

Good Friday Lamentations

Stanza One, Tone 5

Melody: 

1. In the tomb they laid you, you, O Christ, who are Life;
2. Life, how can you pe - rish, or how dwell in a tomb?
3. Now we mag - ni - fy you, O Lord Je - sus, our King,


in a - maze - ment an - gel arm - ies lift up their song
Yet the ro - yal hall of Death you now bring to nought,
we pay ho - nour to your Pas - sion and bur - i - al


as they glo - ri - fy your self - a - basement, Lord. King of all, O Je - sus,
and from Ha - des' realm you raise the dead a - gain. O my Christ, my Je - sus,
for from foul cor - rup - tion you saved us thru them. He who go - verns all things


who est - a - blished earth's bounds on this day you make your home in a lit - tle tomb,
King and Monarch of all, seeking what have you de - scended to those in Hell?
here is seen as a corpse, new the grave in which his bo - dy is laid to rest,

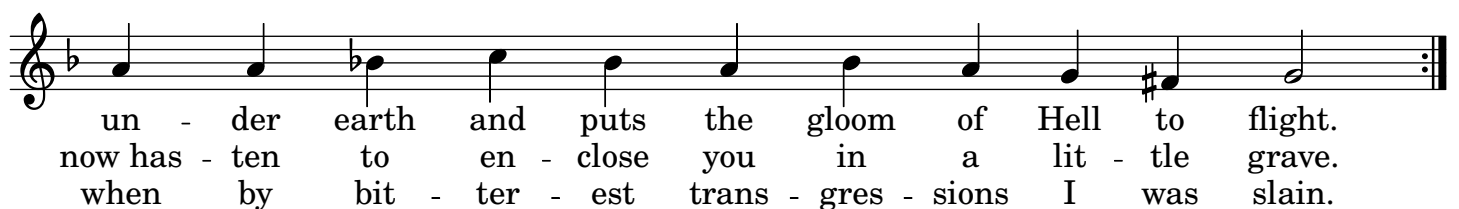
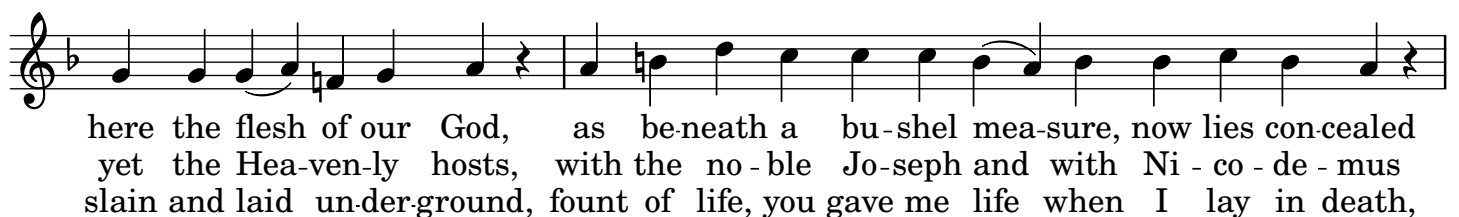
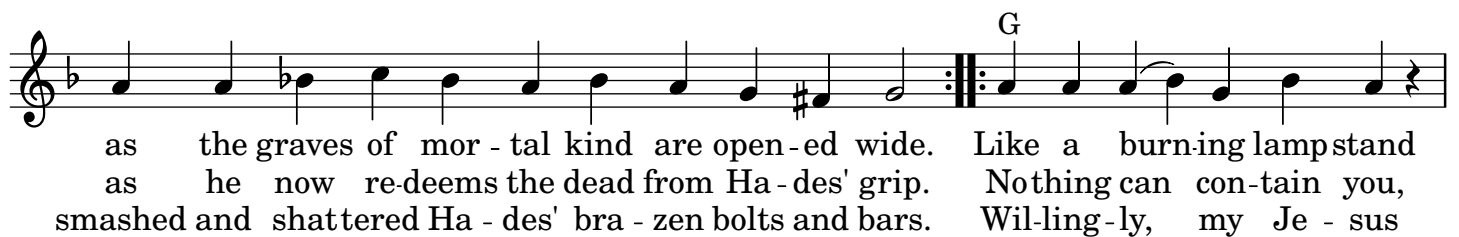
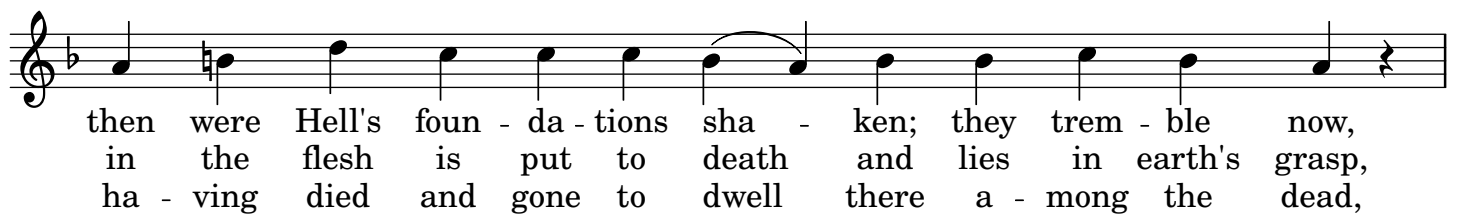
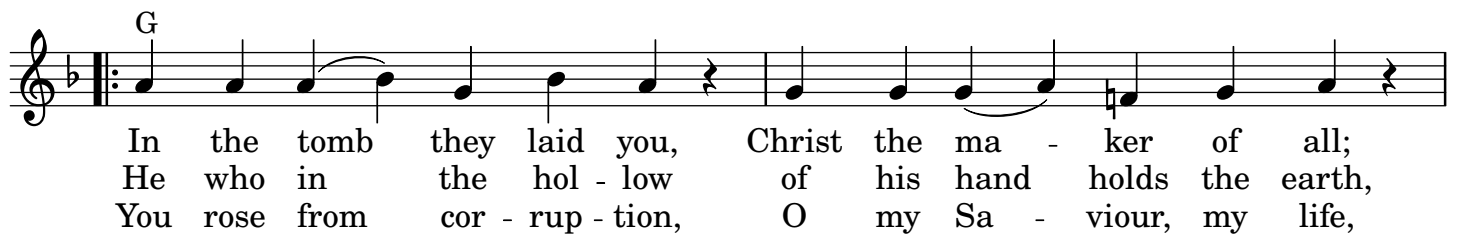
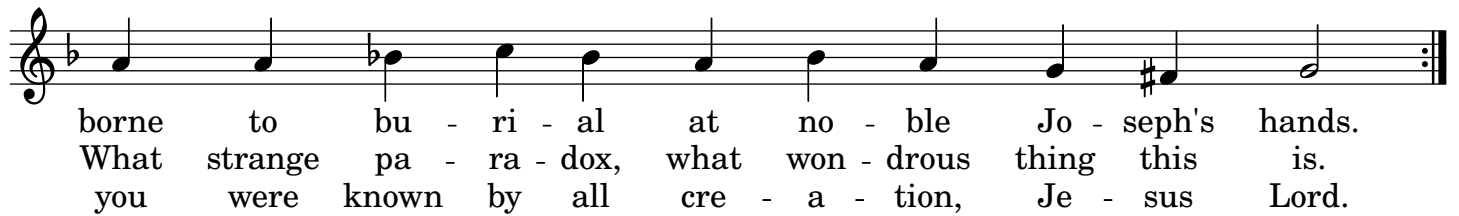
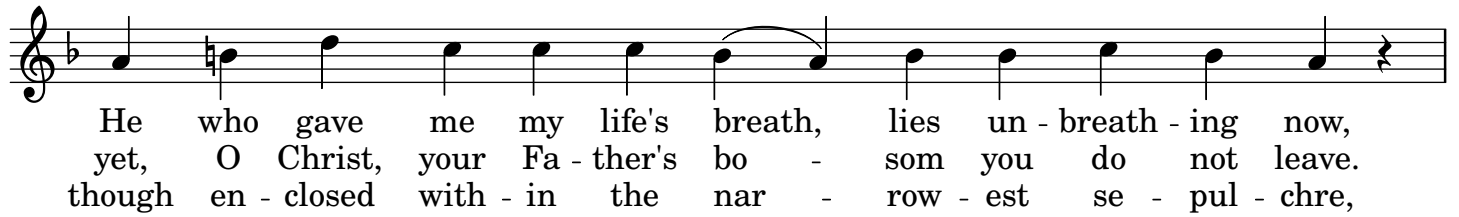
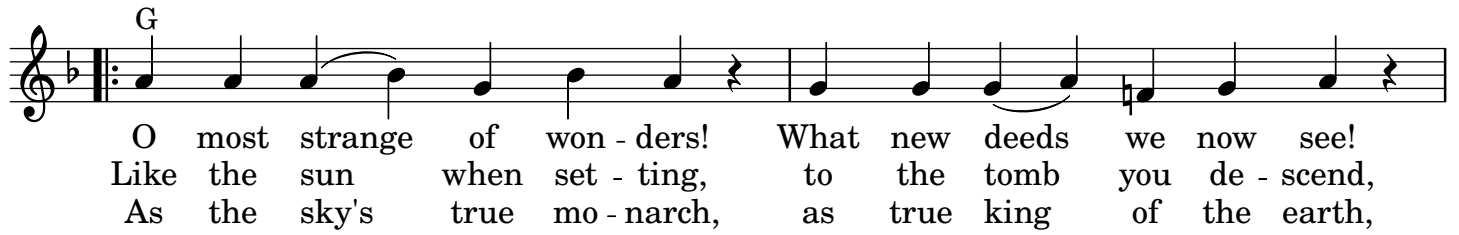
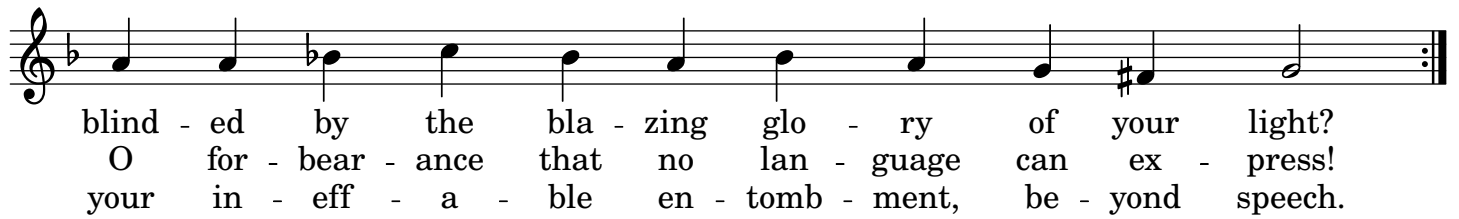

