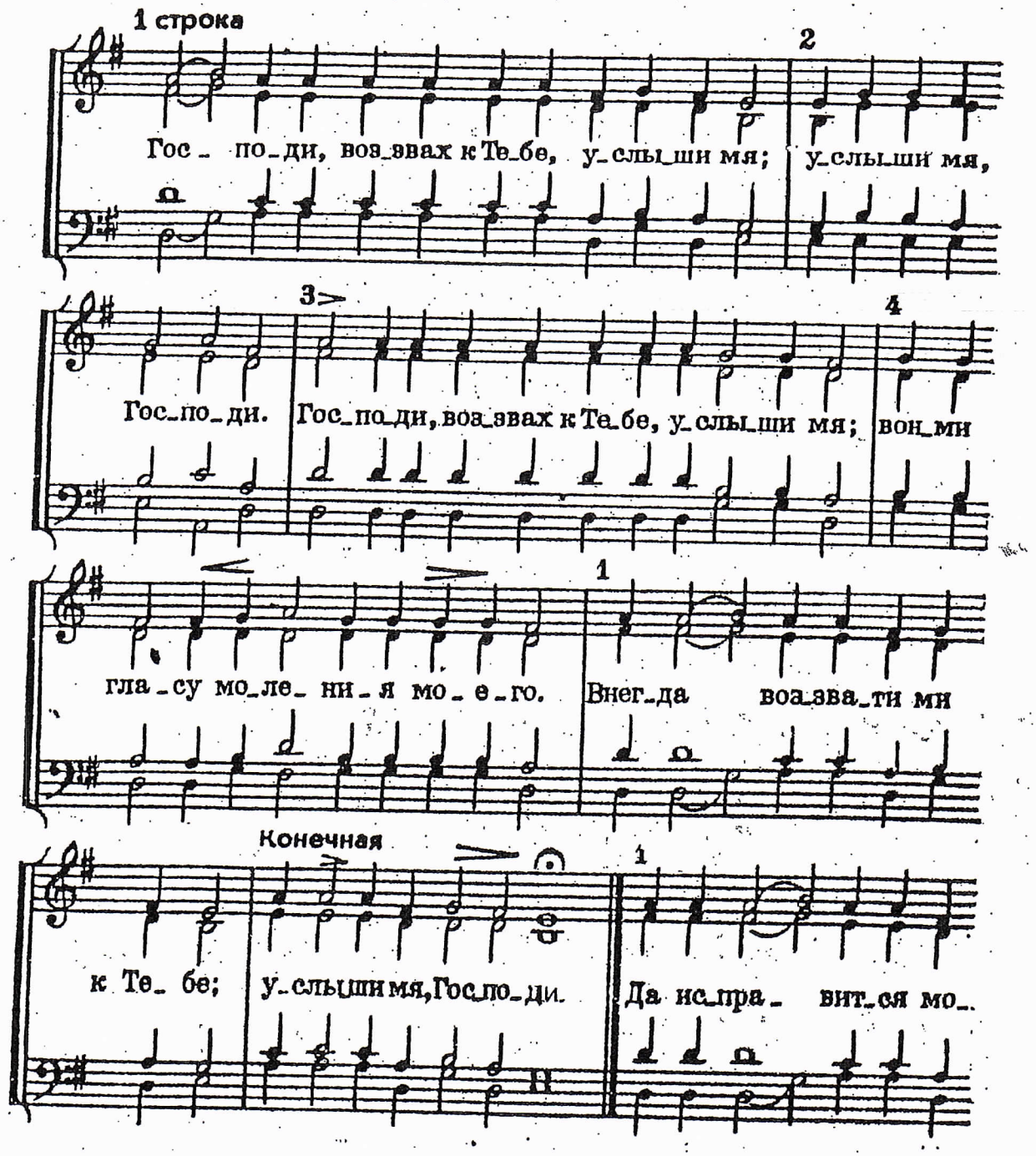
ГЛАС 1-й

ГОСПОДИ ВОЗЗВАХ



лит_ва мо_ я, я_ко ка_ди_ло пред То_ бо_ ю, воз_де_

Конечная

4

я_ ни_а ру_ку мо_ е_ ю, жерт_ва ве_чер_ня_ я. У_ слы_ши мя Го́с-по-ди.

Кононáрх: А́ще беззако́ния нáзриши, Го́споди, Го́споди, кто́ постои́т.

Хор

Я́ко у Те-бе́ о-чи-ще́ни-е есть. Вся́ тва́рь изменяше-ся стра́-хом, зря́щи

тя на крес-те́ ви́-си-ма Хрис-те́: со́лнце омра-ча́-ше-ся, и зем-ли́ основа́ния

со-тря-са́-ху-ся, вся́ сострада́ху Соз-да́в-ше-му вся́. Во́лею на́с ра́ди

пре-тер-пе́-вый, Го́с-по-ди, сла́-ва те-бе́.

On Both Now, Tone 6

19

Both now and ever and un-to the ag - es of ag - es. A - men.

20

A dread and marvellous mystery we see come to pass this day.

21

He Whom none may touch is seized: He Who looses Adam from the curse is bound.

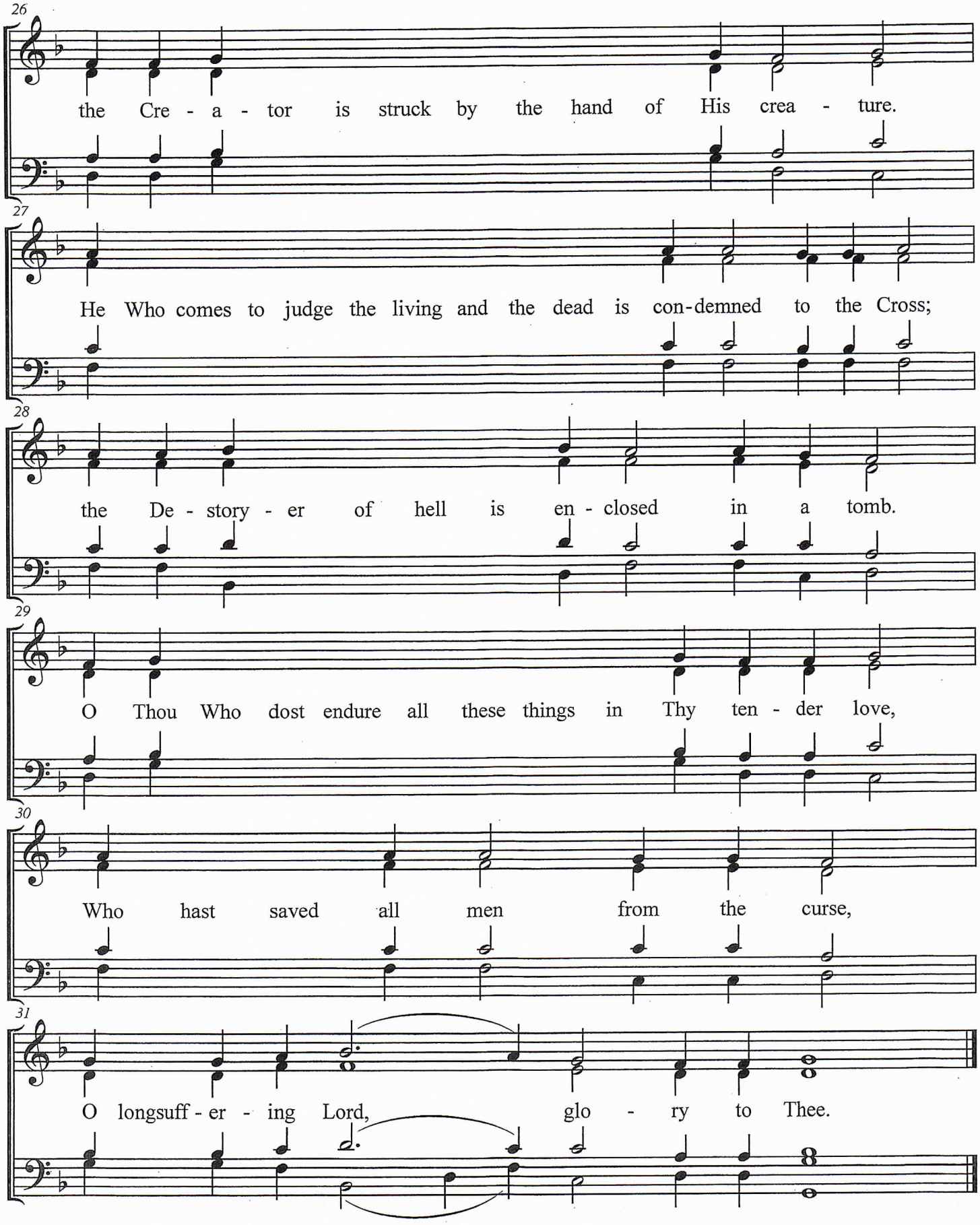
He Who tries the hearts and inner thoughts of man is unjustly brought to tri - al.

