

HYMNS OF THE GREEK CHURCH

by John Brownlie

Brownlie's collection of hymns from Greek Orthodox liturgical office books with extensive introduction discussing the neglect of Greek hymnody in the West, the challenges of translation, and the distinctive characteristics of objective Greek sacred poetry.

57 Chapters

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Hymns Of The Greek Church

SOME PRESS NOTICES

"This work at its best reaches the level of absolute excellence, and the book is entitled to a warm and grateful welcome." -- Record. "Mr Brownlie has taste and a poetic gift, and his verses are easy and natural, rarely, if ever, betraying the fact that they are the work of a translator." -- Church Times. "This dainty volume will certainly enhance his reputation." -- Glasgow Herald. "It brings into dignified Church-English some sixty simple and powerful hymns. The book should prove welcome to men generally interested in hymnody, and particularly to those who are ignorant of the richness of the Greek liturgy." -- Scotsman. "Mr Brownlie has the knack of hymn-writing, and the translations from the Greek which he has published in this book will be a welcome addition to English hymnology." -- Athenaeum. "Mr Brownlie has done eminent service as a hymnologist and translator of hymns. These translations are in smooth and flowing English verse, and the hymns are interesting both on their intrinsic merits and as representing the religious thought and emotion of an important section of the Church." -- Aberdeen Free Press.

PREFATORY NOTE

After ten years this, the first of five series of hymns of the Greek Church, is issued in cheap form in the hope that those who regard the unity of Christian praise, and wish to realise it, and who seek its enrichment from the Church of the Apostles, may be induced to give the subject that consideration which it deserves, and which has been too long neglected. The past ten years have seen much activity in the department of Church hymnody, -- all sections of the Church have had their hymnals under revision with varied results; but in this particular we are bound to feel satisfaction that the praise literature of the Early and Mediaeval Church has been more fully drawn upon than at any former period, and the Greek Church no longer stands in the background. From this volume alone no fewer than ten renderings have been utilised by hymnal compilers, and they make together twenty appearances. This fact is mentioned to indicate an appreciation of Greek hymnody which, it is hoped, may grow. J. B. FRATRES · CARISSIMOS ·

HYMNOLOGOS ·

AMICORUM · FELICIUM · AMANTISSIMOS ·

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once; with the result that the gems of Latin hymnody are the valued possession of the Church in all English-speaking lands.IV. One does not proceed far before making some discoveries which may account, to a certain extent, for the neglect of Greek hymnody by men who are best qualified to pursue the study of it. The writers are not poets, in the true sense, and their language is not Greek as we have known it.(1) None of the hymn-writers in the service-books or out of them is a poet of more than ordinary merit; although, when John of Damascus forgets his adversaries, and dispenses with his rhythmical peculiarities and gives forth the utterance of his deep emotional nature, he proves himself to be worthy of the title -- the greatest of Greek Christian poets. (2) The Greek language lived long and died slowly, and the Christian hymn-writers wrote in its decadence. It was then an instrument that has lost its fineness, and keenness, and polish -- worn out and ineffective, -- not the language of the men whose thoughts still charm the world, and who by its deft use gained for themselves and for their work immortality. It has little of the subtilty of expression, the variety of cadence, or the intellectual possibility, of the Greek of Homer, Plato, and Aristophanes. It is a language, moreover, crippled by the introduction of ecclesiastical and theological terms and phrases, which stubbornly refuse to lend themselves to classical rhythm. Such a language cannot be expected to have attraction for men to whom the ancient poets are a delight.(3) The hymns of the Greek Church are all in rhythmical prose -- strangely Oriental in appearance -- with the exception of those by John of Damascus, which are in iambs; and difficulties confront one on every page. What lines will reward the work of rendering? Prayer, Gospel, psalm, hymn, and exhortation follow each other, and are sometimes strangely interlaced. Where does one begin and another end? Then, there is meaningless repetition which must be passed over, and expressions demanding modification. The symbolism is extravagant, and sometimes a single hymn is crowded with figures the most grotesque. The Mariolatry is excessive, and the hagiolatry offensive. Sifting and pruning are needed before a cento can be formed which would commend itself to modern taste.But when all that is said, there remains much that is both beautiful and attractive. Some of the hymns and fragments are most chaste, -- beautiful and tender in their simple expression of Gospel truths, which are so attractive to all true hearts, no matter by what creed dominated.(4) The remarkable simplicity characterising those hymns constitutes, strangely it may seem, no small difficulty for the translator. The mere rendering of them into English prose is a comparatively easy task, and can be of no value to any one but the specialist, but to take the unmeasured lines and cut them to form stanzas, and in the process sacrifice nothing of their spirit to the exigencies of rhyme and rhythm, is a task by no means easy. But such drawbacks and difficulties are not insurmountable; and with the growing interest in hymnology which characterises our time, it will be strange if, in the years to come, the Greek service-books are not made to yield their tribute to the praise of the Christian Church in the West.V. One prime characteristic of Greek hymnody should be referred to. Unlike the English hymn, which is intensely subjective -- in some cases unhealthily so -- the Greek hymn is in most cases objective. God in the glory of His majesty, and clothed with His attributes, is held up to the worship and adoration of His people. Christ, in His Person and Work, is set before the mind in a most realistic manner. His birth and its accompaniments; His life; the words He spoke, and the work He did; His Passion, in all the agony of its detail; the denial of Peter; the remorse of Judas; the Crucifixion; the darkness, the terror, the opened graves; the penitent thief; the loud cry, the death -- all are depicted in plain, unmistakable language. So we have in the hymns of the Greek service-books a pictorial representation of the history of Redemption, which by engaging the mind appeals ultimately to the

