The harlot came to Thee, O only Friend of man,
and on Thy feet poured out myrrh mingled with her tears
and was set free at Thy command from all the stench of her sinning.
But, though breathing of Thy grace, Thy disciple and thankless foe,
casting it away from him, was instead mingled with the mire
and sold Thee in his blind love of money. O Christ,
glory be to Thy compassion.

The original text is an Orthodox Christian prayer from the Great & Holy Wednesday Orthros (Matins) and is set to Byzantine Chant Tone 3. The melody is composed by Chadi Karam. The translation is copyright © Holy Transfiguration Monastery, Brookline, MA, used with permission. All rights reserved.
The treacherous Judas, stirred with love of money within,
most craftily meditated the betrayal of Thee,
the Treasure of Life, O Lord. Wherefore, drunk with madness,
to the Jews he now runneth; and to those transgressors,
he saith: What will ye give me, and I will hand Him over to you,
that He be crucified?

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Antiochian Orthodox Christian Archdiocese of North America, Rev. 2, 3/10/2021, CAH
While sighing from the depths with unquenchable fervor,

the harlot warmly wept, O Compassionate Savior,

and wiping Thy spotless feet with the hairs of her head, she cried:

Drive me not away, my God, nor hate and abhor me,

but receive me now in my repentance, and save me,

O Lord, only Friend of man.

Alternate melody:
First Kathisma

Third mode

(Melody: Awed by the beauty)


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he harlot came to Thee, O only Friend of man,

and on Thy feet poured out myrrh mingled with her tears and

was set free at Thy command from all the stench of her sinning.

But, though breathing of Thy grace, Thy disciple and thankless foe, casting it away from him, was instead mingled with the mire and sold Thee in his blind love of money. O Christ,

glory be to Thy compassion.
Second Kathisma

Fourth mode

(Melody: Be quick to anticipate)

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Chadi Karam (karamchadi@yahoo.com) Chicago, 2020.

he treacherous Judas, stirred with love of money within, most craftily meditated the betrayal of Thee, the Treasure of Life, O Lord. Wherefore, drunk with madness, to the Jews he now runneth; and to those transgressors, he saith: What will ye give me, and I will hand Him over to you, that He be crucified?
Third Kathisma

First mode

(Melody: The soldiers standing guard)

While sighing from the depths with unquenchable fervour,
the harlot warmly wept, O Compassionate Saviour,
and wiping Thy spotless feet with the hairs of her head, she cried:
Drive me not away, my God, nor hate and abhor me, but receive me now in my repentance, and save me, O Lord, only Friend of man.

Alternate melody:

but receive me now in my