

MAUNDY THURSDAY

EVENING KAUMA

(Tune- Pesaha---yaal Pesahaadine)

Messi-ah who effaced Pa-schal Lamb by Thy Pasch
Gladden, show mercy – by Thy Pasch.

(Tune- Natha-they sthuthiyum)

Praise to Thee, O Lord, Praise to Thy Father
Glory and honour to Thy Holy Ghost.
Grace and mercy be upon us, sinners
May this pray'r ascend, Lord un-to Thy throne
Inside portals of Jeru-salem high
Praise to- Thee, Messi-ah, Praise- unto Thee
Lord our-refuge for-ever **Barekmor**

प्रभुवर स्तुति ही - तेरे पिता को
पूजन , अथा कीर्तन पावनात्मन की
कृपा आप की हम पापि पर भी ही
ऊँचाई में येरुशालैम द्वार पर
हमारे बिन्ति आप का पीठ स्थान
पावे - मसीह तेरी स्तुति ही प्रभु की
शरण - सदापि नू - बारिकमौर ।

WASHING OF THE FEET

Song during washing of the feet

(English)

Thou humbl'd Thyself, O Most High
And washed earthly ones
Impurities of- Thy servants
Wash-in-Thy mercy

(Hindi)

Prabhu Thu- uthara Nij Mahima sey
Pakkara mittiyakko
Keejadu sey poojaka –vrundomko
Krupaya Kshalan- do

(Syriac)

Aloho daar-khan raboo-sey
Vaasheeg-la-apharone
Aashig kusumo-sodu soogu-daik
B-sogoo-'d-thai-boosok

(Malayalam)

Than mahimanamichu manmayarey
Kazhukiya sarvesha
Aaradhakare malinatha neeki
Krupayal kazhukaname

GOOD FRIDAY

Morning Kauma

Christ sa-ved us by Passion and lowliness
Let us, kneel and adore Him this morning

Third Hour Kauma

Christ was then questioned by- Thy servant
Have mercy on us, at Thy- judgment Day

Sixth Hour Kauma

Christ who- was derided by- servant
In trial- grant us mercy in Thy judgment.

Ninth Hour Kauma

Christ Thou-effaced her who cru-cified Thee
For us- Is Thy Cross refuge and fortress

After Entombment

Christ Thou-effaced our death by- Thy death-
Raise to life; the dead and have me-rcy on us

Ninth Hour “Bothe’ D Hasho”

Blessed – Thy humility- Lord
And passion- suffered for our- sake

1. Those nails- did not melt in their- hands
Those – murderers did not get –burned
That young lion- lowered Himself
Suffered- passion and death to –give
New life- to Adam in – Eden
 2. He who- was dying on the – cross
Cried aloud; came- rocks crashing–down
Rent aside rocks- as in fire
Sore- afraid was earth, she did- scream
Roared all- creatures, like she- lions
 3. They- gave back for comely- flowers
Bitter-sour wine, when He- thirsted
In the place of-rose flowers bright
In-wickedness, those evil-ones
Crown of- thorns did place on His- head
 4. Thou-who suffered, Son of God-with
Holy Ghost, One in the Father!
We offer Thee-flowers of praise
We- adorn Thy glorious crown- with
Bunches- of flowers, our- praises
- Spare us- from Thy judgment, O-Lord!
When you-judge those who did judge-Thee

Procession 1 (Sleebe Tholinmel thaangi)

Cross He carried on shoulders
As He came out from the fort
Hebrew women assembled
Weeping and wailing for Him
Holy Mother stood afar
With her kin waiting for Him
Overcome with grief and pain
Like a dove she moaned and cried
“Where, where are they taking you
My Son, my beloved One?
Oh, why Thou did Thyself give
Unto these unrighteous ones?
My Son, my beloved One
Oh, what has befallen Thee?
Blessed is Thy lowliness - And passion all- for –our- sake

*As He came out of the fort, He carried His Cross on His shoulders. Hebrew women gathered together, weeping over Him bitterly. His Mother was standing afar, with all her acquaintances. And like a dove, she began to moan with grief and sorrow.
“Where are you going, my son, my beloved One?
Where are they taking you? Why did you give up yourself in the hands of the unrighteous people? Woe unto me, my Son; woe unto me, my beloved One. What has happened to you today?
Blessed is Your Passion for us and Your humility for our sake.*

Procession 2 (Arimathya Naatil)

Joseph, hailing from, land of A-rimathea
He was one righteous, and venera-ble
Beseeching he came, unto Pi-late’s Court
Pleading for Jesus’, Body Di-vine
Body of Saviour
Most Holy- Treasure
Grant Thou me, Ru-ler
I may bu-ry Him- my self
Crucified was He, on a tree by Jews
Give it unto me, for my de-light

अरिमथ्या देश का वासी एक मानव
यूसफ नामधारी धर्म कुबेर था
पावन मसीह के शरीर के लिए
निवेदन किया पीला नूस से
हैं न्यायाधीश दी - भाग्यनिधि पावन
रक्षक के पुण्य तन की मैं संस्कार कर दूँ।
पुदी ने उन की क्रूस पर चढ़ाया
दे दी ये मुझको - हर्षित हूँ मैं।

*When Joseph and Nicodemus brought You down from top of the Cross, they carried You, as though You were dead, whereas life was hidden in You. They embalmed You with myrrh and aloes, and they wrapped You in a fine linen cloth, laid you in a new tomb, and rolled a stone against the door. The whole creation was mournful and bewailing Your death; and the departed eagerly, waited for your return and worshipped You. Oh Eternal who died on His own will.
Blessed is Your Passion for us and Your humility for our sake.*