heart and its emotions. Our self-regarding praise is perhaps inevitable, as being the product of the meditative spirit which has its birth, and lives in the land of the twilight; but the advantages of the objectiveness of Greek hymnody are so patent, that its cultivation might be fostered by our hymn-writers, with advantage to the devotional feeling of our people and to the worship of the Church. VI. The hymns as they appear in the original are distinguished by a variety of terms, the meaning in certain cases being extremely vague, and in others to be derived from the subject of the hymn, or from its form, or the time, place, or manner in which it is sung. As we have no corresponding terms in our language, it is necessary to retain the original. The following collection contains specimens of some of these. They are: -- The Canon (kanon). This is the most elaborate form into which the praise of the Greek Church is cast. A canon consists, nominally, of nine odes or hymns, but the second ode is always omitted on account of the denunciations of God against Israel which it contains. The canons of the Great Fast are made up of those rejected odes. Hirmos (heirmos) is the first stanza of each ode. It may or may not have a connection with the stanzas following, but its function is to give them their rhythmical model. Troparion (troparion). The Troparia are the stanzas which follow the Hirmos, and the term is doubtless derived from the verb trepo, to turn. The Troparia turn to the strophes of the Hirmos, as to a model. Kontakion (kontakion) is a term of uncertain origin. Kontakia occur after the sixth ode of a canon. They are short hymns, and the term may be derived from the Latin Canticum. Stichera (stichera) designates a series of verses which are often taken from the Psalter. Idiomelon (idiomelon). Unlike Troparia, which follow the model set by the Hirmos, Idiomela follow no model. Stichera Idiomela are a collection of irregular verses. Antiphon (antiphonon) is, as is well known, a hymn sung alternately by the choir, which is divided for that purpose into two parts. Other terms are found over hymns in the Greek service-books, but there is no need to refer to them here, as no specimens of the particular hymns find a place in this collection. JOHN BROWNLIE. Portpatrick, N.B.

May 10th, 1900.

Far from Thy heavenly care,

tr., John Brownlie 6,6,8,4 tes patroas doxes sou (kontakion) I Far from Thy heavenly care, Lord, I have gone astray; And all the wealth Thou gav'st to me, Have cast away. II Now from a broken heart, In penitence sincere, I lift my prayer to Thee, O Lord, In mercy hear. III And in Thy blest abode Give me a servant's place, That I, a son, may learn to own A Father's grace.

O King enthroned on high,

tr., John Brownlie 6,6,8,4 basileu ouranie, paraklete I O King enthroned on high, Thou Comforter
Divine, Blest Spirit of all Truth, be nigh And make us Thine. II Yea, Thou art everywhere, All places
far or near; O listen to our humble prayer, Be with us here! III Thou art the source of life, Thou art our
treasure-store; Give us Thy peace, and end our strife For evermore. IV Descend, O Heavenly
Dove Abide with us alway; And in the fulness of Thy love Cleanse us, we pray.

To Thy blest Cross, O Christ, we come,

tr., John Brownlie 8,7,8,7 ten achranton eikona sou proskunoumen I To Thy blest Cross, O Christ, we come, And falling down adore Thee, And humbly make confession full Of all our sins before Thee. II For Thou Thyself art very God, And freely cam'st to save us; And in our flesh the fetters broke With which our sins enslave us. III Therefore we own with grateful hearts The joy the Saviour brought us, Who came to earth, and in our sins With love and pity sought us.

O come let us adore

tr., John Brownlie 6,6,8,6 Deute agalliasometha to kurio (Stichera Idiomela) I O come let us adore
The Lord of all the earth, And in our songs of praise recount The mystery of His birth. II The middle
wall is razed, An entrance now is free; For cherubim with sword of flame No longer guard the
tree. III O Paradise restored! Now I shall enter in, And taste the bliss from which I fell Through Adam's
mortal sin, -- IV For Christ, the Father's Son, Who God's true image bore, Of Virgin born, in low
estate Our human nature wore. V True God! True Man! to Thee Our earnest prayers ascend; O, of
Thy loving-kindness hear, Who art the Sinners' Friend.

Christ is born, go forth to meet Him,

tr., John Brownlie 8,7,8,7,7,7 Christos gennatai By St. Cosmas, 760 A.D. ho Heirmos troparion I
Christ is born, go forth to meet Him, Christ by all the heaven adored; Singing songs of welcome,
greet Him, For the earth receives her Lord. All ye nations shout and sing; For He comes, your
glorious King. II Once His heavenly image bearing, Man has sunk to depths of sin; Now defiled,
debased, despairing, Clad in rags and foul within; But our God, who beauty gave, Lifts the soul He
comes to save. III From the height of heaven beholding, Pity filled the heart of grace, And our Lord,
His love unfolding, Made the earth His dwelling-place; And a virgin mother gave God Incarnate, man
to save. IV Wisdom, Might, and Word Eternal, Glory of the Father, Thou! Hid from man and powers
supernal, Lo, He wears our nature now! To the Lord your worship bring, Praise Him, your victorious
King.

What shall we bring to Thee?

tr., John Brownlie 6,6,6,8,8,6 ti soi prosenenkomen, Christe By St. Anatolius, died 458 A.D. I What shall we bring to Thee? What shall our offering be On this Thy natal morn? For Thou, O Christ, hast come to earth -- A virgin mother gave Thee birth -- For our redemption born. II The whole creation broad Gives praise and thanks to God, Who gave His only Son; And list! the bright angelic throng Their homage yield in sweetest song For peace on earth begun. III The heavens their glory shed, The star shines o'er His head, The promised Christ and King; And wise men from the lands afar, Led by the brightness of the star, Their treasured offerings bring. IV What shall we give Thee now? Lowly the shepherds bow, Have we no gift to bring? Our worship, lo, we yield to Thee, All that we are, and hope to be -- This is our offering.

