Christ is risen! Christ is risen!

Joy from heaven is a-
All from slumber now are
In the midst of ev’ry

Wondrous peace the world em-
round us, Christ our Pasch now dwells among us. Lift your
ri-sen. On this day new life is gi-ven. Earth and
na-tion let there be this proc-la-ma-tion: That in
bra-ces; God is pre-sent in all pla-ces. Let us

hearts in ce-le-bration for our God has brought sal-
av-tion,
heaven heard the sto-ry of the tri-umph and the glo-ry.
Christ we now are ri-sen, a new life to us is gi-ven:
join the an-gels’ voi-ces; all man-kind this day re-joic-es.

Brought us joy and peace from hea-ven. Christ is ri-sen!
All re-joice for we are blest. Chris-tos vos-kres!
Life in peace and hap-pi-ness. Chris-tos vos-kres!
With all glad-ness we pro-fess: Chris-tos vos-kres!

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

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 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

We venerate, O Christ our God

HOLY WEEK

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 you are the way of life. O my God, accept our prayer; let your blood cleanse all our sins,

Text: English translation of Poklahajusja, moj Christe by Fr. William Levkulic
Melody: Fr. I Dutko

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Poklaňajusja, moj Christe

HOLY WEEK

Poklaňajusja, moj Christe, krestnoj rani presvja-toj,
Životvornoj i prečistoj na ru-ći Tvo-jej prav-oj.
Bože moj, poklon prijimi, po pravoj me-ne voz-mi,
po pravoj me-ne voz-mi.

Poklaňajusja, moj Christe, krestnoj rani presvja-toj,
Životvornoj i prečistoj na ru-ći Tvo-jej l’ivoj.
Bože moj, poklon prijimi, od l’ivoj sochran (2).

Poklaňajusja, moj Christe, krestnoj rani presvja-toj,
Životvornoj i prečistoj na nozi Tvojej pravoj.
Bože moj, poklon prijimi, putem pravdyj mja vedi (2).

Poklaňajusja, moj Christe, krestnoj rani presvja-toj,
Životvornoj i prečistoj na nozi Tvojej l’ivoj.
Bože moj, poklon prijimi, od hricha mja odverni (2).

Poklaňajusja, moj Christe, krestnoj rani presvja-toj,
Životvornoj i prečistoj v serdi Tvojem i rebri.
Bože moj, poklon prijimi, i na viki mja l’ubi (2).

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 li in brillian

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 Đ 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**

1. Kres-tu Tvo-je-mu, Spa-se Vla-dy-ko, po-kлон, cest',
2. Kres-tu Tvo-je-mu, Spa-se Vla-dy-ko, Kl-a-ñat-is'

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

Bo-że ve-li-ku, i mno-hi mu-ki, ra-ny svja-ti.

**The sentence is passed**

**HOLY WEEK**

1. The sen-tence is passed up-on Christ.
2. The cross is placed on your shoul-der,

Pi-lat gives his word of judg-ment.
And in pain you were forced to bear it.

The cross, the cross for the Lamb so in-no-cent.
The nails, the lance, the wine with gall were pre-pared.

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

Slavonic text and melody: *Grekokatolicki Duchovny Psní, 1969)*

Text: English translation of *Uže dekret* by Fr. William Levkulic

Melody: traditional
Uže dekret

**HOLY WEEK**

1. Uže dekret 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-si-ju i-kla-da-juť,

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

Slavonic text and melody: traditional

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At the most holy cross

**GREAT FAST**

1. At the most ho-ly cross of our Sa-vior, we bow in hon-or and sing our praise; we praise your suf-fering e-ver we bow our head. In your great mer-cy
2. At the most ho-ly cross of our Sa-vior, now and for-

and all your tor-ments, for it was by them you saved us all.
you poured out your life, sav-ing all sin-ners with such great love.

