

APRIL 18
Great and Holy Friday
Vespers (sung on Friday)

"Lord I Call..." Tone 1

Lord, I call upon You, hear me!
Hear me, O Lord!
Lord, I call upon You, hear me!
Receive the voice of my prayer,
when I call upon You!//
Hear me, O Lord!

Let my prayer arise
in Your sight as incense,
and let the lifting up of my hands
be an evening sacrifice!//
Hear me, O Lord!

- v. (10) Bring my soul out of prison, that I may give thanks to Your Name!*
- v. (9) The righteous will surround me; for You will deal bountifully with me.*
- v. (8) Out of the depths I cry to You, O Lord. Lord, hear my voice!*
- v. (7) Let Your ears be attentive to the voice of my supplications!*
- v. (6) If You, O Lord, should mark iniquities, Lord, who could stand? But there is forgiveness with You.*
- v. (5) For Your Name's sake I wait for You, O Lord. My soul has waited for Your word; my soul has hoped on the Lord.*

Tone 1

All creation was changed by fear
when it saw You hanging upon the Cross, O Christ.
The sun was darkened,
and the foundations of the earth were shaken.
All things suffered with the Creator of all.//
O Lord, Who willingly endured this for us, glory to You!

- v. (4) From the morning watch until night, from the morning watch, let Israel hope on the Lord!*

Tone 2

An impious and transgressing people -
why do they imagine vain things?
Why do they condemn to death the Life of all?
Oh, great wonder!
The Creator of the world is betrayed into the hands of lawless men.
He Who loves mankind is lifted up upon the Wood,
that He might free those bound in Hell, who cry://
“O long-suffering Lord, glory to You!”

v. (3) For with the Lord there is mercy and with Him is plenteous redemption, and He will deliver Israel from all his iniquities.

Today the blameless Virgin
saw You suspended upon the Cross, O Word.
She mourned within herself and was sorely pierced in her heart.
She groaned in agony from the depth of her soul.
Exhausted from tearing her hair and cheeks and beating her breast,
She cried out, lamenting:
“Woe is me, O my divine Child!
Woe is me, O Light of the world!
Why have You departed from my eyes, O Lamb of God?”
Then the bodiless hosts were seized with trembling and cried:
“O incomprehensible Lord, glory to You!”

v. (2) Praise the Lord, all nations! Praise Him, all peoples!

When she who bore You without seed
saw You suspended upon the Tree,
O Christ, the Creator and God of all,
she cried bitterly: “Where is the beauty of Your form, O my Son?
I cannot bear to see You unjustly crucified!
Hasten and arise,//
that I too may see Your Resurrection from the dead on the third day!”

v. (1) For His mercy is confirmed on us, and the truth of the Lord endures forever.

Tone 6

Today the Master of creation stands before Pilate.
Today the Creator of all is condemned to die on the Cross.
Of His own will, He is led as a Lamb to the slaughter.
He Who fed His people with manna in the desert is transfixed with nails.
His side is pierced, and a sponge of vinegar touches His lips.
The Redeemer of the world is slapped on the face.
The Maker of all is mocked by His own servants.
How great is the Master's love for mankind!
For those who crucified Him, He prayed to His Father, saying://
"Forgive them this sin, for they know not what they do!"

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit;

Tone 6

See how the lawless assembly condemns the King of creation to death!
They are not ashamed, even when He reminds them of His mighty works:
"My people, what have I done to you?
Have I not filled Judea with miracles?
Have I not raised the dead by My word alone?
Have I not healed every sickness and disease?
How have you repaid Me?
Why have you abandoned Me?
In return for healing, you give Me blows;
In return for life, you put Me to death.
You hang your Benefactor on the Cross as an evildoer;
your Lawgiver, as a transgressor;
the King of all, as One condemned."//
O long-suffering Lord, glory to You!

now and ever, and unto ages of ages. Amen.

Tone 6

We see a strange and fearful mystery accomplished today:
He Whom none may touch is seized.
He Who looses Adam from the curse is bound.
He Who tries the hearts of men is unjustly brought to trial.
He Who closed the abyss is shut in prison.
He before Whom the Hosts of Heaven stand with trembling stands before Pilate.
The Creator is struck by the hand of His creature.
He Who comes to judge the living and the dead is condemned to the Cross.
The Conqueror of Hell is enclosed in a tomb.
You Who have endured all these things in Your tender love,
have saved all mankind from the curse.//
O long-suffering Lord, glory to You!

