

Τὰ Ἐγκώμια

Ὁ Ἱερεὺς ἐξέρχεται ἐκ τοῦ Ἱ. Βήματος καί ἵσταται
πρὸ τοῦ Ἐπιταφίου. Προσφέρει δε θυμίαμα ἐνώ
χοροστατῆ ἐφ' ἐκάστη στάσει.

Στάσις Α'. Ἦχος πλ. α'

1. Ἡ ζωὴ ἐν τάφῳ, κατετέθης Χριστέ,
καὶ Ἀγγέλων στρατιαὶ ἐξεπλήττοντο, συ-
γκατάβασιν δοξάζουσαι τὴν σὴν.

I Zo-i en ta-fo, * ka-te-te-this, Chris-te, *
ke an-ghe-lon stra-ti-e, e-xe-pli-ton-do, *
sing-ka-ta-va-sin dho-xa-zou-se tin Sin.

Ἐπανάληψις.

1. Ἡ ζωὴ ἐν τάφῳ, κατετέθης Χριστέ,
καὶ Ἀγγέλων στρατιαὶ ἐξεπλήττοντο, συ-
γκατάβασιν δοξάζουσαι τὴν σὴν.

I Zo-i en ta-fo, * ka-te-te-this, Chris-te, *
ke an-ghe-lon stra-ti-e, e-xe-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 Ἄιδου τοὺς νεκροὺς
ἐξανιστᾷς.

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.

Me-gha-li-no-men Se, * I-i-sou Vas-i-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. Μέτρα γῆς ὁ στήσας, ἐν μικρῷ
κατοικεῖς, Ἰησοῦ παμβασιλεῦ τάφῳ σήμε-
ρον, ἐκ μνημάτων τοὺς θανόντας
ἀνιστῶν.

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.

The Lamentations

The Priest comes out of the Holy Altar and
stands in front of the Epitaphion, censuring and
beginning each stanza.

First Stanza. Mode pl. 1.

1. In the Tomb they laid You, * You,
O Christ, Who is Life; * in amaze-
ment Angel armies lift up their song,
* as they glorify Your self-abase-
ment, Lord.

Repeat the first one.

1. In the Tomb they laid You, * You,
O Christ, Who is Life; * in amaze-
ment Angel armies lift up their song,
* as they glorify Your self-abase-
ment, Lord.

2. Life, how can You perish, * or
how dwell in a tomb? * Yet the royal
hall of Death You now bring to
naught, * and from Hades' realm You
raise the dead again.

3. Now we magnify You, * O Lord
Jesus our King; * we pay honor to
Your Passion and burial, * for from
foul corruption You saved us through
them.

4. King of all, O Jesus, * Who es-
tablished Earth's bounds, * on this
day You make Your home in a little
tomb, * raising up the dead of ages
from their graves.

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

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, καθοράται νεκρός, καὶ ἐν μνήματι καινῷ κατατίθεται, ὁ κενώσας τὰ μνημεῖα τῶν νεκρῶν.

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 τάφῳ κατετέθη Χριστέ, καὶ θανάτῳ σου τὸν θάνατον ὤλεσας, καὶ ἐπήγασας τῷ Κόσμῳ, τὴν ζωὴν.

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.

8. Μετὰ τῶν κακούργων, ὡς κακούργος Χριστέ, ἐλογίσθης δικαίων ἡμᾶς ἅπαντας, κακουργίας τοῦ ἀρχαίου περνιστοῦ.

Me-ta ton ka-kour-ghon, * os ka-kour-ghos Chri-ste, * e-lo-ghis-this di-ke-on i-mas a-pan-tas, * ka-kour-ghi-as tou ar-che-ou pter-ni-stou.

9. Ὁ ὠραῖος κάλλει, παρὰ πάντας βροτούς, ὡς ἀνείδεος νεκρὸς καταφαίνεται, ὁ τὴν φύσιν ὠραίσας τοῦ παντός.

O o-ray-os ka-li, * pa-ra pan-tas bro-tous, * os a-ni-dhe-os ne-kros ka-ta-fe-ne-te, * o tin fi-sin o-ra-i-sas tou pan-dos.

