He that once had hidden beneath the sea's waves the pursuing tyrant king is now hid 'neath the earth by the sons of those He rescued; but let us, as once the maidens sang, to the Lord lift up our song: With glory is Lord my God and Saviour, a hymn for Thy funeral and dirges at Thy tomb shall I sing unto Thee, Who being buried hast opened unto me the entrance into life, and by death hast put to death both death and Hades evermore. Those above the Heavens and under the earth, on perceiving Thee at once on Thy throne in the heights and in Thy grave 'midst.
the earth-born, quaked with dread, O Saviour, at Thy death, dazed in mind when Thou wast
seen a Corpse and yet the Source of life.
That Thou might-est fill up all things with Thy glo-ry, O only
Friend of man, into earth's low-est depths didst Thou des-cend, since
mine es-sence, framed in Ad-am, was not hid from Thee; and en-tombed, Thou mak-est
me, who am corrup-ted, new a-gain.

Ode Three

Thou that hung-est the whole earth with-out sup-port on the prim-ev-al
wa-ters: cre-a-tion saw Thee hang-ing up-on that mount, the
Place of the Skull; and she was seiz-ed with awe-struck dread: There is no Ho-ly
One, save for Thee, O Lord, she cried to Thee.
Figures of Thine entombment didst Thou portray while multiplying visions; but now the things Thou hiddest Thou tell'st plainly as God and man even to those in Hades' gloom: There is no Holy One, save for Thee, O Lord, they cried to Thee.

Spreading out Thy divine hands, the things that were sundered Thou hast united; and being wrapped, O Saviour, in finest linen within the grave, Thou hast set loose them that were bound: There is no Holy One, save for Thee, O Lord, they cry to Thee.

Thou Whom nothing containeth wast willingly held by a tomb and sealed in, while making known Thy power in all Thou wroughtest.
with might di-vine which hath ap-peared to them that sing: There is no Ho-ly
One, save for Thee, O Lord, Thou Friend of man.

ode four

When Ab-ba-cum fore-saw Thee on the Cross stripped of glo-ry di-vine,
he cried out in a-maze-ment: The strength of all the might-y ones Thou, Good
Lord, hast crushed by Thy pre-sence in Had- es as the Al-might-y God.

To-day Thou hal-low-est the sev-en-th day, which of old Thou hadst blest,
by rest-ing from Thy la-bours; for Thou dost gath-er all the world and dost
make it new, keep-ing Sab-bath, my Sav-iour, and gain-ing back Thine own.
When, by the strength that nothing can subdue, Thou hadst conquered, O Word,
Thy soul and flesh were parted; whereon, Thy soul did break apart all the heavy chains both of death and of Hades, by Thine exceeding might.

O Word, when Hades met Thee face to face, it embittered him sore as he beheld a mortal all pierced with wounds, yet deified and supremely strong; then in ruin he cried out against Thy dread ed form.

ode five
Thou hast shown Thy Theophany to us, O Christ, for the sake of Thy mercy; and Esaias, rising early in the night, saw its endless light, and he cried aloud: Lo, the dead shall arise again
and they that sleep in tombs shall awake from slumber and all that be in the earth shall be exceeding glad.

Us born of earth Thou makest new, Thyself become clay like us, O our Maker; the fine linen and Thy tomb both darkly tell of the mystery hid den with Thee, O Word; for the counsel of honoured name in this wise honour eth Thy Begetter's counsel, Who will eth to make me new through Thee in majesty.

Thy death doth change mortality, and Thine entombment transformeth corruption; for with God-like might, the flesh Thou hast assumed dost Thou make immortal and incorrupt. For, O Sovereign Lord, to Thy flesh
corruption came not nigh; and Thy soul was never forsaken
in Hades' vaults as something strange to Thee.

Born of her no travail pierced through, when Thou wast pierced in Thy side, O
my Maker, thence didst Thou accomplish Eve's refashioning, by becoming
Ad am in very truth; and awakening wondrously
from life-creating sleep, Thou, as God Almighty, didst rouse up
our life from sleep and from corruption's grasp.

ODE SIX

Taken captive, but not long held captive, Jonas lay in
the monster's breast; for since he bare Thine image, Who as man didst suffer

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and wast buried out of the sea beast, as from bridal-cham-
bers fair, he sprang forth and cried out to the guards-men: Ye that observe
nought but false things and vanities have forsaken hope of mercy for
your-selves.