In the bliss of old predicted,

tr., John Brownlie 8,7,8,7,7,7 ho ouranos kai he ge semeron prophetikos euphrainesthosan (Stichera Idiomela) I In the bliss of old predicted, Heaven and earth to-day rejoice; Men and angels, one in spirit, Shout aloud in gleeful voice; For, to those in darkness drear, God in human flesh is near. II Cave and manger show the mystery; Shepherds tell the wondrous tale; Bearing gifts to lay before Him From the East the Magi hail; Taught by angel words to sing, We unworthy praises bring. III Glory be to God eternal! Peace on earth its reign begin! For the one Desire of nations Comes to save us from our sin; Freedom He will now bestow From the bondage of the foe.

Bethlehem rejoices,

tr., John Brownlie 6,5,6,5 D Doxa en hupsistois theo By St. John of Damascus, 780 A.D. I
Bethlehem rejoices, Hark the voices clear, Singing in the starlight Nearer and more near. Unto
God be glory, Peace to men be given, This His will who dwellethIn the heights of heaven.IIHeaven
can not contain Him,Nor the bounds of earth,Yet, O Glorious Mystery!Virgin gives Him birth.Unto
God be glory,Peace to men be given,This His will who dwellethIn the heights of heaven.IIINow the
light arisethIn the darkened skies,Now the proud are humbledAnd the lowly rise.Unto God be
glory,Peace to men be given,This His will who dwellethIn the heights of heaven.

To-day the groans of Hades rise,--

tr., John Brownlie 8,6,8,6,8,6,8,6,8,8 Semeron ho Hades steron boa (stichera idiomela of the Holy and Great Sabbath) | To-day the groans of Hades rise, -- Ah, better far for me The Son of Man had never died Upon the cursed tree! For by His power the fettered souls I held in darkest night, Are carried through the sundered gates Into the realm of light. 'Let glory now the Cross adorn, Hail, hail the Resurrection morn! | To-day the groans of Hades rise, -- My might is overthrown; I took One dead, from 'mong the dead, And claimed Him for mine own; But He hath crushed my ancient power; And those I held in thrall Have thrown aside the chains they wore, And He hath rescued all. 'Let glory now the Cross adorn, Hail, hail the Resurrection morn! | To-day the groans of Hades rise, -- My power is gone from me; The Shepherd died upon the Cross, And Adam's sons are free; The bars are taken from the tomb, Death can no more appal; For He who gave Himself to death, By death hath rescued all. 'Let glory now the Cross adorn, Hail, hail the Resurrection morn!

No longer now at Eden's gate

tr., John Brownlie 8,6,8,6 kai ten phloginen rhomphaian (kontakion) I No longer now at Eden's gate
The fiery weapon gleams, But from the Cross that leads to life A light alluring streams. II And now
the power of Death is gone, His sting is torn away; Grim Hades can no longer claim His silent
victory. III For Thou, O Saviour, didst descend Where darkness brooding lies, And bad'st the souls in
bondage held Return to Paradise.

Thou one Begotten Son,

tr., John Brownlie 6,6,8,6 ho monogenes Huios kai Logos tou theou (From the Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom) I Thou one Begotten Son, Eternal Word adored, Immortal while the ages run, And our Almighty Lord; II To bring Salvation nigh, To vanquish death and sin,Thou didst in cruel anguish die,And life for mortals win.III Save us, O Christ our God,Save by Thy Cross, we pray;Thou who didst bear the Father's rod,And death by dying slay.IV Thou art the Eternal Son,One in the glorious Three;Co-equal praise while ages run Shall ever rise to thee.

When on the cruel Cross

tr., John Brownlie 6,6,8,6 Kurie, anabainontos sou en to stauro (Doxa Echos pl. d^1) I When on the cruel Cross The Lord was lifted high, Affrighted earth in terror quailed To see its Maker die. II Then had the yawning caves Devoured the murderous band, Had not the Crucified in love Stretched forth His saving hand. III Thou gav'st Thyself to die, Dark Hades to explore, To bring to souls in prison bound New life for evermore. IV O Lover of mankind, To Thee all glory be, For Thou didst give not death, but life, When hanging on the tree.

When Lazarus rose at Christ's command,

tr., John Brownlie 8,8,8,8 Dia Lazarou ten egersin Kurie (Antiphonon G' Echos B') Echos ho autos
ho autos ho autos ho autos ho autos When Lazarus rose at Christ's command, And God was
glorified of men, The children cried Hosanna then, But Judas would not understand. When seated
with Thy chosen band Thou didst to Thy disciples say That one, O Christ, would Thee betray, But
Judas would not understand. The sop revealed the traitor's hand, In answer to the question
made; They saw by whom Thou wert betrayed, But Judas would not understand. The Jews, O
Christ, Thy life demand, 'Twas purchased for a price like this -- For silver pieces and a kiss, But
Judas would not understand. Thou, with Thine own unstained hand, Didst wash the feet, and
humbly teach That such a task becometh each, But Judas would not understand. Watch thou and
pray, ' was Thy command, Lest, thoughtless, the disciples fall Beneath the tempter's bitter thrall; But
Judas would not understand.

The wily Judas watches near

tr., John Brownlie 8,6,8,6,8,8 semeron gregorei ho loudas (Antiphonon Echos barus) III ho autos I
The wily Judas watches near The Master's path to-day, That he may into wicked hands The
Eternal Lord betray, Who in the desert lone and dreadSupplied the multitudes with bread.II
To-day the wicked one deniesHis Teacher and his Friend -- Once a disciple, he betraysHis Master in the
end.For silver, see the Lord is sold,Who manna gave in days of old.To-day the Jews on CalvaryA
cruel Cross have raised,And nailed upon that Cross, their LordHave wickedly abased,Who made a
pathway through the seaAnd led them from captivity.IVTo-day the spear is lifted highAnd thrust
into His side,Who for His people raised His handAnd wounded Egypt's pride;They give Him
vinegar and gall,Who showered down manna on them all.

