

Holy Wednesday Orthros

(Tuesday Evening)

Music from J. Sakellarides, English Translation by Fr. G. Papadeas, adapted by N. and S. Takis

(Numbering corresponds to the Greek Holy Week Book. See www.newbyz.org/files/holy_week_book_sakellarides.pdf.)
Page numbers in the left margin refer to corresponding pages in Fr. Papadeas' *Holy Week - Easter* book. (The Black Book)

Intone the short responses in the service, such as "Lord, have mercy," "To You, O Lord,"
"Amen," etc. on the fundamental tone established by the priest.)

Verses (Intone Alleluias after each verse): 1. My spirit seeks You in the early nightwatches, for Your commandments are a light on the earth. 2. Learn righteousness, you who dwell upon the earth. 3. Envy shall seize upon an untaught people, and now fire shall consume the adversaries. 4. Bring more evils upon them, O Lord, bring more evils upon those who are vainglorious on earth.

(p.85) *Alleluaria. Plagal 4th Tone (Triphonos).*

1. Al - le - lu - i - a. Al - le - lu - i - a.

(p.86) *Troparion. Grave Tone.*

2. Be - hold, the Bride-groom comes in the midst of the night, and bles-sed is the ser - vant
whom he shall find watch-ing, and, a - gain, un-worth - y is he whom he shall find heed - less. Be -
ware, there-fore, O my soul, lest you be borne down with sleep, lest you be giv-en up to
death; and lest you be shut out from the King-dom. Where-fore, rouse your - self and cry: Ho-ly,
Ho - ly, Ho-ly are you, our God! Through the pow - er of Your Cross, save us.
3. Through the The - o - to - kos, have mer - cy on us.

(Intone short responses.)

KATHISMATA

(p.87) *Kathisma 1. 3rd Tone.*

43. The har-lot came to You, O Mer-ci-ful Lord, and pour-ing out on Your feet myrrh, mixed with her tears, and was re - deemed of her vic-es at Your com-mand; but Your un - grate - ful Dis - ci - ple, though he breathed Your grace, re-ject-ed it, and be - com - ing mixed in the filth-y mi - re, he sells You in his greed. O Christ, glo - ry to Your com - pas - sion.

Kathisma 2. 4th Tone.

44. The de - ceit-ful Ju-das, in his love for mon-ey, set out cun-ning-ly to be-tray You, O Lord, the Treas-ure of Life. There-fore in his fol-ly he has-tens to the Ju - de-ans, say - ing to the law-less: "What will you give me, and I will de - liv - er Him to you, that He may be cru - ci - fied?"

Intone: Glory to the Father, and to the son and to the Holy Spirit; now and ever, and to the Ages of Ages. Amen.

(Hard chromatic. Please note the key signature indicates that all A's are flatted.)

(p.87) *Kathisma 3. 1st Tone.*

45. The har-lot, in her grief, called out to You, O com-pas-sion-ate Lord, and
fer-vent-ly dried Your sa-cred feet with the hair of her head; and from the
depths of her heart she groaned: "Cast me not out, nei-ther ab-hor me,
O my God; but re-ceive me in my re-pent-ance
and save me, for You a-lone are Mer-ci-ful."

(Intone short responses.)

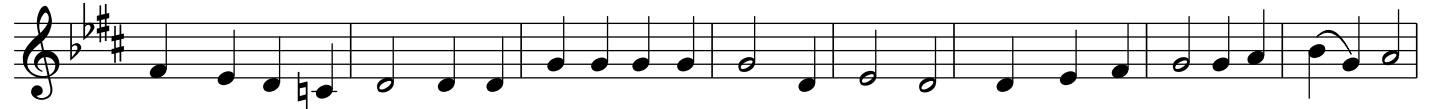
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THE CANON

(p.92) *Ode 3. 2nd Tone. (Hard chromatic)*



46. You have ed-i-fied me on the rock of faith. You have o-pened wide my mouth a-



- gainst my en - e - mies; for my spir-it has re-joiced in sing-ing: "There is none Ho-ly as our God,



Troparia.