10. Ἰησοῦ γλυκύ μοι, καὶ σωτήριον φῶς, τάφῳ πῶς ἐν σκοτεινῷ κατακέκρυψαι; Ὡ ἀφάτου, καὶ ἀρόρητου ἀνοχῆς;

I-i-sou ghli-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 a-ri-tou a-no-chis.

5. O my Christ, my Jesus, * King and Monarch of all, * seeking what have You descended to those in Hell? * Was it not to liberate the mortal race?

6. He Who governs all things * here is seen as a corpse. * New the grave in which the Body is laid to rest, * of the One Who empties graves of all their dead.

7. In the Tomb they laid You, * You, O Christ Who is Life. * Death itself You brought to nothing by Your own death, * and became the Fount of Life for all the world.

8. Guilty with the guilty, * You were judged, O my Christ, * at the moment You wrought justice for all of us * from the ancient trickster's foul and evil deeds.

9. 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.

10. Light that saves, O Jesus, * You are sweetness to me. * In the darkness of the grave how can You lie hid, * O forbearance that no language can express?

11. Ἀπορεῖ καὶ φύσις, νοερά καὶ πληθὺς,
ἡ ἀσώματος Χριστὲ τὸ μυστήριον, τῆς
ἀφράστου καὶ ἀρρήτου Σου ταφῆς.

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.

12. Προσκυνῶ τὸ Πάθος, ἀνυμνῶ τὴν Τα-
φήν, μεγαλύνω Σου τὸ κράτος Φιλάνθρω-
πε, δι' ὧν λέλυμαι παθῶν φθοροποιῶν.

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.

13. Ἡ Ἀμνὰς τὸν Ἄρνα, βλέπουσα ἐν
σφαγῇ, ταῖς αἰκίσι βαλλομένη ἠλάλαζε,
συγκινοῦσα καὶ τὸ ποίμνιον βοᾶν.

I Am-nas ton Ar-na, * vle-pou-sa en sfa-ghi,
* tes e-ki-si val-lo-me-ni i-la-la-ze, * sing-ki-
nou-sa ke to pi-mni-on vo-an.

14. Οἶμοι Φῶς τοῦ Κόσμου! Οἶμοι Φῶς
τὸ ἐμόν! Ἰησοῦ μου ποθεινότατε ἔκραζεν,
ἡ Παρθένος θρηνηδοῦσα γοερώς.

I-mi Fos tou Koz-mou! * I-mi Fos to e-
mon! * I-i-sou mou po-thi-no-ta-te e-kra-zen,
* i Par the-nos thri-no-dhou-sa gho-e-ros.

15. ὦ Θεὲ καὶ Λόγε, ὦ χαρὰ ἡ ἐμή, πῶς
ἐνέγκω σου ταφήν τὴν τριήμερον, νῦν
σπαράττομαι τὰ σπλάγχνα μητρικῶς.

O The-e ke Lo-ghe, * o cha-ra i e-mi, pos
e-ne-gko sou ta-fin tin tri-i-me-ron, * nin spa-
ra-to-me ta splach-na mi-tri-kos.

16. Θέλων ὄφθης Λόγε, ἐν τῷ τάφῳ
νεκρός, ἀλλὰ ζῆς, καὶ τοὺς βροτούς ὡς
προεῖρηκας, ἀναστάσει σου Σωτὴρ μου
ἐγερεῖς.

The-lon of-this Lo-ghe, * en to ta-fo ne-
kros, * a-la zis, ke tous bro-tous os pro-ei-ri-
kas, * a-na-sta-si sou So-tir mou e-ghe-ris.

17. Τίς μοι δώσει ὕδωρ, καὶ δακρῶν πη-
γὰς, ἡ Θεόνυμφος Παρθένος ἐκραύγαζεν,
ἵνα κλαύσω τὸν γλυκύν μου Ἰησοῦν;

Tis mi dho-si i-dhor * ke dha-kri-on pi-
gas, * i The-o-nim-fos Par-the-nos e-krav-ga-
zen, * i-na klav-so ton ghli-kin mou I-i-soun;

11. Neither Nature's reason, * nor
the angels, O Christ, * grasp the
mystery enfolding Your burial, * be-
yond all our understanding and all
words.

12. I revere Your passion * Your en-
tombment I praise, * and I magnify
Your might, Loving Friend of man; *
they have ransomed me from pas-
sions that corrupt.

