A New Lenten Hymnal

Traditional Spiritual Songs
In English and Slavonic

From the forthcoming hymnal for the
Byzantine (Ruthenian) Catholic Church

Metropolitan Cantor Institute
Byzantine Catholic Archeparchy of Pittsburgh
February 2020
The Byzantine (Ruthenian) Catholic Church possesses as a rich inheritance a large collection of hymns for the Great Fast and Holy Week, to be sung before and after liturgical services.

This collection is part of the Hymnal Project of the Metropolitan Cantor Institute, and will form the “Lenten Hymns” section of a forthcoming complete hymnal for our church. For more information:

https://mci.archpitt.org/songs/Hymnal_project.html

**How you can help:**

1. Please send any corrections or suggestions to mci@archpitt.org.

2. We are particularly looking for assistance in preparing literal translations of some of the Slavonic hymns in this collection, as well as single translations of additional verses which have not yet made their way into English. If you would like to help with this project, please write to mci@archpitt.org.

3. Try singing the hymns in this collection, and let us know how they work, and what improvements might be made.

May God richly bless us as we honor his holy Mother!

Deacon Jeffrey Mierzejewski
Metropolitan Cantor Institute
Byzantine Catholic Archeparchy of Pittsburgh
Pronunciation of Slavonic

The Church Slavonic texts in the following pages are presented in a variation of the Latin alphabet used with English, rather than in the original Cyrillic alphabet. Certain additional symbols are added to indicate the correct pronunciation. The system used here is one commonly employed in our prayer books.

In Church Slavonic, each letter has a uniform sound in whatever word it is found.

The following letters vary in pronunciation from their equivalent in the English language:

**VOWELS**

- A as in fAther (approx.)
- E as in bEt
- I as in bIt
- O as in mOre
- U as in mOOn
- Y as in bUt

**CONSONANTS**

- C as ts in wits
- Č as ch in Church
- CH as ch in loch
- D’ as di in radiant
- J as y in yet
- L’ as lli in brilliant
- Ń as ni in union
- Ć as ch in Church
- Š as sh in show
- T’ as ti in celestial
- V’ as vi in Savior
- Ž as s in pleasure

Note: d’, l’, ň, t’, and v’ indicate that the given consonant is followed by the sound as “y” as in yellow, as shown in the examples above. (D’ and T’ are sometimes written Ď and Ť.)

Accented vowels are marked in order to assist in pronunciation, but may not be strongly accented when sung.

When in doubt, use the locally accepted pronunciation of Church Slavonic.
Krestu Tvojemu

GREAT FAST

Slavonic text and melody: *Grekokatolicki Duchovny Pisni*, 1969

1. Krestu Tvojemu, Spase Vladyko, poklon, cest',
2. Krestu Tvojemu, Spase Vladyko, Klanatis'

sla-vu skla-da-jem vs'i. Strast' Tvo-ju sla-vim,
bu-dem vo v'ik v'i-kov. Z po-klon-om mi-lost'

Bo-že ve-li-ku, i mno-hi mu-ki, ra-ny svja-t'i.
1. At the most holy cross of our Savior, we bow in honor and sing our praise; we praise your suffering ever we bow our head. In your great mercy and all your torments, for it was by them you saved us all. you poured out your life, saving all sinners with such great love.

Text: English translation of Krestu Tvojemu by Fr. William Levkulic
Melody: Grekokatolicki Duchovny Pisni, 1969
Pod krest’ Tvoj staju

1. Pod krest’ Tvoj staju, Spasi te l’u moj milij,
2. Za me-ne ter-piš Ty, za me-ne Ty roz-prjal-sja
3. I-su-se Ty moj! Tvo-ji Bez-mir-ňi mu-ki,

GREAT FAST

Ubi ti Ty dal-sja.
Do žal po-ku-ti.

Slavonic text and melody : traditional
Beneath your cross I stand

1. Beneath your cross I stand; O Savior, hear my
   request. Turn me from all sin; let me feel your cross.
   You paid for my sins; you paid for my faults. You redeemed mankind lost.

2. For me you suffered shame; for me you suffered
   your cross. You paid for my sins; you paid for your cross be my strength to repent.

