To the voice of my supplication.

I was entrusted with a sinless and living land,

but I sowed the ground with sin and reaped with a sickle the ears

of slothfulness, in thick sheaves I garnered my actions,
but winnowed them not on the threshing floor of repentance.

But I beg Thee, my God, the pre-ternal hus-band-man,

with the wind of Thy loving-kindness winnow the chaff of my works,

and grant to my soul the corn of forgive-ness;

shut me in the heavenly storehouse and save me.
(6) Reader: If thou shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, O Lord, who shall stand?

For with Thee there is forgiveness.

Repeat 1st Sticheron: "I was entrusted..."

(5) Reader: For Thy name's sake have I patiently waited for Thee, O Lord, my soul hath waited patiently for Thy word,

My soul hath hoped in the Lord. Brethren, let us learn the meaning of this mystery. For when the Prodigal Son ran back from sin to his Father's house, his loving Father came out...
to meet him and kissed him. He restored to the Prodigal the tokens of his proper glory, and mystic'ly He made glad on high, sacrificing the fat-ted calf. Let our lives, then, be worthy of the loving Father who has offered sacrifice, and of the glorious Victim Who is the Saviour of our souls.

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