Thou wast slaughtered, yet Thou wast not sundered from the flesh Thou
didst share with us; broken though was Thy Temple in the season of Thy
holy Passion, yet even so there was but One Hypo-
sta-sis of Thy flesh, O Word, and of Thy God-head; for in both Na-
tures Thou art but a single Son, very Word of God, both very God

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Mortal slaying, but not God-head-slaying Adam's transgression proved to be; for though the clay-wrought essence of Thy flesh was bowed beneath great sufferings, yet did Thy God-head still dispassionate abide. And transforming unto incorruption mankind's corrupt nature, Thou didst show forth the source of life incorrupt from Thine arising again.

King is Had-es, but not king for ever, over the race of mortal-kind; for when Thou hadst been buried, with Thy life-en-gend'ring hand, O Strong One, Thou brak'est 'sun-der the un-broken bars of death and to them that slept there from all ages, O Saviour, Thou
ode seven

Mar-vel past tell-ing! He that had once in a fur-nace saved the three
right-eous Child-rens from the flame is laid in a grave, dead without the
breath of life, for the sal-va-tion of us who sing these prais-es:

Blest art Thou, O our God and our Re-deem-er.

Wound-ed is Had- es, who hath re-ceived in his in-most heart Him Whose
side was wound-ed with a spear; and spent is his strength, with-ered in a
God-like fire, for the sal-va-tion of us who sing these prais-es:
Blest art Thou, O our God and our Redeemer.

O grave most blessed! which on receiving within itself the Creator as a man asleep is proved a divine treasury of endless life for the salvation of us who sing these praises:

Blest art Thou, O our God and our Redeemer.

As is the custom with all the dead, lo, the Life of all now accepted placing in the grave, and showeth it forth as our Resurrection's source, for the salvation of us who sing these praises:

Blest art Thou, O our God and our Redeemer.

One with the Father and Holy Spirit, and sundered not, was Christ's.
Godhead, when within the grave, in Hades below, and in Eden's shining realm, for the salvation of us who sing these praises:

Blest art Thou, O our God and our Redeemer.

ode eight

Tremble, O Heaven, horror-struck; and ye foundation-stones of the earth, quake ye with fear; for lo, among the dead is reckoned He that in the highest doth dwell, and now a small grave doth give Him lodging. Ye holy children, bless Him; O ye priests, sing His praises; exalt Him, O ye people, to all the endless ages.

Now is that spotless Temple felled, yet with Himself shall raise the felled
ta - ber - na - cle up; as Se - cond Ad - am, come to save the first,

He that doth dwell in the heights, went down ev - en to the vaults of Had -

es. Ye ho - ly chil - dren, bless Him; O ye priests, sing His prai - ses;

ex - alt Him, O ye peo - ple, to all the end - less a - ges.

Gone the dis - ci - ples' bra - v - ery, now Jo - seph of Ra - mah doth out -

strip all dar - ing men; for, see - ing as a dead and nak - ed man

God, Who doth rule over all, he ask - eth to bu - ry Him, while cry -

ing: Ye ho - ly chil - dren, bless Him; O ye priests, sing His prai - ses;

ex - alt Him, O ye peo - ple, to all the end - less a - ges.

Won - ders like these were nev - er seen! O good - ness past be - lief! O long -
suffering untold! Beneath the earth is He sealed willingly that in the highest doth dwell; and God is traduced as a deceiver. Ye holy children, bless Him; O ye priests, sing His praises; exalt Him, O ye people, to all the endless ages.

ode nine

Mourn not for Me, O My Mother, though behold Me buried, Whom as thy Son thou didst conceive without seed in thy womb; for behold, I shall rise and shall be glorified, and with glory unending, as God I shall exalt all them that magnify thee with faith and fervent love.

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Having escaped from all birth-pangs when so strangely I bare Thee,
past all nature blessed was I, my Son Beginning-less; but to
see Thee, my God, now dead, bereft of breath, I am terribly
pierced with the sword of bitter grief; but I pray Thee, arise Thou,
that I be magnified.

Earth hideth Me of Mine own will, O My sorrowing Mother;
yea, but Hades' gate-keepers quake with terror to behold that I
am in this bloodied robe of vengeance clad; for as God having
smiten My foes upon the Cross, I shall rise again straight-way,
while magnifying thee.

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Let all creation rejoice now; let the earth-born make merryn,

for destroyed is Hades our foe, and all his wealth despoiled; let the

women come forth to bring their myrrh to Me. I redeem fallen

Adam and Eve with all their race, and the third day hereafter

I shall arise again.