

The Lamentations before the Holy Sepulcher

From Holy Saturday Orthros
English Translation by N. Takis

ΣΤΑΣΙΣ ΠΡΩΤΗ

Ἦχος Πλ. Α.

STASIS PROTI

Ichos Pl. A.

FIRST STASIS

Plagal First Tone

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

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

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. Ἡ Ζωὴ πῶς θνήσκεις;
πῶς καὶ τάφῳ οἰκεῖς;
τοῦ θανάτου τὸ βασιλεῖον λύεις δέ,
καὶ τοῦ Ἄιδου τοὺς νεκροὺς ἐξανιστᾶς.

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.

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. Μεγαλύνομέν Σε,
Ἰησοῦ Βασιλεῦ,
καὶ τιμῶμεν τὴν Ταφὴν καὶ τὰ Πάθη Σου,
δι' ὧν ἔσωσας ἡμᾶς ἐκ τῆς φθορᾶς.

3. Me-gha-li-no-men Se,
I-i-sou 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.

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. Μέτρα γῆς ὁ στήσας,
ἐν μικρῷ κατοικεῖς,
Ἰησοῦ παμβασιλεῦ τάφῳ σήμερον,
ἐκ μνημάτων τοὺς θανόντας ἀνιστῶν.

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.

4. You have set the measures
of the earth, yet this day
in a narrow tomb now dwell, Jesus, King of all,
Who have raised those who were dead up from their tombs.

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

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.

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

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.

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

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.

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

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.

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 ἀνοχῆς!

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'!

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. Ἀπορεῖ καὶ φύσις,
νοεῖ καὶ πληθὺς,
ἢ ἀσώματος Χριστὸς τὸ μυστήριον,
τῆς ἀφράστου καὶ ἀρρήτου Σου ταφῆς.

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.

10. Neither Nature's reason,
nor the angels, O Christ,
grasp the mystery enfolding Your burial,
beyond all our understanding and all words.

11. Προσκυνῶ τὸ Πάθος,
ἀνυμνῶ τὴν Ταφὴν,
μεγαλύνω Σου τὸ κράτος Φιλάνθρωπε,
δι' ὧν ἐλύμαι παθῶν φθοροποιῶν.

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.

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. Ἡ Ἀμνάς τὸν Ἄρνα,
βλέπουσα ἐν σφαγῇ,
ταῖς αἰκίσι βαλλομένη ἠλάλαζε,
συγκινοῦσα καὶ τὸ ποιμνιον βοᾶν.

13. Οἴμοι Φῶς τοῦ Κόσμου!
οἴμοι Φῶς τὸ ἐμόν!
Ἰησοῦ μου ποθεινότατε ἔκραζεν,
ἡ Παρθένος θρηνηδοῦσα γοερῶς.

14. Ὁ Θεὲς καὶ Λόγος,
ὦ χαρὰ ἡ ἐμή,
πῶς ἐνέγκω σου ταφὴν τὴν τριήμερον,
νῦν σπαράττομαι τὰ σπλάγχνα
μητρικῶς.

15. Τίς μοι δώσει ὕδωρ,
καὶ δακρῶν πηγὰς,
ἡ Θεόνυμφος Παρθένος ἐκραύγαζεν,
ἵνα κλαύσω τὸν γλυκύν μου Ἰησοῦν;

Δόξα Πατρὶ καὶ Υἱῷ καὶ Ἁγίῳ Πνεύματι,

16. Ἀνυμνοῦμεν Λόγος,
Σὲ τὸν πάντων Θεόν,
σὺν Πατρὶ καὶ τῷ Ἁγίῳ Σου Πνεύματι,
καὶ δοξάζομεν τὴν θείαν Σου Ταφὴν.

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

17. Μακαρίζομέν Σε,
Θεοτόκε 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.

ΙΕΡΕΥΣ: Ἔτι καὶ ἔτι ἐν εἰρήνῃ τοῦ Κυρίου
δεηθῶμεν.

ΛΑΟΣ: Κύριε ἐλέησον.

ΙΕΡΕΥΣ: Ἀντιλαβοῦ, σῶσον, ἐλέησον, καὶ
διαφύλαξον ἡμᾶς ὁ Θεὸς τῇ Σῇ Χάριτι.

ΛΑΟΣ: Κύριε ἐλέησον.

