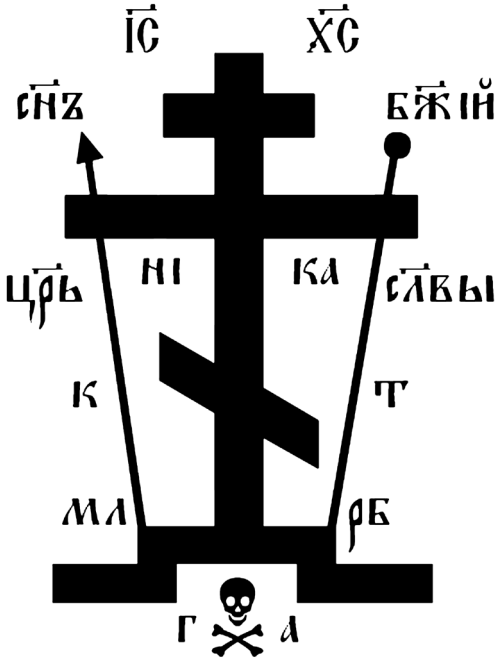

Music for Holy and Great Wednesday Matins

Дóмъ ст҃ы́хъ жéнъ мѵ̀роно́сицъ

Holy Myrrh-bearers

Ὁ Οἶκος τῶν Ἁγίων Μυροφόρων

www.myrrh-bearers.org

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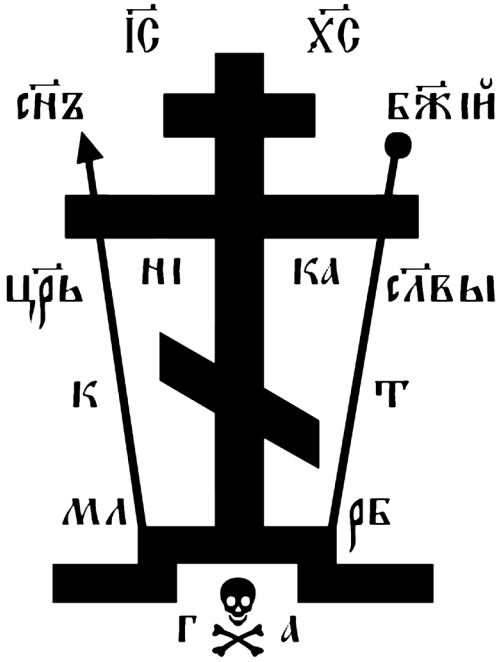
MMXXIV



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The Lenten Triodion
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Choral arrangements from
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Editor, Subdeacon Paul Daniels
Редактор, иподиакон Павел Даниэлс

A.D. 2024 Great-martyr Eustathius Placidas, his wife Theopistes,
and their sons Agapius and Theopistus
2024 г. Вмч. Евстафия Плакиды, жены его Феопистии
и чад их Агапия и Феописта

Music for Holy and Great Wednesday: Matins

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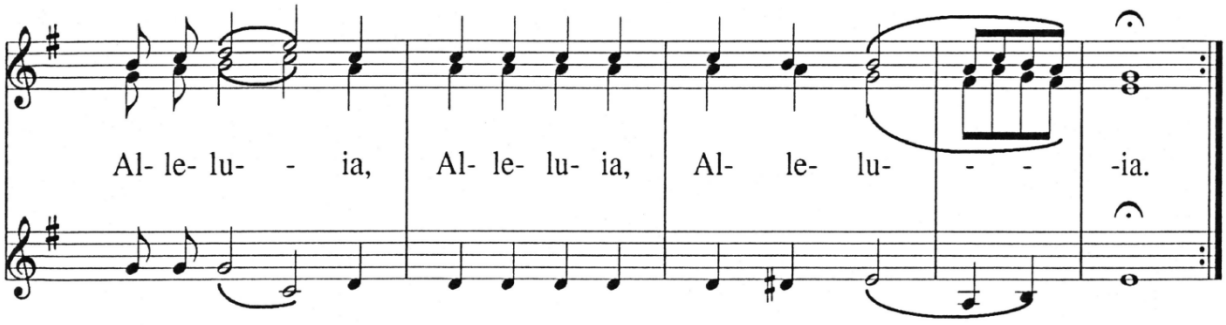
Matins

Alleluia, Tone VIII

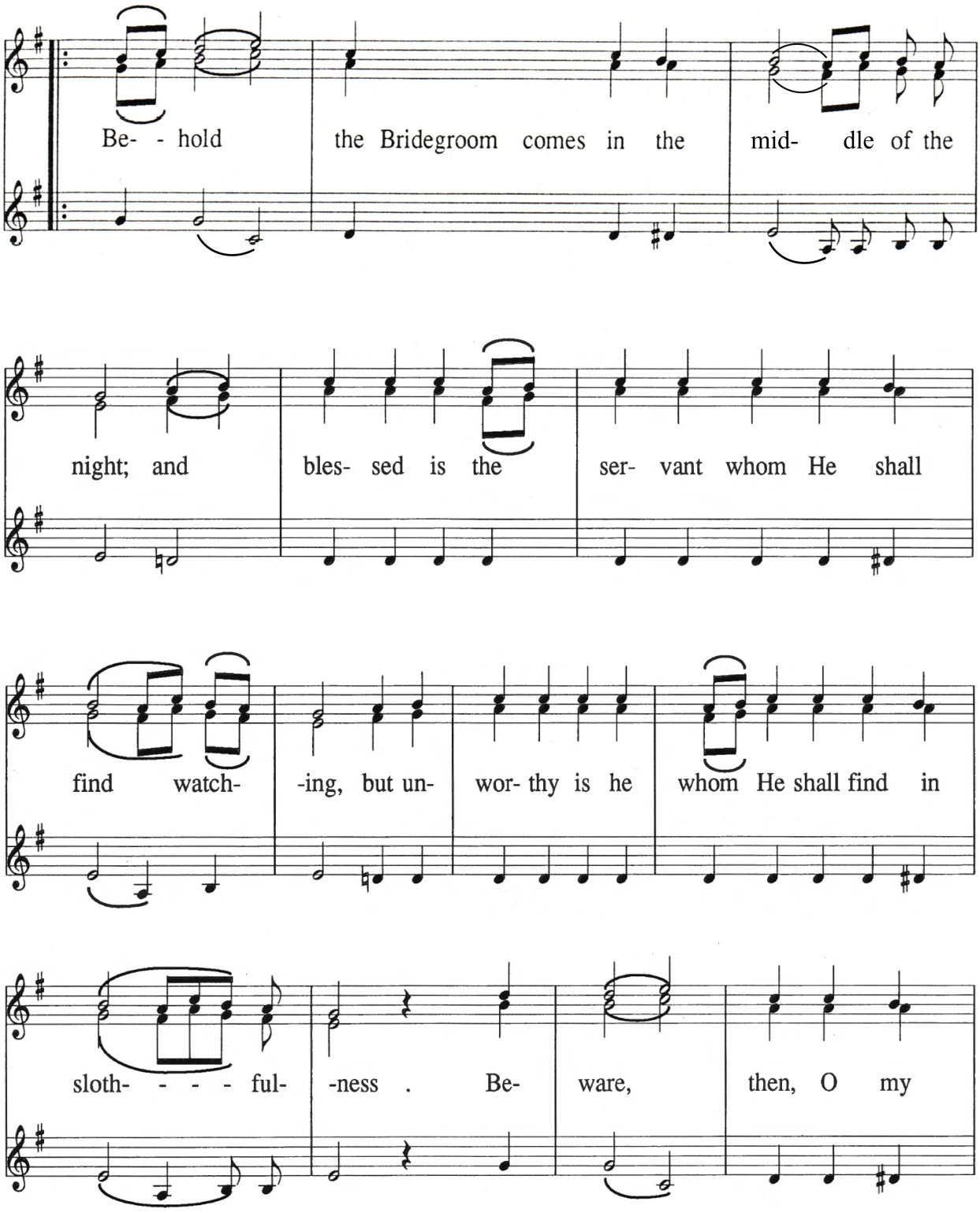
After the Six Psalms and the Great Litany we sing Alleluia *in Tone Eight, slowly and solemnly, with the appointed verses.*

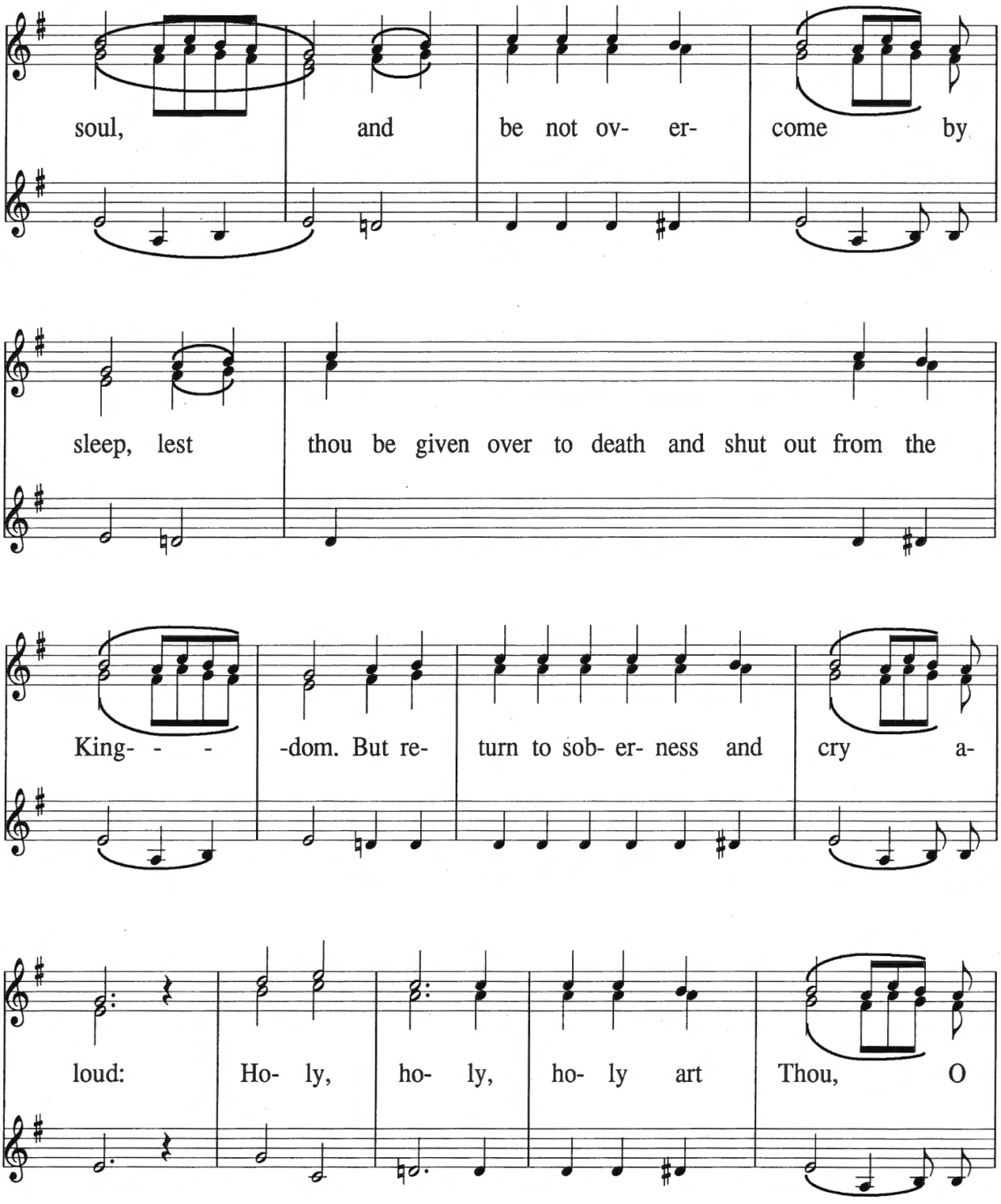
Out of the night my spirit waketh at dawn unto Thee, O God, for Thy commandments are a light upon the earth.

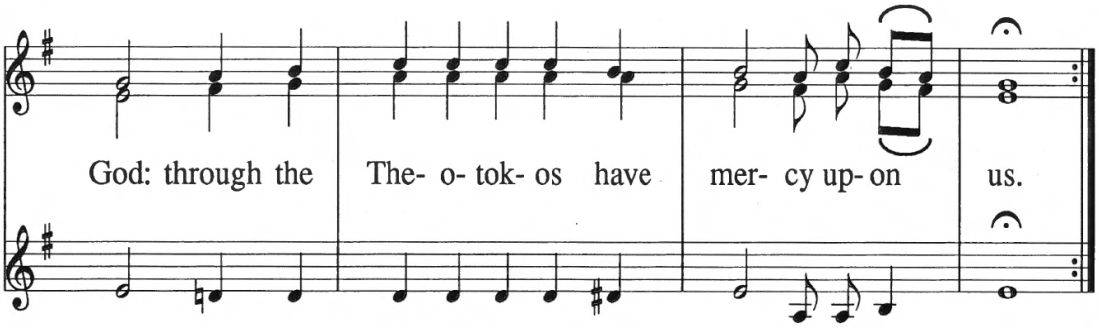


Stichos: Learn righteousness, ye that dwell upon the earth.
Stichos: Zeal shall lay hold upon an uninstructed people.
Stichos: Add more evils upon them, O Lord; add more evils upon them that are glorious upon the earth.

