He that once had hidden beneath the sea's waves the pursuing tyrant king is now hid 'neath the earth by the sons of those He rescued;

but let us, as once the maid-ens sang, to the Lord lift up our song: With glory is He glorified.

Glory to Thee, our God, glory to Thee.

Lord my God and Savior, a hymn for Thy fun'ral and dirges at Thy tomb shall I sing unto Thee, Who being buried hast opened unto me the entrance into life, and by death hast put to death both death and Hades evermore.

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Glory to the Fa-th-er, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Spir-it.

Those a-bove the Heav-ens and un-der the earth, on per-ceiv-ing

Thee at once on Thy throne in the heights and in Thy grave 'midst the earth-born,

quaked with dread, O Sav-i-or, at Thy death, dazed in mind when Thou wast seen a Corpse and yet the Source of life.

Both now and ever, and unto ages of ages. A-men.

That Thou might-est fill up all things with Thy glo-ry, O on-ly

Friend of man, in-to earth's low-est depths didst Thou de-scend, since mine es-sence,

framed in Ad-am, was not hid from Thee; and en-tombed, Thou mak-est me, who am cor-rupt-ed, new a-gain.
**He that once had hidden beneath the sea's waves the pursuing tyrant king is now hid 'neath the earth by the sons of those He rescued;**

*but let us, as once the maidens sang, to the Lord lift up our song: With glory is He glorified.*

**Thou that hungest the whole earth without support on the primeval waters: creation saw Thee hanging upon that mount, the Place of the Skull; and she was seized with awe-struck dread: There is no Holy One, save for Thee, O Lord, she cried to Thee.**

**Holy Week - Holy Saturday Matins - The Canon - C. Karam - 3**

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Figures of Thine en-tomb-ment didst Thou por-tray, while mul-ti-ply-ing
g vi-sions; but now the things Thou hid-dest Thou tell-est plain-ly as
God and man e-ven to those in Ha-des’ gloom: There is no Ho-ly
One, save for Thee, O Lord, they cried to Thee:
Glo-ry to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Spir-it.
Spread-ing out Thy di-vine hands, the things that were sun-dered Thou hast u-
nit-ed; and be-ing wrapped, O Sav-ior, in fin-est lin-en with-
in the grave, Thou hast set loose them that were bound: There is no Ho-ly
One, save for Thee, O Lord, they cry to Thee.
Both now and ever, and unto ages of ages. Amen.

Thou Whom nothing containeth wast willingly held by a tomb and sealed in, while making known Thy power in all Thou wroughest with might divine, which hath appeared to them that sing: There is no Holy One, save for Thee, O Lord, Thou Friend of man.

Katavasia

Thou that hungest the whole earth without support on the primeval waters: creation saw Thee hanging upon that mount, the Place of the Skull; and she was seized with awe-struck dread: There is no Holy One, save for Thee, O Lord, she cried to Thee.
Third Kathisma

(Chanted after the third Ode of the Canon.)

(NOTE: We only sing this kathisma in Holy Saturday Orthros, and not in Midnight Office for Pascha.)

(Throughout this piece, the F is slightly flatter than an F#.)

Byzantine Chant Tone 1
The Original Melody

Chadi Karam

The soldiers standing guard at Thy tomb, O my Saviour, became as dead on seeing the lightning-like Angel who preached to the women of Thine arising, O Holy Lord.

Thee we glorify, Who hast abolished corruption;

Thee do we adore, Who from the grave hast arisen and Who alone art our God.

Alternate melody:

Thee do we adore, Who from

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When Ha-bak-kuk fore-saw Thee on the Cross stripped of glory di-
vine, he cried out in a-maze-ment: The strength of all the might-y ones__

Thou, Good Lord, hast crushed by Thy pres-ence in Ha-des as

Glo-ry to Thee, our God, glo-ry to Thee.

