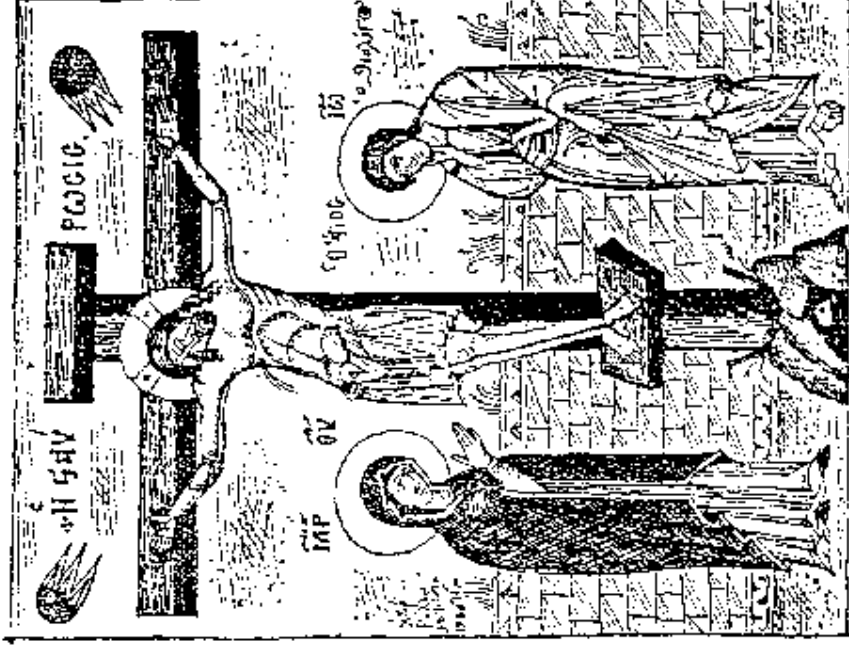
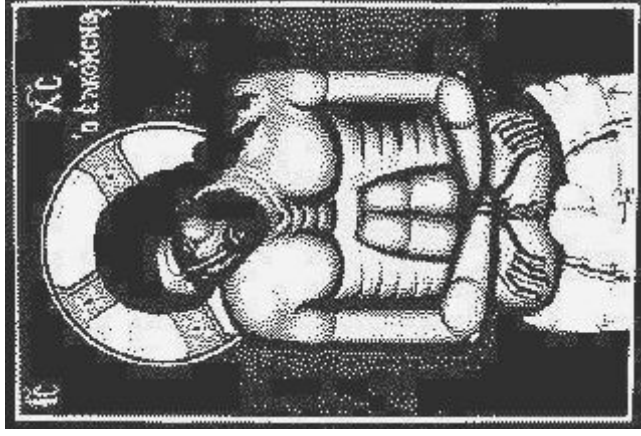


ΤΑ ΕΤΚΩΜΙΑ



The Lamentations Before the Holy Sepulcher In Greek and English English Translation by N. Takis

Dedicated to His Eminence Metropolitan Maximos of Pittsburgh



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The English translations have been arranged to match the Greek text in number of syllables and location of accented syllables. Therefore, they should work equally well with any musical arrangement.

ΤΑ ΕΓΚΩΜΙΑ ΤΗΣ ΜΕΓΑΛΗΣ ΠΑΡΑΣΚΕΥΗΣ

ΣΤΑΣΙΣ ΠΡΩΤΗ

Ήχος Πλ. Α.

1. Ἡ Ζωὴ ἐν τάφῳ
κατετέθης, Χριστέ,
καὶ ἀγγέλων στρατιαὶ, ἐξεπλήττωντο,
συγκατάβασιν δοξάζουσαι τὴν Σὴν.

2. Ἡ Ζωὴ πῶς θνήσκεις;
πῶς καὶ τάφῳ οἰκεῖς;
τοῦ θανάτου τὸ βασίλειον λύεις δέ,
καὶ τοῦ Ἄδου τοὺς νεκροὺς ἐξανιστᾷς.

3. Μεγαλύνουμέν Σε
, Ἰησοῦ Βασιλεῦ,
καὶ τιμῶμεν τὴν ταφὴν καὶ τὰ πάθη
Σου,
δι' ὧν ἔσωσας ἡμᾶς ἐκ τῆς φθορᾶς.

4. Μέτρα γῆς ὁ στήσας
ἐν μικρῷ κατοικεῖς
, Ἰησοῦ, Παμβασιλεῦ, τάφῳ σήμερον,
ἐκ μνημάτων τοὺς θανόντας ἀνιστῶν.