O Thou who cloth'st Thyself complete

tr., John Brownlie 8,8,8,8 Ho anaballomenos phos hos himation (Antiphonon I' Echos pl- b') I O
Thou who cloth'st Thyself complete With light as with a garment fair, Thou bor'st the cruel, vulgar
stare, Unrobed before the judgment-seat. II Thou gav'st the hand its subtle power, But with the
hand, O Lord of grace, Upon Thy pallid, careworn face, They smote Thee in that evil hour. III They
nailed the Lord of Glory high, And while He hung in awful pain, The temple veil was rent in
twain, The sun refused to see Him die.

For all the good performed by Thee,

tr., John Brownlie 8,8,8,8,8,8 Anti agathon hon epoiesas, Christe (Antiphonon IA' Echos pl. b') ho autos ho autos For all the good performed by Thee, O Christ, the Hebrews deemed it meet To bear Thee from the judgment-seat And nail Thee to the cruel tree; They gave Thee vinegar and gall -- But render justice to them all.'Twas not enough they should betrayAnd nail Thee to the Cross to die;They wagged their heads and passed Thee by,And mocked Thee on that woful day;In vain they strove against Thee, Lord -- Give Thou to them their due reward.The quaking earth inspires no dread, -- The temple veil asunder fell,The rocks were rent -- still they rebel,E'en when the graves gave up their dead;But vain they strove against Thee, Lord -- Give Thou to them their due reward.

When Thou wert crucified by men,

tr., John Brownlie 8,8,8,8,8,8 Kurie, ho ton Lesten (Antiphonon ID' Echos pl. d^1) Il ho autos I
When Thou wert crucified by men, O Christ, for Thy companion then Thou didst accept the base
and vile, Whose hand was stained with blood the while; O, number us with him, we pray! Thou who
art good and kind alway. Few were his words, but Thou didst hear; His faith was great, and Thou
wert near; And first of men, with glad surprise, He entered opened Paradise. Be Thou for evermore
adored! The needy's prayer was not abhorred.

Our evening prayers attend,

tr., John Brownlie 6,6,8,6,8,8 tas hesperinas hemon euchas (stichera Anastasima) I Our evening prayers attend, O Thou that holy art; In mercy full forgiveness send To every contrite heart; For Thou hast risen to set us free, And all mankind rejoice in Thee. II Encompass Zion round, Ye people, tell His fame; Let Resurrection joy abound, And glory to His name; He is our Lord, who from the grave Arose our sinning souls to save. III With resurrection lays Ye people, come, adore, And worship Him with grateful praise Who lives for evermore; He is our God, who from the grave Arose our sinning souls to save. IV Lord, by Thy Passion Thou Sav'st men from passions base, And by Thy Resurrection, now Dost from corruption raise. Glory to Thee we humbly bring, O Christ, who art our Heavenly King.

Light serene of holy glory

tr., John Brownlie 8,7,8,7 phos hilaron hagian doxes By Athenogenes, 296 A.D. I Light serene of holy glory From the Immortal Father poured, Holy Thou, O Blessed Jesus, Holy, Blessed, Christ the Lord. II Now we see the sun descending, Now declines the evening light, And in hymns we praise the Father, Son and Spirit, God of Might. III Worthy of unending praises, Christ the Son of God art Thou; For Thy gift of life eternal, See the world adores Thee now.

We have heard the wondrous story

tr., John Brownlie 8,7,8,7,8,8 anastasin Christou theasameni I We have heard the wondrous story Of the Resurrection morn; We have seen its matchless glory, Christ the risen Lord adorn. Let us worship and adore Him, Let us now fall down before Him. II Men with erring sinners found Thee, Found the only sinless One; And upon a Cross they bound Thee, For the good that Thou hadst done; Come, upon the Cross adore Him, Let us now fall down before Him. III We have heard the wondrous story Of the Resurrection day, -- Christ our God, to Him be glory, For He casts death's bands away. Let us worship and adore Him, Come and let us fall before Him. IV Come, ye faithful, come with gladness, To your God thanksgiving pay; For the Cross was shorn of sadness On the Resurrection day. Let us worship and adore Him, Come and let us bow before Him.

Thou didst seek the gloom,

tr., John Brownlie 6,5,6,5,7,7 ei kai en tapho katelthes athanate (kontakion, Echos pl. d^1) By St. John of Damascus, 780 A.D. I When, O King Immortal, Thou didst seek the gloom, Tasting death in meekness, Resting in the tomb -- On that dark and woful day, Hades owned Thy kingly sway.IIVictor! now we hail Thee,Hail Thee Christ our God;Thou hast burst the barrierOf Thy dark abode;On that glad and glorious day,Hades owned Thy kingly sway.IIIThey who bore the spicesIn the early hour,Heard the salutationOf the Lord of power,And His followers, sore and sad,Found the peace that made them glad.IVHail the King Immortal!Death by death is slain,And the weak and fallenRise to life again;On this glad and glorious dayHades owns the Victor's sway.

Behold the Bridegroom cometh

tr., John Brownlie 7,7,7,7,8,6 Idou ho Numphios erchetai en to meso tes nuktos (troparia) I Behold the Bridegroom cometh At the hour of midnight drear, And blest be he who watcheth When his Master shall appear, But woe betide the careless one Asleep when He is near! IIO soul of mine, bestir theeLest thou sink in slumber quite,And the Bridegroom find thee sleepingWhen He cometh in His might.Awake, awake to praises,For He cometh in the night.IIIThat fearful day approacheth,Then live, O soul, aright,And watch the hour, and trim thy lampAnd keep it burning bright,Lest the voice be heard, He cometh!"In the middle of the night.IVBeware when slumber binds thee,Lest the Bridegroom pass thee by,And thou knock without in darkness,And for grief and anguish cry;Take thy lamp, with oil, and trim it,For the hour is drawing nigh.