13. When Your mother saw you *
brought to slaughter, O Lamb, * she
was stabbed with painful torment;
and her anguished cries * called the
flock to join her bitter tears of grief.

14. "Woe is me!" the Virgin *
mourned through heart-breaking
cries. "You are, Jesus, my most pre-
cious, beloved Son! * Gone is my
light, and the Light of all the world!"

15. "God and Word eternal, * O my
Gladness and Joy! * How shall I en-
dure Your three days inside the tomb
* when my heart is breaking with a
mother's grief?"

16. "By your will we see you, * as a
corpse in the tomb, * but you live, O
Word and Savior, as you foretold, *
by your Resurrection you raise mor-
tal kind.

17. "Who will give me water, * and
a fountain of tears," * cried the Vir-
gin Bride of God in her deep despair,
* "that in grief for my sweet Jesus I
might weep?"

18. ὦ θαυμάτων ξένων! ὦ πραγμάτων καινῶν! Ὁ πνοῆς μοι χορηγὸς ἄπνους φέρεται, κηδεύομενος χειρὶ τοῦ Ἰωσήφ.

O thav-*ma*-ton xenon! * O prag-*ma*-ton ke-*non*! * O pno-*is* mi kho-ri-*gos* ap-nous fer-e-*te*, * ki-de-*vo*-me-nos her-*si* tou I-o-*sif*.

Δόξα Πατρὶ καὶ Υἱῷ καὶ Ἁγίῳ Πνεύματι.
(*Dho*-*xa* Pa-*tri* ke I-*o*, ke A-*ghi*-*o* Pnev-*ma*-*ti*)

19. Ἀνυμνοῦμεν Λόγε σὲ τὸν πάντων Θεόν, σὺν Πατρὶ καὶ τῷ Ἁγίῳ σου Πνεύματι, καὶ δοξάζομεν τὴν θεϊάν σου Ταφήν.

A-ni-*mnou*-men Lo-*ghe*, * Se ton pan-*don* The-*on*, * sin Pa-*tri* ke to A-*gi*-*o* Sou Pnev-*ma*-*ti*, * ke dho-*xa*-zo-men tin *thi*-an Sou ta-*fin*.

Καὶ νῦν καὶ αἰεὶ καὶ εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας τῶν αἰώνων. Ἀμήν
(Ke *nin* ke a-*i* ke is tous e-*o*-nas ton e-*o*-non.
A-*min*.)

20. Μακαρίζομέν σε, Θεοτόκε ἀγνή, καὶ τιμῶμεν τὴν Ταφήν τὴν τριήμερον, τοῦ Υἱοῦ σου καὶ Θεοῦ ἡμῶν πιστῶς.

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*.

Καὶ πάλιν τό πρῶτον.

1. Ἡ ζωὴ ἐν τάφῳ, κατετέθης Χριστέ, καὶ Ἀγγέλων στρατιαὶ ἐξεπλήττοντο, συγκ-
ατάβασιν δοξάζουσαι τὴν σὴν.

I Zo-*i* en ta-fo, * ka-te-*te*-this, Chris-*te*, *ke an-*ghe*-lon stra-ti-*e*, e-xe-*pli*-ton-do, * sing-ka-ta-*va*-sin dho-*xa*-zou-se tin *Sin*.

Εἶτα ὁ Διάκονος ἐκφωνεῖ τὴν Μικρὰ Συναπτήν.

Ἡ Μικρὰ Συναπτή

Διάκονος: Ἐτι καὶ ἔτι ἐν εἰρήνῃ τοῦ Κυρίου δεηθῶμεν.

Λαός: Κύριε, ἐλέησον.

Διάκονος: Ἀντιλαβοῦ, σῶσον, ἐλέη-
σον καὶ διαφύλαξον ἡμᾶς ὁ Θεὸς τῇ
σῇ χάριτι.

18. O most strange of wonders! * What new deeds we now see! * He Who gave me my life's breath lies un-breathing now, * borne to burial at noble Joseph's hands.

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

19. Word, we sing Your praises, * as the Lord God of all, * with the Father and Your most Holy Spirit, Lord; * and we glorify Your Burial Divine.

Now and forever and to the ages of ages. Amen.

20. Now we call you blessed, * All-Pure Mother of God; * and in faith we hold in honor and venerate * the three-day entombment of your Son our God.

