GREAT AND HOLY FRIDAY
‘Hymns of Praise’

Η ΑΓΙΑ ΚΑΙ ΜΕΓΑΛΗ ΠΑΡΑΣΚΕΥΗ
‘ΤΑ ΕΚΓΩΜΙΑ’

HOLY TRINITY
GREEK ORTHODOX CHURCH
About the Hymns of Praise

The “Praises” (Τα Εγκώμια) constitute the most notable part of Orthros of the Great and Holy Saturday, which is usually celebrated on Holy Friday evening. They are based upon Psalm 119 (118), the longest chapter in the Book of Psalms. Originally, each verse of the Psalm was followed by a short poetic “Praise” of Christ’s victory over death. As the use of these hymns of Praise grew in Greek Orthodox churches, the Psalm text was eventually omitted entirely, while the Praises are sung in full.

The term “Lamentations” has also been associated with this service and refers to the lamentations (or sorrow) of the faithful at the Tomb of the Savior. Today, Orthodox Christians still participate in this moving experience of faith through the singing of these hymns, which take the form of a poetic lament sung by the entire congregation as we move toward the anticipation of the Holy Resurrection. They are made up of a large number of verses divided in three long stanzas, each with its own melody.

After the hymns have been sung, the Epitaphios (ceremonial cloth representing the Tomb of Christ) is taken in procession outside and, if possible, around the church. Upon return to the church, it is customary for the Epitaphios to be held high before the main entrance and for the entire congregation to pass underneath this figurative tomb of Christ, as a sign of receiving the blessing of the Holy Sepulchre of Christ. At the end, the priest distributes to the congregation the flowers from the dome of the wooden cenotaph (also called the Kovouklion) which many Orthodox keep at their home iconostasis as items of personal sanctification.

A Guide to English Phonetics: Pronouncing the Letters

This edition of the Praises includes a phonetic translation so that those who cannot read or speak Greek may be able to follow and participate in the Greek language singing. The following is a brief synopsis of how to read the English Phonetic portion:

Letter .......................................................... Pronounced like
“a” ..........................................................hot
“e” ..........................................................yet
“i” ..........................................................we
“o” ..........................................................dog
“ou” ..........................................................soon
“h” ..........................................................him
“th” ..........................................................a soft “th” as in “think”
“d” ..........................................................a hard “th” as in “the”
“sh” ..........................................................an “s” followed by an “h” as in “him”
“y” ..........................................................yellow
“g” ..........................................................a guttural “g”
“r” ..........................................................an “r” rolled across the tongue

Accents

The phonetic words have been broken down into syllables which have been separated by hyphens. Underlined words or parts of words indicate an accent is placed there. This is often (but not always) accompanied by an extended musical note. For example, “Zo-o-do-tou” is a four-syllable word, with the accent occurring on the third syllable.
FIRST STANZA – ΠΡΩΤΗ ΣΤΑΣΙΣ
Η ΖΩΗ ΕΝ ΤΑΦΩ

1. 'Η ζωή έν τάφω κατετέθης Χριστέ και Αγγέλων στρατιαί εξεπλήττοντο, συγκατάβασιν
doξάζουσαι τήν Σήν.

In a grave they laid you, O my life and my Christ, and the armies of the angels were so
amazed, as they sang the praise of your submissive love.

2. 'Η ζωή έν τάφω κατετέθης Χριστέ και Αγγέλων στρατιαί εξεπλήττοντο, συγκατάβασιν
doξάζουσαι τήν Σήν.

In a grave they laid you, O my life and my Christ, and the armies of the angels were so
amazed, as they sang the praise of your submissive love.

3. Η ζωή πώς θνήσκεις; πώς και τάφω οικείς; τού θανάτου τό Βασίλειον λύεις δέ, καί τού
Αδου τους νεκρούς εξανιστάς.

How, O life, can you die? In a grave can you dwell? For the proud domain of death you
do now destroy and the dead of Hades you make to rise.

4. Μεγαλύνομέν σε, Ιησού Βασιλεύ, καί τιμώμεν τήν ταφήν καί τά πάθη Σου, δη’ών έσωσας
ημάς εκ τής φθοράς.

