TA ΕΓΚΩΜΙΑ

The Lamentations
Before the Holy Sepulcher
From Holy Saturday Orthros

In Greek and English
Modern English Translation by N. Takis

Dedicated to His Eminence Metropolitan Maximos of Pittsburgh

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ΤΑ ΕΓΚΩΜΙΑ

ΣΤΑΣΙΣ ΠΡΩΤΗ
Ήχος Πλ. Α.

1. Ἡ Ζωὴ ἐν τάφῳ,
Κατετέθης, Χριστέ,
καὶ αγγέλων στρατιαὶ ἐξεπλήττοντο,
συγκατάβασιν δοξάζουσαι τὴν Σήν.

2. Ἡ Ζωὴ πῶς θνησκεῖς;
πῶς καὶ τάφῳ οἰκεῖς;
τοῦ θανάτου τὸ βασίλειον λύεις δέ,
καὶ τοῦ ᾍδου τοὺς νεκροὺς ἐξανιστὸς.

3. Μεγαλύνομέν Σε,
Ἰησοῦ Βασιλεῦ,
καὶ τιμῶν τὴν Ταφήν καὶ τὰ Πάθη Σου,
δι' Ὄν ἡμὸς ἐσώσας ἐκ τοῦ φθορᾶς.

4. Μέτρα γὸς ὁ στήσας,
ἐν σμικρῷ κατοικεῖς,
Ἰησοῦ Βασιλεῦ τοῦ θανόντας ἀνιστῶν.

5. Ἡ Ζωὴ ἐν τάφῳ,
Κατετέθης, Χριστέ,
καὶ θανάτῳ Σου τὸν θάνατον ὤλεσας,
καὶ ἐπήγας τὸν Κόσμῳ, τὴν Ζωήν.

ΤΑ ΕΓΚΩΜΙΑ

STASIS PROTI
Ichos Pl. Α.

1. I Zo-i en ta-fo,
ka-te-te-this, Chris-te,
ke an-ghe-lon stra-ti-e, e-xe-ple-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-soυ Va-si-lef,
ke ti-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-soυ, pam-va-si-lef, ta-fo si-me-ron,
ek mni-ma-ton tous tha-non-das a-ni-ston.

5. I-i-soυ 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-gha-sas to Koz-mo, tin zo-in.

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THE LAMENTATIONS

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.

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8. Ὡραὸς κάλλει,
παρὰ πάντας βροτοὺς,
ὡς ἀνείδεος νεκρὸς καταφαίνεται,
ὁ τὴν φύσιν ὡραίας τοῦ παντός.

9. Ἱησοῦ γλυκύ μοι,
καὶ Σωτήριον Φῶς,
τάφῳ πὸς αἰκίσι βαλλομένη ἠλάλαζε,
τὸ κράτος Φιλάνθρωποι.

10. Ἀπορεὸς καὶ φύσις,
νοερὰ καὶ πληθὺς,
ἡ ἀσώματος Χριστὲ τὸ μυστήριον,
τοῦ αφράστου καὶ ἀρρήτου Σου ταφὸς.

11. Προσκυνὸς Ἡμῶν τὸ Πάθος,
ἀνυμνὸς τὴν Ταφήν,
μεγαλύνω Σου τὸ κράτος, δι' Ὀν γυνὴν φθοροποιὸς.

12. Ἡ Ἀμνὰς τὸν Ἄρνα,
βλέπουσα ἐν σφαγῇ,
ταὸς ἀκίσι βαλλομένη ἠλάλαζε,
συγκινοῦσα καὶ τὸ ποίμνιον.

13. Οἴμοι Φῶς τοῦ Κόσμου!
οἴμοι Φῶς τοῦ Ἐμὸ!
Ἰησοῦ μου ποθεινὸτατε ἐκραζεν,
ἡ Παρθένος θρηνοῦσα γοερός.

14. Ὡ Θεὲ καὶ Λόγε,
ὁ Χαρὰς ἡ ἐμή,
πῶς ἐνέγκω σου ταφὴν τὴν τριήμερον,
νὸς σπαράττομαι τὰ σπλάγχνα μητρικῶς.

