

LAMENTATIONS

Orthodox Chants of Holy Week

Recorded by Archangel Voices (2009)

Dr. Vladimir Morosan, Artistic Director

1) **Alleluia... Behold the Bridegroom**
Kievan Chant. arr. Anonymous 18th-c. harm.

2) **Alleluia... Behold the Bridegroom "**
Byzantine Chant

3) **Alleluia... Behold the Bridegroom "**
Kievan Chant, arr. N. Rimsky-Korsakov

Alleluia. Alleluia. Alleluia.

Behold, the Bridegroom comes at midnight, and blessed is the servant whom He shall find watching, but unworthy is the servant whom He shall find heedless. Beware, therefore, O my soul, do not be weighted down with sleep, lest you be given up to death, and be shut out of the Kingdom. But rouse yourself crying: "Holy, Holy, Holy art Thou, O God! Through the Theotokos, have mercy on us."

4) **Exapostearion: "Thy Bridal Chamber"**
Byzantine Chant, arr. A. Khalil

Thy bridal chamber I behold, adorned O my Savior. But I have no wedding garment that I may enter. Make radiant the vesture of my soul O Giver of Light and save me.

5) **Come, O Faithful**
Lesser Znamenny Chant, arr. Klimov/Lebedev

Come, O faithful, let us enjoy the Master's hospitality: the banquet of immortality, in the upper chamber with uplifted minds. Let us receive the exalted words of the Word whom we magnify.

6) **Antiphon XV, Holy Friday Matins**
Dcn. Sergius Trubachov

Today He who hung the earth upon the waters is hung upon a tree. He who is King of the Angels is arrayed in a crown of thorns. He who wraps the heavens in clouds is wrapped in the purple of mockery. He who freed Adam in the Jordan receives a blow on the face. The Bridegroom of the Church is affixed to the cross with nails. The Son of the Virgin is pierced by a spear. We worship Your passion, O Christ. We worship Your passion, O Christ. We worship Your passion, O Christ. Show us also Your glorious Resurrection.

7) **Kontakion "Come, Let Us All Sing"**
Common Russian Chant, arr. A. Kastalsky

Come let us all sing the praises of Him who was crucified for us. For Mary said when she beheld Him upon the Tree: "Though You endure the cross, You are my Son and my God."

Ikos

Beholding her own Lamb led to the slaughter, Mary, the Ewe-lamb, followed with the other women, in distress and crying out: "Where do You go, my Child? Why do You run so swift a course? Surely there is not another wedding in Cana to which You now hasten to change water into wine? Shall I come with You, my Child, or shall I wait for You? Give me a word, for You are the Word. Do not pass me by in silence, You who kept me pure for, You are my Son and my God."

8) **The Wise Thief (chant version)**
Maia Aprahamian

9) **The Wise Thief (choral version)**
Maia Aprahamian

10) **The Wise Thief**
Alexander Kastalsky

The wise thief didst Thou make worthy of paradise in a single moment, O Lord. By the wood of Thy cross illumine me as well, and save me.

Thy Holy Resurrection, crying: 'O Lord, Glory to Thee!'"

11) Holy Friday Aposticha

Optina Monastery Melody (Automelon)

Joseph of Arimathea took Thee down from the Tree, the Life of all, cold in death. Bathing Thee with sweet and costly myrrh, he gently covered Thee with finest linen and with sorrow and tender love in his heart he embraced Thy most pure body. Trembling at this awesome sight he cried out to Thee, O Christ: "Glory to Thy condescension, O Lover of man!"

When Thou, the Redeemer of all, wast placed in a tomb, all Hell's powers quaked in fear. Its bars were broken; its gates were smashed! Its mighty reign was brought to an end, for the dead came forth alive from their tombs, casting off the bonds of their captivity. Adam was filled with joy! He gratefully cried out to Thee, O Christ: "Glory to Thy condescension, O Lover of man!"

In the flesh Thou wast willingly enclosed in the tomb, Who art boundless and infinite in Thy divinity. Thou didst close the chambers of death, O Christ. Thou hast emptied all the palaces of Hell. Thou hast honored this Sabbath with Thy blessing, glory, and honor.