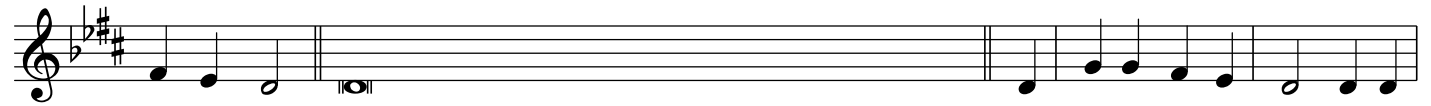
and there is none right-eous, save You, O Lord." Glory to the Father... In vain, the coun-cil of the



law-less men is as - sem-bled, and in a per - verse man-ner a - gree to de - clare You, the De-



- liv-er-er, con - demned, to Whom we sing; "You are our God, and there is none Ho - ly, save



You, O Lord." Now and ever and to the Ages of Ages. A-men. The ar-bi-trar-y coun-cil of



law-less men con-venes, with a God-fight-ing spir - it, to put to death as in-ex-



- pe-di-ent the right-eous Christ, to Whom we sing: "You are our God, and there is none



Katavasia

Ho - ly, save You, O Lord." You have ed-i-fied me on the rock of faith. You have



o-pened wide my mouth a - gainst my en - e - mies; for my spir-it has re-joiced in sing-ing:



"There is none Ho-ly as our God, and there is none right - eous, save You, O Lord."

(Intone short responses. The Kontakion, Oikos, and Synaxarion are read.)

(p.95) *Ode 8. Plagal 2nd Tone.*



47. When the ty-rant's or-der pre-vailed, the fur-nace was fired sev-en-fold. In it, the



Chil-dren were not burned; but tram-pling un-der foot the King's de-cree they cried out: "All the



works of the Lord, praise the Lord, and ex-alt Him for-ev-er."

Troparia.



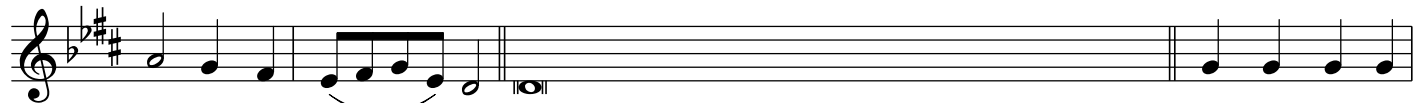
Glory to You our God, glory to You. The wom-an, O Christ, poured out the pre-cious myrrh



on Your ex-alt-ed, Di-vine and awe-some Head; and touched Your most pure



feet with her de-filed hands cry-ing out: "All the works of the Lord, praise the Lord, and ex-



-alt Him for-ev-er." We glorify Father, Son and Holy Spirit, the Lord. She who was im-



-mersed in sin, washed the feet of the Cre-a-tor with her tears, and dried them with her hair.



She was for-giv-en for all that she had com-mit-ted in her life, and cried a-loud: "All the



works of the Lord, praise the Lord, and ex-alt Him for-ev-er."



Now and ever, and unto the Ages of Ages. Amen. The grate-ful wom-an was ran-somed from her

sins through the sav-ing Love of God and a foun-tain of tears. Washed clean by her con-
 fes-sion, she was not a-shamed, but cried a-loud: "All the works of the Lord, praise the
 Lord, and ex - alt Him for - ev - er." We praise, we bless and worship the Lord.

