

*Holy Week*  
**Great & Holy Wednesday Orthros (Matins)**

(Sung on Holy Tuesday night)

**Stichera at the Aposticha at the Praises**

*(Byzantine notation begins  
on the 6th page)*

Byzantine Chant Tone 6  
Plagal Second Mode

Chadi Karam

To - day, Christ is pres - ent in the house of \_\_\_ the \_\_\_ Phar - i -  
- see; and a sin - ful wom - an ap - proached Him and fell \_\_\_  
at \_\_\_ His feet \_\_\_ cry - - ing: Look \_\_\_ up -  
- on \_\_\_ her who is en - gulfed in \_\_\_ sin, and in de - spair be -  
- cause \_\_\_ of her \_\_\_ deeds, and yet not \_\_\_ ab - horred \_\_\_  
by \_\_\_ Thy \_\_\_ good - ness. Grant e - ven \_\_\_ me, \_\_\_  
O \_\_\_ Lord, the re - mis - sion of mine \_\_\_ e - vil  
deeds; and \_\_\_ save \_\_\_ me.

Holy Week - Holy Wednesday Orthros (Tuesday night) - Stichera at the Aposticha at the Praises - 2

**D**

We were filled in the morn-ing with Thy mer-cy, O Lord, and we re -

- joiced and were glad.

**D**

The har-lot spread out her hair be - fore Thee, the Mas - ter;

**Un.** **G (diatonic)** **D**

Ju - das spread out his hands to thē in - iq - -

- ui - - - tous. She, to re - ceive for -

- give - ness; he, to re - ceive the sil - - ver.

**Un.** **A** **G (diatonic)**

Where - fore, we cry to Thee, Who wast sold and hast

**D**

made us free: O Lord, glo - ry

**C**

be to Thee.

Holy Week - Holy Wednesday Orthros (Tuesday night) - Stichera at the Aposticha at the Praises - 3

**D**

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 e - vils; and

look up - on Thy ser - vants, and up - on Thy works, and do Thou

guide \_\_\_\_\_ their \_\_\_\_\_ sons.

**D** *(kliton)*

A wom-an, foul-smell-ing and cov - ered with mire, drew

**G (diatonic)** **D**

nigh, \_\_\_\_\_ O Sav - ior, and poured \_\_\_\_\_ out \_\_\_\_\_ tears up -

**C** **D**

- on Thy \_\_\_\_\_ feet, pro - claim - - - ing \_\_\_\_\_ Thy \_\_\_\_\_

**A**

Pas - - - sion. How \_\_\_\_\_ can I \_\_\_\_\_ gaze up -

**G** **A** **D**

- on Thee, \_\_\_\_\_ the \_\_\_\_\_ Mas - - - ter? \_\_\_\_\_ Yet Thou Thy -

- self art come to save \_\_\_\_\_ the \_\_\_\_\_ har - - - lot.

Holy Week - Holy Wednesday Orthros (Tuesday night) - Stichera at the Aposticha at the Praises - 4

C Un. A

Out of this abyss do Thou raise me

Un. G (diatonic)

who am dying, O Thou Who didst rouse

D

Lazarus from the tomb

(kliton)

after four days. Receive me, hapless

as I am, O Lord, and save me.

D

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.

Holy Week - Holy Wednesday Orthros (Tuesday night) - Stichera at the Aposticha at the Praises - 5

She that was in de-spair be - cause of her life,

and was known for her ways, held the myrrh as

she drew nigh to Thee, and she cried:

Cast me, the har - lot not a - way, O Thou Who wast

born of a Vir - gin. Dis - re - gard

not my tears, O Thou Joy of thē an -

- gels; but re - ceive me, the re - pent - ant,

Thou Who didst not re - ject me, the sin - ner, O Lord, for

Thy great mer - cy's sake.

## ἈPOSTICHA AT THE PRAISES

Plagal Second Mode

Ἦχος λ π Πα

**T**o- day, \_\_ Christ is pres- ent in the house of \_\_ the \_\_ Phar-  
i- - - see; and a sin- ful wom-an ap- proached Him  
and fell \_\_ at \_\_\_\_\_ His feet, \_\_\_\_\_ cry- - - ing: Look \_\_  
up- on \_\_\_\_\_ her who is en- gulfed \_\_ in \_\_ sin, and in  
de- spair be- cause \_\_ of her \_\_ deeds, \_\_\_\_\_ and yet not ab- - horred \_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_ by \_\_ Thy good- - - ness. Grant e- - ven \_\_\_\_\_ me, \_\_\_\_\_  
O \_\_\_\_\_ Lord, the re- mis- - sion of mine \_\_ e- - vil deeds;  
\_\_\_\_\_ and save \_\_\_\_\_ me.