24

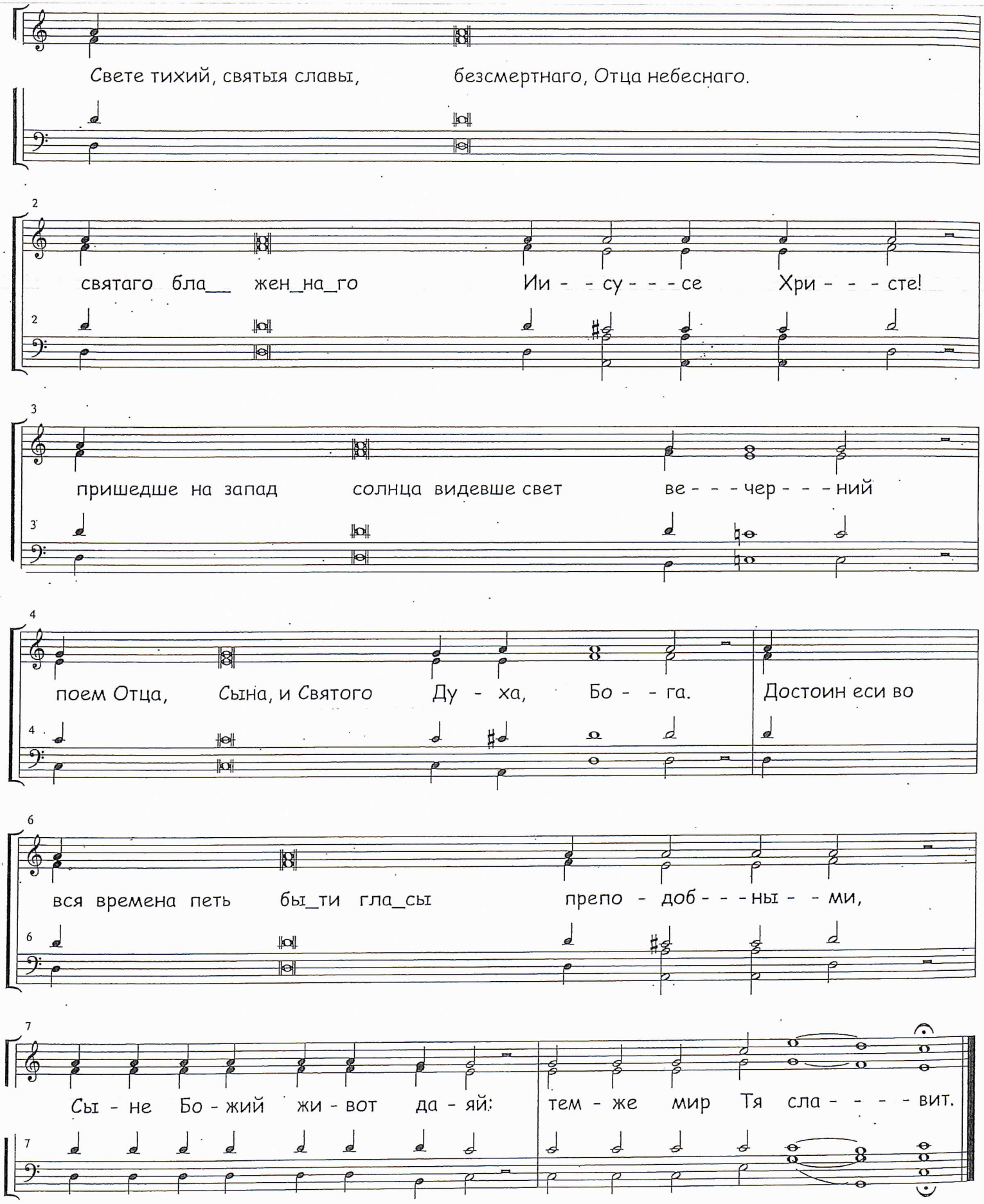
He who closed the abyss is shut in pri - - - - son.

25

He before whom the powers of heaven stand with trembling, stands be-fore Pi - late;


26
the Cre - a - tor is struck by the hand of His crea - ture.
27
He Who comes to judge the living and the dead is con-demned to the Cross;
28
the De - story - er of hell is en - closed in a tomb.
29
O Thou Who dost endure all these things in Thy ten - der love,
30
Who hast saved all men from the curse,
31
O longsuff - er - ing Lord, glo - ry to Thee.

Вечерняя песнь Единородному Сыну Божию.