End with the first one again.

1. In the Tomb they laid You, * You, O Christ, Who is Life; * in amazement Angel armies lift up their song, * as they glorify Your self-abasement, Lord.

The Deacon exclaims the Small Litany:

The Small Litany

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

People: Lord, have mercy.

Deacon: Help us, save us, have mer-
cy on us and protect us, O God, by
Your grace.

Λαός: Κύριε, ἐλέησον.

Διάκονος: Τῆς Παναγίας, ἀχράν-του, ὑπερευλογημένης, ἐνδόξου, δεσποίνης ἡμῶν Θεοτόκου καὶ ἀειπαρθένου Μαρίας, μετὰ πάντων τῶν ἁγίων μνημονεύσαντες, ἑαυτοὺς καὶ ἀλλήλους καὶ πᾶσαν τὴν ζωὴν ἡμῶν Χριστῷ τῷ Θεῷ παραθώμεθα.

Λαός: Σοὶ, Κύριε.

Καὶ ἐκφωνεῖ·

Ἱερεὺς: Ὅτι ἠὺλόγηταί σου τὸ ὄνομα καὶ δεδόξασται σου ἡ βασιλεία, τοῦ Πατρὸς καὶ τοῦ Υἱοῦ καὶ τοῦ Ἁγίου Πνεύματος, νῦν καὶ ἀεὶ καὶ εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας τῶν αἰώνων.

Λαός: Ἀμήν.

Καὶ ὁ Ἱερεὺς θυμιᾷ εἰς τὴν ἀρχὴν τῆς Β' Στάσεως.

Στάσις Β'. Ἦχος πλ. α'.

1. Ἄξιόν ἐστι, μεγαλύνειν σε τὸν Ζωοδό-την, τὸν ἐν τῷ Σταυρῷ τὰς χεῖρας ἐκτεί-ναντα, καὶ συντρίψαντα τὸ κράτος τοῦ ἐχθροῦ.

*A-xi-on e-sti, * me-gha-li-nin Se ton Zo-o-dho-tin, * ton en to Stav-ro tas chi-ras ek-ti-nan-da, * ke sin-dri-psan-da to kra-tos tou ech-throu.*

Ἐπανάληψις.

1. Ἄξιόν ἐστι, μεγαλύνειν σε τὸν Ζωοδό-την, τὸν ἐν τῷ Σταυρῷ τὰς χεῖρας ἐκτεί-ναντα, καὶ συντρίψαντα τὸ κράτος τοῦ ἐχθροῦ.

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2. Ἄξιόν ἐστι, μεγαλύνειν σε τὸν πάντων Κτίστην· τοῖς σοῖς γὰρ παθήμασιν ἔχομεν, τὴν ἀπάθειαν ῥυσθέντες τῆς φθορᾶς.

*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. Ἐφριξεν ἡ γῆ, καὶ ὁ ἥλιος Σῶτερ ἐκούρη, σοῦ τοῦ ἀνεσπέρου φέγγους Χριστέ, δύναντος ἐν τάφῳ σωματικῶς.

*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, * dhin-an-dos en ta-fo so-ma-ti-chos.*

People: Lord, have mercy.

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

People: To You, O Lord.

And he exclaims:

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.

The Priest censens at the beginning of the second stanza.

Second Stanza. Mode pl. 1.

1. It is right indeed * we should magnify the One Who grants life. * You that stretched Your hands wide upon the Cross * broke and smashed the might and power of the foe.

Repeat the first one.

1. It is right indeed * we should magnify the One Who grants life. * You that stretched Your hands wide upon the Cross * broke and smashed the might and power of the foe.

2. It is right indeed * You to magnify Who fashions all things. * Your pains from corruption deliver us, * and Your Passion grants dispassion to our souls.

3. All Earth quaked in fear, * and the sun concealed itself, O Savior, * when, O Christ our Light, You set bodily, * as the Light that knows no evening was entombed.

4. Μόνη γυναικῶν, χωρὶς πόνον ἔτεκόν σε Τέκνον, πόνους δὲ νῦν φέρω πάθει τῷ σῶ, ἀφορήτους, ἔλεγεν ἡ Σεμνή.