To-day Thou Hal-low-est the sev-enth day, which of old Thou hadst

blest by rest-ing from Thy la-bors; for Thou dost gath-er all the world__

and dost make it new keep-ing Sab-bath, my Sav-i-or, and

gain-ing back Thine own.__
Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit.

When, by the strength that nothing can subdue, Thou hadst conquered, O Word, Thy soul and flesh were parted; whereon, Thy soul did break apart all the heavy chains both of death and of Hades, by Thine exceeding might.

Both now and ever, and unto ages of ages. Amen.

O Word, when Hades met Thee face to face, it embittered him sore as he held a mortal all pierced with wounds, yet deified and supremeely strong; then in ruin he cried out against Thy dreaded form.
When Hābakaked fore-saw Thee on the Cross stripped of glory divine, he cried out in amazement: The strength of all the mighty ones —

Thou, Good Lord, hast crushed by Thy presence in Hades as the Almighty God —

Thou hast shown Thy Theophany to us, O Christ, for the sake of Thy mercy; and Isaiah, rising early in the night, saw its endless light, and he cried aloud;

Lo, the dead shall arise again and they that sleep in tombs shall awake from slumber and all —

that be in the earth shall be exceeding glad —

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Glo•ry to Thee, our God, glo•ry to Thee.

Us born of earth Thou mak•est new, Thy self be come clay like us, O our Mak•er; the fine lin•en and Thy tomb both dark ly
tell of the mys•try hid•den with Thee, O Word;

for the coun•s’lor of hon•ored name in this wise hon•or eth Thy Be•getter’s coun•sel, Who will

-eth to make me Newthrough Thee in maj•es•ty.__

Glo•ry to the Fa•ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho•ly Spir•it.

Thy death doth change mor•tal i•ty, and Thine en tomb•ment trans•form eth cor•rup•tion; for with God•like might, the flesh Thou hast as•sumed
dost Thou make immortal and incorrupt.

For, O Sovereign Lord, to Thy flesh corruption came not nigh; and Thy soul was never forsaken in Hades' vaults as something strange to Thee.

Both now and ever, and unto ages of ages. Amen.

Born of her no travail pierced through, when Thou wast pierced in Thy side, O my Maker, thence didst Thou accomplish Eve's refashioning, by becoming Adam in very truth; and awaking wondrously from lethargic sleep, Thou, as God Almighty, didst rouse
up our life from sleep and from corruption's grasp.

Katavasia

Thou hast shown Thy Theophany to us, O Christ, for the sake of Thy mercy; and Isaiah, rising early in the night, saw its endless light, and he cried aloud:

Lo, the dead shall arise again and they that sleep in tombs shall awake from slumber and all

that be in the earth shall be exceeding glad.

Heirmos

Ode 6

Taken captive, but not long held captive, Jonah lay in the monster's breast; for since he bare Thine image,
Who as man didst suffer and wast buried, out of the sea - Beast, as from bridal chambers fair, he sprang forth and cried out to the guards-men: Ye that observe nought but false things and vanities have forsaken hope and mercy for yourselves.

Glory to Thee, our God, glory to Thee.

Thou wast slaughtered, yet Thou wast not sundered from the flesh Thou didst share with us; broken though was Thy Temple in the season of Thy holy Passion, yet even so there was One Hypostasis of Thy flesh, O Word, and of Thy God-head; for in both Natures Thou art but a
single Son, very Word of God, both very God and man.

Glor-y to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Spir-it.

Mor-tal-slay-ing but not God-head-slay-ing Ad- am's trans-gres-sion proved to be; for though the clay-wrought es-sence

of Thy flesh was bowed be-neath great suf-frings, yet did Thy

God-head still dis-pas-sion-ate a-bide. And trans-form-ing un-to

in-corruption, man-kind's cor-rupt na-ture, Thou didst show

forth the source of life in-corrupt from Thine a-ris-ing a-gain.

Both now and ev-er, and un-to ag-es of ag-es. A-men.

