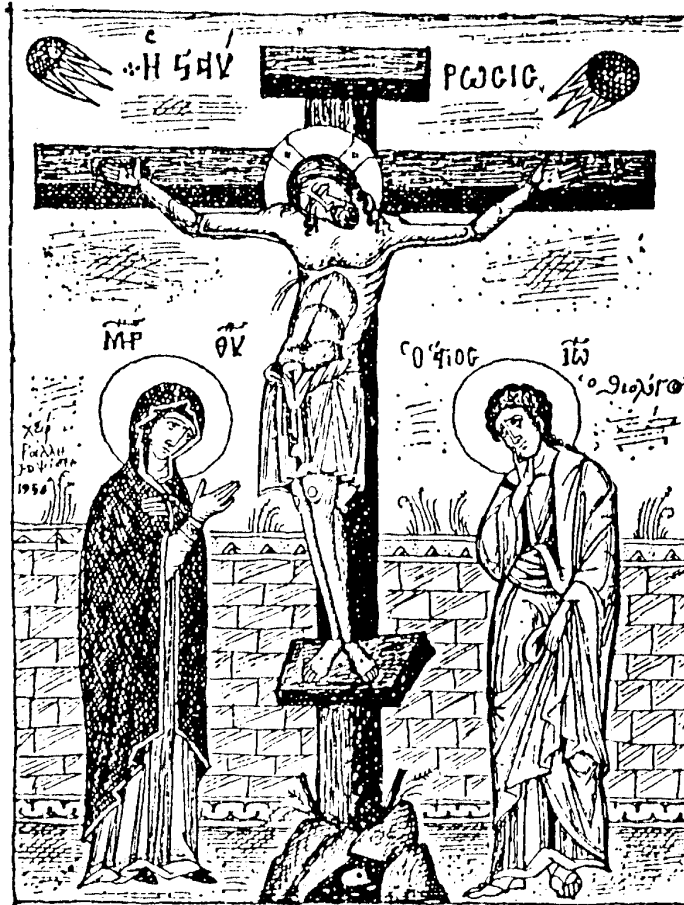


ΤΑ ΕΓΚΩΜΙΑ



The Lamentations before the Holy Sepulchre

Modern English Translation by N. Takis

Dedicated to His Eminence, Metropolitan Maximos of Pittsburgh

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ΣΤΑΣΙΣ ΠΡΩΤΗ

STASIS PROTI

FIRST STASIS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

8. Ὁ ὠραιὸς κάλλει
παρὰ πάντας βροτοῦς
ὡς ἀνείδεος νεκρὸς
καταφαίνεται,
ὁ τὴν φύσιν ὠραῖσας τοῦ
παντός.

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

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 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. 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. 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

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

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

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,
δι' ὧν λέλυμαι παθῶν
φθοροποιῶν.

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

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

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

15. Τίς μοι δώσει ὕδωρ
καὶ δακρύων πηγὰς;
ἡ Θεόνυμφος Παρθένος
ἔκραύγαζεν,
ἵνα κλαύσω τὸν γλυκύν μου
' Ἰησοῦν.

Δόξα Πατρὶ καὶ Υἱῷ καὶ
' Ἀγίῳ Πνεύματι.

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

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

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.

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. 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.

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

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

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

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.

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

17. You are known as blessed,
Theotokos, most pure.
With our faithful hearts we honour 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.

ΣΤΑΣΙΣ ΔΕΥΤΕΡΑ

STASIS DHEFTERA

SECOND STASIS

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·
Σοὶ 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 ἀδικόν σου
σφαγὴν·
ἀνελόγιζεν ἡ Μήτηρ ἐν
κλαυθμῷ.

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-psi-an-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

1. 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.

