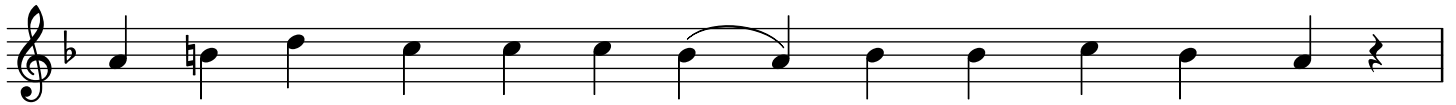


Good Friday Lamentations

Stanza One, Tone 5



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,



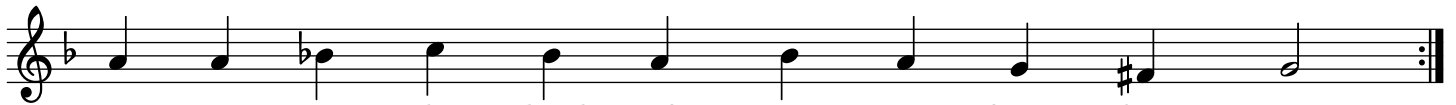
in a - maze - ment an - gel arm - ies lift up their song
Yet the ro - yal hall of Death you now bring to nought,
we pay ho - nour to your Pas - sion and bur - i - al



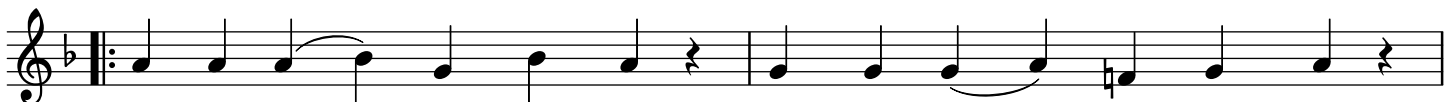
as they glo - ri - fy your self - a - basement, Lord. King of all, O Je - sus,
and from Ha - des' realm you raise the dead a - gain. O my Christ, my Je - sus,
for from foul cor - rup - tion you saved us thru them. He who go - verns all things



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



blind - ed by the bla - zing glo - ry of your light?
 O for - bear - ance that no lan - guage can ex - press!
 your in - eff - a - ble en - tomb - ment, be - yond speech.



O most strange of won - ders! What new deeds we now see!
 Like the sun when set - ting, to the tomb you de - scend,
 As the sky's true mo - narch, as true king of the earth,



He who gave me my life's breath, lies un - breath - ing now,
 yet, O Christ, your Fa - ther's bo - som you do not leave.
 though en - closed with - in the nar - row - est se - pul - chre,



borne to bu - ri - al at no - ble Jo - seph's hands.
 What strange pa - ra - dox, what won - drous thing this is.
 you were known by all cre - a - tion, Je - sus Lord.



In the tomb they laid you, Christ the ma - ker of all;
 He who in the hol - low of his hand holds the earth,
 You rose from cor - rup - tion, O my Sa - viour, my life,



then were Hell's foun - da - tions sha - ken; they trem - ble now,
 in the flesh is put to death and lies in earth's grasp,
 ha - ving died and gone to dwell there a - mong the dead,



as the graves of mor - tal kind are open - ed wide. Like a burn - ing lampstand
 as he now re - deems the dead from Ha - des' grip. Nothing can con - tain you,
 smashed and shattered Ha - des' bra - zen bolts and bars. Wil - ling - ly, my Je - sus



here the flesh of our God, as be - neath a bu - shel mea - sure, now lies con - cealed
 yet the Hea - ven - ly hosts, with the no - ble Jo - seph and with Ni - co - de - mus
 slain and laid un - der - ground, fount of life, you gave me life when I lay in death,



un - der earth and puts the gloom of Hell to flight.
 now has - ten to en - close you in a lit - tle grave.
 when by bit - ter - est trans - gres - sions I was slain.



were a - mazed to be - hold you, our Sa - viour, for our sake laid out as a corpse;
as a corpse from the Tree; new the grave, O Word, in which he now bu - ries you.
you are glad - ness and joy, but a cause of grief you now have be - come to them,



with their wings they veil their fa - ces from the sight. Lord you lift up with you,
But as God a - rise and save all hu - man kind! In the flesh, O Sa - viour,
as they see you in the flesh a life - less corpse. Mo - ther Eve you fashioned



lift - ed up on the Tree, e - very li - ving mortal, but now laid un - der earth
like a li - on you slept; as a li - on cub he ri - ses, our Might - y Dead,
from a rib, which you took from the side of A - dam; Lord, now your side is pierced,



all who lie be - neath it you raise up a - gain. Sa - cri - ficed in se - cret
sloughing off the flesh - 's fee - ble - ness and age. Who is there can tell it,
and from thence there gush forth pu - ri - fy - ing streams. "How can life's Dis - penser



was the lamb slain of old; un - der o - pen skies, O Sa - viour long - suf - fer - ing,
this dread thing, tru - ly new: see, the Master of cre - a - tion to - day ac - cepts
now be seen as a corpse?" cried the Angels in a - maze - ment. "How can our God



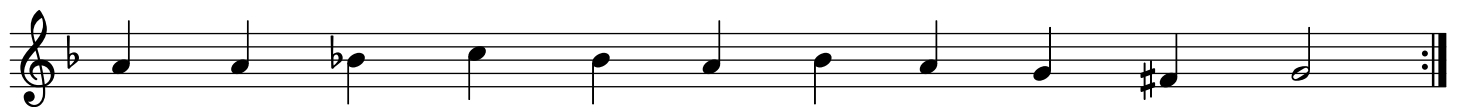
clean - sing all cre - a - tion, you were sa - cri - ficed.
death and suf - fer - ing, and dies now for our sake.
be con - fined here, be shut up with - in a grave?"



When the lance, O Sa - viour, pierced your side, you let fall
Mor - tal kind you ga - thered in - to one, Je - sus Lord,
No - ble Jo - seph, Sa - viour, filled with dread lays you out,



drops of life on Eve, who from life had ba - nished me,
when stretched out u - pon the Tree, and your side was pierced;
no - bly rea - dies you and bu - ries you as a corpse,



gi - ving life to her you gave me life as well.
from that life - source you pour par - don forth for all.
trem - bling awe - struck at the sight of your dread form.

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 judg - ment
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 Ba - rabbas 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?



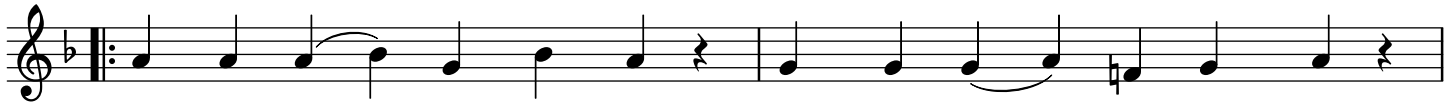
You found ra - ving madness, Sa - tan, most ac - cursed. “Who will give me wa - ter,
how, then, can you sell the fount of light for gold? “Mountain heights and valleys,
As a mother now my heart is torn with grief.” “Sa - viour, light e - ter - nal,



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.