King is Ha-des, but not king for ev-er, o-ver the
race of mortal kind; for when Thou hast been buried,

with Thy engendering hand, O Strong One, Thou brakest

sun-der the un-broken bars of death and to them that slept there

from all ages, O Savior, Thou didst proclaim true deliverance, for Thou wast become the First-born of the dead.

Katavasia

Taken captive, but not long held captive, Jonah lay

in the monster's breast; for since he bare Thine image,

Who as man didst suffer and wast buried, out of the sea-beast, as from bridal chambers fair, he sprang forth and cried out
to the guardsmen: Ye that observe nought but false things and

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vanities have forsaken hope and mercy for yourselves.

Ode 7

Marvel past telling! He that had once in a furnace saved the Three

Righteous Children from the flame is laid in a grave, dead without the

breath of life, for the salvation of us who sing these praises:

Blest art Thou, O our God and our Redeemer.

Glory to Thee, our God, glory to Thee.

Wounded is Hades, who hath received in his inmost heart Him Whose

side was wounded with a spear; and spent is his strength, withered in a

God-like fire, for the salvation of us who sing these praises:
Blest art Thou, O our God and our Redeemer.

Glory to Thee, our God, glory to Thee.

O grave most blessed! which on receiving within itself the Creator as a man asleep is proved a divine treasury of endless life for the salvation of us who sing these praises:

Blest art Thou, O our God and our Redeemer.

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

As is the custom with all the dead, lo, the Life of all now accepted placing in the grave, and showeth it forth as our Resurrection's source, for the salvation of us who sing these praises:
Blest art Thou, O our God and our Redeemer.

Both now and ever, and unto ages of ages. Amen.

One with the Father, and Holy Spirit, and sun-dered not, was Christ's Godhead, when within the grave, in Hades below, and in Eden's shining realm, for the salvation of us who sing these praises:

Blest art Thou, O our God and our Redeemer.

Katavasia

Marvel past telling! He that had once in a furnace saved the Three Righteous Children from the flame is laid in a grave, dead without the breath of life, for the salvation of us who sing these praises:

Blest art Thou, O our God and our Redeemer.
Tremble, O Heaven, horror-struck; and ye foundation-stones of the earth, quake ye with fear; for lo, among the dead is reckoned He that in the highest doth dwell, and now a small grave doth give Him lodging;

Ye holy children, bless Him; O ye priests, sing His praises; exalt Him, O ye people, to all the endless ages.

Glory to Thee, our God, glory to Thee.

Now is that spotless Temple felled, yet with Himself shall raise the felled tabernacle up; as second Adam come to save the first, He that doth dwell in the heights went even to the vaults of Hades.
Ye holy children, bless Him; O ye priests, sing His praises;
exalt Him, O ye people, to all the endless ages.

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

Gone the disciples’ bravery, now Joseph of Ramah doth outstrip all daring men; for, seeing as a dead and naked man God, Who doth rule over all, he asketh to bury Him, while crying:

Ye holy children, bless Him; O ye priests, sing His praises;
exalt Him, O ye people, to all the endless ages.

Both now and ever, and unto ages of ages. Amen.
Wonders like these were never seen! O goodness past belief! O long-suffering untold! Beneath the earth is He sealed willingly that in the highest doth dwell; and God is traduced as a deceiver.

Ye holy children, bless Him; O ye priests, sing His praises; exalt Him, O ye people, to all the endless ages.

Tremble, O Heaven, horror-struck; and ye foundation-stones of the earth, quake ye with fear; for lo, among the dead is reckoned He that in the highest doth dwell, and now a small grave doth give Him lodging;

Ye holy children, bless Him; O ye priests, sing His praises; exalt Him, O ye people, to all the endless ages.
Mourn not for Me, O My Moth-er, though be-hold-ing Me bur-ied, Whom
as thy Son thou didst con-ceive with-out seed in thy womb; for be-hold,
I shall rise and shall be glo-ri-fied, and with glo-ry un-end-ing, as
God I shall ex-alt all them that mag-ni-fy thee with faith and
fer-vent love.