5. Ἰησοῦ Χριστέ μου,
Βασιλεῦ τοῦ παντός,
τί ζητῶν τοῖς ἐν τῷ Ἄδῃ ἐλήλυθας;
ἢ το γένιος ἀπολύσαι τῶν βροτῶν;

6. Ὁ Δεσπότης πάντων
καθορᾶται νεκρός,
καὶ ἐν μνήματι καινῷ κατατίθεται
ὁ κενώσας τὰ μνημεῖα τῶν νεκρῶν.

7. Ἡ Ζωὴ ἐν τάφῳ
κατετέθης, Χριστέ,
καὶ θανάτῳ Σου τὸν θάνατον ὤλεσας,
καὶ ἐπήρασας τῷ κόσμῳ τὴν ζωὴν.

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17. Beholding Thee suspended
upon the tree, the Mother
cried to her Calf in anguish.

18. "My sweetest Son, most precious,
the Light of mine eyes hidden!
How can a tomb conceal Thee?"

19. "My Son, I give Thee glory
for Thy supreme compassion
which causes Thee to suffer."

20. Arise, O Lord of Mercy,
and with Thee, also raise us
who linger deep in Hades.

21. "Arise, Thou Who bestows Life!"
the Mother who didst bear Thee
through flowing tears entreats Thee.

22. The powers of the Heavens
stood up in fear and wonder
when they beheld Thee lifeless.

23. Early in the morning
women bearing myrrh came
to sprinkle Thee with spices. (3 times)

24. By Thy Resurrection
grant peace upon Thy churches
and to Thy flock salvation.

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

25. My God, Who art three Persons,
Father, Son, and Spirit,
on all the world have mercy.

Both now and forever, and unto the ages of ages. Amin.

26. Deem thy servants worthy,
O Virgin, to bear witness
at thy Son's Resurrection.

27. Every generation
offers adoration
my Christ, at Thine entombment.

17. Ἡ Δάμαλις τὸν Μόσχον
ἐν ξύλῳ κρεμασθέντα
ἠλαλαξεν ὀρώσα.

18. Ὡ Φῶς τῶν ὀφθαλμῶν μου,
γλυκύτατόν μου Τέκνον,
πῶς τάφῳ νῦν καλύπτῃ;

19. Δοξάζω Σου, Υἱέ μου,
τὴν ἄκραν εὐσπλαγγίαν,
ἧς χάριν ταῦτα πάσχεις.

20. Ἀνάστηθι Οἰκτίρμον,
ἡμᾶς ἐκ τῶν βαράθρων
ἐξανιστῶν τοῦ Ἄδου.

21. Ἀνάστα Ζωοδότα,
ἦ Σε τεκούσα Μήτηρ,
δακρυροῦσα λέγει.

22. Οὐράνιαι δυνάμεις
ἐξέστησαν τῷ φόβῳ
νεκρὸν Σε καθορώσαί.

23. Ἐρριανὸν τὸν τάφον
αἰ Μυροφόροι μύρα
λίαν πρωῖ ἔλθουσαι.
ἴσρις!

24. Εἰρήμην Ἐκκλησίαν,
λαῶ Σου σωτηρίαν
δώρησαι Σῆ ἐγέρσει.

*Δόξα Πατρὶ καὶ Υἱῷ καὶ Ἁγίῳ
Πνεύματι.*

25. Ὡ Τριάς, Θεέ μου,
Πατήρ, Υἱός, καὶ Πνεῦμα,
ἐλέησον τὸν κόσμον.

*Καὶ νῦν καὶ ἀεὶ, καὶ εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας
τῶν αἰῶνων. Ἀμήν.*

26. Ἰδεῖν τὴν τοῦ Υἱοῦ Σου
, Ἀνάστασιν, Παρθένε,
ἀξίωσον Σοὺς δούλους.

27. Αἰ γενεαὶ πάσαι
ὑμῶν τῇ ταφῇ Σου
προσφέρουσι, Χριστέ μου.

17. *i dha-ma-lis ton mos-chon*
en xi-io kre-mas-then da
i-la-la-zen o-ro-sa

18. *o fos ton of-thal-mon mou*
gli-ki-ta-ton mou tek-non
fos ta-fo nin ka-li-pti

19. *dho-xa-zo sou i-e mou*
tin ak-ran ef-splach-ni-an
is cha-rin taf-ta pas-chis

20. *a-na-sti-thi i-ktir-mon*
i-mas ek ton va-ra-thron
e-xa-ni-ston tou a-dhou.

