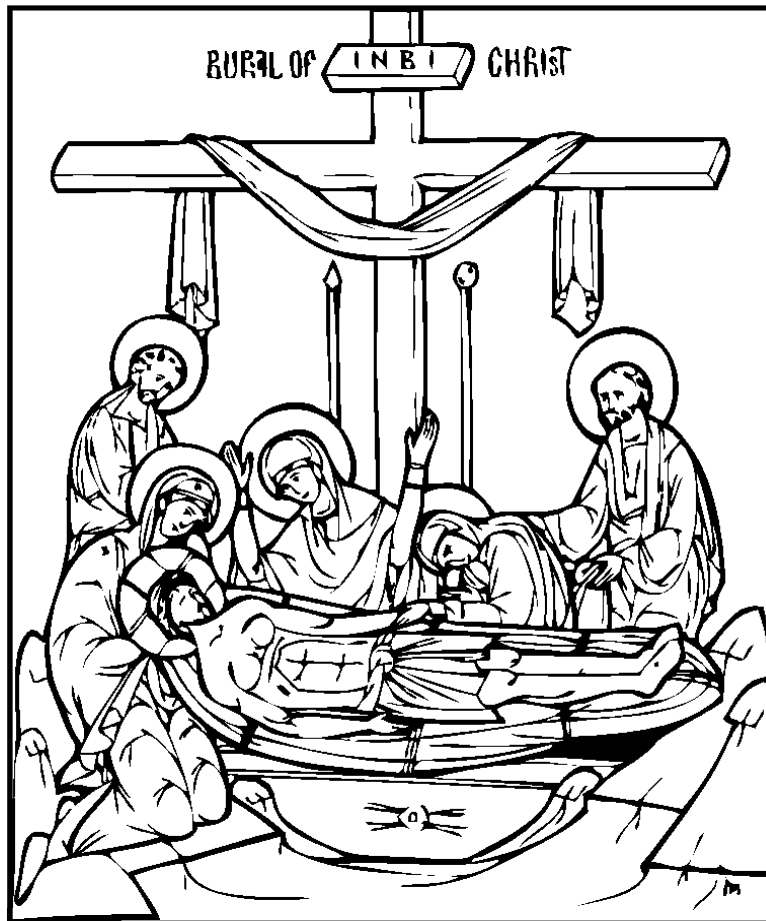


ΤΑ ΕΓΚΩΜΙΑ

The Lamentations Before the Holy Sepulcher

From Holy Saturday Orthros



In Modern English

Byzantine Chant

Translation by N. Takis

Dedicated to His Eminence Metropolitan Maximos of Pittsburgh

New Byzantium Publications - www.newbyz.org

The Lamentations

Plagal First Tone

First Stasis

N. Takis

1. In a grave they laid You, yet, O Christ, You are Life, and the ar-mies of the

an - gels be - held a - mazed, giv - ing glo - ry that You chose to con - de - scend.

2. How, O Life, do You die? How do You live en - tombed? For you slashed through all the


bonds in the realm of death, and have raised the dead in Ha - des from their graves.

3. We, O Lord, ex - alt You, O Christ Je - sus, our King, and we ven - er - ate Your

Pas - sion and bur - i - al through which You have brought re - demp - tion from our sins.

4. You have set the meas - ures of the earth, yet this day in a nar - row tomb now


dwel, Je - sus, King of all, Who have raised those who were dead up from their tombs.




5. O my own Christ Je-sus, You are King of the world. Why have You come down to




Ha - des to seek the dead? Is it not to set the race of mor - tals free?



6. He Who is the Mas - ter of cre - a - tion ap - pears as a corpse and lies en-




- tombed in a fresh - hewn grave, though He emp - tied eve - ry grave - site of its dead.