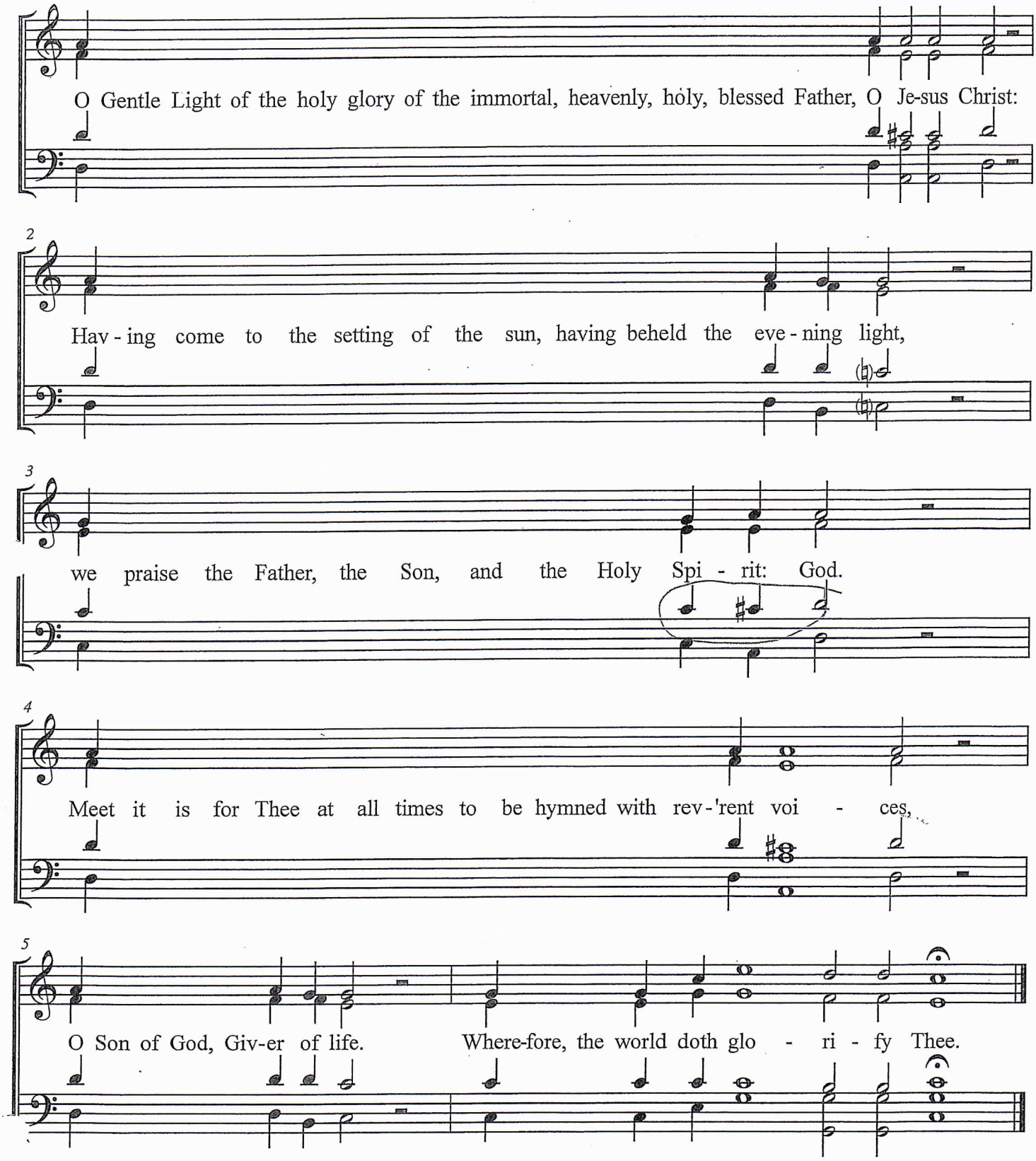


2

O Gentle Light

d minor

Obihod



Next tab

O Gentle Light

Valaam Chant

O Gen - tleLight of the ho - ly glo - ry of the im-mor - - tal,

3

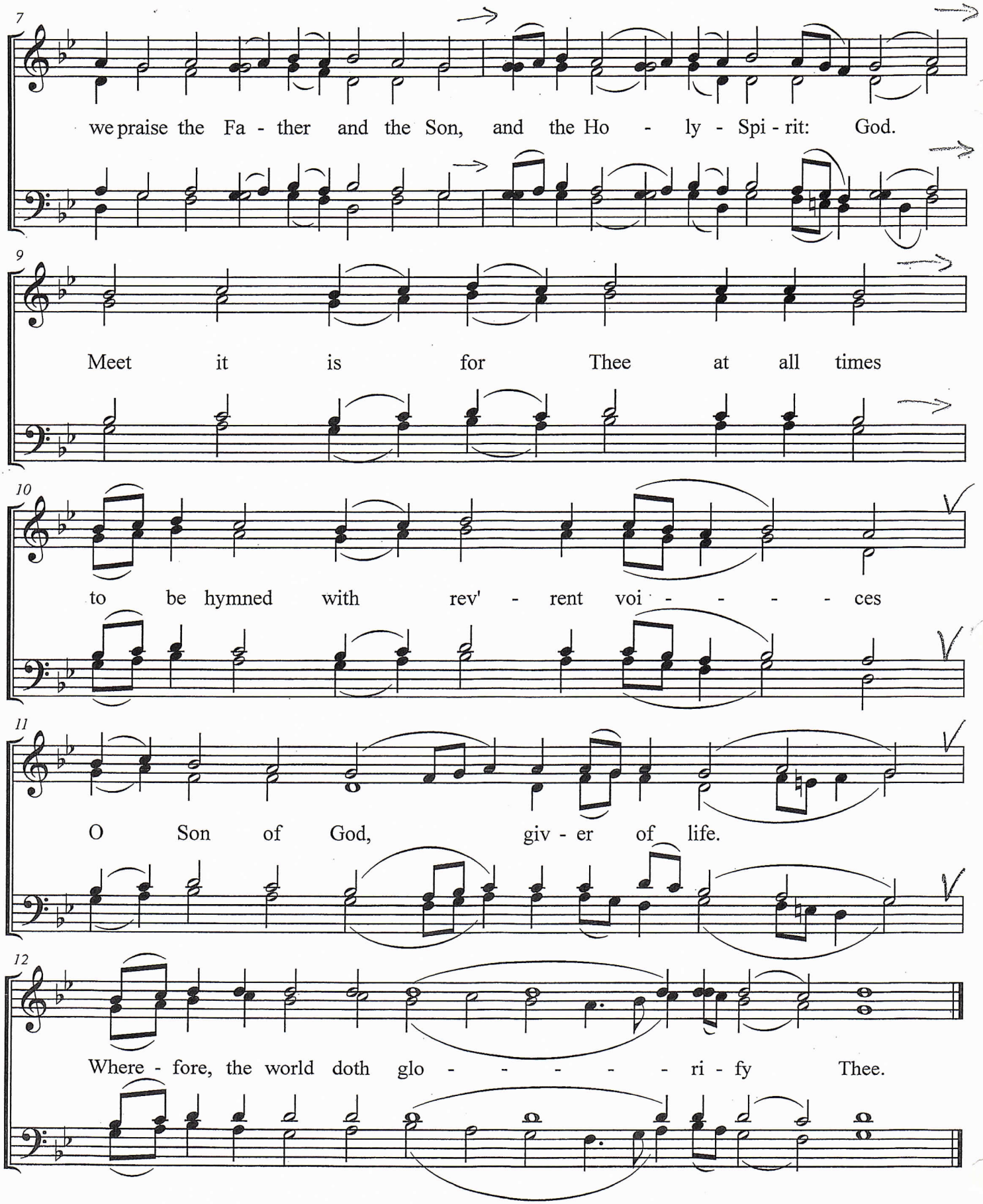
hea - ven - ly, ho - ly, bless - ed Fa - - - - ther,

4

O Je - - - - - - - - sus Christ:

5

Hav-ing come to the set-ting of the sun, hav-ing be-held the eve - ning light,


7
we praise the Fa - ther and the Son, and the Ho - ly - Spi - rit: God.
9
Meet it is for Thee at all times
10
to be hymned with rev' - rent voi - - - - - ces
11
O Son of God, giv - er of life.
12
Where - fore, the world doth glo - - - - - - ri - fy Thee.

1

Прокименъ. #1

Гласъ 4

РА-ЗДЕ-ЛИ-ША РИ-ЗЫ МО-Я СЕ-БЕ, И О О-ДЕ-ЖДИ

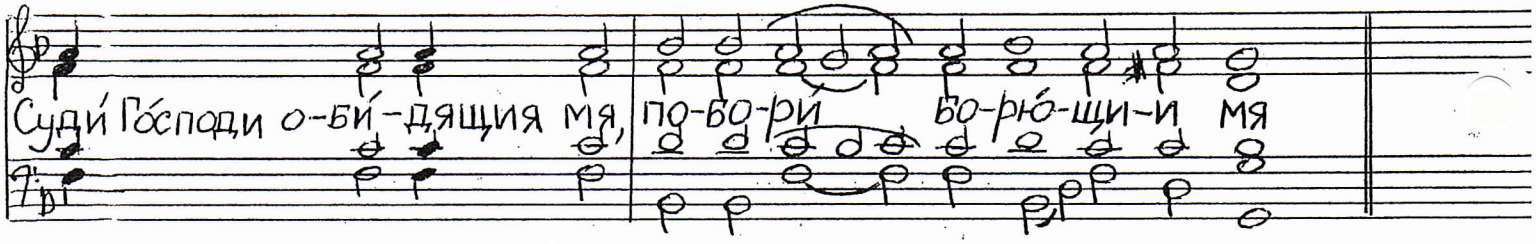
РА-ЗДЕ-ЛИ-ША РИ-ЗЫ МО-Я СЕ-БЕ, И О ОДЕ-ЖДИ

МО-ЕЙ МЕ-ТА ША ЖРЕ БИЙ.