rais - ing up the dead of a - ges from their graves.
Was it not to li - ber - ate the mor - tal race?
he the one who emp - ties graves of all their dead.


In the tomb they laid you, you, O Christ who are Life;
Guil - ty with the guil - ty you were judged, O my Christ,
Fair - er he in beau - ty than are all mor - tal kind,


death it - self you brought to no - thing by your own death,
at the mo - ment you wrought jus - tice for all of us,
now a corpse we see, un - sight - ly, be - reft of form,


and be - came the fount of life for all the world. How could Hell en - dure it,
from the an - cient trick - ster's foul and e - vil deeds. Light that saves, O Je - sus,
he who beau - ti - fied the na - ture of all things. An - gels are be - wil - dered,


when in splendour you came, and how not be swift - ly shat - tered and plunged in dark,
you are sweetness to me, in the darkness of the grave how can you lie hid?
and the bo - di - less host at a loss, O Christ, be - fore that great mys - ter - y



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By your Pas - sion, Je - sus, all cre - a - tion was changed,
 Death who eats up all things swal - lowed you, Rock of Life;
 There, O Christ, they laid you, in a new - ly made grave,



all things suf - fered with you, Word, know - ing you to be
 when you en - tered in his bel - ly he vo - mi - ted,
 and the na - ture of us mor - tals you then re - newed,

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the Main - tain - er and Sus - tain - er of the world. Down to earth, O Master,
 spew - ing forth the dead gulped down from e - very age. All the earth was sha - ken
 when from death you rose in ma - jes - ty di - vine. Wil - ling - ly as mortal,



to save A - dam you came, and not find - ing him on earth, you descended, Lord,
 and it trem - bled in fear, and the light bear - er, O Word, hid its rays a - way
 O my Sa - viour, you die, but as God you raised the dead back to life a - gain,

