Russian Contakion of the Departed

*Give rest, O Christ*

TTBB
Give rest, O Christ, to thy servant with thy Saints:

where sorrow and pain are no more; neither sighing,

but everlasting. Thou only art immortal,

the Creator and Maker of man: and we are mortal, formed of the earth,

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and unto earth shall we return: for so thou didst ordain,

when thou createdst me, saying, Dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return.

All we go down to the dust; and, weeping o'er the grave, we make our song:

alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.

D.C. al Fine