

# Kontakion of the Departed

Give rest, O Christ,  
to your servant with your saints:  
where sorrow and pain are no more;  
neither sighing but life everlasting.

You only are immortal,  
the creator and maker of all:  
and we are mortal  
formed from the dust of the earth,  
and to earth shall we return:

for so you ordained,  
when you created me saying:  
'Remember you are Dust  
and to dust shall you return.'

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

Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