Behold the Bridegroom Comes




soul, and be not ov- er- come by
sleep, lest thou be given over to death and shut out from the
King- - - -dom. But re- turn to sob- er- ness and cry a-
loud: Ho- ly, ho- ly, ho- ly art Thou, O



Glory to the Father…

Behold the Bridegroom comes…

Both now…

Behold the Bridegroom comes…

After the first reading from the Psalter, the Sessional Hymn
Tone III

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

Glory to the Father…Both now…
Repeat.

After the second reading from the Psalter, the Sessional Hymn
Tone IV

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

Glory to the Father… Both now…
Repeat.

After the third reading from the Psalter, the sessional hymn
Tone I

To Thee the harlot cried lamenting, O merciful Lord; ardently she wiped Thy pure feet with the hair of her head, and from the depth of her heart she groaned: 'Cast me not from Thee, neither abhor me, O my God, but receive me in repentance and save me, for Thou alone lovest mankind.'

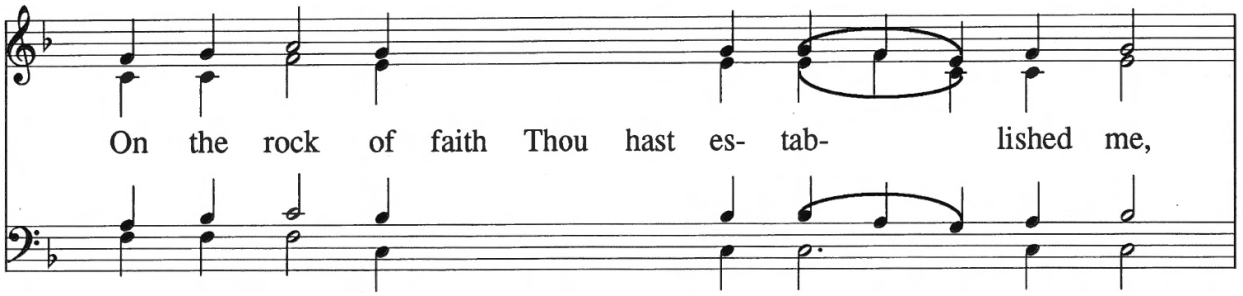
Glory to the Father… Both now…
Repeat.

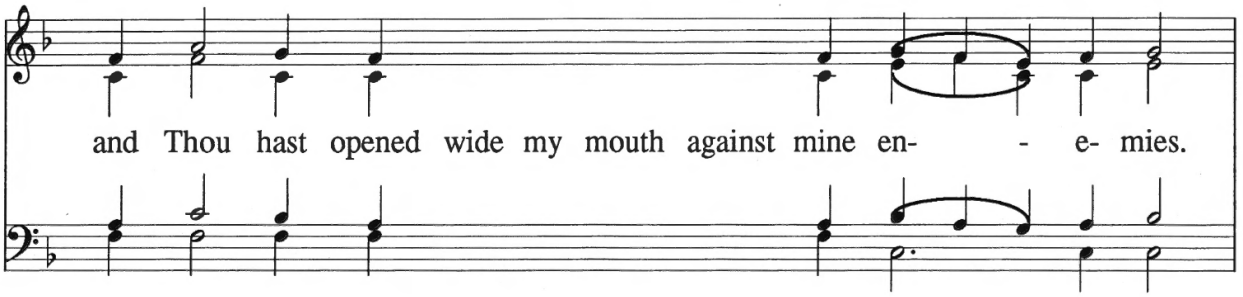
Gospel: John 12: 17-50
Psalm 50
The priest: Save, O God, Thy people, and bless Thine inheritance…

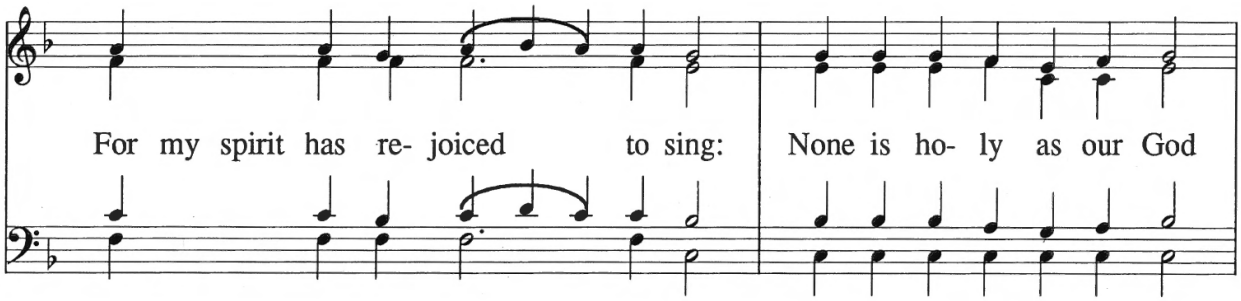
The Canon

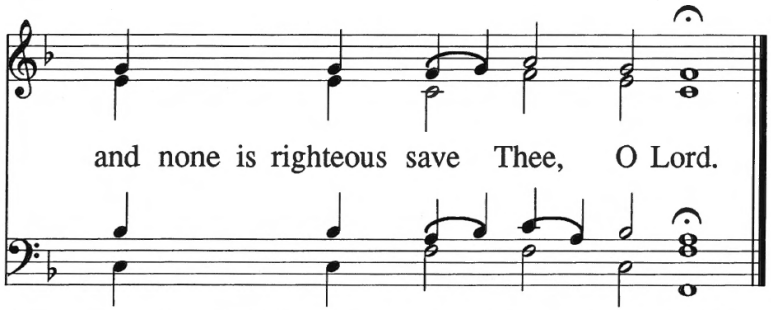
We use the three-canticled Canon by St. Kosmas. In each canticle the irmos is sung twice, and then the troparia are repeated four or six times so as to make up the number twelve. The irmos is sung at the end of each canticle as katavasia.

Ode III









Refrain: Glory to Thee, our God, glory to Thee.

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

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: Thou art our God and there is none holy save Thee, O Lord.

The Small Litany

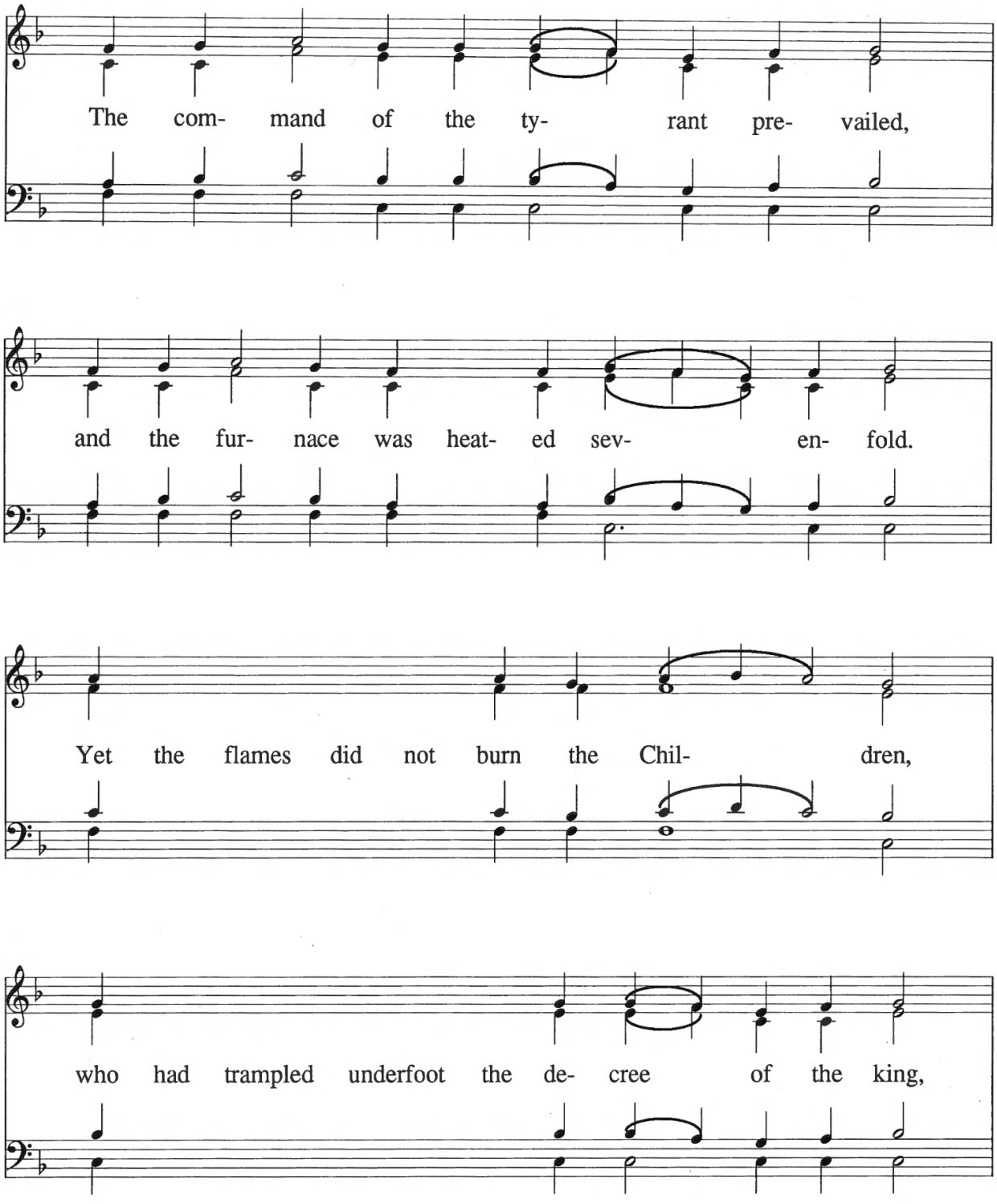
Kontakion, Tone IV

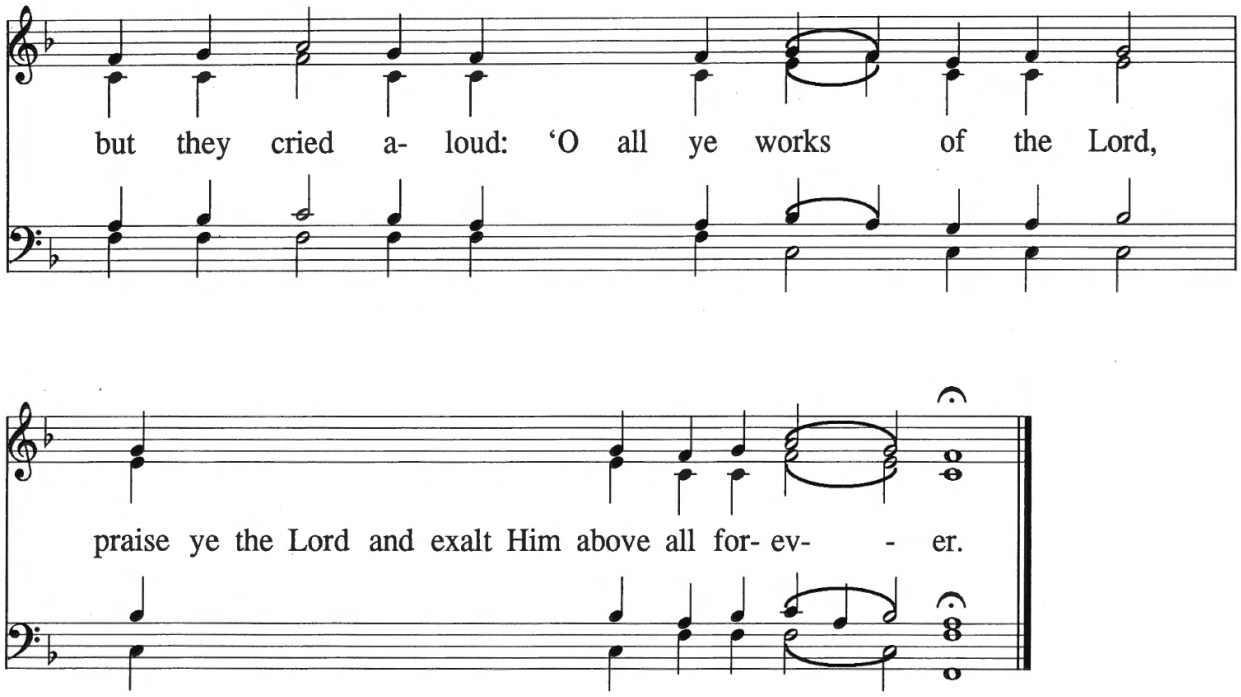
I have transgressed more than the harlot, O loving Lord,/ yet never have I offered Thee my flowing tears./ But in silence I fall down before Thee/ and with love I kiss Thy most pure feet,/ beseeching Thee as Master to grant me remission of sins;/ and I cry to Thee, O Saviour:// Deliver me from the filth 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 and 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 was a harlot, filled with fear, made haste and came crying to the Deliverer: 'O merciful Lord who lovest mankind, deliver me from the filth of my works.'