МО-ЕЙ МЕ-ТА — — ША ЖРЕ — — БИЙ.

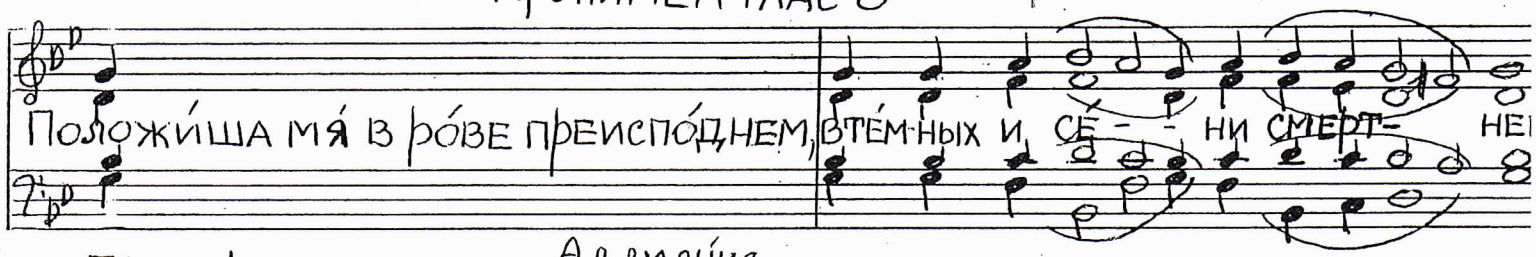
Проки́мен гла́с 4

Прокиميون #2



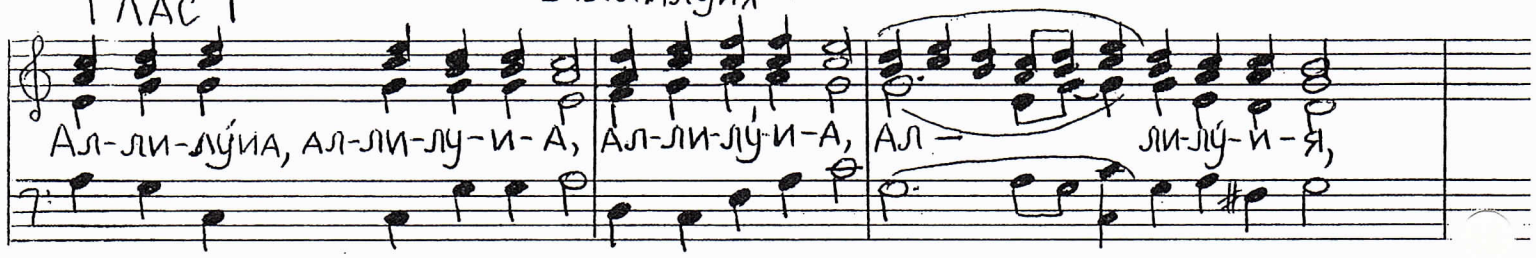
Проки́мен гла́с 6

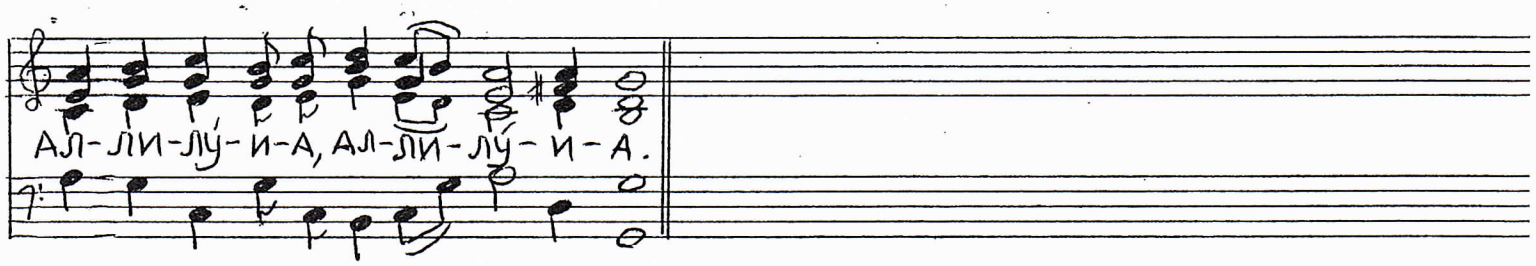
Прокиميون #3



ГЛАС 1

Аллилу́ия





(*) Pr: Peace be
Reader: And to thy
Dcn: Wisdom
Reader: Alleluia

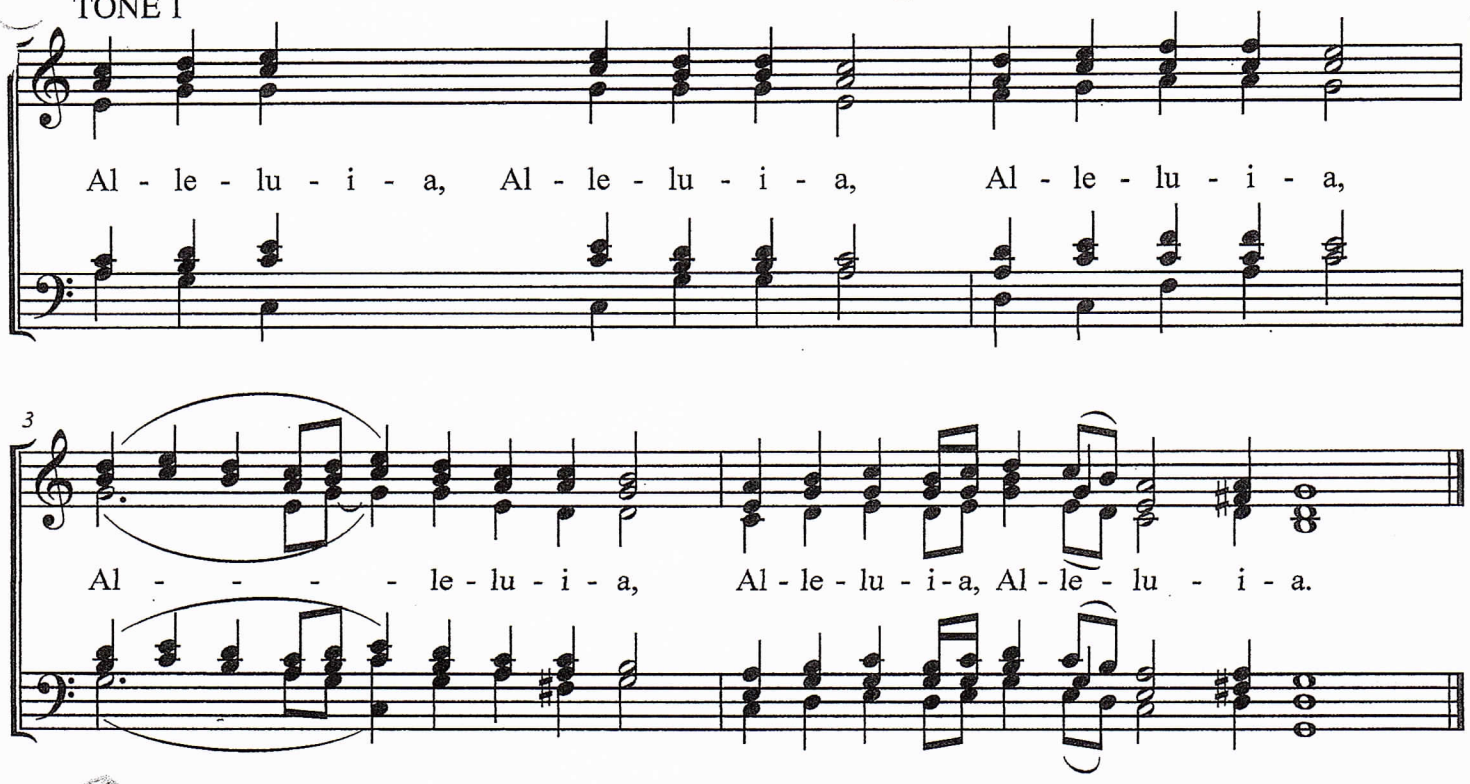
The Choir does not have this.

