

Idiomela of Saint John of Damascus

In the Eight Modes

Basil Crow

Ἦχος ♯̣ Πα

What de - light of life re - main - eth no par - ty to grief?

What glo - ry stand - eth im - mu - ta - ble on earth? All are more fee - ble

than shad - ows; all more de - lud - ing than dreams. Yet one mo - ment on -

- ly and death — shall sup - plant them all. But in the light of Thy coun -

- te - nance, O Christ, and in the sweet - ness of Thy beau - ty, grant

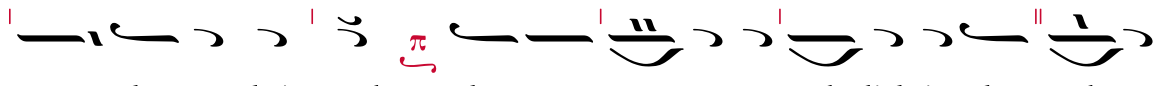
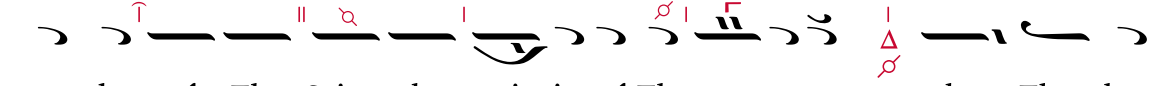
rest un - to those whom Thou hast cho - sen, since Thou art the Friend -

of — man.

Ἦχος ♯̣ Πα

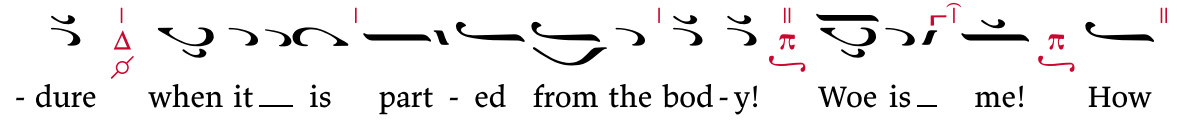
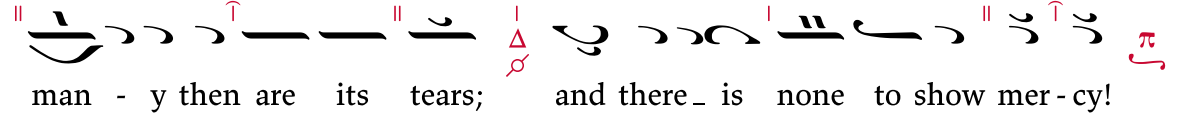
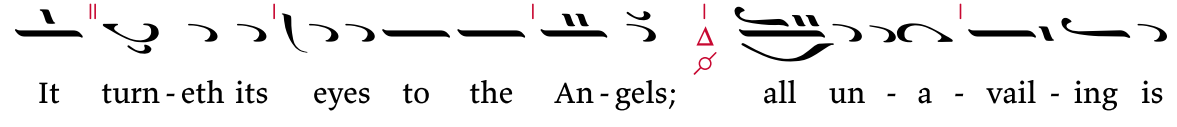
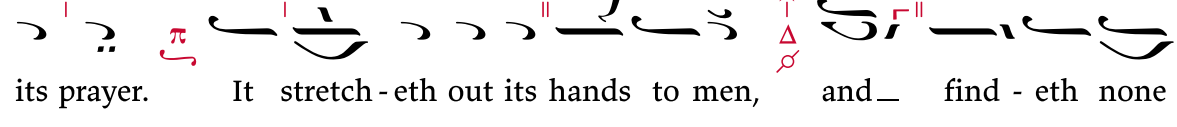
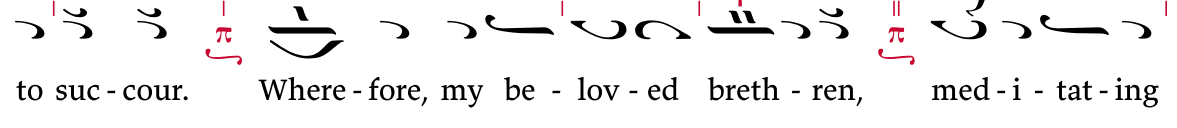
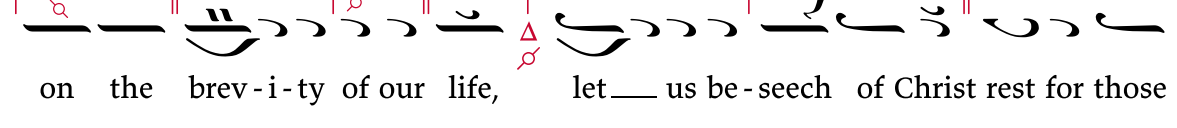
Ev - ry man — fad - eth like a flow - er, and like a dream doth

he pass a - way and is dis - solved; and a - gain, — when the trum - pet


 shall sound, all the dead shall a - rise, as though in an earth-quake, to

 meet Thee, O Christ God. Then, O Mas-ter, es - tab - lish in the tab - er -

 - nac - les of Thy Saints the spir - its of Thy ser - vants whom Thou hast

 trans - lat - ed from a - mong us, O Christ.