3. From you I'll never turn; for me your last breath
   there spent. Let your seven words, spoken from your

Text: English translation of *Pod krest’ Tvoj staju* by Fr. Ernest. Dunda and Fr. William Levkulic
Melody: traditional
Prijd’ite voschvalim

1. Prij-d’ite, vos-chvalim, Pre-čest-nyj krest;
2. Po Taj-noj Ve-če-ri I-sus po-mo-lil-sja,
3. Ja-ka I-sus Chri-sta no ho-ru vy-ve-li,

Na nem I-sus Chri-stos roz-pja-tyj jest’;

Ma-ti Bo-ža hor-ko pod kres-tom ry-da-la,
A od-pav-šij Ju-da Jšov Je-ho po-da-ti,
Ma-ti Bo-ža hor-ko pod kres-tom ry-da-la,

I ži-dam ne-vir-nym per-e-da-ti.
Krov i ra-ny Je-ho cil-o-va-la.

Slavonic text and melody : traditional
1. Come now, all you faithful, look upon the cross;
2. On that holy evening, Jesus prayed for us,
3. All that He would suffer was to ransom us;

For our Savior died there to save all the lost.
Knowing that the morrow would bring Him the cross.
For the price of our fall was to be the cross.

Mary stands there weeping, heart so pierced with sorrow,
Judas would betray him for the coins of silver,
Now we must remember: Only Christ could save us;

Shedding tears so bitter, mourning her Son.
And be lost for ever, lost for ever.
No one else could suffer all that he would.

Text: English translation of Prijd’ite voschvalim by Fr. William Levkulic
Melody: traditional
Ne opuskaj nas

Refrain

Ne o-puskaj nas, ne o-puskaj nas, Bože,

Bože, ne o-puskaj nas.

1. Ty skazal-se pred vi-kami; ne li-šu vas si-ro-
2. O stanj Ty, Slad-čaj-ščij z na-mi, pro-svi-ti Serd-ca lu-

ta-mi, Tvo-je serd-ce zna-jet v ne-bi
ka-mi, soln-ce sv-ti nam o-pi-ki

o na-šij kaž-dij po-tre-bi.
Ty na zem-li i na v’i-ki.

Slavonic text and melody : traditional
Do not forsake us

**Refrain**

Do not forsake us, do not forsake us, O Lord,

O Lord, do not forsake us.

1. You did promise at the supper you would
2. Let your kindly light be in us, shining

never leave us orphans; for within your heart like the sun above us; let your light of love

you know we have need of you in our life. shine down from the Cross forever more.

Text: English translation of *Ne opuskaj nas* by Fr. William Levkulic

Melody: traditional
Have mercy on me, O my God
(Selected verses from Psalm 50)

Have mercy on me, O my God, in your great goodness,
In the greatness of your mercy, blot out my offense.

for it is your kindness and great mercy that forgives.
Wash away my sins completely, cleanse me of my sin.

For I acknowledge my offense,
my sin is before me. *(see music below)*
Against you I sinned and have done evil in your sight.

Cleanse me of my sins with hyssop
that I may be made pure.
Wash me and I shall be whiter than new-fallen snow.

Let me hear the sounds of gladness;
then shall my bones rejoice.
Turn away your face from my sins,
blot out all my guilt.

Give me a clean heart, O my God;
renew my spirit.*
Cast me not out from your presence,
fill me with your life.

Free me from blood guilt, O my God;
you are my saving God.
Then shall my tongue speak out in joy
of your justice great.

O Lord, open my mouth and lips;
your praise I shall proclaim.*
A heart contrite with humbleness
you will not reject.

Original: Fr. B. Matyuk
English: Fr. William Levkulic

* my sin is before me.
renew my spirit.
your praise I shall proclaim.
Having suffered

Son of God, have mercy, have mercy, have mercy on us.

Preterpivyj

Preterpivyj za nas strasti, Iususe Christe,

Syne Božij, pomiluj, pomiluj, pomiluj nas.

In some parishes, it is customary to sing this hymn three times at the end of weekday services during the Great Fast, with a prostration each time. (Note that after services at which Holy Communion has been received, no prostrations are made.)

Text: Slavonic text, traditional; English text, unknown translator
Melody: traditional
O Son of David

PALM SUNDAY

1. The people in great throngs had gathered to greet our Lord in Jerusalem.
2. That day the streets were filled with people, with palms and branches in their hands.
3. Christ entered in this holy city, another prophecy to fulfill.
4. Come forth and greet the King of Glory, He humbly comes into our midst today.

