

Holy and Great Friday

Lamentation Service

(Please join in singing this Hymn)

ΣΤΑΣΙΣ ΠΡΩΤΗ	STA-SIS PRO-TI	FIRST STANZA
1. Η ζωή εν τάφω, κατετέθης Χριστέ, καί Αγγέλων στρατιαί εξεπλήττοντο, συγκατάβασιν δοξάζουσαι τήν σήν.	I zo-i en ta-fo ka-te-te-this hri-ste ke ang-ge-lon stra-ti-e ex-e-pli-ton-to, sing-ka-ta-va-sin dho-xa-zu-se tin sin.	O Christ, the Life, you were laid in the tomb, and ranks of Angels were amazed, glorifying Your condescension.
2. Η ζωή πώς θνήσκεις; πώς καί τάφω οικείς; τού θανάτου τό βασίλειον λύεις δέ, καί τού Άδου τούς νεκρούς εξανιστάς.	I zo-i pos thni-skis, pos ke ta-fo i-kis, tu tha-na-tu to va-si-li-on li-is de, ke tu a dhu tus ne-krus ex-a-ni-stas.	O Life, how can You die? How can You dwell in the tomb? You break apart the kingdom of Death, and raise up the dead in Hades.
3. Μεγαλύνομέν σε, Ιησού Βασιλεύ, καί τιμώμεν τήν Ταφήν καί τά Πάθη σου, δι' ών έσωσας ημάς εκ τής φθοράς.	Me-gha-li-no-men se, i-su va-si-lef, ke ti-mo-men tin ta-fin ke ta pa-thi su, dhi on e-so-sas i-mas ek tis ftho-ras.	We magnify You, O Jesus our King, and we honor Your entombment and Passion, through which You saved us from corruption.
4. Μέτρα γής ο στήσας, εν σμικρώ κατοικείς, Ιησού παμβασιλεύ τάφω σήμεραν, εκ μνημάτων τούς θανέντας ανιστών.	Me-tra yis o sti-sas, en smi-kro ka-ti-kis, i-su pam-va-si-lef, ta-fo si-me-ron, ek mni-ma-ton tus tha-non-tas a-ni-ston.	O Jesus, King of all, Who set the boundaries of Earth, today You dwell in a narrow tomb, while raising the dead from the graves.
5. Ιησού Χριστέ μου, Βασιλεύ του παντός, τί ζητών τοίς εν τώ Άδη ελήλυθας; ή τό γένος απολύσαι τών βροτών.	I-su hri-ste mu, va-si-lef tu pan-tos, ti zi-ton tis en to a-dhi e-li-li-thas, i to ye-nos a-po-li-se ton vro-ton.	O Christ, the King of all, why have You come to seek the dead in Hades? Or to release the race of mortals?
6. Ο Δεσπότης πάντων, καθοράται νεκρός, καί εν μνήματι καινώ κατατίθεται, ο κενώσας τά μνημεία τών νεκρών.	O dhe-spo-tis pan-ton, ka-tho-ra-te ne-kros, ke en min-ma-ti ke-no ka-ta-ti-the-te, o ke-no-sas ta mni-mi-a ton ne-kron.	The master of all, is viewed dead, and is placed in a new tomb, He Who emptied the graves of the dead.
7. Η ζωή εν τάφω κατετέθης Χριστέ, καί θανάτω σου τόν θάνατον ώλεσας, καί επήγγασας τώ Κόσμω, τήν ζωήν.	I zo-i en ta-fo ka-te-te-this hri-ste, ke tha-na-to su ton tha-na-ton o-le-sas, ke e-pe-gha-sas to koz-mo tin zo-in.	O Christ, the Life, You were laid in the tomb, and by Your death You destroyed Death and shed life upon the world.

8. Μετά τών κακούργων, ως κακούργος Χριστέ, ελογίσθης δικαίων ημάς άπαντας, κακουργίας τού αρχαίου πτερνιστού.	Me-ta ton ka-kur-ghon, os ka-kur-ghos hri-ste, e-lo-yis-this dhi-ke-on i-mas a-pan-tas, ka-kur-yi-as tu ar-he-u pter-ni-stu.	O Christ, You were numbered among evil-doers as an evil-doer, and absolved us all from the evil deeds of the ancient supplanter.