21. *a-na-sta zo-o-dho ta*
i se te-kou-sa mi-tir
dha-kri-ro-ou-sa le-ghi

22. *ou-ra-ni-e dhi-na-mis*
e-xe-sti-san to fo-vo
ne-kron se ka-tho-ro-se

23. *er-a-nan ton ta-fon*
e mi-ro-fo-ri mi-ra
li-an pro-i el-thou-se
(3 times)

24. *i-ri-nin ek-kli-si-a*
la-o sou so-ti-ri-an
dho-ri-se si e-yer-si

Dhoxa Patri ke Yio ke aghio
Pnevmati

25. *o tri-as the-e mou*
pa-tir, i-os, ke pnev-ma
e-le-i-son ton koz-mon

ke nin ke a-l ke is tous eonas ton eonon.
amin

26. *i-dhin tin tou i-ou sou*
a-na-sta-sin par-the-ne
a-xi-o-son sous dhou-lous

27. *e ye-ne-e pa-se*
im-non ti ta-fi sou
pros-fe-rou-si chri-ste mou

THE LAMENTATIONS OF GREAT FRIDAY

FIRST STASIS

Plagal First Tone

1. In a grave they laid Thee,
yet, O Christ Thou art Life,
and the armies of the angels beheld amazed,
giving glory that Thou chose to condescend.
2. How, O Life, dost Thou die?
How dost Thou dwell entombed,
Who hast slashed through all the bonds in the realm of death,
and hast raised the dead in Hades from their graves?
3. We, O Lord, exalt Thee,
O Christ Jesus, our King,
and we venerate Thy Passion and burial
through which Thou hast brought redemption from our sins.
4. Thou hast set the measures
of the earth, yet this day
in a narrow tomb dost dwell, Jesus, King of all,
Who hast raised those who were dead up from their tombs.
5. O mine own Christ Jesus,
Thou art King of the world.
Why hast Thou come down to Hades to seek the dead?
Is it not to set the race of mortals free?
6. He Who is the Master
of creation appears
as a corpse and lies entombed in a fresh-hewn grave,
though He emptied every gravesite of its dead.
7. In a grave they laid Thee,
yet, O Christ, Thou art Life.
By Thy death hast Thou abolished the realm of death,
and upon the world hast poured down streams of Life.

8. Ὁ ὠραίος κάλλει
 παρὰ πάντας βροτούς
 ὡς ἀνείδεος νεκρός καταφαίνεται,
 ὁ τὴν φύσιν ὠραίσας τοῦ παντός.

9. Ἰησοῦ, γλυκύ μοι,
 καὶ σωτήριον Φῶς
 τάφῳ πῶς ἐν σκοτεινῷ κατακέκρυψαι;
 ὦ ἀφάτου καὶ ἀρρήτου ανοχηῆς;

10. Ἀπορεῖ καὶ Φύσις,
 νοερὰ καὶ πληθὺς
 ἡ ἀσώματος, Χριστὲ, τὸ μυστήριον
 τῆς ἀφράστου καὶ ἀρρήτου Σου ταφῆς.

11. Προσκυνῶ τὸ πάθος,
 ἀνυμνῶ τὴν ταφήν,
 μεγαλύνω Σου τὸ κράτος, Φιλάνθρωπε,
 δι' ὧν λέλυμαι παθῶν φθοροποιῶν.

12. Ἡ ἀμνάς τὸν ἄρνα
 καθορῶσα νεκρόν,
 ταῖς αἰκίσαι βαλλομένη ὠλόλυξε,
 συγκινούσα καὶ τὸ ποιμνιον βοᾶν.

13. Οἶμοι, Φῶς τοῦ κόσμου·
 οἶμοι, Φῶς τὸ ἐμόν·
 Ἰησοῦ μου ποθεινότατε, ἔκραζεν
 ἡ Παρθένος θρηνηδοῦσα γοερῶς.

14. ὦ Θεὲ καὶ Λόγε,
 ὦ χαρὰ ἡ ἐμή,
 πῶς ἐνέγκω Σου ταφήν τὴν τριήμερον;
 νῦν σπαράττομαι τὰ σπλάγχνα
 μητρικῶς.

15. Τίς μοι δώσει ὕδωρ
 καὶ δακρύων πηγάς;
 ἡ Θεόνυμφος Παρθένος ἐκραύαζεν,
 ἵνα κλαύσω τὸν γλυκὺν μου Ἰησοῦν.
 Δόξα Πατρὶ καὶ Υἱῷ καὶ Ἁγίῳ
 Πνεύματι.

8. o o-re-os ka/li
 pa-ta-pan-das vro-tous
 os a-ni-dhe-os ne-kros ka-ta-fe-ne-te
 o tin fi-sin o-ra-i-sas tou pan-dos

9. i-i-sou gli-ki-mi
 ke so-ti-ri-on fos
 ta-fo pos en sko-ti-no ka-ta-ke-kri-pte
 o a-fa-tou ke ar-ri-tou a-no-chis

10. a-po-ri ke fi-sis
 no-e-ra ke pli-this
 i a-so-ma-tos chri-ste to mi-sti-ri-on
 tis a-fra-stou ke ar-ri-tou sou ta-fis.

