

O my sweet Lord Je-sus
 - - - - -
 My sal - va - tion my light
 - - - - -
 How art Thou now by a grave and its dark-ness hid
 - - - - -
 How un-speak-a-ble the mys-try of Thy Love.
 - - - - -

Gone the light the world knew
 - - - - -
 Gone the light that was mine
 - - - - -
 O my Je-sus Thou art all my hearts de-sire
 - - - - -
 So the Vir-gin spake la-ment-ing at Thy grave.
 - - - - -

Who will give me wa-ter
 - - - - -
 For the tears I must weep
 - - - - -
 So the maid-den wed to God cried with loud la-ment
 - - - - -
 That for my sweet Je-sus I may right-ly mourn.
 - - - - -

All we call Thee bless-ed
 - - - - -
 The - o - to - kos most pure
 - - - - -
 And the faith-ful hearts we ho -nour the bur-i-al
 - - - - -
 Suf - fered three days by Thy Son who is our God.
 - - - - -
 How O Life cans't Thou die
 - - - - -
 In a grave how cans't dwell
 - - - - -
 For the proud do-main of death Thou des-troy'est now
 - - - - -
 And the dead of Ha-des mak-est Thou to rise.
 - - - - -

Now we mag-ni-fy Thee
 - - - - -
 O Lord Je - sus our King
 - - - - -
 And we ven-er-ate Thy pas - sion and bur-i-al
 - - - - -
 For there-with hast Thou de-liv-ered us from death.
 - - - - -

O my dear Christ Je-sus
- - - - -
King and rul - er of all
- - - - -
Why to them that dwelt in Ha -des didst Thou des-cend
- - - - -
Was it not to set the race of mor-tals free.
- - - - -

In a grave they laid Thee
- - - - -
O my life and my Christ
- - - - -
Yet the Lord of death hast Thou by Thy death des-troyed
- - - - -
And the world of Thee doth drink rich streams of Life.
- - - - -

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 Fa-ther and Thy Spi - rit most ho-ly praised
- - - - -
And we glo-ri-fy Thy bur-i-al di-vine.
- - - - -

Both now and ever and unto ages of ages Amen.

O pure The-o-to-kos
- - - - -
We bless thee in faith
- - - - -
And we ho-nor the three day bur-i-al
- - - - -
Of thy on-ly Son who is our God. *Conclude Stasis 1 by repeating
the first stanza on 1st page.*
- - - - -

Lamentation (Stasis 2)

Second Part - Tone 5

51

Antiochian Tradition, Kazan

Right is it in deed
- - - - -
Ma-ker of all things to mag -ni - fy Thee
- - - - -
For by Thy dear pas - sion have we at-tained
- - - - -
Vic-try o'er the flesh and res-cue from de-cay.
- - - - -

I am rent with grief
- - - - -
And my heart with woe is crushed and bro - ken
- - - - -
As I see them slay Thee with doom un-just

- - - - -
So be-wail-ing Him His griev-ing Mo-ther cried.
- - - - -

Ah those eyes so sweet
- - - - -
And Thy lips O Word how shall I close them
- - - - -
How the dues of death shall I pay to Thee
- - - - -
So cried Jo-seph as he shook with Ho-ly fear.
- - - - -

Dir-ges at the tomb
- - - - -
Good-ly Jo-seph sings with Ni-co- de - mus
- - - - -
Bring-ing praise to Christ who by men was slain
- - - - -
And in song with them are joined the Ser-a-phim.
- - - - -

O my Son be - hold
- - - - -
The well loved de-ci-ple and Thy Mo - ther
- - - - -
And Thy voice so sweet let us hear a-gain
- - - - -
So with plen-tous tears His maid-en Mo-ther cried.
- - - - -

Beau-ty word of God
- - - - -
Nor yet charm was Thine when Thou didst suf - fer
- - - - -
But Thy ri-sen glo - ry its light poured down
- - - - -
Shed-ing beau-ty on all man with rays di-vine.
- - - - -