9. Ιησού γλυκύ μοι, και σωτήριον φώς, τάφω πώς εν σκοτεινώ κατακέκρυψαι; ώ αφάτου, και αρρήτου ανοχής!	I-su ghli-ki mi ke so-ti-ri-on fos, ta-fo pos en sko-ti-no ka-ta-ke-kri-pse, o a-fa-tu ke ar-ri-tu a-no-his.	My sweet Jesus, and saving Light, how is it that You are hidden in the darkness of the tomb? O unutterable and ineffable forbearance!
10. Απορεί και φύσις, νοερά και πληθύς, η ασώματος Χριστέ τό μυστήριο, τής αφράστου και αρρήτου σου ταφής.	A-po-ri ke fi-sis, no-e-ra ke pli-this, i a-so-ma-tos hri-ste to mi-sti-ri-o, tis a-fa-tu ke ar-ri-tu a-no-his.	Both the Mind of Nature and the Angelic Hosts are at a loss to understand the mystery, O Christ, of Your ineffable and unutterable burial.
11. Ω θαυμάτων ξένων! ώ πραγμάτων καινών! Ο πνοής μοι χορηγός άπνους φέρεται, κηδεύόμενος χερσί τού Ιωσήφ.	O thav-ma-ton xe-non! O pragh-ma-ton ke-non! O pno-is mi- ho-ri-ghos ap-nus fe-re-te, ki-dhe-vo-me-nos her-si tu i-o-sif.	Oh! Strange miracles! Oh! New happenings! He, Who gave me breath, is carried away bereft of breath, and is buried by the hands of Joseph.
12. Σού τεθέντος τάφω, πλαστουργέτα Χριστέ, τά τού Άδου εσαλεύθη θεμέλια, και μνημεία ηνεώχθη τών βροτών.	Su te-then-tos ta-fo pla-stur-ye-ta hri-ste, ta tu a-dhu e-sa-lev-thi the-me-li-a ke mni-mi-a i-ne-o-hthi ton vro-ton.	When You, O Christ the Fashioner, were laid in the tomb, the foundations of Hades were shaken and the graves of mortals were opened.
13. Δακρυρρούς θρήνους, επί σέ η Αγνή, μητρικώς ώ Ιησού επιρραίνουσα, ανεβόα. Πώς κηδεύσω σε Υιέ;	Dha-kri-ro-us thri-nus, e-pi se i agh-ni, mi-tri-kos, o i-su, e-pi-re-nu-sa, a-ne-vo-a, pos ki-dhev-so se i-e.	The Pure One shed bitter tears over You, O Jesus and cried out: "My son, How can I bury You?"
14. Προσκυνώ τό Πάθος, ανυμνώ τήν Ταφήν, μεγαλύνω σου τό κράτος Φιλάνθρωπε, δι' ών λέλυμαι παθών φθοροποιών.	Pro-ski-no to pa-thos, a-nim-no tin ta-fin, me-gha-li-no su to kra-tos fi-lan-thro-pe, dhi on le-li-me pa-thon ftho-ro-pi-on.	I worship Your Passion, I praise Your burial, and I magnify Your power, O loving God, by which, I am set free from corruption passions.
15. Τίς μοι δώσει ύδωρ, και δακρύων πηγάς, η Θεόνυμφος Παρθένος εκραύγαζεν, ίνα κλαύσω τόν γλυκύν μου Ιησούν;	Tis mi dho-si i-dhor, ke tha-kri-on pi-ghas, i the-o-nim-fos par-the-nos e-kravv-gha-zen, i-na klav-so ton ghli-kin mu i-sun.	"Who will give me water and a fountain of tears," God's virgin Bride exclaimed, "that I may weep for my sweet Jesus?"