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 Saviour 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.
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
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. Γῆ Σε, Πλαστουργέ,
ὑπὸ κόλπους δεξαμένη,
τρόμῳ
συσχεθεῖσα, Σῶτερ,
τινάσσεται,
ἀφυπνίωσα νεκροὺς τῷ
τιναγμῷ.
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
7. Fearfully the earth
took Your body in her bosom, Saviour.
Holding her Creator, she quaked in fear,
and awakened those who lay dead in their
tombs.
8. Λίθος λαξευτός
τὸν ἀκρόγωνον καλύπτει
λίθον·
ἄνθρωπος θνητός δ' ὡς
θνητὸν Θεόν,
κατὰ κρύπτει νῦν τῷ τάφῳ·
φρίξον γῆ·
8. *li-thos la-xef-tos*
ton a-kro-gho-non ka-li-pti li-thon
an-thro-pos thni-tos dhos thni-ton
the-on
ka-ta-kri-pti nin to ta-fo fri-xon yi
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. Ἴδε μαθητὴν,
ὃν ἠγάπησας καὶ Σὴν
Μητέρα,
Τέκνον, καὶ φθογγὴν δός,
γλυκύτατον,
δακρυχέουσα ἐβόα ἢ Ἀγνή.
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
9. “Child of mine, behold
Your beloved disciple and Your mother.”
“Grant that I might hear Your sweet voice
again!”
Your pure Mother called through flowing tears
to You.
10. Κάλλος, Λόγε, πρὶν,
οὐδὲ εἶδος ἐν τῷ πάσχειν
ἔσχες,
ἀλλ' ἐξαναστάς
ὑπερέλαμψας
καλλωπίσας τοὺς βροτοὺς
θείαις ἀγχαῖς
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
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. Ἥλιος ὁμοῦ
καὶ σελήνη σκοτισθέντες,
Σῶτερ,
δούλους εὐνοοῦντας
εἰκόνιζον,
οἱ μελαίνας ἀμφιέννυνται
στολάς.
11. *i-li-os o-mou*
ke se-li-ni sko-tis-then-des so-ter
dhoulous ev-no oun-das i-ko-ni-
zon
i me-le-nas am-fi-en-ni-te sto-las
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. Ἐφριξεν ἰδῶν,
τὸ ἀόρατον Φῶς Σε, Χριστέ
μου,
μνήματι κρυπτόμενον ἄπνου
τε,
καὶ ἐσκότασεν ὁ ἥλιος τὸ
Φῶς.
12. *e-fri-xen i-dhon*
to a-o-ra-ton fos se chri-ste mou
mni-ma-ti kri-ptō-me-non a-
pnoun te
ke e-sko-ta-sen o i-li-os to fos
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. Ἐκλαιε πικρῶς
ἢ Πανάμωμος Μήτηρ Σου,
Λόγε,
ὅτε ἐν τῷ τάφῳ ἐώρακε
Σὲ τὸν ἀφραστον καὶ
ἀναρχον Θεόν.
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
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. Νέκρωσιν τὴν Σὴν
ἢ Πανάφθορος, Χριστέ, Σοῦ
Μήτηρ
βλέπουσα πικρῶς Σοι
ἐφθέγγετο·
μὴ βραδύνης, ἢ Ζωῆ, ἐν τοῖς
νεκροῖς.

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

*Δόξα Πατρὶ καὶ Υἱῶ καὶ
Αγίῳ Πνεύματι.*

16. Ἐναντιοῦ Θεοῦ,
συναΐδιδε Λόγε καὶ Πνεῦμα,
σκῆπτρα τῶν ἀνάκτων
κραταίωσον
κατὰ πάσης πολεμίων
προσβολῆς.

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

17. Τέξασα Ζωὴν,
Παναμώμητέ Αγνή Παρθένε,
παῦσον Ἐκκλησίᾳς τὰ
σκάνδαλα,
καὶ εἰρήνην ἐπιβράβευσον
αὐτῆ.

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

ΣΤΑΣΙΣ ΤΡΙΤΗ

1. Αἱ γενεαὶ πᾶσαι
ὑμνον τῆ ταφῆ Σου,
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
ὑμνοὺς ἐξοδίου
προσοίσωμεν τῷ Κτίστη.

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*

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-psy-an-da to kra-tos tou
ech-thru*

STASIS TRITI

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*

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!”

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.

