

GREAT WEDNESDAY - MATTINS

Canon, Tone 2

Ode 3, Hirmos

You have es - tab - lished me on the rock of the faith, you have

o - pened wide my mouth a - gainst my foes; for my spir - it has

re - joiced to sing: None is ho - ly as our God, and none

is just but you, O Lord.

*The Troparia:*

Glory to you, our God, glory to you.

In vain is the assembly of the lawless being gathered with evil intent, to pass sentence of condemnation on you the Deliverer, O Christ, to whom we sing: You are our God, and there is none holy but you, O Lord.

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

Both now and for ever, and to the ages of ages. Amen.

The dread council of the lawless, their souls making war on God, plans how to slay as a malefactor Christ, the just, to whom we sing: You are our God, and there is none holy but you, O Lord.

*And again the Hirmos:*

Ode 3, Hirmos

You have es - tab - lished me on the rock of the faith, you have

o - pened wide my mouth a - gainst my foes; for my spir - it has

re - joiced to sing: None is ho - ly as our God, and none

is just but you, O Lord.

## Kontakion, Tone 4

I have trans - gressed more than the har - lot, O Good One, yet I

have nev - er brought you show - ers of tears; but en - treat - ing in

si - lence, I fall be - fore you, as with love I kiss your most pure feet,

so that as Mas - ter you may grant me re - mis - sion of debts, as I

cry out, O Sav - iour: De - liv - er me from the filth of my works.

*Oikos:*

The woman, who before was dissolute, suddenly appeared temperate, hating the works of shameful sin and the pleasures of the body, as she thought on the great shame and the judgement of punishment, to which harlots and the dissolute bring themselves. Of them I am first, and I tremble, but I continue in my evil way, fool that I am; while the harlot, trembling and hastening with zeal, came crying to the Redeemer, 'Merciful Lover of mankind, deliver me from the filth of my works'.

*Synaxarion for the day, and then:*

On holy and great Wednesday the most godly fathers ordered that the commemoration be kept of the harlot who anointed the Lord with sweet oil, because this occurred shortly before the saving passion.

*Verses*

A woman pouring sweet oil on Christ's body.  
Anticipates the anointing by Nikodemos.

But, Christ our God, anointed with the spiritual sweet oil, free us from the flowing passions, and have mercy on us, as you alone are good and love mankind. Amen.

## Ode 8, Hirmos

The com - mand of the ty - - - rant pre - vailed, and the fur - nace was

heat - ed sev - - - - en - fold. In it the Youths who tram - pled on the

de - cree of the king, were not con - sumed by the flames, but

cried a - - - loud: "All you works of the Lord sing to the Lord,

and high - ly ex - alt him to all the ag - - - - - es.

*The Troparia:*

Glory to you, our God, glory to you.

A woman emptied out precious sweet oil on your royal, divine and awesome head, O Christ; with her polluted palms she laid hold on your immaculate feet and cried aloud, 'All you works of the Lord sing to the Lord, and highly exalt him to all the ages.'

Glory to you, our God, glory to you.

Guilty of sins, she washed with tears the feet of the Creator and wiped them with her hair; and so she did not fail to find redemption of all that she had done in life, but cried aloud, 'All you works of the Lord sing to the Lord, and highly exalt him to all the ages.'

We bless Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, the Lord.

Both now and for ever, and to the ages of ages. Amen.

Redemption was ministered to the grateful woman from the Saviour's compassion and the fountain of her tears. Washed clean by which, through her confession, she was not ashamed, but cried aloud, 'All you works of the Lord sing to the Lord, and highly exalt him to all the ages.'

We praise, bless and wor - ship the Lord, prais - ing and ex - alt - ing him

a - bove all for ev - - - - er.

*And again the Hirmos:*

## Ode 8, Hirmos

The com - mand of the ty - - - rant pre - vailed, and the fur - nace was

heat - ed sev - - - - en - fold. In it the Youths who tram - pled on the

de - cree of the king, were not con - sumed by the flames, but

cried a - - - loud: "All you works of the Lord sing to the Lord,

and high - ly ex - alt him to all the ag - - - - - es.



Ode 9, Hirmos

With pure souls and un-pol-lut-ed lips, come, let us

mag-ni-fy the un-de-filed and most pure Moth-er of

Em-ma-nu-el, as through her we of-fer in-ter-ces-sion

to the one who was born of her: Spare our souls, Christ God,

and save us.

*The Troparia:*

Glory to you, our God, glory to you.

