

The Apostikha

Tone 2

Optino Monastery Chant
Special Melody (Samopodoben)

JOS - EPH OF AR - I - MA - THE - A TOOK THEE DOWN FROM THE TREE, THE LIFE OF

ALL, COLD IN DEATH. BATH - ING THEE WITH SWEET AND COST - - LY MYRRH,

HE GENTLY COVERED THEE WITH FIN - EST LIN - EN AND WITH SOR - ROW

AND TEN - DER LOVE IN HIS HEART HE EMBRACED THY MOST PURE BOD - -

- Y. TREM - BLING AT THIS AWE - - SOME SIGHT HE CRIED OUT TO

THEE, O CHRIST: GLO-RY TO THY CON-DE-SCEN-SION, O LOV - ER OF MAN !

Verse: THE LORD IS KING! HE IS ROBED IN MAJESTY!

Tone 2

WHEN THOU, THE RE-DEEM-ER OF ALL, WAST PLACED IN A TOMB, ALL HELL'S

POW-ERS QUAKED IN FEAR. ITS BARS WERE BROKEN, ITS GATES WERE

SMASHED! ITS MIGHT-Y REIGN WAS BROUGHT TO AN END, FOR THE DEAD

CAME FORTH A - LIVE FROM THEIR TOMBS, CAST-ING OFF THE BONDS OF THEIR

CAP-TIV - I - TY. AD-AM WAS FILLED WITH JOY! HE GRATE-FUL-LY

CRIED OUT TO THEE, O CHRIST: GLO-RY TO THY CON-DE-SCEN-SION, O

LOV - ER OF MAN!

Verse: HE HAS ESTABLISHED THE WORLD SO THAT IT SHALL NEVER BE MOVED.

Tone 2

IN THE FLESH THOU WAST WILL-ING-LY EN-CLOSED IN THE TOMB, WHO ART

BOUND-LESS AND INFINITE IN THY DI - VIN - I - TY. THOU DIDST CLOSE THE

CHAM-BERS OF DEATH, O CHRIST. THOU HAST EMPTIED ALL THE PAL-AC-ES

OF HELL. THOU HAST HONORED THIS SABBATH WITH THY BLESSING, GLO-RY

AND HON - - OR.

Verse: HOLINESS BEFITS THY HOUSE, O LORD, FOREVERMORE.

Tone 2

THE POW-ERS OF HEAV-EN SHOOK WITH FEAR, WHEN THEY SAW THINE

IN-EF-FA-BLE FOR-BEAR - - ANCE. THEY BEHELD THEE SLANDERED BY

LAW - - LESS MEN, MOCKED AS A DECEIVER BY TRANS-GRES - SORS.

THEY BE-HELD THE STONE THAT CLOSED THY TOMB SEALED BY THE

SAME HANDS THAT PIERCED THY SIDE, BUT THEY KNEW THAT THY DEATH

WOULD BE OUR LIFE, AND JOYFULLY THEY CRIED OUT TO THEE, O CHRIST:

GLO-RY TO THY CON-DE-SCEN-SION, O LOV - ER OF MAN!

Verse: GLORY TO THE FATHER, AND TO THE SON, AND TO THE HOLY SPIRIT,
NOW AND EVER, AND UNTO AGES OF AGES. AMEN.

Pskov Melody
H. Benigsen

Tone 5

JOS - EPH TO-GETH-ER WITH NIC - O - DE MUS TOOK THEE DOWN

FROM THE TREE, WHO CLOTH-EST THYSELF WITH LIGHT AS WITH A GAR

MENT. HE GAZED ON THY BODY, DEAD, NA-KED AND UN-BUR IED,

AND IN GRIEF AND TENDER COMPASSION HE LA - MENT - ED: WOE IS ME,

MY SWEET-EST JE - SUS! A SHORT WHILE A - GO, THE SUN

BE—HELD THEE HANG—ING ON THE CROSS AND IT HID IT—SELF IN DARK

NESS. THE EARTH QUAKED IN FEAR AT THE SIGHT. THE VEIL OF THE

TEM—PLE WAS TORN IN TWO. LO, NOW I SEE THEE WILLINGLY SUBMIT TO

DEATH FOR OUR SAKE. HOW SHALL I BUR—Y THEE, O MY GOD?

HOW CAN I WRAP THEE IN A SHROUD? HOW CAN I TOUCH THY MOST PURE

BOD - Y WITH MY HANDS? WHAT SONGS CAN I SING FOR THY EXODUS, O COM -

PAS - SION-ATE ONE? I MAG - NI - FY THY PAS - SION. I GLO - RI -

FY THY BUR I - AL AND THY HO - LY RES - UR - REC

TION, CRY - ING: O LORD, GLO - RY TO THEE !