5. Ὡς νεκρὸν τὸν ζῶντα σὺν μυροφόροις πάντες μυρίσωμεν ἐμφρόνως.	5. <i>os ne-kron ton zon-da sin mi-ro-fo-ris pan-des mi-ri-so-men em-fro-nos</i>	5. As women bearing myrrh did, let us in our awareness anoint as dead the Living.
6. Ἰωσήφ τρισμάκαρ, κήδευσον τὸ Σῶμα Χριστοῦ τοῦ Ζωοδότου.	6. <i>i-o-sif tris-ma-kar ki-dhef-son to so-ma chri-stou tou zo-o-dho tou</i>	6. Three-times blessed Joseph, you shall tend the Body of Christ, Who has bestowed Life.
7. Οὓς ἔθρεψε τὸ μάννα, ἐκίνησαν τὴν πτέρναν κατὰ τοῦ Ἐυεργέτου.	7. <i>ous e-thre-pse to man-na e-ki-ni-san tin pter-nan ka-ta tou ev-er-ye-tou</i>	7. Those He fed with manna have raised their heels to spurn Him from Whom all things are given.
8. Ὡ τῆς παραφροσύνης καὶ τῆς Χριστοκτονίας, τῆς τῶν Προφητοκτόνων·	8. <i>o tis pa-ra fro-si-nis ke tis chri-sto-kto-ni-as tis ton pro-fi-to-kto-non</i>	8. Ignorance most foolish! Those who slew the prophets have come, O Christ, to slay You.
9. Ὡς ἄφρων ὑπηρέτης προδέδωκεν ὁ μύστης τὴν ἄβυσσον σοφίας.	9. <i>os af-ron i-pi-re-tis pro-dhe-dho-ken o mi-stis tin a-vi-son so-fi-as</i>	9. Mindless as a servant, he who learned the myst'ries betrayed the Depths of Wisdom.
10. Τὸν ρύστην ὁ πωλήσας αἰχμάλωτος κατέστη, ὁ δόλιος Ἰούδας.	10. <i>ton ri-stin o po-li-sas ech-ma-lo-tos ka-te-sti o dho-li-os i-ou-dhas</i>	10. He who sold the Savior, Judas the Betrayer, has sold himself as captive.
11. Ἰωσήφ κηδεύει σὺν τῷ Νικοδήμῳ, νεκροπρεπῶς τὸν Κτίστην.	11. <i>i-o-sif ki-dhe-vi sin to ni-ko-dhi-mo ne-kro-pre-pos ton kti-stin</i>	11. With help from Nicodemos, Joseph tends the Body as does befit the Master.
12. Ὡ γλυκύ μου ἔαρ, γλυκύτατόν μου Τέκνον, ποῦ ἔδου Σου τὸ κάλλος;	12. <i>o gli-ki mou e-ar gli-ki-ta-ton mou tek-non pou e-dhi sou to kal-los</i>	12. You are my sweetest Springtime, My sweetest Son, I ask You, “Where has Your beauty faded?”
13. Θρῆνον συνεκίνει ἡ Πάναγνος Σου Μήτηρ, Σοῦ, Λόγε, νεκρωθέντος.	13. <i>thri-non si-ne-ki-ni i pa-nagh-nos sou mi-tir sou lo-ghe ne-kro-then-dos</i>	13. When she beheld You lifeless, O Word, Your all-pure Mother cried out in lamentation.
14. Θάνατον θανάτῳ Σὺ θανατοῖς, Θεέ μου, θεία Σου δυναστεία.	14. <i>tha-na-ton tha-na-to si tha-na-tis the-e mou thi-a sou dhi-na-sti-a</i>	14. Death to Death You render, through Your divine dominion. My God, by Your own dying.
15. Πεπλάνηται ὁ πλάνος, ὁ πλανηθεὶς λυτροῦται σοφία Σῆ, Θεέ μου.	15. <i>pe-pla-ni-te o pla-nos o pla ni-this li-trou-te so-fi-a si, the-e mou</i>	15. Foiled is the Deceiver; Redeemed is the deceived one, my God, by Your great wisdom.
16. Υἱέ Θεοῦ Παντάναξ, Θεέ μου, πλαστουργέ μου, πῶς πάθος κατεδέξω;	16. <i>i-e, the-ou, pan-da-nax the-e mou plas-tour-ye mou pos pa-thos ka-te-dhe-xo</i>	16. My God and my Creator, the King of all, and God's Son, how have You borne Your Passion?
17. Ἡ Δάμαλις τὸν Μόσχον ἐν ξύλῳ κρεμασθέντα ἠλαλαξεν ὀρώσα.	17. <i>i dha-ma-lis ton mos-chon en xi-lo kre-mas-then da i-la-la-zen o-ro-sa</i>	17. Beholding You suspended upon the tree, the Mother cried to her Calf in anguish.
18. Ὡ Φῶς τῶν ὀφθαλμῶν μου, γλυκύτατόν μου Τέκνον, πῶς τάφῳ νῦν καλύπτει;	18. <i>o fos ton of-thal-mon mou gli-ki-ta-ton mou tek-non fos ta-fo nin ka-li-pti</i>	18. “My sweetest Son, most precious, the Light of mine eyes hidden! How can a tomb conceal You?”
19. Δοξάζω Σου, Υἱέ μου, τὴν ἄκραν εὐσπλαγχνίαν, ἧς χάριν ταῦτα πάσχεις.	19. <i>dho-xa-zo sou i-e mou tin ak-ran ef-splach-ni-an is cha-rin taf-ta pas-chis</i>	19. “My Son, I offer glory for Your supreme compassion which causes You to suffer.”
20. Ἀνάστηθι Οἰκτίρμον, ἡμᾶς ἐκ τῶν βαράθρων ἐξανιστῶν τοῦ Ἄδου.	20. <i>a-na-sti-thi i-ktir-mon i-mas ek ton va-ra-thron e-xa-ni-ston tou a-dhou.</i>	20. Arise, O Lord of Mercy, and with You, also raise us who linger deep in Hades.