7. In a grave they laid You, yet, O Christ, You are Life. By Your death You have a-



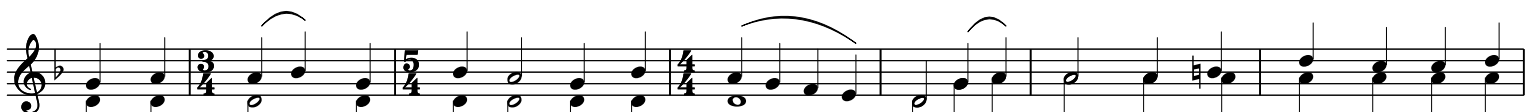
- bol - ished the realm of death, and up - on the world have poured down streams of Life.



8. Fair - er in His beau - ty, than all crea - tures on earth, He is seen now ly - ing



life - less, His beau - ty gone, yet all beau - ty in cre - a - tion springs from Him.



9. O my own sweet Je - sus, Sav - ing Light of the world, can the dark - ness of the



grave hide Your Light with - in? Nei - ther thought nor word can say what You have borne!

10. Nei - ther Na - ture's rea - son, nor the an - gels, O Christ, grasp the mys - ter - y en -

- fold - ing Your bur - i - al, be - yond all our un - der - stand - ing and all words.

11. I re - vere Your pas - sion Your en - tomb - ment I praise, and I mag - ni - fy Your

might, Lov - ing Friend of man; they have ran - somed me from pas - sions that cor - rupt.

12. When Your moth - er saw you brought to slaugh - ter, O Lamb, she was stabbed with pain - ful

tor - ment; her an - gushed sobs called the flock to join her bit - ter cries of grief.

13. "Woe is me!" the Vir - gin mourned through heart - break - ing sobs. "You are, Je - sus, my most

pre - cious, be - lov - ed Son! Gone is my light, and the Light of all the world!"

14. "God and Word e - ter - nal, O my Glad - ness and Joy! How shall I en - dure Your

three days in - side the tomb when my heart is break - ing with a moth - er's grief?"

15. "Who will give me wa-ter, and a foun - tain of tears," cried the Vir-gin Bride of

God in her deep de - pair, "that in grief for my sweet Je - sus I might weep?"

Glory to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spir - it.

16. We will sing Your prais-es, Word and God of all things, with Your Fa-ther and Your

Ho - ly Spir - it You are praised, and we glo - ri - fy Your bur - i - al di - vine.

Both now and ever and un to the ages of ag - es. A - men.

17. You are known as bless-ed, The-o - to - kos, most pure. With our faith-ful hearts we

hon - or the bur - i - al suf - fered three days by your Son, Who is our God.

18. In a grave they laid You, yet, O Christ, You are Life, and the ar-mies of the

an - gels be - held a-mazed, giv-ing glo-ry that You chose to con-de - scend.

Second Stasis

1. Tru-ly it is right that we mag-ni-fy You Who be - stow Life, Who up-on the

Cross with Your out-spread Hands all the po-wer of the e-ne-my have crushed.

2. Tru-ly it is right that we mag-ni-fy You, our Cre - a - tor; through Your

pain have we been re-leased from pain, and from all cor-ruption we have been set free.

3. All the earth did shake and the sun con-cealed it-self in dark - ness when they

set Your bo - dy in-to the tomb, Christ, the Sa-vior and the ne-ver-set-ting Sun.

4. "Free from pain, my Child, I, a - lone a-mong all wo-men, bore You." said Your

mod-est Mo - ther with hum-ble voice. "Now Your pas-sion brings more pain than I can bear."

5. "Torn a - part am I, and my womb, O Word, is wrenched with - in me as Your

un-just slaugh - ter as-saults my eyes," cried the Mo-ther to her Son through bit-ter tears.

6. "Eyes that are so sweet, and Your lips, O Word, how shall I close them?" Jo-seph

cried ap-palled, tremb-ling in dis-may." How shall I en-tomb You as be-fits the dead?"

7. Fear-ful - ly the earth took Your bo-dy in her bo-som, Sa - vior. Hold-ing

her Cre-a - tor, she quaked in fear, and a - wak-ened those who lay dead in their tombs.

8. Stone that man has hewn now con-ceals the Stone of Life's Foun-da - tion; mor-tal

men en - tomb God as mor-tal man, caus-ing You, O earth, to trem-ble in dis - may.