11. pro-ski-no to pa-thos
 a-ni-mno tin ta-fin
 me-gha-li-no sou to kra-tos fi-lan-thro-pe
 dhi on le-li-me pa-thon ftho-ro-pi-on

12. i am-nas ton ar-na
 ka-tho-ro-sa ne-kron
 tes e-ki-si va-lo-me-ni o-lo-li-ze
 sing-ki-nou-sa ke to pi-mni-on vo-an

13. i-mi fos tou koz-mou,
 i-mi fos to e-mon
 i-i-sou mou po-thi-no-ta-te -kra-zen
 i par-the-nos thri-no-dhou-sa yo-e-ro

14. o the-e ke lo-ye
 o cha-ra i e-mi
 pos e-neng-o sou ta-fin tin tri-i-me-ron
 nin spa-ra-to-me ta splach-na mi-tri-kos

15. tis mi dho-si i-dhor
 ke dha-kri-on pi-yas
 i the-o-nim-fos par-the-nos e-kra-v-gha-zen
 i-na klaf-so ton ghli-kin mou i-i-soun

Dhoxa Patri ke Yio, kai aghio Pnevmati

5. As women bearing myrrh did,
 let us in our awareness
 anoint as dead the Living.

6. Three-times blessed Joseph,
 thou shalt tend the Body
 of Christ, Who hath bestowed Life.

7. Those He fed with manna
 have raised their heels to spurn Him
 from Whom all things are given.

8. Ignorance most foolish!
 Those who slew the prophets
 have come, O Christ, to slay Thee.

9. Mindless as a servant,
 he who learned the myst'ries
 betrayed the Depths of Wisdom.

10. He who sold the Saviour,
 Judas the Betrayer,
 has sold himself as captive.

11. With help from Nicodemos,
 Joseph tends the Body
 as does befit the Master.

12. Thou art my sweetest Springtime,
 My sweetest Son, I ask Thee,
 "Where has Thy beauty faded?

13. When she beheld Thee lifeless,
 O Word, Thine all-pure Mother
 cried out in lamentation.

14. Death to Death Thou bringest,
 through Thy divine dominion.
 My God, by Thine own dying.

15. Foiled is the Deceiver;
 Redeemed is the deceived one,
 my God, by Thy great wisdom.

16. My God and my Creator,
 the King of all, and God's Son,
 how hast Thou borne Thy Passion?

5. Ὡς νεκρὸν τὸν ζῶντα
 σὺν μυροφόροις πάντες
 μύρισωμεν ἐμφρόνως.

6. Ἰωσήφ τρισμιάκαρ,
 κήδευσον τὸ Σῶμα
 Χριστοῦ τοῦ Ζωοδότου.

7. Οὓς ἔθρεψε τὸ μάννα,
 ἐκίνησαν τὴν πτέρναν
 κατὰ τοῦ Ἐβεργέτου.

8. Ὡς τῆς παρὰφροσύνης
 καὶ τῆς Χριστοκτονίας,
 τῆς τῶν Προφητοκτόνων·

9. Ὡς ἄφρων ὑπηρέτης
 προδῆδωκεν ὁ μύστης
 τὴν ἄβυσσον σοφίας.

10. Τὸν ρύστην ὁ πωλήσας
 ἀιχμάλωτος κατέστη,
 ὁ δόλιος Ιούδας.

11. Ἰωσήφ κηδεύει
 σὺν τῷ Νικοδήμῳ,
 νεκροπρεπῶς τὸν Κτίστην.

12. Ὡ γλυκὺ μου ἔαρ,
 γλυκύτατόν μου Τέκνον,
 ποῦ ἔδω Σου τὸ κάλλος;

13. Θρῆνον συνεκίνει
 ἡ Πάναγνος Σου Μήτηρ,
 Σοῦ, Λόγε, νεκρωθέντος.

14. Θάνατον θανάτω
 Σὺ θανάτωϊς, Θεέ μου,
 θεία Σου δυναστεία.

15. Πεπλάνηται ὁ πλάνος,
 ὁ πλανηθεὶς λυτροῦται
 σοφίᾳ Σῆ, Θεέ μου.

