

# 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:

<u>Letter</u> .....	<u>Pronounced like</u>
“a” .....	hot
“e” .....	yet
“i” .....	we
“o” .....	dog
“ou” .....	soon
“h” .....	him
“th” .....	a soft “th” as in “ <u>th</u> ink”
“d” .....	a hard “th” as in “ <u>t</u> he”
“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 ΣΤΑΞΙΣ Η ΖΩΗ ΕΝ ΤΑΦΩ

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

I zo-i en ta-fo ka-te-te-this Hri-ste, ke Ange-lon stra-ti-e ek-se-pli-ton-to singa-ta-va-sin do-xa-zou-sa tin sin.

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 δοξάζουσαι τήν Σήν.

I zo-i en ta-fo ka-te-te-this Hri-ste, ke Ange-lon stra-ti-e ek-se-pli-ton-to singa-ta-va-sin do-xa-zou-sa tin sin.

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 καί τάφω οικείς; τού θανάτου τό Βασίλειον λύεις δέ, καί τού Αδου τούς νεκρούς εξανιστάς.

I zo-i pos thni-skis, pos ke ta-fo i-kis tou tha-na-tou to va-si-li-on li-is de, ke tou A-dou tous ne-krous ek-san-i-stas.

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.

Me-ga-li-no-men se, I-i-sou va-si-lef, ke ti-mo-men tin ta-fin ke ta pa-thi sou, di-on e-so-sas i-mas ek tis ftho-ras.

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 κατοικείς, Ιησού παμβασιλεύ, τάφω σήμεραν, εκ μνημάτων τούς θανόντας ανιστών.

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-tou tous tha-non-tas an-is-ton.

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. Ιησού Χριστέ μου, Βασιλεύ τού παντός, τί ζητών τοίς έν τώ Αδή ελήλυθας; ή τό γένος απολύσαι τών βροτών.

I-i-sou, Hri-ste mou, Va-si-lef tou pan-tos, ti zi-ton tis en to A-di eli-li-thas, i to ge-nos apo-li-se ton vro-ton.

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 τών νεκρών.

O Des-po-tis pan-ton, 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.

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 έν τάφω κατετέθης Χριστέ, καί θανάτω σου τόν θάνατον ώλεσας, καί επήγασας τώ κόσμω τήν ζώνη.

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 τών κακούργων ώς κακούργος, Χριστέ, ελογίσθης δικαίων ημάς άπαντας κακουργίας τού αρχαίου πτερνιστού.

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-to.

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 καταφαινεται, ο τήν φύσιν ωραίσας τού παντός.

O o-re-os ka-li, pa-ra pan-tas vro-tous, os a-ni-de-os ne-kros ka-ta-fen-e-te, o tin fi-sin o-ra-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. Ιησού 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. 'Ω θαυμάτων ξένων! ώ πραγμάτων καινών! Ο πνοής μοι χορηγός άπνους φέρεται, κηδευόμενος χερσί του Ιωσήφ.

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 I-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 εκραύγαζεν, ίνα κλαύσω τόν γλυκύν μου Ιησούν.

Tis mi do-si i-dor, ke da-kri-on pi-gas? I The-o-nim-fos Par-the-nos ek-rav-ga-zen, i-na klaf-so ton gli-kin mou I-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 I-o ke Ag-i-o Pnev-ma-ti.

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

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

Anim-nou-men Lo-ge, Se ton pan-ton The-on, sin Pa-tri ke to A-gi-o sou Pnev-ma-ti, ke do-xa-zomen tin thi-an sou ta-fin.

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 είς τούς αιώνας τών αιώνων. 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-ou sou ke The-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 Σήν.

I zo-i en ta-fo ka-te-te-this Hri-ste, ke An-ge-lon stra-ti-e ek-se-pli-ton-to sing-a-ta-va-sin do-xa-zou-sa tin sin.

n 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 Κυναπτή

### Small Litany

Ιερεύς: Ετι καί έτι έν ειρήνη τού 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 καί Αειπαρθένου Μαρίας, μετά πάντων τών Αγίων μνημονεύσαντες, εαυτούς καί αλλήλους καί πάσαν την ζωήν ημών, Χριστώ τω Θεώ παραθώμεθα.

