

**JOHN
BROWNLIE**

HYMNS FROM
THE GREEK
OFFICE BOOKS

John Brownlie
Hymns from the
Greek Office Books

http://www.litres.ru/pages/biblio_book/?art=24165892

Hymns from the Greek Office Books / Together with Centos and Suggestions:

ISBN <http://www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/31157>

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PREFACE

The renderings contained in this volume are chosen from a quantity of material, much of which had to be set aside as, for various reasons, unsuitable. But, as can be understood, in process of reading, thoughts linked themselves to the memory, and echoes of music, much of it surpassingly sweet, lingered, and from those echoes and thoughts the Centos and Suggestions have been formed. The phrases containing the thoughts, and the echoes repeating the music, have been woven together to form the fabric which is shewn here.

This volume is presented because the author believes that the hymnody of the West must find much of its finest enrichment in the praise literature of the Church of the East. It would be presumptuous to think that these renderings and suggestions are at all a worthy expression of the noble and richly varied praise of the Eastern Church; but they constitute, together with those

contained in two former volumes by the present author, perhaps one-half of all the pieces which have yet appeared in English verse.

All the renderings in this collection appear for the first time. If any one thinks he has reason to complain of their quality, let him try to do better. The field lies untilled for any one who will work it.

J. B.

Trinity Manse,
Portpatrick, September 15, 1904.

GREEK INDEX

ἐλεήσον ἡμᾶς, κύριε ἐλέησον ἡμᾶς,
ἐν ταῖς αὐλαῖς σου ὑμνήσω σε,
ῥευστοὶ πῶς γεγόναμεν, ἄφθαρτον εἰκόνα φορέσαντες,
πάντα ματαιότης τὰ ἀνθρώπινα,
ταχύς εἰς ἀντίληψιν, μόνος ὑπάρχων Χριστέ,
ἢ τὸν πρῶτον τῶν Ἀγγέλων,
νεύματι θουργικῶ κύριε πάντων,
ἐπεσκέπατο ἡμᾶς ἐξῦψους ὁ Σωτὴρ ἡμῶν,
τὴν ἄχραντον Εἰκόνα σου προσκυνοῦμεν ἀγαθὲ,
ὁ φωτίσας τὴ ἐλλάμψει τῆς σῆς παρουσίας Χριστέ,
χαίροις ὁ ζωηφόρος Σταυρὸς,
σήμερον κρευμαῖται ἐπὶ ξύλου,
εσφραγισμένου τοῦ μνήματος,
ὁ κύριος ἀνελήφθη εἰς οὐρανοὺς,
εὐλογητὸς εἰ, Χριστέ ὁ Θεὸς ἡμῶν,
τὸ ἀπ' αἰῶνος ἀπόκρυφον,
ἐκ τοῦ Πνεύματός σου,
χαῖρε κεχαριτωμένη Θεοτόκε Παρθένε,
ναυτιῶν τῷ σάλῳ τῶν βιωτικῶν μελημάτων,
αἱ μυροφόροι γυναῖκες, ὄρθρου βαθεός,
καὶ στραφεῖς ὁ κύριος ἐνέβλεψε τῷ Πετρῷ,
καὶ ἀνέφξας ἡμῖν παραδείσου τὰς πύλας,
καὶ κλαύσωμεν, καὶ πράξωμεν,

πυρίπνοον δέξασθε πνεύματος δρόσον,
σαρκί ύπνώσας ώς θνητός,
πατήρ οικτιρμών,
ὁ πλάστης μου κύριος,
ὁ Σωτήρ ἡμῶν, ἀνατολή ἀνατολῶν,
ὕμνοῦμεν σου Χριστέ, τὸ σωτήριον παθος,
φῶς ἐκ φωτός,
ψυχή μου! ἀνάστα,
κλίνας οὐρανούς, κατέβη,
δεῦτε ἀγαλλιασωμέθα τῷ κυρίῳ,
τὸ Πνεῦμα τῆς ἀληθείας,
οὐκ ἀφήσω ὑμᾶς ὀρφανούς,
ὁ πλοῦτος καὶ βάθος, σοφίας Θεοῦ!
αἱ μυροφόροι γυναῖκες,
καὶ ὅ τι ἂν αἰτήσητε τοῦτο ποιήσω,
με νῦξ ἐδέξατο,
ζωτικῆς ἐξ ὕψους βιαίας φερομένης,
ἐξαγορευσω κατ' ἐμοῦ τὴν ἀνομίαν μου τῷ κυρίῳ,
ἦν τὸ φῶς τὸ ἀληθινόν,
ἅγιος ἀθάνατος, τὸ παράκλητον Πνεῦμα,
δίδου παραμυθίαν τοῖς δούλοις σου,
ὅτι ἐτέχθη ἐπὶ γῆς ὁ Ἄμνός τοῦ Θεοῦ,
ὁ δέ βιος, σκιά καὶ ἐνύπνιον,
εν τῷ φωτὶ Χριστὲ τοῦ προσώπου σου,

