

Propers for the Divine Liturgy of the Presanctified Gifts
Great and Holy Wednesday

The reading from Exodus relates the story of Moses fleeing from Pharaoh's court in Egypt, and going to Midian, where he befriends a family and is taken in by them, marries Zipporah, and has a son (Gershom).

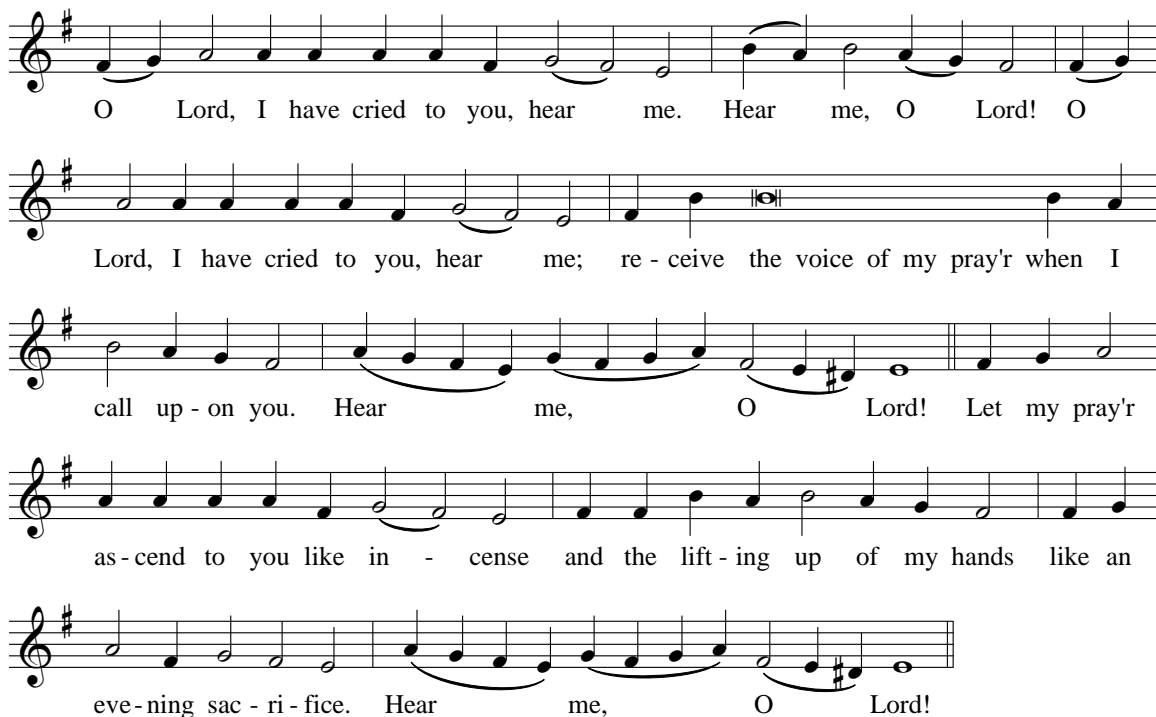
The reading from Job has his health taken away from him, and his wife going so far as to say, "Curse God, and die!" Job replies, "We accept good things at the hand of God; should we not accept evil?"

The reading from the Gospel tells of the anointing of Jesus by the woman and of the betrayal of Jesus by Judas.

The Lamplighting Psalms

Psalm 140

Tone 1



O Lord, I have cried to you, hear me. Hear me, O Lord! O
Lord, I have cried to you, hear me; re - ceive the voice of my pray'r when I
call up - on you. Hear me, O Lord! Let my pray'r
as - cend to you like in - cense and the lift - ing up of my hands like an
eve - ning sac - ri - fice. Hear me, O Lord!

O Lord, set a guard before my mouth
and set a seal on the door of *my* lips.

Let not my heart be inclined to evil,
nor make excuse for the sins I *commit*.