16. Υἱέ Θεοῦ Παντάνας,
 Θεέ μου, πλαστουργέ μου,
 πῶς πάθος κατεδέξω;

5. *os ne-kron ton zon-da*
sin mi-ro-fo-ris pan-des
mi-ri-so-men em-fro-nos

6. *i-o-sif tris-ma-kar*
ki-dhef-son to so-ma
chri-stou tou zo-o-dho tou

7. *ous e-thre-pse to man-na*
e-ki-ni-san tin pter-nan
ka-ta tou ev-er-ye-tou

8. *o tis pa-ra fro-si-nis*
ke tis chri-sto-kto-ni-as
tis ton pro-fi-to-kto-non

9. *os af-ron i-pi-re-tis*
pro-dhe-dho-ken o mi-stis
tin a-vi-son so-fi-as

10. *ton ri-stin o po-li-sas*
ech-ma-lo-tos ka-te-sti
o dho-li-os i-ou-dhas

11. *i-o-sif ki-dhe-vi*
sin to ni-ko-dhi-mo
ne-kro-pre-pos ton kti-stin

12. *o gli-ki mou e-ar*
gli-ki-ta-ton mou tek-non
pou e-dhi sou to kal-los

13. *thri-non si-ne-ki-ni*
i pa-nagh-nos sou mi-tir
sou lo-ghe ne-kro-then-dos

14. *tha-na-ton tha-na-to*
si tha-na-tis the-e mou
thi-a sou dhi-na-sti-a

15. *pe-pla-ni-te o pla-nos*
o pla ni-this li-trou-te
so-fi-a si, the-e mou

16. *i-e, the-ou, pan-da-nax*
the-e mou plas-tour-ye mou
pos pa-thos ka-te-dhe-xo

8. Fairer in His beauty
 than all creatures on earth,
 He is seen now lying lifeless, his beauty gone,
 yet all beauty in creation springs from Him.

9. O mine own sweet Jesus,
 Saving Light of the world,
 can the darkness of the grave hide Thy Light within?
 Neither thought nor word can say what Thou hast borne.

10. Neither Nature's reason,
 nor the angels, O Christ,
 grasp the mystery enfolding Thy burial,
 beyond all our understanding and all words.

11. I revere Thy passion
 Thine entombment I praise,
 and I magnify Thy might, Loving Friend of man;
 they have ransomed me from passions that corrupt.

12. When Thy mother saw Thee
 brought to slaughter, O Lamb,
 she was stabbed with painful torment; her anguished sobs
 called the flock to join her bitter cries of grief.

13. "Woe is me!" the Virgin
 mourned through heart-breaking sobs.
 "Thou art, Jesus, my most precious, beloved Son!
 Gone is my light, and the Light of all the world!"

14. "God and Word eternal,
 O my Gladness and Joy!
 How shall I endure Thy three days inside the tomb
 when my heart is breaking with a mother's grief?"

15. "Who will give me water,
 and a fountain of tears,"
 cried the Virgin Bride of God in her deep despair,
 "that in grief for my sweet Jesus I might weep."

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

16. Ἐνυμνοῦμεν, Λόγε,
Σὲ τὸν πάντων Θεόν,
σὺν Πατρὶ καὶ τῷ Ἁγίῳ Σου Πνεύματι,
καὶ δοξάζομεν τὴν θείαν Σου ταφήν.

*Καὶ νῦν καὶ ἀεὶ, καὶ εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας
τῶν αἰώνων. Ἀμήν.*

17. Μακαρίζομέν Σε,
Θεότοκε Ἄγνή,
καὶ τιμῶμεν τὴν ταφήν τὴν τριήμερον
τοῦ Υἱοῦ Σου καὶ Θεοῦ ἡμῶν πιστῶς.

18. Ἡ Ζωὴ ἐν τάφῳ
κατετέθης, Χριστέ,
καὶ ἀγγέλων στρατιαὶ ἐξεπλήττοντο
συγκρατάβασιν δοξάζουσαι τὴν Σὴν.

ΣΤΑΣΙΣ ΔΕΥΤΕΡΑ

Ἦχος Πλ. Α.

- Ἄξιόν ἐστι
μεγαλῦνεῖν Σε τὸν Ζωοδότην,
τὸν Σταυρῷ τὰς χεῖρας ἐκτείναντα
καὶ συντρίψαντα τὸ κράτος τοῦ ἐχθροῦ.
- Ἄξιόν ἐστι
μεγαλῦνεῖν Σε τὸν πάντων Κτίστην·
Σοὺς γὰρ τοὺς παθήμασιν ἔχομεν
τὴν ἀπάθειαν, ρυσθέντες τῆς φθορᾶς.
- Ἐφρίξεν ἡ γῆ,
καὶ ὁ ἥλιος Σῶτερ, ἐκρύβη,
Σοῦ τοῦ ἀνεσπέρου φέγγους, Χριστέ,
ἐν τῷ τάφῳ δύντος νῦν σωματικῶς.
- Μόνη γυναικῶν
χωρὶς πόνων ἔτεκόν Σε, τέκνον,
πόνους δὲ νῦν φέρω πάθει τῷ Σῷ
ἀφορήτους, ἀνεβόα ἡ Σεμνή.
- Τέτρωμαι δεινῶς
καὶ σπαράττομαι τὰ σπλάγχνα, Λόγε,
βλέπουσα τὴν ἀδικίαν σου σφαγῆν·
ἀνελόγιζεν ἡ Μήτηρ ἐν κλαυθμῷ.

