### STASIS PROTI

**'Ήχος Πλ. Α.**

1. Ἡ Ζωή ἐν τάφῳ,
Κατετέθης, Χριστέ,
καὶ ἄγγέλων στραταὶ ἐξεπλήττοντο,
συγκαταβαίνοντο δοξάζουσι τὴν Σήν.

2. Ἡ Ζωή πῶς θυγάκεις;
πῶς καὶ τάφῳ οἰκεῖς;
τοῦ βασάνου τὸ βασίλειον λύεις δὲ,
καὶ τοῦ Ἀδου τοὺς νεκροὺς ἐξανιστεῖς.

3. Μεγαλύνομεν Σε,
Ἰησοῦς βασιλεῖ,
καὶ τιμῶμεν τὴν Ταφήν,
καὶ τὴν Αφράστου καὶ ἀρρήτου Σου ταφήν.

4. Μέτρα γράφεις ὁ στήσας,
δι' ὅν πολλὸν καταστέθη τῷ πάσχοντι,
ἐκ μνήμων τοὺς θανόντας ἀνιστάς.

5. Ιησοῦς Χριστέ μου,
Βασιλεῖ Ως τοῦ κόσμου Σου,
ἐκ μνήμων τοὺς θανόντας ἀνιστάς.

6. Ο οράριος κάλλει,
κρατεῖ τοὺς παντὸς βροτοῦ,
ὡς ἀνέβησαν νεκρὸς καταφαίνεται,
ὁ τὴν φύσιν ὡραῖς τοῦ πάσχοντος.

7. Η Ζωή ἐν τάφῳ,
Κατετέθης, Χριστέ,
καὶ ταφῶν τοῦ θανάτου ὡλεσάς,
καὶ θανάτῳ Σου τὸν θάνατον ὤλεσας.

8. Ο οράριος κάλλει,
κρατεῖ τοὺς παντὸς βροτοῦ,
ὡς ἀνέβησαν νεκρὸς καταφαίνεται,
ὁ τὴν φύσιν ὡραῖς τοῦ πάσχοντος.

9. Ιησοῦς γλυκύ μοι,
οὐκομοῦν αἰνεῖς,
在外, καὶ ἀρρήτου Σου ταφήν.

10. Ἀπορεῖ καὶ φύσις,
νοερὰ καὶ πληθὺς,
ὁ δώματος Χριστὸς τὸ μυστήριον,
τῆς ἁρμάτου καὶ ἀρρήτου Σου ταφῆς.

11. Προσκυνοῦ τὸ Πάθος,
ἀνυψωτὸν τῇ Ταφήν,
μεγάλων Σου τὸ κράτος Φιλάνθρωπε,
δι' ὅν λέειμαι παθῶν φθοροποιῶν.

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### ICHOS PL. A.

1. I Zo-i en ta-fo,
ka-te-te-this, Chris-te,
ke an-ghi-on stra-ti-e, e-xe-pli-ton-do,
sing-ka-ta-va-si dho-xa-zou-se tin Sin.

2. I Zo-i pos thei-ski-s,
pos ke ta-to i-kis;
tou tha-na-tou to va-si-li-on li-is dhe,
tou ke A-dhou tous ne-krous e-xa-ni-stas.

3. Me-gha-li-no-men Se,
li-sou Va-si-lef,
ke li-no-men tin Ta-fin ke ta Pa-thi Sou,
dhi on e-so-sas i-mas ek tis tih-thas.

4. Me-tra yis o sti-sas,
en-smi-ko ka-li-kis,
li-sou, pam-va-si-lef, ta-to si-me-ron,
ek mi-ma-ton tous tha-non-das a-ni-ston.

5. I-i-sou Chi-ste mou,
Va-si-lef tou pan-dos,
ti zon tis en to A-dhi e-li-thas;
i to ye-nes a-po-lu-se ton vro-ton.

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

7. I Zo-en ta-fo,
ka-te-te-this, Chi-ste,
ti tha-na-to Sou ton tha-na-ton o-le-sas,
ke e-pr-ghi-sas to Koz-mo, tin zo-in.