Ode VIII


The com- mand of the ty- rant pre- vailed,
and the fur- nace was heat- ed sev- en- fold.
Yet the flames did not burn the Chil- dren,
who had trampled underfoot the de- cree of the king,



Refrain: Glory to Thee, our God, glory to Thee.

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

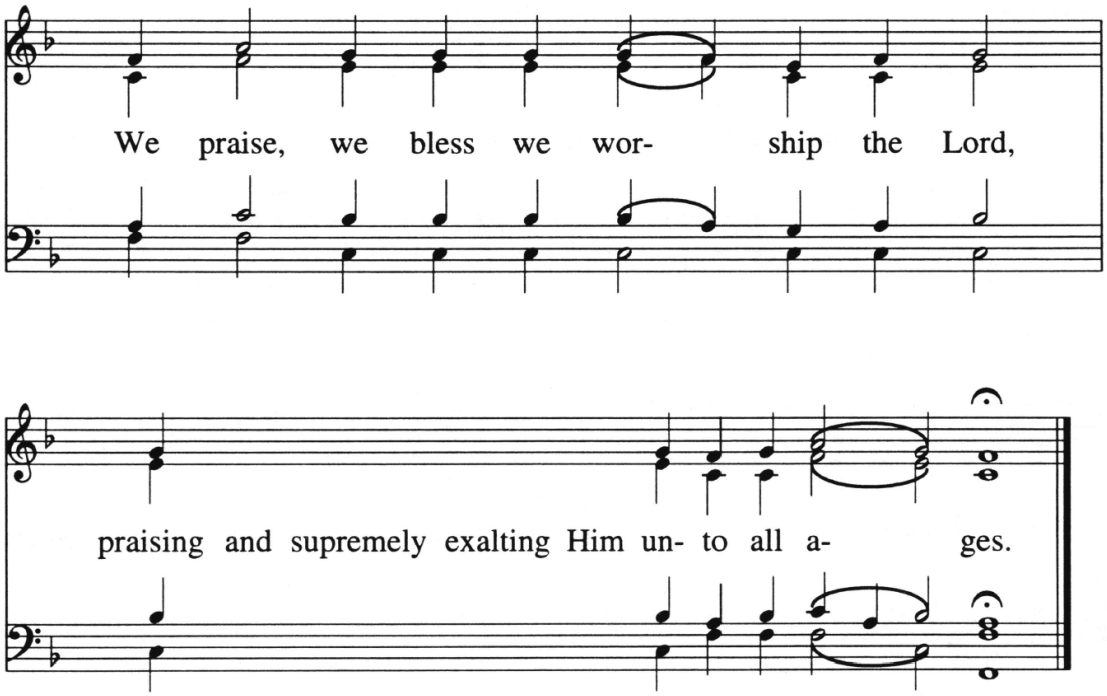
We bless Father, Son, and Holy Spirt: the Lord.

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: 'O all ye works of the Lord, praise ye the Lord and exalt Him above all for ever.'

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

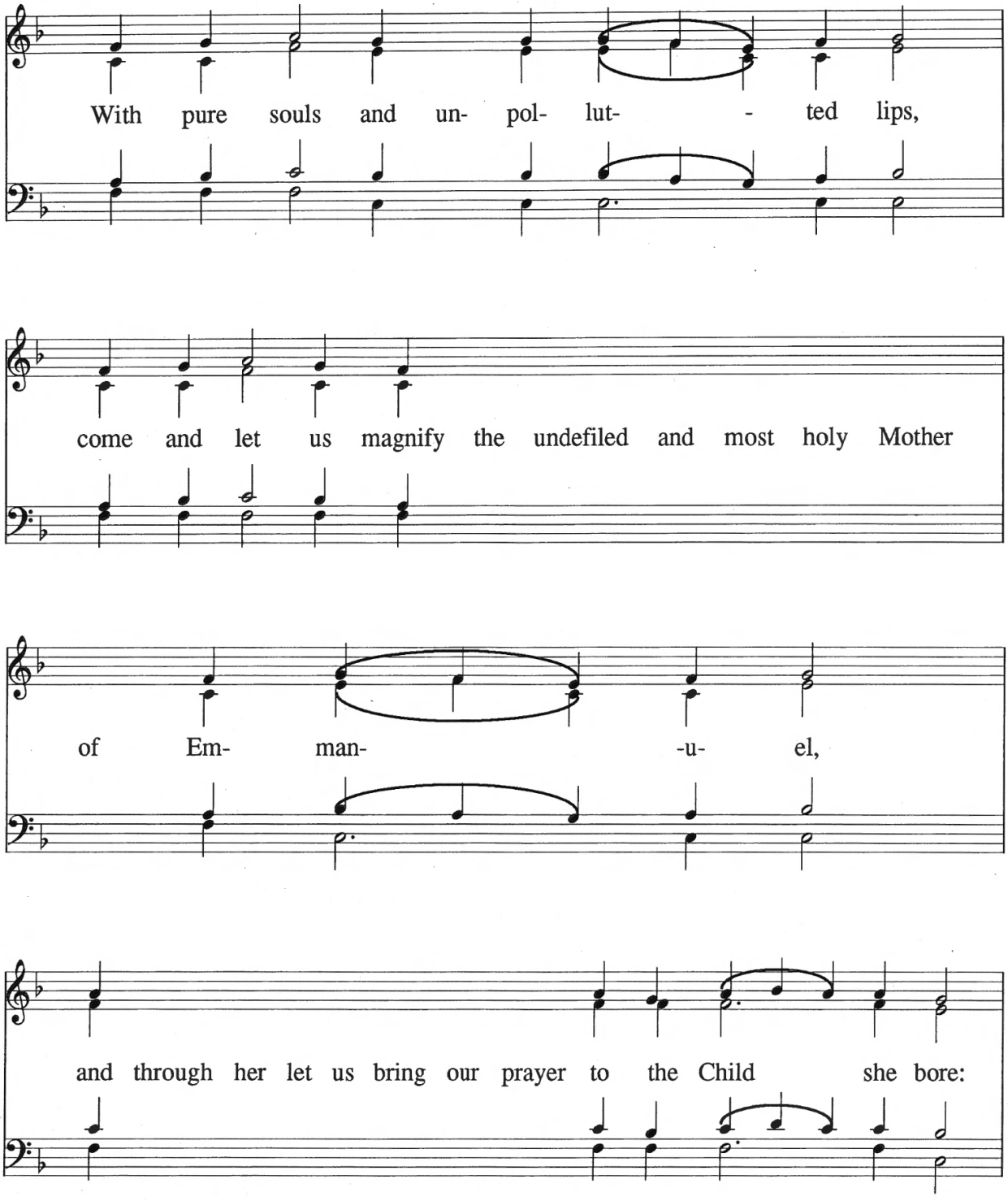
Through the saving love of God and' the fountain of her tears, the grateful woman was ransomed from her sins; washed clean by her confession, she was not ashamed but cried aloud: 'O all ye works of the Lord, praise ye the Lord and exalt Him above all for ever

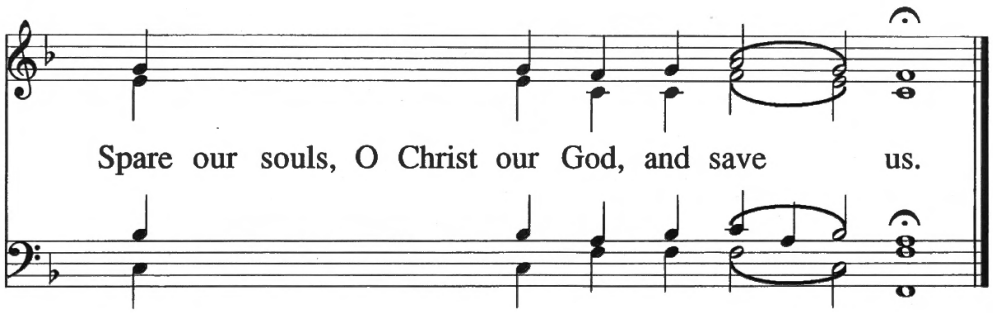
We Praise, We Bless



Ode IX

We do not sing the Magnificat and More honorable than the cherubim…





Refrain: Glory to Thee, our God, glory to Thee.

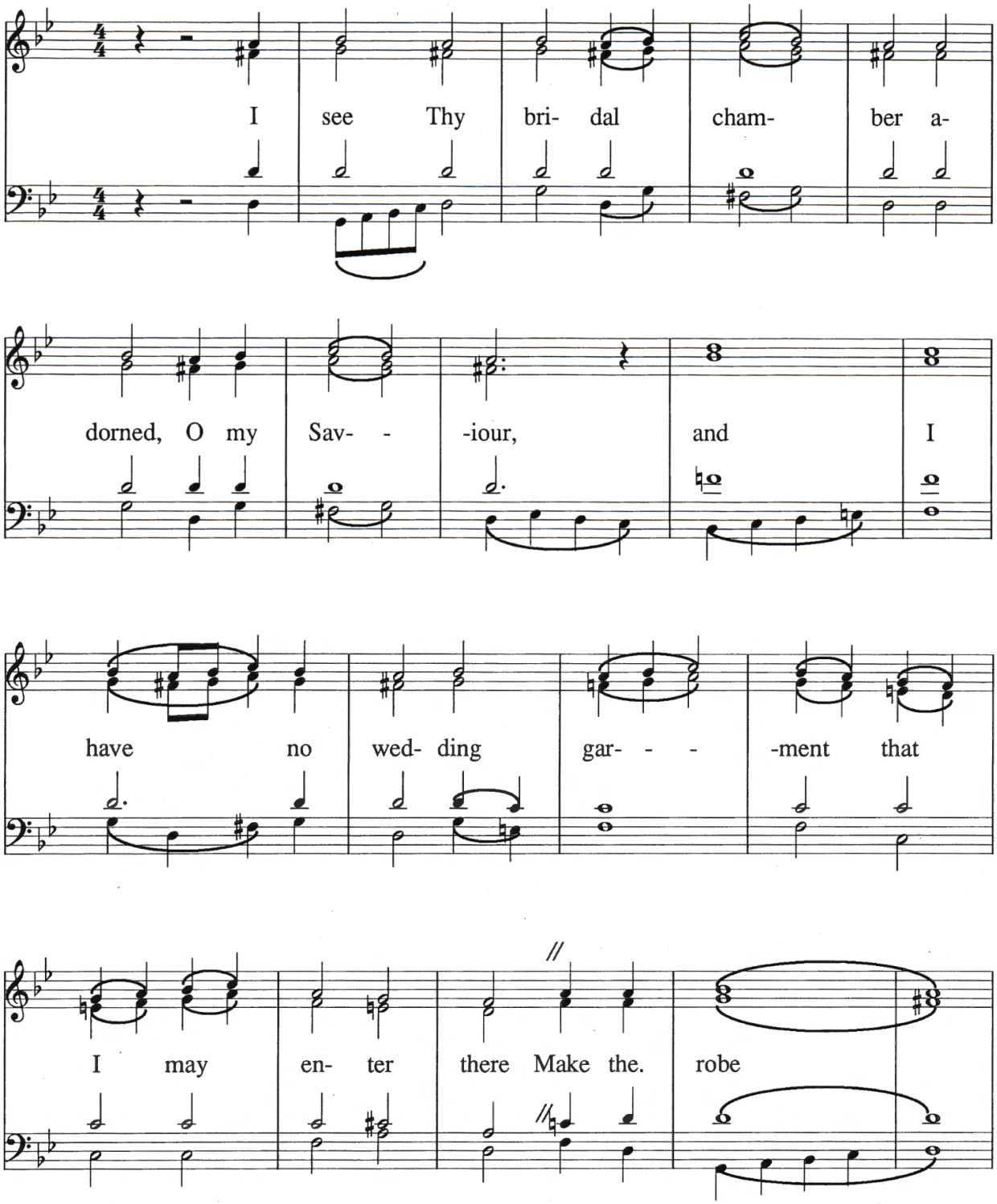
Ungrateful and envious in his wickedness, wretched Judas calculates the value of the gift worthy of God, whereby the woman gained release from the debt of her sins, and he trafficks in the grace of divine love. Spare our souls, O Christ our God, and save us.'

