Verse 1. Out of the night my spirit waketh at dawn unto Thee, O God, for Thy commandments are a light upon the earth.
Verse 2. Learn righteousness, ye that dwell upon the earth.
Verse 3. Zeal shall lay hold upon an uninstructed people, and now fire shall devour the adversaries.
Verse 4. Add more evils upon them, O Lord; add more evils upon them that are glorious upon the earth.
Be hold, the Bride-groom com eth in the mid - dle of the night, and bless ed is that ser vant whom He shall find watch ing; and a gain un - wor - thy is he whom He shall find heed less.

Be ware, there - fore, O my soul, lest thou be borne down with sleep, lest thou be giv en up to death, and be shut out from the King - dom.

But ra - ther rouse thy - self and cry: Ho ly, Ho ly, Ho ly art

Thou, O God; by the pow - er of Thy Cross, have mer cy up on us. Through the The o - to kos, have mer cy up on us.

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Antiochian Orthodox Christian Archdiocese of North America, Rev. 2, 3/10/2021, CAH
The har lot came to Thee, 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.

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Antiochian Orthodox Christian Archdiocese of North America, Rev. 2, 3/10/2021, CAH
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?
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:
Up on the rock of faith hast Thou now confirmed me; Thou hast enlarged my mouth over mine adversaries; my spirit hath rejoiced mightily in chanting: There is none holy as our most holy God, and there is none righteous but Thee, O Lord Most High.

Glory to Thee, our God, glory to Thee.

Without cause, in malice the whole Sanhedrin of lawless men, O Christ, hath gathered together to brand Thee, the Redeemer, as a condemned man: To Whom we chant aloud:

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Antiochian Orthodox Christian Archdiocese of North America, Rev. 0, 3/16/2021, CAH
Thou art our God, O Christ, and there is none holy but Thee, O Lord Most High.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit; both now and ever, and unto ages of ages. Amen.

With crafty soul that fighteth with God, the council of lawless men considereth how to slay Christ as troublesome, though He is the Just and Righteous, to Whom we chant aloud:

Thou art our God, O Christ, and there is none holy but Thee, O Lord Most High.
Katavasia:

D

(soft chromatic-transposed down a 4th)

Up on the rock of faith

Un. B D

hast Thou now confirmed me; Thou hast

(soft chromatic-transposed down a 4th)

Un.

ten larged my mouth over

B D

mine adversaries; my spirit

C D

hath rejoiced mightily in chanting:

C Un. C D

There is none holy

C D

as our most holy God,

G (diatonic) D

and there is none righteous but Thee, O

C D

Lord Most High.

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Antiochian Orthodox Christian Archdiocese of North America, Rev. 0, 3/16/2021, CAH
When the decree of the tyrant prevailed of old, then was the furnace fired up seven times more than was wont, where-in the Three Children were not burnt, as they trampled upon the king's edict, and they cried out: O all ye works of the Lord, bless the Lord and sing His praises, and supremely exalt Him unto all the ages.

Glorify to Thee, our God, glorify to Thee.

After the woman had poured out the precious myrrh on Thy divine and terrible and dominical head, O Christ, with her stained and sullied hands.
Thine immaculate feet she laid hold of and she cried out: O all ye works of the Lord, bless the Lord and sing His praises, and supremely exalt Him unto all the ages.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit.

Guilt of sins, with her tears she doth wash the feet of the Creator, wiping them with the hair of her head, and so failed not of deliverance from all things she had wrought in her lifetime, but she cried out: O all ye works of the Lord, bless the Lord and sing His praises,
and supremely exalt Him unto all the ages.

Both now and ever, and unto ages of ages. Amen.

The grateful woman's full ransom was sacredly wrought by God's saving mercy and by her fountain of tears, wherein she was no wise put to shame but completely cleansed by her confession, and she cried out: O all ye works of the Lord, bless the Lord and sing His praises, and supremely exalt Him unto all the ages.
We praise, we bless, and we worship the Lord.

When the decree of the tyrant prevailed of old, then was the furnace fired up seven times more than was wont.

(soft chromatic-transposed down a 4th)

Where in the Three Children were not burnt, as they trampled upon the king's edict,
and they cried:

O all ye works of the Lord,

bless the Lord and sing His praises,

and supremely exalt Him unto all the ages.
With souls clear and pure, and with un-stained and spot-less lips,
come ye, let us magnify the all-immaculate and trans-
scendently pure Mother of Emmanuel, as through
her we make appeal to Him that of her womb was begot ten:
Spare our souls, O Christ our God, have mercy on us, and
save us, O Lord.

