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.

English Translation by N. Takis

Dedicated to His Eminence Metropolitan Maximos of Pittsburgh
ΤΑ ΕΓΚΩΜΙΑ
ΤΗΣ ΜΕΓΑΛΗΣ ΠΑΡΑΣΚΕΥΗΣ

ΣΤΑΣΙΣ ΠΡΩΤΗ
Ηχος Πλ. Α.

1. Η Ζωή εν τάφῳ κατετέθης, Χριστέ, και ἄγγελων στρατιαί, ἔξεπλήττοντο, συγκατάβασιν δοξάζουσα τὴν Ζωήν.

2. Η Ζωή πῶς θυρείς; πῶς καὶ τάφῳ οὐκεὶς; τοῦ θανατοῦ τὸ βασιλείαν ὑπὲρ τό, καὶ τοῦ Ἀδῶν τοὺς νεκροὺς ἔζανατος τά.

3. Μεγαλύνομεν Σε Ιησοῦ Βασιλεύ, καὶ τιμομέν τὸν ταφῆν καὶ τὴν πάθην Σου, δὴ ὡν ἐσώσας ἡμᾶς ἐκ τῆς φθορᾶς.

4. Μέτρα γῆς ὁ στίγμος ἐν σμικρῷ κατοικεῖς Ἰησοῦ, Παιμβασιλεύ, τάφῳ σήμερον, ἐκ μυμπάτων τοὺς θαυμάτως ἀνίστων.

5. Ἰησοῦ Χριστέ μου, Βασιλεύ τοῦ παντὸς, τί ζητότων τὸν εἰν τῷ Ἀδή ἐληλυθάς; ἢ τὸ γένος ἀπολύσαι τῶν βρωτῶν;

6. Ο Ἑσπερίας πάντων καθαρᾶται νεκρός, καὶ ἐν μυμήτῳ καθαριόν κατατίθεται ὁ κενώσας τὰ μυμήματα τῶν νεκρῶν.

7. Η Ζωή εν τάφῳ κατετέθης, Χριστέ, καὶ θανάτῳ Σου τὸν θανατὸν ὀλέσας, καὶ ἐπηγάζας τῷ κόσμῳ τὴν Ζωήν.

ΣΤΑΣΙΣ ΠΡΩΤΗ
Ichos Pl. A.


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

3. me-gha-lu-no-men se ihsou= basileu=, kai timw=men th
taf= kai ta pa= sou, dhi )w?=n e)/s%saj h(ma=j e)k th=j fqora=j.

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. i-i-sou chri-ste mou, va-si-lef tou pa-ron do-s ti zi-ton tis en to a-dhi e-li-li-thas i to ye-nos a-po-li-se ton vr-o-ton.

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

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-pli-ya-sas to koz-mo tin zo-in

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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 Thy 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.


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. 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.

18. 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?

19. 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.

20. 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.

21. 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?

22. He Who is the Master of creation appears as a corpse and lies entombed in a freshwhewn grave, though He emptied every gravesite of its dead.

23. 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.

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8. ‘O ὁραῖος κάλλει παρὰ πάντας βροτοὺς ὡς ἀνείδες νεκρὸς καταφαίνεται, ὃ τὴν φύσιν ὀραίαις τοῦ παντὸς.
9. Ἰησοῦ, γλυκὸ μοι, καὶ σωτηρίου Φῶς τάφῳ πῶς εἰς σκοτεινὸν κατακεκρυψάς; ὃ ἀφάτου καὶ αρρήτου αὐσχύς.
10. Ἀπειώ καὶ Φῶς, οἰορά καὶ πλήθους ή ἀσώματος, Χριστε, τὸ μυστήριον τῆς ἀφάτου καὶ αρρήτου Σου ταφῆς.
11. Προσκυνώ τὸ πάθος, ἀνυμνῶ τὴν ταφήν, μεγαλύτερον Σου τὸ κράτος, Φιλάνθρωπος, δι’ ὃν λέλαμβαν παθῶν θοροποιῶν.
12. Ἡ ἁμαρτία τὸν ἄραν καθώσα νεκρὸν, ταῖς αἰκίαις βαλλόμενη ἀλώλυξε, συγκινοῦσα καὶ τὸ ποίμνον βοῶν.
13. Οἶμοι, Φῶς τοῦ κόσμου· οἶμοι, Φῶς τὸ ἐμὸν· Ἰησοῦ μου ποθεύνοτετε, ἔκραζεν ἡ Παρθένος ἀρπιμωδοῦσα γοερός.
14. Ἡ Θεοί καὶ Λόγε, ὃ χάρα ἡ ἑμή, πῶς ἐνέγκας Σου ταφήν τὴν τριήμερον; νῦν σπαράττομαι τὰ σπλάγχνα μμητικῶς.
15. Τίς μοι δώσει ὕδωρ καὶ δικρύπτων πηγές; ἡ Θεονύμφη Παρθένος ἐκραίγαζεν, ὡς κλαύσεις τῶν γλυκῶν μου Ἰησοῦν.
16. Δόξα Πατρὶ καὶ Υἱῷ καὶ Ἀγίῳ Πνευματί.