12) Holy Friday Aposticha, Doxastichon

Doxastichon-Pskov Melody, arr. H. Benigsen

Joseph together with Nicodemus took Thee down from the Tree, who clothest Thyself with light as with a garment. He gazed on Thy Body, dead, naked and unburied, and in grief and tender compassion he lamented: "Woe is me, my sweetest Jesus! A short while ago, the sun beheld Thee hanging on the Cross and it hid itself in darkness. The earth quaked in fear at the sight. The veil of the temple was torn in two. Lo, now I see Thee willingly submit to death for our sake. How shall I bury Thee, O my God? How can I wrap Thee in a shroud? How can I touch Thy most pure body with my hands? What songs can I sing for Thy exodus, O compassionate one? I magnify Thy Passion. I glorify Thy Burial and

13) The Noble Joseph; When Thou Didst Descend; The Angel Came

Byzantine Chant (Modern Greek harmonization)

The noble Joseph, when he had taken down Thy most pure body from the Tree, wrapped it in fine linen and anointed it with spices and placed it in a new tomb.

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

When Thou didst descend to death, O Life Immortal, Thou didst slay Hell with the splendor of Thy Godhead. And when from the depths Thou didst raise the dead, all the powers of Heaven cried out: "O Giver of Life, Christ our God, glory to Thee!"

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

The angel came to the myrrh-bearing women at the tomb and said: "Myrrh is fitting for the dead, but Christ has shown Himself a stranger to corruption."

14) Lamentations, Stasis 1

S. Zaitsev; Byzantine (arr. D. Hristov; Romanian)

Blessed art You, O Lord! Teach me Your statutes.

Blessed are the blameless in the way who walk in the law of the Lord.

In a tomb they laid You, O Christ the Life. The angelic hosts were overcome with awe and glorified Your condescension.

Blessed are those who search out his testimonies; they shall search for Him with their whole heart.

O Life, how can You die? How can You dwell in a tomb? Yet by Your death You have destroyed the reign of death and raised all the dead from Hell.

For those who work lawlessness have not walked in His ways.

We magnify You, O Jesus our King. We worship Your Passion and Your burial, for, by them, You have saved us from death.

You commanded us regarding Your commandments, that we should be very diligent to keep them.

Jesus, Lord, King of all, You laid down the bounds of earth, yet today You dwell in a narrow tomb, as you raise the dead of ages from their graves.

Would that my ways were led, that I might keep your ordinances.

O my Lord, Jesus Christ, sovereign Ruler, King of all, seeking whom have You come down to those in Hell? Was it not to free the mortal race of man?

Then I would not be ashamed when I regard all Your commandments.

Lo, the Master of all now is seen lying dead, and the Mighty One, who emptied all the graves, is now laid to rest within a new tomb.

The law of Your mouth is good for me, rather than thousands of pieces of gold and silver.

Of Your own will, O Word, You lay dead in the tomb, yet You live, O Savior, Lord, and as You foretold, by Your rising You shall raise up mortal man.

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

Now we sing Your praise, O Word, as the Lord God of all, with the Father and Your most Holy Spirit, Lord, and we glorify Your burial divine.

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

Now we call you blessed, all-pure Theotokos, and in faith we hold in honor and venerate the three-day entombment of your Son, our God.

In a tomb they laid You, You, O Christ, who are Life, and the armies of the angels are filled with awe as they glorify Your condescension, Lord.

Right it is indeed that we magnify You, O Life-giving Lord, for upon the cross You stretched out Your most pure arms, as You crushed the strength and power of the Foe.

Your hands made and fashioned me; instruct me, and I will learn Your commandments.

Right it is indeed that we magnify You, Maker of all things, from corruption You have freed us by Your suffering, and Your Passion grants dispassion to our souls.

Those who fear You will see me and be glad, because I hope in Your words.

Earth shook and quaked in fear, and the sun refused to shine, O Savior, as they saw the sight of You, the never-setting Light, in Your body sinking down into the tomb.

I know, O Lord, Your judgments are righteousness, and You humbled me with truth.

Sleeping in the tomb with a life-creating sleep, O Christ God, You have wakened from the heavy slumber of sin all the race of man that sin had held enslaved.