Hymns From The Greek Office Books

Troparia

ἐλεήσον ἡμᾶς, κύριε ἐλέησον ἡμᾶς

Euchologion, p. 35

I

O destitute of all defence,
We bow before Thee now;
In mercy let Thy mercy come,
For merciful art Thou.

II

Our trusting souls in quiet repose
Would rest Thy love within; —

O be not angry with us, Lord,
Nor think upon our sin.

III

But from Thy high abode look down,
With tender love the while,
And save us from our foes who would
Our wayward hearts beguile.

IV

For, verily Thou art our God,
And we Thy people all; —
Hear us, the creatures of Thy hand,
When on Thy name we call.

V

To God the Father, God the Son,
All praise and glory be;

And to the Spirit, Three in One,
To all eternity.

Stichera Idiomela

ἐν ταῖς ἀύλαῖς σου ὑμνήσω σε

Pentecostarian, p. 186

I

Within Thy courts my praise shall rise,
O Saviour of the world, to Thee;
And while I bow, will lift mine eyes,
Unconquered Might, Thy face to see;
At eve, at morn, at noon, always,
All blessing Lord, to Thee I'll pay.

II

Here in Thy courts, O Lord, we bow,
And soul and body worship give;
Hear us, Thy faithful servants now,
Eternal God in Whom we live;

And Thou the Unbeginning Son,
And Holy Spirit Three in One.

Sticheron Idiomelon

(From the Order of the Burial of Priests)

ῥευστοί πῶς γεγόναμεν,
ἄφθαρτον εἰκόνα φορέσαντες

Euchologion, p. 467

I

Why do we fade?
Who Thine own image bear,
Who life immortal share, —
Why do we fade?

II

Why did we err?

And leave the food of life,
To eat the bread of strife, —
Why did we err?

III

Why thus deceived?
And robbed of life divine,
That precious gift of Thine?
Why thus deceived?

Idiomela of John The Monk

(From the Order of the Burial of Laymen)

πάντα ματαιότης τὰ ἀνθρώπινα

Euchologion, p. 413

I

All human things decay,
For all is vanity,
The silver and the gold;
The glory of the great,
The wealth of high estate,
None can for ever hold.

II

Death with his icy hand,
Severs each earthly band,
And bears us all away;
Vain are our earthly dreams,
Shadows our substance seems,
And nothing lasts for aye.

III

Immortal Christ, we cry,
O let our prayers come nigh
Thy throne of heavenly grace;
Rest him whose form we miss,
Grant him in endless bliss
A lasting dwelling place.

Troparia

(From the Order of Holy Unction)

ταχύς εἰς ἀντίληψιν, μόνος ὑπαρχων Χριστέ

Euchologion, p. 266

I

Thou, Lord, hast power to heal,
And Thou wilt quickly aid,
For Thou dost deeply feel
The stripes upon us laid: —
Thou Who wast wounded by the rod
Uplifted in the hand of God.

II

Send speedy help, we pray,
To him who ailing lies,
That from his couch he may
With thankful heart arise;
Through Her, whose prayers availing find
Thine ear, O Lover of mankind.

III

Oh, blinded are our eyes,
And all are held in night;
But like the blind who cries,
We cry to Thee for light;
In penitence, O Christ, we pray,
Give us the radiant light of day.

Ode V. of Metrophanes

(From the Midnight Service for the Sabbath)

ἡ τὸν πρῶτον τῶν Ἀγγέλων ἀμέσως διάκοσμον

Parakletike, p. 4

I

The radiance of the brightness
Of beauty shed by Thee,
Descend on us who hymn Thy name,
Sole ruling Trinity.

II

Victorious nature hymns Thee,
Thou orb of triple ray;

For Thou hast hallowed it through grace
And borne its sin away.

III

In faith we laud the Father,
The Spirit and the Son,
One Nature, One Divinity,
One God, yet Three in One.