*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 e-le-gen i Sem-ni.*

5. Τέτρομαι δεινῶς, καὶ σπαράττομαι τὰ σπλάγχνα Λόγε, βλέπουσα τὴν ἀδικόν σου σφαγὴν, ἀναλόγιζεν ἡ Μήτηρ ἐν κλαυθμῷ.

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 klaf-thmo.

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

*Om-ma to gli-ki, *ke ta chi-li Sou pos mi-so Lo-ghe; * pos ne-kro-pre-pos dhe ki-dhev-so Se; a-ne-vo-a me-ta fri-kis I-o-sif.*

7. Γῆ Σε Πλαστουργέ, ὑπὸ κόλπους δεξαμένη τρόμῳ, συσχεθείσα Σῶτερ τινάσσεται, ἀφυπνώσασα νεκροὺς τῷ τιναγμῷ.

*Yi Se, Pla-stour-ye, * i-po kol-pous dhe-xa-me-ni, tro-mo sis-che-thi-sa, So-ter, ti-nas-sete, a-fi-pno-sa-sa ne-krous to ti-nagh-mo.*

8. Λίθος λαξευτός, τὸν ἀκρόγωνον καλύπτει λίθον, ἄνθρωπος θνητὸς δ' ὡς θνητὸν Θεόν, κατακρύπτει νῦν τῷ τάφῳ· φριξὸν γῆ!

*Li-thos la-xef-tos * ton a-kro-gho-non ka-li-pti li-thon, an-thro-pos thni-tos dh' os thni-ton The-on, * ka-ta-kri-pti nin to ta-fo fri-xon yi!*

9. Ἴδε Μαθητὴν, ὃν ἠγάπησας καὶ Σὴν Μητέρα, Τέκνον, καὶ φθογγὴν δὸς γλυκύτατον, δακρυχέουσα ἐβόα ἡ Ἀγνή.

*I-dhe Ma-thi-tin, * on i-gha-pi-sas ke Sin Mi-te-ra, *Tek-non ke fthong-ghin dhos gli-ki-ta-ton, *dha-kri-che-ou-sa e-vo-a i Agh-ni.*

4. Of all woman-kind, * I alone bore You, my Child, without pain. * Cruel pangs now wrack me as I behold * Your great suffering,” the Holy Virgin cries.

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. “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 a mortal man, *causing you O earth, to tremble in dismay.

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, πρίν, οὐδὲ εἶδος ἐν τῷ πάσχειν ἔσχεις, ἀλλ' ἐξαναστὰς ὑπερέλαμψας, καλλώπισας τοὺς βροτοὺς θείαις ἀγχαῖς.

*Ka-los, Lo-ghe, prin, * ou-dhe i-dhos en to pas-chin es-ches, * all' e-xa-na-stas i-pei-elam-psas, * kal-lo-pi-sas tous vro-tous thi-es av-yes.*

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

*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-nin-de sto-las.*

12. Ἐφριξεν ἰδών, τὸ ἀόρατον Φῶς Σὲ, Χριστέ μου, μνήματι κρυπτόμενον ἄπνουν τε, καὶ ἐσκότασεν ὁ ἥλιος τὸ Φῶς.

*E-fri-xen i-dhon, * to a-o-ra-ton Fos Se, Chri-ste mou, * mni-ma-ti kri-pto-me-non ap-noun te, * ke e-sko-ta-sen o i-li-os to Fos.*

13. Ἐκλαιε πικρῶς, ἡ πανάμωμος Μήτηρ Σου, Λόγε, ὅτε ἐν τῷ τάφῳ ἐώρακε, Σὲ τὸν ἀφραστον καὶ ἀναρχον Θεόν.

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. Νέκρωσιν τὴν Σὴν, ἡ Πανάφθορος Χριστέ Σου Μήτηρ, βλέπουσα πικρῶς Σοὶ ἐφθέγγετο. Μὴ βραδύνης ἡ Ζωὴ ἐν τοῖς νεκροῖς.

*Ne-kro-sin tin Sin, * i Pa-naf-tho-ros 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. Ὑμνοὶς Σου Χριστέ, νῦν τὴν Σταύρωσιν καὶ τὴν Ταφήν τε, ἅπαντες πιστοὶ ἐκθειάζομεν, οἱ θανάτου λυτρωθέντες Σὴ ταφῇ.

*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.*

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. 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.