By St. Cosmas, died 760 A.D.

tr., John Brownlie 8,8,6,8,8,6 ergo, hos palai tois mathetais epengeilo (troparia) By St. Cosmas, died 760 A.D. | O Jesus, Lover of our race, How rich the promise of Thy grace To Thy disciples made, -- A holy Paraclete to send, To succour, comfort, and befriend With His inspiring aid. | On earth the light is shining clear, The Holy Comforter is here, To all the faithful given; And now, what prophets long foretold, In all His fulness we behold The Spirit sent from heaven.

O Jesus, to Thy servants give

tr., John Brownlie 8,8,8,8,8 tacheian kai statheran didou paramuthian tois doulois sou I O Jesus,
to Thy servants give The consolation they require; And when the cloud of trouble falls, With
heavenly hope their souls inspire. Be ever near us, Christ, to bless And help us in Thy faithfulness.
II As Thou wert with Thy saints of old, Be with us, ever present, Lord; Unite us to Thyself, we
pray, As Thou hast promised by Thy word; Then we shall glorify and laud The Holy Spirit sent by
God.

It is a comely thing

tr., John Brownlie 6,6,8,6 deute proskunesomen kai prospesomen auto (kontakion) I It is a comely thing To glorify and praise Our God, the Everlasting Word, And Lord of endless days. II The trembling cherubim Before Him fold their wings, And all the heavenly hosts adore The mighty King of kings. III We would our offering give, -- O Christ, to Thee we pray, For Thou didst break the bands of death When dawned the glorious day. IV To Thee, Thou Three in One, Ascend our songs divine; One power, one kingdom without end, And one dominion Thine. V O Christ, the source of light, With light my soul inspire; Come, make my heart the bright abode Of Thy celestial fire.

Come ye people, come adore Him,

tr., John Brownlie 8,7,8,7 Deute laoi, ten trisupostaton theoteta proskunesomen By the Emperor Leo VI., died 911 A.D. I Come ye people, come adore Him, God in Holy Trinity; God the Father, Son, and Spirit, Ever Blessed Unity. II Thine the glory, God Almighty, To the Son and Spirit given,Ere upon the world's creationDawned the new-born light of heaven.IIIHoly, holy, we adore Thee,One in power, in nature one;God the Father, God the Spirit,God the Co-Eternal Son.IVBy the Son the wide creationRose where chaos held its sway;By the Spirit, God AlmightySwept eternal night away.VSon, the Father's love revealing,Son, through whom the Spirit came,Blessed Godhead! endless gloryBe to Thine exalted name.

When Thou shalt come, O Lord,

tr., John Brownlie 6,6,8,6 hotan elthes ho theos epi ges (kontakion Echos a?) I When Thou shalt come, O Lord, Wrapt in Thy glory bright, Then shall the earth in terror quake, The sun withhold his light. II When Thou shalt come, O Lord, Then to Thy judgment-bar, Even as a mighty stream, shall flow The sons of men from far. III When Thou shalt come, O Lord, Then shall the books be spread, And from their secrets Thou shalt judge The living and the dead. IV When Thou shalt come, O Lord, Then save me by Thy power, Let not the flames of wrath o'ertake Thy servant in that hour. V When Thou shalt come, O Lord, In mercy let me stand -- No guilt upon my conscience laid -- Approved, at Thy right hand.

CANON FOR EASTER DAY BY ST. JOHN OF DAMASCUS

ST. JOHN OF DAMASCUS John of Damascus is by far the most prominent and most poetical of all the Greek Christian poets. He dwelt for many years in his native city of Damascus, a valiant champion of orthodoxy against all comers. His influence on Greek hymnody was immense, and he is held in high esteem by the Greek Church for his work in that department, and as a theologian. The Octoechos, which contains the Ferial Office, was, it is said, arranged by John of Damascus. There his Canons are found, which are perhaps his greatest work in hymnody. John retired eventually to the monastery of Mar Saba, where he spent a life of devotion, and sang those Christian hymns which have cheered and inspired so many generations of Christians in the East. There he penned the Golden Canon' for Easter Day, which breathes the glorious hopes of the Resurrection.

Hail the Resurrection day!

tr., John Brownlie 7,8,7,8 D Ode A? anastaseos hemera lamprunthomen laoi· ho Heirmos troparion Hail the Resurrection day! Let the people shout for gladness; 'Tis a passover of joy, -- Let us banish every sadness; For, from death to endless life, Christ our God His people bringeth; As from earth to heaven we rise, Each his song of triumph singeth. From our eyes the veil remove, That we may, in light transcending, See the risen Lord of Life, Life to all in grace extending. Let our ears His voice perceive; To His accents kind attending, We would hear All hail!' and sing, Every voice in triumph blending. Let the heavens above rejoice, Let the earth take up the measure; All the world, and all therein, Join the festival of pleasure; All things visible unite With invisible in singing; For the Christ is risen indeed, Everlasting gladness bringing.

Come, let us drink the water new,

tr., John Brownlie 8,9,8,9 Ode G? Deute poma piomen kainon ho Heirmos troparion Come, let us drink the water new, Not from the rock divinely springing, But from that pure immortal stream That from His tomb our Lord is bringing. All things in earth and heaven above Are filled with light that shines supernal; So all creation keeps this feast, For He hath risen, the King eternal. With Thee, O Christ, I lay entombed, Ere light upon this day was falling; With Thee I leave death's dark abode, For Thou hast risen, and Thou art calling. With Thee upon the Cross I hung When Thou wast faint, and weak, and sighing; Lord, with Thyself Thy servant bless, In Thy bright realm through years undying.