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

1. Pod krest’ Tvoj staju, Spasi le’u moj milij,
i mo’u Te be
za hr’i-chi moj i,
Za hr’i-chi zal’ shchij.

2. Za me-ne ter-pis Ty, za me-ne Ty roz prjal-sja
pro-vi-nu mo-ju,
ubi-ti Ty dal-sja.

3. I-su-se Ty moj! Tvo-ji Bez-mir-ni mu-ki,
sil’ ni-še od slov, vzy-va-jut’ me-ne,
Do zal po-kuti.

The grieving mother

1. The griev-ing Mo-ther stood be-neath the cross;
weep-ing in sor-row, tear-ful ly she prayed;

2. Bit-ter tears are fal-ling near your ho-ly bo-dy:
O my child I raised you, and have al-ways loved you.

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
Stradal’na Mati

1. Stradal’na Mati pod krestom stojala,
2. Ja be ku pa la hor’ki mi s le za mi,
sta la ry da ti, v sle zach pro mov la ti:
jak ma lym cho va la, pe red vo ro ha mi,

Oj, Synu, Synu, za jaku pro vi nu,
A ny ni pla cu, bo be vze tra cu,
pe re no siš ny ni’, t’a žen’ ku ho di nu,
vze T’a, mi lyj Synu, bol’še ne po ba cu,

na kres t’i.
Synu moj.

Beneath your cross I stand

1. Be neath your cross I stand; O Sav ior, hear my
re quest. Turn me from all sin; let me feel re your cross. You paid for all sin; let me feel re-

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

Slavonic text and melody: traditional
Prijd’ite voschvalim

GREAT FAST

1. Prij-di-te, vos-chvalim, Pre-cest-nyi krest:

2. Po Taj-noj Ve-če-ri Is-us po-mo-lil-sja,

3. Ja-ka Is-us Chri-sta no ho-ru vy-ve-li,

Na nem Is-us Chri-stos roz-pja-tyj jest:
V sa-d’i Get-se-man-skom na strast’ ho-to-vil-sja,

Ma-ti Bo-za hor-ko pod kres-tom ry-da-la,
A od-pav-sij Ju-da Jsov Je-ho po-da-ti,
Ma-ti Bo-za hor-ko pod kres-tom ry-da-la,
Za-lu ve-li-kho u-mi-l’i-va-la.
I zhi-dam ne-vir-nym per-e-da-ti.
Krov i ra-ny Je-ho cil-o-va-la.

So boundless is her sorrow

HOLY WEEK

1. So bound-less is her sor-row, her eyes no

longer can shed tears as her Son hangs up on the cross.

2. O who would not share her sor-row, her pain and

bit-ter tears, when they see her be-neath his cross.

With a bro-ken heart she stands there all a lone.

Now we know the price of his re-deem-ing grace,

Now the prop-he-cy is ful-filled that a sword would
paid to free us from the pow-er of the sins we

pierce her heart.
all com-mit.

Text: English translation of Stala Mati zarmaščenna by Fr. William Levkulic
Melody: traditional
Stala Mati zarmuščenna

HOLY WEEK

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

ža-len-na, koh-da ter-pil Chris-tos Spas.
sto-ja-ti bo-le-stu ju um-li-tu.

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

ža-lo-sti vo bo-le-sti-no-je, dvo-o-stryj meč pro-
na krest’ ne-vi-no da-na-ho, i mu-ki ter-p’iv-

ra-zil.
sa-ho.

Come now, all you faithful

GREAT FAST

1. Come now, all you faith-ful, look up-on the cross;
2. On that ho-ly eve-ning, Je-sus prayed for us,
3. All that He would suf-fer was to rans-o-ment

For our Sav-i-or died there to save all the lost.
For the price of our fall was to be the cross.

Mary stands there weep-ing, heart so pierced with sor-row,
Now we must re-mem-ber: On-ly Christ could save us;

Shed-ding tears so bit-ter, mourn-ing her Son.
And be lost for ev-er, lost for ev-er.
No one else could suf-fer all that he would.

Text: English translation of Prijde’ i te voschval’im by Fr. William Levkulic
Melody: traditional
Ne opuskaj nas

Refrain

1. Ty skazal-se pred vi-kami; ne li-shu vas si-ro-

2. O stan Ty, Slad-čaj-ščij z na-mi, pro-svi-ti Serdcalu-

1HRSXVNDMQDV

Slavonic text and melody: traditional

O my God, you are so merciful

1. O my God, you are so mer-ci-ful;

2. All the crowd cried: “Cru-ci-fy____ him,

You are the Way and the true Life.

Christ__ is our Sav-i-or, hang-ing on the__ cross

Pi-late passed his judg-ment, and gave him to the crowd.

for__ all us sin-ners, to ease our__ suf-ferr-ing.

He who was no sin-ner was giv-en to sin-ners.

