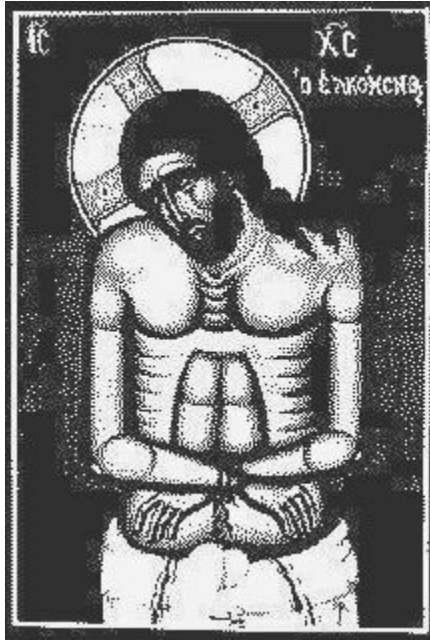


ΤΑ ΕΓΚΩΜΙΑ

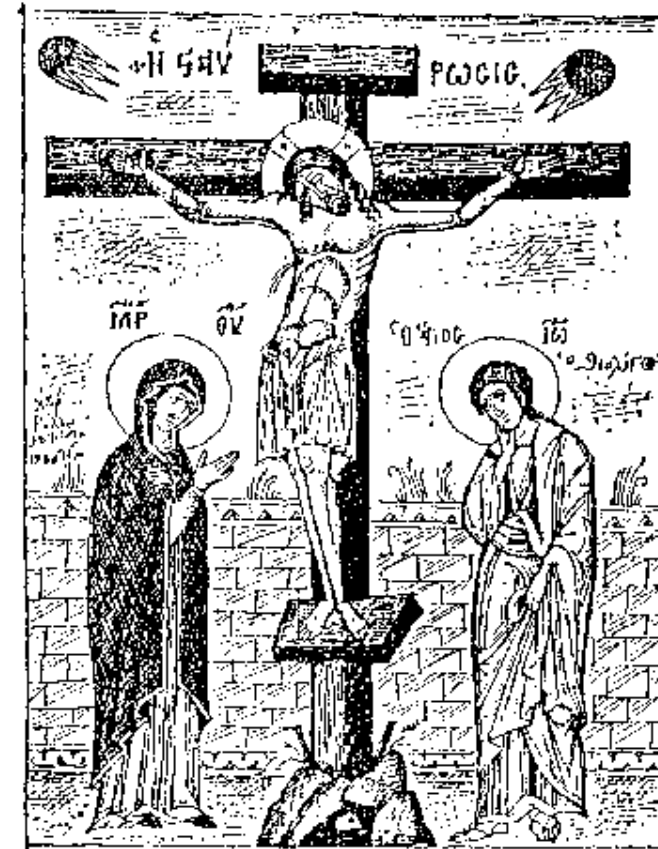


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The English translations have been arranged to match the Greek text in number of syllables and location of accented syllables. Therefore, they should work equally well with any musical arrangement.



The Lamentations
Before the Holy Sepulcher

In Greek and English

Modern English Translation by N. Takis

Dedicated to His Eminence Metropolitan Maximos of Pittsburgh

ΤΑ ΕΓΚΩΜΙΑ
ΤΗΣ ΜΕΓΑΛΗΣ ΠΑΡΑΣΚΕΥΗΣ

ΣΤΑΣΙΣ ΠΡΩΤΗ

Ἦχος Πλ. Α.

STASIS PROTI

Ichos Pl. A.

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

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

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

2. i zo-i pos thni-skis,
pos ke ta-fo i-kis
tou tha-na-tou to va-si-li-on li-is dhe
ke tou a-dhou tous ne-krous e-xa-ni-stas

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

3. me-gha-li-no-men se
i-i-sou va-si-lef
ke t i-mo-men tin ta-fin ke ta pa-thi sou
dhi on e-so-sas i-mas ek tis ftho-ras

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

4. me-tra yis o sti-sas
en smi-kro ka-ti-kis
i-i-sou pam-va-si-lef, ta-fo si-me-ron
ek mni-ma-ton tous tha-non-das a-ni-
ston.

5. Ἰησοῦ Χριστέ μου,
Βασιλεῦ τοῦ παντός,
τί ζητῶν τοῖς ἐν τῷ Ἄδῃ ἐλήλυθας;
ἢ τὸ γένος ἀπολύσαι τῶν βρωτῶν;

5. i-i-sou chri-ste mou,
va-si-lef tou pan-dos
ti zi-ton tis en to a-dhi e-li-li-thas
i to ye-nos a-po-li-se ton vro-ton.