Λαός: Σοί Κύριε.

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

Λαός: Αμήν.

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 - CTACIC ΔΕΥΤΕΡΑ ΔΣΙΟΝ ΕΣΤΙ

1. 'Αξιον ἔστι, μεγαλύνειν σε τόν ζωοδότην, τόν εν τω σταυρώ τās χείρας εκτείναντα, καί συντρίψαντα τό κράτος τού εχθρού.

A-xi-on es-ti, me-ga-li-nin se ton zo-o-do-tin, ton en to Stav-ro tas hi-ras ek-ti-nan-ta, ke sin-tri-ψan-ta to kra-tos tou eh-throu.

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. 'Αξιον ἔστι, μεγαλύνειν σε τόν ζωοδότην, τόν εν τω σταυρώ τās χείρας εκτείναντα, καί συντρίψαντα τό κράτος τού εχθρού.

A-xi-on es-ti me-ga-li-nin se ton zo-o-do-tin, ton en to Stav-ro tas hi-ras ek-ti-nan-ta, ke sin-tri-ψan-ta to kra-tos tou eh-throu.

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. 'Αξιον εστί, μεγαλύνειν σε τόν πάντων Κτίστην τοίς σοίς γάρ παθήμασιν έχομεν, τήν απάθειαν ρυσθέντες τής φθοράς.

A-xi-on es-ti, me-ga-li-nin se ton pan-ton ktis-tin, tis sis gar pa-thi-ma-sin e-ho-men tin a-pa-thi-an ris-then-tes tis ftho-ras.

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. 'Εφριξεν ή γή, καί ό ήλιος, Σώτερ εκρύβη, σου τού ανεσπέρου φέγγους Χριστέ, δύνατος εν τάφω σωματικώς.

E-fri-xen I yi, ke o i-li-os, So-ter, e-kri-vi, sou tou a-nes-pe-rou fen-gous Hri-ste, di-nan-tos en ta-fo so-ma-ti-kos.

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

I-na tin vro-ton, ke-nour-gi-so sin-tri-vi-san fi-sin, pep-lig-me tha-na-to the-lon sar-ki, mi-ter oun mi kop-tou tis o-dir-mis.

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 ἔλεγεν ἡ πάναγνος ἐν κλαυθμῷ.

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 χεῖλη σου πῶς μύσω Λόγε; πῶς νεκροπρεπῶς δέ κηδεύσω σε; φρίττων ανεβόα ὁ Ἰωσήφ.

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-vo-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. Ὑμνοὺς Ἰωσήφ, καί Νικόδημος ἐπιταφίους, ἀδουσι Χριστῷ νεκρωθέντι νῦν ἀδει δέ σὺν τούτοις καί Σεραφίμ.

I-mnous I-o-sif ke Ni-ko-demos e-pi-ta-fi-ous, a-dou-si Hri-sto ne-kro-then-ti nin a-di de sin tu-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 ἀκρόγωνον καλύπτει λίθον ἄνθρωπος θνητός δ'ὡς θνητόν Θεόν, κρύπτει νῦν τῷ τάφῳ φρίξον ἡ γῆ!

Li-thos la-xev-tos, ton a-kro-go-non ka-li-pti li-thon an-thro-pos thni-tos di-os thni-ton The-on, kri-pti 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. Ἴδε μαθητήν, ὃν ἠγάπησας καί σὴν μητέρα, τέκνον καί φθογγὴν δός γλυκύτατον, ἐκραζε δακρύουσα ἡ Ἀγνή.

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. ‘Εφριξεν ιδών, τό αόρατον φώς σε Χριστέ μου, μνήματι κρυπτόμενον, άπνουν τε, και εσκοτάσεν ο ήλιος τό φώς.

E-frik-sen i-don to a-o-ra-ton Fos se Hri-ste mou, mni-ma-ti kri-p-to-men-on ap-noun te, ke e-sko-ta-sen o i-li-os to fos.

