

**Exapostilarion** (*"Lord, I call" Tone 1*)

Now I am at rest.

Now I have found peace.

Now I have been taken from corruption.

Now have I passed over into life. //

Glory to You, O Lord.

**The Stikhera of St John of Damascus**

Tone 1.

What pleasure of life remains unmixed with  
grief?

What glory stands unchanging on earth?

All are weaker than shadow,

All are more deceitful than dreams;

Only a moment and death shall sweep them all  
away.

But in the light of Your countenance, O Christ,

And in the sweetness of Your beauty,

Give rest to (*him/her/them*) whom You have  
chosen, //

For You are the Lover of man.

Tone 2.

As a flower withers and a dream fades,

So is each man's flesh dissolved by death.

But at the sound of the trumpet like a mighty  
earthquake,

All the dead shall rise again to meet You, O  
Christ our God.  
On that day, O Master, //  
Receive all Your departed servants in the  
mansions of the saints.

Tone 3.

All human accomplishments are vanity,  
Since none exist after death.  
Riches do not endure.  
Glory does not come along with us.  
For when death comes, all these have utterly  
vanished.  
Therefore, let us cry to Christ the Immortal  
One: //  
“Give rest to *(him/her/them)* who *(has/have)*  
departed from us.”

Tone 4.

Where are this world’s pleasures?  
Where is the display of glories that pass away?  
Where are the gold and the silver?  
Where is the throng of servants and their  
clamour?  
All are ashes, dust and shadows.  
But come, let us cry to the Immortal King:  
“Judge *(him/her/them)* who *(has/have)* departed  
from us,

To be worthy of Your eternal blessings,  
O Lord, //  
Give rest to (*him/her/them*) in unending  
blessedness.”

Tone 5.

I remembered the Prophet who said: I am earth  
and ashes;  
And I thought of those in the tombs and saw  
their bones laid bare,  
Then I said: Who is the king or the soldier?  
Who is the rich man or the beggar?  
Who is the just man or the sinner? //  
But give rest to Your servant(s) with the  
righteous, O Lord.

Tone 6.

Your creating command was my beginning and  
foundation.  
For it was Your will to make me, a living being,  
From a nature both visible and invisible.  
You formed my body from earth,  
And gave me a soul by Your divine and life-  
giving breath.  
Therefore, O Christ, give rest to Your  
servant(s) //  
In the land of the living, in the mansions of the  
righteous.

Tone 7.

At the beginning in paradise  
You formed man in Your image and likeness.  
You set him to rule over Your creatures.  
But he was deceived by the jealousy of the devil.  
He partook of the food and transgressed Your  
    commandments.  
Therefore, You condemned him to return to the  
    dust //  
From which he was taken, and to ask for rest.

Tone 8.

I mourn and weep when I ponder death,  
And see our beauty, made in the image of God,  
    laid in a grave,  
Disfigured, dishonoured, and lacking form.  
O wonder!  
What is this mystery that comes to pass for us?  
Why should we be given over to corruption?  
And why should we be wedded to death?  
Truly, as it is written, //  
It is by the command of God Who gives the  
    deported rest.