21. Ἀνάστα Ζωοδότα, ἡ Σε τεκοῦσα Μήτηρ, δακρυροοῦσα λέγει.	21. a-na-sta zo-o-dho ta i se te-kou-sa mi-tir dha-kri-ro-ou-sa le-ghi	21. "Arise, You Who bestows Life!" the Mother who has borne You through flowing tears entreats You.
22. Οὐράνια δυνάμεις ἐξέστησαν τῷ φόβῳ νεκρὸν Σε καθορώσαι.	22. ou-ra-ni-e dhi-na-mis e-xe-sti-san to fo-vo ne-kron se ka-tho-ro-se	22. The powers of the Heavens stood up in fear and wonder when they beheld You lifeless.
23. Ἐρραναν τὸν τάφον αἱ Μυροφόροι μύρα λίαν πρῶτ' ἐλθοῦσαι. {τρὶς}	23. er-a-nan ton ta-fon e mi-ro-fo-ri mi-ra li-an pro-i el-thou-se (3 times)	23. Early in the morning women bearing myrrh came to sprinkle You with spices. (3 times)
24. Εἰρήνην Ἐκκλησίᾳ, λάῳ Σου σωτηρίαν δώρησαι Σῆ ἐγέρσει.	24. i-ri-nin ek-kli-si-a la-o sou so-ti-ri-an dho-ri-se si e-yer-si	24. By Your Resurrection, upon Your Church bestow peace, and to Your flock, salvation.
<i>Δόξα Πατρὶ καὶ Υἱῷ καὶ Ἁγίῳ Πνεύματι.</i>	<i>Dhoxa Patri ke Yio ke aghio Pnevmati</i>	<i>Glory to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit.</i>
25. ὦ Τριάς, Θεέ μου, Πατήρ, Υἱὸς, καὶ Πνεῦμα, ἐλέησον τὸν κόσμον.	25. o tri-as the-e mou pa-tir, i-os, ke pnev-ma e-le-i-son ton koz-mon	25. My God, Who is three Persons, Father, Son, and Spirit, on all the world have mercy.
<i>Καὶ νῦν καὶ αἰεὶ, καὶ εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας τῶν αἰώνων. Αμήν.</i>	<i>ke nin ke a-l ke is tous eonas ton eoonon. amin</i>	<i>Both now and forever, and unto the ages of ages. Amen.</i>
26. Ἴδειν τὴν τοῦ Υἱοῦ Σου Ἀνάστασιν, Παρθένη, ἀξίωσον Σοὺς δούλους.	26. i-dhin tin tou i-ou sou a-na-sta-sin par-the-ne a-xi-o-son sous dhou-lous	26. Deem your servants worthy, O Virgin, to bear witness at your Son's Resurrection.
27. Αἱ γενεαὶ πᾶσαι ὑμνον τῇ ταφῇ Σου προσφέρουσι, Χριστέ μου.	27. e ye-ne-e pa-se im-non ti ta-fi sou pros-fe-rou-si chri-ste mou	27. Every generation offers adoration my Christ, at Your entombment.

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.

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