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. ‘Εκλαιε πικρώς, η Πανάμωμος μήτηρ σου Λόγε, ότε εν τώ τάφω εώρακε, σε τόν άφραστον και άναρχον Θεόν.

Ek-le-e pi-kros, i Pa-na-mo-mos Mi-tir sou, Lo-ge o-te en to ta-fo e-o-ra-ke Se ton a-fras-ton ke a-nar-hon The-on.

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. ‘Υμνοις σου Χριστέ, νύν τήν σταύρωσιν και τήν ταφήν τε, άπαντες πιστοί εκθειάζομεν, οί θανάτου λυτρωθέντες σή ταφή.

Im-nis Sou, Hri-ste, nin tin sta-vro-sin ke tin ta-fin te, a-pan-tes pi-sti ek-thi-a-zo-men, I tha-na-tou li-tro-then-tes si ta-fi.

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 και Υιώ και Αγίω Πνεύματι.

Do-xa Pa-tri ke I-o ke Ag-i-o Pnev-ma-ti.

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

14. ‘Αναρχε Θεέ, συναΐδιε Λόγε και Πνεύμα, σκήπτρα τών Ανάκτων κραταίωσον, κατά πολεμίων αγαθός.

A-nar-he The-e, si-na-i-di-e Lo-ge ke Pnev-ma, skip-tra ton A-nak-ton kra-te-o-son, ka-ta po-le-mi-on a-ga-thos.

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

Και νύν, και αιεί, και εις τούς αιώνας τών αιώνων. 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. Τέσσα ζωήν, μαναμώμητε αγνή παρθένε, παύσον Εκκλησίας τά σκάνδαλα βράβευσον ειρήνην ως αγαθή.

Te-xa-sa zo-in, pa-na-mo-mi-te ag-ni par-the-ne, paf-son ek-kli-si-as ta skan-da-la vra-vef-son i-ri-ni os a-ga-thi.

Life came forth from you, O most blameless and most holy Virgin: keep the Church from ev'ry dissension free, blessing us with peace and mercy ever more.

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

16. 'Αξιον έστι, μεγαλύνειν σε τόν ζωοδότην, τόν εν τω σταυρώ τάς χείρας εκτείναντα, καί συντρίψαντα τό κράτος τού εχθρού.

A-xi-on e-st-i me-ga-li-nin se ton zo-o-do-tin, ton en to stav-ro tas hi-ras ek-ti-nan-ta, ke sin-tri-psi-an-ta to kra-tos tou eh-throu.

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### Small Litany

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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 καί Αειπαρθένου Μαρίας, μετά πάντων τών Αγίων μνημονεύσαντες, εαυτούς καί αλλήλους καί πάσαν την ζωήν ημών, Χριστώ τω Θεώ παραθώμεθα.

Λαός: Σοί Κύριε.

Ιερεύς: 'Οτι άγιος εί ό Θεός ημών, ό επί Θρόνου δόξης τών Χερουβείμ εποχούμενος, καί σοί τήν δόξαν αναπέμπομεν, τώ Πατρί καί τώ Υιώ καί τώ Αγίω Πνεύματι, νύν καί αεί καί είς τούς αιώνας τών αιώνων.

Λαός: Αμήν.

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.

### THIRD STANZA - ΤΡΙΤΗ ΣΤΑΣΙΣ ΔΙ ΓΕΝΕΑΙ ΠΑΣΑΙ

1. Αί γενεαί πάσαι, ύμνον τή Ταφή Σου, προσφέρουσι, Χριστέ μου.  
E ge-ne-e pa-se, im-non ti ta-fi sou, pros-fe-rou-si, Hri-ste mou.  
Every generation to Your grave comes bringing, dear Christ, its hymns of praises.


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2. Αί γενεαί πάσαι, ύμνον τή Ταφή Σου, προσφέρουσι, Χριστέ μου.  
E ge-ne-e pa-se, im-non ti ta-fi sou, pros-fe-rou-si, Hri-ste mou.  
Every generation to Your grave comes bringing, dear Christ, its hymns of praises.