Now we magnify you, O Christ Jesus, our King, and we venerate your Passion and
Burial; for therewith have you delivered us from death.

5. Μέτρα γής ο στήσας, εν σμικρώ κατοικεῖς, Ιησού Βασιλεύ, καί τιμώμεν τήν ταφήν καί τά πάθη Σου, δη’ών έσωσας
ημάς εκ τής φθοράς.

Earth her bounds you’ve given, yet how small is the tomb where, O Jesus, King of all,
you now dwell today, you that call the dead to leave their graves and rise.
6. Ἰησοῦ Χριστὲ μου, Βασιλεύ τοῦ παντός, τί ζητῶν τοῖς ἐν τῷ Αδή ελήλυθας; ή τὸ γένος απολύσαι τῶν βροτῶν.


O my dear Christ Jesus, King and Ruler of all, why to them that dwell in Hades did you descend? Was it not to set the race of mortals free?

7. Ο δεσπότης πάντων καθοράται νεκρός, καί εν μνήματι καινώ κατατίθεται, ο κενώσας τά μνημεία τῶν νεκρῶν.


Lo, the sov’reign Ruler of Creation is dead and is buried in a tomb never used before. He that all the graves has emptied of their dead.

8. Η ζωή ἐν τάφῳ κατετέθη Χριστὲ, καί θανάτω σου τόν θάνατον ὠλεσας, καί επῆγασας τῷ κόσμῳ τήν ζώην.

I zo-i en ta-fo, ka-te-te-this, Hri-ste, ke tha-na-to sou ton tha-na-ton o-le-sas, ke epi-ga-sas to kos-mo tin zo-in.

In a grave they laid you, O my life and my Christ; yet the lord of death have you by your death destroyed, and the world made by you drank rich streams of life.

9. Μετά τῶν κακούργων ώς κακούργος, Χριστὲ, ελογίσθης δικαιών άπαντας κακουργίας τοῦ αρχαίου πτερνιστοῦ.

Me-ta ton ka-kour-gon, os ka-kour-gos, Hri-ste, elo-gis-this di-ke-on i.mas a-pan-tas, ka-kour-gi-as tou ar-he-ou pter-nis-tou.

With the evil-doers as an evil-doer, O Christ, You were numbered, yet You absolved us all from the evil deeds of the ancient supplanter.

10. Ο ωραίος κάλλει, παρά πάντας Βροτούς, ώς ανείδεος νεκρός καταφαίνεται, ο τήν φύσιν ωραίας τοῦ παντός.

O o-re-os ka-ll-li, pa-ra pan-tas vro-tous, os a-pi-de-os ne-kros ka-ta-fen-e-te, o tin fi-sin o-ra-j-i-sas tou pan-s.

Lo, how fair his beauty! Never man was so fair; but how strangely now has death changed that face we knew, though all nature all her beauty to him owes.
11. Ιησοῦ γλυκύ μοι, καί σωτήριον Φώς, τάφω πώς εν σκοτεινώ κατακέκρυψαι, ώ αφάτου καί αρρήτου ανοχής.

I-i-sou, gli-ki-mi, ke so-ti-ri-on fos, ta-fo pos en sko-ti-no ka-ta-ke-krip-se, o a-fa-tou ke a-ri-tou ano-his.

O my sweet Lord Jesus, my salvation, my light, how are you now by a grave and its darkness hid? How unspeakable the myst’ry of your love.

12. Ὁ θαυμάτων ξένων! ὅ πραγμάτων καινών! Ο πνοής μοι χορηγός ἀπνοὺς φέρεται, κηδευόμενος χερσί του Ἰωσήφ.

O thav-ma-ton xe-non! O prag-ma-ton, ke-non! O pno-is mi ho-ri-gos ap-nous fe-re-te, ki-dev-o-me-nos her-si tou l-o-sif.

Lo, how strange these wonders; deeds amazing and new: for the Giver of my life is borne lifeless forth by the hands of weeping Joseph to His rest.