16. Ἴνα τὴν βροτῶν, καινουργήσω συντριβείσαν φύσιν, πέπληγμαί θανάτῳ θέλων σαρκί. Μῆτερ οὖν μὴ κόπτου τοῖς ὀδυρμοῖς.

I-na tin vro-ton, kay-nur-ghi-so sin-tri-vi-san fi-sin, pe-plig-may tha-na-to the-lon sar-ki. Mi-ter oun mi ko-ptou tis o-thir-mis.

17. Ὑμνοὺς Ἰωσήφ, καὶ Νικόδημος ἐπιταφίους, ἄδουσι Χριστῷ νεκρωθέντι νῦν, ἅδει δὲ σὺν τούτοις καὶ Σεραφεῖμ.

I-mnous I-o-sif, ke Ni-ko-di-mos e-pi-ta-fi-ous, a-dou-si Chri-sto ne-kro-then-ti nin, a-di de sin tou-tis ke Se-ra-fim.

Δόξα Πατρὶ καὶ Υἱῷ καὶ Ἁγίῳ Πνεύματι.
(*Dho-xa Pa-tri ke I-o, ke A-ghi-o Pnev-ma-ti*)

18. Ἄναρχε Θεέ, συναΐδιε Λόγε καὶ Πνεῦμα, σκήπτρα τῶν Ἀνάκτων κραταίωσον, κατὰ πάσης πολεμίων προσβολῆς.

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.

Καὶ νῦν καὶ ἀεὶ καὶ εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας τῶν αἰώνων. Ἀμήν
(*Ke nin ke a-i ke is tous e-o-nas ton e-onon. A-min.*)

19. Τέξασα ζωὴν, Παναμώμητε ἀγνή Παρθένε, παῦσον Ἐκκλησίας τὰ σκάνδαλα, καὶ εἰρήνην ἐπιβράβευσον αὐτῇ.

Te-xa-sa Zo-in, Pa-na-mo-mi-te Agh-ni Par-the-ne, paf-son Ek-kli-si-as ta skan-dhala, ke i-ri-nin e-pi-vra-vef-son af-ti.

Καὶ πάλιν τό πρώτον.

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

A-xi-on e-sti, me-gha-li-nin Se ton Zo-o-dho-tin, ton en to Stav-ro tas chi-ras ek-ti-nan-da ke sin tri-pan-da to kra-tos tou ech-thru.

16. “Willingly by death * I was wounded in the flesh, dear Mother, * thus the broken nature of mortal kind * to renew; so do not beat your breast in grief.”

17. Sacred hymns they sing, * Nicodemus and the noble Joseph, * while the Seraphim join them in their hymn * for the burial of Christ, Who now lies dead.

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

18. Great eternal God, * coeternal Word, and Holy Spirit, * look down in Your goodness on those who rule; * grant their scepters strength against the warlike foe.

Now and forever and to the ages of ages. Amen.

19. 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.

End with the first one again.

1. It is right indeed * we should magnify the One Who grants life. * You that stretched Your hands wide upon the Cross * broke and smashed the might and power of the foe.

Εἶτα ὁ Διάκονος ἐκφωνεῖ τὴν Μικρὰ Συναπτὴν·

Ἡ Μικρὰ Συναπτὴ Διάκονος:

Διάκονος: Ἔτι καὶ ἔτι ἐν εἰρήνῃ τοῦ Κυρίου δεηθῶμεν.

Λαός: Κύριε, ἐλέησον.

Διάκονος: Ἀντιλαβοῦ, σῶσον, ἐλέησον καὶ διαφύλαξον ἡμᾶς ὁ Θεὸς τῆ σὴ χάριτι.

Λαός: Κύριε, ἐλέησον.

Διάκονος: Τῆς Παναγίας, ἀχράντου, ὑπερευλογημένης, ἐν-δόξου, δεσποίνης ἡμῶν Θεοτόκου καὶ ἀειπαρθένου Μαρίας, μετὰ πάντων τῶν ἁγίων μνημο-νεύσαντες, ἑαυτοὺς καὶ ἀλλήλους καὶ πᾶσαν τὴν ζωὴν ἡμῶν Χριστῷ τῷ Θεῷ παραθώμεθα.

Λαός: Σοὶ, Κύριε.