Another, outside the Typicon


 Woe is_ me! What man - ner of or - deal_ doth the soul en -

 - dure when it_ is part - ed from the bod - y! Woe is_ me! How

 man - y then are its tears; and there_ is none to show mer - cy!

 It turn - eth its eyes to the An - gels; all un - a - vail - ing is

 its prayer. It stretch - eth out its hands to men, and_ find - eth none

 to suc - cour. Where - fore, my be - lov - ed breth - ren, med - i - tat - ing

 on the brev - i - ty of our life, let_ us be - seech of Christ rest for those

that have de - part-ed hence, and for our souls great mer - cy.

Ἦχος Γα

All mor-tal things that ex - ist not af - ter death are van-i -
 - ty. Rich - es a - bide not, nei-ther doth glo-ry ac-com-pa-ny us —
 on the way; for when death com - eth, all these things van - ish ut -
 - ter - ly. Where-fore, let us cry un - to Christ, the Im - mor-tal -
 King: Un - to them that have been trans-lat-ed from a - mong us, do
 Thou grant rest, in the a - bode of all them that re - joice in —
 Thee.

Ἦχος Β

Tru - ly dread - ful is the mys - ter - y of death! For how is the
 soul sep - a - rat - ed with vi - o - lence from bod - y and


 joints and all, that nat - u - ral un-ion; and by the di - vine — will,

 that bond that is most nat - u - ral is cut a - sun - der — and

 whol - ly rent a-part? We there-fore warm - ly pray of — Thee: Do Thou

 grant rest to those tak-en hence in the tents — of Thy just on high, O

 Life - giv - er and Friend of man.

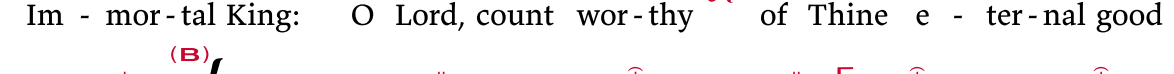
Another, outside the Typicon


Where is at-tach-ment to the world? Where is the il - lu-sion of

 things fleet - ing? Where is the gold and sil - ver? Where — is the mul-

 - ti-tude of house-hold ser-vants and their clam - our? All is dust, — all

 is ash-es, all is shad-ows. But come, — let — us cry — out to the

 Im - mor-tal King: O Lord, count wor-thy of Thine e - ter-nal good

 things them that have been trans-lat-ed from a - mong — us, and grant

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fash - ion — my bod - y from the earth and didst give me a soul by Thy
 di - vine and quick - 'ning breath. Where - fore, O Sav - iour, grant
 rest un - to Thy ser - vants in the land of — the liv - ing, in the tab -
 - er - nac - les of — the right - eous.

Ἦχος βαρύς Γα

Grant rest, — O our life - giv - ing Sav - iour, to our breth - ren
 whom Thou hast trans - lat - ed from things tem - po - ral, as they cry: O
 Lord, glo - ry be — to — Thee.

Another, outside the Typicon

When in the be - gin - ning Thou hadst cre - at - ed man ac -
 - cord - ing to Thine im - age and like - ness, Thou didst set him in Par -
 - a - dise to reign o - ver Thy crea - tures. But when — he was

be - guiled by the en - vy of the dev - il and par - took of the food,
 he be - came a trans - gres - sor of Thy com - mand - ments. For
 which cause, O Lord, Thou didst con - demn him to re - turn a - gain
 un - to the earth whence he was tak - en, and to ask for re - pose.

Ἦχος λ π δ Νη

I weep and I la - ment when I think up - on death, and be -
 - hold our beau - ty, which was fash - ioned af - ter the im - age
 of God, ly - ing in the tomb dis - fig - ured, dis - hon - oured, be - reft of
 form. O won - der! What is this mys - ter - y that hath be -
 - fall - en us? How have we been giv - en o - ver un - to cor - rup -
 - tion? How have we been yoked to - geth - er with death? Of a truth,
 as it is writ - ten, it is by the com - mand of God,

Who grant - eth rest to the de - part - ed.

Who grant - eth rest to the de - part - ed.

Glo - ry to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Spir -

- it.

- it.

Thy death, O Lord, is be - come the cause of im - mor - tal - i -

- ty. For if Thou hadst not been laid in a grave, Par - a - dise

would not have been o - pened. Where - fore, do Thou grant rest un -

- to them that have been trans - lat - ed hence, since Thou art the Friend -

of man.

Both now and ev - er and un - to the ag - es of ag - es. A -

- men.

- men.

O pure Vir - gin, the gate of the Word and Moth - er

of our God: Pray thou that their souls be shown mer - cy.