Today, Christ is present in the house of the Pharisee; and a sinful woman approached Him and fell at His feet crying: Look upon her who is engulfed in sin, and in despair because of her deeds, and yet not abhorred by Thy goodness. Grant even me, O Lord, the remission of mine evil deeds; and save me.

Translation copyright © 2005 Holy Transfiguration Monastery, Brookline, MA, used with permission. All rights reserved. Antiochian Orthodox Christian Archdiocese of North America, Rev. 0, 3/21/2021, CAH
We were filled in the morning with Thy mercy, O Lord, and we rejoiced and were glad.

The harlot spread out her hair before Thee, the Master;

Judas spread out his hands to the iniquitous. She, to receive forgiveness; he, to receive the silver.

Wherefore, we cry to Thee, Who wast sold and hast made us free: O Lord, glory be to Thee.
In all our days, let us be glad for the days where in Thou didst hum - ble us, for the years where in we saw evils; and look up - on Thy ser - vants, and up - on Thy works, and do Thou guide their sons.

A wom - an, foul-smell - ing and cov - ered with mire, drew nigh, O Sav - ior, and poured out tears up - on Thy feet, pro - claim - ing Thy Pas - sion. How can I gaze up - on Thee, the Mas - ter? Yet Thou Thy - self art come to save the har - lot.

Translation copyright © 2005 Holy Transfiguration Monastery, Brookline, MA, used with permission. All rights reserved.
Antiochian Orthodox Christian Archdiocese of North America, Rev. 0, 3/21/2021, CAH
Out of this abyss do Thou raise me

who am dying, O Thou Who didst rouse Lazaurus from the tomb af ter four days. Re - ceive me, hap - less

as I am, O Lord, and save me.

And let the bright - ness of the Lord our God be up - on us, and the works of our hands do Thou guide a - right up - on us, yea, the work of our hands do Thou guide a - right.
She that was in despair because of her life, and was known for her ways, held the myrrh as she drew nigh to Thee, and she cried:

Cast me, the harlot not away, O Thou Who wast born of a Virgin. Disregard not my tears, O Thou Joy of the angels; but receive me, the repentant, Thou Who didst not reject me, the sinner, O Lord, for Thy great mercy's sake.

Translation copyright © 2005 Holy Transfiguration Monastery, Brookline, MA, used with permission. All rights reserved.
Antiochian Orthodox Christian Archdiocese of North America, Rev. 0, 3/21/2021, CAH
Aposticha at the Praises

Plagal Second Mode

ο- day, Christ is present in the house of the Phar- see; and a sinful woman approached Him

and fell at His feet, crying: Look up on her who is engulfed in sin, and in despair because of her deeds, and yet not abhorred

by Thy goodness. Grant even me,

O Lord, the remission of mine evil deeds;

and save me.
We were filled in the morning with Thy mercy, O Lord, and we rejoiced and were glad.

The harlot spread out her hair before Thee, the Master; Judas spread out his hands to the iniquitous. She, to receive forgiveness; he, to receive the silver. Therefore, we cry to Thee, Who wast sold and hast made us free: O Lord, glory be to Thee.
In all our days, let us be glad for the days wherein Thou didst humble us, for the years wherein we saw evils; and look up on Thy servants, and up on Thy works, and Thou guide their sons.

A woman, foul-smelling and covered with mire, drew nigh, O Sav- iour, and poured out tears upon Thy feet, proclai-m-ing Thy Pas-sion. How can I gaze upon Thee, the Mas- ter? Yet Thou Thy-self art come to save.

The har- lot. Out of this abyss do Thy- self art come to save.
Thou raise me who am dying, O Thou
Who didst rouse Lazarus from the tomb after four days. Receive me, happy
less as I am, O Lord, and save me.

And let the brightness of the Lord our God be upon us, and the works of our hands do Thou guide right upon us, yea, the work of our hands do Thou guide a-right.
he that was in despair because of her life, and was known for her ways, held the myrrh as she drew nigh to Thee, and she cried: Cast me, the harlot, not away, O Thou Who wast born of a Virgin. Disregard not my tears, O Thou Joy of the angels; but receive me, the repentant, Thou Who didst not reject me, the sinner, O Lord, for Thy great mercy's sake.