

Sunday of the Prodigal Son, at Vespers Stichera on "Lord I have cried", Tone 1

(4) *Reader:* In the 1st Tone: From the morning watch until night, from the morning watch

I-descant
II-chant
melody

Let — Is - ra - el hope in — the — Lord.

I was en-trust - ed with a sinless and liv-ing land, but I sowed

the ground with sin and reaped with a sickle the ears of sloth-ful-ness,

in thick sheaves I gar-nered my ac - tions, but win - nowed them not on the

threshing floor of re-pen - tance. But I beg Thee, my God, the pre-eter-nal

hus-band-man, with the wind of Thy loving - kindness winnow the chaff

of my works, and grant to my soul the corn of for-give - ness;

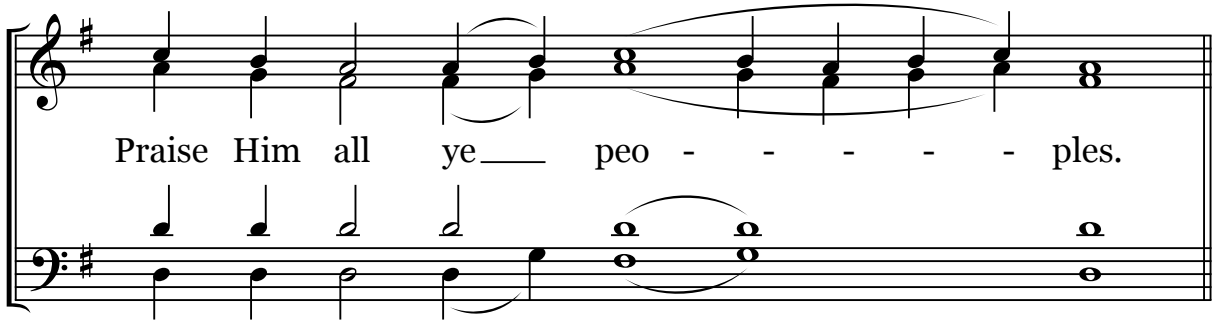
shut me in the heavenly storehouse and save me.

(3) Reader: For with the Lord there is mercy, and with Him is plenteous redemption;

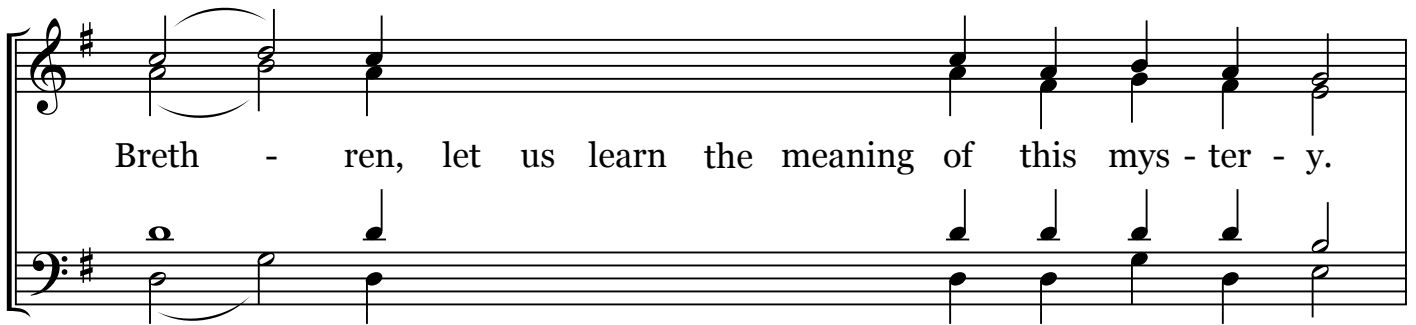
And he shall redeem Israel out of all his in - i - - qui - ties.

Repeat Sticheron: "I was entrusted..."