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,
ο τιν fisin o-ra-is tau pan-dos.

9. I-i-sou gli-ki mi,
ke So-li-on Fos,
ta-to pos en sko-thi-no ka-ta-ke-kri-ps;
o a-ta-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 Chi-ste to mi-sti-ri-on,
tis a-fra-stou ke ar-ri-tou Sou ta-fis.

11. Pro-ski-no to Pa-thoς,
a-ni-mno tin Ta-fin,
me-ghi-li-no Sou to kra-tos, Fil-an-thro-pe,
dhi on le-li-me pa-thon filo-ro-pi-on.

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### Plagal First Tone

**FIRST STASIS**

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?
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. 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 sobbs. “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. 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 descendend.

PRIEST: Again and again in peace, let us pray to the Lord.

PEOPLE: Lord, have mercy.

PRIEST: Help us, save us, have mercy upon us, and protect us, O God, by Your Grace.

PEOPLE: Lord, have mercy.

PRIEST: Remembering our most holy, pure, blessed, and glorious Lady Theotokos, and ever-virgin Mary and all the saints, let us commit ourselves and one another and our whole life to Christ our God.

PEOPLE: To You, O Lord.

PRIEST: For blessed is Your Name and glorified is Your Kingdom, of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, now and forever, and to the ages of ages.

PEOPLE: Amen.
καὶ ἐσκότασεν ὁ ἥλιος τὸ Φδήὕἴ2ἔἔ6β!Λώς.

2. Ἄξιόν ἐστίν, μεγαλύνειν Σὲ τὸν Κτίστην, οἷς γὰρ παθήμασιν ἔχομεν, τὴν ἀπαθείαν ῥυσθέντες τὰ φθοράς.

3. Ἐφρίξεν ἐς γῆ, καὶ ὁ ἥλιος Σότερ ἐκρύβη, Σὸν τὸν ἀνεστήσει τῶν φεγγῶν Χριστέ, ἐν τῷ τάφῳ δύντος νῦν σωματικῶς.

4. Μῶν γυναικῶν, χωρὶς πόνον ἔτεκόν Σὲ Τέκνον, κατακρύπτει νῦν τὸν τάφῳ· φράξον γὰρ παθήμασιν, μεγαλύνειν Σὲ τὸν πάντων Κτίστην· αφοφράκτων, ἀνεβόα ἡ Ἰωσήφ.

5. Τέτρωμαι δεινός, ἀφορήτους, ἀνεβόα ἡ Ἱερουσαλήμ. χωρὶς πόνον ἔτεκόν Σὲ Τέκνον, ἐν τῷ τάφῳ δύντος νῦν σωματικῶς. Σοδήὕἴ2ἔE6β!Λώ τοδήὕἴ2ἔE6β!Λώ ἀνεσπέρου φέγγους Χριστέ, καὶ ὁ ἥλιος Σότερ ἐκρύβη, ἐκτείναντα τὰς χειλέως Ἰωσήφ.

6. Ὄμμα τὸ γλυκύ, οἷς ἄγαντες ἡ Μήτηρ ἐν κλαυθμοῖς. βλέπουσα τὴν ἄδικόν σου σφαγήν, Τέτρωμαι δεινός, ἀφοφράκτων, ἀνεβόα ἡ Ἱερουσαλήμ.

7. Γδήὕἴ2ἔὰ6β!Λώ Σε Πλαστουργέ, ἀνεβόαι Ἰωσήφ μετὰ φρίκης. Ιερουσαλήμ καὶ τὰ χείλη Σου μύσω Λόγε; οὖδὲ εδήὕἴ2ἔｪδως ἐν τῷ πάσχιν ἐσχές, ἐντὸ ὁ ἥλιος Σὸτερ ἐκρύβη, καὶ ὁ ἥλιος Σὸτερ ἐκρύβη.

