

Stichera of John the Monk

First Tone

V7 7th [D F# A C] A B C D :|| F

What earth - ly sweet - ness re - main - eth un - mixed with sor - row?

What earthly sweetness remaineth unmixed with sorrow?/ What glory on earth continueth unchanged?/ All things are more feeble than shadows,/ all things are more deceptive than dreams;/ yet One moment, and Death shall take away them all./ But in the light of Thy countenance, O Christ,/ and in the enjoyment of, Thy beauty,/ give rest unto him—her whom Thou hast chosen,// for Thou art the Lover of mankind.

Second Tone

V7 5th [D F# A C] A ||: B C :|| F

Woe is me! What manner of ordeal doth the soul en - dure

Woe is me! What manner of ordeal doth the soul endure/ when it is torn from the body!/ Alas! How it weepeth then,/ and there is none to have mercy on it!/ To the angels it lifteth up its eyes,/ it prayeth without avail;/ stretching out its hands to mortals, it findeth none to help./ Wherefore, my beloved brethren,/ having pondered upon our short life,/ let us ask of Christ repose for the departed,// and for our souls great mercy.

Third Tone

V 5th [D F# A] A B :|| F

All mor-tal things are va - ni - ty, noth - ing whatsoever re-main-eth af - ter death

All mortal things are vanity,/ nothing whatsoever remaineth after death;/ riches abide not, nor doth glory attend,/ for when death cometh, all these things vanish./ Wherefore, let us cry unto Christ the Immortal:/ Give rest unto the departed,// where is the dwelling-place of all that are glad.

Fourth Tone

V 3rd [D E# A] A B C D E ||: C² D E :|| F

Where is worldly in-cli-na-tion? Where the imaginings of the ephemeral crea-tures of a day?

Where is worldly inclination?/ Where the imaginings of the ephemeral creatures of a day?/ Where are the gold and the silver?/ Where is the multitude of servants and noise?/ All is dust, all ashes, all a shadow./ But come let us cry unto the Immortal King:/ O Lord, vouchsafe Thine eternal good things unto him—her who hath departed from us,// granting him—her rest in Thine unaging blessedness.

Fifth Tone

V 5th [D F# A] A B C :|| F

I re - mem-bered what the pro - phet cried: I am dust and ash - es

I remembered what the prophet cried:/ I am dust and ashes./ And again I looked into the graves,/ and saw the bones laid bare, and said:/ Who then is king, or warrior, or rich, or poor, or righteous, or sinner?// But give rest, O Lord, with the righteous unto Thy servant.

Sixth Tone

i root [A C E] A B C :|| (A B^b) F

Origin and substance to me was Thy fa - shion - ing com - mand

Origin and substance to me was Thy fashioning command;/ for, having desired to form me,/ from nature visible and invisible,/ of earth Thou didst make my body,/ and didst give me a soul by Thy divine and life-giving breathing./ Wherefore, O Christ, give rest to Thy servant in the land of the living,// and in the tabernacles of the righteous.

Seventh Tone

Unstressed: I ^{root} [G B D] A B :|| F

In the be-gin-ning having created man according to Thine im - age and like- ness

In the beginning having created man according to Thine image and likeness,/ in paradise Thou didst place him to rule over Thy creation;/ but beguiled through the envy of the devil,/ he partook of the fruit, becoming a transgressor of Thy commandments./ Wherefore, Thou didst condemn him to return again to earth/ from whence he was taken, O Lord,// and to beg for repose.

Eighth Tone

1 Unstressed: V ^{3rd} [G B D] A B C ||: A² B C :|| F

I weep and I la - ment, when I think about death, and see

our beauty fashioned according to God's im - age

I weep and I lament,/ when I think about death, and see our beauty, fashioned according to God's image,/ lying in the graves,/ disfigured, without glory, bereft of form./ O marvel!/ What is this mystery concerning us?/ How have we been given up to corruption?/ How have we been linked with death?/ Truly, as it is written, by the command of God,// Who giveth repose unto the departed.