Revealed as ungrateful, wicked and envious, the wretched Judas calculates the price of a gift worthy of God, through which she was released from the debt of her sins, and he traffics in the grace of God's love. Spare our souls, Christ God, and save us.

Glory to you, our God, glory to you.

Judas goes to the lawless rulers and says, 'What are you willing to give me, and I shall hand over to you who want him Christ whom you seek?' So he exchanged Christ's fellowship for gold. Spare our souls, Christ God, and save us.

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

Both now and for ever, and to the ages of ages. Amen.

Unrelenting in blind avarice, why have you forgotten that the world is not equal to the soul, as you were taught; for in despair, O traitor, you hanged yourself. Spare our souls, Christ God, and save us.

*And again the Hirmos:*

Ode 9, Hirmos

With pure souls and un - pol - lut - - - - - ed lips, come, let us

mag - ni - fy the un - de - filed and most pure Moth - er of

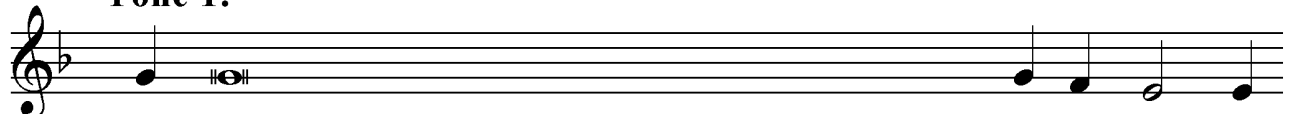
Em - ma - - - - nu - el, as through her we of - fer in - ter - ces - - - - sion

to the one who was born of her: Spare our souls, Christ God,

and save us.

On the Praises sing 4 Stichera:

**Tone 1:**



(1) Praise him for his might - y acts; praise him ac - cord - ing to the great - ness



of his maj - - - - es - - - ty.



A har - - lot know - ing you, the Son of the Vir - gin, to be God,



im - plor - ing you with weep - ing, for she had done things wor - thy of



tears, said: "Loose my debt, as I un - loose my hair; love one who



loves, though just - ly hat - - ed, and to - geth - er with tax col - lec - tors I



shall pro - claim you, O Ben - e - fac - tor, who love man - kind.



(II) Praise him with the sound of the trum - pet; praise him with lute



and harp.



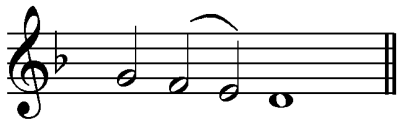
The har - - lot mixed the sweet oil of great price with tears, poured it



o - ver your im - mac - u - late feet and kissed them. You jus - ti - fied her



at once, but grant us par - don, you that suf - fered for us,



and save us.



(I) Praise him with tim - brel and dance; praise him with strings and pipe.



When the sin - ful wom - an of - fered sweet oil, then the dis - ci - ple



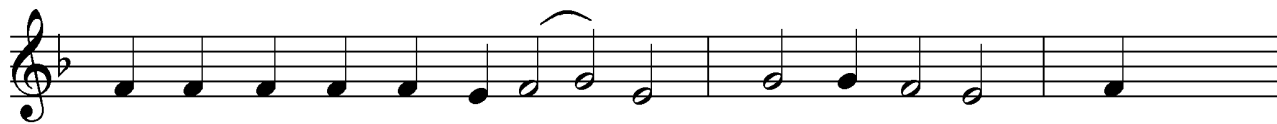
made an a - gree - ment with the law - - less. The one re - joiced as she



emp - tied out some - thing of great price, while the oth - er hur - ried to



sell the One be - yond price. She ac - know - ledged the Mas - - ter;



he was part - ed from the Mas - - ter. She was set free, while



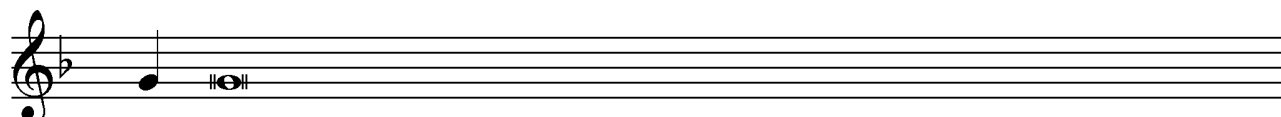
Ju - das be - came the slave of the foe. Dread - ful is ap - a - thy!



Great is re - pent - ance! Grant it to me, O Sav - iour, who suf - fered



for us, and save us.