Katavasia

When the ty-rant's or-der pre- - vailed, the fur-nace was fired sev-en - fold. In it, the
 Chil-dren were not burned; but tram-pling un-der foot the King's de-cree they cried out: "All the
 works of the Lord, praise the Lord, and ex - alt Him for - ev - er,"

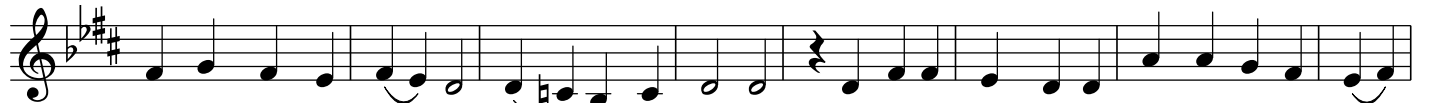
THE NINTH ODE

(p.96) *Ode 9. Plagal 2nd Tone.*

48. Come, let us with pure souls and blame-less lips mag-ni-fy the un-de-filed and All-pure
 Moth-er of Em - ma-nu-el; of-fer - ing through her, to Him, Who was born of her, this prayer:
 "Spare our souls, O Christ our God, and save us." Glory to You our God, glory to You.

Troparia.

49. Show-ing him-self un-grate-ful, en - vi - ous, and cun-ning, Ju-das cal-cu-lates the God-worth-y



Gift, by which a debt of sins was for - giv-en; and as a knave he ex-ploit-ed the Di - vine



fa-vor. Spare our souls, O Christ our God, and save us. Glory to the Father... Go-ing to the



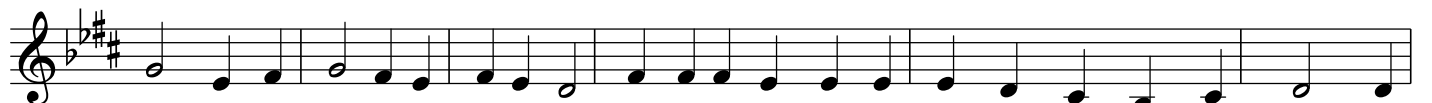
law-less rul-ers, he says: "What will you give me, and I will de - liv - er to you the Christ,



whom you want and seek?" From the clos-est bond with Christ, Ju-das is drawn a-way by gold.



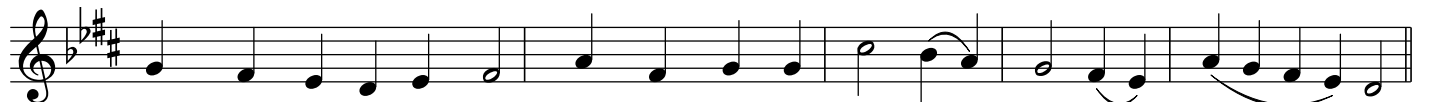
Spare our souls, O Christ our God, and save us. Now and ever... Amen. O



blind and im - plac-a-ble av-a-ri-ce! How is it that you for - got what You have been taught, that



you are a soul, whose worth the world does not e - qual? For you, O be-tray - er, in de-spair



hanged your-self by the neck. Spare our souls, O Christ our God, and save us.



Come, let us with pure souls and blame-less lips mag-ni-fy the un-de-filed and All-pure



Moth-er of Em - ma-nu-el, of-fer - ing through her, to Him, Who was born of her, this prayer:



"Spare our souls, O Christ our God, and save us."

(Intone short responses.)

THE EXAPOSTELARION
(Chant three times.)

(p.98) *Exapostelarian. 3rd Tone.*

15. I see Your Brid-al Cham-ber a - dorned, O my Sav-ior, and
I have no wed-ding gar - ment, that I may en-ter there-
- in; O Giv - er of Light, make ra - di-
- ant the ves - ture of my soul and save me.