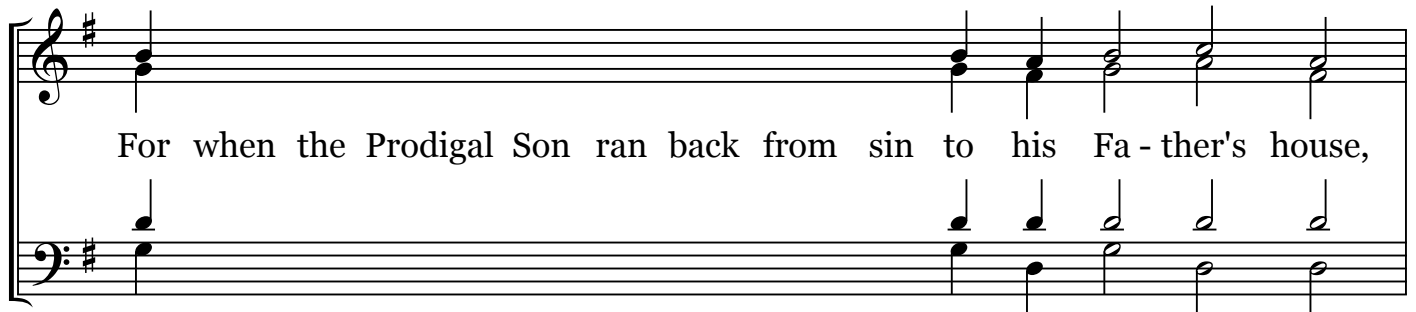
(2) Reader: O praise the Lord, all ye nations;



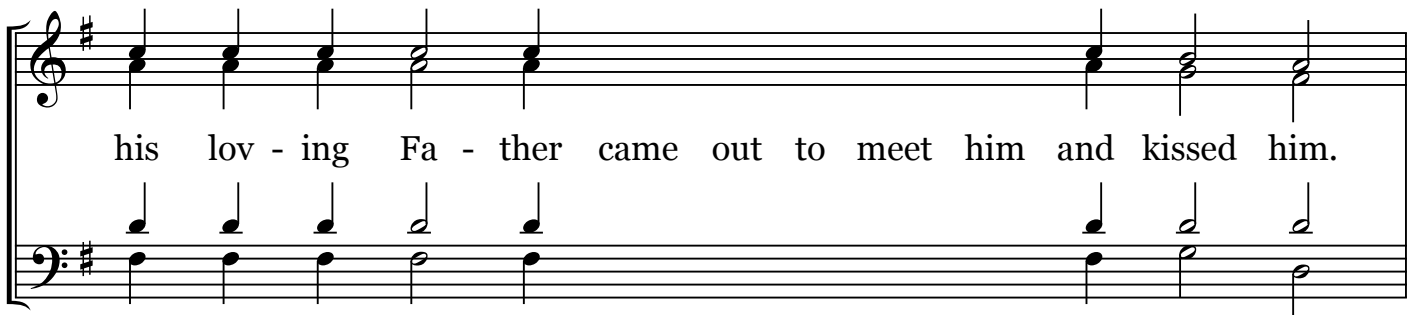
Praise Him all ye peo - - - - - ples.



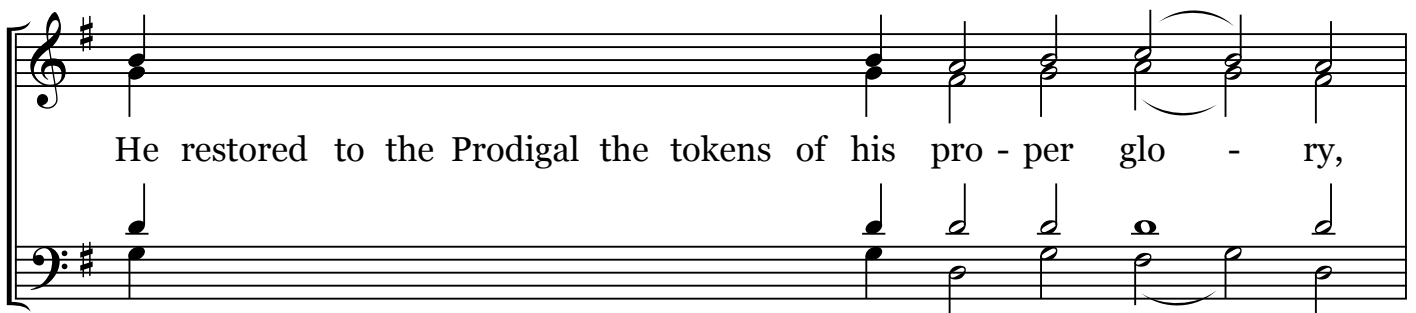
Breth - ren, let us learn the meaning of this mys - ter - y.