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to the depths of Ha - des, searching for him there. Tears of la - men - ta - tion
 to see you, the greatest Light, hid in the earth. Like a wheat grain buried
 from their graves and the a - bys - mal depths of sin. Now you have been hidden



she pours out o - ver you, as your mother the pure Vir - gin, O Je - sus, cries,
 in the bo - som of Earth, you have yielded har - vest in great a - bundance, Lord,
 like the sun 'neath the earth and been covered o - ver, veiled by the night of death.

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"How my son am I to lay you in the tomb?" As the moon e - clip - ses
 rais - ing up all A - dam's mor - tal pro - ge - ny. Life it - self, Christ Sa - viour,
 Dawn a - gain, O Sa - viour, dawn more bright - ly yet. By your death, O Sa - viour,

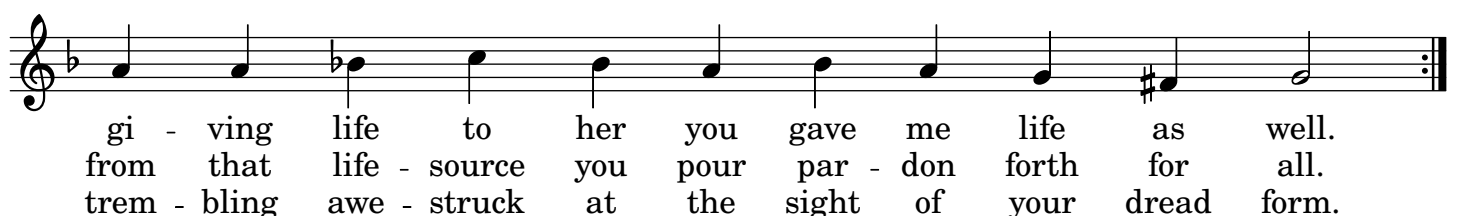
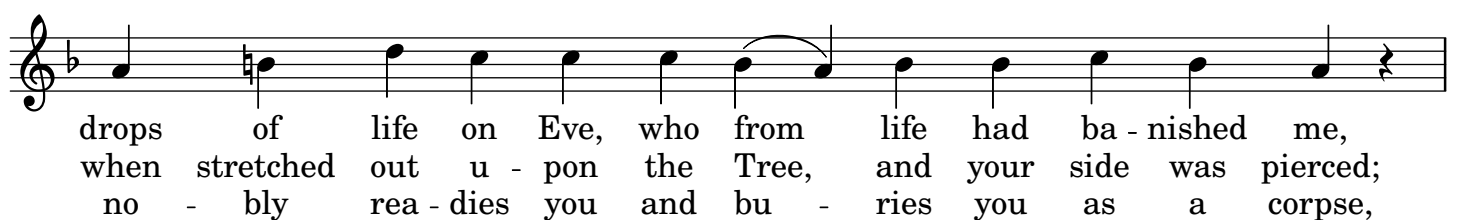
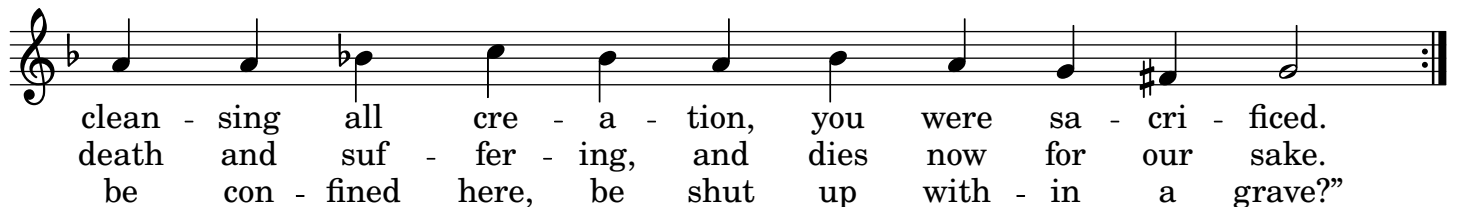
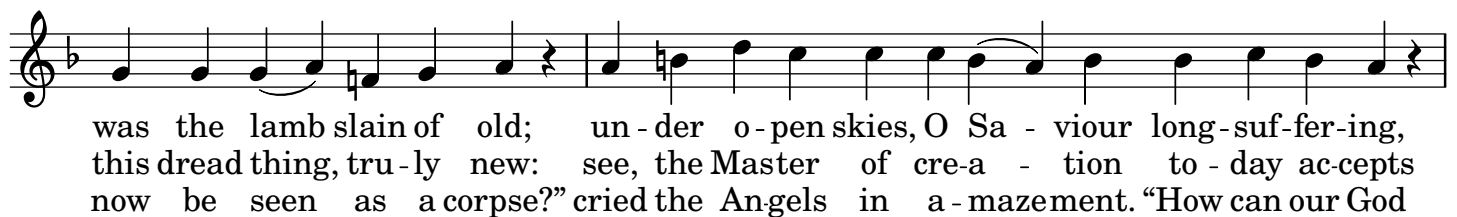
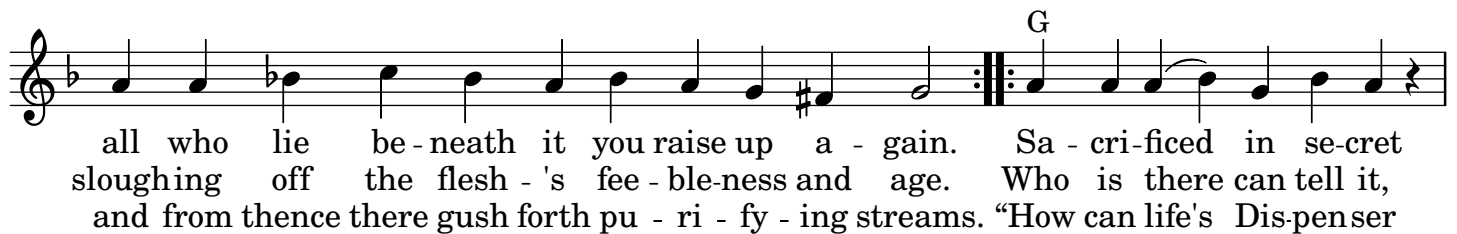
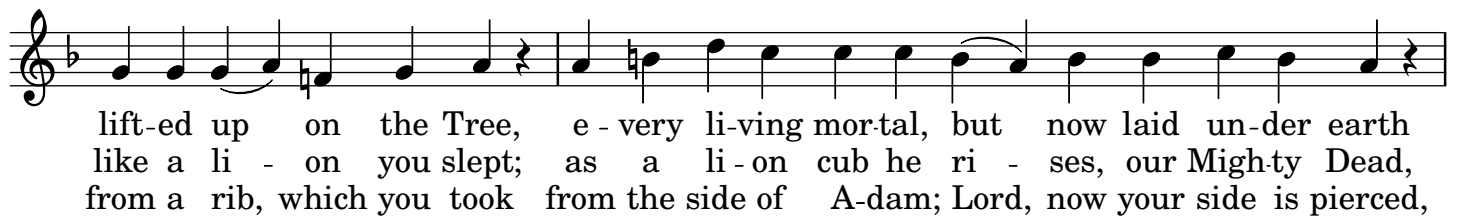
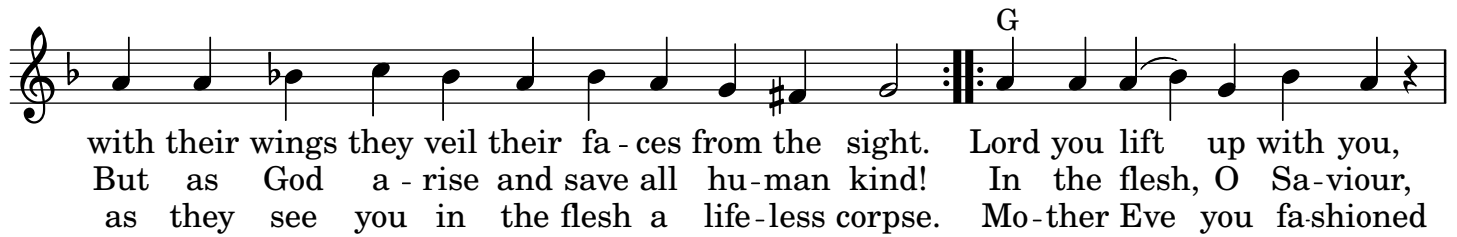
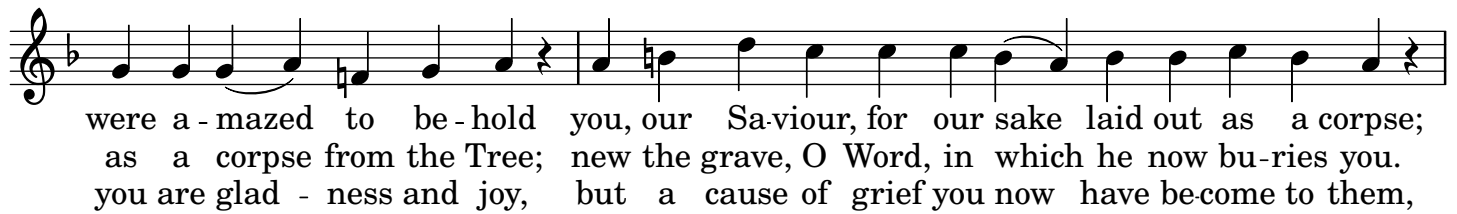