Let Your mercy be for my comfort, according to Your teaching to Your servant.

“I alone, my Child, of all women, gave You birth without pain, now the grief and pain are more than I can endure, at Your suffering,” the most pure Virgin cried.

Let Your compassions come to me, and I shall live; for Your law is my meditation.

Seeing You, O Lord, lying dead and lifeless in the earth below, yet not separated from the Father on high caused the Seraphim to quake in awe and fear.

Let the arrogant be shamed, for they transgressed unjustly against me: but I shall meditate on Your commandments.

As You are crucified, the Temple veil is torn apart in two, and the lights of heaven hide themselves, as You, the Sun, are hidden underneath the earth.

Let those who fear You turn to me, and those who know Your testimonies.

By Your will alone, You set the earth revolving on its course; now, as a mortal man, You sink beneath the earth. Let heaven shake and tremble at this sight.

15) Lamentations, Stasis 2

Byzantine (Antiochian; Romanian); Serbian; Zaitsev

Let my heart be blameless in Your ordinances, that I may not be disappointed.

Down beneath the earth You have gone, O Fashioner of man, so that by Your great and mighty power, You would raise the fallen human race, O Lord.

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

O God without beginning, eternal Word and Spirit, help Your people to prevail against the foe, as You are the Lover of Mankind.

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

O Virgin pure and undefiled, you gave birth to our Life: make the strife and scandals of the Church to cease; in your goodness, grant her peace.

It is right to magnify You, O Life-giving Lord. You have stretched out Your most pure arms upon the cross and broken the Enemy's power.

16) Lamentations, Stasis 3

Byzantine (Antiochian, Romanian; Greek)

Every generation offers Thee its hymn of praise at Thy burial, O Christ.

Look upon me and have mercy on me, according to the judgment of those who love Your name.

The Arimathean took Thee down from the tree and laid Thee in a tomb.

Direct my steps according to Your teaching and let no lawlessness rule over me.

The myrrh-bearing women, with foresight brought sweet spices and drew near to Thee, O Christ.

Ransom me from the slander of men, and I will keep Your commandments.

Come, all creation, sing a hymn to honor the Creator's Burial.

Make Your face shine upon Your servant and teach me Your ordinances.

Let us, with the myrrh-bearers, anoint as dead the Living One with the Myrrh of True Knowledge.

My eyes poured down streams of tears because they did not keep Your law.

O thrice blessed Joseph, bury now the body of Christ the Giver of Life.

Your testimonies are righteousness forever; give me understanding, and I shall live.

Joseph and Nicodemus bury the Creator with honors fitting for the dead.

I cry out to You; save me, and I shall keep Your testimonies.

The All-Pure Virgin wept with a mother's grief, O Word, when she saw You lying dead.

I long for Your salvation, O Lord, and Your law is my meditation.

The hosts of angels tremble at the strange and fearful sight of Your burial, O Maker of All.

My soul shall live and praise You, and Your judgments shall keep me.

Early in the morning the myrrh-bearing women came to You and sprinkled myrrh on Your tomb.

I went astray like a lost sheep; seek Your servant, for I have not forgotten Your commandments.

By Your resurrection grant peace to Your Church and salvation to Your people.

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

O God in Trinity, Father, Son, and Spirit, grant Your mercy to the world.

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

Grant us your servants to behold, O Virgin, the Resurrection of your Son.

17) Resurrectional Troparia (Evlogetaria)

Byzantine Chant, from Petros Peloponnesios

Blessed art Thou, O Lord, teach me Thy statutes.

The assembly of angels was amazed to see Thee accounted among the dead, Thou who hadst destroyed the might of death, O Savior, and didst raise up Adam with Thyself, and Who hadst freed all men from Hades.

Blessed art Thou, O Lord, teach me Thy statutes.

“Why do ye mingle myrrh with tears of compassion, O ye woman disciples?” the radiant angel in the tomb addressed the

myrrh-bearing women. "Behold the grave and exult, for the Savior hath arisen from the sepulcher."

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

We worship the Father, and His Son, and the Holy Spirit, the Holy Trinity, one in essence; and we cry out with the Seraphim: "Holy, Holy, Holy art Thou, O Lord!"