15. Τίς μοι δώσει ὕδωρ,
καὶ δακρύων πηγάς,
ἡ Θεόνυμφος Παρθένος ἐκραύγαζε
ἵνα κλαύσω τὸν γλυκύν μου Ἰησοῦν;

Δόξα Πατρὶ καὶ Υἱῷ καὶ Αγίῳ Πνεύματι,
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 anguish 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. Ἀνυμνοὺμεν Λόγε, Σὲ τὸν πάντων Θεόν, σὺν Πατρὶ καὶ τῷ Ἀγίῳ Σου Πνεύματι, καὶ δοξάζομεν τὴν θείαν Σου Ταφὴν.

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

17. Μακαρίζομέν σε, Θεοτόκε Άγνή, καὶ τιμῶμεν τὸν Γ·ἵυόμ. Ἡ Αγίῳ Σου Τριήμερον, τὸν Υἱὸν τοῦ Γ·ἵυόμ. Ἡ Σου καὶ Θεοὸν πιστῶς.

18. Ἡ Ζωὴ ἐν τάφῳ, κατετέθης Χριστέ, καὶ Άγγελων στρατιαὶ ἐξεπλήττοντο, συγκατάβασιν δοξάζουσαι τὴν Σήν.

**ΣΤΑΣΙΣ ΔΕΥΤΕΡΑ**

**Ηχος Πλ. Α.**

1. Ἀξίον ἐστι, μεγαλύνειν σε τὸν Ζωοδότην, τὸν Σταυρὸν τὰς χεῖρας ἐκτείναντα, καὶ συντρίψαντα τὸ κράτος τοῦ Γ·ἵυόμ. Ἡ Σοῦ.

2. Ἀξίον ἐστι, μεγαλύνειν τὸν πάντων Κτίστην· Σοῦ γὰρ παθήμασιν ἔχομεν, τὴν ἀπάθειαν ῥυσθέντες τὸ Γ·ἵυόμ. Ἡ Σοῦ φθορὰν.

3. Ἐφρίξεν ἡ γὸν, καὶ ὁ ἥλιος στὸν Σταυρὸν τερατεύμενον, τὸν ἀνεσπέρου φέγγους Χριστέ, ἐν τῷ τάφῳ δύντος νῦν σωματικῶς.

4. Μόνη γυναικὸς, χώρις πόνον ἔτεκόν σε τέκνον, πόνους δὲ τὸν φέρω πάθει τὸν Ἐχθρὸν, ἀφορήτους, ἀνεβάλε τὴν Σέμνη.

5. Τέτρωμαι δεινῶς, καὶ σπαράσσωμαι τὰ σπλάγχνα λόγε, βλέπουσα τὴν ἀδικόν σου σφαγήν, ἀναλογίζειν ἡ Μήτηρ ἐν κλαυθμοῖς.


Ke nin ke a-i, ke is tous e-o-nas ton e-o-non. A-min.


**STASIS DHEFTERA**

**Ichos Pl. A.**


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.


5. Te-tro-me dhi-nos ke spa-rat-to-me ta splach-na, Lo-ghe, vle-pou-sa tin a-dhi-kon sou sfa-yin, a-na-lo-yi-zen i Mi-tir en klat-thmo.
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 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.

SECOND STASIS

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 wreaked within me as Your unjust slaughter assaults my eyes,” cried the Mother to her Son through bitter tears.
6. Ὅμμα τὸ γλυκύ,
καὶ τὰ χείλη Σου πῶς μύσω Λόγε;
πῶς νεκροπρεπῶς δὲ κηδεύσω Σε;
ἀνεβόα μετὰ φρίκης Ἰωσήφ.

7. Ἡ σε Πλαστουργέ,
ὑπὸ κόλπους δεξαμένη τρόμῳ,
συσχεθεός Σὸς τερ τινάσσεται,
ἀφυπνώσαν τὸ θνητὸν τιναγμό.

8. Λίθος λαξευτός,
τὸν ἀκρόγων καλύπτει λίθον,
ἄνθρωπος θνητὸς δ’ ὡς θνητὸν Θεόν,
κατακρύπτει νὸς τῷ τάφῳ· φρὸς θνητὸν ίπνος!

9. Ἴδε Μαθητήν,
ὃν ἠγάπησας καὶ Σὴν Μητέρα,
Τέκνον, καὶ φθογγὴν δὸς γλυκύτατον,
dακρυχέουσα ἠγνή.

10. Κάλλος, Λόγε, πρίν,
οὐδὲ εὸς ἐν τῷ πάσχειν ἔσχες,
ἀλλ’ ἐξαναστὰς ὑπερέλαμψας,
καλλωπίσας τους βροτοὺς θείας αὐγάς.