Glo-ry to Thee, our God, glo-ry to Thee.

Hav-ing es-caped from all birth-pangs when so strange-ly I bare Thee,
past all na-ture bless-ed was I, my Son Be-gin-nings-less; but to
see Thee, my God, now dead, be-reft of breath, I am ter-ri-bly
pierced with the sword of bit-ter grief; but I pray Thee, a-rise

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Thou, that I be magnified.

Glo-ry to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Spir-it.

Earth hid-eth Me of Mine own will, O My sor-row-ing Moth-er;

yea, but Ha-des' gate-keep-ers quake with ter-ror to be-hold

that I am in this blood-ied robe of ven-geance clad;

for as God hav-ing smit-ten My foes up-on the Cross, I shall

rise a-gain straight-way, while mag-ni-fy-ing thee.

Both now and ev-er, and un-to ag-es of ag-es. A-men.

Let all cre-a-tion re-joice now; let the earth-born make mer-ry;

for de-stroyed is Ha-des our foe, and all his wealth de-spoiled;
let the women come forth to bring their myrrh to Me.

I redeem fallen Adam and Eve with all their race, and the third day hereafter I shall arise again.

Katavasia

Mourn not for Me, O My Mother, though behold ing Me buried, Whom as thy Son thou didst conceive without seed in thy womb; for behold,

I shall rise and shall be glorified, and with glory unending, as God I shall exalt all them that magnify thee with faith and fervent love.
The canon

Plagal Second Mode

Ode 1. Heirmos

He that once had hidden beneath the sea's waves
___ the pursuing tyrant king is now hid 'neath the earth by the

sons of those He rescued; but let ___ us, as once the maid-ens sang,

to the Lord lift up our song: With glory is He glorified.

Glory to Thee, our God, ____ glory to Thee.

Lord my God and Savior, a hymn for Thy fun-

- ral and dirges at Thy tomb shall I sing unto Thee, Who

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be-ing bur-ied_ hast o-pened un-to_ me the en- trance in-
to life, and by death hast put to death both death _and_Ha-des ev-
-er-more._

G-lo-ry to the Fa- ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho-

ly Spir-it.

hose a- bove the Heav- -ens and un- der the earth,_

___ on per- ceiv-ing Thee at once __ on Thy throne in the heights and

in Thy grave 'midst _ the earth-born, quaked with dread, O Sav- ior, at Thy
death, dazed in mind when Thou wast seen a Corpse _and yet the Source

___ of ____ life._
Both now and ever, and unto ages of ages. Amen.

That Thou mightest fill up all things with Thy glory, O only Friend of man, into earth's lowest depths didst Thou descend, since mine essence, framed in Ad-am, was not hid from Thee; and entombed, Thou makest me, who am corrupt, anew.

Katavasia. A

He that once had hidden beneath the sea's waves

the pursuing tyrant king is now hid 'neath the earth by the sons of those He res-cued; but let us, as once the maidens sang,
Ode 3. Heirmos

[to the Lord lift up our song: With glory is He glorified.

Thee hang-ing up on that mount, _____

the Place of the Skull; and she was seized with awe-struck dread: There

is no Holy One, save for Thee, O Lord, she cried to Thee.

Glo-ry to Thee, our God, glory to Thee.

ig- ures of Thine en-tomb-ment didst Thou por-tray, while mul-

ti-

ply- ing vi-

sions; but now the things Thou hid-dest Thou tell- est plain-


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--ly as God and man even to those in Hades' gloom: There is no Holy One, save for Thee, O Lord, they cried to Thee.

Glo- ry to the Fa- ther, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spir- it.

pread-ing out Thy di- vine hands, the things that were sun-dered Thou hast u- nit- ed; and be- ing wrapped, O Sav- ior, in fin- est lin-

- en with- in the grave, Thou hast set loose them that were bound: There is no Holy One, save for Thee, O Lord, they cry to Thee.

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Both now and ever, and unto ages of ages. Amen.