(II) Praise him with tune - ful cym - bals; praise him with loud cym - bals. Let



eve - ry - thing that has breath praise the Lord.



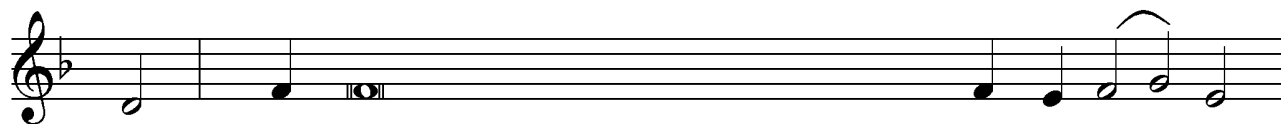
O the wretch - ed - ness of Ju - - - das! He watched the har - lot



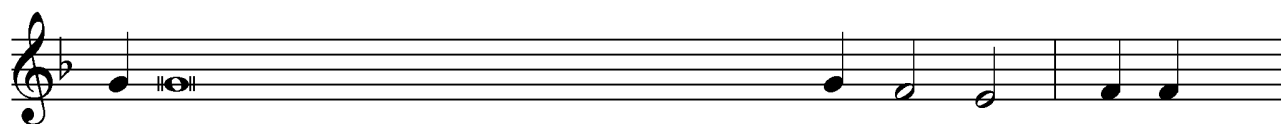
kiss - ing your feet, and be - gan plot - ting with guile the kiss of



be - tray - al. She un - tied her hair, and he was be - ing bound by



rage, bring - ing foul - smell - ing wick - ed - ness in - stead of sweet oil;



for en - vy does not know how to choose its ad - van - tage. O the



wretch - ed - ness of Ju - - das! From this, O God, de - liv - er our souls.

## Tone 2:



(1) Glo - ry to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Spir - - it.



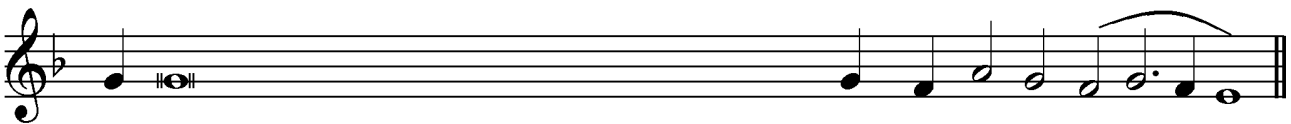
The sin - - ful wom - an ran for the sweet oil, to buy sweet oil of



great price, to a - noint the Ben - e - fac - tor with sweet oil,



and to the sell - er of sweet oil she cried: "Give me the sweet oil,



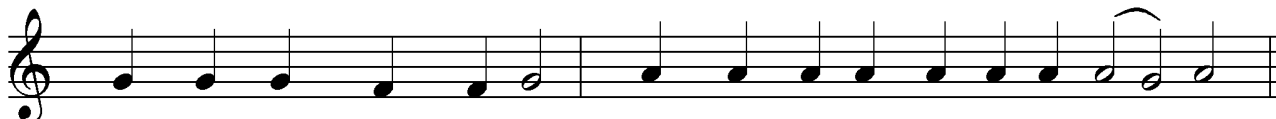
so that I may a - noint the One who has wiped a - way all my sins."



## Tone 6:



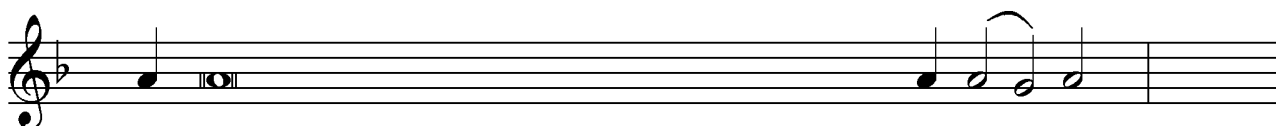
(II) Both now and for ev - er, and to the ag - - - - es of ag - - - - es. A - men.



The wom - an drowned by sin found you, the ha - ven of sal - va - - tion,



and emp - ty - ing out sweet oil with tears, she cried out to you:



"See, the One who ac - cepts the re - pent - ance of the sin - - ful.