11. Ἡλίος ὁμοῦ,
καὶ σελήνη σκοτισθέντες Σὸς,
δούλους εὐνοοῦν ταῖς θείαις αὐγαῖς.

12. Ἐφριξεν ἱδών,
τὸ ἀόρατον Φὸς Σὸς, Χριστέ μου,
μνήματι κρυπτόμενον ἄπνουν τε,
καὶ ἐσκότασεν ὁ ἥλιος τὸ Φὸς.

13. Ἐκλαιε πικρὸς,
ἡ πανάμωμος Μήτηρ Σου, Λόγε,
ὅτε ἐν τῷ τάφῳ ἑώρακε,
Σὲ τὸν ἄφραστον καὶ ἄναρχον Θεόν.

14. Νέκρωσεν τὴν Σήν,
ἡ Πανάφθορος Χριστέ Σου Μήτηρ,
βλέπουσα πικρῶς Σοι ἐφθέγγετο,
Μὴ βραδύνης ἡ Ζωὴ ἐν τοῖς νεκροῖς.
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, 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 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, 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 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!”
15. Ὕμνοις Σου Χριστέ,
νῦν τὴν Σταύρωσιν καὶ τὴν Ταφήν τε,
ἀπαντές πιστοὶ ἐκθειάζομεν,
oi dhanatos luthrophentes S H taφη.

Δόξα Πατρὶ καὶ Υἱὸν καὶ Αγίῳ Πνεύματι,

16. Ἄναρχε Θεέ,
συναΐδιε Λόγε καὶ Πνεύμα,
σκὸτρα τὸν Ἀνάκτων κραταίωσον,
cata paisis polemiow prrosbolis.
Και νῦν και αει, και εις τους αιωνας των αιωνων.
Ἀμην.

17. Τέξασα Ζωήν,
Παναμώμητε Άγνὴ Παρθένε,
pas tοus skandala, και eirēnēn epibrāeuson autē.

18. Ἀξίόν ἐστι,
μεγαλύνειν Σε τὸν Ζωοδότην,
ton Stavros tas cheiras ekteinanta, και συντρίψαντα τὸ κράτος τοῦ ἕχθρου.

ΣΤΑΣΙΣ ΤΡΙΤΗ

1. Αἱ γενεαὶ πὸςαι,
ὺμνον τῇ Ταφῇ Σου,
prosoferousi Χριστὲ μου.

2. Καθελὼν τοῦ ξύλου,
ὁ Ἀριμαθαῖας,
εν τάφῳ Σε κηδεύει.

3. Μυροφόροι ὸλθον,
μύρα Σοι Χριστὲ μου,
komizousai prophronws.

4. Δεύο πᾶσα Κτίσις,
ὑμνους εξοδίους,
prosoisowmen tw Ktista.

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 thaa-na-tou li-tro-then-des Si ta-fi.

Dho-xa Pa-tri ke Yi-o, ke A-ghi-o Pnev-ma-ti,

16. A-nar-che The-e,
si-na-i-dhi-e Lo-ghe ke Pnev-ma,

Ke nin ke a-i ke is tous e-o-nas ton e-o-non. A-min.

17. Te-xa-sa Zo-in,
Pa-na-mo-mi-te Agh-ni Par-the-ne,
parf-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,

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,
m-i-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.
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 ζώντα, σὺν Μυροφόροις πάντες, μυρίσωμεν ἐμφρόνως.

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

7. Οὓς ἔθρεψε τὸ μάννα, ἐκίνησαν τὴν πτέρναν, κατὰ τὸν Ἐνεργέτου.

8. ὢ τῆς παραφροσύνης, καὶ τῆς Χριστοκτονίας, τῆς τῶν Προφητοκτόνων!

9. ὢς ἄφρων ὑπηρέτης, προδέδωκεν ὁ μύστης, τὴν ἄβυσσον σοφίας.

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

11. Ἰωσὴφ κηδεύει, σὺν τὸν Νικοδήμῳ, νεκροπρεπὸς τὸν Κτίστην.

12. ὸ Γ·ἵυόμ.ἠΥὌ γλυκύ μου ἔαρ, γλυκύτατόν μου Τέκνον, ποὸ Γ·ἵυό荣誉称号 Θεέ μου ἔδυ Σου τὸ κάλλος;

13. Θρὸ Γ·ἵυό荣誉称号 Μήτηρ, Σοὸ Γ·ἵυό荣誉称号, Λόγε, νεκρωθέντος.