They called him King and cried Hosanna,
They waved them high and cried Hosanna,
We know that now their cries Hosanna,
Proclaim him King and cry Hosanna;

O Son of David, King of Israel,
O Son of David, King of Israel,
would change to Crucify, away with him,
anounce his kingdom which is here to stay;

O Son of David, King of Israel,
O Son of David, King of Israel,
would change to Crucify, away with him,
anounce his kingdom which is here to stay.
Radujsja zilo

1. Radujsja zilo, dšči Si - on - ja,
2. O - san - na vo vyš - nich bla - ho - slo - ven hr’a - dyj!

se Car tvoj vo - z - sí - dyj voz - sí - dyj na os - l’a

Za - ch - ri - ja vo - pi - jet, So - fo - ni - ja s nim zo - vet
My T’a bu - dem vos-chva-l’a - ti, im - ja Tvo - je pro - slav - l’a - ti:

Vla - dy - c’i, Vla - dy - c’i.
“O-san-na vo vyš - nich”, na vi - ki.

Slavonic text and melody : traditional
Rejoice today

PALM SUNDAY

1. Rejoice today with all your heart, O daughter Zion.

2. Hosanna in the highest, He who comes is blessed:

Here is your King coming to you, as He sits upon a colt.
Entering Jerusalem, the Redeemer of the world.

Zechariah prophesies, Zephaniah joins with him
Now we sing in glorious praise, and proclaim his holy Name,

to proclaim the Master, the Master.

“Hosanna in the highest,” forever.

Text: English translation of Radujsja zilo by Cantors Nicholas Kalvin, Michael Zaretsky, Jerry Jumba, and Fr Alexis Mihalik, alt.

Melody: traditional
Christe Carju spravedlivyj

1. Christe Carju spravedlivyj,
2. Kol' molil'sja v Ver-to-hra-d'i
3. Na molitvy Ty umli-val

Bozhe dolhotepelivy.
Zna juščij o zlobnoj zradd'i.
I krovavij pot izli-val.

Ne razkažeserdecervino,
Čto učenik Tvoj lukavyj
O Ty prijal ču strast

Jak to Titerpivbrzmirno.
Pred Tebe cielovalyj.
Choťil vsich hrisnikovspasti.

Slavonic text and melody: traditional
Christ our King who reigns with justice

1. Christ our King who reigns with justice,
2. In the garden when you prayed for help,
3. While you prayed there in the garden,

Lord of all, now and forevermore!
You knew they would come to seize you soon,
Bloody sweat you poured out for our sake.

Yet you suffered; for they jeered you and mocked you;
Then came Judas whom you loved like all the others,
Though the angels tried to comfort you with the cup,

For your throne they gave you the cross.
And he gave you the kiss of doom.
Just the cup of death you soon would know.

Text: English translation of Christe Carju spravedlivyj by Fr. William Levkulic
Melody: traditional
Nebo, zeml’ja sotvoričnja

2. O Pre-čis-ta, Ty sto-ja-la pod kre-stom t’aj-ko stra-da-la.

Nad Isu-som za-ry-da-ti, sle-za-mi sja
Ma-ti Bo-ţa-ja Je-di-na, pre-či-ni-sja

ob-my-va-ti ža-lo-s-no.
Ty u Syn-a za-va-ni-mi.

Slavonic text and melody : traditional
Earth and heaven mourn

1. Earth and heaven mourn their Maker as he suffers crucifixion.
2. O most holy Virgin Mother, by the cross you suffer sorrow.

Amid thunder and the lightning they rain tears for
It is our sins that he dies for, causing tears and

their Creator as he hangs there.
Lamentations for your dying Son.

Text: English translation of Nebo, zeml’a sotvoriňa by Fr. William Levkulic
Melody: traditional
Jehda na smert’ hotovilsja

1. Jeh-da na smert’ ho-to-vil-sja, I-su-se,
2. An-hel Te-be tam u-krip’al, I-su-se,
3. Krest pre-ťa-škij na-lo-ži-li, I-su-se,

Vo-za-hra-di Get-se-man-skoj, I-su-se.
Ca-šu stra-sti Ti pri-no-šal, I-su-se.
Ra-ne-no-mu ne-sti da-li, I-su-se.