9. "Child of mine, be - hold Your be-lov'd di-sci-ple and Your mo - ther. Grant that

I might hear Your sweet voice a-gain!" Your pure Mo-ther called thru' flow-ing tears to You.

10. Suf-fer - ing in pain, nei-ther form, had You, O Word, nor beau - ty, but by

Your a - ri - sing, Your beau-ty shines, and Your ho-ly rays a - dorn all those on earth.

11. Sun and moon as one turned to dark-ness in their sor-row, Sa - vior, and like

faith-ful ser - vants, they wore their grief, when they wrapt them-selves in black-ness like a shroud.

12. Struck with fear, the sun saw Your light in-vi-si-ble as You lay life-less

and con-cealed in the grave, my Christ, and it shud-dered and re - lin-quished its own light.

13. Weep-ing bit - ter tears, Your pure Mo-ther mourned to see You life - less ly-ing

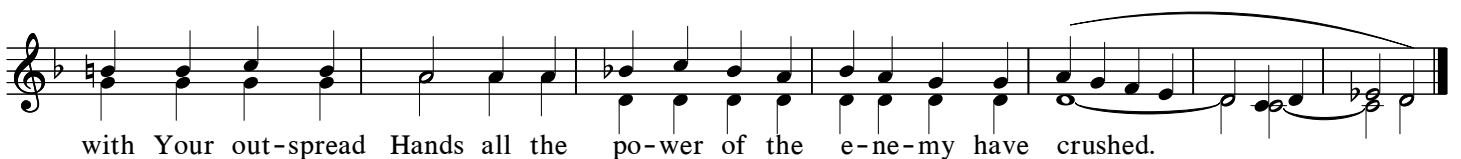
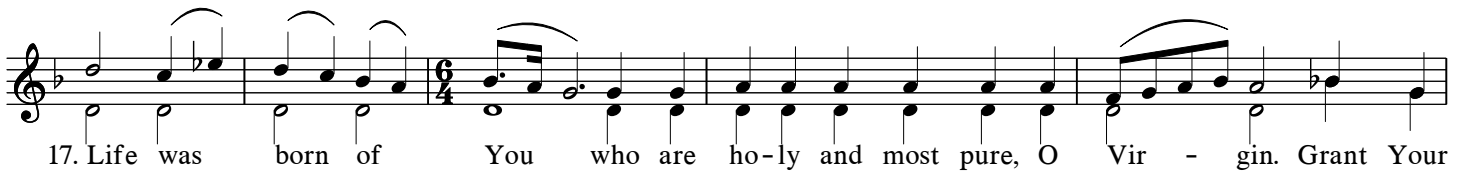
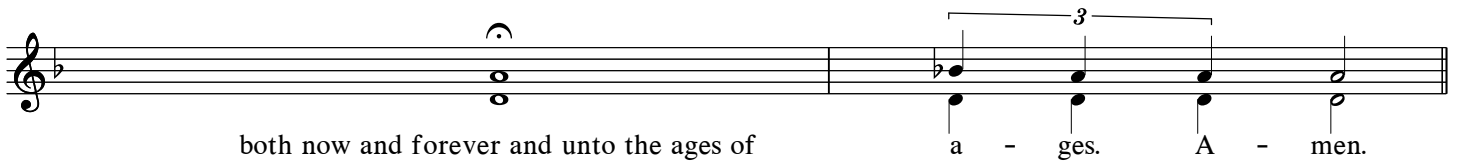
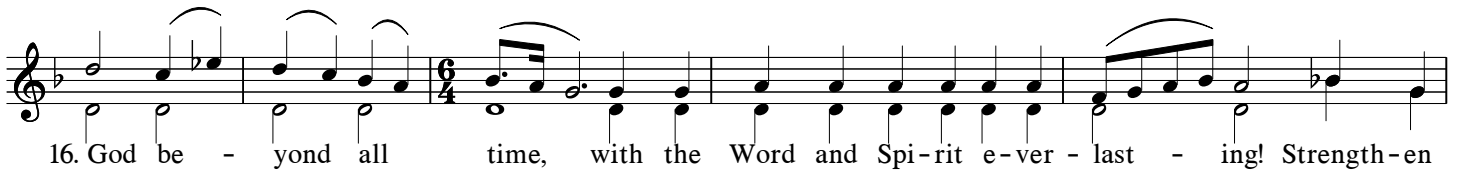
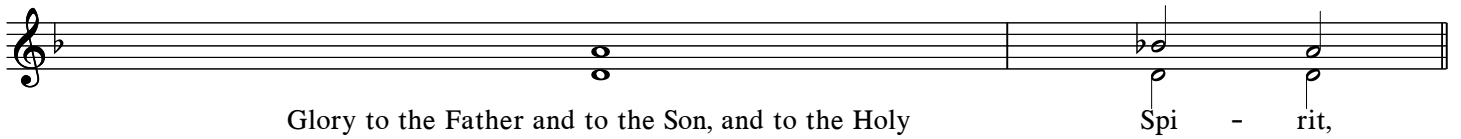
in the tomb, yet You are, O Word, the in - ef - fa - ble and ev - er - last - ing God.