<i>Δοξα Πατρι, και Υιω, και Αγιο Πνευματι.</i>	<i>Dho-xa pa-tri, ke i-o, ke a-yi-o pnev-ma-ti.</i>	<i>Glory to the Father and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit.</i>

<p>16.Ανομνούμεν Λόγε σέ τόν πάντων Θεόν, σύν Πατρί και τώ Αγίω σου Πνεύματι, και δοξάζομεν τήν θείαν σου Ταφήν.</p>	<p>A-nim-nu-men lo-ye, se ton pan-ton the-on, sin pa-tri-ke to a-yi-o su pnev-ma-ti ke dho-xa-zo-men tin thi-an su ta-fin.</p>	<p>We praise you, O Word, the God of all, with Your Father and the Holy Spirit and we glorify Your divine burial.</p>
<p><i>Και νυν, και αι, και εις τους αιωνας των αιωνων, Αμην</i></p>	<p><i>Ke nin ke a-i, ke is tus e-o-nas ton e-o-non. A-min.</i></p>	<p><i>Now and ever and to the Ages of Ages. Amen</i></p>
<p>17.Μακαρίζομέν σε, Θεοτόκε αγνή, και τιμώνεν τήν Ταφήν τήν τρι ήμερον, τού Υιού σου και Θεού ημών πιστώς.</p>	<p>Ma-ka-ri-zo-men se, the-o-to-ke agh-ni, ke ti-mo-men tin ta-fin tin tri-i-me-ron, tu i-u su ke the-u i-mon pi-stos.</p>	<p>We bless You, O pure Mother of god, and we honor faithfully the three-day entombment of your Son and our God.</p>
<p><i>(Repeat)</i></p>		
<p>1. Η ζωή εν τάφω, κατετέθης Χριστέ, και Αγγέλων στρατιαί εξεπλήττοντο, συγκατάβασιν δοξάζουσαι τήν σήν.</p>	<p>I zo-i en ta-fo ka-te-te-this hri-ste ke ang-ge-lon stra-ti-e ex-e-pli-ton-to, sing-ka-ta-va-sin dho-xa-zu-se tin sin.</p>	<p>O Christ, the Life, You were laid in the tomb, and ranks of Angels were amazed, glorifying your condescension.</p>

ΣΤΑΣΙΣ ΔΕΥΤΕΡΑ	STA-SIS DHEF-TE-RA	SECOND STANZA
1. Ἀξιόν ἐστι, μεγαλύνειν σε τὸν Ζωοδότην, τὸν ἐν τῷ Σταυρῷ τὰς χεῖρας ἐκτείναντα, καὶ συντρίψαντα τὸ κράτος τοῦ ἐχθροῦ.	A-xi-on e-sti, me-gha-li-nin se ton zo-o-dho-tin, ton en to stavro tas hi-ras ek-ti-nan-ta, ke sin-tri-psi-an-ta to kra-tos tu eh-thru.	It is fitting to magnify You , the Giver of Life, Who extended Your Hands upon the Cross, and shattered the power of the enemy.
2. Ἀξιόν ἐστι, μεγαλύνειν σε τὸν πάντων Κτίστην, τοῖς σοῖς γὰρ παθήμασιν ἔχομεν, τὴν ἀπάθειαν ρυσθέντες τῆς φθοράς.	A-xi-on e-sti, me-gha-li-nin se ton pan-ton kti-stin, tis sis ghar pa-thi-ma-sin e-ho-men, tin a-pa-thi-an ri-sthen-tes tis ftho-ras.	It is fitting to magnify You, the Creator of all; for by Your sufferings, we are delivered from suffering the corruption.
3. Ἐφριξεν ἡ γῆ, καὶ ὁ ἥλιος Σώτερ ἐκρύβη, σοῦ τοῦ ἀνεσπέρου φέγγους Χριστέ, δύναντος ἐν τάφῳ σωματικῶς.	E-fri-xen i yi, ke o i-li-os so-ter e-kri-vi, su tu a-ne-spe-ru feng-gus hri-ste, dhi-nan-tos en ta-fo so-ma-ti-kos.	The earth shuddered and the sun hid itself, when You, O Christ the Saviour, the unwaning Light, sank down bodily into the grave.
4. Κάλλος Λόγε πρὶν, οὐδέ εἶδος ἐν τῷ πάσχειν ἔσχες, ἀλλ' ἐξαναστάς ὑπερέλαμψας, καλλωπίσας τοὺς βροτοὺς θείαις ἀυγαῖς.	Ka-los lo-ye prin, u-dhe i-dhos en to pas-hin es-hes, al ex-a-nastas i-per-e-lam-psas, ka-lo-pi-sas tus vro-tus thi-es av-ghes.	You had neither the prior form, nor comeliness, O Word as You suffered; but rising up, You illuminated and beautified mortals with Divine radiance.