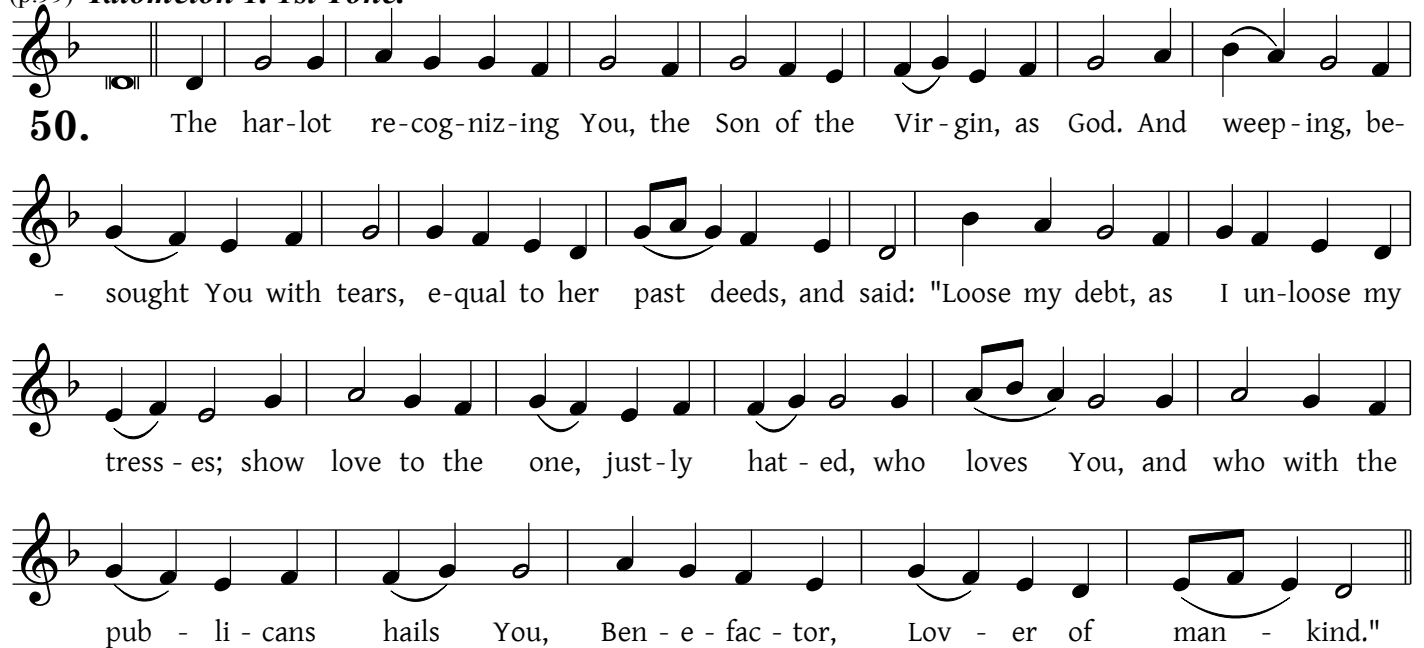
THE PRAISES

Praises. 1st Tone.

16. Let eve-ry-thing that has breath praise the Lord. Praise the Lord from the
Heav - ens; praise Him in the heights. To You, O God,
praise is be - fit - ting. 17. Praise Him, all
His An - gels; praise Him all His hosts. To
You, O God, praise is be - fit - ting.

Intone on D: Praise Him for His sovereignty, praise Him according to the fulness of His Majesty.

(p.99) *Idiomelon 1. 1st Tone.*



50. The har-lot re-cog-niz-ing You, the Son of the Vir-gin, as God. And weep-ing, be-
- sought You with tears, e-qual to her past deeds, and said: "Loose my debt, as I un-loose my
tress - es; show love to the one, just-ly hat - ed, who loves You, and who with the
pub - li - cans hails You, Ben - e - fac - tor, Lov - er of man - kind."

Intone on D: Praise Him in the sound of the trumpet; praise Him with the lute and harp.

Idiomelon 2. 1st Tone.