Prophet of the Lord, beside us,

tr., John Brownlie 7,8,7,7,7 Ode D? epi tes theias phulakes ho Heirmos troparion [1] Prophet of the Lord, beside us, Now upon the watch-tower stand; Let us see the light-clad angel Earthward come at God's command, Telling of His power to save, Who hath risen from the grave. He was born of Virgin Mother, Lamb of God on whom we feed; Free from every spot, and blameless, Yea, a Passover indeed: Very God His wondrous claim, And Perfection is His name. As a yearling lamb He suffered, He, our Blessed, saving Crown; That He might from vileness cleanse us, Freely was His life laid down; Now, with beauty in our eyes, See the glorious Sun arise. As the ark was borne in triumph, David leaped with gladness then; Now before the Type's fulfilment We should joy as holier men; For, omnipotent to save, Christ hath left the dismal grave.

Ere the morn in beauty wake,

tr., John Brownlie 7,7,7,7,7,7 Ode E? orthrisomen orthroi batheos ho Heirmos troparion Ere the morn in beauty wake, Let us seek the Saviour's tomb, -- Not with ointment and perfume, But with songs the silence break; We shall see the Christ appear, Sun of Righteousness to cheer. They who dwell in death's abode, Bound with fetters dark and cold, Shall the Saviour's love behold; They shall hail the light of day, And their gladsome foot employ In this festival of joy. Go ye forth amid the gloom, And with torches burning bright Cheer the darkness of the night, Meet the Bridegroom at the tomb; Greet with songs of festal glee Him who sets His people free.

O Christ, to break the chain

tr., John Brownlie 8,6,8,6,8,8,8 Ode ST? katelthes en tois katotatois ho Heirmos troparion To depths of earth Thou didst descend, O Christ, to break the chain That held the sons of men enslaved, And lead them forth again; As Jonah left the living grave, So cam'st Thou forth, O Christ, to save. Unbroken were the seals when Thou Didst leave the dismal tomb, Even as the virgin bars remained When Thou didst leave the womb; And Thou hast ope'd the gates of heaven, And entrance free to all is given. O Thou, my Saviour and my God, Who camest from above, And gav'st Thyself for sinful men An offering of love! Now, rising from the grave, we see Our human race arise with Thee.

He who in the fiery furnace

tr., John Brownlie 8,7,8,7,7,7 Ode Z? ho paidas ek kaminou rhusamenos ho Heirmos troparion He who in the fiery furnace Kept from harm the faithful three, Suffering in our mortal nature, Decks with life mortality, -- Him, our fathers' God, we praise, Blest and glorious always. Holy women bearing ointments, Sought the mortal, bathed in tears; But their sorrow changed to gladness, For the Living God appears; And they tell the news abroad Of the risen Son of God. Now we celebrate the triumph, Death and Hades overthrown, Earnest of a life unending; All the glory is Thine own; God, our fathers' God, we praise, Blest and glorious always. Hallowed feast of holy gladness! Night that waits salvation's birth, Till the Resurrection morning Breaks with splendour on the earth, And eternal light is poured By the Christ from death restored.

The brightest and the fairest,

tr., John Brownlie 8,7,8,7,8,8 Ode E? haute he klete kai hagia hemera ho Heirmos troparion This is the chosen day of God, The brightest and the fairest, The Lady thou of all the feasts, The Queen of all, and rarest; Now let our songs of blessing soar To Thee, O Christ, for evermore. O glorious Resurrection day! With fruit of vine the newest; Come, let us taste the heavenly draught, And joy with joy the truest; To Thee, O Christ, our praises soar, Who art our God for evermore. O Zion, lift thine eyes, behold The lights that shine around thee From east and west, and north and south, Thy children now surround thee; And in thy streets their praises soar, To Thee, O Christ, for evermore. Almighty Father! Word Divine! O spirit co-eternal! In persons three, in nature one, O God of power supernal! Baptized in Thee, our praises soar, And Thee we bless for evermore.

O Zion, shout with glee!

tr., John Brownlie 8,6,8,6,8,8 kai psalletai he Th? Ode photizou photizou, he nea Hierousalem· ho Heirmos troparion Shine forth, O new Jerusalem! O Zion, shout with glee! For now the glory of the Lord Is risen upon thee; O mother pure of God's own Son, Rejoice -- His victory is won! O dear and sweetest voice divine, O Christ, Thou wilt befriend, And lead Thy people safely on E'en to their journey's end; Thy faithful people hear Thy voice, And in that steadfast hope rejoice. O Christ, our sacred Paschal feast, The Word, the might of God, -- His wisdom most ineffable By Thee is shed abroad; O may we feast on Thee for ay In Thy blest realm of endless day.

COLLECTS THE ECTENE AND THE LITANY OF THE DEACON

These Collects hold a most important place in the services of the Eastern Church. There are few offices in which they are not found imbedded. Their catholicity is most remarkable. The suffrages are peculiar to no church service, but common to all liturgies. The people share in them by responding 'Lord have mercy' at the end of each petition, and 'Amen' at the close.

Lord, to our humble prayers attend,

tr., John Brownlie 8,8,8,7 EKTENE

OR

GREAT COLLECT Huper tes another eirenes, kai tes soterias ton psuchon hemon, tou Kuriou deethomen I Lord, to our humble prayers attend, Let Thou Thy peace from heaven descend, And to our souls salvation send. Have mercy, Lord, upon us. II Rule in our hearts, Thou Prince of Peace, The welfare of Thy Church increase, And bid all strife and discord cease. Have mercy, Lord, upon us. III To all who meet for worship here, Do Thou in faithfulness draw near; Inspire with faith and godly fear. Have mercy, Lord, upon us. IV O let Thy priests be clothed with might, To rule within Thy Church aright, That they may serve as in Thy sight. Have mercy, Lord, upon us. V The sovereign ruler of our land, Protect by Thine Almighty hand, And all around the throne who stand. Have mercy, Lord, upon us. VI In time of war be near to aid, Strong be the arm for battle made, Prostrate be every foeman laid. Have mercy, Lord, upon us. VII Let clouds and sunshine bless the earth, Give fruits and flowers a timely birth, Our harvests crown with peaceful mirth. Have mercy, Lord, upon us. VIII Let voyagers by land and sea In danger's hour in safety be; The suffering and the captives free. Have mercy, Lord, upon us. IX Around us let Thy shield be cast, Till wrath and danger are o'erpast, And tribulation's bitter blast. Have mercy, Lord, upon us.

