

**HOLY FRIDAY
LAMENTATIONS**

(Modern English Version)

First Stasis

1. In a gra~ve they laid You, O my Li~fe and my Christ,
And the armies of the a~ngels were so amazed,
As they sang the praise of Your submissive love.
2. O my swee~t Lord Jesus, my Salva~tion, my Light,
How are You now by a gra~ve and its darkness hid?
How unspeakable the mystery of Your love.
3. Gone the Li~ght the world knew, gone the Li~ght that was mine,
O my Jesus who are a~ll of my heart's desire,
So the Virgin spoke lamenting at Your grave.
4. Who will gi~ve me water, for the tear~s I must weep?
So the maiden wed to Go~d, cried with loud lament,
That for my sweet Jesus I may rightly mourn.
5. All we ca~ll you Blessed, Theoto~kos most pure,
And with faithful hearts we ho~nour the burial,
Suffering with you the death of our Lord.
6. How O Li~fe can You die? In a gra~ve how can You dwell?
For the proud domain of dea~th You destro~y now,
And the dead of hades You make to rise.
7. O my dea~r Christ Jesus, King and Ru~ler of all,
Why to them that dwelt in ha~des did You descend?
Was it not to set the race of mortals free?
8. In a gra~ve they laid You, O my Lor~d and my Life,
Yet the Lord of death have Yo~u, by Your death, destroyed,
And the world of You does drink rich streams of life.
9. Now we ma~gnify You, O Lord Je~sus our King,
And we venerate Your pa~ssion and burial,
For therewith have You delivered us from death.
10. O most stran~ge of wonders! What new dee~ds we now see!
He Who gave me my life's brea~th, lies unbreathing now,
Borne to burial at noble Joseph's hands.
11. Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit.
I ado~re Your passion, Your ento~mbing I praise,
And I magnify Your mi~ght You dear friend of man,
From destroying passions have they set me free.

Second Stasis

1. Right is it indeed, Life bestowing Lord to magnif~y You,
For upon the cro~ss were Your hands outspread,
And the strength of our dread foe have You destroyed.
2. Right is it indeed, Maker of all things to magnif~y You,
For by Your dear pa~ssion have we attained,
Victory over the flesh and rescue from decay.
3. I am rent with grief, And my heart with woe is crushed & bro~ken,
As I see them sla~y You with doom unjust,
So bewailing Him His grieving Mother cried.
4. Ah these eyes so sweet, And Your lips O Word how shall I clo~se them?
How the dues of dea~th shall I pay to You?
So cried Joseph as he shook with Holy fear.
5. Dirges at the tomb, Blessed Joseph sings with Nicode~mus,
Bringing praise to Chri~st Who by man was slain,
And in song with them are joined the Seraphim.
6. Earth with trembling shook, And the Sun concealed its face with dar~kness,
For the Light unwa~ning that shines from You,
With Your body sank to darkness and the grave.
7. O my Son behold, Your well loved disciple and Your Mo~ther,
And Your voice so swee~t let us hear again,
So with plenteous tears His Maiden Mother cried.
8. O my Light and Life, Why in a grave they have lai~d You?
Your Maiden Mother shou~ted with tears of grief,
Rise O my sweet Son as You did say to us.
9. Hades that dread foe, Shook with terror when it looked upo~n You.
O Son of Glo~ry that cannot die,
And its captives then it yielded up in haste.
10. Seeing You on high, never separated from the Fa~ther,
Yet below on Ear~th laid out as a corpse,
The dread Seraphim, my Saviour, shake with fear.
11. Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit.
O Eternal God, Begotten not made and Spi~rit,
Magnify Your mi~ght to the mortal men,
Blessing us with peace and freedom evermore.

Third Stasis

1. Every genera~tion, to Your grave comes bri~nging,
Dear Christ its dir~ge of praises.
2. From the cross he brou~ght You, that Arimathe~an,
And in a gra~ve he laid You.
3. Women bringing spi~ces, came with loving fore~thought.
Your due of Myrr~h to give You.
4. Joseph is ento~mbing, helped by Nicode~mus,
The Body o~f His maker.
5. O blessed Jo~seph, lay away the Bo~dy,
Of Jesus Chri~st our Lord.
6. Oh what ignora~nce! The killing of the Saviour,
By the killer~s of prophets.
7. Ah my precious Spri~ngtime, Ah my Son belo~ved,
Ah wither fa~des Your beauty.
8. Son of God Almi~ghty, O my God and Ma~ker,
How's it Your wi~ll to suffer?
9. When she saw her you~ngling, On the Cross suspe~nded,
The Heifer wai~led with grieving.
10. Cries of woe the Mai~den, wailed with fervent wee~ping,
For grief her hea~rt was piercing.
11. Light more dear than see~ing, O my Son most pre~cious,
How in a gra~ve do You hide?
12. O my Son I prai~se You, for Your great compa~ssion,
Which moved You thu~s to suffer.
13. Hasten, Word Your ri~sing, and release from so~rrow,
The spotless Mai~d who bore You.
14. Come, all things crea~ted, Let us sing a dir~ge hymn,
To honour ou~r Creator.
15. Those He fed with ma~nna, Lifted heels of spur~ning,
Against their Be~nefactor.
16. Him as dead though li~ving, Let us, like the wo~men,
In love anoi~nt with spices.
17. Myrrh the women spri~nkled, store of spices bri~nging,
To grace Your To~mb at dawning. (Repeated)
18. Merciful Lord ri~se, and raise us wi~th You,
From the fire~s of Hades.
19. Glory to the Father, and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit.
Peace Your Church to pro~sper, to Your people salva~tion,
Be given throu~gh Your rising.