ΙΕΡΕΥΣ: Τῆς Παναγίας, ἀχράντου,
ὑπερευλογημένης, ἐνδόξου, Δεσποίνης
ἡμῶν Θεοτόκου καὶ ἀειπαρθένου
Μαρίας, μετὰ πάντων τῶν Ἁγίων
μνημονεύσαντες ἑαυτοὺς καὶ
ἀλλήλους καὶ πᾶσαν τὴν ζωὴν ὑμῶν,
Χριστῷ τῷ Θεῷ παραθώμεθα.

ΛΑΟΣ: Σοὶ Κύριε.

ΙΕΡΕΥΣ: Ὅτι ἠλόγηταί Σου τὸ Ὄνομα
καὶ δεδόξασταί Σου ἡ Βασιλεία, τοῦ
Πατρὸς καὶ τοῦ Υἱοῦ, καὶ τοῦ Ἁγίου
Πνεύματος, νῦν καὶ αἰεὶ, καὶ εἰς τοὺς
αἰῶνας τῶν αἰώνων.

ΛΑΟΣ: Ἀμήν.

12. I Am-nas ton Ar-na,
vle-pous-sa en sfa-ghni,
tes e-ki-si val-lo-me-ni i-la-la-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 e-kra-zen,
i Par-the-nos thri-no-dhou-sa gho-e-ros.

14. 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.

15. Tis mi dho-si i-dhor
ke dha-kri-on pi-ghas,
i The-o-nim-fos Par-the-nos e-krav-gha-zen,
i-na klaf-so ton ghli-kin mou I-i-soun;

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

16. A-ni-mnou-men Lo-ghe,
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.

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

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.

IEREFS: Éti ke éti en irini tou Kyriou
dheithómen.

LAOS: Kýrie eléison.

IEREFS: Andilavou, sóson, eléison, ke
dhiافلaxon imás o Theós ti Si Cháriti.

LAOS: Kýrie eléison.

IEREFS: Tis Panaghías, achrándou,
iperevloghiménis, endhóxou, Dhespínis
imón Theotókou ke aiparthénou Mariás,
metá pándon ton Aghíon
mnimonévsandes eaftoús ke allíλους ke
pasán tin zoín imón, Christó to Theó
parathómetha.

LAOS: Si Kýrie.

IEREFS: Óti iilóghite Sou to Ónoma ke
dhedhóxaste Sou i Vasilía, tou Patrós
ke tou Iiou, ke tou Aghiou Pnévmatos,
nin ke ai, ke is tous eónas ton eónon.

LAOS: Amin.

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.

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 condescend.

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.

ΣΤΑΣΙΣ ΔΕΥΤΕΡΑ

Ἦχος Πλ. Α.

STASIS DHEFTERA

Ichos Pl. A.

SECOND STASIS

Plagal First Tone

1. Ἄξιόν ἐστι,
μεγαλύνειν Σε τὸν Ζωοδότην,
τὸν Σταυρῶ τὰς χεῖρας ἐκτείναντα,
καὶ συντρίψαντα τὸ κράτος τοῦ ἐχθροῦ.

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-dri-psan-da to kra-tos tou ech-thru.

1. Truly it is right
that we magnify You Who bestows Life,
Who upon the Cross with Your outspread hands
have defeated all the power of the foe.

2. Ἄξιόν ἐστι,
μεγαλύνειν Σε τὸν πάντων Κτίστην·
Σοῖς γὰρ παθήμασιν ἔχομεν,
τὴν ἀπάθειαν ρυσθέντες τῆς φθορᾶς.

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.

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. Ἐφριξεν ἡ γῆ,
καὶ ὁ ἥλιος Σῶτερ ἐκρύβη,
Σοῦ τοῦ ἀνεσπέρου φέγγους Χριστέ,
ἐν τῷ τάφῳ δύντος νῦν σωματικῶς.

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.

3. All the earth did shake
and the sun concealed itself in darkness
when they set Your body into the tomb,
Christ, the Savior and the never-setting Sun.

4. Μόνη γυναικῶν,
χωρὶς πόνον ἔτεκόν Σε Τέκνον,
πόνους δὲ νῦν φέρω πάθει τῷ Σῶ,
ἀφορήτους, ἀνεβόα ἢ Σεμνή.

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.

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. Τέτρωμαι δεινῶς,
καὶ σπαράττομαι τὰ σπλάγχνα Λόγε,
βλέπουσα τὴν ἄδικόν σου σφαγὴν,
ἀναλόγιζεν ἡ Μήτηρ ἐν κλαυθμῷ.

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 klaf-thmo.

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

6. 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.

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 Πλαστοουργέ,
ὑπὸ κόλπους δεξαμένη τρόμῳ,
συσχεθεῖσα Σῶτερ τινάσεται,
ἀφπνύσασα 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-nas-se-te,
a-fi-pno-sa-sa ne-krous to ti-nagh-mo.