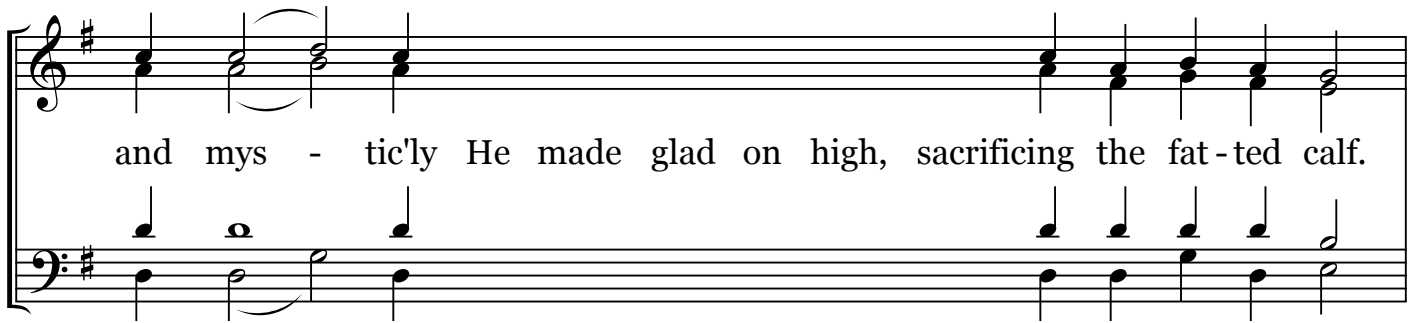
For when the Prodigal Son ran back from sin to his Fa - ther's house,



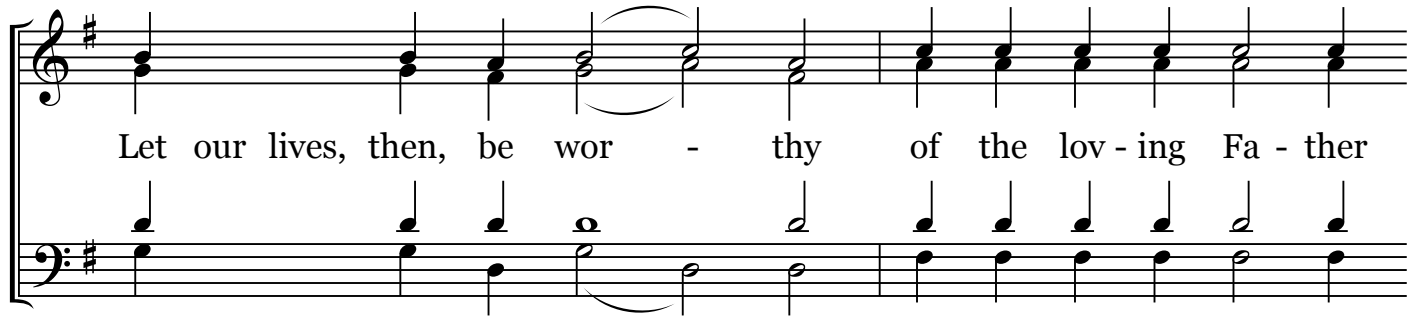
his lov - ing Fa - ther came out to meet him and kissed him.



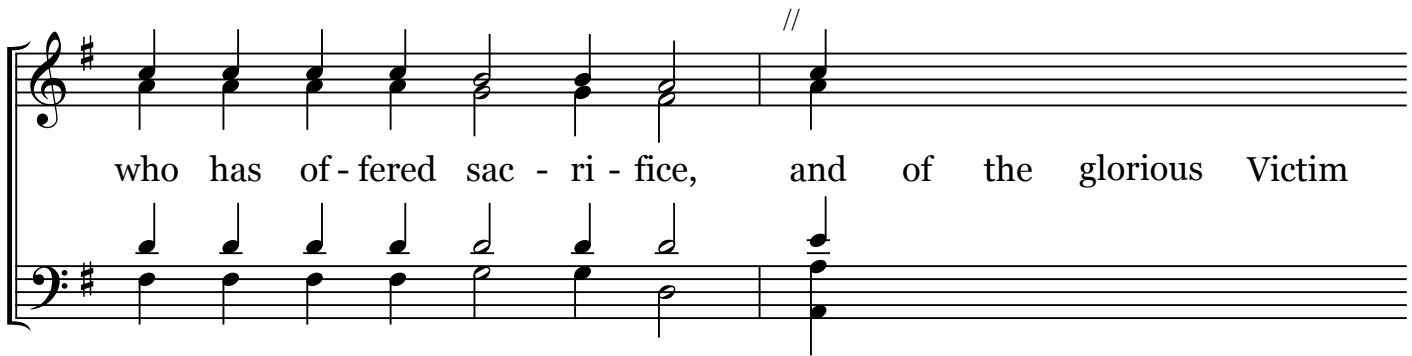
He restored to the Prodigal the tokens of his pro - per glo - ry,