13. Τίς μοι δώσει ύδωρ, καί δακρύων πηγάς; Η θεόνυμφος Παρθένος εκράυγαζεν, ίνα κλάψω τόν γλυκόν μου Ιησούν.

Tis mi do-si i-dor, ke da-kri-on pi-gas? I The-o-nim-fos Par-the-nos ek-raυ-ga-zen, i-na kla-fso ton gli-kin mou l-i-soun.

Who will give me water for the tears I must weep? So the maiden wed to God cried with loud lament that for my sweet Jesus I may rightly mourn.

Δόξα Πατρί καί Υιώ καί Αγίω Πνεύματι.

Do-xa Pa-tri ke l-o ke A-gi-o Pnev-ma-ti.

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

14. Ανθμνούμεν Λόγε, σέ τόν πάντων Θεόν, σύν Πατρί καί τώ αγίω σου Πνεύματι καί δοξάζομεν τήν Θείαν σου ταφήν.


Word of God, we hymn You, God of all things are you, with Your Father and Your Spirit most Holy praised: and we glorify Your burial divine.

Καί νύν, καί αεί, καί εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας τῶν αἰώνων. Αμήν.

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

Now and forever and unto the ages of ages. Amen.
15. Μακαρίζομέν σε Θεοτόκε Αγνή, καί τιμώμεν τήν ταφήν τήν τριήμερον, τού Υιού σου καί Θεού ημών πιστώς.

Ma-ka-ri-zo-men se, The-o-to-ke Ag-ni, ke ti-mo-men, tin ta-fin tin tri-i-me-ron, tou I-o sou ke The-o-ou i-mon pi-stos.

We call you blessed, God’s Birthgiver most pure: and with faithful hearts we honor the burial suffered three days by your Son who is our God.

(Καί πάλιν τό α’ τροπάριον – And again, the first verse)

16. Η Ζωή έν τάφω κατετέθης Χριστέ, καί 'Αγγέλων στρατιαί εξεπλήττοντο, συγκατάβασιν δοξάζουσαι τήν Σή.


In a grave they laid you, O my life and my Christ, and the armies of the angels were so amazed, as they sang the praise of your submissive love.

Μικρά Συναπτή

Ιερεύς: Ετι καί έτι έν ειρήνη του Κυρίου δεηθώμεν.

Λαός: Κύριε, ελέησον

Ιερεύς: Αντιλαβού, σώσον, ελέησον, καί διαφύλαξον ημάς ο Θεός τη Σή χάριτι.

Λαός: Κύριε, ελέησον.

Ιερεύς: Τής Παναγίας, Αχράντου, Υπερευλογημένης, Ενδόξου, Δεσποίνης ημών Θεοτόκου και Αειπαρθένου Μαρίας, μετά πάντων τών Αγίων μνημονεύσαντες, εαυτούς και αλλήλους καί πάσαν την ζωήν ημών, Χριστώ τω Θεώ παραθώμεθα.

Λαός: Σοί Κύριε.

Ιερεύς: 'Οτι ηυλόγηταί σου τό όνομα καί δεδόξασταί σου η Βασιλεία του Πατρός καί τού Υιού καί τού Αγίου Πνεύματος, νῦν καί αεί εις τούς αιώνας τών αιώνων.

Λαός: Αμήν.

Small Litany

Priest: In peace let us again 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, most-blessed, and glorious Lady, Theotokos and ever virgin Mary, with 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 most glorified is your kingdom of the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit, now and forever and to the ages of ages.

People: Amen.
SECOND STANZA – ΣΤΑΣΙΣ ΔΕΥΤΕΡΑ
ΔΩΙΟΝ ΕΣΤΙ

1. Ἀξιόν ἐστι, μεγαλύνειν σε τόν ζωοδότην, τόν εν τω σταυρῷ τάς χείρας εκτείναντα, καὶ 
συντρίψαντα τό κράτος τοῦ εχθροῦ.

   A-ξι-ον  ἐ-ς-τι,  με-γα-λύ-νε-ιν  σε  τόν  ζω-οδό-την,  τόν  εν  τῷ  σταυ-ρῷ  τάς  χείρας  εκτείνα-ντα,  καὶ 
συντρίψαν-τα  τό  κράτος  τοῦ  εχθροῦ.

