Holy Week
Great & Holy Saturday Matins
(Lamentation Service served on Holy Friday Evening)

Byzantine Chant Tone 5
Plagal First Mode

Lamentations
First Stasis

Chadi Karam

1

E: In a grave they laid Thee, O my Life_ and my Christ;
A: Ya ya-so-o\l\ hay-aat, fee-qab-rin_ woo-de'-ta,

and the armies of the Angels were sore amazed,
fal-jono-dos sama-weet ya- to ndha-ha-lat,

as they sang the praise of Thy submissive love.
kol-lo-haa wa maj-ja-dat ta-naa-zo-lak.

2

How, O Life, canst Thou die? Or abide in a grave?

For Thou dost destroy the kingdom of death, O Lord,

and Thou rais-est up the dead of Hades' realm.

3

Now we magnify Thee, O Lord Jesus, our King;

and we ven-er-ate Thy Passion and Burial,

where-by from corruption we have been re-deemed.
Thou Who didst establish the earth's bounds dost now dwell in a little grave, O Jesus, Thou King of all,

Who dost call the dead to leave their graves and rise.

O my dear Christ Jesus, King and Ruler of all,

why to them that dwelt in Hades didst Thou descend?

Was it not to set the race of mortals free?

Lo, the Sovereign Ruler of creation is dead and is buried in a tomb—never used before,

He that emptied all the graves of all their dead.
O my sweet Lord Jesus, my Salvation, my Light:

How art Thou now hid within a dark sepulchre?

O long-suffering surpassing human speech!

Unto all creation wast Thou made known, O Christ,
as the true King of the firmament and the earth,
even though Thou wast enclosed in a small grave.

Thou, my Life, O Savior, from corruption didst rise,
when, on dy ing, Thou hadst gone down amidst the dead
and didst shatter the strong bolts of Hades' hold.
Thou, O Christ, wast buried in a tomb newly made,
thus renewing the whole nature of mortal men,
by arising from the dead with pow'r divine.

O my Life, Christ Savior, having tasted of death,
Thou hast freed all mortal men from the bonds of death.
Wherefore, now Thou grantest life unto our race.

Thou didst will, O Jesus, as a mortal to die
and descend beneath the earth and to lead again
from the earth to Heaven those who fell therefrom.
I adore Thy Passion, Thine entombment I praise,
and I magnify Thy might, O Thou Friend of man;
from corruptive passions have they set me free.

Gone the Light the world knew! Gone the Light that was mine!
O my Jesus, my Beloved and Desired One!
So the Virgin spake, lamenting in her grief.

Who will give me water and the wellspring of tears?
So the Virgin wed to God cried with loud lament,
that for my sweet Jesus I may rightly mourn.
Glory to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit.

Word of God, we hymn Thee. God of all things art Thou,
with Thy Father and Thy Spirit Most Holy praised;

and we glorify Thy burial divine.

All we call thee blessed, Theotokos most pure,
and with faithful hearts we honor the burial
suffered three days by thy Son Who is our God.

In a grave they laid Thee, O my Life and my Christ;
and the armies of the Angels were sore amazed,
as they sang the praise of Thy submissive love.