Znamenny Chant

TONE 1

Alleluias After Epistle

D. Solovev



(*)

Dcn: Bless master

Pr: May God

Dcn: Wisdom! Arise! Let us hear...

Pr: Peace be unto all

Choir: And to thy spirit.

Dcn: The reading

Choir: Glory

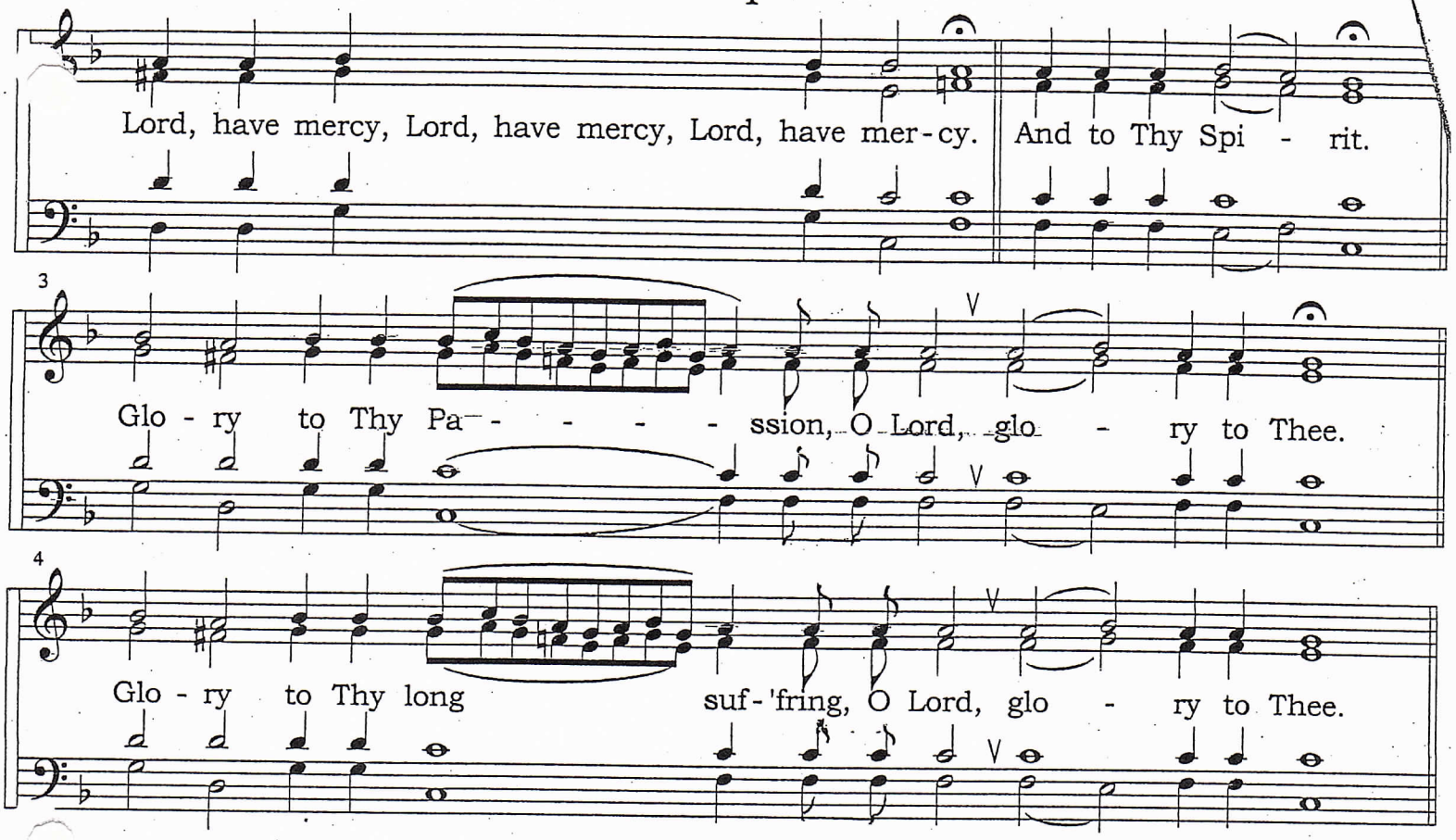
Glory (separate music sheets)

Dcn: Let us all say w/our whole soul
- LHM x 1 (Vigil, p. 23)
- LHM x 1
- LHM x 3.

Read: Vouchsafe

Let us complete our evening prayer
LHM.. (Vigil p. 26)
Grant this,
↳ Apostichon
(The Horologion p. 196)