   Right it is indeed, life-bestowing Lord, to magnify You, for upon the cross were Your 
hands outstretched and the strength of our dread foe You have destroyed.

2. Ἀξιόν ἐστι, μεγαλύνειν σε τόν ζωοδότην, τόν εν τω σταυρῷ τάς χείρας εκτείναντα, καὶ 
συντρίψαντα τό κράτος τοῦ εχθροῦ.

   A-ξι-ον  ἐ-ς-τι,  με-γα-λύ-νε-ιν  σε  τόν  ζω-οδό-την,  τόν  εν  τῷ  σταυ-ρῷ  τάς  χείρας  εκτείνα-ντα,  καὶ 
συντρίψα-ντα  τό  κράτος  τοῦ  εχθροῦ.

   Right it is indeed, life-bestowing Lord, to magnify You, for upon the cross were Your 
hands outstretched and the strength of our dread foe You have destroyed.

3. Ἀξιόν εστί, μεγαλύνειν σε τόν πάντων Κτίστην τοίς σοίς γάρ παθήμασιν ἔχομεν, τήν 
απάθειαν ρυσθέντες τής φθοράς.

   A-ξι-ον  ε-ς-τι,  με-γα-λύ-νε-ιν  σε  τόν  πάντων  Κτίστην  τοίς  σοίς  γάρ  παθήμασιν  ἔχο-μεν,  τήν 
ἀπάθει-αν  ρυσθέντες  τής  φθοράς.

   Right it is indeed, Maker of all things, to magnify You, for by Your dear passion have 
we attained vict’ry o’er the flesh and rescue from decay.

4. Ἑφρίξεν ἡ γῆ, καί ὁ ἥλιος, Σώτερ εκρύβη, σού τού ανεσπέρου φέγγους Χριστέ, δύναντος 
εν τάφῳ σωματικώς.

   Ἑ-φρί-ξεν  ἡ  γῆ,  καί  ὁ  ἥλιος,  Σώτερ  εκρύβη,  σοῦ  τοῦ  ανεσπέρου  φέγγους  Χριστέ,  δύναντος 
εν  τάφῳ  σωματικώς.

   Earth with trembling shook, and the sun concealed his face with darkness, for the 
light unwaning that shines from you, with Your body sank to darkness in Your grave.

5. Ἰνα τήν βροτών, καινουργήσω συντριβείσαν φύσιν, πέπληγμαι θανάτω θέλων σαρκί, 
Μήτερ ούν μή κόπτου τοίς οδυρμοίς.

   Ἰ-να  τήν  βροτών,  καινουργήσω  συντριβείσαν  φύσιν,  πέπληγμαι  θανάτω  θέλων  σαρκί,  
Μήτερ  ούν  μή  κόπτου  τοίς  οδυρμοίς.

   That I may renew man’s lost nature now from beauty fallen, gladly in My flesh I take 
death on Me, wherefore, Mother, slay Me not with bitter tears.
6. Τέτρωμαι δεινώς, καί σπαράττομαι τά σπλάγχνα Λόγε, βλέπουσα τήν αδικόν σου σφαγήν ἐλεγεν ἡ πάναγνος ἐν κλαυθμώ.

   Tet-ro-me di-nos, ke spa-ra-to-me ta splah-na Lo-ge, vle-pou-sa tin ad-i-kon sou sfa-gin e-le-gen i pa-nag-nos en klauth-mo.

   I am torn with grief, and my heart with woe is crushed and broken, as I look upon your unjust sacrifice, so bewailing Him His grieving Mother cried.

7. Ὅμμα τό γλυκύ, καί τά χείλη σου πώς μύσω Λόγε; πώς νεκροπρεπώς δέ κηδεύσω σε; φρίττων ανεβόα ο Ιωσήφ.

   O-ma to gli-ki, ke ta hi-li sou pos mi-so Lo-ge; pos ne-kro-pre-pos the ki-dev-so se; fri-ton a-ne-yo-a o I-o-sif.

