

MATINS - GREAT AND HOLY WEDNESDAY

Opening Blessing

Six Psalms

Psalms 3, 37, 62 / Psalms 87, 102, 142

Alleluia with Verses

Troparion, Tone 8

Behold! / The Bridegroom comes at midnight,* and blessed is the servant whom He shall find watching.* Unworthy is the servant whom He shall find heedless.* Beware, then, / O my soul, do not be weighed down with sleep,* lest you be given up to death and lest you be shut out of the kingdom.* But rouse yourself / crying: holy, holy, holy are You, O God!* Through the Mother of God have mercy on us. (3)

Psalter Reading I – Psalms 18, 19

Sessional Hymn I, Tone 3

The harlot drew near You, O You who loves mankind,* and poured out on Your feet the oil of myrrh with her tears;* and at Your command she was delivered from the foul smell of her evil deeds.* But the ungrateful disciple, though he breathed Your grace,* rejected it and defiled himself in filth,* selling You from love of money.** Glory be / to Your compassion, O Christ.

Glory be... Now... The harlot drew near You... (repeat)

Psalter Reading II – Psalms 20, 21

Sessional Hymn II, Tone 4

Deceitful Judas, in his love for money,* pondered cunningly how he might betray You, O Lord, the Treasure of Life.* Therefore in drunken folly* he hastened to the Jews and said to the transgressors:* “What will you give me,* and I will deliver Him to you to be crucified?”

Glory be... Now... Deceitful Judas... (repeat)

Psalter Reading II (Psalms 22, 23)

Sessional Hymn III, Tone 1

To You the harlot cried lamenting, O merciful Lord;* ardently she wiped Your pure feet with the hair of her head,* and from the depth of her heart she groaned:* “Cast me not from You,* neither abhor me, O my God,* but receive me in repentance and save me,* For You alone love mankind.”

Glory be... Now... To You the harlot... (repeat).

Then return to booklet, page 27, for the Gospel Reading.

Gospel Reading (Page 27)

John 12:17-50

Psalms 50 (Page 29)

Lytia Prayer (Page 31)

CANON

Ode 3

Irmos: On the rock of faith You established me,* and You opened wide my mouth against my enemies.* For my spirit has rejoiced to sing:* none is holy as our God and none is righteous save You, O Lord.

Glory be to You, our God, glory be to You.

In vain the Sanhedrin of the transgressors gathers together with an evil purpose, to pronounce sentence of condemnation upon You, O Christ, our Deliverer, to whom we sing: You are our God and none is holy save You, O Lord.

†*Glory be... Now...* The wicked assembly of the transgressors, with souls full of hatred for God, considers how to kill as a malefactor the righteous Christ, to whom we sing: You are our God and there is none holy save You, O Lord.

Katavasia: On the rock of faith... (*see Irmos*)

Small Litany (Page 33)

Kontakion, Tone 2

I have transgressed more than the harlot,* O loving Lord,* yet never have I offered You my flowing tears.* But in silence I fall down before You* and with love I kiss You most pure feet,* beseeching You as Master to grant me remission of sins;* and I cry to You, O Saviour:* Deliver me from the filth of my works.

Ikos

The woman who was once a prodigal suddenly became chaste and hating the works of shameful sin and the pleasures of the body, she thought upon her deep disgrace and the torment to which harlots are prodigals shall be condemned. Of them I am the first and I am afraid, yet senselessly I continue in my evil ways. But the woman who has a harlot, filled with fear, made haste and came crying to the Deliverer: “O merciful Lord who loves mankind, deliver me from the filth of my works.”

Ode 8

Irmos: The command of the tyrant prevailed, and the furnace was heated sevenfold.* Yet the flames did not burn the children,* who had trampled underfoot the decree of the king,* but they cried aloud:* “All you works of the Lord, praise the Lord* and exalt Him above all for ever.”

Glory be to You, our God, glory be to You.

The woman poured precious oil of myrrh upon Your awesome and royal head, O Christ our God, and she laid hold of Your pure feet with her polluted hands and cried aloud: “All you works of the Lord, praise the Lord and exalt Him above all for ever.”

Glory be to You, our God, glory be to You.

Guilty of sin, she washed with tears the feet of her Creator and wiped them with her hair; and so she received forgiveness for all that she had done in life, and she cried aloud: “All you works of the Lord, praise the Lord and exalt Him above all for ever.”

We praise, bless and worship the Lord, singing and exalting Him above all for ever.

Through the saving love of God and the fountain of her tears, the grateful woman was ransomed from her sins; washed clean by her confession, she was not ashamed but cried aloud: “All you works of the Lord, praise the Lord and exalt Him above all for ever.”

Katavasia: The three holy Children were not obedient* to the decree of the tyrant;* but when cast into the furnace they confessed God, singing:* O all you works of the Lord, bless the Lord.

No Magnificat – Ode 9

Priest: Let us magnify in hymns the Theotokos and the Mother of the Light!

Irmos: With pure souls and unpolluted lips,* come and let us magnify the undelivered and most holy Mother of Emmanuel,* and through her let us bring our prayer to the Child she bore:* Spare our souls, O Christ our God, and save us.

Glory be to You, our God, glory be to You.

Ungrateful and envious in his wickedness, wretched Judas calculates the value of the gift worthy of God, whereby the woman gained release from the debt of her sins, and he traffics in the graces of divine love. Spare our souls, O Christ our God, and save us.

Glory be to You, our God, glory be to You.

Judas goes to the lawless rulers and says: “What will you give me, if I deliver to you Christ whom you seek?” And so in exchange for money he rejects the fellowship with Christ. Spare our souls, O Christ our God, and save us.