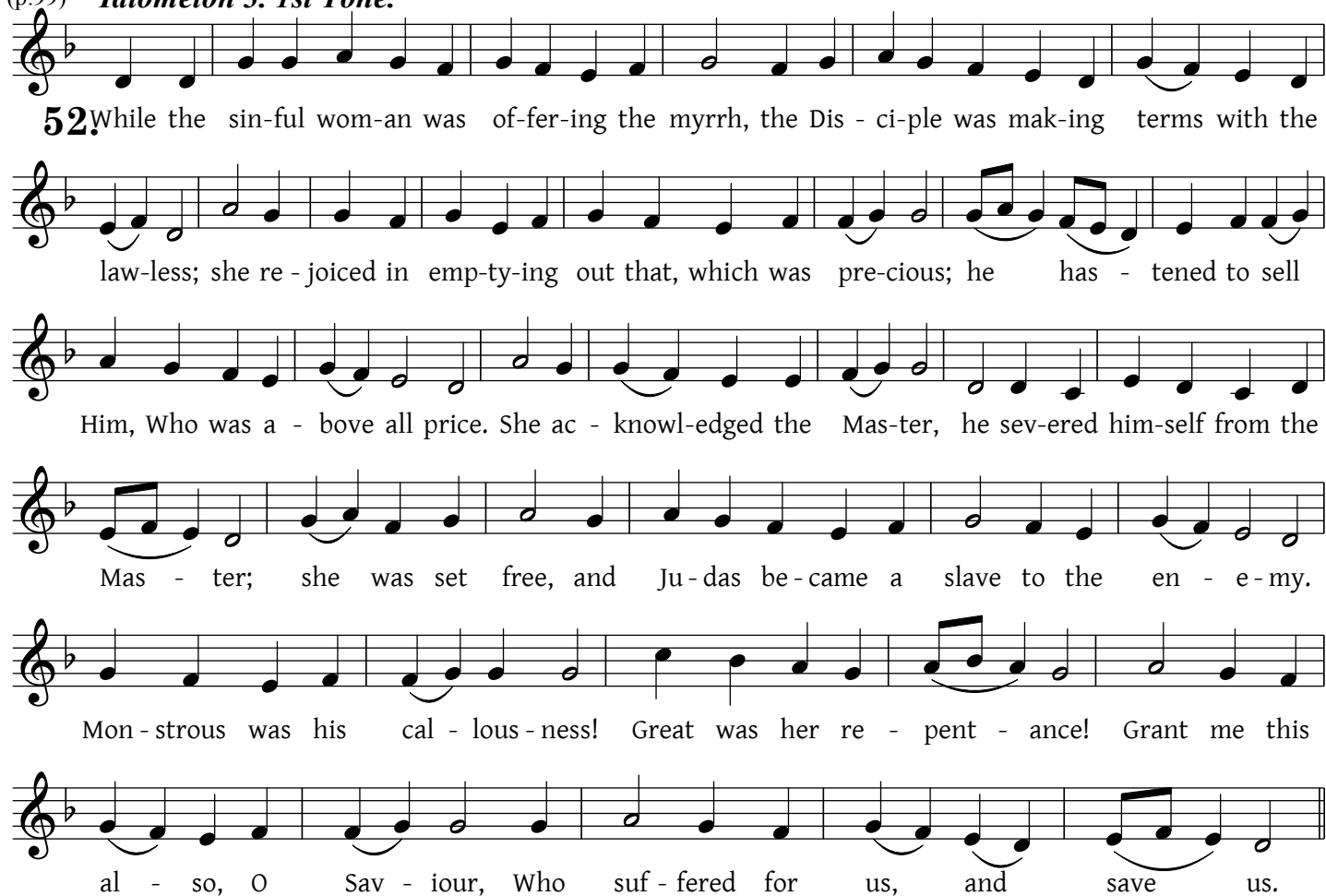


51. With the pre-cious myrrh the har-lot mixed her tears, and poured it o-ver Your sa-cred
feet, as she kissed them. Im - me - di - ate - ly You jus - ti - fied her; grant al - so for-
- give ness to us, You, Who suf - fered for us, and save us.

(Continue to next page.)

Intone on D: Praise Him with cymbals and chorus; praise Him with strings and pipe.