   Ah, those eyes so sweet, and Your lips, O Word, how shall I close them? How the rite of death shall I give to You? So cried Joseph as he shook with holy fear.

8. Υμνος Ιωσήφ, καί Νικόδημος επιταφίους, άδουσι Χριστώ νεκρωθέντι νύν άδει δέ σύν τούτοις καὶ Σεραφίμ.

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

   Dirges at the tomb goodly Joseph sings with Nicodemus, bringing praise to Christ Who by men was slain; and in song with them are joined the Seraphim.

9. Λίθος λαξευτός, τόν ακρόγων καλύπτει λίθον άνθρωπος θνητός δ'ώς θνητόν Θεόν, κρύπτει νύν τώ τάφω φρίξον η γῆ!

   Li-thos la-xev-tos, ton a-kro-go-non ka-li-pi li-thon an-thro-pos thni-tos di-os thni-ton The-on, kri-pi nin to ta-fo fri-xon i gi.

   Stone that man has wrought now conceals the cornerstone of promise; mortal man his God in a grave would hide, as if God were mortal: shake with fear, O earth!

10. Ἡδε μαθητήν, ὅν ἡγάπησας καὶ σήν μητέρα, τέκνον καὶ φθογγήν δός γλυκύτατον, έκραζε δακρύουσα η Αγνή.

   I-de, ma-thi-tin on i-ga-pi-sas, ke sin Mi-te-ra, tek-non ke ftho-gin dos gli-ki-ta-ton, e-kra-ze da-kri-ousa i Ag-ni.

   O my Son, behold, Your well-loved disciple and your Mother, and your voice so sweet let us hear again: so with plenteous tears His maiden mother cried:
11. Ἐφριξεν ἵδων, τὸ αόρατον φῶς σε Χριστέ μου, μνήματι κρυπτόμενον, ἀπνοῦν τε, καί εσκότασεν ὁ ἡλιός τὸ φῶς.

The sun darkened its light and it shuddered when it saw You, O my Christ, Who is the unseen Light, bereft of breath, and hidden in the grave as one dead.

12. Ἐκλαιε πικρώς, ἡ Πανάμωμος μήτηρ σου Λόγε, ότε εν τῷ τάφω εώρακε, σε τόν άφραστον καί άναρχον Θεόν.

Wailing bitter tears, O Word of God Your spotless mother mourned You, when she saw that You in a grave were laid, O ineffable and eternal God.

13. Ὑμνοίς σου Χριστέ, νῦν τήν σταύρωσιν καί τήν ταφήν τε, ἀπάντες πιστοί εκθειάζομεν, οί θανάτου λυτρωθέντες σή ταφή.

With our songs, O Christ, now Your crucifixion and entombment we Your faithful worship with one accord, for Your burial has ransomed us from death.

Δόξα Πατρί καί Υιώ καί Αγίω Πνεύματι.

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

14. Ἀναρχε Θεέ, συναίδιε Λόγε καί Πνεύμα, σκήπτρα τῶν Ἀνάκτων κραταίωσον, κατά πολεμίων αγαθός.

O eternal God, unoriginate Logos and Spirit: magnify the strength of Your faithful ones, blessing us with peace and mercy ever more.

Καί νῦν, καί αεί, καί εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας τῶν αἰώνων. Αμήν.

Now and forever and unto the ages of ages. Amen.
15. Life came forth from you, O most blameless and most holy Virgin: keep the Church from every dissension free, blessing us with peace and mercy ever more.

(Kαι πάλιν τὸ ἀ’ τροπάριον – And again, the first verse)

16. Right it is indeed, life-bestowing Lord, to magnify You, for upon the cross were Your hands outstretched and the strength of our dread foe You have destroyed.