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

6. o dhe-spo-tis pan-don
ka-tho-ra-te ne-kros
ke en mni-ma-ti ke-no ka-ta-ti-the-te
o ke-no-sas ta mni-mi-a ton ne-kron

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

7. i zo-i en ta-fo
ka-te-te-this, chri-ste
ke tha-na-to sou ton tha-na-ton o-le-sas,
ke e-pi-ya-sas to koz-mo tin zo-in

17. Beholding You 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 You?"

19. "My Son, I offer glory
for Your supreme compassion
which causes You to suffer."

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

21. "Arise, You Who bestows Life!"
the Mother who has borne You
through flowing tears entreats You.

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

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

24. By Your Resurrection,
upon Your Church bestow peace,
and to Your flock, salvation.

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

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

*Both now and forever, and unto the
ages of ages. Amen.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

21. Ἀνάστα Ζωοδότα,
ἢ Σε τεκοῦσα Μήτηρ,
δακρυροοῦσα λέγει.

22. Οὐράνιαι δυνάμεις
ἐξέστησαν τῷ φόβῳ
νεκρὸν Σε καθορώσαι.

23. Ἐρραναν τὸν τάφον
αἱ Μυροφόροι μύρα
λίαν πρωῖ ἐλθοῦσαι.
{τρὶς}

24. Εἰρήνην Ἐκκλησίᾳ,
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 αἰώνων. Ἀμήν.*

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

27. Αἱ γενεαὶ πᾶσαι
ὑμνον τῇ ταφῇ Σου
προσφέρουσι, Χριστέ μου.

17. i *dha*-ma-lis ton *mos*-chon
en *xi*-lo 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 You,
yet, O Christ You are Life,
and the armies of the angels beheld amazed,
giving glory that You chose to condescend.
2. How, O Life, do You die?
How do You live entombed,
for you slashed through all the bonds in the realm of death,
and have raised the dead in Hades from their graves?
3. We, O Lord, exalt You,
O Christ Jesus, our King,
and we venerate Your Passion and burial
through which You have brought redemption from our sins.
4. You have set the measures
of the earth, yet this day
in a narrow tomb now dwell, Jesus, King of all,
Who has raised those who were dead up from their tombs.
5. O my own Christ Jesus,
You are King of the world.
Why have You 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 You,
yet, O Christ, You are Life.
By Your death You have abolished the realm of death,
and upon the world have poured down streams of Life.

8. Ὁ ὠραῖος κάλλει
παρὰ πάντα βροτῶν
ὡς ἀνείδεος νεκρὸς καταφάνεται,
ὁ τὴν φύσιν ὠραῖσας τοῦ παντός.

9. Ἰησοῦ, γλυκὺ μοι,
καὶ σωτήριον Φῶς
τάφῳ πῶς ἐν σκοτεινῷ κατακέκρυψαι;
ὦ ἀφάτου καὶ ἀρρήτου ανοχηῖς·

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

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

12. Ἡ ἀμνάς τὸν ἄρνα
καθορῶσα νεκρόν,
ταῖς αἰκίσι βαλλομένη ὠλόλυξε,
συγκινοῦσα καὶ τὸ ποίμνιον βοᾶν.

13. Οἴμοι, Φῶς τοῦ κόσμου·
οἴμοι, 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 πηγὰς;
ἡ Θεόνημος Παρθένος ἐκραύγαζεν,
ἵνα κλαύσω τὸν γλυκὺν μου Ἰησοῦν.

*Δόξα Πατρὶ καὶ Υἱῷ καὶ Ἁγίῳ
Πνεύματι.*

8. o o-re-os kal-li
pa-ra-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-pse
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-krav-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,
you shall tend the Body
of Christ, Who has 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 You.

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

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

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

12. You are my sweetest Springtime,
My sweetest Son, I ask You,
“Where has Your beauty faded?”

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

14. Death to Death You render,
through Your divine dominion.
My God, by Your own dying.

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

16. My God and my Creator,
the King of all, and God's Son,
how have You borne Your Passion?

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

6. Ἰωσήφ τρισμακάαρ,
κῆδευσον τὸ Σῶμα
Χριστοῦ τοῦ Ζωοδότου.

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

8. Ὡ τῆς παραφροσύνης
καὶ τῆς Χριστοκτονίας,
τῆς τῶν Προφητοκτόνων·

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

10. Τὸν ρύστην ὁ πωλήσας
αἰχμάλωτος κατέστη,
ὁ δόλιος Ἰούδας.

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

12. Ὡ γλυκύ μου ἔαρ,
γλυκυτότον μου Τέκνον,
ποῦ ἔδου σου τὸ κάλλος;

13. Θρήνον συνεκίνει
ἡ Πάναγνος σου Μήτηρ,
Σοῦ, Λόγε, νεκρωθέντος.

14. Θάνατον θανάτω
Σὺ θανατοῖς, Θεέ μου,
θεία σου δυναστεία.