Καὶ ἐκφωνεῖ·

Ἱερεύς: Ὅτι ἅγιος εἶ ὁ Θεὸς ἡμῶν, ὁ ἐπὶ θρόνου δόξης τῶν Χερουβείμ ἐποχούμενος, καὶ σοὶ τὴν δόξαν ἀναπέμπομεν, σὺν τῷ ἀνάρχῳ σου Πατρὶ καὶ τῷ Παναγίῳ καὶ ἀγαθῷ καὶ ζωοποιῷ σου Πνεύματι, νῦν καὶ αἰεὶ καὶ εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας τῶν αἰώνων.

Λαός: Ἀμήν.

The Deacon exclaims the Small Litany:

The Small Litany

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

People: Lord, have mercy.

Deacon: Help us, save us, have mercy on us and protect us, O God, by Your grace.

People: Lord, have mercy.

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

People: To You, O Lord.

And he exclaims:

Priest: For Holy are You, our God, resting on the glorious throne of the Cherubim, and to You we send up glory, together with Your eternal Father and Your all-holy, good, and life-creating Spirit, now and forever and to the ages of ages.

People: Amen.

Καὶ ὁ Ἱερεὺς θυμῶ εἰς τὴν ἀρχὴν τῆς Β' Στάσεως.

Στάσις Γ'. Ἦχος γ'.

1. Αἱ γενεαὶ πάσαι, ἕμνον τῇ Ταφῇ σου, προσφέρουσι Χριστέ μου.

E ye-ne-e pa-se, im-non ti ta-fi sou, pro-sfe-rou-si Chri-ste mou.

2. Καθελὼν τοῦ ξύλου, ὁ Ἀριμαθαίας, ἐν τάφῳ σε κηδεύει.

Ka-the-lon tou xi-lou, o A-ri-ma-the-as, en ta-fo se ki-dhe-vi.

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

Mi-ro-fo-ri il-thon, mi-ra si, Chri-ste mou, ko-mi-zou-se pro-fro-nos.

4. Δεῦρο πάσα κτίσις, ἕμνους ἐξοδίους, προσοίσωμεν τῷ Κτίστη.

Dhev-ro pa-sa kti-sis im-nous e-xo-dhi-ous pro-si-so-men to kti-sti.

5. Ὡς νεκρὸν τὸν ζῶντα, σὺν Μυροφόροις πάντες, μυρίσωμεν ἐμφρόνως.

Os ne-kron ton zon-da sin mi-ro-fo-ris pan-des mi-ri-so-men em-fro-nos.

6. Ἰωσήφ τρισμακάρο, κήδευσον τὸ σῶμα, Χριστοῦ τοῦ ζωοδότου.

I-o-sif tris-ma-kar, ki-dhef-son to So-ma, Chri-stou tou Zo-o-dho-tou.

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

Ous e-thre-pse to man-na, e-ki-ni-san tin pter-nan, ka-ta tou Ev-er-ye-tou.

8. Ὡς τῆς παραφροσύνης, καὶ τῆς Χριστοκτονίας, τῆς τῶν προφητοκτόνων!

O tis pa-ra fro-si-nis, ke tis Chri-sto-kto-ni-as, tis ton Pro-fi-to-kto-non!

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

Os af-ron i-pi-re-tis, pro-dhe-dho-ken o mi-stis, tin a-vi-son so-fi-as.

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

Pe-pla-ni-te o pla-nos, o pla-ni-this li-trou-te, so-fi-a Si, The-e mou.

The Priest censes at the beginning of the third stanza.

Third Stanza. Mode 3.

1. Each generation offers, * my Christ, for Your entombment, * in hymns and songs its praises.

2. The noble Joseph takes You * down from the Tree, my Savior, * and in the Tomb he lays You.

3. Myrrh-bearing women came then, * providently bringing * to You, O Christ, the sweet myrrh.

4. Let all Creation join us, * as to the Creator * our farewell hymns we now sing.

5. With ointment-bearing women, * let us with understanding * anoint, as dead, the Living.

6. O thrice-blessed Joseph, * entomb Christ's Body, * the corpse of Him Who grants life.

7. Those He fed with manna * bring vinegar and gall now * to offer to the Savior.

8. O the boundless folly * of those who slew the prophets * and now slay God's Anointed!

9. Initiate, yet traitor, * he the senseless servant * sold the Abyss of Wisdom.

10. Foiled is the Deceiver; * Re-deemed is the deceived one,* my God, by Your great wisdom.

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

Ton ri-stin o po-li-sas, ech-ma-lo-tos ka-te-sti, o dho-li-os I-ou-dhas.

