1) When he took Thee dead from off the Tree, the Arimathea
thean prepared Thee with finest linen and myrrh
that he might give burial to Thee, the Life of all. Then, compelled by his fervent love,
he longed to embrace Thee and to press Thy spotless Body to his heart and lips.
But his fear and reverence restrained him,
whilst with joy he cried to Thee: Glory
to Thy condemnation, O Thou Friend of man.
Verse 1: The Lord is King, He is clothed with majesty; the Lord is clothed with strength and He hath girt Himself.

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Verse 2: For He established the world which shall not be shaken.

3) Thou hadst been bodily enclosed in a tomb as

Thou hadst so willed it, Who in Thy nature as God
dost abide uncircumscribable and

infinite, Thou didst close off the vaults of death,

O Christ, and didst empty all of Hades' dark dominions, leaving nothing there.

Then Thou also madest this Sabbath

worthy of divine benediction

and Thy glory and farshining radiance.

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Verse 3: Holiness becometh Thy house, O Lord, unto length of days.

4) When the hosts of Heaven, O Christ God, saw Thee slandered as a deceiver by lawless men, then they quaked at Thine inexpressible long suffering, as they saw that the hands that had lately pierced Thy spotless divine side sealed the stone upon Thy tomb, and they were sore afraid.

But rejoicing at our salvation, mightily they cried to Thee: Glory to Thy condensation, O Thou Friend of man.