Thou Whom nothing containeth wast willingly held by a tomb and sealed in, while making known Thy power in all Thou wrought-est with might divine, which hath appeared to them that sing: There is no Holy One, save for Thee, O Lord, Thou Friend of man.

Katavasia

Thou that hung-est the whole earth without support on the primeval waters: creation saw Thee hanging upon that mount, the Place of the Skull; and she was seized with awe-struck dread: There
is no Holy One, save for Thee, O Lord, she cried to Thee.
Then chant the following Kathisma in First Mode; Original melody: The soldiers standing guard. We only chant this Kathisma in Holy Saturday Orthros, and not in Midnight Office for Pascha.

\[\text{H\chi\rho\varsigma} \quad \text{L} \quad \text{K\epsilon}\]

The soldiers standing guard at Thy tomb, O my Savior, became as dead on seeing the lightning-like Angel who preached to the women of Thine arising, O Holy Lord. Thee we glorify, Who hast abolished corruption; Thee do we adore, Who from the grave hast arisen and Who alone art our God.

Glory: Both now. Repeat the same Kathisma above, then continue with Ode 4 of the Canon on the next page.

Alternate melody:

Continue with Ode 4 of the Canon on the next page.
Ode 4. Heirmos

W hen Ha- bak- kuk fore- saw Thee on the Cross stripped of
glo- ry di- vine, he cried out in a- maze- ment: The strength of
all the might- y ones Thou, Good Lord, hast crushed by Thy pre-
ence in Ha- des as the Al- might- y God.

G lo- ry to Thee, our God, gla- ry to Thee.

O- day Thou hal- low- est the sev- enth day, which of old
Thou hadst blest by rest- ing from Thy la- bors; for Thou dost gath-
er all the world and dost make it new keep- ing Sab- bath, my Sav-
ior, and gain- ing back Thine own.
Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit.

When, by the strength that nothing can subdue, Thou hadst conquered, O Word, Thy soul and flesh were parted; whereon, Thy soul did break apart all the heavy chains both of death and of Hades, by Thine exceeding might.

Both now and ever, and unto ages of ages. Amen.

Word, when Hades met Thee face to face, it bittered him sore as he beheld a mortal all pierced with
wounds, yet deified and supreme-ly strong; then in ru- in he
cried out a- gainst Thy dread- ed form.

Katavasia $\Delta t.$

When Ha- bak- kuk fore- saw Thee on the Cross stripped of
glo- ry di- vine, he cried out in a- maze-ment: The strength of
all the might- y ones Thou, Good Lord, hast crushed by Thy pres-
ence in Ha- des as the Al- might- y God.

Ode 5. Heirmos $\Delta t.$

hou hast shown Thy The- oph- a- ny to us, O Christ, for
the sake of Thy mer- cy; and I- sa- iah, ris- ing ear- ly in
the night, saw its end- less light, and he cried a-loud; Lo, the
dead ______ shall arise ______ again and they that sleep in tombs shall ______ wake from slumber and all ______ that be in the earth ______ shall be exceeding glad.

G ______ glory to Thee, our God, ______ glory to Thee.

U ______ born of earth Thou makest new, Thyself become clay ______ born of earth Thou makest new, Thyself become clay like us, O our Maker; the fine ______ linen and Thy tomb both darkly tell of the mystery hidden with Thee, O Word; for the coun- ______ s'lor of honored name in this wise honor-eth Thy Beget- ______er's counsel, Who will- ______ eth to make me new through Thee in majesty.____
G ____________ (Δ) _______ (M) _______ (Δ) _______ (M) _______ (Δ)

Lo-ry to the Fa- ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho-
ly Spir-it.

T _______ (M) _______ (Δ) _______ (M) _______ (Δ) _______ (B) _______ (M)

Thy _ death doth change mor-tal-i- ty, and Thine en-
tomb-ment

Trans-form-eth _ corrup-tion; for with _ God-like might, the flesh Thou

Hast as-sumed dost Thou make im-
mor-tal and in-corrupt.