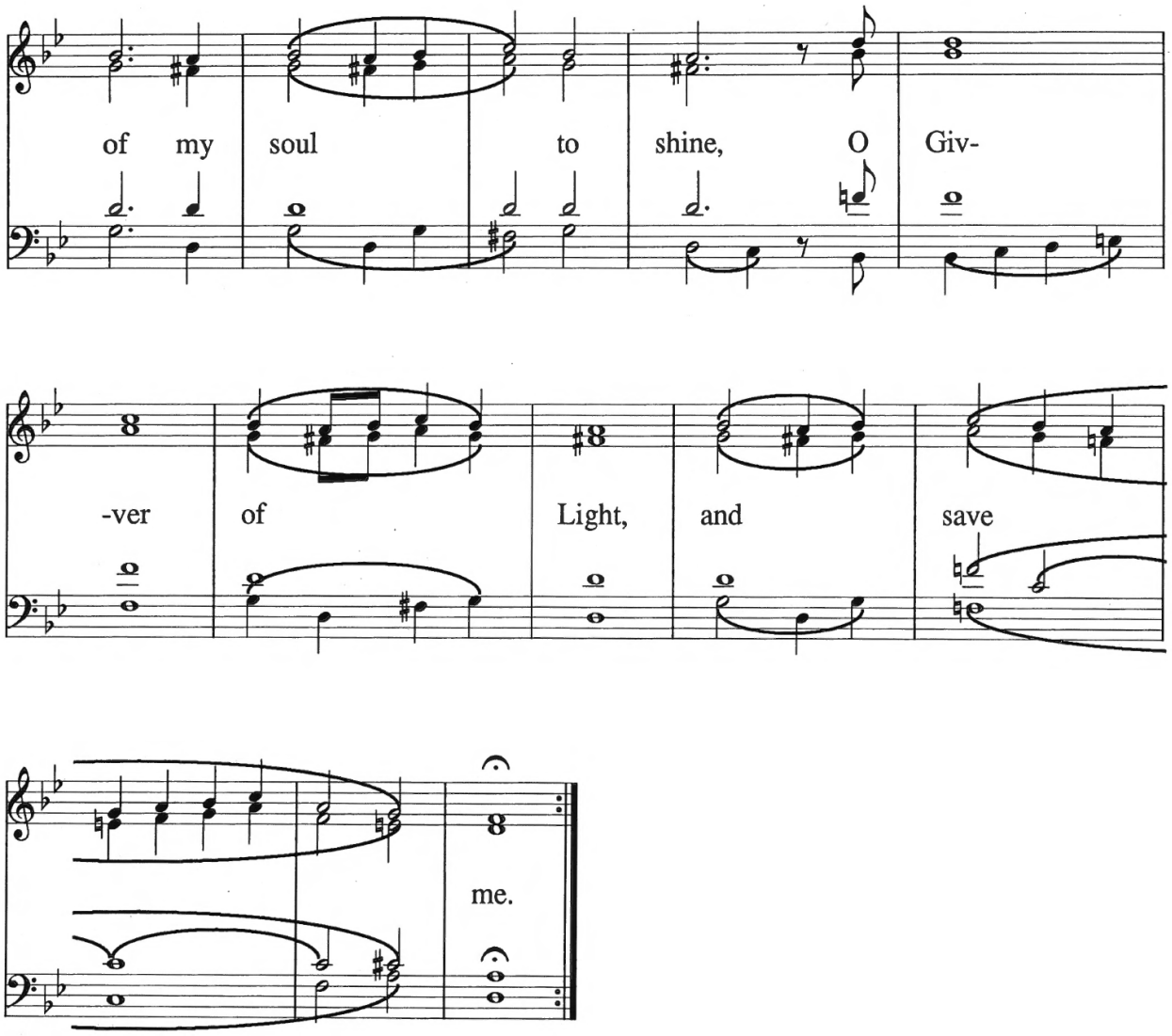
Judas goes to the lawless rulers and says: 'What will ye give me, if I deliver to you Christ whom ye seek?' And so in exchange for money he rejects fellowship with Christ. Spare our souls, O Christ our God, and save us.

Unrelenting in blind avarice, how hast thou forgotten what Christ taught thee, that thy soul is more in value than the whole world! For in despair, O traitor, thou hast hanged thyself. Spare our souls, O Christ our God, and save us.

Exapostilarion

Tone III





Glory to the Father…

I see Thy bridal chamber…

Both now…

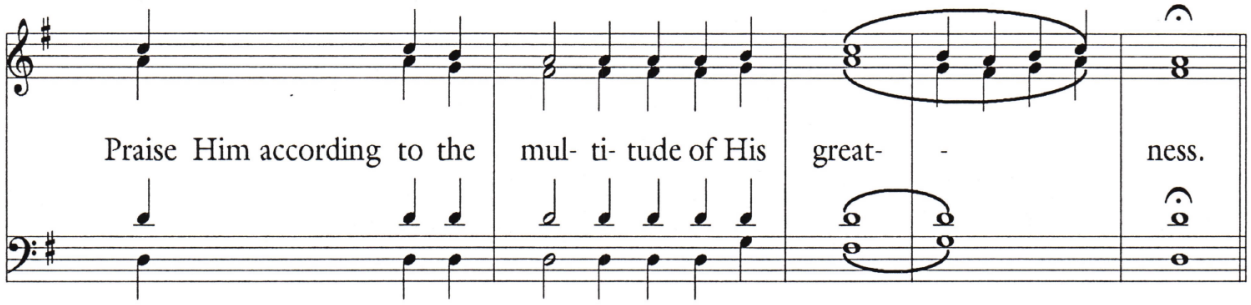
I see Thy bridal chamber…

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, O sun and moon; praise Him, all ye stars and light.
Praise Him, ye heavens of heavens, and thou water that art above the heavens.
Let them praise the name of the Lord; for He spake, and they came to be; He commanded, and they were created.
He established them for ever, yea, for ever and ever; He hath set an ordinance, and it shall not pass away.
Praise the Lord from the earth, ye dragons, and all ye abysses,
Fire, hail, snow, ice, blast of tempest, which perform His word,
The mountains and all the hills, fruitful trees, and all cedars,
The beasts and all the cattle, creeping things and winged birds,
Kings of the earth, and all peoples, princes and all the judges of the earth,
Young men and virgins, elders with the younger; let them praise the name of the Lord, for exalted is the name of Him alone.
His praise is above the earth and Heaven, and He shall exalt the horn of His people.
This is the hymn for all His saints, for the sons of Israel, and for the people that draw nigh unto Him.
Sing unto the Lord a new song; His praise is in the church of the saints.
Let Israel be glad in Him that made him, let the sons of Sion rejoice in their King.
Let them praise His name in the dance; with the timbrel and the psaltery let them chant unto Him.
For the Lord taketh pleasure in His people, and He shall exalt the meek with salvation.
The saints shall boast in glory, and they shall rejoice upon their beds.
The high praise of God shall be in their throat, and two-edged swords shall be in their hands,
To do vengeance among the heathen, punishments among the peoples,
To bind their kings with fetters, and their nobles with manacles of iron.
To do among them the judgment that is written, this glory shall be to all His saints.
Praise ye God in His saints, praise Him in the firmament of His power.

Stichera at the Psalms of Praise

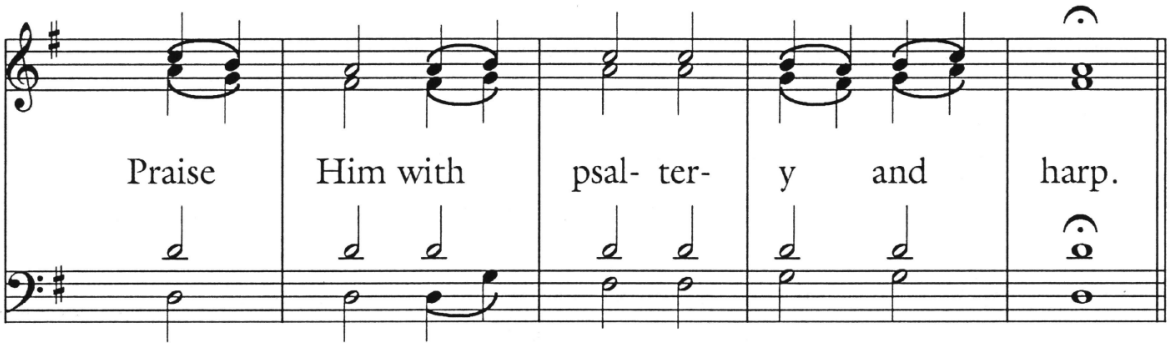
Tone I

Stichos: Praise Him for His mighty acts:



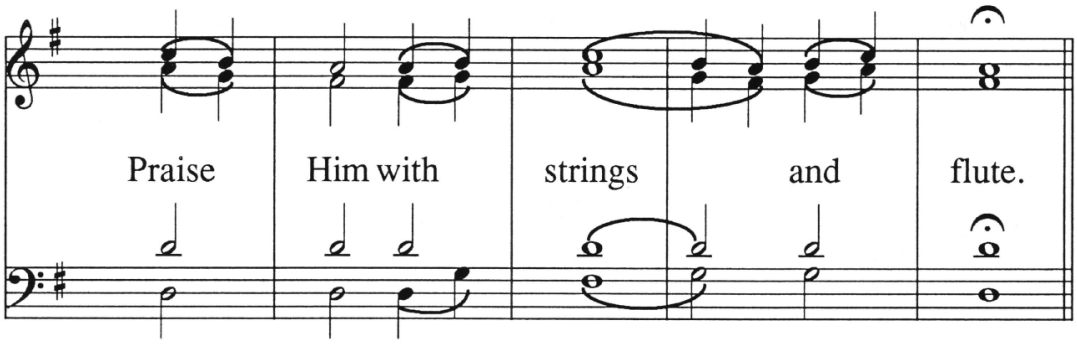
O Son of the Virgin,/ the harlot knew Thee to be God and she prayed to Thee lamenting,/ for she had committed sins worthy of tears./ 'Loose me from my debt', she cried, 'as I unloose my hair.'/ Show love to her who loves Thee,/ though rightly she deserves Thy hatred,/ and with the publicans I shall proclaim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

Stichos: Praise Him with the sound of trumpet:



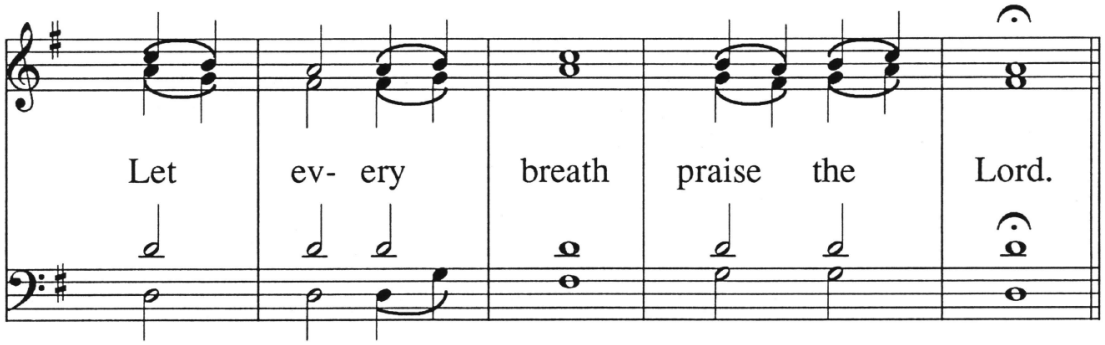
The harlot mingled precious oil of myrrh with her tears/ and poured it, on Thy most pure feet,/ as she kissed them; and straightway Thou hast proclaimed her justified./ To us also grant forgiveness,// O Lord who hast suffered for our sake, and save us.

Stichos: Praise Him with timbrel and dance:



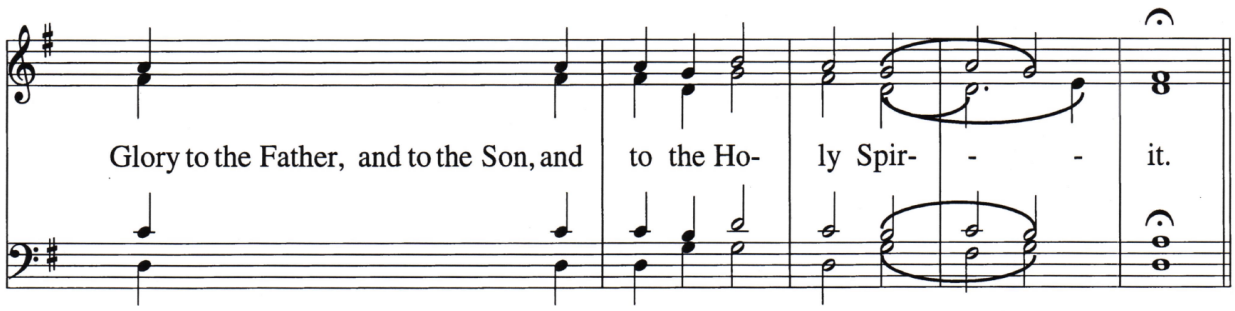
While the sinful woman brought oil of myrrh,/ the disciple came to an agreement with the transgressors./ She rejoiced to pour out what was very precious,/ he made haste to sell the One who is above all price./ She acknowledged Christ as Lord,/ he severed himself from the Master./ She was set free, but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

Stichos: Praise Him with tuneful cymbals, praise Him with cymbals of jubilation:



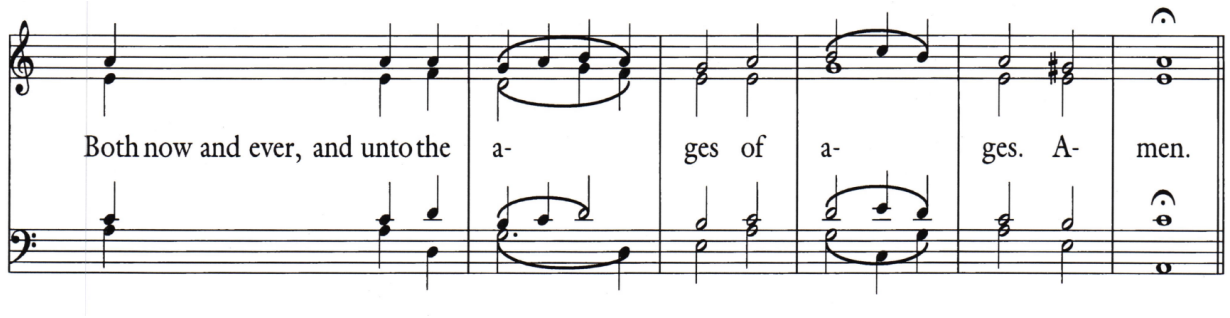
O misery of Judas!/ He saw the harlot kiss Thy feet,/ and deceitfully he plotted to betray Thee with a kiss./ She loosed her hair and he was bound a prisoner by fury,/ bearing in place of myrrh the stink of evil:/ for envy knows not how to choose its own advantage.// O misery of Judas! From this deliver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

Glory to the Father, Tone II



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.'

