Let ev'ry breath praise the Lord.

Praise the Lord from the Heavens, praise Him in the highest. To Thee is due praise, O God.

Praise Him, all ye His angels; praise Him, all ye His hosts. To Thee is due praise, O God.
Praise Him for His mighty acts; praise Him according to the multitude of His greatness.

Thee, the Son of the Virgin, did the harlot recognize as God; and imploring Thee with weeping, since she had done things worthy of tears, she said: Loose my debt, as I unloose my tresses; love her who kisseth Thee, and is justly hated. And together with publicans, I will proclaim Thee, O Benefactor and Friend of man.
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Antiochian Orthodox Christian Archdiocese of North America, Rev. 0, 3/19/2021, CAH

Praise Him with the sound of trumpet, praise Him with the psaltery and harp.

The harlot mingled the very precious myrrh with her tears, and she poured it out on Thine immaculate feet, as she tenderly kissed them. Even as Thou didst justify her at once, grant us forgiveness also, O Thou Who didst suffer for us, and do Thou save us.
Praise Him with timbrel and dance, praise Him with strings and flute.

While the sinful woman was offering myrrh,
then was the disciple making terms with the lawless. She rejoiced in emptying out that which was of great price, and he made haste to sell Him that is beyond price. She recognized the Master; he severed himself from the Master. She was set free, and Judas became a slave of the enemy.
Fearful is heedlessness! Great is repentance! Which do Thou grant unto me, O Savior, Who didst suffer for us, and do Thou save us.

Praise Him with tuneful cymbals, praise Him with cymbals of jubilation.

Let ev'ry breath praise the Lord.

O the wretchedness of Judas! He beheld the harlot kissing Thy feet, and he treacherously meditated the kiss of betrayal.
She let loose her tresses, and he bound himself with wrath, bearing instead of myrrh, his stinking wickedness; for envy knoweth not even to prefer its own profit.

O the wretchedness of Judas! From which, O God, do Thou deliver our souls.
The Praises

First Mode

Let every breath praise the Lord.

Praise the Lord from the Heavens, praise Him in the highest. To Thee is due praise, O God.

Praise Him, all ye His angels; praise Him, all ye His hosts. To Thee is due praise, O God.
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he, the Son of the Virgin, did the harlot recognize as God; and imploring Thee with weeping, since she had done things worthy of tears, she said: Loose my debt, as I un-loose my trespasses; love her who kiss-eth Thee, and is justly hated.

And together with publicans, I will proclaim Thee, O Benefactor and Friend of man.
raise Him with the sound of trumpet, praise Him with the psalter and harp.

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ing in- stead of myrrh, his stink- ing wicked- ness; for envy know- eth not even to pre- fer its own profit. O the wretch- ed- ness of Jesus! From which, O God, do Thou de- liv- er our souls.