7. Fearfully the earth
took Your body in her bosom, Savior.
Holding her Creator, she quaked in fear,
and awakened those who lay dead in their tombs.

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

8. 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!

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,
ὄν ἠγάπησας καὶ Σὴν Μητέρα,
Τέκνον, καὶ φθογγὴν δὸς γλυκύτατον,
δακρυχέουσα ἔβόα ἢ Ἄγνη.

9. 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.

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. Κάλλος, Λόγε, πρίν,
οὐδὲ εἶδος ἐν τῷ πάσχειν ἔσχες,
ἀλλ' ἐξαναστὰς ὑπερέλαμψας,
καλλωπίσας τοὺς βροτοὺς θεῖαις ἀυγαῖς.

10. Kal-los, Lo-ghe, 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-es 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,
dhou-lous ev-no-oun-das i-ko-ni-zon,
i me-le-nas am-fi-en-nin-de sto-las.

11. Sun and moon as one
turned to darkness in their sorrow, Savior,
and like faithful servants, they wore their grief,
when they wrapped themselves in blackness like a shroud.

12. Ἐφριξεν ἰδῶν,
τὸ ἀόρατον Φῶς Σέ, Χριστέ μου,
μνήματι κρυπτόμενον ἄπνουν 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-pti-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. Ἔκλαιε πικρῶς,
ἢ πανάμωμος Μήτηρ Σου, Λόγε,
ὅτε ἐν τῷ τάφῳ ἔώρακε,
Σὲ τὸν ἄφραστον καὶ ἄναρχον 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 Σου Μήτηρ,
βλέπουσα πικρῶς Σοι ἐφθέγγετο.
Μὴ βραδύνης ἡ Ζωὴ ἐν τοῖς νεκροῖς.

14. 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.

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. Ὑμνοὶς Σου Χριστέ,
νῦν τὴν Σταύρωσιν καὶ τὴν Ταφὴν τε,
ἅπαντες πιστοὶ ἐκθειάζομεν,
οἱ θανάτου λυτρωθέντες Σὴ ταφῇ.

15. I-mnis Sou, Chri-ste,
nin tin Stav-ro-sin ke tin Ta-fin te,
a-pan-des pi-stoi ek-thi-a-zo-men,
i tha-na-tou li-tro-then-des Si ta-fi.

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.

Δόξα Πατρὶ καὶ Υἱῷ καὶ Ἁγίῳ Πνεύματι,

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

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

16. Ἄναρχε Θεέ,
συναΐδιδε Λόγε καὶ Πνεῦμα,
σκήπτρα τῶν Ἀνάκτων κραταίωσον,
κατὰ πάσης πολεμίων προσβολῆς.

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.

16. God beyond all time,
with the Word and Spirit everlasting!
strengthen every scepter, O righteous Lord,
of the Orthodox against our every foe!

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.

Both now and forever, and unto the ages of ages. Amen.

17. Τέξασα Ζωὴν,
Παναμώμητε Ἄγνη Παρθένε,
παῦσον Ἐκκλησίας τὰ σκάνδαλα,
καὶ εἰρήνην ἐπιβραβεύσον αὐτῇ.

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.

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. Ἄξιόν ἐστι,
μεγαλύνειν Σε τὸν Ζωοδότην,
τὸν Σταυρῷ τὰς χεῖρας ἐκτείναντα,
καὶ συντρίψαντα τὸ κράτος τοῦ ἐχθροῦ.

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

18. Truly it is right
that we magnify You Who bestows Life,
Who upon the Cross with Your outspread hands
have defeated all the power of the foe.

ΙΕΡΕΥΣ: Ἔτι καὶ ἔτι ἐν εἰρήνῃ τοῦ Κυρίου
δεηθῶμεν.

IEREFS: Éti ke éti en iríni tou Kyríou
dheithómen.

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

ΛΑΟΣ: Κύριε ἐλέησον.

LAOS: Kýrie eléison.

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

ΙΕΡΕΥΣ: Ἀντιλαβοῦ, σῶσον, ἐλέησον, καὶ
διαφύλαξον ἡμᾶς ὁ Θεὸς τῇ Σῇ Χάριτι.

IEREFS: Andilavóu, sóson, eléison, ke
dhiafilaxon imás o Theós ti Si Cháriti.

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.

ΛΑΟΣ: Κύριε ἐλέησον.

LAOS: Kýrie eléison.