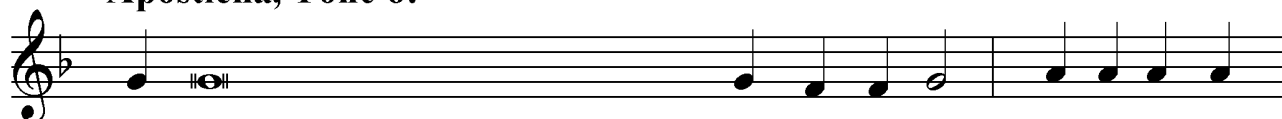


But, O Mas - ter, save me from the tem - pest of my sin, through your



great mer - - - cy."

## Aposticha, Tone 6:



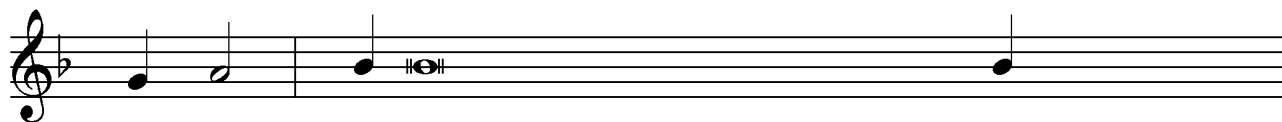
(I) To - day Christ comes to the house of the Phar - i - see and a sin - ful



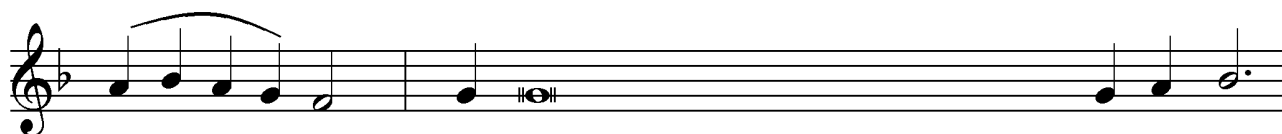
wom - an draws near and flings her - self at his feet, cry - - - - - ing:



"See one who has been drowned by sin, with - out hope be - cause of



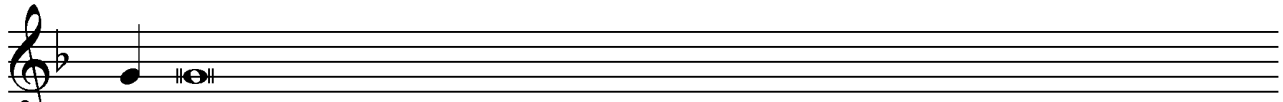
her deeds, yet not re - ject - ed with loath - ing from your



good - - - - - ness, and give me, Lord, for - give - ness of my e - vil deeds,



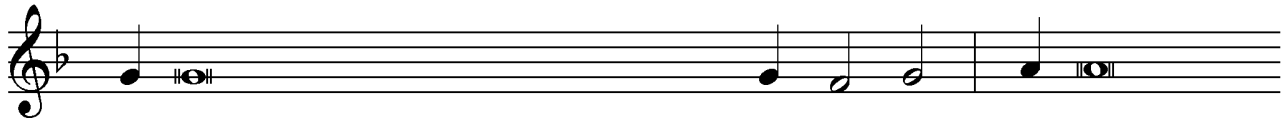
and save me."



(II) We were filled in the morn - ing with your mer - cy, Lord, and we



re - joiced and were glad.



The har - lot spread out her hair for you, the Mas - ter; Ju - das spread



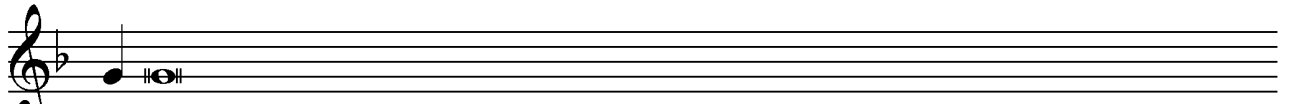
out his hands to the law - - less: she to re - ceive for - giv - - - - - ness,



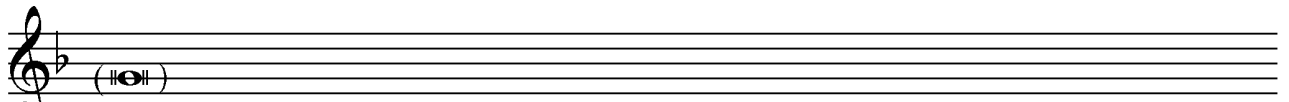
he to re - ceive sil - ver. And so we cry to you, who were sold and



who set us free: "O Lord, glo - ry to you."