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

16. Υἱέ Θεοῦ Παντάνας,
Θεέ μου, πλαστοουργέ 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 my own sweet Jesus,
Saving Light of the world,
can the darkness of the grave hide Your Light within?
Neither thought nor word can say what You have borne.

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

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

12. When Your mother saw you
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.
"You are, 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 Your 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. Ἄνυμνοῦμεν, Λόγε,
Σὲ τὸν πάντων Θεόν,
σὺν Πατρὶ καὶ τῷ Ἁγίῳ Σου Πνεύματι,
καὶ δοξάζομεν τὴν θείαν Σου ταφήν.

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

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

18. Ἡ Ζωὴ ἐν τάφῳ
κατετέθη, Χριστέ,
καὶ ἀγγέλων στρατιαὶ ἐξεπλήττοντο
συγκατάβασιν δοξάζουσαι τὴν Σὴν.

ΣΤΑΣΙΣ ΔΕΥΤΕΡΑ

Ἦχος Πλ. Α.

1. Ἄξιόν ἐστι
μεγαλύνειν Σε τὸν Ζωοδότην,
τὸν Σταυρῷ τὰς χεῖρας ἐκτείναντα
καὶ συντρίψαντα τὸ κράτος τοῦ ἐχθροῦ.

2. Ἄξιόν ἐστι
μεγαλύνειν Σε τὸν πάντων Κτίστην·
Σοὶς γὰρ τοῖς παθήμασιν ἔχομεν
τὴν ἀπάθειαν, ρυσθέντες τῆς φθορᾶς.

3. Ἐφριξεν ἡ γῆ,
καὶ ὁ ἥλιος Σῶτερ, ἐκρύβη,
Σοῦ τοῦ ἀνεσπέρου φέγγους, Χριστέ,
ἐν τῷ τάφῳ δύντος νῦν σωματικῶς.

4. Μόνη γυναικῶν
χωρὶς πόνων ἔτεκόν Σε, τέκνον,
πόνους δὲ νῦν φέρω πάθει τῷ Σῷ
ἀφορήτους, ἀνεβόα ἡ Σεμνή.

5. Τέτρωμαι δεινῶς
καὶ σπαράττομαι τὰ σπλάγχνα, Λόγε,
βλέπουσα τὴν ἀδικὸν σου σφαγὴν·
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-ghel-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.

1. 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-pan-da to kra-tos tou ech-thru

2. 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

3. 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

4. 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

5. 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 Your crucifixion and burial
for by Your 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. Amen.

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

18. Truly it is right
that we magnify You Who bestows Life,
Who upon the Cross with Your outspread Hands.,
has defeated all the power of the foe.

THIRD STASIS

1 Every generation
offers adoration
my Christ, at Your entombment.

2. The Arimathean
from the Cross has brought You
and in the tomb has laid You.

3. Anxiously the women
carry myrrh and spices,
my Christ, to lay before You.

4. Come with all creation,
and offer hymns of mourning
to honor our Creator.

15. Ὑμνοὶς Σοῦ, Χριστέ,
νῦν τὴν Σταύρωσιν καὶ τὴν ταφὴν τε
ἅπαντες πιστοὶ ἐκθειάζομεν,
οἱ θανάτου λυτρωθέντες Σῆ ταφῆ.

*Δόξα Πατρὶ καὶ Υἱῶ καὶ Ἁγίῳ
Πνεύματι.*

16. Ἀναρχε Θεέ,
συναΐδιε Λόγε καὶ Πνεῦμα,
σκήπτρα τῶν ἀνάκτων κραταίωσον
κατὰ πάσης πολεμίῳν προσβολῆς.

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

17. Τέξασα Ζωὴν,
Παναμώμητέ Ἁγνὴ Παρθένε,
παῦσον Ἐκκλησιάς τὰ σκάνδαλα,
καὶ εἰρήνην ἐπιβράβευσον αὐτῆ.

18. Ἄξιον ἔστι,
μεγαλύνειν Σε τον Ζωοδότην,
τὸν Σταυρῶ τὰς χεῖρας ἐκτείναντα
καὶ συντρίψαντα τὸ κράτος τοῦ ἐχθροῦ.

ΣΤΑΣΙΣ ΤΡΙΤΗ

Ἦχος Γ.

1. Αἱ γενεαὶ πᾶσαι
ῥυμνον τῆ ταφῆ Σοῦ,
προσφέρουσι, Χριστέ μου.

2. Καθελὼν τοῦ ξύλου,
ὁ Ἀριμαθείας
ἐν τάφῳ Σε κηδεύει.

3. Μυροφόροι ἦλθον,
μύρα Σοι, Χριστέ μου,
κομίζουσαι προφρόνως.