Let me never share in sinners' feasting.
If a just man strikes or reproves me it *is* kindness

but let the oil of the wicked not anoint my head.
Let my prayer be ever against *their* malice.

The princes were thrown down by the side of the rock;
then they understood that my words *were* kind.

As a millstone is shattered to pieces on the ground,
so their bones were strewn at the mouth of *the* grave.

To you, Lord God, my eyes are turned;
in you I take refuge; spare *my* soul!

From the trap they have laid for me keep me safe;
keep me from the snares of those who *do* evil.

Let the wicked fall into the traps they have set
while I pursue my way *un*harmed.

Psalm 141 With all my voice I cry to the Lord,
with all my voice I entreat *the* Lord.

I pour out my trouble before him;
I tell him all my distress while my spirit faints *with*in me.

But you, O Lord, know my path.
On the way where I shall walk they have hidden a snare to *en*trap me.

Look on my right and see:
there is no one who takes *my* part.

I have no means of escape,
not one who cares for *my* soul.

I cry to you, O Lord.
I have said: "You are my refuge, all I have in the land of *the* living."

Listen, then, to my cry
for I am in the depths *of* distress.

Rescue me from those who pursue me
for they are stronger *than* I.

Bring my soul out of this prison
and then I shall praise *your* name.

Around me the just will assemble
because of your goodness *to* me.


Psalm 129 Out of the depths I cry to you, O Lord;
Lord, hear *my* voice!

Let your ears be attentive
to the voice of *my* pleading.

If you, O Lord, should mark our guilt, Lord, who would stand?
But with you is found forgiveness: for this we *revere* you.

My soul is waiting for the Lord. I count on his word.
My soul is longing for the Lord more than watchman *for* daybreak.


Tone 1

Cantor: 


Let the watch-man count on day - break and Is - ra - el on the Lord.

All: 

The har-lot recognized you, the Vir-gin's Son, as God. She wept for her lamentable



deeds and begged you: Loose my debt as I un-loose my hair. Love me



as I love you, though I de-serve your ha - tred; and to-geth-er with publicans I



will ac-claim you, Ben - e - fac - tor and Lov - er of us all.

Cantor: 

Be - cause with the Lord there is mercy and fullness of redemp-tion,



Is - ra - el indeed he will re - deem from all its in - i - qui - ty.

All: (3)



The har - lot mingled tears with the cost - ly myrrh, poured it on your immaculate



feet and kissed them. At once you just - i - fied her; so al - so grant pardon to



us and save us, O Sav - ior, who suf - fered for our sake.



Cantor:

Praise the Lord, all you na - tions, ac - claim him all you peo - ples!

All: (2)



While the sin - ful wo - man was bring - ing myrrh, the dis - ci - ple was conspiring with the



law - - less. She re - joiced to ex - pend the cost - ly myrrh,



while he has - tened to sell the Price - less One.



She re - cog - nized the Mas - ter, the Mas - ter from

whom he drew a - way; she was freed, but Judas be-came the en - e - my's slave;

How aw - ful his callousness, how great her re - pent - ance. Grant us such

re-pent-ance, and save us, O Sav-ior, who suf - fered for our sake.

Cantor:

Strong is the love of the Lord for us; he is faith - ful for - ev - er.

All: ①

O the mis - er - y of Ju - das! He saw the har - lot kiss your feet,

and he har-bored plans to be-tray you with a kiss. She un-bound her hair but he was

bound with an - ger, and bore, in - stead of myrrh, the stench of e - vil;

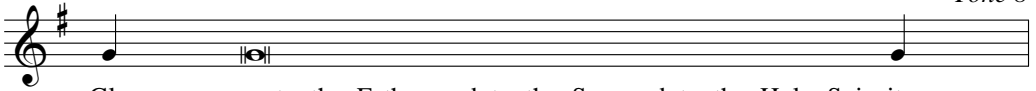
for en - vy does not choose its own ad - van - tage. O the mis - er - y of

Ju - das! De - liv - er our souls, O God, from the same.

