

"Joseph with Nicodemus Took Thee Down..."

from "Lord, I have Cried"

[Both now and ever....]

Quietly and Tenderly

Pskov Melody - Tone 5

Jo - seph with Nic - o - de - mus took Thee down from the Tree, who deck - est Thy -

self with light as with a gar - ment; and look - ing up - on Thee dead, stripped,

and with - out bur - i - al, in his grief and ten - der com - pas - sion he la -

ment - ed, say - ing: 'Woe is me, my sweet - est Je - sus! When but a

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lit - tle while a - go the sun saw Thee hang - ing on the Cross,

it wrapped it - self in dark - ness: the earth quaked with fear and the veil of the tem -

ple was rent in twain. And now I see Thee for my sake sub - mit ting

of Thine own will to death. How shall I bur - y Thee, my God?

How shall I wrap Thee in a wind - ing sheet?

How shall I touch Thy pure bod - y with my hands? What song at Thy

de-par-ture shall I sing to Thee, O com-pas-sion - ate Sav - iour? I mag - ni -

fy Thy suf - fer-ings; I sing the prais - es of Thy bur - i - al and Thy

Res - ur - rec-tion, cry - - - ing: O Lord, glo - ry to Thee.