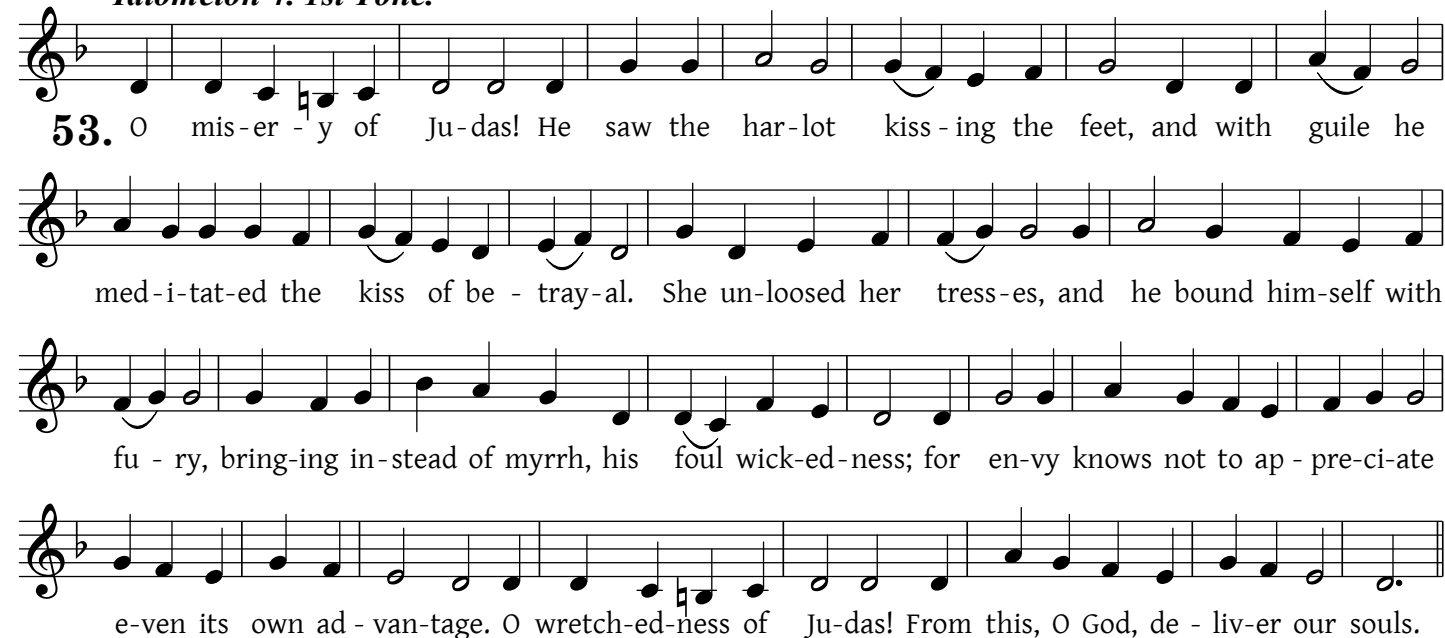
(p.99) **Idiomelon 3. 1st Tone.**



52. While the sin-ful wom-an was of-fer-ing the myrrh, the Dis - ci-ple was mak-ing terms with the law-less; she re - joiced in emp-ty-ing out that, which was pre-cious; he has - tened to sell Him, Who was a - bove all price. She ac - knowl-edged the Mas-ter, he sev-ered him-self from the Mas - ter; she was set free, and Ju-das be-came a slave to the en - e-my. Mon - strous was his cal - lous - ness! Great was her re - pent - ance! Grant me this al - so, O Sav - iour, Who suf - fered for us, and save us.

Intone on D: Praise Him with well sounding cymbals. Praise Him with cymbals of joy. Let everything that has breath, praise the Lord.