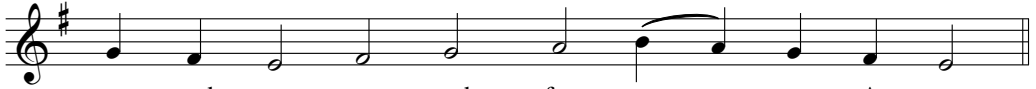
The faithful STAND.

Tone 8

Cantor:



Glo - ry to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spir-it,



now and ev - er and for - ev - er. A - men.

All:



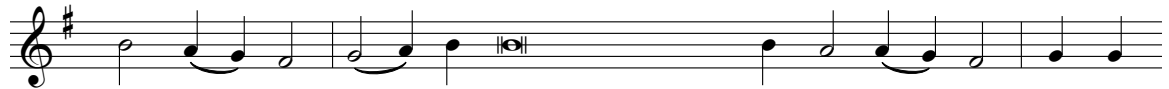
The wo - man who had fall - en in - to man - y sins, sens-ing your di - vin - i - ty,



O Lord, as - sumed the myrrh-bear-ers' role and mourned, pre-par-ing



you with myrrh be-fore your bu - ri - al. She said: Woe is me; for gloom - y,



moon-less night in - cites my unbridled desires and lust for sin. You who



draw down sea - wa - ter from the clouds ac-cept the foun-tain of my tears.



In - cline to the groan-ing of my heart as you bowed the heavens when you



emp - tied your-self. I will kiss your im - mac - u - late feet and wipe them



with the hair of my head, those feet whose steps Eve heard at dusk in Par - a - dise



and hid her-self in fear. Who will search the multi-tude of my sins



or plumb the depths of your judg - ments? Do not despise me, your servant, O



Sav - ior of my soul, for your mer - cy knows no meas - - - ure.

Deacon: Wisdom! Be attentive!

*The clergy and servers enter the sanctuary as "O Joyful Light" is sung.
The sanctuary and the faithful are incensed.*

O Joy - ful Light of the ho - ly glo - ry of the Fa - ther Im - mor - tal,
the hea - ven - ly, ho - ly, bles - sed One, O Je - sus Christ: Now that we have
reached the set - ting of the sun, and see the eve - ning light, we sing to God,
Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spir - it. It is fit - ting at all times to raise
a song of praise in meas - ured mel - o - dy to you, O Son of God, the
Giv - er of Life. There - fore, the u - ni - verse sings your glo - ry.

Deacon: Let us be attentive!

Celebrant: Peace ☩ be to all!

Deacon: Wisdom! Be attentive!

Prokeimenon 1 - Tone 4 (Psalm 135: 26, 2)

To the God of heav - en give thanks, for he is good;
for his mer - cy en - dures for - ev - - - er.

Verse: Give thanks to the God of gods, for his mercy endures forever.

Deacon: Wisdom!

Lector: A Reading from the Book of Exodus.

Deacon: Let us be attentive!

The faithful SIT while the lector chants the reading.

Lector: [Exodus 2: 11-22]

Deacon: Wisdom! Be attentive!

The faithful STAND.

Prokeimenon 2 - Tone 4 (Psalm 137: 8bc, 1ac)

Your mer-cy, O Lord, is e-ter-nal; de-spise not
the work of your hands.

Verse: I thank you, Lord, with all my heart; in the presence of the angels I will bless you.

Deacon: Give the command!

Celebrant: Wisdom! Be attentive!

The light of Christ shines upon everyone.

The faithful give no response to these words. All make three prostrations in silence.

Lector: A reading from the Book of Job.

Deacon: Let us be attentive!

The faithful SIT while the lector chants the reading.

Lector: [Job 2: 1-10]

Celebrant: Peace ☩ be to you, reader.

The service continues with the solemn evening psalm ("Let my prayer ascend").