Μικρά Συναπτή

Πριέτος: Ετι καί έτι ἐν εἰρήνῃ τοῦ Κυρίου δεηθώμεν.
Λαός: Κύριε, ελέησον.
Πριέτος: Αντιλαβού, σώσον, ελέησον, καί διαφύλαξον ημάς ὁ Θεός τῇ Σῇ χάριτι.
Λαός: Κύριε, ελέησον.
Πριέτος: Τῆς Παναγίας, Αχράντου, Υπερευλογημένης, Ενδόξου, Δεσποίνης ἡμῶν Θεοτόκου καί Αειπαρθένου Μαρίας, μετά πάντων τῶν Ἁγίων μνημονεύσαντες, εαυτούς καί ἀλλήλους καί πάσαν την ζωήν ἡμῶν, Χριστώ τῷ Θεῷ παραθώμεθα.
Λαός: Σοὶ Κύριε.
Πριέτος: Ὅτι ἀγιός ἐί ὁ Θεός ἡμῶν, ὁ επὶ Θρόνου δόξης τῶν Χερουβείμ εποχούμενος, καί σοὶ τὴν δόξαν ανατέμπομεν, τῷ Πατρί καί τῷ Υἱῷ καί τῷ Ἁγίῳ Πνεύματι, νῦν καί αεί καί εἰς τοὺς αἰώνας τῶν αἰώνων.
Λαός: Αμήν.

Small Litany

Priest: In peace let us again 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, most-blessed, and glorious Lady, Theotokos and ever virgin Mary, with 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 you are holy, O God, who sit upon the throne of glory of the Cherubin, and to you we give glory, to the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit, now and forever and to the ages of ages.
People: Amen.
1. Αί γενεαί πάσαι, ύμνον τή Ταφή Σου, προσφέρουσι, Χριστέ μου.

Every generation to Your grave comes bringing, dear Christ, its hymns of praises.

2. Αί γενεαί πάσαι, ύμνον τή Ταφή Σου, προσφέρουσι, Χριστέ μου.

Every generation to Your grave comes bringing, dear Christ, its hymns of praises.

3. Καθελών τού ξύλου, ο Αριμαθείας, έν τάφω σε κηδεύει.

From Your Cross he took You down, the Arimathean, and in Your grave he laid you.

4. Μυροφόροι ήλθον, μύρα σοι Χριστέ μου, κομίζουσαν προφρόνως.

Women bringing spices come with loving forethought, Christ, to anoint Your body.

5. Δεύρο πάσα κτίσις, ύμνους εξοδίους, προσοίσωμεν τώ Κρίστη.

Come all things created, let us sing a dirge-hymn to honor our Christ.

6. Ὄς νεκρόν τόν ζώντα, σύν μυροφόροι πάντες μυρίσωμεν εμφρόνως.

Him as dead though living let us like the women with love anoint with spices.

7. Ιωσήφ τρισμάκαρ, κήδευσον τό σώμα, Χριστού του ζωοδότου.

Joseph the thrice-blessed, bury now the body of Christ the life-bestower.

8. Ούς έθρεψε τό μάννα, εκίνησαν τήν πτέρναν κατά τού ευεργέτου.

Those He fed with manna lifted heels of spurning against their benefactor.
9. Ω τής παραφροσύνης, καί τής χριστοκτονίας, τής τών προφητοκτόνων.
   
   O tis para-fro-si-nis, ke tin hris-to-kto-ni-as, tis ton pro-fi-tok-to-non.
   
   Ah, those minds so foolish, hearts so Christ-destroying of them that slew the prophets.

10. Ὄχις ἄφρων υπηρέτης, προδέδωκεν ο μύστης, τήν άβυσσον σοφίας.
   
   Os a-fron i-pi-re-tis, pro-de-doken o mi-stis tin a-vis-son so-fi-as.
   
   Taught the inner myst’ries, he like mindless servant betrayed the well of wisdom.

11. Τόν ρύστην ο πωλήσας, αἰχμάλωτος κατέστη ο δόλιος Ἰούδας.
   
   Ton ris-tin o pol-i-sas, eh-ma-lo-tos ka-te-sti, o do-li-os I-ou-das.
   
   He that sold his Savior, sold himself as captive, that crafty traitor, Judas.

12. Ἰωσήφ κηδεύει, σύν τῷ Νικόδημῳ, νεκροπρέπως τόν Κτίστην.
   
   I-o-sif ki-de-vi, sin to Ni-ko-di-mo, ne-kro-pre-pos ton Ktis-tin.
   