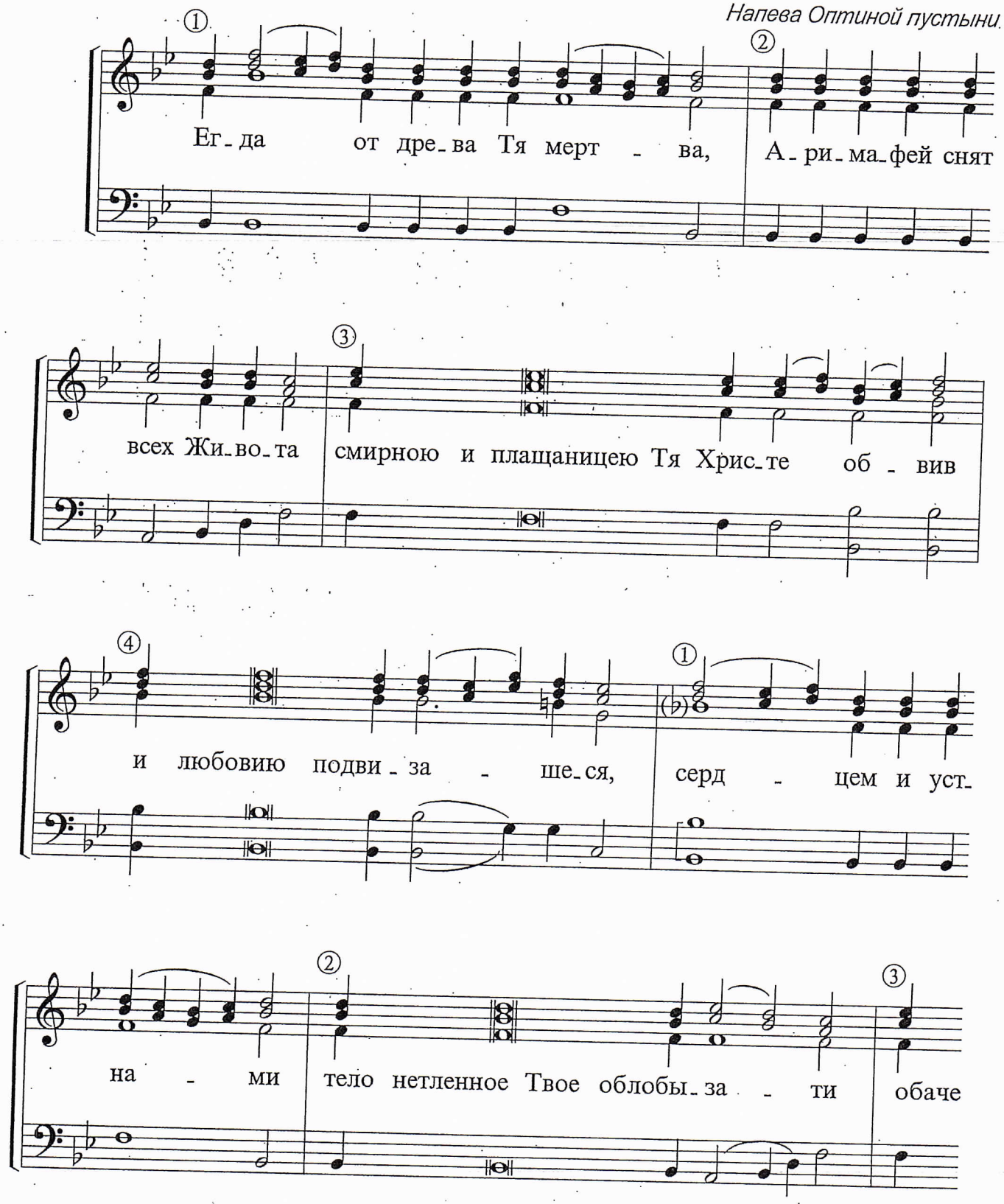
The Gospel

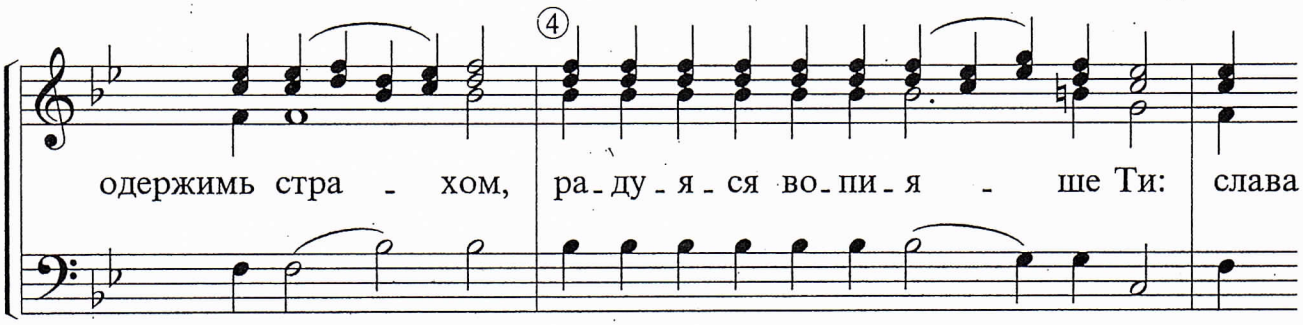

Lord, have mercy, Lord, have mercy, Lord, have mer-cy.
And to Thy Spi - rit.
3
Glo - ry to Thy Pa- - - - - ssion, O Lord, glo - ry to Thee.
4
Glo - ry to Thy long suf-'fring, O Lord, glo - ry to Thee.

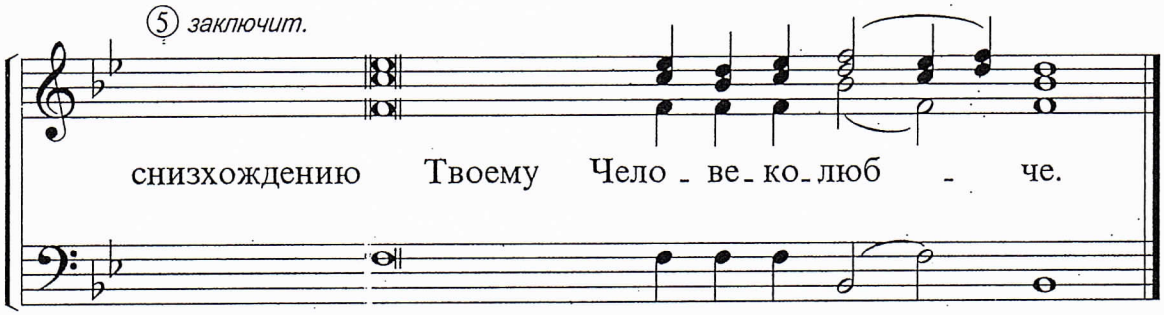
~~Кастальский~~

Глас 2. Самоподобен: "Егда от древа"