8. o o-re-os kal-li pa-ra-pa-das vro-tous os a-ni-dhe-os ne-kros ka-ta-fe-ne-te o tin fis-i na-ra-ri-sas tou pan-dos
9. i-i-sou gli-ki-mi ke so-ti-fi-on fos ta-fo pos en sko-ti-no ka-ta-ke-ki-pse o a-fa-tou ke ar-ri-tou a-no-chis
11. pro-ski-no to pa-thos a-ni-mon tin ta-fin me-ga-ki-li no sou to kra-to-sis io-li-tho-pe dhi on le-li-me pa-thon thlo-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-mi-on vo-an
13. i-ki mi fos tou koz-mou, i-mi fos to e-mon i-so sou mou po-thi-no-ta-e kra-zen i par-the-nos thi-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-ki-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.
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 mysteries 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.
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. 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.

6. 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.

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

8. 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.

9. “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!”

10. “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?”

11. “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.”

12. Glory to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit.
16. Ἀνυμνοῦμεν, Λόγε, Ἡ τῶν πάνων Θεόν, σὺν Πατρὶ καὶ τῷ Αἴγιῳ Σου Πνεύματι, καὶ δοξάζωμεν τὴν θείαν Σου ταφήν.

Καὶ εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας τῶν αἰῶνων. Ἄμη.

17. Μακαρίζομεν Σε, Θεότοκε Ἀγνή, και τιμώμεν τὴν ταφήν τὴν τριήμερον τῆς Υἱοῦ Σου καὶ Θεοῦ ἡμῶν πιστῶς.

18. Ἡ Ζωή ἐν τάφῳ κατετέθη, Χριστὲ, καὶ ἀγγέλους στρατιώτα έξεπλήττοι υπεκτάξασιν δοξάζουσιν τὴν Σή.

1. Ἀξίων εστὶ μεγάληνι Σε τὸν Ζωοῦν, τὸν Σταυρὸν τὰς χείρας ἑκτείναντα καὶ συντρίπταντα τὸ κράτος τοῦ ἐχθροῦ.

2. Ἀξίων εστὶ μεγάληνι Σε τὸν πάνων Κτίστην Σοίς γὰρ τοῖς παθήμασιν ἔχομεν τὴν ἀπάθειαν, ρυθμένες τῆς φθορᾶς.

3. Ἐφεβίζεν ἡ γῆ, καὶ ὁ ἥλιος Σοτερ, ἱκρύβη.
15. "Ye nude, Xriste, 
yu the Stavros and the taft to the wists tokekaizome, 
oi thewos lytorwthesi H taft. 

Δόξα Πατρι και Υιω και Αγίω 
Πνεύματι.

16. "Anarche Thee, 
synaithe Lugo and Pntima, 
skpetra tois anoiktis krataioson 
kata pantis polemiw pornosboul. 

17. Tēxasa Zwph, 
Panoomiptē Agn̄ Pabhēne, 
pasun Ekklēsias ta skaindalα, 
ei erphpi epibreauson aith.

18. "Axein esti, 
meagalwnev Se tou Zwotētη, 
tou斯塔ρω tais χειρας ekteiantha 
kai suiswthei tō kράτος του eghthou.

15. i-mnis sou chr-ste 
nin tin stav-ro-sin ke tin ta-fin 
ta-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-i ke is tous eonas ton eonon. 
Amin.

17. te-xa-sa zo-in 
pa-na-mo-me as agh-ni par-the-ne 
paf-son ek-kl-i-si-as ta skan-dha-la 
ke i-ni nei ei-pra-ver-son af-ti 

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

18. "Axein esti, 
meagalwnev Se tou Zwotētη, 
tou斯塔ρω tais χειρας ekteiantha 
kai suiswthei tō kράτος του eghthou.

STASIS TRITI 

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 hath 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.

SECOND STASIS 

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 hath 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. "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 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. 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!"

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!"