14. Wit-ness to Your death, through her bit-ter tears Your all-pure Mo - ther weep-ing,

cried a - loud un-to You, O Christ: "Do not lin-ger with the dead, for You are Life!"

15. Sing-ing hymns, O Christ, all the faith-ful now sound forth the prai - ses of Your

cru - ci - fi - xion and bu - ri - al for by Your en - tomb - ment we are freed from death.



Third Stasis

Third Tone

1. Eve - ry ge - ne - ra - tion of - fers a - dor - a -
 - tion my Christ, at Your en - tomb - ment.

2. The A - ri - ma - the - an from the Cross has brought
 You and in Your tomb has laid You.

3. An - xious - ly the wo - men car - ry myrrh and spi -
 - ces, my Christ, to lay be - fore You.

4. Come with all cre - a - tion, and of - fer hymns of mourn -
 - ing to hon - or our Cre - a - tor.

5. As wo - men bear - ing myrrh did, let us in our a - ware -
 - ness a - noint as dead the Liv - ing.

6. Three - times bles - sed Jo - seph, You shall tend the Bo -
 - dy of Christ, Who has be - stowed Life.

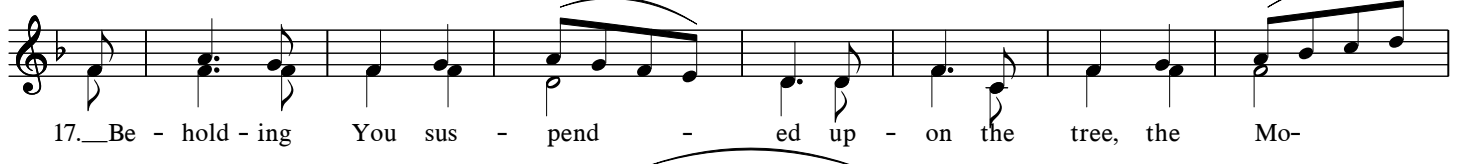
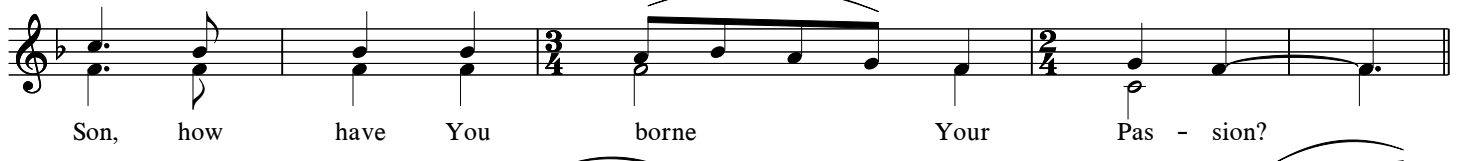
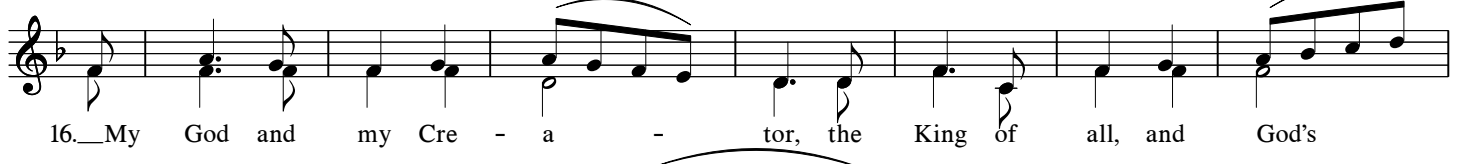
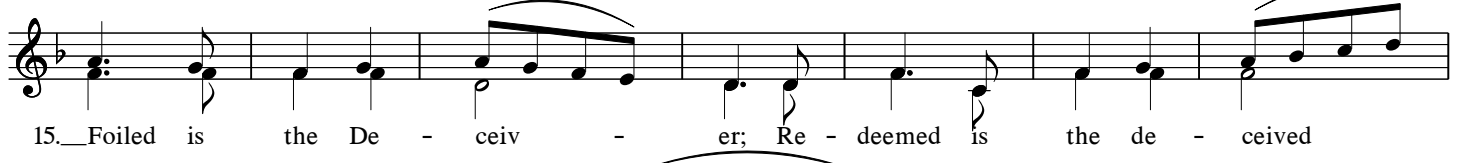
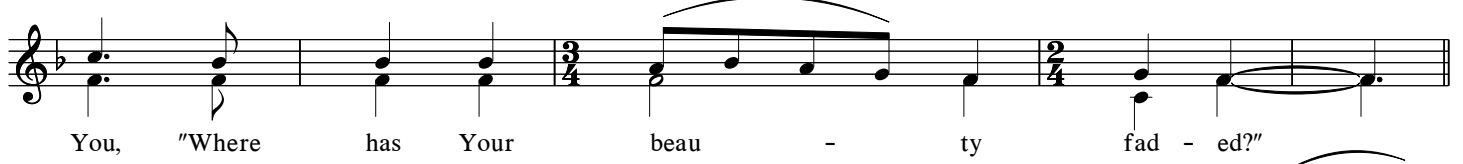
7. Those He fed with man - na have raised their heels to spurn
 Him from Whom all things are gi - ven.