Both now, Tone VI



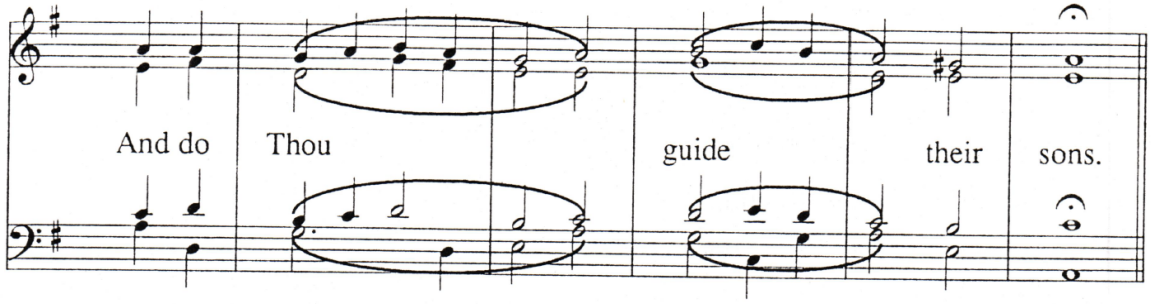
Drowning in sin, she found in Thee a haven of salvation,/ and pouring out the oil of myrrh with her tears, she cried to Thee:/ 'Lo, Thou art He who accepts the repentance of the sinful.// O Master, save me from the waves of sin in Thy great mercy.'

Aposticha

Tone VI

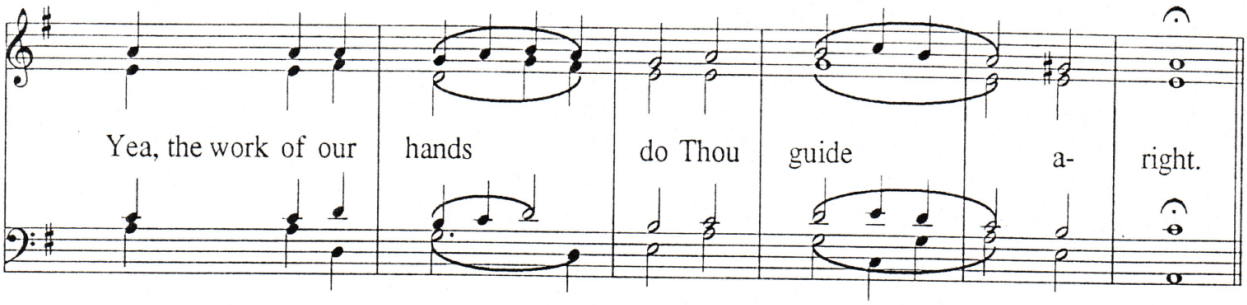
Today Christ comes to the house of the Pharisee,/ and the sinful woman draws near/ and falls down at His feet, crying:/ 'Behold me sunk in sin,/ filled with despair by reason of my deeds,/ yet not rejected by Thy love.// Grant me, Lord, remission of my sins and save me.'

Stichos: We were filled in the morning with Thy mercy, O Lord, and we rejoiced and were glad. 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 upon Thy servants, and upon Thy works:



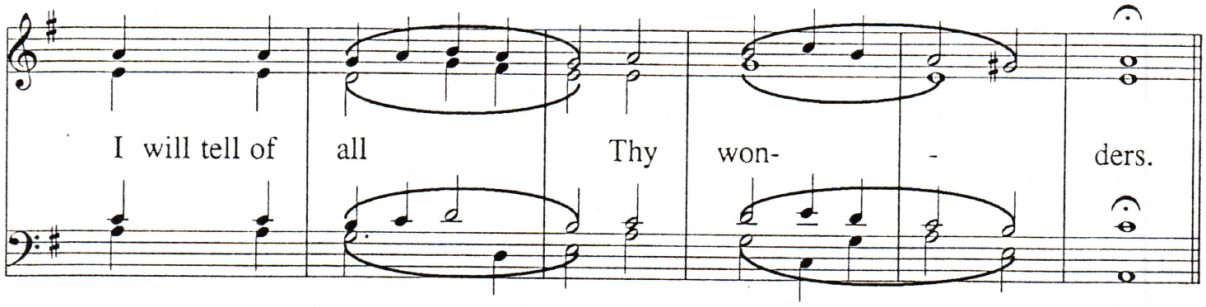
The harlot spread out her hair before Thee, O Master,/ while Judas stretched out his hands to the transgressors:/ she, to receive forgiveness,/ and he, to receive money./ Therefore we cry aloud to Thee// who wast sold and hast set us free: O Lord, glory to Thee.

Stichos: And let the brightness of the Lord our God be upon us, and the works of our hands do Thou guide aright upon us:



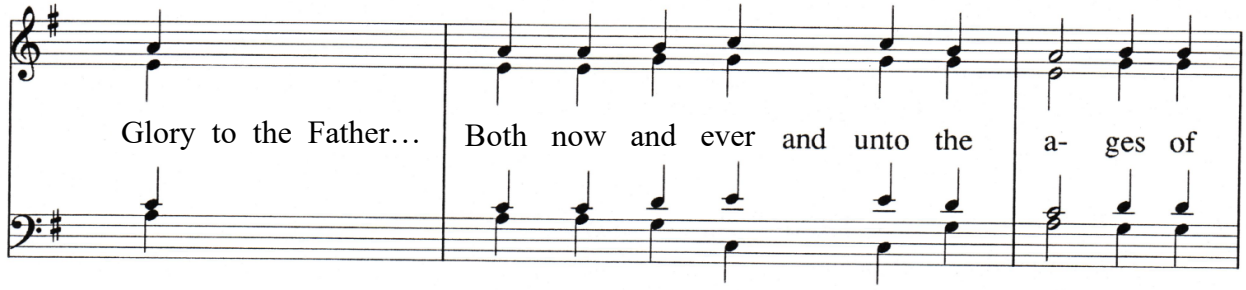
Evil-smelling and defiled, the woman drew near to Thee,/ shedding tears upon Thy feet, O Saviour,/ and proclaiming Thy Passion./ 'How can I look upon Thee, O Master?/ Yet Thou hast come to save the harlot./ I am dead: raise me from the depths,/ as Thou hast raised Lazarus on the fourth day from the tomb.// Accept me in my wretchedness, O Lord, and save me.'

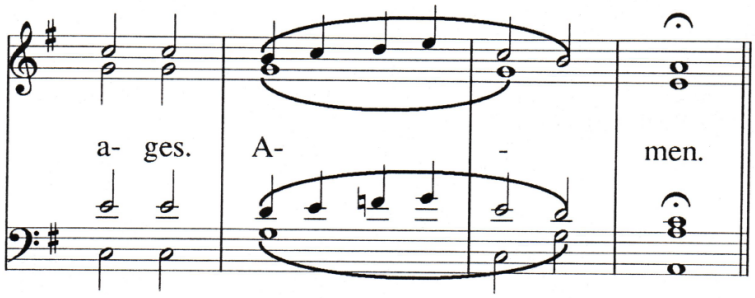
Stichos: I will confess Thee, O Lord, with my whole heart:



Full of despair on account of her life,/ her evil ways well known,/ she came to Thee, 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 Thy great mercy reject me not, a sinner.'

Glory to the Father, Both now, Tone VIII





by Kassiani the Nun

The woman who had fallen into many sins,/ perceiving Thy divinity, O Lord,/ fulfilled the part of a myrrh-bearer;/ and with lamentations she brought sweet-smelling oil of myrrh to Thee before Thy 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 Thou who drawest down from the clouds the waters of the sea./ Incline to the groanings of my heart,/ O Thou who in Thine ineffable self-emptying hast bowed down the heavens./ I shall kiss Thy most pure feet and wipe them with the hairs of my head,/ those feet whose sound Eve heard at dusk in Paradise,/ and hid herself for fear./ Who can search out the multitude of my sins/ and the abyss of Thy judgements,/ O Saviour of my soul?/ Despise me not, Thine handmaiden,// for Thou hast mercy without measure.'

And the rest of Matins according to the Lenten order, with the usual prostrations.

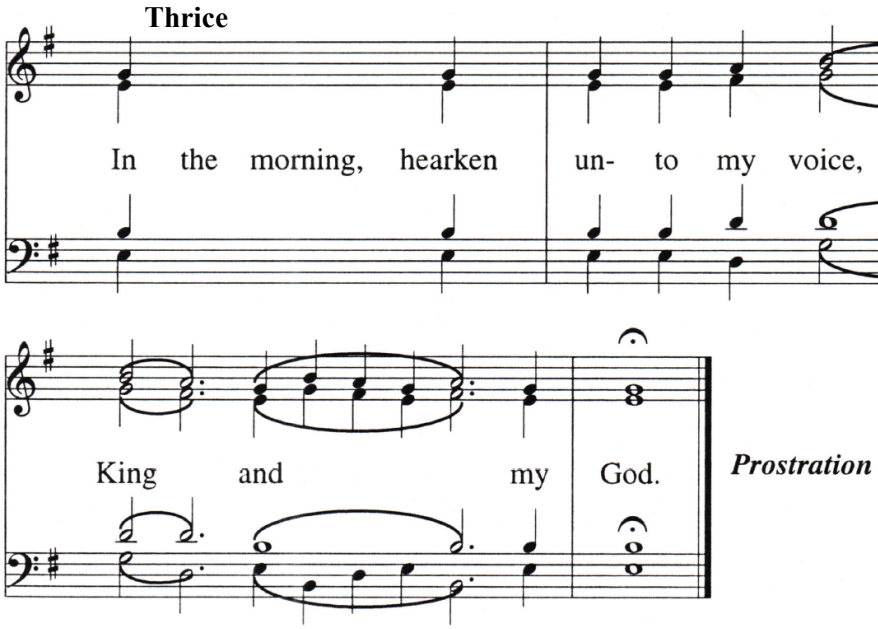
First Hour

In the Morning, Hearken Unto My Voice

After ending the kathisma in the usual manner, the priest saith: Lord, have mercy, *thrice.*

Priest: In the morning, hearken unto my voice, O my King and my God.

Chanted three times, with a prostration after each.