Tone 4 Prokeimenon

They divide my garments among them, / and for my raiment they cast lots.
(Ps. 21:18)

V. My God, My God, look upon me! Why have You forsaken me? (Ps. 21:1a)

Reading from Exodus (33:11-23)

Tone 4 Prokeimenon

Judge, O Lord, those who wrong me; / fight against those who fight against me!
(Ps. 34:1)

V. They rewarded me evil for good; My soul is forlorn. (Ps. 34:14)

Reading from Job (42:12-17; should be read from LXX text)

Reading from Isaiah (52:13-54:1)

Tone 6 Prokeimenon

They have laid me in the depths of the pit, / in the regions dark and deep.

(Ps. 87:6)

V. O Lord God of my salvation, I call for help by day; I cry out in the night before You. (Ps. 87:1)

Epistle

(125) 1 Corinthians 1:18-2:2

Tone 1

Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!

V. Save me, O God; for the waters have come up to my soul. (Ps. 68:1)

V. They gave me gall for food, and in my thirst they gave me vinegar to drink. (Ps. 68:26)

V. Let their eyes be darkened, so that they cannot see! (Ps. 68:28)

Gospel

(110-113) Matthew 27:1-38

(111) Luke 23:39-43

(113) Matthew 27:39-54

(61) John 19:31-37

(113) Matthew 27:55-61

Aposticha

Tone 2 *Automelon – Model Melody*

Joseph of Arimathea took You down from the tree,
the Life of all, cold in death.

Bathing You with sweet and costly myrrh,
he gently covered You with finest linen,
and, with sorrow and tender love in his heart,
he embraced Your most pure body.

Trembling at this awesome sight,
he cried out to You, O Christ://
“Glory to Your condescension, O Lover of man!”

V. The Lord is King; He is robed in majesty! (Ps. 92:1a)

When You, the Redeemer of all, were placed in a tomb
all Hell's powers quaked in fear.
Its bars were broken, its gates were smashed.
Its mighty reign was brought to an end,
for the dead came forth alive from their tombs,
casting off the bonds of their captivity.
Adam was filled with joy!
He gratefully cried out to You, O Christ://
"Glory to Your condescension, O Lover of man!"

V. For He has established the world, so that it shall never be moved. (Ps. 92:2)

In the flesh You were willingly enclosed in the tomb,
Who are boundless and infinite in Your divinity.
You closed the chambers of death, O Christ.
You have emptied all the palaces of Hell.//
You have honored this Sabbath with Your blessing, glory, and splendor.

V. Holiness befits Your house, O Lord, forevermore! (Ps. 92:7b)

The Powers of Heaven shook with fear,
when they saw Your ineffable forbearance.
They beheld You slandered by lawless men,
mocked as a deceiver by transgressors.
They beheld the stone that closed Your tomb,
sealed by the same hands that pierced Your side,
but they knew that Your death would be our life,
and joyfully they cried out to You, O Christ://
"Glory to Your condescension, O Lover of man!"

*Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit;
now and ever, and unto ages of ages. Amen.*

Tone 5

Joseph, together with Nicodemus,
took You down from the Tree,
Who clothe Yourself with light as with a garment.
He gazed on Your body – dead, naked, and unburied,
and in grief and tender compassion he lamented:
“Woe is me, my sweetest Jesus!
A short while ago, the sun beheld You hanging on the Cross,
and it hid itself in darkness.
The earth quaked in fear at the sight.
The veil of the Temple was torn in two.
Lo, now I see You willingly submit to death for our sake.
How shall I bury You, O my God?
How can I wrap You in a shroud?
How can I touch Your most pure Body with my hands?
What songs can I sing for Your Exodus, O compassionate One?
I magnify Your Passion.
I glorify Your burial,
and Your holy Resurrection, //
crying, ‘O Lord, glory to You!’”

Tone 2 Troparion

The noble Joseph,
when he had taken down Your most pure Body from the Tree,
wrapped it in fine linen and anointed it with spices, //
and placed it in a new tomb.

*Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit,
now and ever, and unto ages of ages. Amen.*

Tone 2 Troparion

The Angel came to the myrrhbearing women at the tomb and said:
“Myrrh is fitting for the dead;
but Christ has shown Himself a stranger to corruption.”