5. Ἦλιος ομοῦ, καὶ σελήνη σκοτισθέντες Σώτερ, δούλους εὐνοοῦντας εἰκόνιζον, οἱ μελαίνας ἀμφιέννυνται στολάς.	I-li-os o-mu, ke se-li-ni sko-tis-then-tes so-ter, dhu-lus ev-no-un-tas i-ko-ni-zon, i me-le-nas am-fi-e-nin-te sto-las.	The sun and the moon were darkened, O Saviour, portraying favored servants, who dressed themselves in black.
6. Ἐφριξεν ἰδὼν, τὸ ἀόρατον φῶς σε Χριστέ μου, μνήματι κρυπτόμενον ἀπνουν τε, καὶ ἐσκοτάσεν ὁ ἥλιος τὸ φῶς.	E-fri-xen i-dhon, to a-o-ra-ton fos se hri-ste mu, min-ma-ti krip-to-me-non, ap-nun te, ke e-sko-ta-sen o i-li-os to fos.	The sun darkened its light and shuddered when it saw You, O Christ, the invisible Light, bereft of breath, and hidden in the grave.
7. Ἐκλαιε πικρῶς, ἡ πανάμωμος Μήτηρ σου Λόγε, ὅτε ἐν τῷ τάφῳ εἴρακε, σὲ τὸν ἀφραστον καὶ ἀναρχον Θεόν.	E-kle-e pi-kros, i pan-a-mo-mos mi-tir su lo-ye, o-te en to ta-fo e-o-ra-ke, se ton a fra-ston ke an-ar-hon the-on.	O God, the ineffable and eternal Word, Your pure Mother, beholding You in a Tomb, wept bitterly.
8. Νέκρωσιν τὴν σὴν, ἡ πανάφθορος Χριστέ σου Μήτηρ, βλέπουσα πικρῶς σοι ἐφθέγγετο. Μὴ βραδύνης ἡ ζωὴ ἐν τοῖς νεκροῖς.	Ne-kro-sin tin sin, i pan-af-thoros hri-ste su mi-tir, vle-pu-sa pi-kros si ef-theng-ge-to mi vra-dhi-nis i zo-i en tis ne-kris.	When Your All-pure Mother beheld Your death, O Christ, she spoke mournfully: “O Life, do not be long among the dead.”

9. Ἄδης ὁ δεινός, συνετρόμαζεν ὅτε σε εἶδεν, Ἦλιε τῆς δόξης ἀθάνατε, καί εἰδίδου τοὺς δεσμίους ἐν σπουδῇ.	A-dhis o dhi-nos, sin-e-tro-ma- xen o-tan se i-dhen i-li-e tis dho-xis a-tha-na-te, ke e-dhi- dhu tus dhes-mi-us en spu-dhi.	The fearful Hades trembled when it saw You, O mortal Son of Glory, and hastily gave up its captives.
10. Ὑμνοὶς σου Χριστέ, νῦν τὴν Σταύρωσιν καὶ τὴν Ταφὴν τε, ἅπαντες πιστοὶ ἐκθειάζομεν, οἱ θανάτου λυτρωθέντες σὴ ταφῇ.	Im-nis su, hri-ste, nin tin sta- vro-sin ke tin ta-fin te, a-pan-tes pis-ti ek-thi-a-zo-men, i tha-na- tu li-tro-then-tes ti ta-fi.	Now, all the faithful, redeemed from death by Your Burial, extol with hymns Your Crucifixion and Your Burial, O Christ.