Напева Оптиной пустыни





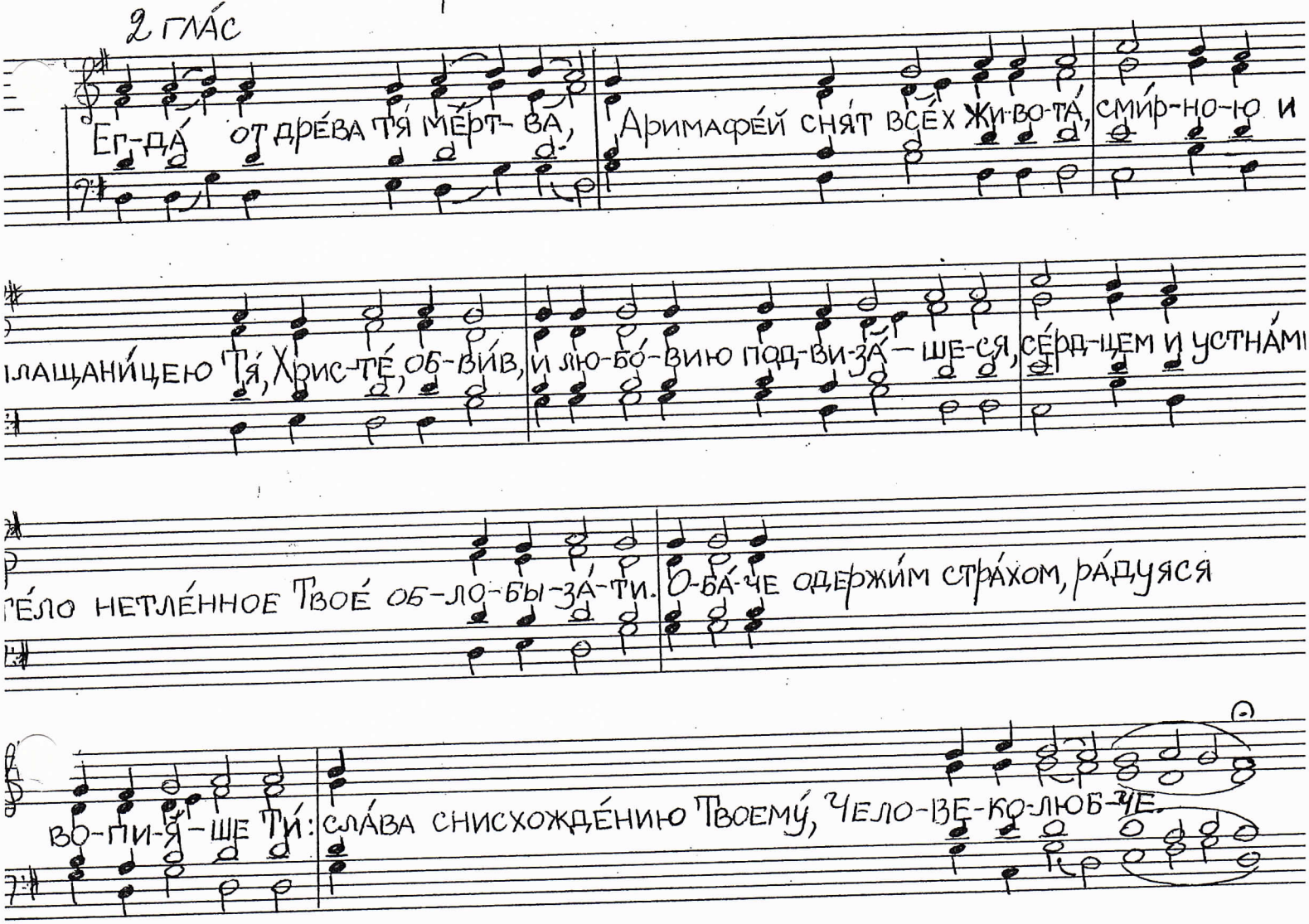


Мелодия списана из старых рукописных нот Трофима Орлова - протоиерея Калужской епархии

9 июля 1979 г. Св. Троице-Сергиева Лавра.
Архимандрит Матфей.

Стихи́ры на стихо́вне

2 гла́с



Holy Friday: Vespers Aposticha

Tone 2, Samopodoben "Down from the Tree"

S,T
A

Down from the Tree Joseph of Arimathea took Thee dead,

B

2

Who art the Life of all, and he wrapped Thee, O Christ,

4

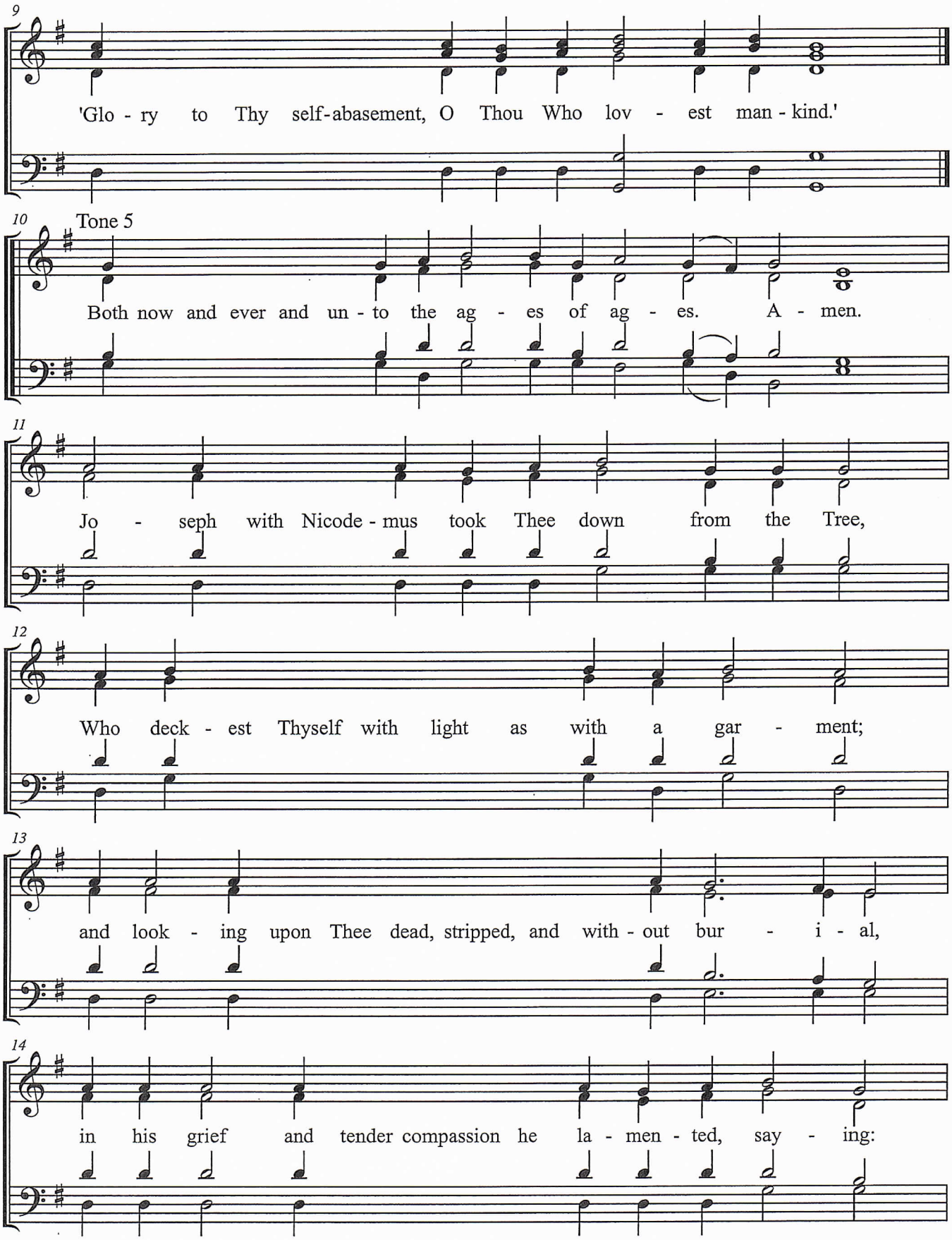
in a linen cloth with spi - - ces. Moved in his heart by love,

6

he kissed Thy most pure bo - dy with his lips; yet, draw-ing back in fear,

8

he cried to Thee re - joic - - - - - ing:


9
'Glo - ry to Thy self-abasement, O Thou Who lov - est man - kind.'
10
Tone 5
Both now and ever and un - to the ag - es of ag - es. A - men.
11
Jo - seph with Nicode - mus took Thee down from the Tree,
12
Who deck - est Thyself with light as with a gar - ment;
13
and look - ing upon Thee dead, stripped, and with - out bur - i - al,
14
in his grief and tender compassion he la - men - ted, say - ing:

15

'Woe is me, my sweet-est Je - sus! When but a lit - tle while a - go

17

the sun saw Thee hang - ing on the Cross, it wrapped it - self in dark - ness:

19

the earth quaked with fear and the veil of the temple was rent in twain.

