E: Ev'ry generation chanteth hymns of praise at Thy burial, O Christ God.

A: Kaa-mi-lo-l aj-ya-li, tu-qar-ri-but tas-be-ha, li-

-daf-ni-ka ya Ma-see-hee.

The A-rim-a-thi-an, took Thee from the Cross and he laid Thee in a new grave.

Wom-en bringing spic-es, came with lov-ing fore-thought, Thy due of myrrh to give Thee.
Come, all things created, let us sing a dirge hymn to honor our Creator.

With myrrh and true knowledge, let us, like the women, anoint as dead the Living.

O thrice-blessed Joseph, bury now the Body of Christ the Life bestower.

Those He fed with manna lifted heals of spurning against their Benefactor.

O theutter folly, brimming with Christ’s murder, of them that slew the Prophets!
Taught the inner mysteries, he, the mindless servant, betrayed the Depth of Wisdom.

He that sold his Savior, sold himself as captive, that crafty traitor, Judas.

In the crooked pathways, of the lawless snares, and countless traps lay hidden.

Helped by Nicolas, Joseph now entombed the Body of his Maker.

O Word, the all-pure Virgin saw Thee dead and laid out and sang a mother's dirges.
O my most sweet Spring-time! O my Son beloved, whether doth fade Thy beauty?

Songs of lamentation, poured from Thy pure Mother, when Thou, O Word, wast slaughtered.

Women to anoint Him with their myrrh, are come now to Christ, Who is Divine Myrrh.

By Thy death, O Lord God, death itself hast Thou slain by Thy divine dominion.

Deceived is the deceiver; deceived man is now ransomed, my God, through Thy great wisdom.
Joseph and the blessed disciple Nicolas, tend the life-giving Body.

Cries of woe the Maiden wailed with fervent weeping; for now her heart was pierced through.

Light more dear than seeing, O, my most sweet Child, how doth a tomb now hide Thee?

Lament not, O my Mother, I endure the Passion to set free Eve and Adam.

O my Son, I praise Thee for Thy great compassion, which moved Thee thus to suffer.
Lo, myrrh-bearing women to Thy tomb, O Savior, are come, their myrrh to offer.

Rise, O Lord of Mercy, raising us also who languish deep in Hades.

Rise, O Life-bestower, cried out she that bare Thee, even Thy weeping Mother.

Haste, O Word, to rise now and release from sorrow the spotless Maid that bare Thee.

To them that laud Thy Passion with fear and love, O Savior, grant them their sins' forgiveness.

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Antiochian Orthodox Christian Archdiocese of North America, Rev. 0, 3/27/2020, CAH
O sight most strange and awesome! How doth earth conceal Thee, O Word of God and Saviour.

(Repeat #31 & #32 as necessary while the priest sprinkles with rose water. When finished, continue with #33.)

E: Myrrh the women sprinkled bearing stores of spices, to grace Thy tomb ere dawning.

A: Hameloot teebe, ji'na sobhan qa brak, yad-foq-na faw qa-hoot teeb.

Grant unto Thy Church peace, by Thy Resurrection, and to Thy flock salvation.
Chanter/Choir: Glory to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit.

O Thou Tri-une God-head, Father, Son, and Spirit, upon Thy world have mercy.

Chanter/Choir: Both now and ever, and unto ages of ages. Amen.

Grant that we who serve thee may see the Resurrection of thy Son, O blest Virgin.

Ev'ry generation chanteth hymns of praise at Thy burial, O Christ God.