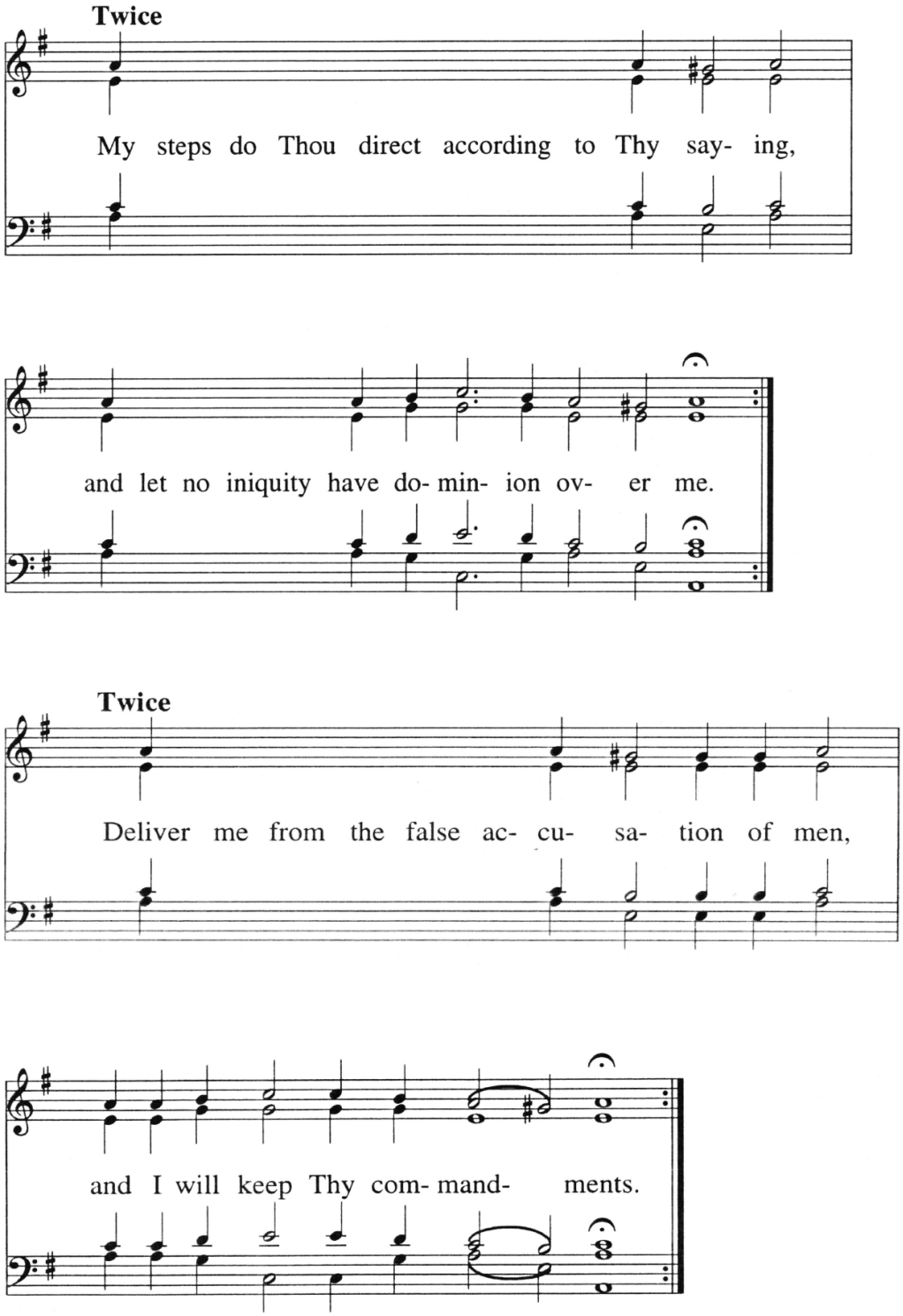


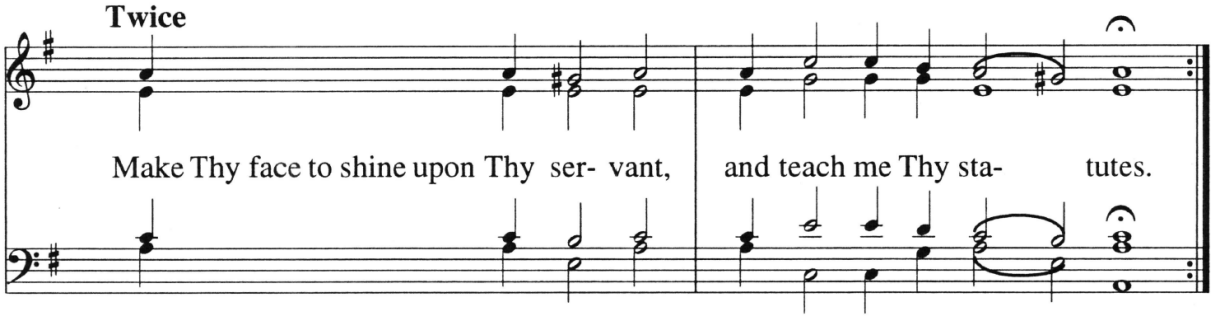
Stichos: Unto my words, give ear, O Lord, hear my cry.
Stichos: For unto Thee will I pray, O Lord.

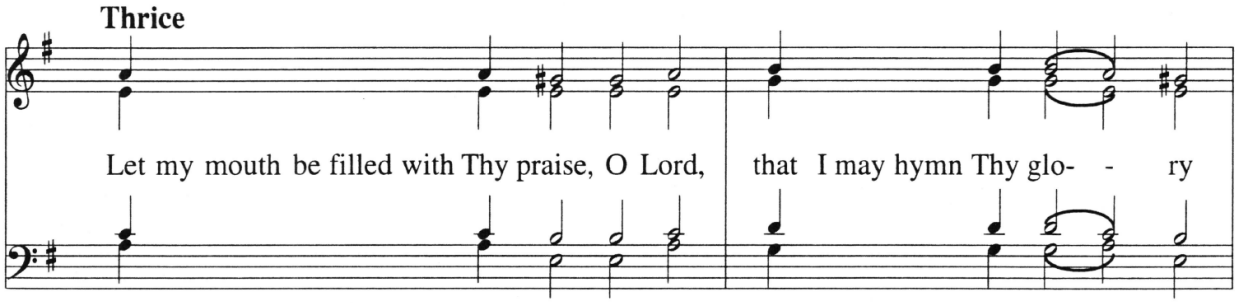
Priest: Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit.
Reader: Both now and ever, and unto the ages of ages. Amen.

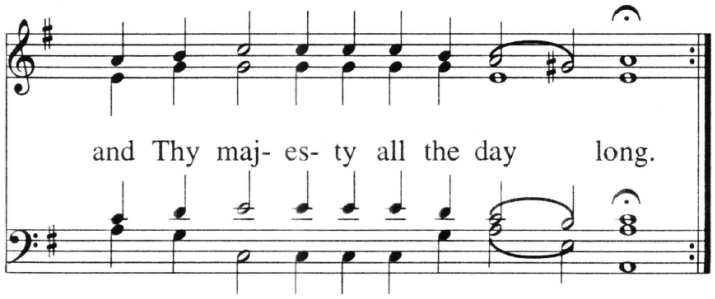
What shall we call thee, O thou that art full of grace? Heaven: for thou hast dawned forth the Sun of Righteousness. Paradise: for thou hast blossomed forth the Flower of Immortality. Virgin: for thou hast remained incorrupt. Pure Mother: for thou hast held in thy holy embrace the Son, the God of all. Do thou entreat Him to save our souls.

My Steps Do Thou Direct




Twice
Make Thy face to shine upon Thy ser- vant, and teach me Thy sta- tutes.

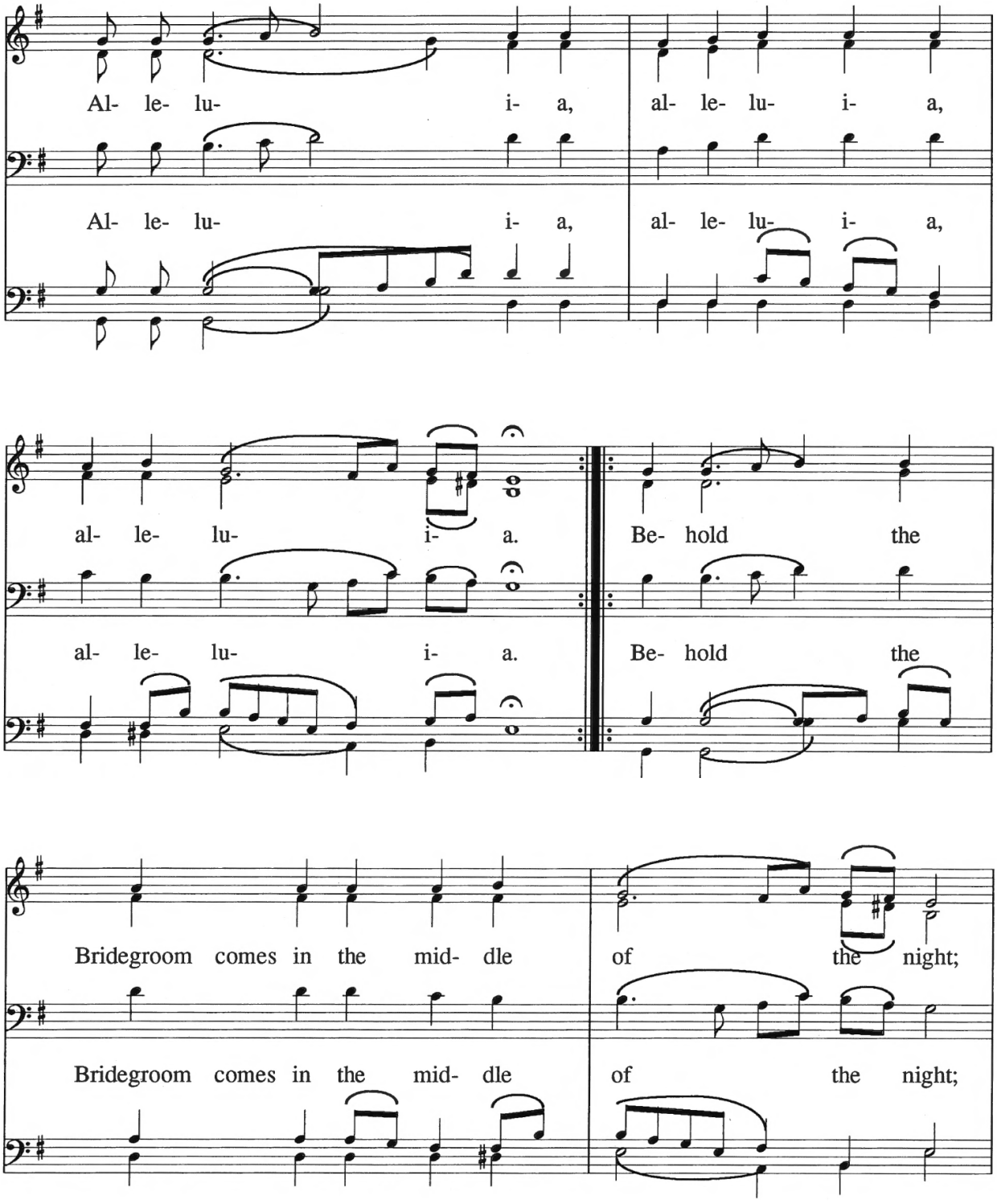

Thrice
Let my mouth be filled with Thy praise, O Lord, that I may hymn Thy glo- - ry

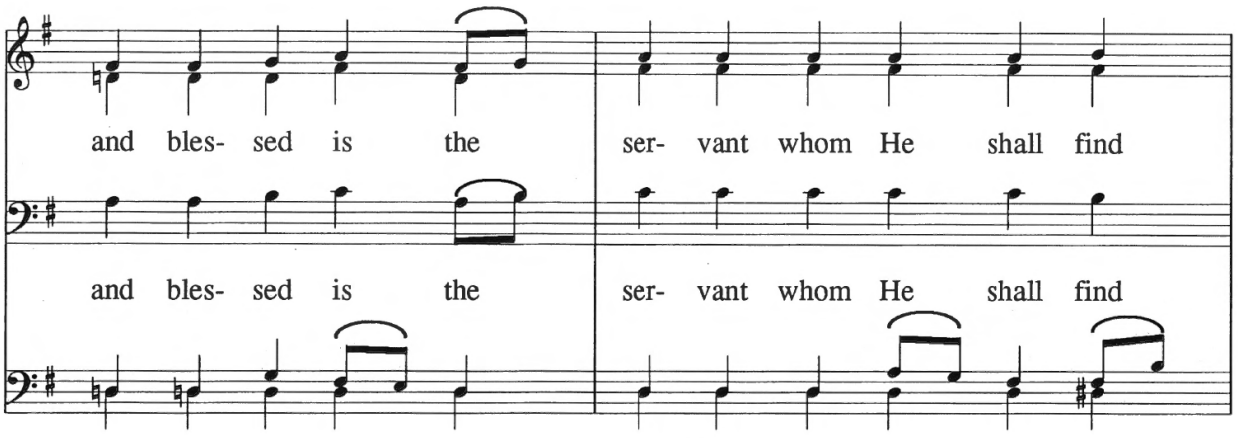

and Thy maj- es- ty all the day long.

