

Ἰωσήφ κηδεύει, σὺν τῷ Νικοδήμῳ, νεκροπρεπῶς τὸν Κτίστην.

Ὡ γλυκύ μου ἔαρ, γλυκύτατόν μου Τέκνον, ποῦ ἔδου σου τὸ κάλλος;

Υἱὲ Θεοῦ παντάναξ, Θεέ μου πλαστοουργέ μου, πῶς πάθος κατεδέξω;

Ὡ φῶς τῶν ὀφθαλμῶν μου, γλυκύτατόν μου Τέκνον, πῶς τάφῳ νῦν καλύπτῃ;

Ἀνάστηθι, οἰκτιρίζων, ἡμᾶς ἐκ τῶν βαράθρων, ἐξανιστῶν τοῦ ἄδου.

Ἀνάστα Ζωοδότα, ἡ σε τεκοῦσα Μήτηρ, δακρυόροῦσα λέγει.

Οὐράνιοι Δυνάμεις, ἐξέστησαν τῷ φόβῳ, νεκρὸν σε καθορώσαι.

Ἐρῶσαν τὸν τάφον, αἱ Μυροφόροι μύρα, λίαν πρωὶ ἔλθοῦσαι.

Εἰρήνην Ἐκκλησίᾳ, λαῷ σου σωτηρίαν, δώρησαι σὴ Ἐγέρσει.

Δόξα Πατρὶ καὶ Υἱῷ καὶ Ἁγίῳ Πνεύματι.
Ὡ Τριάς Θεέ μου, Πατὴρ Υἱὸς καὶ Πνεῦμα, ἐλέησον τὸν Κόσμον.

Καὶ νῦν καὶ αἰεὶ καὶ εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας τῶν αἰώνων. Ἀμήν.
Ἴδεῖν τὴν τοῦ Υἱοῦ σου, Ἀνάστασιν Παρθένε, ἀξιώσον σου δούλους.

Καὶ πάλιν τὸ πρῶτον Τροπάριον

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

With Nicodemus, Joseph buries the Creator as for the dead is fitting.

‘O my sweetest springtime, O my sweetest Child, where has your beauty vanished?’

Son of God, All-Sovereign, my God and my Creator, why did you will to suffer?’

‘O Light that gives my eyes light, my gentle Son, my sweet Child, why does the tomb now hide you?’

Arise, O Lord of mercy, and from the depths of Hades now raise us all up with you.

Through her tears, your Mother, who gave you birth now cries out, ‘Arise, O Giver of life.’

Heavens awesome powers stood amazed in terror, to see you lying lifeless.

Myrrh-bearers came and sprinkled sweet myrrh upon your tomb, Lord, at early dawn they come now. (3x)

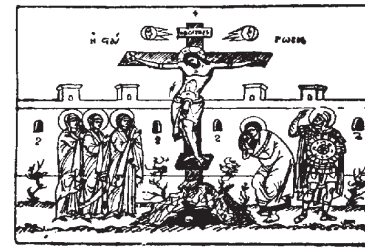
Peace unto your Church, Lord, salvation to your people, grant by your Resurrection.

Glory to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit. Father, Son and Spirit, O Trinity, my One God, have mercy on the whole world.

Both now and forever and unto the ages of ages. Amen. Count all your servants worthy, to see, Most Holy Virgin, your Son’s bright Resurrection.

And again the First Troparion:

Each generation offers, my Christ, for your entombment in hymns and songs its praises.



ΣΤΑΣΙΣ ΠΡΩΤΗ

Ἡ ζωὴ ἐν τάφῳ, κατετέθης Χριστέ, καὶ Ἀγγέλων στρατιαὶ ἐξεπλήττοντο συγκατάβασιν δοξάζουσαι τὴν σὴν.

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

Μεγαλύνομέν σε, Ἰησοῦ Βασιλεῦ, καὶ τιμῶμεν τὴν Ταφὴν καὶ τὰ Πάθη σου, δι’ ὧν ἔσωσας ἡμᾶς ἐκ τῆς φθορᾶς.

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

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

Ἡ ζωὴ ἐν τάφῳ κατετέθης Χριστέ, καὶ θανάτῳ σου τὸν θάνατον ὤλεσας, καὶ ἐπήγασας τῷ κόσμῳ, τὴν ζωὴν.

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

Ἐν καινῷ μνημείῳ, κατετέθης Χριστέ, καὶ τὴν φύσιν τῶν βροτῶν ἀνεκαίνισας, ἀναστὰς θεοπρεπῶς ἐκ τῶν νεκρῶν.

Ἡ ζωὴ θανάτου, γευσαμένη Χριστός, ἐκ θανάτου τοὺς βροτούς ἠλευθέρωσε, καὶ τοῖς πᾶσι νῦν δωρεῖται τὴν ζωὴν.