the sun's disk, Saviour Lord, now the se - pul - chre has hid - den you from our eyes,
 ha - ving tas - ted of death, freed all mortal kind from death, li - ber - a - ted us
 you lead back in - to life A - dam, who of old by en - vy was brought to death,

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in the flesh you un - der - go e - clipse by death. The an - ge - lic or - ders
 and the gift of life he now be - stows on all. No - ble Jo - seph takes you
 as in flesh as a new A - dam you ap - pear. To the an - gels, Sa - viour,



Wil - ling - ly as mor - tal, you went down 'neath the earth;
 Though a corpse we see you, yet a - live as our God
 O the joy the glad - ness, O the bound - less de - light,

from the earth's depths you lead back up to Hea - ven's height
 you gave life a - gain to mor - tals who once were slain,
 with which, Je - sus, you filled those who lay bound in Hell,

all of those, O Je - sus, who lay fal - len there.
 put to death the one who brought me to my death.
 when you made light blaze through - out its mur - ky depths.

Lord, your pains I wor - ship, and your bu - ri - al praise,
 A great sword was shar - pened a - gainst you, O my Christ,
 When the Ewe that bore him saw the Lamb that was slain,

and I mag - ni - fy your might, Lo - ver of man - kind.
 but the strong one's migh - ty sword has been blunt - ed now,
 shot with an - guish she la - men - ted and cried a - loud,

By them I am freed from pas - sions which de - stroy.
 and the sword that guard - ed E - den is turned back.
 rous - ing all the flock to join its cry to hers.

Bu - ried in a tomb, Lord, and de - scended to Hell, yet,
 Wil - ling - ly, O Sa - viour, you went down 'neath the earth,
 Shame - ful death he suf - fered in the flesh for our sake,

O Sa - viour, you have emp - tied the se - pul - chres, migh -
 grant - ed life a - gain to mor - tals whom death had slain,
 who is one of the di - vine ho - ly Tri - ni - ty.

ty Ha - des you strip - ped na - ked, O my Christ. From the tribe of Ju - dah
 in the glo - ry of the Fa - ther led them up. Judge he stands for judgment
 Quails the sun and all earth shud - ders at the sight. Why so boast - ful Is - ra -



from that bit - ter - est source, came the offspring who cast Je - sus in - to the pit,
be - fore Pi - late as judge, and the un - just judge con - demns him to un - just death,
el, peo - ple tainted with blood? Why did you de - li - ver Barabbas from his