16. a-ni-mnou-men lo-ye
se ton pan-don the-on
sin pa-tri ke to a-yi-o sou pnev-ma-ti
ke dho-xa-zo-men tin thi-an sou ta-fin.

*Ke nin ke ai,
ke is tous eonas ton eonon. Amin.*

17. ma-ka-ri-zo-men Se
the-o-to-ke agh-ni
ke ti-mo-men tin ta-fin tin tri-i-me-ron
tou i-ou sou ke the-ou i-mon pi-stos.

18. i zo-i en ta-fo
ka-te-te-this, chri-ste
ke an-ghe-lon stra-ti-e, e-xe-pli-ton-do
sing-ka-ta-va-sin dho-xa-zou-se tin sin.

STASIS DHEFTERA

Ichos Pl. A.

- a-xi-on e-sti
me-gha-li-nin se ton zo-o-dho-tin
ton stav-ro tas chi-ras ek-ti-nan-da
ke sin tri-psan-da to kra-tos tou ech-thru
- a-xi-on e-sti
me-gha-li-nin se ton pan-don kti-stin
sis ghar tis pa-thi-ma-sin e-cho-men
tin a-pa-thi-an ris-then-des tis ftho-ras
- e-fri-xen i yi
ke o i-li-os so-ter e-kri-vi
sou tou a-ne-spe-rou fen-gous chri-ste
en to ta-fo dhin-dos nin so-ma-ti-kos
- mo-ni yi-ne-kon
cho-ris po-non e-te-kon se tek-non
po-nous dhe nin fe-ro pa-thi to so
a-fo-ri-tous a-ne-vo-a i sem-ni
- te-tro-me dhi-nos
ke spa-ra-to-me ta splach-na, lo-ye
vle-pou-sa tin a-dhi-kon sou sfa-yin
a-ne-lo-yi-sen i mi-tir en klaf-thmo

15. Singing hymns. O Christ,
all the faithful now sound forth the praises
of Thy crucifixion and burial
for by Thine entombment we are freed from death.

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

16. God beyond all time,
with the Word and Spirit everlasting!
strengthen every scepter, O righteous Lord,
of the Orthodox against our every foe!

Both now and forever, and unto the ages of ages. Amin.

17. Life was born of Thee
who art holy and most pure, O Virgin.
Grant thy church protection from all dissent
and reward us with the blessing of thy peace.

18. Truly it is right
that we magnify Thee Who bestows Life,
Who upon the Cross with Thine outspread Hands,
all the power of the enemy hast crushed.

THIRD STASIS

Third Tone

- Every generation
offers adoration
my Christ, at Thine entombment.
- The Arimathean
from the Cross has brought Thee
and in Thy tomb hast laid Thee.
- Anxiously the women
carry myrrh and spices,
my Christ, to lay before Thee.
- Come with all creation,
and offer hymns of mourning
to honour our Creator.

15. Ὕμνοις Σου, Χριστέ,
νῦν τὴν Σταύρωσιν καὶ τὴν ταφὴν τε
ἄπαντες πιστοὶ ἐκθειάζομεν,
οἱ θανάτου λυτρωθέντες Σῆ ταφῆ.

*Δόξα Πατρὶ καὶ Υἱῷ καὶ Ἁγίῳ
Πνεύματι.*

16. Ὑμνοίς σου, Χριστέ,
συναΐδει λόγῳ καὶ πνεύματι,
σκήπτρα πάντων ἀνάκτων κραταιῶσιν
κατὰ πάσης πολεμίων προσβολῆς.

*Καὶ νῦν καὶ ἀεὶ,
καὶ εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας πάντων αἰώνων. Ἀμήν.*

17. Τέξασα Ζωὴν,
Παναμώμητὲ Ἀγνή Παρθένε,
παύσον Ἐκκλησίαν τὰ σκάνδαλα,
καὶ εἰρήνην ἐπιβράβευσον αὐτῇ.

18. Ἄξιον ἔστι,
μεγαλύνειν Σε τὸν Ζωοδότην,
τὸν Σταυρῷ τὰς χεῖρας ἐκτείναντα
καὶ συντρίψαντα τὸ κράτος τοῦ ἔχθρου.

ΣΤΑΣΙΣ ΤΡΙΤΗ

Ἦχος Γ.