8. Λίθος λαξεύτος, τὸν ἀκρόγυνον καλύπτει λήθαν, ἀνθρώπων θυτός ὑμῶν ἐν κλαυθμοῖς, ἀνθρώπων θυτός ὑμῶν ἐν κλαυθμοῖς, ἀνθρώπων θυτός ὑμῶν ἐν κλαυθμοῖς.

9. Ἰδὼν Μαθητήν, ἔδωκεν χείλη καὶ φθοράν ὑπὸ κόλπου δεξαμένη τρόμῳ, καὶ συντρίψαντα τὸ κράτος Σὲ τὴν φθοράν, ἀνεφήγονθεν ἡ Μήτηρ ἐν κλαυθμοῖς. ἡ Ἰερουσαλήμ ἐκτείναντα τὰς χειλέως Ἰωσήφ.

10. Κάλλος, Λόγε, πρίν, σοῦ ἐντὸς ἐνῶς πᾶσχεν ἔσχες, ἄλλων ἐξαναιρεῖται ἄκολουθος, καὶ συντρίψασα τοὺς ἀνθρώπους τῆς σεβασμοῦ.

11. Ἰδὼν υἱὸν, καὶ σεὶς ὁ Θεός, οἰς μελαίνως ἀμφίπονται στολάς.

12. Ἐφρίξεν ἰδίων, τὸ ἁμαρτῶν Φῶς σὲ, Χριστέ μου, μνήματι κρυφόντων ἄνων τέ, καὶ ἐκοίμησαν ὁ ἥλιος τὸ φῶς.

14. Νέκρωσιν τὴν Σήν, ὁ Κυρίας Χριστός Σου, θλήσατε πικρώς ἡμᾶς ἔφθασεν, ὡς Θεός ὁ συναίδιος Λόγος Θεοτόκου καὶ ἀναπέμπομεν σὺν τῇ πάση ἐναρκτικῇ καὶ ἀνάλογῃ ἐπάθῃ, Μὴ βραδύνῃς ἡ Ζωὴ ἐν ἑαυτήν, μνημονεύσαντες ἑαυτοὺς καὶ τὴν θνητόν καὶ κατὰ πάσης πολεμίως προσβολήν, σκόπτετε τὴν ζωὴν ὑμῶν καὶ τὴν θνητόν τῇ μνήμης τῆς Θεοτόκου καὶ ἀειπαρθένου ἑνδόξου, ∆εσποίνης διαφύλαξον ἡμᾶς ὁ Θεὸς τῇ Σκέπασίᾳ τῷ Χάριτι.