D’i-va Pre-či-sta, Ma-ti bo-lez-na

Za-lost-no pla-ka-la.

Slavonic text and melody: traditional
In Gethsemane’s darkness

HOLY WEEK

1. In Geth - sem - ’ne's dark - ness Je - sus prayed for us
2. An - gels came to serve our Lord the help He sought:
3. On the mor - row you must bear the cross in pain.

When he asked God for the strength to bear the cross.
Strength to suf - fer, from the chal - ice which they brought.
Slow - ly from your blood - y wounds all life will wane.

The sword of sor - row, fore - told long a - go,

Your moth - er's heart will know.

Text: English translation of *Jehda na smert’ hotovilsja* by Fr. William Levkulic
Melody: traditional
Idu nyňi ko krestu

1. I - du ny - ňi ko kres - tu, bo in - de T’a ne naj - du,
2. Soln-ce sja za - tem - ni - lo, zri - ti muk ne - cho - t’i - lo,

Spo - koj serd - cu mo - je - mu. Tam naj - du ť’a, Bo - ža Ma - ti,
zem - l’a pla - čet nad Chri-stom. A Ty Ma - ti za - smu-čen - na,

Hor’ - ko v sle-zach za pla - ka - ti. Du - ša mo - ja smut - na jesť.

Slavonic text and melody: traditional
Now do I go to the cross

1. Now do I go to the cross; nowhere else shall I find you,
   darkness has come over the earth, seeing its Lord suf’ring such pain;

Je-sus Lord, peace of my soul. There shall I find the Mo-ther of God,
all of na-ture weeps for Christ. There a-lone stands the Mo-ther of God,

Sor-row and pain pierc-ing her heart. Sor-row now is all I feel.
left to shed tears all by her-self, full of sor-row by the cross.

Text: English translation of Idu nyňi ko krestu by Fr. William Levkulic
Melody: traditional
O Bože moj milostivýj

1. O Božе moj milostivýj,
2. Krečat: rospni,, rospni Jeho

Spasite l’u spravedlivýj,
Na nas naj pade krov Jeho,

Christe Spase na kresti vi siši,
Pilate strasnyj sud vyaskazav,

Za nas hrišnych t’ažest muk nositi.
Do ruk hrišnych Nevinnost’ dav.

Slavonic text and melody : traditional
1. O my God, you are so merciful;
2. All the crowd cried: “Crucify him,
You are the Way and the true Life.
and let his blood be upon us.”
Christ is our Savior, hanging on the cross
Pilate passed his judgment, and gave him to the crowd.

for all us sinners, to ease our suffering.
He who was no sinner was given to sinners.

Text: English translation of O Boże moj milostivyj; translator unknown
Melody: traditional
Stala Mati zarmuščenna

1. Stala Ma-ti zar-mu-ščen-na, pod krest-o-m i raz-
2. O kto ne-bu-det pla-kat-i, vi-d’i Ma-ter tu

ža-len-na, koh-da ter-pil Chris-tos Spas.
sto-ja-ti bo-lest-nu-ju um-l’i-tu.

Serd-ce jej zar-muščen-no-je
Pro hr’ich ro-da-is-bran-na-ho

ža-lo-sti-vo bo-lest-no-je, dvo-o-stryj meč pro-

na krest’ ne-vin-no da-na-ho, i mu-ki ter-p’iv-

ra-zil.
sa-ho.

Slavonic text and melody : traditional
So boundless is her sorrow

1. So boundless is her sorrow, her eyes no longer can shed tears as her Son hangs upon the cross.

2. O who would not share her sorrow, her pain and bitter tears, when they see her beneath his cross.

With a broken heart she stands there all alone.

Now we know the price of his redeeming grace,

Now the prophecy is fulfilled that a sword would paid to free us from the power of the sins we pierce her heart.

all commit.

Text: English translation of *Stala Mati zarmuščenna* by Fr. William Levkulic
Melody: traditional
Stradal’na Mati

1. Stradal’na Mati pod krestom stojava, 
2. Ja Tebe kupala hor’ki mi sleza mi,

sta la ry dati, v sle za ch pro mov la ti:
jak ma lym cho va la, per ed vo ro ha mi,

Oj, Synu, Synu, za jaku provinu,
A ny n’i pla cu, bo Te be vze tra cu,

pe re no si sh nyn’i, t’a zhen’ ku ho di nu,
vze T’a, mi lyj Synu, bol’še ne po ba cu,

na krest’ti.
Synu moj.