Text: English translation of O Bože mej milostivi; translator unknown
Melody: traditional
Slavonic text and melody: traditional

Text: English translation of Ne opuskaj nas by Fr. William Levkalic
Melody: traditional
Have mercy on me, O my God  
(Selected verses from Psalm 50)  

GREAT FAST

Have merc-y on me, O my God, in your great good - ness, 
In the great-ness of your mer-cy, blot out my of-fense.

for it is your kind-ness and great mer-cy that for-gives. 
Wash a-way my sins com-plete-ly, 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

Text: English translation of Idu nyîhi ko krestu by Fr. William Levkulic  
Melody: traditional

Now do I go to the cross  
(HOLY WEEK)

1. Now do I go to the cross; no-where else shall I find you,  
2. Dark-ness has come o-ver the earth, see-ing its Lord suf-f’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.

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

* my sin is be-fore me.  
re-new my spi - rit. 
your praise I shall pro-claim.
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
In Gethsemane’s darkness

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
**O Son of David**

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.
He humbly comes into our midst today.

4. Come forth and greet the King of Glory.
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, a way with him,
announce his kingdom which is here to stay;

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**Jehda na smert’ hotovilsja**

1. Jehda na smert’ hotovilsja, I su se,
Vo zahradi Getseman-skoi, I su se.
Diva Precista, Mati bolezna
Za lostno plaka la.

2. Anhel Tebe tam u krip’al, I su se,
Casu strastti Ti prinosal, I su se.

3. Krest presashkij nalozili, I su se,
Rene nomu nesti dalii, I su se.

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Slavonic text and melody: traditional

Source: Sister Servants of Mary Immaculate
English version: Cantor George Sabol
Radujsja zilo

1. Ra-duj-sja zi-lo, dšči Si-on-ja,
2. O-san-na vo vyš-nich bla-ho-slo-ven hr’a-dyj!

se Car tvoj voz-si-dyj voz-si-dyj na os-l’a

Za-chri-ja vo-pi-jet,_ So-fon-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.

Earth and heaven mourn

1. Earth and hea-ven mourn their Ma-ker as he suf-fers cru-ci-fx-ion.
2. O most ho-ly Vir-gin Mo-ther, by the cross you suf-fer sor-row.

Am-id thun-der and the light-ning they rain tears for
It is our sins that he dies for, caus-ing tears and
their Cre-a-tor as he hangs there.
la-men-ta-tions for your dy-ing Son.

Text: English translation of Nebo, zeml’a sotvorînna by Fr. William Levkulic
Melody: traditional

Slavonic text and melody: traditional
Nebo, zeml’a sotvoriňňa


Nad I-su-som za-ry-da-ti, sleg-za-mi sja
Ma-ti Bo-ža-ja Je-di-na, pre-či-ni-sja
ob-my-va-ti za-los-no.
Ty u Syn-a za-na-mi.

Rejoice today

1. Re-joice to-day with all your heart, O daugh-ter Zi-on.
2. Ho-san-na in the high-est, He who comes is bless-ed:

Here is your King com-ing to you, as He sits up-on a colt.
En-ter-ing Je-ru-sa-lem, the Re-deem-er of the world.

Ze-cha-ri-ah pro-phe-sies, Ze-phah-i-ah joins with him
Now we sing in glo-rious praise, and pro-claim his ho-ly Name,

to pro-claim the Mas-ter, the Mas-ter.
“Ho-san-na in the high-est,” for-ev-er.

Text: English translation of Radušija zilo by Cantors Nicholas Kalvin, Michael Zaretsky, Jerry Jumba, and Fr Alexis Mihalik, alt.
Melody: traditional
Christe Carju spravedlivyj

HOLY WEEK

1. Christe Carju spravedlivyj,
2. Kol' mol'sja v Ver-to-hra-di,
3. Namol'tvy Ty umli-val.

Bozhe dolho ter-peli-vy.
Znajuščij o zloboj zraddi.
Ikrovavyy pot izli-val.

Ne razkažeserdesvirino,
Čtoučenik Tvoj luka-vyj,
O Ty prijal cas̆hu stras̆ti,

Jakto Titer-piv bezmirno.
Pred Tebe ci-lo-ova-vyj,
Choťťšivyshrišnikovspastì.

Christ our King who reigns with justice

HOLY WEEK

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,
Blood 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

Slavonic text and melody: traditional