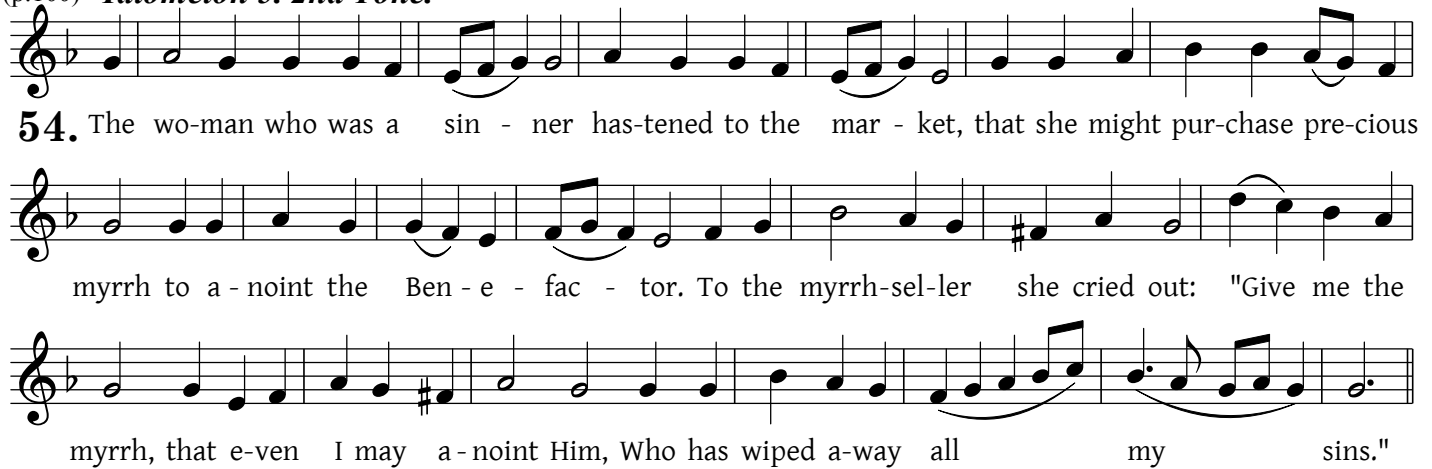
Idiomelon 4. 1st Tone.



53. O mis-er - y of Ju-das! He saw the har-lot kiss-ing the feet, and with guile he med-i-tat-ed the kiss of be - tray-al. She un-loosed her tress-es, and he bound him-self with fu - ry, bring-ing in-stead of myrrh, his foul wick-ed-ness; for en-vy knows not to ap - pre-ci-ate e-ven its own ad - van-tage. O wretch-ed-ness of Ju-das! From this, O God, de - liv-er our souls.

Intone on G: Glory to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit.

(p.100) *Idiomelon 5. 2nd Tone.*



54. The wo-man who was a sin - ner has-tened to the mar - ket, that she might pur-chase pre-cious myrrh to a - noint the Ben - e - fac - tor. To the myrrh-sel-ler she cried out: "Give me the myrrh, that e-ven I may a - noint Him, Who has wiped a-way all my sins."

Intone on D (Hard Chromatic): Now and ever and to the ages. Amen.

Idiomelon 6. Plagal 2nd Tone.



55. She who was en-gulfed in sin found You, the ha-ven of sal - va - tion; and pour - ing out myrrh with her tears, cried out: "Be - hold Him, Who bears the re - pen-tance of the sin - ners!" O Mas - ter, in Your great mer - cy, res - cue me from the tem - pest of sins.

The Doxology is read.

THE APOSTICHA

(p.103)

Idiomelon 1. Plagal 2nd Tone.

56. To-day Christ comes to the house of the Phar-i-see, and a sin-ful wom-an ap-
 - proached Him fall-ing at His feet and cry - ing out: "Be - hold me, en-gulfed in
 sin, and in de - spair for my deeds; and yet, not de - spised by Your good - ness.
 Grant me, O Lord, the re - mis - sion from e - vil, and save me."

Intone: Early in the morning we have been filled with Your mercy, O Lord; we rejoiced and were pleased in all our days.

Idiomelon 2. Plagal 2nd Tone.

57. The har-lot spread out her hair be - fore the Mas-ter; Ju-das spread out his
 hands to the law - less men; the one to re - ceive for - give - ness, the oth-er
 to re-ceive the sil-ver. There-fore, let us cry out to You, Who were sold, and Who have
 freed us: "O Lord, glo - ry to You."