4. Δεῦρο πᾶσα κτίσις
ῥυμνους ἐξοδίους
προσοίσωμεν τῷ Κτίστη.

15. *i-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-pan-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 Your praises,
Word and God of all things,
with Your Father and Your Holy Spirit You are praised,
and we glorify Your burial divine..

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

17. You are known as blessed,
Theotokos, most pure.
With our faithful hearts we honor the burial
suffered three days by your Son, Who is our God.

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

SECOND STASIS

1. Truly it is right
that we magnify You Who bestows Life,
Who upon the Cross with Your outspread Hands
have defeated all the power of the foe.

2. Truly it is right
that we magnify You, our Creator;
through Your 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 Your body into the tomb,
Christ, the Savior and the never-setting Sun.

4. “Free from pain, my Child,
I, alone among all women, bore you.”
said Your modest Mother with humble voice.
“Now Your passion brings more pain than I can bear.”

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

6. Ὁμμα τὸ γλυκὺ
καὶ τὰ χεῖλη Σου πῶς μύσω, Λόγε;
πῶς νεκροπρεπῶς δὲ κηδεύσω Σε;
ἀνεβόα μετὰ φρίκης Ἰωσήφ.

7. Γῆ Σε, Πλαστουργέ,
ὑπὸ κόλπους δεξαμένη, τρόμω
συσχεθεῖσα, Σῶτερ, τινάσσεται,
ἀφυπνώσασα νεκροὺς τῷ τιναγμῷ.

8. Λίθος λαξευτός
τὸν ἀκρόγωνον καλύπτει λίθον·
ἄνθρωπος θνητὸς δ' ὡς θνητὸν Θεὸν,
κατα κρύπτει νῦν τῷ τάφῳ· φρίξον γῆ·

9. Ἴδε μαθητὴν,
ὃν ἠγάπησας καὶ Σὴν Μητέρα,
Τέκνον, καὶ φθογγὴν δός, γλυκύτατον,
δακρυχέουσα ἐβόα ἢ Ἀγνή.

10. Κάλλος, Λόγε, πρὶν,
οὐδὲ εἶδος ἐν τῷ πάσχειν ἔσχεις,
ἀλλ' ἐξαναστάς ὑπερέλαμψας
καλλωπίσας τοὺς βροτοὺς θείαις αὐ
γαῖς

11. Ἥλιος ὁμοῦ
καὶ σελήνη σκοτισθέντες, Σῶτερ,
δούλους εὐνοοῦντας εἰκόνιζον,
οἷ μελαίνας ἀμφιέννυνται στολάς.

12. Ἐφριξεν ἰδῶν,
τὸ ἄορατον Φῶς Σε, Χριστέ μου,
μνήματι κρυπτόμενον ἄπνουν τε,
καὶ ἔσκοτάσεν ὁ ἥλιος τὸ Φῶς.

13. Ἐκλαιε πικρῶς
ἢ Πανάμωμος Μήτηρ Σου, Λόγε,
ὅτε ἐν τῷ τάφῳ ἐώρακε
Σὲ τὸν ἄφραστον καὶ ἀναρχον Θεόν.

14. Νέκρωσιν τὴν Σὴν
ἢ Πανάφθορος, Χριστέ, Σοῦ Μήτηρ
βλέπουσα πικρῶς Σοὶ ἐφθέγγετο·
μὴ βραδύνης, ἢ Ζωή, 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-te-ra*
te-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-tous thi-as av-yes

11. i-li-os o-mou
ke se-*li-ni sko-tis-then-des so-ter*
dhou-lous ev-no oun-das i-ko-ni-zon
i me-le-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-pto-me-non a-pnoun 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 Your lips, O Word, how shall I close them?”
Joseph cried appalled, trembling in dismay.
“How shall I entomb You as befits the dead?”

7. Fearfully the earth
took Your body in her bosom, Savior.
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 you O earth, to tremble in dismay.

9. “Child of mine, behold
Your belov’d disciple and Your mother.”
“Grant that I might hear Your sweet voice again!”
Your pure Mother called through flowing tears to You.

10. Suffering in pain,
You, O Word, had neither form nor beauty,
but by Your arising, Your beauty shines,
and Your holy rays adorn all those on earth.

11. Sun and moon as one
turned to darkness in their sorrow, Savior,
and like faithful servants, they wore their grief,
when they wrapped themselves in blackness like a shroud.

12. Struck with fear, the sun
saw Your light invisible as You lay
lifeless and concealed in the grave, my Christ,
and it shuddered and relinquished its own light.

13. Weeping bitter tears,
Your pure Mother mourned to see You lifeless
lying in the tomb, yet You are, O Word,
the ineffable and everlasting God.

14. Witness to Your death,
through her bitter tears Your all-pure Mother
weeping, cried aloud unto You, O Christ:
“Do not linger with the dead, for You are Life!”