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3. Καθελών τού ξύλου, ο Αριμαθείας, έν τάφω σε κηδεύει.  
Ka-the-lon, tou xi-lou, o A-ri-ma-thi-as, en ta-fo se ki-de-vi.  
From Your Cross he took You down, the Arimathean, and in Your grave he laid you.


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4. Μυροφόροι ήλθον, μύρα σοι Χριστέ μου, κομίζουσαι προφρόνως.  
Mi-rofo-ri il-thon, mi-ra si, Hri-ste mou, ko-mi-zou-se pro-fro-nos.  
Women bringing spices come with loving forethought, Christ, to anoint Your body.


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5. Δεύρο πάσα κτίσις, ύμνους εξοδίους, προσοίσωμεν τώ Κρίστη.  
Dev-ro pa-sa kti-sis, im-nous ex-o-di-ous, pro-si-so-men to Ktis-ti.  
Come all things created, let us sing a dirge-hymn to honor our Christ.


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6. 'Ως νεκρόν τόν ζώντα, σύν μυροφόροις πάντες μυρίσωμεν εμφρόνως.  
Os ne-kron ton zon-ta, sin mi-ro-fo-ris pan-tes, mi-ri-so-men em-fro-nos.  
Him as dead though living let us like the women with love anoint with spices.


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7. Ιωσήφ τρισμάκαρ, κήδευσον τό σώμα, Χριστού του ζωοδότου.  
I-o-sif tris-ma-kar, ki-dev-son to so-ma, Hri-stou tou zo-o-do-tou.  
Joseph the thrice-blessed, bury now the body of Christ the life-bestower.


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8. Ούς έθρεψε τό μάννα, εκίνησαν τήν πτέρναν κατά τού ευεργέτου.  
Ous e-thre-pse to man-na, e-ki-ni-san tin pter-nan, ka-ta tou ever-ge-tou.  
Those He fed with manna lifted heels of spurning against their benefactor.


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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. Ὡς ἀφρων υπηρέτης, προδέδωκεν ο μύστης, τήν ἀβυσσον 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, αιχμάλωτος κατέστη ο δόλιος Ιούδας.

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. Ιωσήφ κηδεύει, σύν τω Νικοδήμω, νεκροπρεπώς 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. Ὡ γλύκῳ μου ἔαρ, γλυκύκατόν μου τέκνον πού ἔδω 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, ἡ Πάναγνός σου μήτηρ, σοῦ 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, ἤκουσι μυρίσαι, Χριστόν τό Θεῖον 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.

(Ὁ Ἱερεὺς 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 μύρακ λίαν πρῶτ' 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. Ἐρραναν τόν τάφον, αἱ Μυροφόροι μύρα λίαν πρῶί 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.

18. Ἐρραναν τόν τάφον, αἱ Μυροφόροι μύρακ λίαν πρῶί 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.

19. Πεπλάνηται ὁ πλάνος, ὁ πλανηθεῖς λυτροῦται, σοφία σὴ Θεέ μου.

Pep-lan-i-te o pla-nos, o pla-ni-this li-trou-te, so-fi-a si The-e mou.

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

20. Υἱέ Θεοῦ Παντάναξ, Θεέ μου πλαστουργέ μου, πῶς πάθος κατεδέξω.

Yi-e The-ou Pan-ta-nax, The-e mou plas-tour-ge mou, pos pa-thos ka-te-de-xo.

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

21. Ἡ δάμαλις τόν μόσχον, ἐν ξύλῳ κρεμασθέντα, ἠλάλαζεν δρώσα.

I da-ma-lis ton mo-shon, en xi-lo kre-mas-then-ta i-la-la-zen dro-sa.

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

22. Ἀνέκραζεν ἡ κόρη, θερμῶς δακρυρροοῦσα, τὰ σπλάγχνα κεντουμένη.

A-ne-kra-zen i ko-ri, ther-mos da-kri-ro-ou-se, ta splagh-na ken-to-me-ni.

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

23. Ὡ φῶς τῶν οφθαλμῶν μου, γλυκύτατόν μου τέκνον, πῶς τάφῳ νῦν καλύπτῃ.

O fos ton of-thal-mon mou, gli-ki-ta-ton mou tek-non, pos ta-fo nin ka-lip-ti.

