

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-PL E 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!