Slavonic text and melody: traditional
The grieving mother

1. The grieving Mother stood beneath the cross;

2. Bitter tears are falling near your holy body:

weeping in sorrow, tearfully she prayed:

O my child I raised you, and have always loved you.

O Son, my Son, innocent and faultless,

Now as I lose you, while I weep before you,

why must you suffer this bitter passion

O my Son, you leave me and your life I will no

on the cross?

Alternate first verse, by Prof. Nicholas Kalvin:

Suffering mother standing by the cross,

I hear you weeping at your tragic loss.

O Son, my Son, tell me why you suffer,

Innocent and holy, precious life you offer

On the cross.

Text: English translation of Stradal’na Mati by Fr. Alexis Mihalik and Cantor Jerry Jumba, alt.

Melody: traditional
Uže dekret

HOLY WEEK

1. U-že de-kret pod-pi-su-jet, Pi-lat su-di-ja ska-zu-jet:
2. O-ru-di-je zho-to-va-no, Kresť i hvoz-dy po-ko-van-no.

Na Kresť, na kresť, Ahn-ca ne-po-vin-na.
Lan-cuch, lan-cuch, Na-ši-ju i-klada-juť,

Te-be, Te-be, Tvor-ca ne-pre-min-na.
Chri-sta, Chri-sta, Ka-tam v ru-ki da-juť.
The sentence is passed

1. The sentence is passed upon Christ.
2. The cross is placed on your shoulder.

Pilate gives his word of judgment.
And in pain you were forced to bear it.

The cross, the cross for the Lamb so innocent.
The nails, the lance, the wine with gall were prepared.

O Lord, O Lord, no one tries to save you from death.
O Lord, O Lord, your hands and feet were nailed for us.

Text: English translation of *Uže dekret* by Fr. William Levkulic
Melody: traditional
Poklaňajusja, moj Christe

Poklaňajusja, moj Christe, krestnoj raňi presvjatoj,
Životvornoj i prečistoj na ru ci Tvojej pravoj.
Bože moj, poklon prijmi, od l’ivoj sohrani (2).

Poklaňajusja, moj Christe, krestnoj raňi presvjatoj,
Životvornoj i prečistoj na nozi Tvojej pravoj.
Bože moj, poklon prijmi, putem pravdyj mja vedi (2).

Poklaňajusja, moj Christe, krestnoj raňi presvjatoj,
Životvornoj i prečistoj na nozi Tvojej l’ivoj.
Bože moj, poklon prijmi, od hricha mja odverni (2).

Poklaňajusja, moj Christe, krestnoj raňi presvjatoj,
Životvornoj i prečistoj v serdci Tvojem i rebri.
Bože moj, poklon prijmi, i na viki mja l’ubi (2).

Slavonic text and melody: Fr. I Dutsko
We venerate, O Christ our God

1. We venerate, O Christ our God, the wounds of the nails in both your hands; for they are most holy and life-giving wounds that shed your blood. O my God, accept our prayer with your hands that give us life.

2. We venerate, O Christ our God, the wounds of the nails in both your feet. Let us follow in your footsteps and your blood upon the earth. O my God, accept our prayer; place our feet on the right path.

3. We venerate, O Christ our God, the wound of the lance that pierced your side. From that wound there flowed both water and blood. O my God, accept our prayer; let your blood cleanse all our sins.

Text: English translation of Poklañajusja, moj Christe by Fr. William Levkulic
Melody: Fr. I Dutsko
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!

Joy from heaven is abroad.
All from slumber now are awoken.
In the midst of every heart Take Christian joy and peace.

Round us, Christ our Pasch now dwells among us.
Lift your voices, let there be this proclamation:
That in the midst of ev'ry soul There's now a new life just born.

Hearts in celebration for our God has brought salvation,
Heaven heard the story of the triumph and the glory.
Christ we now are risen, a new life to us is given:
Join the angels’ voices; all mankind this day rejoices.

Brought us joy and peace from heaven. Christ is risen!
All rejoice for we are blest.
Life in peace and happiness.
With all gladness we profess.

Text: English translation of Christos voskres!:
v. 1, Fr. Russell Duker; vv. 2-3, unknown
Melody: Tserkovni Pisni, 1926