PEOPLE: To You, O Lord

ΙΕΡΕΥΣ: Τῆς Παναγίας, ἀχράντου,
ὑπερευλογημένης, ἐνδόξου, Δεσποίνης
ἡμῶν Θεοτόκου καὶ ἀειπαρθένου
Μαρίας, μετὰ πάντων τῶν Ἁγίων
μνημονεύσαντες ἑαυτοὺς καὶ
ἀλλήλους καὶ πᾶσαν τὴν ζωὴν ὑμῶν,
Χριστῷ τῷ Θεῷ παραθώμεθα.

IEREFS: Tis Panaghías, achrándou,
iperevloghiménis, endhóxou, Dhispinis
imón Theotókou ke aiparthénou Marias,
metá pándon ton Aghíon
mnimonévsandes eaftoús ke allíλους ke
pasán tin zoín imón, Christó to Theó
parathómetha.

PRIEST: For Holy are You, O God, Who is seated on the throne
of glory of the Cherubim, and to You we ascribe glory;
together with Your eternal Father, and Your All-Holy, Good
and Life-giving Spirit, now and forever, and to the ages of
ages.

ΛΑΟΣ: Σοὶ Κύριε.

LAOS: Si Kýrie.

PEOPLE: Amen.

ΙΕΡΕΥΣ: Ὅτι ἅγιος εἶ ὁ Θεὸς ἡμῶν, ὁ ἐπὶ
θρόνου δόξης τῶν Χερουβὶμ
ἐποχοῦμενος, 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.

IEREFS: Óti Ághios i o Theós imón, o épi
Thrónu dhóxis ton Cheroubím
epochóumenos, ke Si tis dhóxan
anapébomen, sin to anárcho Sou
Patri ke to Panaghíou ke Aghathó ke
Zoopió Sou Pnémati, nin ke aí, ke is
tous eónas ton eónon.

ΛΑΟΣ: Ἀμήν.

LAOS: Amin.

ΣΤΑΣΙΣ ΤΡΙΤΗ

Ἦχος Γ.

STASIS TRITI

Ichos Γ.

THIRD STASIS

Third Tone

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

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

1. Every generation
offers adoration
my Christ, at Your entombment.

2. Καθελών τουῦ ξύλου,
ὁ Ἀριμαθαίας,
ἐν τάφῳ Σε κηδεύει.

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

2. The Arimathean
from the Cross has brought You
and in the tomb has laid You.

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

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

3. Anxiously the women
carry myrrh and spices,
my Christ, to lay before You.

4. Δεῦρο πᾶσα Κτίσις,
ὕμνους ἔξοδίους,
προσσιώσωμεν τῷ Κτίστη.

4. *Dhev-ro pa-sa Kti-sis,
im-nous e-xo-dhi-ous,
pro-si-so-men to Kti-sti.*

4. Come with all creation,
offering hymns of mourning
to honor our Creator.

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

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

5. As women bearing myrrh did,
let us in our awareness
anoint as dead the Living.

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

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

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 Εὐεργέτου.

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

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

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

9. Mindless as a servant,
he who learned the myst'ries
betrayed the Depths of Wisdom.

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

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

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-o-sif ki-dhe-vi,
sin to Ni-ko-dhi-mo,
ne-kro-pre-pos ton Kti-stin.*

11. With help from Nicodemos,
Joseph tends the Body
as does befit the Master.

12. Ὡ γλυκύ μου ἔαρ,
γλυκύτερόν μου Τέκνον,
ποῦ ἔδυσαι Σου τὸ κάλλος;