Τῶν Ἀγγέλων Σῶτερ, χαρμονὴ πεφυκώς, νῦν καὶ λύτης τοῦτοις γέγονας αἴτιος, καθορώμενος σαρκὶ ἄπνους νεκρός.

Ὁ εὐσχήμων Σῶτερ, σχηματίζει φοικτῶς, καὶ κηδεύει ὡς νεκρὸν εὐσχημόνως σε, καὶ θαμβεῖται σου τὸ σχῆμα τὸ φοικτόν.

ΕΓΚΩΜΙΑ Μ. ΠΑΡΑΣΚΕΥΗΣ

FIRST STANZA

In the tomb they laid you, you, O Christ, who are Life; in amazement angel armies lift up their song as they glorify your self-abasement, Lord.

Life, how can you perish, or how dwell in a tomb? Yet the royal hall of Death you now bring to nought, and from Hades’ realm you raise the dead again.

Now we magnify you, O Lord Jesus, our King, we pay honour to your Passion and burial for from foul corruption you saved us through them.

King of all, O Jesus, who established earth’s bounds, on this day you make your home in a little tomb, raising up the dead of ages from their graves.

He who governs all things here is seen as a corpse, new the grave in which his body is laid to rest, he the one who empties graves of all their dead.

In the tomb they laid you, you, O Christ, who are Life; death itself you brought to nothing by your own death, and became the fount of life for all the world.

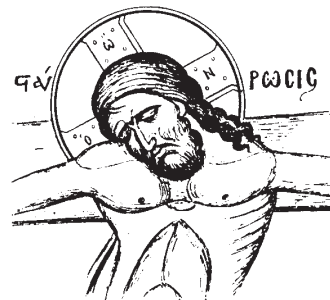
Fairer he in beauty than are all mortal kind, now a corpse we see, unsightly, bereft of form, he who beautified the nature of all things.

There, O Christ, they laid you, in a newly made grave, and the nature of us mortals you then renewed, when from death you rose in majesty divine.

Life itself, Christ Saviour, having tasted of death, freed all mortal kind from death, liberated us, and the gift of life he now bestows on all.

To the angels, Saviour, you are gladness and joy, but a cause of grief you now have become to them, as they see you in the flesh a lifeless corpse.

Noble Joseph, Saviour, filled with dread lays you out, nobly readies you and buries you as a corpse, trembling awe-struck at the sight of your dread form.



Προσκυνῶ τὸ Πάθος, ἀνυμνῶ τὴν Ταφὴν, μεγαλύνω σου τὸ κράτος Φιλάνθρωπε, δι' ὧν λέλυμαι παθῶν φθοροποιῶν.

Οἶμοι φῶς τοῦ Κόσμου! οἶμοι φῶς τὸ ἐμόν! Ἰησοῦ μου ποθεινότατε ἔκραζεν, ἡ Παρθένος θρηνοῦσα γοερώς.

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

Δόξα Πατρὶ καὶ Υἱῷ καὶ Ἁγίῳ Πνεύματι.

Ἀνυμνοῦμεν Λόγε σε 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.

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

Καὶ πάλιν τὸ πρῶτον Τροπάριον

Ἡ ζωὴ ἐν τάφῳ, κατετέθης Χριστέ, καὶ Ἀγγέλων στρατιαὶ ἐξεπλήττοντο, συγκατάβασιν δοξάζουσαι τὴν σὴν.

ΣΤΑΣΙΣ ΔΕΥΤΕΡΑ

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

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

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

Τάφῳ Ἰωσήφ, εὐλαβῶς σε τῷ καινῷ συγκρύπτων, ὕμνους ἐξοδίους θεοπρεπεῖς, τοῖς συμμίκτοις θρήνοις μέλπει σοι Σωτήρ.

Ἴδε Μαθητὴν, ὃν ἠγάπησας καὶ σὴν Μητέρα, Τέκνον, καὶ φθογγὴν δὸς γλυκύτατον, ἀνεβόα θρηνοῦσα ἡ Ἁγνή.

Lord, your pains I worship, and your burial praise, and I magnify your might, Lover of mankind. By them I am freed from passions which destroy.

Bitterly lamenting, 'Woe is me, O my light! my heart's longing and the Light of the World, alas! Woe is me, my heart's desire', the Virgin cried.

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

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

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

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

And again the same Troparion:

In the tomb they laid you, you, O Christ, who are Life, in amazement angel armies lift up their song as they glorify your self-abasement, Lord.

SECOND STANZA

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.

It is right indeed you to magnify, who fashion all things, your pains from corruption deliver us, and your Passion grants dispassion to our souls.