For, O Sov- _- _'reign Lord, to _ Thy flesh corrup-tion came not

Nigh; and Thy soul _ was nev-er for-sak-en in Ha-

des' vaults _ as some- thing strange to ____ Thee._

Both _now and ev-er, and un-to ag-es _ of ag-es. A-

Men.
Born of her no travail pierced through, when Thou wast pierced in Thy side, O my Maker, thence didst Thou accomplish Eve’s refashioning, by becoming Adam in very truth; and awakening wonderfully from life-creating sleep, Thou, as God Almighty, didst rouse up our life from sleep and from corruption’s grasp.

Katavasia

Hast shown Thy Theophany to us, O Christ, for the sake of Thy mercy; and Isaiah, rising early in the night, saw its endless light, and he cried aloud; Lo, the
dead shall arise again and they that sleep in tombs shall awake from slumber and all that be in the earth shall be exceeding glad.

Ode 6. Heirmos

Tak-en captive, but not long held captive, Jonah lay in the monster's breast; for since he bare Thine image, Who as man didst suffer and wast buried, out of the sea-Beast, as from bridal-chambers fair, he sprang forth and cried out to the guards-men: Ye that observe nought but false things and vanities have forsaken hope and mercy for yourselves.
Glo-ry to Thee, our God, glo-ry to Thee.

Though slaugh-tered, yet Thou wast not sun-dered from the flesh _ Thou didst share with us;           bro- ken though was _ Thy Tem-ple in the sea-son of Thy ho-ly Pas-sion, yet e-ven so ______ there was One Hy- pos-ta-sis of Thy flesh, O Word, and of _____ Thy God-head; for in both Na-tures Thou art but a sin-gle Son, ver- y Word of God, both ver- y God and __________ man.

Glo-ry to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Spir-it.
Mortal-slaying but not God-head-slaying Adam’s transgression proved to be; for though the clay-wrought essence of Thy flesh was bowed beneath great sufferings, yet did Thy God-head still dispassionate abide. And transforming unto incorruption, mankind’s corrupt nature, Thou didst show forth the source of life incorrupt from Thine arising again.

Both now and ever, and unto ages of ages. Amen.

King is Hades, but not king for ever, o-ver
the race of mortal-kind; for when Thou hadst been buried, with

Thy life-enduring hand, O Strong One, Thou brake'st 'sunder the unbroken bars of death and to them that slept there

from all ages, O Saviour Thou didst proclaim true deliverance, for Thou wast become the First-born of the dead.

Katavasia Δt.

Taken captive, but not long held captive, Jonah lay in the monster's breast; for since he bare Thine image, Who

as man didst suffer and wast buried, out of the sea-

Beast, as from brid'al-chambers fair, he sprang forth and cried out
to the guards-men: Ye that ob-serve nought but false things and van-ities have for-saken hope and mer-cy for your-selves.

Ode 7. Heirmos

M ar-vel past tell-ing! He that had once in a fur-nace saved the Three Right-eous Children from the flame is laid in a grave, dead with-out the breath of life, for the sal-

va-tion of us who sing these prais-es: Blest art Thou, O our God and our Redeem-er.

G lo-ry to Thee, our God, glo-ry to Thee.
Wounded is Hades, who hath received in his inmost heart Him Whose side was wounded with a spear; and spent is his strength, withered in a God-like fire, for the salvation of us who sing these praises: Blest art Thou, O our God and our Redeemer.

Glory to Thee, our God, glory to Thee.

Grave most blessed! which on receiving within itself the Creator as a man asleep is proved a divine treasure of endless life for the salvation of us who sing these praises: Blest art Thou, O our God
and our _ Re-deem-er.

G lo- ry to the Fa- ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho- ly Spir- it.

A s is the cus- tom with all the dead, lo,

the Life of all now ac- cept- eth plac-ing in the grave, and

show-eth it forth as our Re- sur- rec-tion's source, for the sal- va-

tion of us who sing _ these prais-es: Blest art Thou, O our God

and our _ Re-deem-er.