Glo·ry to Thee, our God, glo·ry to Thee.

Un·grate·ful and en·vi·ous with guile and craft·i·ness,
ban·eful Judas mak·eth reck·ning of the gift of God,
through which gift a debt of sins was wholly done away, and he made merchandise of God's gift of love so freely given. Spare our souls, O Christ our God, have mercy on us, and save us, O Lord.

Gone forth to the lawless rulers, saying unto them:

What will ye now give me and I shall deliver Christ, Whom ye seek, to you that want Him?, Judas thrust away
in - ti - ma - cy with Christ, ex - chang - ing God for gold_ in his

blind - ness. Spare our souls, O Christ our God, have mer - cy on

us, and save_ us, O Lord.

Both now and ev - er, and un - to ag - es_ of


What av - a - rice blind - ed thee, foe most im - plac - a - ble! Where-by

thou for - got - test what thou hadst been taught be - fore, that the whole world

is not e - qual_ to the soul in worth. For thou fast didst

bind thy - self to de - despair and thou didst hang thy - self, O trai - tor.
Spare our souls, O Christ our God, have mercy on us, and save us, O Lord.

Katavasia:

With souls clear and pure, and with unstained and spotless lips, come ye, let us magnify thee the immaculate and transcendent ly pure Mother of Emmanuel, as through her we make appeal to Him that of her womb was begotten:

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Antiochian Orthodox Christian Archdiocese of North America, Rev. 0, 3/16/2021, CAH
Spare our souls, O Christ our God, have mercy on us, and save us, O Lord.
Thy bridal chamber, O my Savior, do I behold all adorned; and a garment I have not that I may enter therein. Ilлюмине the garment of my soul, O Light-bestrower, and save me.
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.
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.
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.

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Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit.

The sinful woman ran to purchase myrrh, very precious myrrh,

to anoint the Benefactor. To the seller of myrrh she cried: Give me myrrh, that I may also anoint Him who hath wiped away all my sins.
Both now and ever, and unto the ages

of ages. Amen.

She that was engulfed in sin found Thee, the Haven

of Salvation; and pouring out

myrrh with her tears,

cried to Thee: Behold Him that

bear eth the repentance of them

that sin. But, O Master,
rescue me from the swelling tempest of sin, for Thy mercy's sake.
Today, Christ is present in the house of the Pharisee; 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.

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 humble us, for the years where in we saw evils; and look upon Thy servants, and upon Thy works, and do Thou guide their sons.

A woman, foul-smelling and covered with mire, drew nigh, O Savior, and poured out tears upon Thy feet, proclaiming Thy Passion. How can I gaze upon Thee, the Master? Yet Thou Thyself art come to save the harlot.

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Out of this abyss do Thou raise me

who am dying, O Thou Who didst rouse Lazarus from the tomb

after four days. Receive me, hapless 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 a-right upon 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.
Great & Holy Wednesday Orthros (Matins)
(Sung on Holy Tuesday night)

Byzantine Chant Tone 8
Plagal Fourth mode

Hymn of Kassiani

Glo•ry to the Fa•ther and to the
Son and to the Ho•ly Spir•it.
Both now and ev•er, and un•to the
ages of ages. A•men.

O Lord, (no) (ord), the
woman who had fall•en in to
man•y sins per•ceived Thy
di•vin•i•ty and tak•ing up•on her•self the du•ty

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of a myrrh bearer, with lamentation she bringeth Thee myrrh oils before Thine entombment.

Woe unto me! saith she, for night is become for me a frenzy of licentiousness, a dark and moonless love of sin.

Receive the fountains of my
O Thou Who didst gather into clouds the water of the sea. Incline unto me, unto the sighings (soft chromatic) of my heart, O Thou Who didst bow the Heavens by Thine ineffable condescension.

I will kiss Thine immaculate feet,
and wipe them again with the tresses of my head; those feet at whose sound Eve hid herself for fear when she heard Thee walking in Paradise (na) (ise) in the cool of the day. As for the multitude of my sins and the abyss of Thy judgments (ne) (ents), who can search them out, O Savior of souls,
my Savior? Do not disdain me, do not disdain me Thy handmaiden,

O Thou Who art boundless in mercy.