Ⲙ<sup>(Ⲛ)</sup> **W**e were filled in the morn- ing with Thy mer- cy, O

Lord, Ⲙ<sup>(ⲟ)</sup> and we re-joyced \_\_\_\_\_ and were \_\_\_\_\_ glad.

**T**he har- lot spread out her hair be- fore Thee, \_ the \_ Mas- -

- ter; Ⲙ<sup>(ⲟ)</sup> Ju- das spread out \_\_\_\_\_ his \_ hands to the in- iq- -

- ui- - - tous. She, \_\_\_\_\_ to re- ceive \_\_\_\_\_ for- give-

- - ness; Ⲙ<sup>(ⲟ)</sup> he, to re-ceive \_\_\_\_\_ the sil- - - ver. Where-

fore, \_\_\_\_\_ we \_\_\_\_\_ cry \_\_\_\_\_ to \_\_\_\_\_ Thee, Who wast sold and \_\_\_\_\_

hast made \_\_\_\_\_ us \_\_\_\_\_ free: Ⲙ<sup>(ⲟ)</sup> O Lord, \_\_\_\_\_ glo- ry be

\_\_\_\_\_ to \_\_\_\_\_ Thee.

**Ⲭ** <sup>(ⲛ)</sup>  
In all our days, let us be glad for the days where-  
in Thou didst hum- ble us, <sup>Δ</sup> for the years where- in we saw  
e- vils; <sup>Δ</sup> and look up- on Thy ser- vants, and up- on Thy works,

**Ⲭ** and do Thou guide \_\_\_\_\_ their \_\_\_\_\_ sons. <sup>π</sup>

**A** <sup>(ⲛ)</sup>  
wom- an, foul-smell- ing and cov- - - - ered \_\_\_ with \_\_\_  
mire, <sup>3</sup> <sup>Δ</sup> drew nigh, \_\_\_\_\_ O \_\_\_ Sav- - - iour, and poured \_\_\_  
\_\_\_ out \_\_\_ tears up- - on Thy \_\_\_ feet, <sup>(ⲛ)</sup> <sup>(ⲛ)</sup> <sup>(ⲛ)</sup> <sup>Δ</sup> pro-claim- - - ing \_\_\_ Thy  
Pas- - - sion. <sup>π</sup> How \_\_\_\_\_ can I \_\_\_ gaze up- on Thee, <sup>(ⲕ)</sup>  
\_\_\_ the \_\_\_\_\_ Mas- - - ter? <sup>(Δ)</sup> <sup>(ⲕ)</sup> <sup>(ⲛ)</sup> Yet Thou Thy- self art come to save  
\_\_\_ the har- - - lot. <sup>(ⲛ)</sup> <sup>(ⲛ)</sup> <sup>(ⲛ)</sup> <sup>π</sup> Out \_\_\_ of \_\_\_ this \_\_\_ a- byss <sup>(ⲕ)</sup> do



Thou raise me who \_\_\_\_\_ am \_\_\_\_\_ dy- - - ing, \_\_\_\_\_ O Thou  
 Who didst \_\_\_\_\_ rouse Laz- - - a- - - rus \_\_\_\_\_ 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.

**S** he that was in de- spair be- cause \_\_\_\_\_ of \_\_\_\_\_ her  
\_\_\_\_ life, \_\_\_\_\_ and was known \_\_\_\_\_ for her \_\_\_\_\_ ways, \_\_\_\_\_ held \_\_\_\_\_ the \_\_\_\_\_  
myrrh as she drew \_\_\_\_\_ nigh \_\_\_\_\_ to Thee, \_\_\_\_\_ and she \_\_\_\_\_ cried: Cast  
\_\_\_\_\_ me, the har- - lot, \_\_\_\_\_ not \_\_\_\_\_ a- - way, \_\_\_\_\_ O Thou Who wast  
born \_\_\_\_\_ of \_\_\_\_\_ a Vir- - - gin. Dis- re- gard \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_ not my \_\_\_\_\_ tears, \_\_\_\_\_ O Thou Joy \_\_\_\_\_ of \_\_\_\_\_ the an-  
- - gels; \_\_\_\_\_ but re- ceive \_\_\_\_\_ me, \_\_\_\_\_ the re- - pent- - - ant, \_\_\_\_\_  
Thou Who didst not re- ject me, \_\_\_\_\_ the \_\_\_\_\_ sin- - - ner, \_\_\_\_\_ O  
Lord, for Thy \_\_\_\_\_ great mer- - - - cy's \_\_\_\_\_ sake.