14. Θάνατον θανάτῳ, Σὺ θανατοὸ Γ·ἵυό荣誉称号 Θεέ μου, θείᾳ Σου δυναστείᾳ.

15. Πεπλάνηται ὁ πλάνος, ὁ πλανηθεὶς λυτροὸ Γ·ἵυό荣誉称号ται, σοφίᾳ Σὸ Γ·ἵυό荣誉称号 Θεέ μου.

16. Υἱὲ Θεοὸ Γ·ἵυό荣誉称号 Παντάναξ, Θεέ μου πλαστοῦργε μου, πώς πάθος κατεδεξὼ;
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 **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 **Betray**er,
    has **sold** himself as **captive.**

11. With **help** from **Nicodemus,**
    **Joseph** tends the **Body**
    as **does** **b**et**fit** the **Master.**

12. You **are** my sweetest **Spring**time,
    **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?**
17. Ἡ ∆άμαλις τὸν Μόσχον, ἐν Ξύλῳ κρεμασθέντα, ἠλάλαζεν ὁρὸ Γ·ἵύόΜ. ἠΥὌσα.

18. ὸΓ·ἵύόΜΕ. ἠΥὌ φὸ Γ·ἵύόΜ. ἠΥὌς τὸ Γ·ἵύόΜ. ἠΥὌν ὀφθαλμὸ Γ·ἵύόΜ. ἠΥὌν μου, γλυκύτατόν μου Τέκνον, πὸ Γ·ἵύόΜ. ἠΥὌς τάφῳ νὸ Γ·ἵύόEΜ. ἠΥὌτα πάσχεις.

19. Δοξάζω Σου Υἱέ μου, τὴν ἄκραν εὐσπλαγχνίαν, ὧΓ·ἵύόᾍμ. ἠΥὌς χάριν τὰ τὸΓ·ἵύόEΜ. ἠΥὌτα πάσχεις.

20. Ἀνάστηθι οἰκτίρμον, ἡμὸΓ·ἵύόBΜ. ἠΥὌς ἐκ τὸΓ·ἵύόόΜ. ἠΥὌς βαράθρων, ἐξανιστὸΓ·ἵύόόΜ. ἠΥὌν τοὸΓ·ἵύόEΜ. ἠΥὌ ᾍδου.

21. Ἀνάστα Ζωοδότα, ἡ Σὲ τεκοὸΓ·ἵύόEΜ. ἠΥὌσα Μήτηρ, δακρυρροοὸΓ·ἵύόEΜ. ἠΥὌσα λέγει.

22. Οὐράνιοι ∆υνάμεις, ἐξέστησαν τὸΓ·ἵύόόμ. ἠΥὌ φόβῳ, νεκρὸν Σε καθορὸΓ·ἵύόόΜ. ἠΥὌσαι.

23. Ἐρραναν τὸν τάφον, αἱ Μυροφόροι μύρα, λίαν πρωῒ ἐλθοὸΓ·ἵύόEΜ. ἠΥὌσαι.

24. Εἰρήνην Ἐκκλησία, λαὸΓ·ἵύόόμ. Σου σωτηρίαν, δώρησαι ΣὸΓ·ἵύό4μ. Ἐγέρσει.

25. ὸΓ·ἵύόΜE. ἠΥὌ Τριὰς, Θεέ μου, Πατὴρ, Υἱὸς, καὶ ΠνεὸΓ·ἵύόEΜ. ἠΥὌμα, ἐλέησον τὸν Κόσμον.

26. ἸδεὸΓ·ἵύόὁΜ. ἠΥὌν τὴν τοὸΓ·ἵύόEΜ. ἠΥὌ ΥἱοὸΓ·ἵύόEΜ. ἠΥὌ Σου, Ἀνάστασιν Παρθένε, ἀξίωσον Σοὺς δούλους.

27. Αἱ γενεαὶ πὸΓ·ἵύόBΜ. ἠΥὌσαι, ὑμνον τὸΓ·ἵύό4μ. ἠΥὌ ΤαφὸΓ·ἵύό4μ. ἠΥὌ Σου, προσφέρουσι Χριστέ μου.
17. Behold 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. 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.
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.