B oth now and ev- er, and un- to ag- es of ag- es. A-

men.
One with the Father, and Holy Spirit, it,

and الشعرة not, was Christ's Godhead, when with-in the grave,

in Hades below, and in Eden's shin-ing realm, for the sal-

va-tion of us who sing these prais-es: Blest art Thou, O our

God and our Redeemer.

Katavasia ἄν.

Marvel past tell-ing! He that had once in

a furnace saved the Three Righteous Children from the flame

is laid in a grave, dead without the breath of life, for the sal-

va-tion of us who sing these prais-es: Blest art Thou, O our
God and our Redeemer.

Ode 8. Heirmos

rem-ble, O Heav-en, hor-ror-struck; and ye foun-
dation-
stones of the earth, quake ye with fear; for lo, a-
mong the dead is reckoned He that in the high-
est doth dwell, and now a small grave doth give Him lodg-ing; Ye ho-
ly chi-
dren, bless Him; O ye priests, sing His prais-es; ex-
alt Him, O ye peo-
ple, to all the end-
less ages.

Glo-ry to Thee, our God, glo-
ry to Thee.

Now is that spot-
less Tem-ple felled, yet with Him-
self shall
raise the felled tabernacle up; as second Adam come to save
the first, He that doth dwell in the heights went down even to the vaults
of Hades. Ye holy children, bless Him; O ye priests, sing His praises; exalt Him, O ye people, to all the endless ages.

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

Gone the disciples' bravery, now Joseph of Ramah
doeth outstrip all daring men; for, seeing as a dead and naked man God, Who doth rule over all, he asketh to bury Him, while
cry-ing: Ye holy children, bless Him; O ye priests, sing His praises; ex-alt Him, O ye people, to all the endless ages.

Both now and ever, and unto ages of ages. Amen.

Wonders like these were never seen! O goodness past belief!

O long-suffering un-told! Beneath the earth is He sealed willingly that in the highest doth dwell; and God is tra-duced as a deceiv-er. Ye holy children, bless Him; O ye priests, sing His praises; ex-alt Him, O ye peo-ple, to all the end-less
Katavasia

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Ode 9. Heirmos

Mourn not for Me, O My Moth-er, though be- hold-ing Me bur-
ied, Whom as thy Son thou didst con- ceive with- out seed in thy womb;

for be- hold, I shall rise and shall be glo- ri-fied, and with
glo- ry un- end- - ing, as God I shall ex- alt all them that
mag- ni- fy thee with faith and fer- vent love.

Glo- ry to Thee, our God, glo- ry to Thee.

Hav- ing es- caped from all birth- pangs when so strange-ly I
bare Thee, past all na- ture bless- ed was I, my Son Be- gin-ning-
less; but to see Thee, my God, now dead, be- reft of breath,

I am ter- ri- bly pierced with the sword of bit- ter grief; but I
pray Thee, arise Thou, that I be magnified.

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

earth hideth Me of Mine own will, O My sorrowing Mother; yea, but Hades' gate-keepers quake with terror to behold that I am in this blood-ied robe of vengeance clad;

for as God having smitten My foes upon the Cross, I shall rise again straight-way, while magnifying thee.

Both now and ever and unto ages of ages. Amen.

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et all cre-a-tion re-joice now; let the earth-born make
mer-ry; for de-stroyed is Ha-des our foe, and all his wealth des-
poiled; let the wom-
- en come forth to bring their myrrh to Me.
I re-
dee
l am and Eve with all their race, and
the third day here-
- ter I shall a-
- gain.

Katavasia

Mourn not for Me, O My Moth-
er, though be-
hold-ing Me bur-
ied, Whom as thy Son thou didst con-
ceive without seed in thy womb;
for be-
hold, I shall rise and shall be glo-
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glo- ry un- end- - ing, as God I shall ex- alt all them that
mag- ni- fy thee with faith and fer- vent love.