<i>Δοξα Πατρὶ, καὶ Υἱῷ, καὶ Ἁγίῳ Πνεύματι.</i>	<i>Dho-xa pa-tri, ke i-o, ke a-yi-o pnev-ma-ti.</i>	<i>Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit.</i>
11. Ἀναρχε Θεέ, συναΐδιε Λόγε καὶ Πνεῦμα, σκήπτρα τῶν Ἀνάκτων κραταίωσον, κατὰ πολεμίων ὡς ἀγαθός.	An-ar-he the-e, sin-e-dhi-e lo- ye ke pnev-ma, skip-tra ton an- ak-ton kra-te-o-son, ka-ta po-le- mi-on os a-gha-thos.	O Eternal God, without beginning, Co-eternal Word and Spirit, as a righteous Lord strengthen the staff of Leaders against their enemies.
<i>Καὶ νῦν, καὶ αἰεὶ, καὶ εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας τῶν αἰῶνων, Ἀμήν</i>	<i>Ke nin, ke a-i, ke is tus e-o-nas ton e-o-non. A-min</i>	<i>Now and ever and to the Ages of Ages. Amen.</i>
12. Τέξασα ζωῆν, Παναμώμητε αγνή Παρθένε, παύσον Ἐκκλησίας τὰ σκάνδαλα, καὶ βράβευσον εἰρήνην ὡς ἀγαθῇ.	Te-xa-sa zo-in, pan-a-mo-mi-te agh-ni par-the-ne, pav-son e- kli-si-as ta skan-dha-la, ke vra- ven-son i-ri-nin, os a-gha-thi.	O All-Pure, All-Blameless Virgin, who gave birth to Life; of Your goodness, bring an end to discord in the Church, and grant your peace.
<i>(Repeat)</i>		
1. Ἀξιόν ἐστι, μεγαλύνειν σέ τόν Ζωοδότην, τόν ἐν τῷ Σταυρῷ τὰς χεῖρας ἐκτείναντα, καὶ συντρίψαντα τὸ κράτος τοῦ ἐχθροῦ.	A-xi-on e-sti, me-gha-li-nin se ton zo-o-dho-tin, ton en to sta- vro-tas hi-ras ek-ti-nan-ta, ke sin-tri-psi-an-ta to kra-tos tu eh- thru.	It is fitting to magnify You, the Giver of Life; You Who extended Your Hands upon the Cross, and shattered the power of the enemy.

ΣΤΑΣΙΣ ΤΡΙΤΗ	STA-SIS TRI-TI	THIRD STANZA
1. Αι γενεαί πάσαι, ύμνον τή Ταφή σου, προσφέρουσι Χριστέ μου.	E ye-ne-e pa-se, im-non ti ta-fi su, pro-sfe-ru-si, hri-ste mu.	All generations offer a hymn to Your Burial, O my Christ.
Καθελών τού ξύλου, ο Αριμαθαίας, εν τάφω σε κηδεύει. 2.	Ka-the-lon tu xi-lu, o a-ri-ma- thi-as, en ta-fo se ki-dhe-vi.	Taking You down from the Wood, Joseph of Arimathea buries You in a Tomb.
Μυροφόροι ήλθον, μύρα σοι Χριστέ μου, κομίζουσαι προφρόνως. 3.	Mi-ro-fo-ri il-thon, mi-ra si hri- ste mu, ko-mi-zu-se pro-fro- nos.	The myrrh-bearers came to You, my Christ, graciously bringing You myrrh.
Δεύρο πάσα κτίσις, ύμνους εξοδίους, προσοίσωμεν τώ Κτίστη. 4.	Dhev-fo pa-sa kti-sis, im-nus ex-o-dhi-us, pro-si-so-men to kti-sti.	Let all creations come and sing funeral hymns to the Creator.
5. 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.	With the myrrh-bearers, let us all with prudence, anoint as dead, Him, Who lives.
6. Ιωσήφ τρισμάκαρ, κήδευσον τό σώμα, Χριστού τού ζωοδότου.	I-o-sif tris-ma-kar, ki-dhev-son to so-ma, hri-stu tu zo-o-dho-tu.	O Thrice-blessed Joseph, bury the Body of Christ, the Life- giver.
7. Ούς έθρεψε τό μάννα, εκίνησαν τήν πτέρναν, κατά τού Ευεργέτου.	Us e-thre-pse to ma-na, e-ki-ni- san tin pter-nan, ka-ta tu ev-er- ye-tu	Those, who were nourished with the manna, lifted up the heel against their Benefactor.