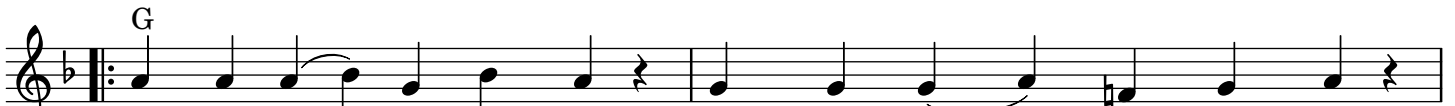
him who furnished them with man - na for their food. With your hand you fashioned
to be put to death u - pon that Tree, the Cross. You o - beyed your Fa - ther
pains, yet hand over Christ the Sa - viour to a Cross? Bit - ter - ly la - ment - ing,



A - dam out of the earth; for him you be - came by na - ture a man, O Lord,
and de - scend - ed, O Word, to the depth of dread - ful Hell, to the realm of Death,
“Woe is me, O my light! my heart's long - ing and the Light of the World, a - las!



and were cru - ci - fied for him by your own will.
and raised up a - gain the race of mor - tal kind.
Woe is me, my heart's de - sire,” the Vir - gin cried.



Mur - der - ous, ma - li - cious, men whose deeds for ven - geance cry!
Mur - der - ing di - sci - ple, blood - stained man, show me now
Mon - ster of de - struc - tion, blind, im - pla - ca - ble fool!



See the grave - clothes and the nap - kin left ly - ing here,
all the man - ner, all the ways of your wi - cked - ness,
How can you pre - tend to act from phi - lan - thro - py,



as Christ ri - ses from the dead: are you not shamed? How much did they pay you
thru which you be - came be - tra - yer of our Christ. If you suf - fered an - guish
when you sold the Myrrh for thir - ty sil - ver pence? “O God's Word, my gladness,



for the hea - ven - ly Myrrh? What did you receive as price of the pre - cious One?
as a friend of the poor, when for mercy on a soul precious myrrh was poured,
O my Lord and my God, how can I endure your bu - ri - al for three days?



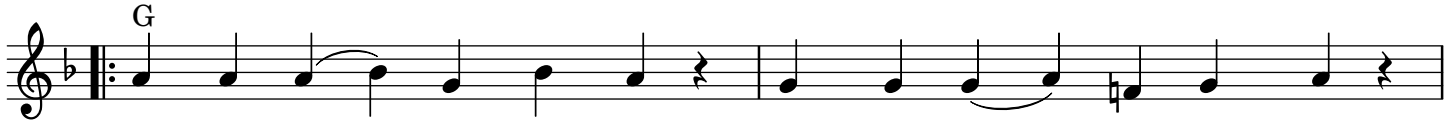
You found ra - ving madness, Sa - tan, most ac - cursed. “Who will give me wa - ter,
how, then, can you sell the fount of light for gold? “Mountain heights and valleys,
As a mother now my heart is torn with grief.” “Sa - viour, light e - ter - nal,



give me foun-tains of tears," cried the Vir - gin bride of God, "that I may la-ment
all the whole hu-man race, come, all creatures, come la-ment and shed tears with me,
the de-light of my heart, when shall I see you, my glad-ness, my on - ly joy?"



and may weep for my sweet Je - sus, who lies slain?"
weep with me, who am the Mo - ther of your God."
cried the Vir - gin most af - flict - ed in her grief.



Like a rock, O Sa - viour, sharp and flin - ty and hard,
As if from one foun - tain as from on - ly one spring,
By your will we see you, as a corpse in the tomb,



you re - ceived the blow, but poured forth as source of life,
from the dou - ble stream that flows from your side we drink,
but you live, O Word and Sa - viour, as you fore - told,



streams of li - ving wa - ter, bring-ing life to all. Word, we sing your prais-es,
and we pluck the fruit that grants im - mortal life. Now we call you bles-sed,
by your Re - sur-rec-tion you raise mortal kind. In the tomb they laid you,



as the Lord God of all, with the Fa - ther and your most Ho - ly Spi-rit, Lord,
All-Pure Mo - ther of God, and in faith we hold in ho - nour and ve - ne - rate
you, O Christ, who are Life; in a-maze-ment an - gel ar - mies lift up their song



and we glo - ri - fy your bu - ri - al di - vine.
the three day en - tomb - ment of your Son our God.
as they glo - ri - fy your self - a - base - ment, Lord.