Choir. Lord, have mercy upon us.

tr., John Brownlie 8,8,8,5 kurie eleeson. Antilabou, soston, eleeson kai diaphulaxon hemas Deacon. Let us complete our evening supplication to the Lord. Choir. Lord, have mercy upon us. I God of all Grace, Thy mercy send; Let Thy protecting arm defend; Save us, and keep us to the end. Have mercy, Lord. II And through the coming hours of night, Fill us, we pray, with holy light; Keep us all sinless in Thy sight. Grant this, O Lord. III May some bright messenger abide For ever by Thy servants' side, A faithful guardian and guide. Grant this, O Lord. IV From every sin in mercy free, Let heart and conscience stainless be, That we may live henceforth for Thee. Grant this, O Lord. V We would not be by care opprest, But in Thy love and wisdom rest; -- Give what Thou seest to be best. Grant this, O Lord. VI While we of every sin repent, Let our remaining years be spent In holiness and sweet content. Grant this, O Lord. VII And when the end of life is near, May we, unshamed and void of fear, Wait for the Judgment to appear. Grant this, O Lord.

HYMNS FROM THE EARLY GREEK POETS NOT FOUND IN THE SERVICE-BOOKS OF THE GREEK CHURCHST. METHODIUS

Methodius, a prominent name in Ecclesiastical history, and a Father of the Church, was born about the middle of the third century. He was first of all Bishop of Olympus in Lycia, and, according to Jerome, became ultimately Bishop of Tyre. He combated certain views of Origen, but would seem to have been influenced not a little by the teaching of that great theologian. In his principal work, The Banquet of the Ten Virgins, the hymn is found from which the following is a cento. It contains twenty-four strophes, each beginning with a letter of the Greek alphabet in alphabetical order, and ending with the same refrain. Methodius is said to have suffered martyrdom under Diocletian about 311 A.D.

Behold the Bridegroom! Hark the cry,

tr., John Brownlie 8,8,6,6,8,8,8,8 another, parthenoi, boes egersinekros echos I Behold the Bridegroom! Hark the cry, The dead, awaking, rends the sky! Go, virgins, He is near, Your lamps all burning clear; He enters where the rising light Asunder bursts the gates of night. In holy garb, with lamp aglow, To meet the Bridegroom forth I go.IIThe smiles of earth that turn to tears,Its empty joys and foolish fearsI leave, for Thou dost call -- Thou art my Life, my All;I would Thy beauty ever see,Then let me, Blessed, cling to Thee.In holy garb, with lamp aglow,To meet the Bridegroom forth I go.IIIFor Thee I leave the world behind -- Thou art my Bliss, O Bridegroom kind;My beauty's not mine own -- 'Tis Thine, O Christ, alone;Thy bridal-chamber I would see,In perfect happiness to be.In holy garb, with lamp aglow,To meet the Bridegroom forth I go.IVO God, exalted on Thy throne,Who dwell'st in purity unknown,Lo, now we humbly wait,Throw wide the Heavenly gate,And with the Bridegroom, of Thy grace,Give us at Thy right hand a place.In holy garb, with lamp aglow,To meet the Bridegroom forth I go.

ST. GREGORY

ST. GREGORY Gregory of Nazianzus, son of Gregory, Bishop of Nazianzus, and life-long friend of Basil, Bishop of Caesarea, was born at Nazianzus, 325 A.D. He took up the priestly office at the earnest request of his father, and for some time was helpful to the aged bishop. The times in which Gregory lived were trying times. The orthodox Christians clung to the creed of Nicea, and their champions did valiant battle with the Arians. As an advocate and exponent of evangelical truth, Gregory was summoned to Constantinople in 379, and as bishop of that See adorned the high position with gifts and graces as brilliant as they were rare. But he was not the man for such a position at such a time. Hilary, the Hammer of the Arians,' could keep the heretics at bay, and do in the Latin Church what Gregory could not do in the Greek Church -- maintain his position and his cause against all comers. For one thing, the retiring disposition of Gregory inclined him to shrink from the din of conflict, and his high ideals weakened his hopefulness. The result was that he abandoned his position and retired to Nazianzus in 381. Deprived by death of his life-long friend, and of his brother Caesarius, to whom he was bound by more than brotherly love, he retired from the world and penned those poems, some of which are among the treasures of the Church Catholic. He died in 390. The hymns of Gregory are found in the second volume of the Benedictine Edition of his works which was published in Paris in 1842. A selection can be seen in Daniel's Thesaurus, and in the Anthologica Graeca, Carminum Christianorum.

O Light that knew no dawn,

tr., John Brownlie 6,6,6,6,8,8 ater arches, aperanton Cento from se ton aphthiton monarchen I O Light that knew no dawn, That shines to endless day, All things in earth and heaven Are lusted by Thy ray; No eye can to Thy throne ascend, Nor mind Thy brightness comprehend. II Thy grace, O Father, give, That I may serve in fear; Above all boons, I pray, Grant me Thy voice to hear; From sin Thy child in mercy free, And let me dwell in light with Thee. III That, cleansed from filthy stain, I may meet homage give, And, pure in heart, behold And serve Thee while I live; Clean hands in holy worship raise, And Thee, O Christ my Saviour, praise. IV In supplication meek To Thee I bend the knee; O Christ, when Thou shalt come, In love remember me, And in Thy kingdom, by Thy grace, Grant me a humble servant's place. V Thy grace, O Father, give, I humbly Thee implore; And let Thy mercy bless Thy servant more and more. All grace and glory be to Thee From age to age eternally.