8. Ω τής παραφροσύνης, και τής Χριστοκτονίας, τής τών προφητοκτόνων!	O tis pa-ra-fro-si-nis, ke tis hri- sto-kto-nis-as, tis ton pro-fi-tok- to-non.	Oh! the madness, and the Christ-slaying of those, who slew the Prophets!
9. Ως άφρων υπηρέτης, προδέδωκεν ο μύστης, τήν άβυσσον σοφίας.	Os a-fron i-pi-re-tis, pro-dhe- dho-ken o mi-stis, tin a-vi-son so-fi-as.	Like a foolish servant, the initiate Disciple betrayed the Eternal Wisdom
10. Τόν ρύστην ο πωλήσας, αιχμάλωτος κατέστη, ο δόλιος Ιούδας.	Ton ri-stin o po-li-sas, eh-ma- lo-tos ka-te-sti, o dho-li-os i-u- dhas.	The treacherous Judas, who sold the Deliverer, becomes himself a captive.
11. Ιωσήφ κηδεύει, σύν τώ Νικοδήμω, νεκροπρεπώς τόν Κτίστην.	I-o-sif ki-dhe-vi, sin to ni-ko- dhi-mo, ne-kro-pre-pos ton kti- stin.	Joseph and Nicodemus bury the Creator in a way befitting the dead.
12. Ω γλυκύ μου έαρ, γλυκύτατόν μου Τέκνον, πού έδυ σου τό κάλλος;	O ghli-ki mu e-ar, ghli-ki-ta-ton mu tek-non, pu e-dhi su to ka- los.	“O my sweet springtime, my sweetest Child, to where has Your beauty vanished?”

13.Θρήνον συνεκίνει, η πάναγνος σου Μήτηρ, σου Λόγε νεκρωθέντος.	Thri-non sin-e-ki-ni, i pan-agh- nos su mi-tir, su lo-ye ne-kro- then-tos.	Your All-Pure Mother was moved to lamentation, when You, O Word, were put to death.
14.Γύναια σύν μύροις, ήκουσι μυρίσαι, Χριστόν τό θεϊόν μύρον.	Yi-ne-a sin mi-ris, i-ku-si mi-ri- se, hri-ston to thi-on mi-ron.	The women came with myrrh, to anoint Christ the Anointed.
15.Πεπλάνηται ο πλάνος, ο πλανηθείς λυτρούται, σοφία σή Θεέ μου.	Pe-pla-ni-te o pla-nos, o pla-ni- this li-tru-te so-fi-a si the-e mu.	The deceiver is deceived, and the one deceived is redeemed by Your Wisdom, O my God.
16.Υιέ Θεού παντάναξ, Θεέ μου πλαστουργέ μου, πώς πάθος κατεδέξω;	I-e the-u pan-ta-nax, the-e mu plas-tur-ye mu, pos pa-thos ka- ta-dhe-xo	O Son of God, the King of all, my God and Fashioner, how did You condescend to the suffering?
17.Η δάμαλις τόν μόσχον, εν Εύλω κρεμασθέντα, ηλάλαζεν ορώσα.	I dha-ma-lis ton mos-hon en xi- lo kre-mas-then-ta, e-la-la-zen o-ro-sa.	The Mother cried aloud, when she saw her Son hanging on the Cross.
18.Ανέκραζεν η Κόρη, θερμός δακρυρροούσα, τά σπλάγχνα κεντουμένη.	A-ne-kra-zen i ko-ri, ther-mos dha-kri-ro-u-sa, ta splagh-hna ken-tu-me-ni.	The Maiden pierced to the heart, cried out fervently shedding tears.
19.Ω φώς τών οφθαλμών μου, γλυκύτατόν μου Τέκνον, πώς τάφω νύν καλύπτη;	O fos ton of-thal-mon mu, ghli- ki-ta-ton mu tek-non, pos ta-fo nin ka-li-pti.	“O Light of my eyes, my sweetest Child, how are You now covered in the grave?”
20.Δοξάζω σου Υιέ μου, τήν άκραν ευσπλαγχνίαν, ής χάριν ταύτα πάσχεις.	Dho-xa-zo su i-e mu, tin a-kran ev-splagh-hthi-an, is ha rin tav- ta pas-his.	O my Son, I glorify Your deep compassion, for which You suffer these things.