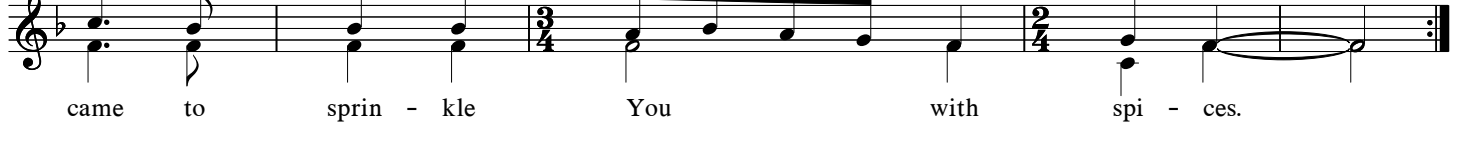
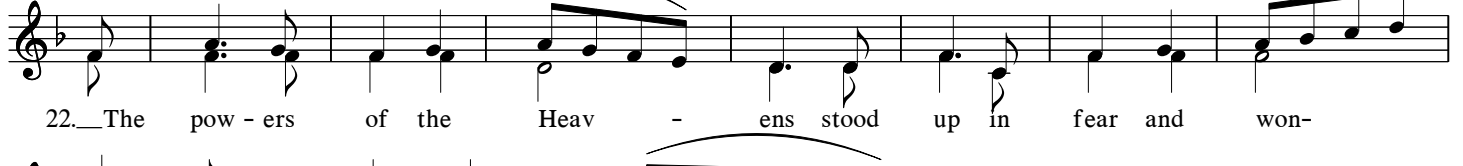
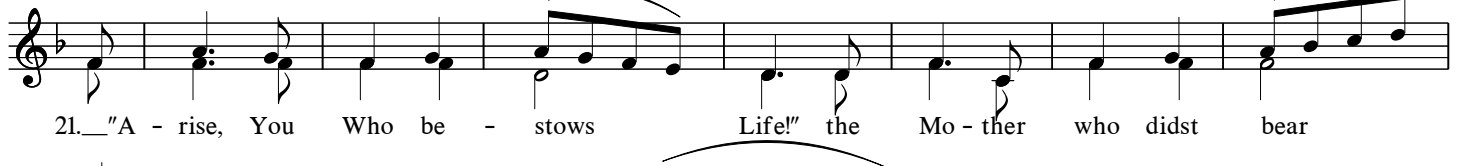
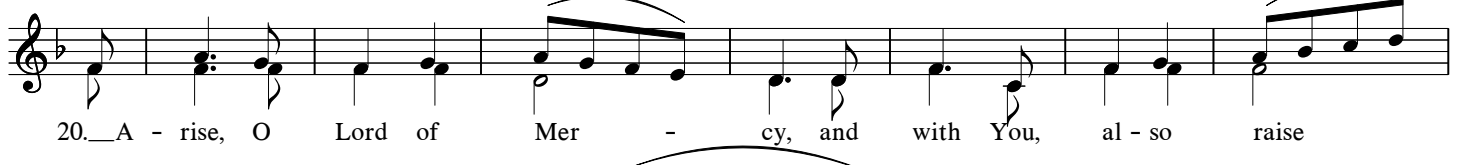
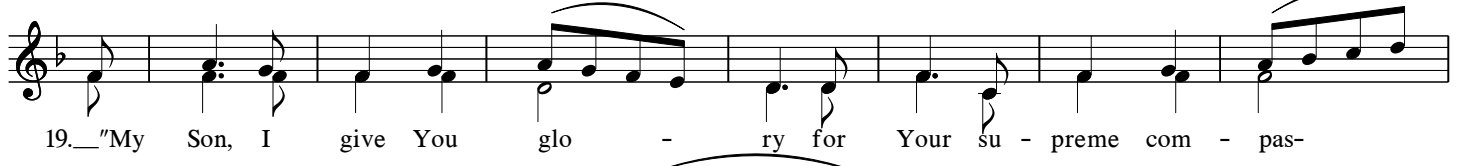
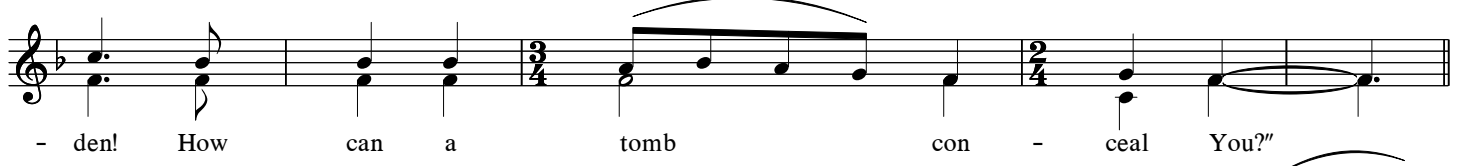
8. Ig - no - rance most fool - ish! Those who slew the proph -
 - ets have come, O Christ, to slay You.

9. Mind - less as a ser - vant, he who learned the my -
 - st'ries be - trayed the Depths of Wis - dom,

10. He who sold the Sav - ior, Ju - das the Be - tray -
 - er, has sold him - self as cap - tive.

11. With help from Ni - co - de - mos, Jo - seph tends the Bod -
 - y as does be - fit the Mas - ter.





24. By Your Re - sur - rec - tion up - on Your Church be - stow

peace, and to Your flock, sal - va - tion.

Glory to the Father and to the Son, and to the Holy Spi - rit,

25. My God, Who are three Per - sons, Fa - ther, Son, and Spi -

- rit, on all the world have mer - cy.

both now and forever and unto the ages of a - ges. A - men.

26. Deem Your serv - ants wor - thy, O Vir - gin, to bear wit -

- ness at Your Son's Re - sur - rec - tion.

27. Eve - ry ge - ne - ra - tion of - fers a - dor - a -

- tion my Christ, at Your en - tomb - ment.