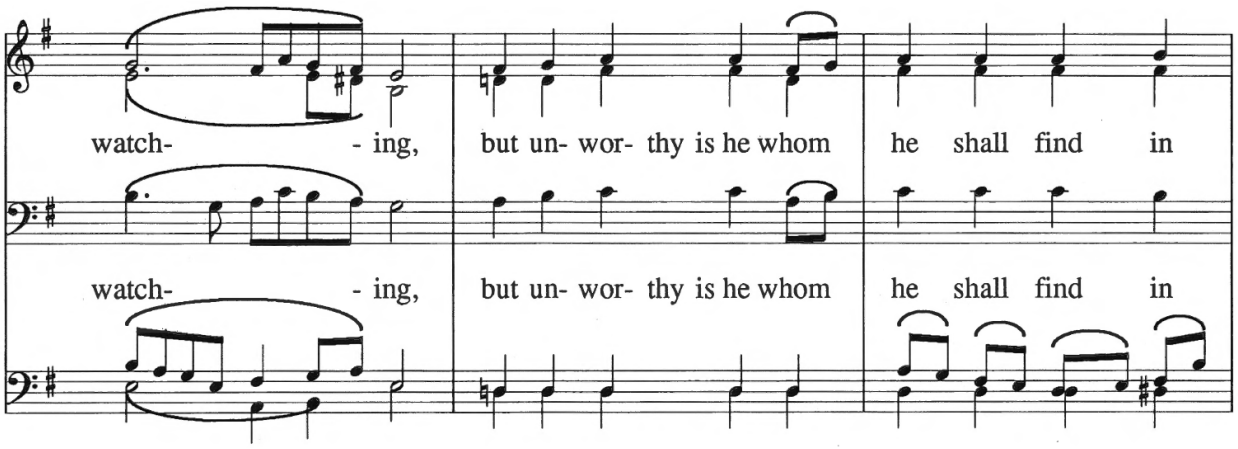
Appendix I

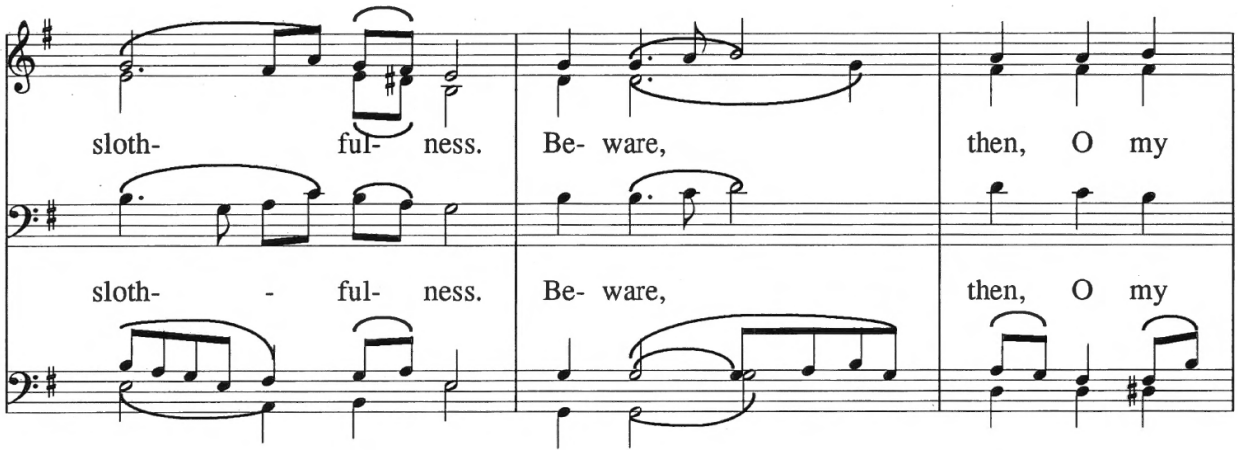
Behold, the Bridegroom Comes

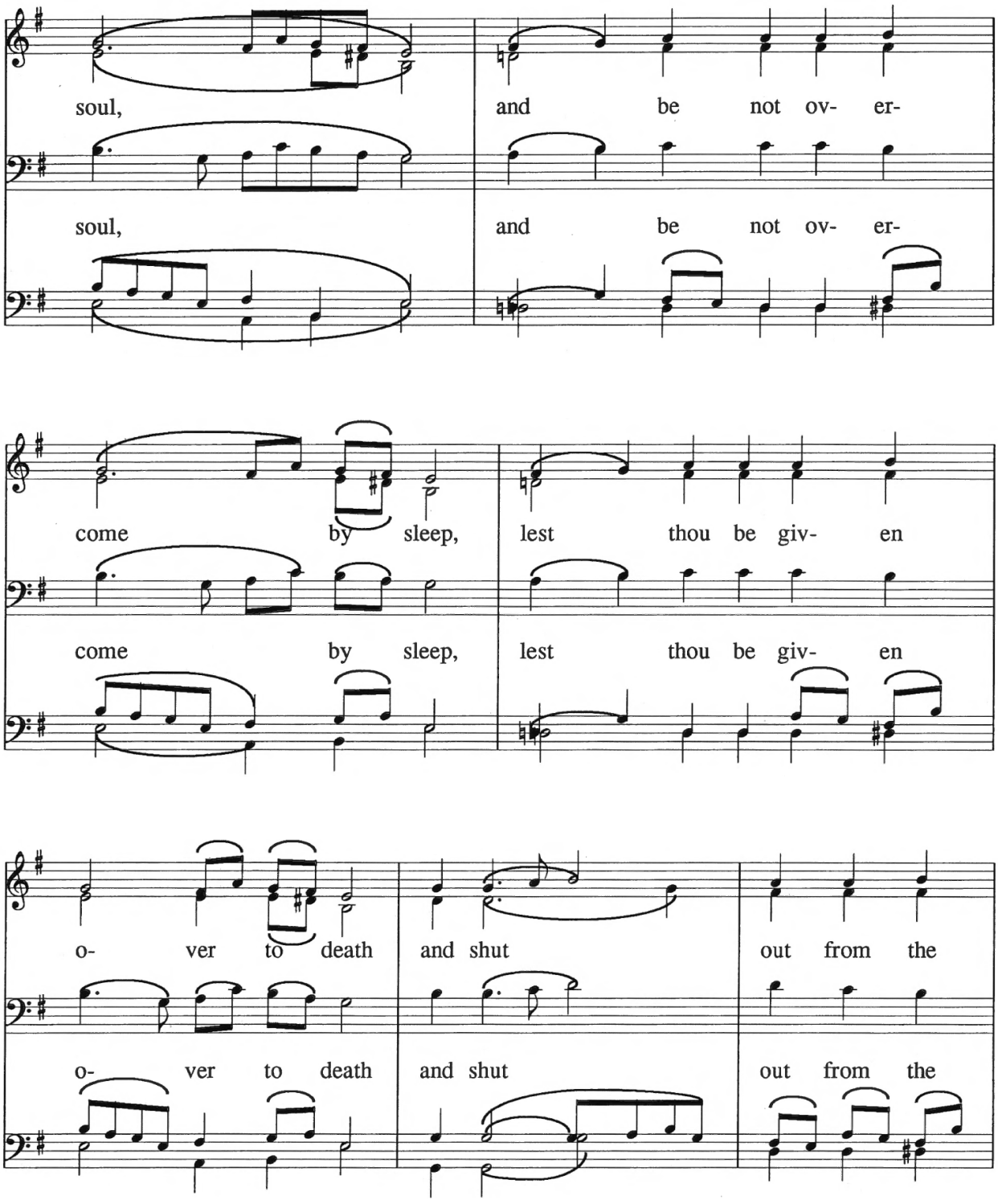
Soloviev

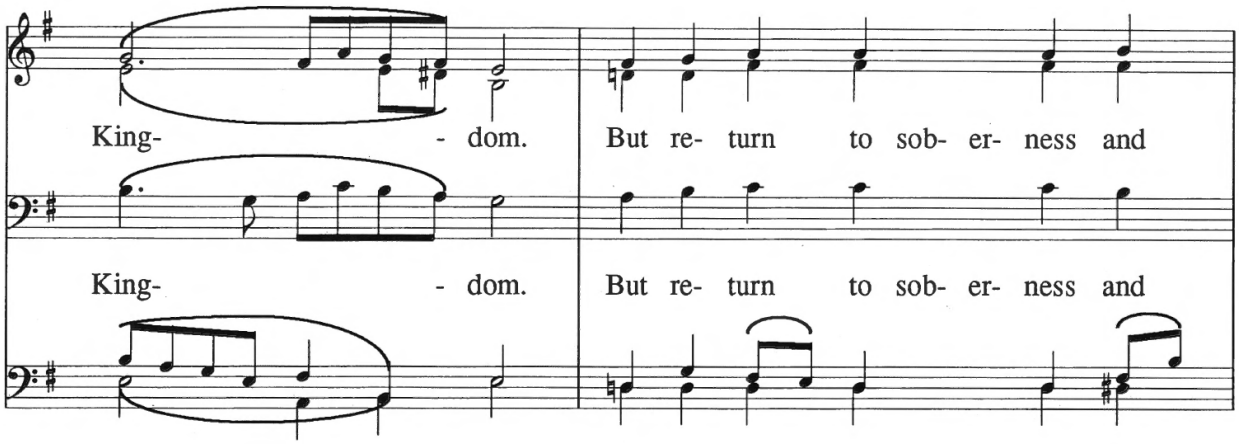


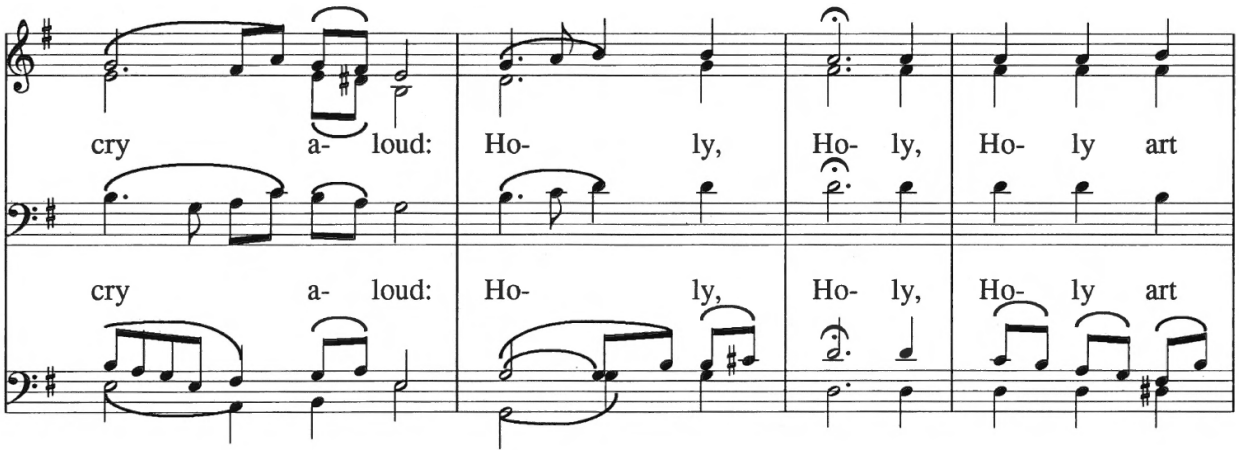

and bles- sed is the ser- vant whom He shall find
and bles- sed is the ser- vant whom He shall find

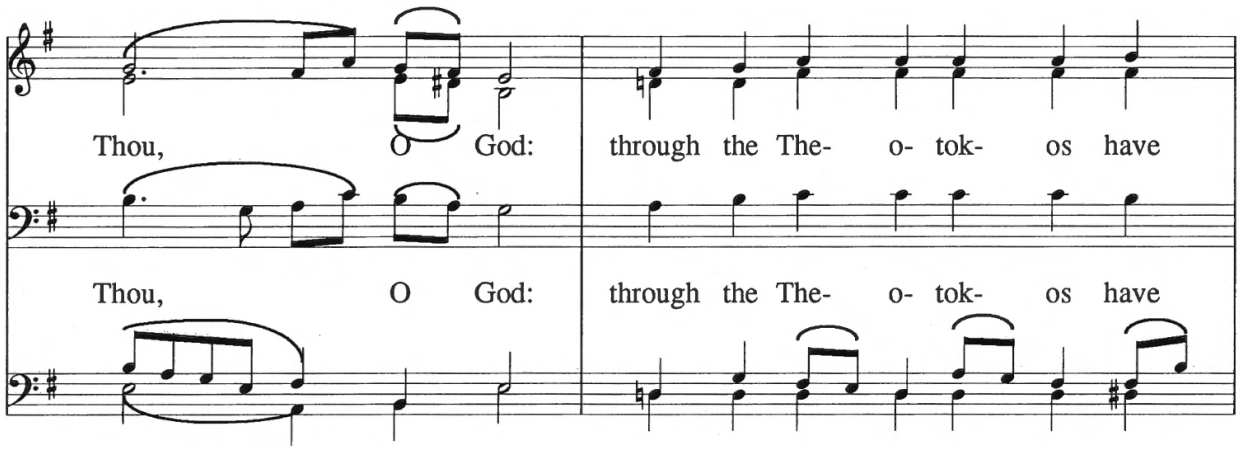

watch- - ing, but un- wor- thy is he whom he shall find in
watch- - ing, but un- wor- thy is he whom he shall find in

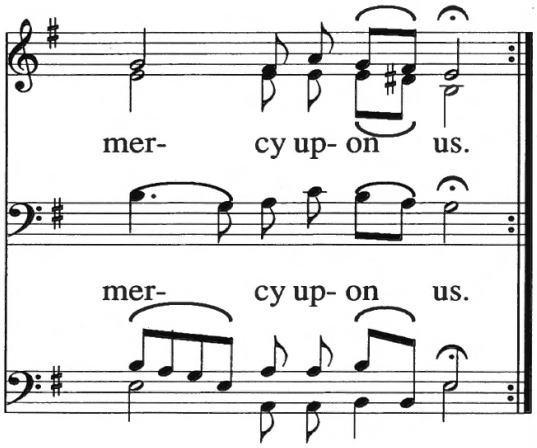

sloth- ful- ness. Be- ware, then, O my
sloth- - ful- ness. Be- ware, then, O my


soul, and be not ov- er-
soul, and be not ov- er-
come by sleep, lest thou be giv- en
come by sleep, lest thou be giv- en
o- ver to death and shut out from the
o- ver to death and shut out from the


King- - dom. But re- turn to sob- er- ness and
King- - dom. But re- turn to sob- er- ness and

