilee. Great is your mercy! Incomprehensible

Lord, have mercy on us.

Cantor: Praise him with timbrel and dance, praise him with strings and pipes.

O Lord, the women ran to your tomb to see you, O Christ, who suffered the passion for our sake. And drawing near, they found an angel seated on the stone which he had rolled away with fear. He cried out to them, saying: The Lord is risen! Tell the disciples that the Savior of our souls is risen from the dead.

Cantor: O praise him with resounding cymbals, praise him with clashing of cymbals, let everything that lives and that breathes give praise to the Lord.
O Lord, just as you emerged from the grave, despite its seals, so you entered
where your disciples were, although the doors were locked, showing them on
your body the signs of your passion, which you had accepted, O long-suffering Savior. As Son of David, you endured wounds
but as Son of God, you freed the world. Great is your mercy!
Incomprehensible Savior, have mercy on us.

The service continues with the Paschal Stichera on page 38.