12. ὦ γλυκύ μου ἔαρ, γλυκύτερόν μου Τέκνον, ποῦ ἔδου σου τὸ κάλλος;

O gli-ki mou e-ar, gli-ki-ta-ton mou Tek-non, pou e-dhi Sou to ka-los;

13. Ἐρόραναν τὸν τάφον, αἱ Μυροφόροι μύρα, λίαν πρωὶ ἔλθουσαι. (γ')

Er-a-nan ton ta-fon, e Mi-ro-fo-ri mi-ra, li-an pro-i el-thou-se. (3)

14. Εἰρήνην Ἐκκλησίᾳ, λαῶ σου σωτηρίαν, δώρησαι σῆ Ἐγέρσει.

I-ri-nin Ek-kli-si-a, la-o Sou so-ti-ri-an, dho-ri-se Si E-yer-si.

**Δόξα Πατρὶ καὶ Υἱῷ καὶ Ἁγίῳ Πνεύματι.
(Dho-xa Pa-tri ke I-o, ke A-ghi-o Pnev-ma-ti)**

15. ὦ Τριάς Θεέ μου, Πατὴρ Υἱὸς καὶ Πνεῦμα, ἐλέησον τὸν Κόσμον.

O Tri-as, The-e mou, Pa-tir, I-os, ke Pnev-ma, e-le-i-son ton Kos-mon.

**Καὶ νῦν καὶ ἀεὶ καὶ εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας τῶν αἰῶνων. Ἀμήν
(Ke nin ke a-i ke is tous e-o-nas ton e-o-non. A-min.)**

16. Ἴδειν τὴν τοῦ Υἱοῦ Σου, Ἀνάστασιν Παρθένε, ἀξίωσον σοὺς δούλους.

I-dhin tin tou I-ou Sou A-na-sta-sin, Par-the-ne, a-xi-o-son Sous dhou-lous.

Καὶ πάλιν τό πρώτον.

1. Αἱ γενεαὶ πᾶσαι, ὕμνον τῇ Ταφῇ σου, προσφέρουσι Χριστέ μου.

E ye-ne-e pa-se, im-non ti ta-fi sou, pro-sfe-rou-si Chri-ste mou.

11. Judas, the deceiver, * for silver sold the Savior * and thus became a captive.

12. O my sweetest Springtime, * O my sweetest Offspring, * where has Your beauty vanished?

13. Myrrh-bearers came and sprinkled * sweet myrrh upon Your Tomb, Lord; * at early dawn they come now. (3)

14. Peace unto Your Church, Lord, * salvation to Your people * grant by Your Resurrection.

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

15. Father, Son and Spirit, * O Trinity, my One God, * have mercy on the whole world.

**Now and forever and to the ages
of ages. Amen.**

16. Count all your servants worthy * to see, Most Holy Virgin, * your Son's bright Resurrection.

End with the first one again.

1. Each generation offers, * my Christ, for Your entombment, * in hymns and songs its praises.

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Λαός: Κύριε, ἐλέησον.

Διάκονος: Ἀντιλαβοῦ, σῶσον, ἐλέησον καὶ διαφύλαξον ἡμᾶς ὁ Θεὸς τῆ σῆ χάριτι.

Λαός: Κύριε, ἐλέησον.

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Λαός: Σοὶ, Κύριε.

Καὶ ἐκφωνεῖ·

Ἱερεὺς: Σὺ γὰρ εἶ ὁ Βασιλεὺς τῆς εἰρήνης καὶ Σωτὴρ τῶν ψυχῶν ἡμῶν, Χριστέ ὁ Θεὸς ἡμῶν, καὶ σοὶ τὴν δόξαν ἀναπέμπομεν, σὺν τῷ ἀνάρχῳ σου Πατρὶ καὶ τῷ Παναγίῳ καὶ ἀγαθῷ καὶ ζωοποιῷ σου Πνεύματι, νῦν καὶ ἀεὶ, καὶ εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας τῶν αἰώνων.

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People: Amen.