20

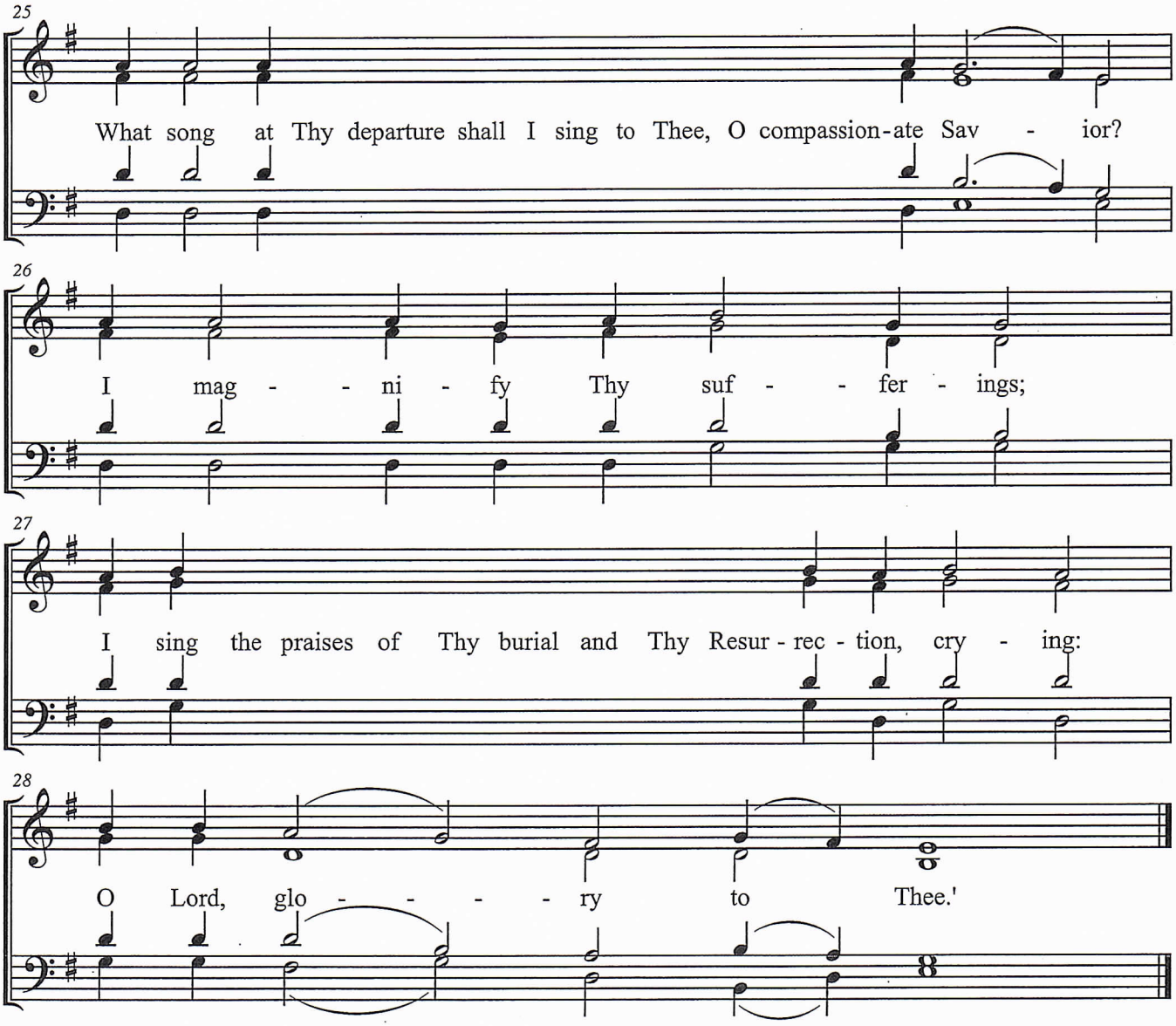
And now I see Thee for my sake submitting of Thine own will to death.

22

How shall I bu - ry Thee, my God? How shall I wrap Thee in a wind - ing sheet?

24

How shall I touch Thy most pure bo - dy with my hands?


25
What song at Thy departure shall I sing to Thee, O compassion-ate Sav - ior?
26
I mag - - ni - fy Thy suf - - fer - ings;
27
I sing the praises of Thy burial and Thy Resur - rec - tion, cry - ing:
28
O Lord, glo - - - - ry to Thee.'

№ 31. Кіевскаго роспѣва.

Д.
А.

Ны-нѣ от - пу - ща-е-ши ра - ба тво-е-го, Вла-ды -

Т.
Б.

ко, по гла-го-лу тво-е - му съ ми - ромъ, я - ко

ви-дѣ-ста о - чи мо-и спа - се - ні - е тво - е,

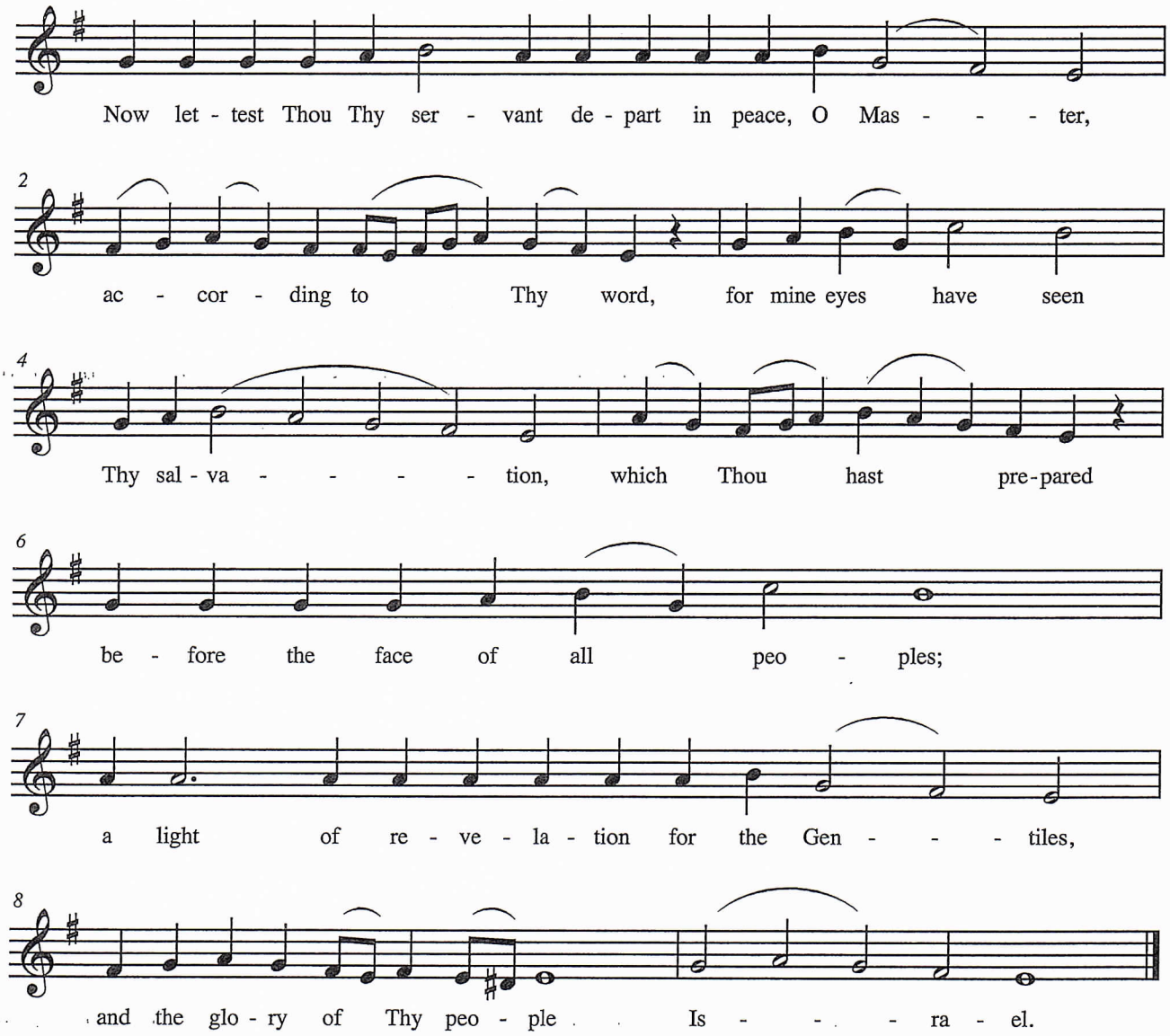
е - же е - си у - го - то - валъ предъ ли-цемъ

всѣхъ лю - дей, свѣтъ во от-кро-ве-ні-е я - зы - ковъ,

и сла-ву лю - дей тво - ихъ из - ра - и - ля.

Now Lettest Thou Thy Servant

Kievan Chant



Set to English by Jared Brewer