Reader: In the 2nd Tone, the Original Melody "When from the Tree..."

When from the Tree the Arimathean took Thee down dead,

the Life of all, wrapping Thee with spices in a winding-sheet,

O Christ, he was moved by love to kiss Thine incorrupt body with his heart and lips. Yet, beset by fear,
he cried out unto Thee rejoicing: "Glory to Thy condescension, O Thou Who lov'est man-kind!" He is clothed with majesty.

When for all Thou wast laid in a new tomb,

O Deliverer of all, seeing Thee, hades, worthy of all mockery, was
afrighted; it's bars were shattered, it's gates broken down.

the graves were opened, and the dead arose. Then

Ad-am, rejoicing, cried out to Thee in thanks-giving:

Glory to Thy condescension, O Thou Who lovest man-kind!
Reader: For He hath established the world

Which shall not be shaken. When, in the flesh, Thou wast

enclosed in the tomb, as Thou didst desire, O Christ,

Who in the essence of Thy Divinity remainest uncircumscribable

and infinit. Thou didst wall up the treasuries of death,
and didst make desolate all the kingdoms of hades.

Then Thou didst vouchsafe unto this Sabbath Thy divine blessing,

Reader: Holiness becometh Thy house, O Lord,

glory and splendor. Unto length of days.

When the hosts of angels beheld Thee slandered
as a deceiv-er by the iniquitous,

and the stone of Thy tomb sealed by the hands that pierced Thine

in-corrupt side, O Christ, rejoicing in our salva-tion they

cried out to Thee: Glory to Thy condescension, O Thou Who lov-est man-kind.

Carol Surgant ~ music.russianorthodox-stl.org ~ 4/22/08