21.Ανάστηθι οικτίρμον, ημάς εκ τών βαράθρων, εξανιστών τού Άδου.	A-na-sti-thi ik-tir-mon, i-mas ek ton va-ra-thron, ex-a-ni-ston tu a-dhu.	Arise, O Merciful One, and raise us up from the abyss of Hades.
22.Ανάστα Ζωοδότα, η σέ τεκούσα Μήτηρ, δακρυρροούσα λέγει.	A-na-sta zo-o-dho-ta, i se te-ku- sa mi-tir, dha-kri-ro-u-sa le-yi.	Your Mother, who bore You, cried out with flowing tears: “Arise, O Giver of Life”.
23.Ουράνιοι Δυνάμεις, εξέστησαν τώ φόβω, νεκρόν σε καθορώσαι.	U-ra-ni-e dhi-na-mis, ex-e-sti- san to fo-vo, ne-kron se ka-tho- ro-se	The Heavenly Powers stood amazed in fear when they beheld You dead.
24.Φέρων πάλαι φεύγει, Σώτερ Ιωσήφ σε, καί νύν σε άλλος θάπτει.	Fe-ron pa-le fev-ghi, so-ter i-o- sif se, ke nin se a-los tha-pti.	Joseph fled with You of old, O Saviour, and now another Joseph buries You.
25.Κλαίει καί θρηνεί σε, η πάναγνος σου Μήτηρ, Σωτήρ μου νεκρωθέντα.	Kle-i ke thri-ni se, i pan-agh- nos su mi-tir, so-tir mu ne-kro- then-ta.	Your All-Pure Mother weeps and laments for You, when You, O my Saviour, were put to death.

26. Φρίττουσιν οι νόες, τήν ξένην καί φρικτήν σου, Ταφήν τού πάντων Κτίστου.	Fri-tu-sin i no-es, tin xe-nin ke frik-tin su, ta-fin tu pan-ton kti-stu.	The minds shudder at the strange and awesome burial of You, the Creator of all.
27. Ερραναν τόν τάφον, αι Μυροφόροι μύρα, λίαν πρωϊ ελθούσαι.	E-ra-na ton ta-fon, e mi-ro-fo-ri mi-ra, li-an pro-i el-thu-se. (3 times)	The myrrh-bearing Women came very early in the morning and sprinkled the tomb with myrrh. (3 Times)
28. Ειρήνην Εκκλησία, λαώ σου σωτηρίαν, δώρησαι σή Εγέρσει.	I-ri-nin e-kli-si-a, la-o su so-ti-ri-an, dho-ri-se si e-yer-si.	With Your Resurrection grant peace to the Church and salvation to Your people.
<i>Δοξα Πατρι, και Υιω, και Αγιο Πνευματι.</i>	<i>Dho-xa pa-tri, ke i-o, ke a-yi-o pnev-ma-ti.</i>	<i>Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit.</i>
29. Ω Τριάς Θεέ μου, Πατήρ Υιός καί Πνεύμα, ελέησον τόν Κόσμον.	O tri-as the-e mu, pa-tir, i-os ke pnev-ma, e-le-i-son ton koz-mon.	O Trinity, my God; Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, have mercy on the world.
<i>Και νυν, και αι, και εις τους αιωνας των αιωνων, Αμην</i>	<i>Ke nin, ke a-i, ke is tus e-o-nas ton e-o-non. A-min.</i>	<i>Now and ever, and to the Ages of Ages. Amen.</i>
30. Ιδειν τήν τού Υιού σου, Ανάστασιν Παρθένε, αξίωσον σούς δούλους.	I-dhin tin tu i-u su, a-na-sta-sin par-the-ne, a-xi-o-son tus dhu-lus.	Make us your servants worthy, O Virgin, to behold the Resurrection of Your Son.
<i>(Repeat)</i>		
1. Αι γενεαί πάσαι, ύμνον τή Ταφή σου, προσφέρουσι Χριστέ μου.	E ye-ne-e pa-se, im-non ti ta-fi su, pro-sfe-ru-si, hri-ste mu.	All generations offer a hymn to Your burial, O my Christ.