All Earth quaked in fear and the sun concealed itself, O Saviour, when, O Christ, our light, you set bodily, as the light that knows no evening was entombed.

Filled with godly fear, in a new tomb noble Joseph hides you, singing, Saviour, hymns for your burial, hymns befitting God and mingled with laments.

O my Child, behold the disciple whom you loved; my sweet one, see your Mother too, and grant us a word', cried the Virgin as she raised her sad lament.

Κάλλος Λόγε πρίν, οὐδὲ εἶδος ἐν τῷ πάσχειν ἔσχες, ἀλλ' ἔξαναστὰς ὑπερέλαμψας, καλλωπίσας τοὺς βροτοὺς θείαις ἀγαῖς.

Ὡσπερ πελεκάν, τετρωμένος τὴν πλευράν σου Λόγε, σοὺς θανόντας παῖδας ἐζώωσας, ἐπιστάξας ζωτικὸς αὐτοῖς κρουνούς.

Ἥλιον τὸ πρίν, Ἰησοῦς τοὺς ἀλλοφύλους κόπτων, ἔστησεν αὐτὸς δὲ ἀπέκρυψας, καταβάλλων τὸν τοῦ σκότους ἀρχηγόν.

Οἶμοι ὦ Υἱέ! ἡ Ἀπεΐρανδρος θρηνεῖ καὶ λέγει, ὃν ὡς Βασιλέα γὰρ ἤλιπζον, κατάκριτον νῦν βλέπω ἐν Σταυρῷ.

Ἕμνοις σου Χριστέ, νῦν τὴν Σταύρωσιν καὶ τὴν Ταφὴν τε, ἅπαντες πιστοὶ ἐκθειάζομεν, οἱ θανάτου λυτρωθέντες σὴ ταφῇ.

Δόξα Πατρὶ καὶ Υἱῷ καὶ Ἁγίῳ Πνεύματι. Ἄναρχε Θεέ, συναΐδιε Λόγε καὶ Πνεῦμα, σκήπτρα τῶν Ἀνάκτων κραταίωσον, κατὰ πολεμίων ὡς ἀγαθός.

Καὶ νῦν καὶ αἰεὶ καὶ εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας τῶν αἰώνων. Ἀμήν. Τέξασα ζωὴν, Παναμώμητε ἀγνή Παρθένε, παῦσον Ἐκκλησίας τὰ σκάνδαλα, καὶ βράβευσον εἰρήνην ὡς ἀγαθή.

Καὶ πάλιν τὸ πρῶτον Τροπάριον

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

ΣΤΑΣΙΣ ΤΡΙΤΗ

Αί γενεαὶ πᾶσαι, ὕμνον τῇ Ταφῇ σου, προσφέρουσι Χριστέ μου.

Καθελὼν τοῦ ξύλου, ὁ Ἀριμαθαίας, ἐν ταφῷ σε κηδεύει.

Δεῦρο πᾶσα κτίσις, ὕμνους ἐξοδίους, προσοίσωμεν τῷ Κτίστη.

Ἰωσήφ τρισμάκαρ, κήδευσον τὸ σῶμα, Χριστοῦ τοῦ ζωοδότου.

Οὓς ἔθρεψε τὸ μάννα, ἐκίνησαν τὴν πτέρναν, κατὰ τοῦ Εὐεργέτου.

Suffering, O Word, you were quite bereft of form and beauty; Rising, Lord, you shone forth resplendently, and with your Godhead's rays made mortals fair.

Like the pelican, you gave life, O Word, to your dead children, wounded in your side, you let life-blood flow, letting fall life-giving drops of blood on all.

Jesus stayed the sun, as of old he smote the foreign foe, Lord; you, Christ, hid its light as you overthrew that great prince, the Lord of darkness and of death.

'Woe is me, my Son! For I hoped as king to see you reigning, whom I see condemned, hanging on the Cross', the pure Virgin Mother voices her lament.

With our hymns, O Christ, all the faithful bring their adoration, to your crucifixion and burial; by your burial we have been freed from death.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit. Great eternal God, co-eternal Word and Holy Spirit, look down in your goodness on those who rule, grant their sceptres strength against the warlike foe.

Both now and forever and unto the ages of ages. Amen. Wholly undefiled, Mother, who gave birth to life, pure Virgin, ends all scandals which still beset Church, and as you are loving, Mother, grant her peace.

And again the First Troparion:

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.

THIRD STANZA

Each generation offers, my Christ, for your entombment in hymns and songs its praises.

The Noble Joseph takes you down from the Tree, my Saviour, and in the tomb he lays you.

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

O thrice-blessed Joseph, entomb Messiah's body, the corpse of Him who grants life.

Those he fed with manna raised their heels against him, against the Benefactor.