IV

To Thee our God be glory,
O Holy Trinity,
Both now, and while the ages run
To all eternity.

Ode VIII of Metrophanes

(From the Midnight Service for the Sabbath)

νεύματι θουργικῶ κύριε πάντων

Parakletike, p. 4

I

Thy mighty word commanding,
The heavens were settled high,
And earth to Thee responding
Was spread beneath the sky.

II

O God of power, Thy servants
Would seek Thy power divine,

That they their hearts to love Thee
May evermore incline.

III

And gazing on the glory
That shines in triple ray,
Our souls shall feast with gladness
On Thy sweet light always.

IV

And of Thy glory shining,
And of Thy ruling light,
From age to age Thy servants
Shall hymn both day and night.

V

To Thee be lasting praises,
Immortal Three in One, —

Thou Father, Son, and Spirit, —
Now, and while ages run.

Exapostilarion Automelon

ἐπεσκέψατο ἡμᾶς ἐξῦψους ὁ Σωτὴρ ἡμῶν

Maenon, Dec. 25

I

The early dawn awakes,
The morn triumphant breaks,
See, see! the brightening sky,
The Saviour from on high
Is with us here.

II

And we who sat in night,
Rejoicing see the Light;
The shadows now are past,
The Dayspring come at last
And day is near.

III

For we have found the Truth;
The Son of Virgin youth,
The Saviour hath been born
This glorious festal morn,
And joys appear.

Troparia of The Sixth Hour

τὴν ἄχραντον Εἰκόνα σου προσκυνοῦμεν ἀγαθὲ

Horologion, p. 94

I

Before Thy Cross we take our place,
With all our load of guilt,
And plead forgiveness of Thy grace
Because Thy blood was spilt.

II

For Thou, to free us from our foes,
Didst bear that cruel Cross,
And by its agony and woes
Bring gain for all our loss.

III

Therefore we raise with one accord
Our songs right thankfully,
For joy and peace, O Christ our Lord,
We owe in full to Thee.

Ode V

(From the Canon of the Resurrection)

ὁ φωτίσας τὴ ἐλλάμψει τῆς σῆς παρουσίας Χριστέ

Parakletike, p. 8

I

O Christ, Who art the peerless Light,
Come with Thy presence ever bright,
And from the Father's throne above
Descend to hearts that own Thy love.

II

Thy Cross no shame to mortals brings;
The world with joy its glory sings;

And men, O Christ, before Thee bow —
All hail! Thy Resurrection now.

III

Ah Thou, our Lord, the Shepherd good,
Upon that Cross poured forth Thy blood,
And with Thy last expiring breath
Didst save Thy flock from endless death.

IV

And death of all his power is shorn,
And men to joy and peace are born,
For from their sins' oppressive sway
Forgiveness bears their souls away.

V

Glory to Thee, O God, we bring,
And to the Son, our Heavenly King,

And to the Holy Ghost always,
Now, and throughout the endless days.

Stichera

(From the Office of the Cross
on Quadragesima Sunday)

χαίροις ὁ ζωηφόρος Σταυρὸς

Triodion, p. 215

I

All hail, life-bearing Cross,
The trophy of the good,
Thy bloom is fragrance on our way,
Thy fruit our heavenly food.

II

Entrance to paradise,

Strength of all faithful souls;
The Church's fortress when the foe
His banner grim unrolls.

III

By thee the curse is gone,
And death no terror brings;
We cast his power beneath our feet,
And rise to heavenly things.

IV

O shield of our defence,
And foe of all our foes;
The glory of the saints of God,
Their crown for all their woes.

V

Who follow Christ the Lord,

Their beauty find in thee;
Their harbour of salvation thou,
Now and eternally.

Antiphon

σήμερον κρευμᾶται ἐπι ξύλου
ὁ ἐν ὕδασι τὴν γῆν κρευμάσας

Triodion, p. 401

I

Come, mortals, come behold!
He hangs upon the tree,
Who made the rolling sea
The new formed earth uphold.

II

See! He is crowned with thorns,
The King of angels great,
Who in His high estate
A glorious crown adorns.

III

Derided, see Him wear
A robe of purple dye,
Who robes the noon-day sky
With clouds that float on air.

IV

The Bridegroom of the Bride,
The Son of Virgin born —
With nails His hands are torn,
With cruel spear His side.

Αποlutikion

(Of the Holy Apostle Thomas)

εσφραγισμένου τοῦ μνήματος

Pentecostarion

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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