   Joseph is entombing, helped by Nicodemus, the body of the Maker.

13. Ὅ γλυκό μου έαρ, γλυκύκατόν μου τέκνον ποὺ ἔδυ Σου τό κάλλος.
   
   O gli-ki mou e-ar, gli-ki-ta-ton mou tek-non, pou e-di sou to ka-los.
   
   Ah, my precious springtime! Ah, my Son beloved, now where is gone Your beauty?

14. Θρήνον συνεκίνει, η Πάναγνός σου μήτηρ, σού Λόγε νεκρωθέντος.
   
   Thri-non sin-e-ki-ni, i Pan-ag-nos sou Mi-tir, sou Lo-ge ne-kro-then-tos.
   
   Wailing song to mourn You, poured from Your pure mother, when you, O Word, were slaughtered.

15. Γύναια σύν μύροις, ἡκουσί μυρίσαι, Χριστόν τό Θείον μύρον.
   
   Gi-ne-a sin mi-ris, i kou-si mi-ri-se, Hri-ston to Thi-on mi-ron.
   
   Women to anoint Him with their myrrh are coming to Christ, Who is divine Myrrh.

   (‘Ο Ἱερεύς ραντίζει τόν Επιτάφιον καί τόν Λαόν μέ μύρα.)
   
   (The Priest sprinkles the sepulcher and the people with rose-water.)

16. Ἐρραναν τόν τάφον, αἱ Μυροφόροι μύρα λίαν πρωὶ ἐλθούσαι.
   
   E-ra-nan ton ta-fon, e Mi-ro-fo-ri mi-ra, li-an pro-i el-thou-se.
   
   Sprinkling your tomb, the myrrh-bearing women came early bearing spices.
17. ‘Ερραναν τόν τάφον, αί Μυροφόροι μύρα λίαν πρωί ἐλθούσαι.

Sprinkling your tomb, the myrrh-bearing women came early bearing spices.

18. ‘Ερραναν τόν τάφον, αί Μυροφόροι μύρα λίαν πρωί ἐλθούσαι.

Sprinkling your tomb, the myrrh-bearing women came early bearing spices.

19. Πεπλάνηται ὁ πλάνος, ὁ πλανηθείς λυτρούται, σοφία σή Θεέ μου.

Snared is now the snarer, man ensnared is ransomed, my God, through Your great wisdom.

20. Υἱέ Θεού Παντάναξ, Θεέ μου πλαστουργέ μου, πώς πάθος κατεδέξω.

Son of God Almighty, O my God and Maker, whence came Your will to suffer?

21. Η δάμαλις τόν μόσχον, ἐν ξύλω κρεμασθέντα, ἡλάλαζεν δρώσα.

When she saw her youngling on the Cross suspended, the heifer wailed with grieving.

22. Ανέκραζεν η κόρη, θερμώς δακρυρροούσα, τά σπλάγχνα κεντουμένη.

Cries of woe the maiden wailed with fervent weeping: for grief her heart was piercing.

23. Ὅ φώς τῶν οφθαλμῶν μου, γλυκύτατόν μου τέκνον, πώς τάφω νῦν καλύπτη.

Light more dear than seeing, O my Son most precious, how in a grave do You hide?

24. Δοξάζω σου Υἱέ μου, τήν άκραν ευσπλαγνίαν, ης χάριν ταύτα πᾶσχεις.

O my Son, I praise You, for your great compassion which moved You thus to suffer.

25. Αἱ Μυροφόροι Σώτερ, τῷ τάφῳ προσελθοῦσαι, προσέφερόν σοι Μύρα.