Christ, for Thee a wreath adorning

tr., John Brownlie 8,7,8,7 tauta soi hemeteroio thalusia, Christe Cento from christe anax, se proton
I Christ, for Thee a wreath adorning Weaves my raptured soul with glee, For from death this
glorious morning Thou hast risen triumphantly. II From the tomb behold Him rising, Christ our Lord
whose praise is sung. Death is slain; O power surprising! Hades' gates are open flung. III Thou for
man to earth in meekness Cam'st that he new born might be; Thou upon the cross in
weakness Diedst that he might die with Thee. IV Thou didst rise -- we hail Thee, Jesus! And we
leave the tomb with Thee. Victor, by the power that frees us, Where Thou art, there we would
be. V Hark! the highest heavens are ringing, Choirs angelic lead the strain, And my opened lips in
singing Tell the praises forth again.

Now at this evening hour,

tr., John Brownlie 6,6,8,6 AN EVENING HYMN Se kai nun eulogoumen I Now at this evening hour,
O Thou, my Christ, to Thee, Thou Word of God, Eternal Light, All grateful praises be. II From Thee
the Spirit comes, Third beam of peerless light, And in Thyself one glorious orb The triple rays
unite. III Thy word and wisdom Thou To lighten man hast given, That he the splendour might
reflect That shines superb in heaven; IV And having light within, Might see Thine image bright, And
daily rise, till he himself altogether light.

The morning breaks, I place my hand in Thine,

tr., John Brownlie 10,10,10,10 A MORNING HYMN orthrios didomi to theo mou dexias I The morning breaks, I place my hand in Thine, My God, 'tis Thine to lead, to follow mine; No word deceitful shall I speak the while, Nor shall I stain my hand with action vile. II Thine be the day with worthy labour filled, Strong would I stand to do the duty willed; Nor swayed by restless passion let me be, That I may give the offering pure to Thee; III Else were I 'shamed when hoary age I see, Shamed were this board that bears Thy gifts to me: Mine is the impulse; O my Christ, I pray, Be Thou Thyself to me the Blessed Way!

O Word of Truth! in devious paths

tr., John Brownlie 8,6,8,6 AN EVENING HYMN epseusamen se ten aletheian, loge I O Word of Truth! in devious paths My wayward feet have trod, I have not kept the day serene I gave at morn to God. II And now 'tis night, and night within, O God, the light hath fled! I have not kept the vow I made When morn its glories shed. III For clouds of gloom from nether world Obscured my upward way; O Christ the Light, Thy light bestow And turn my night to day!

SYNESIUS

SYNESIUS Synesius was born about 375. In more particulars than one he was an outstanding man. His pedigree is said to have extended through seventeen centuries, and to have included the names of the most illustrious. Not only was he of noble lineage, he was a man also of high character and brilliant attainments. He was versed in the Neoplatonic philosophy, and his Christianity has been called in question by no less an authority than Mosheim; but how any one can read his odes and doubt the reality of his Christian faith, even in the full sense of the term, as believing in the Divinity of Christ and in His Resurrection, is hard to understand. He certainly was a good man, and knew Christ and loved Him. His writings prove that; and in 410 A.D., though reluctantly, he became Bishop of Ptolemais. Very little of his poetry has come down to us, but that little is of the highest order. He died 430 A.D.

When darkness falls and night is here,

tr., John Brownlie 8,8,8,8 soi nux me pherei ton aidon, anax A Cento from age moi psucha I
When darkness falls and night is here, My hymns of praise in silence rise -- This knows the moon,
whose silver sphere Shines in the star-bespangled skies. II When morning breaks, and glorious
day Shines in the dawn and noontide fair -- This knows the sun -- a grateful lay Springs from my
heart in fervent prayer. III When fails the light at sunset gray, And twilight listens for my song -- This
know the stars -- in bright array My praises mingle with their throng.

O may my soul, uncrushed by care,

tr., John Brownlie 8,8,8,8 lupais d' astiptos psucha A Cento from Humnomen kouron numphas I O may my soul, uncrushed by care, Direct her gaze to where Thou art, And in Thy splendour find, O Christ, The strength of life Thou canst impart. II And freed from sin's depressing load, May I pursue the path divine, And rise above the cares of earth Until my life is merged in Thine. III Unsullied life Thy servant grant Who tunes his harp to sound Thy praise, And still my life shall hymn Thy love, And glory to the Father raise. IV And when I rest in glory bright, The burden of my labour past, In hymns I'll praise Thee more and more While the eternal ages last.

Up, up, my soul, on wings of praise,

tr., John Brownlie 8,6,8,6 age moi psucha I Up, up, my soul, on wings of praise, No other service know; In holy strains the love express That fires the heart below. II Burn, burn, my soul, and ever be With holy ardour fired, And, strongly armed with firm resolve, Be evermore inspired. III Pour forth a bloodless offering Of hymns and holy lauds, And weave a garland rich and fair To crown the King of gods.

In the Father's glory shining,

tr., John Brownlie 8,7,8,7 autos phos ei pagaion Cento from Humnomen kouron numphas I In the Father's glory shining, Jesus, Light of light art Thou; Sordid night before Thee fleeth, -- On our souls Thou'rt falling now. II Frammer of the world, we hail Thee! Thou didst mould the stars of night; Earth to life Thou dost awaken, Saviour Thou, of glorious might! III 'Tis Thy hand that guides the chariot When the sun illumines the skies, And the dark of night relaxes When Thou bidst the moon arise. IV At Thy word the harvest ripens, Flocks and herds their pasture find; Earth gives bread to feed the hungry, For the hand of God is kind. V May my soul, her want perceiving, Turn her gaze to where Thou art, And in all Thy fulness find Thee Food to satisfy the heart.

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