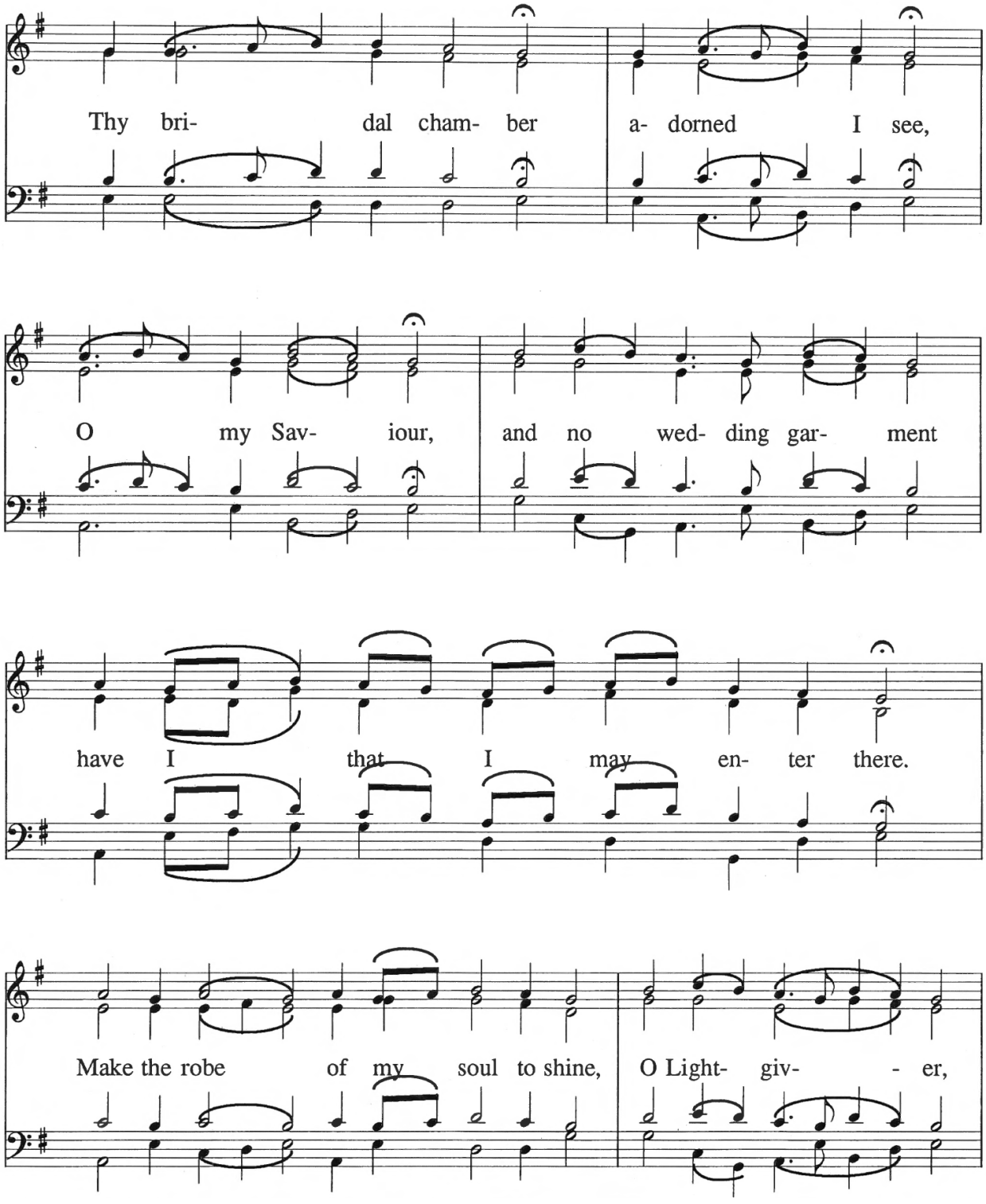

cry a- loud: Ho- ly, Ho- ly, Ho- ly art
cry a- loud: Ho- ly, Ho- ly, Ho- ly art

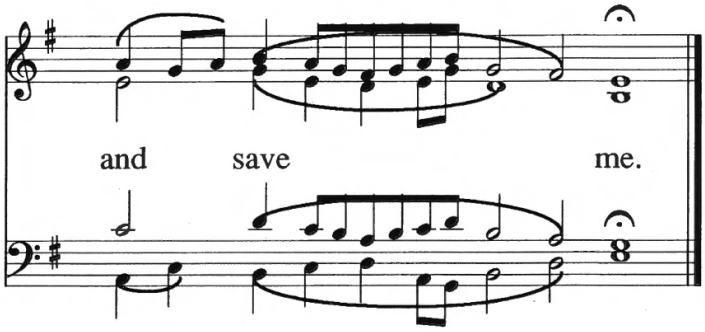

Thou, O God: through the The- o- tok- os have
Thou, O God: through the The- o- tok- os have


mer- cy up- on us.
mer- cy up- on us.

Appendix II
Exapostilarion

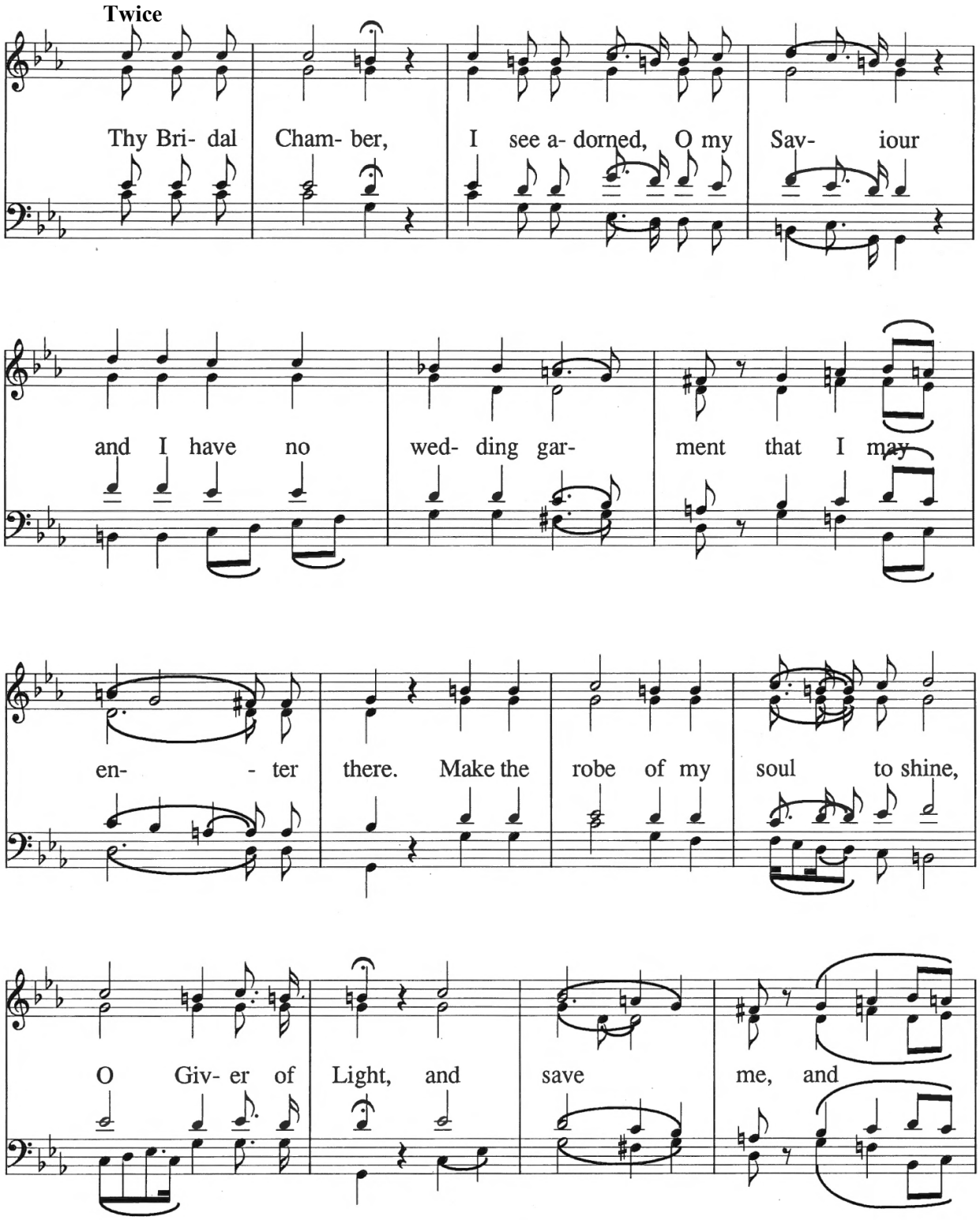
Johnson



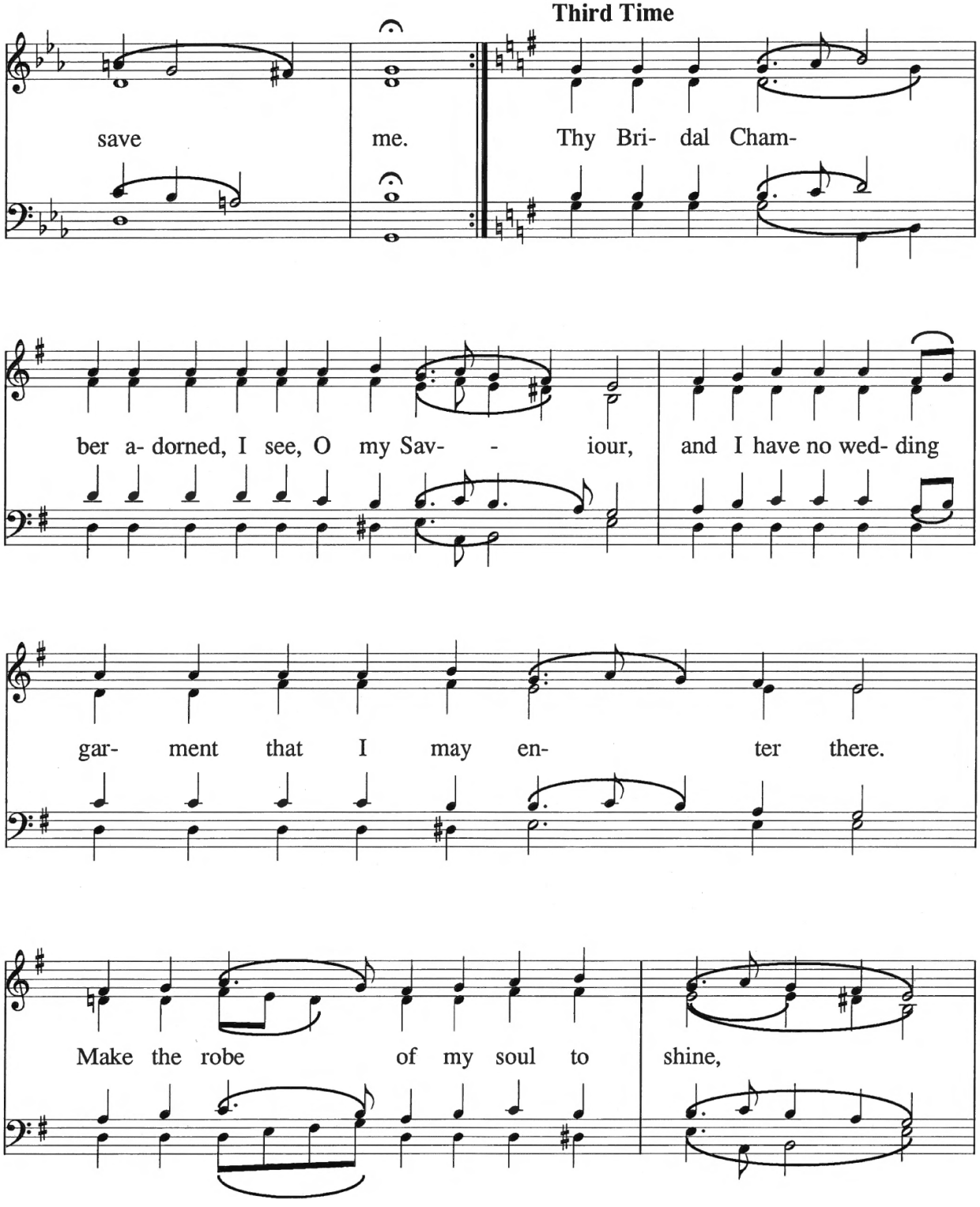

and save me.

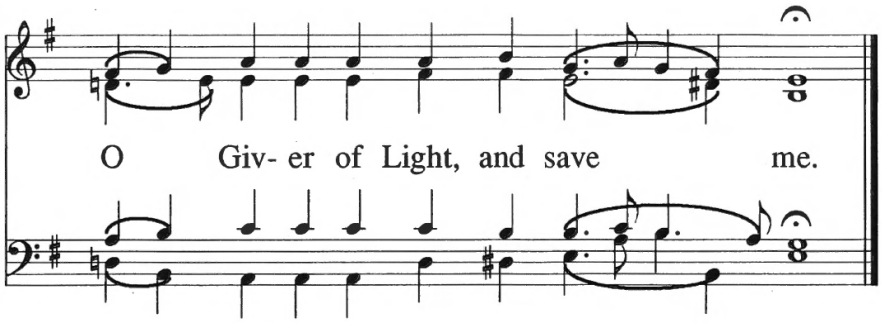
Exapostilarion

Bortniansky



Third Time


save me. Thy Bri- dal Cham-
ber a- dorned, I see, O my Sav- - iour, and I have no wed- ding
gar- ment that I may en- ter there.
Make the robe of my soul to shine,


O Giv- er of Light, and save me.

Коне́цъ, и҆ бг҃ꙋ на́шемꙋ сла́ва.
The end, and to our God be the glory!

Дóмъ ст҃ы́хъ жéнъ мѵ̀роно́сицъ

Holy Myrrh-bearers

Ὁ Οἶκος τῶν Ἁγίων Μυροφόρων

www.myrrh-bearers.org

҂вк҃д.

MMXXIV