1. Αἰ γενεαὶ πάσαι
ὑμνον τῆ ταφῆ Σου,
προσφέρουσι, Χριστέ μου.
2. Καθελὼν τοῦ ξύλου,
ὃ Ἀριμαθείας
ἐν τάφῳ Σε κηδεύει.
3. Μυροφόροι ἦλθον,
μύρα Σοι, Χριστέ μου,
κομίζουσαι προφρόνως.
4. Δεῦρο πάσα κτίσις
ὑμνοὺς ἐξοδίους
προσείσωμεν τῷ Κτίστη.

15. ἰ-mnis sou chri-ste
nin tin stav-ro-sin ke tin ta-fin te
a-pan-des pi-sti ek-thi-a-zo-men
i tha-na-tou li-tro-then-des si ta-fi

Dhoxa Patri ke Yio, kai aghio Pnevmati

16. a-nar-che the-e
si-na-i-dhi-e lo-ghe ke pnev-ma
skip-tra ton a-nak-ton kra-te-o-son
ka-ta pa-sis po-le-mi-on proz-vo-lis

*Ke nin ke a-l ke is tous eonas ton eonon.
Amin.*

17. te-xa-sa zo-in
pa-na-mo-mi-te agh-ni par-the-ne
paf-son ek-kli-si-as ta skan-dha-la
ke i-ri-nin e-pi-vra-vef-son af-ti

18. a-xi-on e-sti
me-gha-li-nin se ton zo-o-dho-tin
ton stav-ro tas chi-ras ek-ti-nan-da
ke sin tri-psan-da to kra-tos tou ech-thru

STASIS TRITI

Ichos Γ.

1. e ye-ne-e pa-se
im-non ti ta-fi sou
pro-sfe-rou-si chri-ste mou
2. ka-the-lon tou xi-lou
O a-ri-ma-thi-as
en ta-fo se ki-dhe-vi
3. mi-ro-fo-ri il-thon
mi-ra si, chri-ste mou
ko-mi-zou-se pro-fro-nos
4. dhev-ro pa-sa kti-sis
im-nous e-xo-dhi-ous
pro-si-so-men to kti-sti

16. We will sing Thy praises,
Word and God of all things,
with Thy Father and Thy Holy Spirit Thou art praised,
and we glorify Thy burial divine.

Both now and forever and unto the ages of ages. Amin.

17. Thou art known as blessed,
Theotokos, most pure.
With our faithful hearts we honour the burial
suffered three days by Thy Son, Who is our God.

18. In a grave they laid Thee,
yet, O Christ Thou art Life,
and the armies of the angels beheld amazed,
giving glory that Thou chose to condescend.

SECOND STASIS

Plagal First Tone

1. Truly it is right
that we magnify Thee Who bestows Life,
Who upon the Cross with Thine outspread Hands
all the power of the enemy hast crushed.

2. Truly it is right
that we magnify Thee, our Creator;
through Thy pain have we been released from pain,
and from all corruption we have been set free.

3. All the earth did shake
and the sun concealed itself in darkness
when they set Thy body into the tomb,
Christ, the Saviour and the never-setting Sun.

4. "Free from pain, my Child,
I, alone among all women, bore Thee."
said Thy modest Mother with humble voice.
"Now Thy passion brings more pain than I can bear."

5. "Torn apart am I,
and my womb, O Word, is wrenched within me
as Thine unjust slaughter assaults mine eyes,"
cried the Mother to her Son through bitter tears.

6. Ὅμμα τὸ γλυκὺ
καὶ τὰ χεῖλη Σου πῶς μύσω, Λόγε;
πῶς νεκροπρεπῶς δὲ κηδεύσω Σε;
ἀνεβόα μετὰ φρίκης Ἰωσήφ.
7. Γῆ Σε, Πλαστοργέ,
ὑπὸ κόλπους δεξαμένη, πρόμω
συσχεθεῖσα, Σῶτερ, τινάσσεται,
ἀφυπνιώσασα νεκροὺς τῷ τυναγμῶ.
8. Λίθος λαξευτός
τὸν ἀκρόγωνον καλύπτει λίθον·
ἄνθρωπος θνητός δ' ὡς θνητὸν Θεόν,
κατὰ κρύπτει νῦν τῷ τάφῳ· φριζὸν γῆ·
9. Ἴδε μαθητήν,
ὃν ἠγάπησας καὶ Σὴν Μητέρα,
Τέκνον, καὶ φθογγὴν δός, γλυκύτατον,
δακρυχέουσα ἔβρα ἢ Ἀγνή.
10. Κάλλος, Λόγε, πρὶν,
οὐδὲ εἶδος ἐν τῷ πάσχειν ἔσχεις,
ἀλλ' ἔξανασταῖς ὑπερέλαμψας
καλλωπίσας τοὺς βροτοὺς θείαις αὐ
γαῖς
11. Ἥλιος ὁμοῦ
καὶ σελήνη σκοτισθέντες, Σῶτερ,
δούλους εὐνοοῦντας εἰκόνιζον,
οἱ μελαίναις ἀμφιέννυνται στολάς.
12. Ἐφριξεν ἰδῶν,
τὸ ἀόρατον Φῶς Σε, Χριστέ μου,
μνήματι κρυπτόμενον ἄπινον τε,
καὶ ἐσκότασεν ὁ ἥλιος τὸ Φῶς.
13. Ἐκλαιε πικρῶς
ἢ Παινόμενος Μήτηρ Σου, Λόγε,
ὅτε ἐν τῷ τάφῳ ἔώρακε
Σὲ τὸν ἀφραστον καὶ ἀναρχον Θεόν.
14. Νέκρωσιν τὴν Σὴν
ἢ Παινόμενος, Χριστέ, Σοῦ Μήτηρ
βλέπουσα πικρῶς Σοὶ ἐφθέγγετο·
μὴ βραδύνης, ἢ Ζωῆ, ἐν τοῖς νεκροῖς.

