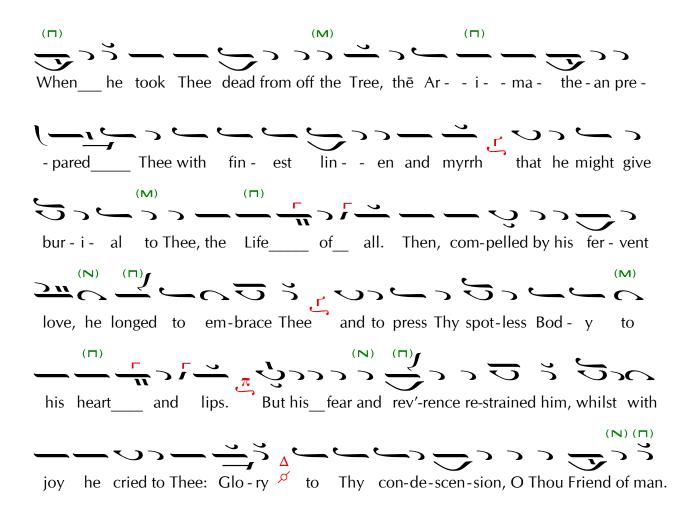
## **М**неи не тоок **Т**нее

("Οτε ἐκ τοῦ ξύλου Σε νεκρόν)

## Second Mode

## Ήχος 🚃 Πα



When he took Thee dead from off the Tree, \* the Arimathean prepared Thee with finest linen and myrrh \* that he might give burial to Thee, the Life of all. \* Then, compelled by his fervent love, \* he longed to embrace Thee \* and to press Thy spotless Body to his heart and lips. \* But his fear and rev'rence restrained him, \* whilst with joy he cried to Thee: Glory \* to Thy condescension, O Thou Friend of man.