Trem-bling when He saw
- - - - -
Thee, my Christ, Thou Light that blind-est see - ing
- - - - -
In a grave con-cealed and Thy breath-ing stilled
- - - - -
With a veil of dark the sun con-cealed his face.
- - - - -

Wail-ling bit - ter tears
- - - - -
Word of God Thy spot -less Mo-ther mourned Thee
- - - - -
When she saw that Thou in a grave wast laid
- - - - -
O in-ef-fa-ble and ev-er-last-ing God.
- - - - -

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

O E - ter - nal God
 - - - - -
 Word co-un-or-ig-in-ate and Spir - it.
 - - - - -
 Mag-ni-fy the might of A-mer-i-ca
 - - - - -
 Bless-ing us with peace and free-dom ev-er-more.
 - - - - -

Both now and ever and unto ages of ages Amen.

Life was born of Thee
 - - - - -
 O most blame-less and most Ho-ly Vir - gin
 - - - - -
 Keep the Church from ev - 'ry dis-sen-tion free
 - - - - -
 Bless-ing us with peace and free-dom ev-er-more.
 - - - - -

Repeat the first stanza, "Right is it indeed, . . ."

Lamentation (Stasis 3)

Third Part - Tone 3

54

Antiochian Tradition, Kazan

From the Cross he brought Thee
 - - - - -
 That Ar - im - ma - the - an
 - - - - -
 And in the grave he laid Thee
 - - - - -

Wo-men bring-ing spic - es
 - - - - -
 Came with lov-ing fore - thought
 - - - - -
 Thy due of myrrh to give Thee
 - - - - -

Jo-seph is en tomb - ing
 - - - - -
 Helped by Ni-co-dem - us.
 - - - - -
 The bod-y of his ma - ker
 - - - - -

Ah my pre-cious spring - time
 - - - - -
 Ah my Son be - lov - ed
 - - - - -
 Ah whith-er fades Thy beau- ty.
 - - - - -

Son of God al - might-y
 - - - - -
 O my Son and mak - ker
 - - - - -
 Whence came Thy will to suf - fer.

- - - - -
When she saw her young - ling
- - - - -
On the Cross sus - pen - ded
- - - - -
The hei - fer wailed with griev - ing.
- - - - -
Cries of woe the maid - en
- - - - -
Wailed with fer - vent weep - ing
- - - - -
For grief her heart was pierce - ing.
- - - - -

Light more dear than see - ing
- - - - -
O my Son most prec - ious
- - - - -
How in a grave dost hide Thee.
- - - - -

O my Son I praise Thee
- - - - -
For Thy great com - pass - ion
- - - - -
Which moved Thee to suf - fer
- - - - -

Hast-en word Thy ris - ing
- - - - -
And re-lease from sor - row
- - - - -
The spot-less Maid that bare Thee
- - - - -

(The following stanza is repeated over and over until the Priest sprinkles the entire Church)

Myrrh the wo-men sprink - led
- - - - -
Store of spi-ces bring - ing
- - - - -
To grace Thy tomb ere dawn-ing.
- - - - -

Grant Thy Church peace
- - - - -
And Thy flock sal - va - tion
- - - - -
By Thy Re - sur - rec - tion.
- - - - -

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

O Thou Tri-une God - head
- - - - -
Fa-ther Son and Spir - it
- - - - -

Up-on the world have mer - cy

- - - - -

Both now and ever and unto ages of ages Amen.

O pure The-o-to - kos

- - - - -

Make us to be - hold

- - - - -

The Re-sur-rec - tion of Thy Son.

- - - - -

Every gen-er - a - tion

- - - - -

To the grave comes bring - ing

- - - - -

To grace Thy tomb ere dawn - ing

- - - - -

Then proceed to Little Ektenia as on page 56.

[Saved on Fr. Joseph's Computer as C:\\Desktop\\Documents\\My Files\\Holy Week\\Holy_Friday
- Lamentations Lyrics].