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

24. Δοξάζω σου Υἱέ μου, τὴν ἀκραν ευσπλαγχνίαν, ἧς χάριν ταῦτα πάσχεις.

Do-xa-zo sou I-e mou, tin a-kran ef-splagh-ni-an, is ha-rin taf-ta pas-his.

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

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

E mi-ro-fo-ri So-ter, to ta-fo pro-sel-thou-se, pro-se-fe-ron si mi-ra.

The myrrh-bearing women drew near to the tomb to bring You myrrh, O Savior.

26. Ανάστηθι Οικτίρμον, ημάς εκ τών βαράθρων, εξανιστών, τού 'Αδου.

A-nas-ti-thi I-ktir-mon i-mas ek ton va-ra-thron ek-san-is-ton tou A-dou.

Rise, O Lord of mercy, raising us up also who languish deep in Hades.

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

A-nas-ta Zo-o-do-ta, I se te-kou-sa mi-tir, da-kri-ro-ou-sa le-gi.

Rise, O Life-bestower, she who gave birth to You, with streams of tears cried saying.

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

Ou-ra-ni-e di-na-mis, ek-ses-ti-san to fo-vo, ne-kron se ka-tho-ro-se.

All the hosts of heaven were with fear confounded, beholding Your dead body.

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

Kle-i ke-thri-ni se, i pa-na-gnos sou mi-tir, So-tir mou nek-ro-then-ta.

Your all-holy Mother weeps and laments for You, when You, my Saviour, are slain.

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

Fri-tou-sin i no-es tin xe-nin ke frik-tin sou, ta-U tou pan-ton Ktis-tou.

Minds must tremble seeing, Lord Creator of all things, Your strange and dire entombing.

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

I-ri-nin Ek-li-si-a, la-o sou so-ti-ri-an, do-ri-se si e-ger-si.

Peace unto the Church, salvation to Your people, be given through Your rising.

Δόξα Πατρί καί Υιώ καί Αγίω Πνεύματι.

Do-xa Pa-tri ke I-o ke Ag-i-o Pnev-ma-ti.

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

32. 'Ω Τριάς Θεέ μου, Πατήρ Υιός καί Πνεύμα, ελέησον τόν κόσμον.

O Tri-as The-e mou, Pa-tir, I-os ke Pnev-ma, e-le-ison ton kos-mon.

Trinity, my God, Father, Son and Spirit, upon Your world have mercy.

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

33. Ιδ<sup>ε</sup>ίν τήν του Υιού Σου, ανάστασιν Παρθένε, αξίωσον σούς δούλους.

I-din tin tou I-ou Sou, a-nas-ta-sin Par-the-ne, a-xi-o-son sous dou-lous.

Make us, your servants, worthy, O Virgin, to see your Son's rising.

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

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

E ge-ne-e pa-se, im-non ti ta-fi sou, pros-fe-rou-si, Hri-ste mou.

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

### Μικρά Κυναπτή

### Small Litany

Ιερεύς: Ετι καί έτι έν ειρήνη τού 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 καί Αειπαρθένου Μαρίας, μετά  
πάντων τών Αγίων μνημονεύσαντες, εαυτούς  
καί αλλήλους καί πάσαν την ζωήν ημών,  
Χριστώ τω Θεώ παραθώμεθα.

Λαός: Σοί Κύριε.

Ιερεύς: Ότι σύ εί βασιλεύς τής ειρήνης, Χριστέ  
Ο Θεός ημών, καί σοί τήν δόξαν αναπέμπομεν,  
σύν τώ ανάρχω σου Πατρί, καί τώ παναγίω καί  
αγαθώ καί ζωοποιώ σου Πνεύματι, νύν καί αεί  
καί είς τούς αιώνας τών αιώνων.

Λαός: Αμήν.

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 the King of peace,  
Christ our god, and to you we give glory  
with your eternal father and your all  
holy, good, and life-giving Spirit, now and  
forever and to the ages of ages.

People: Amen.

*The service continues with the “Evlogytaria” hymns in the Holy Week book.*

## Inside the Tomb of Christ



The Holy Sepulchre – Jerusalem