ΛΑΟΣ: Αμήν.
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<tr>
<th>ΣΤΑΣΙΣ ΤΡΙΤΗ</th>
<th>STASIS TRITI</th>
<th>THIRD STASIS</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>ˈΗχος Γ.</td>
<td>Ichos Γ.</td>
<td>Third Tone</td>
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<tr>
<td>1. Αἱ γενεαὶ πᾶσαι, ὑμνον τῇ Ταρφή Σου, προσφέρουσι Χριστέ μου.</td>
<td>1. E ye-ne-e pa-se, im-non ti ta-fi Sou, pro-stê-rou-si Chri-ste mou.</td>
<td>1. Every generation offers adoration my Christ, at Your entombment.</td>
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<tr>
<td>2. Καθελὼν τοῦ ξύλου, ὁ Ἀριμαθαίας, ἐν τάφῳ Σε κηδεύει.</td>
<td>2. Ka-the-lon tou xî-lou, o A-ri-ma-thi-as, en ta-fo Se ki-dhe-vi.</td>
<td>2. The Arimathean from the Cross has brought You and in the tomb has laid You.</td>
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<tr>
<td>3. Μυροφόροι ἡλθον, μήρα Σοι Χριστέ μου, κομίζουσι προφρόνως.</td>
<td>3. Mi-ro-fo-ri il-thon, mi-ra Si, Chri-ste mou, ko-mi-zou-se pro-fro-nos.</td>
<td>3. Anxiously the women carry myrrh and spices, my Christ, to lay before You.</td>
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<td>4. Δεδήὕἴ2ἔE6β!Λώρο πδήὕἴ2ἔΕβ!Λώσα Κτίσις, ὑμνους ἐξοδίους, προσοίσωμεν τδήὕἴ2ἔεβ!Λώ Κτίστῃ.</td>
<td>4. Dhev-ro pa-sa Kti-sis, im-nous e-xo-dhi-ous, pro-si-so-men to Kti-sti.</td>
<td>4. Come with all creation, offering hymns of mourning to honor our Creator.</td>
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<tr>
<td>5. Ὡς νεκρὸν τὸν ζδήὕἴ2ἔεβ!Λώντα, σὺν Μυροφόροις πάντες, μυρίσωμεν ἐμφρόνως.</td>
<td>5. Os ne-kron ton zon-da, sin Mi-ro-fo-ris pan-des, mi-ri-so-men em-fro-nos.</td>
<td>5. As women bearing myrrh did, let us in our awareness anoint as dead the Living.</td>
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<tr>
<td>7. Οὓς ἔθρεψε τὸ μάννα, ἐκίνησαν τὴν πτέρναν, κατὰ τοδήὕἴ2ἔεβ!Λώ Εὐεργέτου.</td>
<td>7. Ous e-thre-pse to man-na, e-ki-ni-san tin pter-nan, ka-ta tis Ev-e-erre-tou.</td>
<td>7. Those He fed with manna have raised their heels to spurn Him from Whom all things are given.</td>
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<tr>
<td>8. Ὡ τδήὕἴ2ἔεβ!Λώς παραφροσύνης, καὶ τδήὕἴ2ἔεβ!Λώς Χριστοκτονίας, τδήὕἴ2ἔεβ!Λώς τδήὕἴ2ἔεβ!Λών Προφητοκτόνων!</td>
<td>8. O tis pa-ra fro-si-nis, ke tis Chri-sto-kto-ri-as, tis ton Pro-fi-to-kto-non!</td>
<td>8. Ignorance most foolish! Those who slew the prophets have come, O Christ, to slay You.</td>
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<tr>
<td>9. Ὡς ἄφρων ὑπηρέτης, προδέδωκεν ὁ μύστης, τὴν ἄβυσσον σοφίας.</td>
<td>9. Os af-ron i-pi-re-tis, pro-dhe-dho-ken o mi-stis, tin a-vi-so-ni so-fi-as.</td>
<td>9. Mindless as a servant, he who learned the myst’ries betrayed the Depths of Wisdom.</td>
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<tr>
<td>11. Ἰωσὴφ κηδεύει, σὺν τδήὕἴ2ἔεβ!Λώ Νικοδήμῳ, νεκροπρεπδήὕἴ2ἔεβ!Λώς τὸν Κτίστην.</td>
<td>11. I-o-sif ki-dhe-vi, sin to Ni-ko-dhi-mo, ne-kro-pre-pos ton Kti-stin.</td>
<td>11. With help from Nicodemos, Joseph tends the Body as does befit the Master.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
13. When she beheld You lifeless, O Word, Your all-pure Mother cried out in lamentation.


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?

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 grant peace upon Your Churches and to Your flock salvation.

Glory to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit.
25. Ὅ Τριὰς, Θεό μου, Πατήρ, Ὑιός, καὶ Πνεῦμα, ἐλέησον τὸν Κόσμον.

Καὶ νῦν καὶ αἰώνι, καὶ εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας τῶν αἰώνων. Ἀμήν.

26. Ἰδείν τὸν Υἱόν Σου, Ἀνάστασιν Παρθένε, ἀξίωσον Σούς δούλους.

27. Αἱ γενεαὶ πάσαι, ὑμνὸν τι Τριὰς Σοῦ, προσφέρουσι Χριστέ μου.

ΠΑΡ ΛΑΟΣ: Ἁγίοι τοι ἐν οὐρανοῖς, ἄγιοι εἰς τοὺς αἰώνας τοῦ Κυρίου, ἐλέησον, καὶ διαφυλάξον ὁ Θεὸς τοῦ Κυρίου. Κύριε ἐλέησον.