Glory be... Now... Unrelenting in blind avarice, how have You forgotten what Christ taught You, that Your soul is more in value than the whole world! For in despair, O traitor, You hanged yourself. Spare our soul, O Christ our God, and save us.

Katavasia: With pure souls and unpolluted lips,* come and let us magnify the undelivered and most holy Mother of Emmanuel,* and through her let us bring our prayer to the Child she bore:* Spare our souls, O Christ our God, and save us. *Then, continue with the Hymn of Light:*

Hymn of Light

Your bridal chamber I see adorned, O my Saviour,* and I have no wedding garment that I may enter,* O Giver of Light enlighten* the vesture of my soul, and save me.

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

Your bridal chamber I see adorned, O my Saviour...

Now and for ever and ever. Amen.

Your bridal chamber I see adorned, O my Saviour...

After the Hymn of Light, “The Praises” on page 35.

Morning Praises

At Psalm 150

(Tone 1) Praise Him for His powerful deeds, praise Him in the abundance of His greatness!*

O Son of the Virgin,* the harlot knew You to be God* and she prayed to You lamenting,* for she had committed sins worthy of tears.* “Loose me from my debt,” she cried, “as I unloose my hair.* Show love to her who loves You,* though rightly she deserves Your hatred,* and with the publicans I shall proclaim You,** O Benefactor who loves mankind.”

Praise Him with sound of trumpet praise Him with harp and lyre!*

The harlot mingled precious oil of myrrh with her tears* and poured it on Your most pure feet, as she kissed them;* and straightway You have proclaimed her justified.* To us also grant forgiveness,* O Lord who suffered for our sake, and save us.

Praise Him with timbrel and dance, praise Him with strings and pipes!*

While the sinful woman brought oil of myrrh,* the disciple came to an agreement with the transgressors.* She rejoiced to pour out what was very precious,* he made haste to see the One who is above all price.* She acknowledged Christ as Lord,* he severed himself from the Master.* She was set free, but Judas became the slave of the enemy.* Grievous was his lack of love!* Great was her repentance!* Grant such repentance also to me,* O Saviour who suffered for our sake, and save us.

Praise Him with resounding cymbals, praise Him with loud clashing of cymbals! Let everything that breathes give praise to the Lord.*

O misery of Judas!* He saw the harlot kiss Your feet,* and deceitfully he plotted to betray You with a kiss.* She loosed her hair, and he was bound a prisoner by fury,* bearing in place of myrrh the stink of evil:* for envy knows not how to choose its own advantage.* O misery of Judas!** From this deliver our souls, O God.

(Tone 2) †Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit.

The sinful woman hastened to buy precious oil of myrrh,* with which to anoint the Benefactor,* and she cried aloud to the merchant:* “Give me oil of myrrh that I may anoint Him* who has cleansed me from all my sins.”

(Tone 6) Now and for ever and ever. Amen.

Drowning in sin, she found in You a haven of salvation,* and pouring out the oil of myrrh with her tears, she cried out to You:* “Lo, You are He who accepts the repentance of the sinful.* O Master, save me from the waves of sin in Your great mercy, enter into the splendour of Your saints?* For I am unworthy,* and if I dare to come into the bridal chamber,* my clothing will accuse me,* since it is not a wedding garment,* and I shall be cast out by the angels,* bound hand and foot.* Cleanse, O Lord, the filth from my soul* and save me in Your love for mankind.

Return to page 39 in the booklets.

Litany of Supplication / Surrender to God

Aposticha

Today Christ comes to the house of the Pharisee,* and the sinful woman draws near and falls down at His feet, crying:* “Behold me sunk in sin, filled with despair by reason of my deeds,* yet not rejected by Your love.** Grant me, Lord, remission of my sins and save me.”

In the morning we were filled with Your mercy, O Lord, and we rejoiced, and were glad.*

The harlot spread out her hair before You, O Master,* while Judas stretched out his hands to the transgressors:* she, to receive forgiveness;* and he, to receive money.* Therefore, we cry aloud to You who were sold and has set us free:** O Lord, glory be to You.

Let us rejoice in all our days — for the days You humbled us, for the years we saw evil. And look upon Your servants, and upon Your works; and guide their sons.*

Evil-smelling and defiled, the woman draws near to You,* shedding tears upon Your feet, O Saviour,* and proclaiming Your Passion.* “How can I look upon You, O Master?* Yet You have come to save the harlot.* I am dead: raise me from the depths,* as You raised Lazarus on the fourth day from the tomb.* Accept me in my wretchedness, O Lord, and save me.”

And let the splendour of the Lord our God be upon us and give success to the work of our hands, give success to the work of our hands.*

Full of despair on account of her life,* her evil ways well known,* she came to You, bearing oil of myrrh, and cried aloud:* “Harlot though I am, cast me not out, O Son of the Virgin;* despise not my tears, O Joy of the angels;* but receive me in repentance, O Lord, * and in Your great mercy reject me not, a sinner.”

(Tone 6) †Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit, now and for ever and ever. Amen.*

The woman who had fallen into many sins,* perceiving Your divinity, O Lord,* fulfilled the part of a myrrh-bearer;* and with lamentations she brought sweet-smelling oil of myrrh to You before Your burial.* “Woe is me,” she said, “for night surrounds me, dark and moonless,* and stings my lustful passion with the love of sin.* Accept the fountain of my tears,* O You who draws down from the clouds the waters of the sea.* Incline to the groanings of my heart,* O You who in Your ineffable self-emptying have bowed down the heavens.* I shall kiss Your most pure feet and wipe them with the hairs of my head,* those feet whose sound Eve heard at dust in Paradise,* and hid herself for fear.* Who can search out the multitude of my sins* and the abyss of Your judgments, O Saviour of my soul?*" Despise me not, Your handmaiden,* for You have mercy without measure.”

Return to booklets, page 45.