The myrrh-bearing women drew near to the tomb to bring You myrrh, O Savior.
26. Ανάστηθι Οικτίρμον, ημάς εκ των βαράθρων, εξανιστών, τού 'Αδου.

\begin{align*}
\text{A-nas-ti-thi I-ktir-mon i-mas ek ton va-ra-thron ek-san-is-ton tou A-dou.} \\
\text{Rise, O Lord of mercy, raising us up also who languish deep in Hades.}
\end{align*}

27. Ανάστα Ζωοδότα, η σέ τεκούσα μήτηρ δακρυρροούσα λέγει.

\begin{align*}
\text{A-nas-ta Zo-o-do-ta, I se te-kou-sa mi-tir, da-cri-ro-ou-sa le-gi.} \\
\text{Rise, O Life-bestower, she who gave birth to You, with streams of tears cried saying.}
\end{align*}

28. Ουράνιαι δυνάμεις, εξέστησαν τώ φόβω νεκρόν σε καθορώσαι.

\begin{align*}
\text{Ou-ra-ni-e di-na-mis, ek-ses-ti-san to fo-vo, ne-kron se ka-tho-ro-se.} \\
\text{All the hosts of heaven were with fear confounded, beholding Your dead body.}
\end{align*}

29. Κλαίει καί θρηνεί σε, η πάναγνός σου μήτηρ, Σωτήρ μου νεκρωθέντα.

\begin{align*}
\text{Kle-i ke-thri-ni se, i pa-na-gnos sou mi-tir, So-tir mou nek-ro-then-ta.} \\
\text{Your all-holy Mother weeps and laments for You, when You, my Saviour, are slain.}
\end{align*}

30. Φρίττουσιν οί νόες, τήν ξένην καί φρικτήν σου, ταφήν τού πάντων Κτίστου.

\begin{align*}
\text{Fri-tou-sin i no-es tin xe-nin ke frik-tin sou, ta-U tou pan-ton Ktis-tou.} \\
\text{Minds must tremble seeing, Lord Creator of all things, Your strange and dire entombing.}
\end{align*}

31. Ειρήνην Εκκλησία, λαώ σου σωτηρίαν, δώρησαι σή εγέρσει.

\begin{align*}
\text{I-ri-nin Ek-clisi-a, la-o sou so-ti-ri-an, do-ri-se si e-ger-si.} \\
\text{Peace unto the Church, salvation to Your people, be given through Your rising.}
\end{align*}

Δόξα Πατρί καί Υιώ καί Αγίω Πνεύματι.

\begin{align*}
\text{Do-xa Pa-tri ke I-o ke Ag-i-o Pnev-ma-ti.} \\
\text{Glory to the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit.}
\end{align*}

32. ‘Ω Τριάς Θεέ μου, Πατήρ Υιός καί Πνεύμα, ελέησον τόν κόσσμον.

\begin{align*}
\text{O Tri-as The-e mou, Pa-tir, I-os ke Pnev-ma, e-le-i-son ton kos-mon.} \\
\text{Trinity, my God, Father, Son and Spirit, upon Your world have mercy.}
\end{align*}

Καί νύν, καί αεί, καί είς τούς αιώνας τών αιώνων. Αμήν.

\begin{align*}
\text{Ke nin ke a-i ke is tous e-o-nas ton e-o-non. A-min.} \\
\text{Now and forever and unto the ages of ages. Amen.}
\end{align*}
33. Ιδείν τήν τού Υιού Σου, ανάστασιν Παρθένε, αξίωσον σούς δούλους.
Make us, your servants, worthy, O Virgin, to see your Son’s rising.

(Kαι πάλιν τό α’ τροπάριον – And again, the first verse)

34. Αί γενεάι πάσαι, ύμνον τή Ταφή Σου, προσφέρουσι, Χριστέ μου.
Every generation to Your grave comes bringing, dear Christ, its hymns of praises.

Μικρά Συναπτή
Small Litany

Πριests: Ετι καί έτι έν ειρήνη τού Κυρίου
People: Lord, have mercy.

Πριests: Αντιλαβού, σώσον, ελέησον, ημάς ο Θεός τη Σή χάριτι.
People: Lord, have mercy.

Πριests: Τής Παναγίας, Αχράντου,
People: To you, O Lord.

Πριests: Τής Παναγίας, Αχράντου,
The service continues with the “Evlogytaria” hymns in the Holy Week book.

Πριests: Τής Παναγίας, Αχράντου,
People: Amen.
Inside the Tomb of Christ

The Holy Sepulchre – Jerusalem