Intone: We rejoiced in the days You humbled us; the years in which we saw afflictions; look upon Your servants and Your works, and guide their children.

(p.104)

Idiomelon 3. Plagal 2nd Tone.

58. A sin - ful and de - filed wom - an drew near to You, O Sav - iour, and poured out
tears up - on Your feet, pro - claim - ing Your pas - sion. "How can I look up -
- on You, O Mas - ter? For You in - deed have come to save the har - lot. You, Who
raised Laz - a - rus from the tomb af - ter four days, raise me, out of the depths who is
dy - ing; ac - cept me, the wretch - ed one, O Lord, and save me."

Intone: May the splendor of the Lord our God be upon us; and may He direct for us the works of our hands; even the work of our hands may He direct.

Idiomelon 4. Plagal 2nd Tone.

59. She who was in de - spir for her life, with her e - vil ways well known, hold - ing the
myrrh, came to You cry - ing out: "You, Who were born of a Vir - gin, re - ject me not, the
har - lot; dis - re - gard not my tears, You, Who are the joy of the An -
- gels; but, O Lord, through Your great mer - cy, re - ceive me
in re - pent - ance, whom, as a sin - ner, You did not cast out."

THE HYMN OF KASSIANI (Shorter version on p. 16)

(p.104)

Doxasticon. Plagal 4th Tone.

English text and setting by N. Takis

60. Glo-ry to the Fa - ther and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Spir - it. Now and e - ver
 and un-to the a - ges of a - ges. A - men. The wom - an who had fall - en in-to
 man - y sins, per - ceiv - ing your di - vin - i - ty, O Lord, as - sumes the
 role of a myrrh - bear - er, and la - ment - ing, she
 brings the myrrh be - fore Your bur - i - al. "Woe to me," she cries. "For
 me, night is an ec - sta - sy of ex - cess, dark and
 moon-less and full of sin - ful de - sires. Re-ceive the foun-tain of my
 tears, you who gath - er in-to clouds the wa - ters of the sea. In - cline to the
 groan - ings of my heart, you who in your in - ef - fa - ble con-de - scen -
 - sion bowed down the heav - ens. I will em - brace and kiss your
 sa - cred feet and wipe them a - gain with the tress-es of my hair, the feet at whose

sound, Eve hid her - self in fear, when she heard your foot - steps while you were
 walk - ing in Par - a - dise at twi - light. O my
 Sav - ior, who saves my soul, who can ev - er track down the mul - ti - tude of my
 sins and the depths of your judg - ment? Do not dis - re - gard me, your
 ser - vant, You, whose mer - cy is bound - less."

(Intone short responses.)

END OF SERVICE

The shorter version of the Hymn of Kassiani is on the next page.

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The Hymn of Kassiani

Plagal Fourth Tone

Short version. Music by N. Takis

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

Now and e-ver and to the a-ges of a-ges. A-men. The

wom-an who had fall-en in-to man-y sins, per-ceiv-ing your di-vin-i-ty, O

Lord, as-sumes the role of a myrrh-bear-er, and la-ment-ing, she brings

myrrh to Your bur-i-al. "Woe to me," she said. "For me, night is an

ec-sta-sy of ex-cess, dark and moon-less and full of sin-ful de-sires.

Re-ceive the foun-tain of my tears, You Who gath-er in-to clouds the

wa-ters of the sea. In-cline to the groan-ings of my heart, You Who in your in-

- ef - fa - ble con - de - scen - sion bowed down the heav - ens.

I will em-brace and kiss Your sa-cred feet and wipe them a - gain with the

tress-es of the hair of my head, the feet at whose sound, Eve hid her-self in fear,

when she heard Your foot - steps while You were walk - ing in

Par-a-dise in the twi - light. O my Sav-ior, and the sav-er of my

soul, who can ev-er track down the mul - ti-tude of my sins and the

depths of Your judg - ment? Do not dis-re - gard me, Your ser - vant,

You, Whose mer - cy is bound - less."