12. *O gli-ki mou e-ar,
gli-ki-ta-ton mou Tek-non,
pou e-dhi Sou to kal-los;*

12. You are my sweetest Springtime,
My sweetest Son, I ask You,
"Where has Your beauty faded?"

13. Θρήνον συνεκίνει, ἢ Πάναγνός σου Μήτηρ, Σοῦ, Λόγε, νεκρωθέντος.	13. <i>Thri-non si-ne-ki-ni, i Pa-na-ghnos 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 θανάτω, 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. Υἱὲ 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 Ἐύλω κρεμασθέντα, ἠλάλαζεν 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 τάφω νῦν καλύπτῃ;	18. <i>O fos ton of-thal-mon mou, gli-ki-ta-ton mou Tek-non, pos 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 Ἄιδου.	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, ἢ Σε τεκοῦσα Μήτηρ, δακρυροοῦσα λέγει.	21. <i>A-na-sta Zo-o-dho-ta, i Se te-kou-sa Mi-tir, dha-kri-ro-ou-sa le-ghi.</i>	21. "Arise, You Who bestows Life!" the Mother who has borne You through flowing tears entreats You.
22. Οὐράνιοι Δυνάμεις, ἐξέστησαν τῷ φόβῳ, νεκρὸν Σε καθορώσαί.	22. <i>Ou-ra-ni-e dhi-na-mis, e-xe-sti-san to fo-vo, ne-kron Se ka-tho-ro-se.</i>	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 πρωτὶ ἐλθοῦσαι. (τρὶς)	23. <i>Er-a-nan ton ta-fon, e Mi-ro-fo-ri mi-ra, li-an pro-i el-thou-se. (3 times)</i>	23. Early in the morning women bearing myrrh came to sprinkle You with spices. (3 times)
24. Εἰρήνην Ἐκκλησία, λαῶ Σου σωτηρίαν, δώρησαι Σῆ Ἐγέρσει.	24. <i>I-ri-nin Ek-kli-si-a, la-o Sou so-ti-ri-an, dho-ri-se Si E-yer-si.</i>	24. By Your Resurrection upon Your Church bestow peace, and to Your flock, salvation.
Δόξα Πατρὶ καὶ Υἱῷ καὶ Ἁγίῳ Πνεύματι,	<i>Dho-xa Pa-tri ke Yi-o ke A-ghi-o Pnev-ma-ti,</i>	<i>Glory to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit.</i>

25. Ὡ Τριάς, Θεέ μου,
Πατήρ, Υἱός, 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.

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

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

Both now and forever, and unto the
ages of ages. Amen.

26. Ἴδεῖν τὴν τοῦ Υἱοῦ Σου,
Ἀνάστασιν Παρθένε,
ἀξιώσον 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,
ὕμνον 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.

ΙΕΡΕΥΣ: Ἔτι καὶ ἔτι ἐν εἰρήνῃ τοῦ
Κυρίου δεηθῶμεν.

IEREFS: Éti ke éti en iríni tou
Kyρίου dheithómen.

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

ΛΑΟΣ: Κύριε ἐλέησον.

LAOS: Kýrie eléison.

PEOPLE: Lord, have mercy.

ΙΕΡΕΥΣ: Ἀντιλαβοῦ, σῶσον,
ἐλέησον, καὶ διαφύλαξον ἡμᾶς ὁ
Θεὸς τῇ Σῇ Χάριτι.

IEREFS: Andilavού, sóson,
eléison, ke dhiafílaxon imás o
Theós ti Si Cháriti.

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

ΛΑΟΣ: Κύριε ἐλέησον.

LAOS: Kýrie eléison.

PEOPLE: Lord, have mercy.

ΙΕΡΕΥΣ: Τῆς Παναγίας, ἀχράντου,
ὑπερευλογημένης, ἐνδόξου,
Δεσποίνης ἡμῶν Θεοτόκου καὶ
ἀειπαρθένου Μαρίας, μετὰ
πάντων τῶν Ἁγίων
μνημονεύσαντες ἑαυτοὺς καὶ
ἀλλήλους καὶ πᾶσαν τὴν ζωὴν
ὑμῶν, Χριστῷ τῷ Θεῷ
παραθώμεθα.

IEREFS: Tis Panaghías,
achrándou, iperevloghiménis,
endhóxou, Dhespínis imón
Theotókou ke aiparthénou
Marías, metá pándon ton Aghíon
mnimonévsandes eaftoús ke
allíλους ke pasán tin zoín imón,
Christó to Theó parathómetha.

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.

ΛΑΟΣ: Σοὶ Κύριε.

LAOS: Si Kýrie.

PEOPLE: To You, O Lord

ΙΕΡΕΥΣ: 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 Πατρί, καὶ τῷ
παναγίῳ καὶ ἀγαθῷ, καὶ ζωοποιῷ
σου Πνεύματι, νῦν καὶ ἀεὶ, καὶ εἰς
τοὺς αἰῶνας τῶν αἰώνων.

Si ghar I o Vasiléfs tis irínis ke
Sotír ton psichón imón, Christé o
Theós imón, ke Si dhóxon
anapémomen, sin to anárcho
Sou Patrí ke to Panaghío ke
Aghathó ke Zoopió Sou
Pnévmati, nin ke aí, ke is tous
éonas ton énon.

PRIEST: For You are the King of Peace and the
Savior of our souls, O Christ our God, and to You we
ascribe glory; together with Your eternal Father,
and Your All-Holy, Good and Life-giving Spirit, now
and forever, and to the ages of ages.

ΛΑΟΣ: Ἀμήν.

LAOS: Amín.

PEOPLE: Amen.

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