(I) In all our days let us be glad; in re - turn for the days when you hum - bled



us, for the years when we saw e - vils. And look up - on your ser - vants



and up - on the work of your hands and guide the chil - - - - - dren.



A wom - an foul - smell - ing and de - filed drew near, pour - ing out tears




on your feet, with love, O Sav - - - - - iour, pro - claim - ing your



Pas - sion. "How can I gaze on you, O Mas - - - - - ter? For you



your - self have come to save a har - - - - - lot. You roused Laz - a - rus



from the tomb af - ter four days: from the deep raise me who am dead.

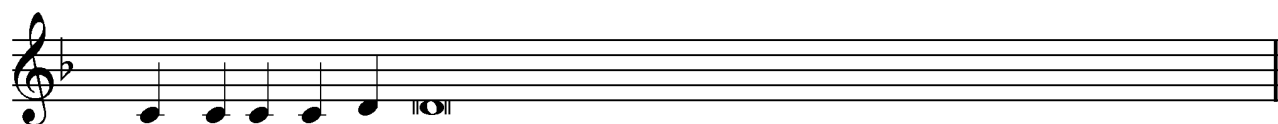


Ac - cept me in my mis - er - y, O Lord, and save me."



(II) And may the splen - dour of the Lord our God be up - on us, and di - rect  
 the works of our hands for us, and di - rect the work of our hand.  
 Re - ject - ed be - cause of her life, and well - known be - cause of her  
 ways, she ap - proached you car - ry - ing sweet oil and cry - - - - - ing:  
 "You that were born of a Vir - gin, do not cast me out, who am a  
 har - - lot. Do not de - spise my tears, O Joy of the An - - - - - gels;  
 but, as I re - pent, ac - cept me, whom you did not thrust from you  
 when I sinned, O Lord, through your great mer - - cy."

## Hymn of Kassiani the Nun, Tone 8, Znamenny melody



(I) Glo - ry to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Spir - it.



Both now and for ev - er, and to the ag - es of ag - es. A - - - men.



Lord, the wom - - - an who had fall - - en



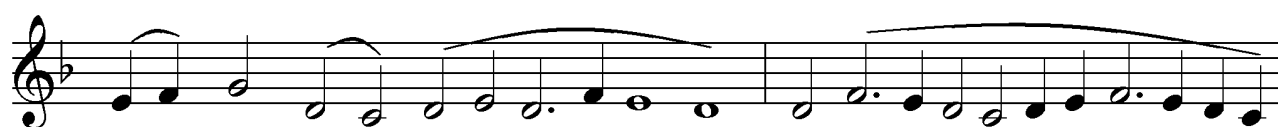
in - - - - - to man - - - y sins, per - - ceiv - - - ing your



di - - - vin - - - i - - - ty, took up the role of a



myrrh - - - bear - - - er, and with lam - - - en - - - ta - tions



she brings sweet myrrh to you



be - fore your bur - - - - - i - - - - al.



'A - las!', she



says,



'for night is for me a fren - - - - - zy



of lust, a dark and moon - - - - - less



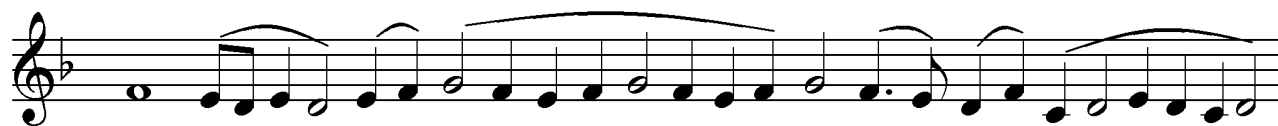
love of sin.



Ac - - - - - cept the foun - - - - - tain



of my tears, you that from the clouds



draw out the wa - - - - - ter of the sea;



bow your - self down to the groan - - - - - ings

of my heart,

you that bowed the heav - - - - - ens

by your in - - - - - ef - - - - - fa - - ble self - - - - -

emp - - - - - ty - - - - - ing. I shall kiss

your im - mac - - - - - u - - late feet, and wipe them

a - gain with the hairs of

my head, those feet whose sound Eve

heard at dusk in Par - - - - -

a - - - - - dise, and hid her - - self



in fear. Who can  
search out the mul - ti - - - tude  
of my sins and the depths of your  
judge - - - - - ments. Sav - - - - - iour of souls,  
my Sav - - - - - iour, do not de - - - spise me,  
your ser - - - - - vant, for you have mer - - - -  
cy  
with - - out meas - - - - - ure.!