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

By giving birth to the Giver of Life, O Virgin, thou didst rescue Adam from sin, and thou didst grant Eve joy instead of sorrow; for the God and Man Who was incarnate of thee guided back to life them that had fallen away there-from.

Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia. Glory to Thee, O God. (3x)

18) Canon of Holy Saturday, Ode 1

Lesser Znamenny Chant

Of old Thou didst bury the pursuing tyrant beneath the waves of the sea. Now the children of those who were saved bury Thee beneath the earth. But like the maidens, let us sing to the Lord, for gloriously has He been glorified.

Glory to Thee, our God, glory to Thee.

Unto Thee I sing a hymn for the departed and a song of burial, O Lord my God, who by Thy burial hast opened for me the entrance to life and by Thy death hast put Death and Hell to death.

19) Canon of Holy Saturday, Ode 3

Lesser Znamenny Chant

Thou didst suspend the earth immovably upon the waters. Now creation beholds Thee suspended on Calvary. It quakes with great amazement and cries: "None is holy but Thee, O Lord!"

Glory to Thee, our God, glory to Thee.

Thou hast stretched out Thy hands, O Savior, and united what before had been divided; and by clothing Thyself in a winding sheet Thou hast saved even those held

captive by the tomb, who cry: "None is holy but Thee, O Lord!"

20) Canon of Holy Saturday, Ode 5

Lesser Znamenny Chant

Isaiah saw the never-setting light of Thy compassionate manifestation to us as God, O Christ. Rising early from the night he cried: "The dead shall arise. Those in the tombs shall awake. All those on earth shall greatly rejoice."

Glory to Thee, our God, glory to Thee.

Through death Thou dost transform what is mortal, and through burial Thou dost transform what is corruptible; for in a manner befitting God Thou dost make incorrupt and immortal the nature which Thou hast assumed, since Thy flesh did not see corruption, and in a wondrous manner Thy soul was not abandoned in hell.

21) Canon of Holy Saturday, Ode 8

Lesser Znamenny Chant

Be amazed, O heavens! Be shaken, O foundations of the earth! Behold, He that dwells in the highest is numbered among the dead and sheltered in a lowly tomb. Bless Him, O youths! Praise Him, O priests! O people, exalt Him above all forever!

Glory to Thee, our God, glory to Thee.

What new wonders! What great goodness! What ineffable forbearance! For He that dwells in the highest is willingly sealed beneath the earth, and God is slandered as a deceiver. Bless Him, O youths! Praise Him, O priests! O people, exalt Him above all forever!

22) Canon of Holy Saturday, Ode 9

Lesser Znamenny Chant

Do not lament me, O Mother, seeing me in the tomb, the Son conceived in the womb without seed, for I shall arise and be glorified with eternal glory as God. I shall exalt all who magnify you in faith and in love.

Glory to Thee, our God, glory to Thee.

I escaped sufferings and was blessed beyond nature at Thy strange birth, O Son, who art without beginning. But now, beholding Thee, my God, dead and without breath, I am sorely pierced by the sword of sorrow. But arise, that I may be magnified.

Glory to Thee, our God, glory to Thee.

By mine own will, the earth covers me, O Mother, but the gatekeepers of hell tremble at seeing me clothed in the blood-stained garments of vengeance; for when I have vanquished mine enemies on the cross, I shall arise as God and magnify you.

23) The Noble Joseph

The noble Joseph, when he had taken down Thy most pure body from the Tree, wrapped it in fine linen and anointed it with spices and placed it in a new tomb.

24) Come, Let Us Bless Joseph

Come, let us bless Joseph of eternal memory, who came by night to Pilate and begged for the Life of All: "Give me this Stranger, who has no place to lay His head. Give me this Stranger, whom an evil disciple betrayed to death. Give me this Stranger, whom His mother saw hanging upon the cross, and with a mother's sorrow cried weeping: 'Woe is me, O my child, light of my eyes and beloved of my bosom! For what Simeon foretold in the temple now has come to pass: a sword has pierced my heart; but change my grief to gladness by Thy resurrection.'" We worship Thy Passion, O Christ! We worship Thy Passion, O Christ! We worship Thy Passion, O Christ, and Thy holy resurrection!