6. o-ma to gli-ki
ke ta chi-li sou pos mi-so lo-ye
pos ne-kro-pre-pos dhe ki-dhev-so se
a-ne-vo-a me-ta fri-kis i-o-sif
7. yi se pla-stour-ye
i-po kol-pous dhe-xa-me-ni tro-mo
sis-che-thi-sa, so-ter ti-na-se-te
a-fi-pno-sa-sa ne-krous to ti-nagh-mo
8. li-thos la-xef-tos
ton a-kro-gho-non ka-li-pti li-thon
an-thro-pos thni-tos dhos thni-ton theon
ka-ta-kri-pti nin to ta-fo fri-xon yi
9. i-dhe ma-thi-tin
on i-gha-pi-sas ke sin mi-fe-ra
fe-non ke fthong-ghin dhos gli-ki-ta-ton
dha-kri-che-ou-sa e-vo-a i agh-ni
10. kal-los lo-ye prin
ou-dhe i-dhos en to pas-chin es-ches
all' e-xa-na-stas i-per-e-plam-psas
kal-lo-pi-sas tous vro-fous thi-as av-yes
11. i-li-os o-mou
ke se-li-ni sko-tis-then-des so-ter
dhou-lous ev-no ourn-das i-ko-ni-zon
i me-fe-nas am-fi-en-ni-te sto-las
12. e-fri-xen i-dhon
to a-o-ra-ton fos se chri-ste mou
mni-ma-ti kri-ptō-me-non a-pnou te
ke e-sko-ta-sen o i-li-os to fos
13. e-kle-e pi-kros
i pa-na-mo-mos mi-tir sou, lo-ghe
o-te en to ta-fo e-o-ra-ke
se ton a-fra-ston ke a-nar-chon the-on
14. ne-kro sin tin sin
i pa-naf-tho-ras chri-ste sou mi-tir
vle-pou-sa pi-kros si ef-theng-ge-to
mi vra-dhi-nis i zo-i en tis ne-kris

6. “Eyes that are so sweet,
and Thy lips, O Word, how shall I close them?”
Joseph cried appalled, trembling in dismay.
“How shall I entomb Thee as befits the dead?”
7. Fearfully the earth
took Thy body in her bosom, Saviour.
Holding her creator, she quaked in fear,
and awakened those who lay dead in their tombs.
8. Stone that man has hewn
now conceals the Stone of Life’s Foundation;
mortal men entomb God as mortal man,
causing thee, O earth, to tremble in dismay.
9. “Child of mine, behold
Thy beloved disciple and Thy mother.”
“Grant that I might hear Thy sweet voice again!”
Thy pure Mother called through flowing tears to Thee.
10. Suffering in pain,
neither form, hadst Thou, O Word, nor beauty,
but by Thine arising, Thy beauty shines,
and Thy holy rays adorn all those on earth.
11. Sun and moon as one
turned to darkness in their sorrow, Saviour,
and like faithful servants, they wore their grief,
when they wrapped themselves in blackness like a shroud.
12. Struck with fear, the sun
saw Thy light invisible as Thou lay
lifeless and concealed in the grave, my Christ,
and it shuddered and relinquished its own light.
13. Weeping bitter tears,
Thy pure Mother mourned to see Thee lifeless
lying in the tomb, yet Thou art, O Word,
the ineffable and everlasting God.
14. Witness to Thy death,
through her bitter tears Thine all-pure Mother
weeping, cried aloud unto Thee, O Christ:
“Do not linger with the dead, for Thou art Life!”