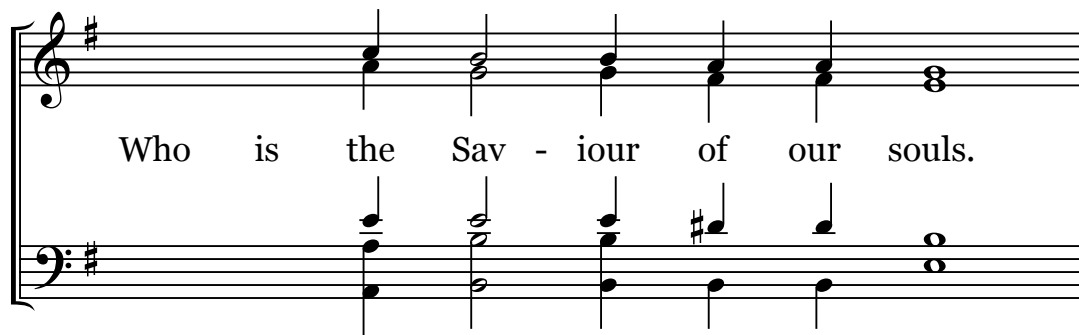
and mys - tic'ly He made glad on high, sacrificing the fat - ted calf.



Let our lives, then, be wor - thy of the lov - ing Fa - ther

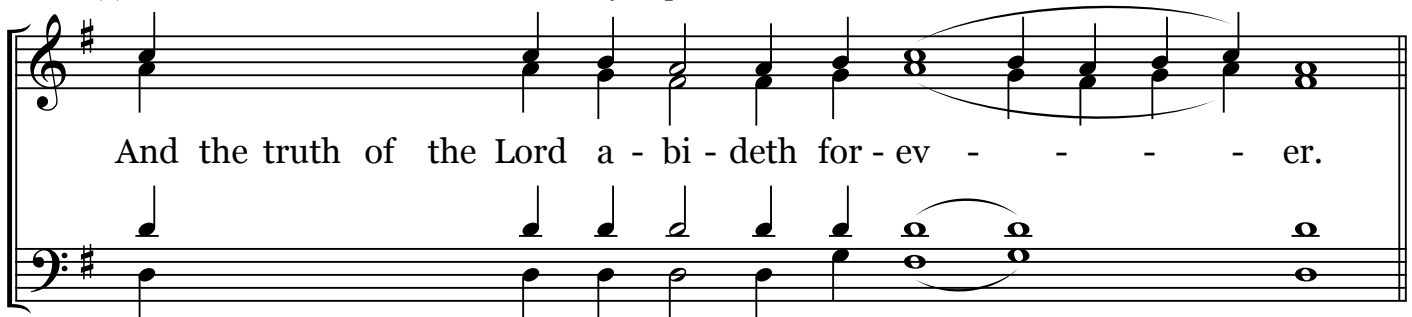


who has of - fered sac - ri - fice, and of the glorious Victim



Who is the Sav - iour of our souls.

(1) Reader: For He hath made His mercy to prevail over us,

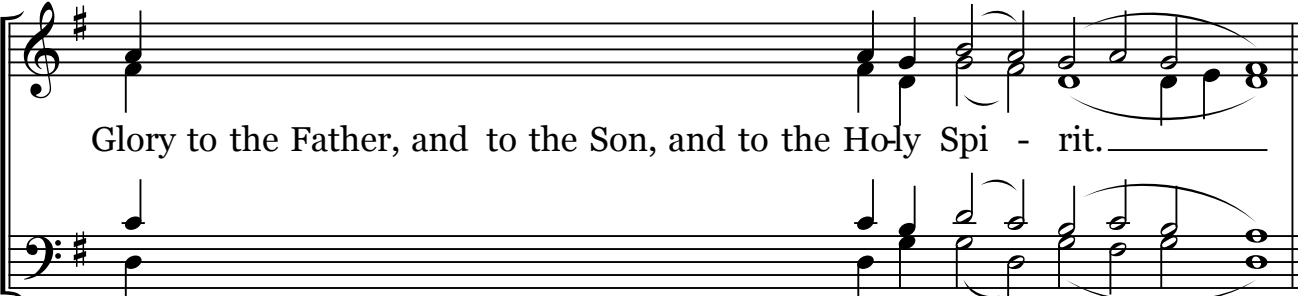


And the truth of the Lord a - bi - deth for - ev - - - er.

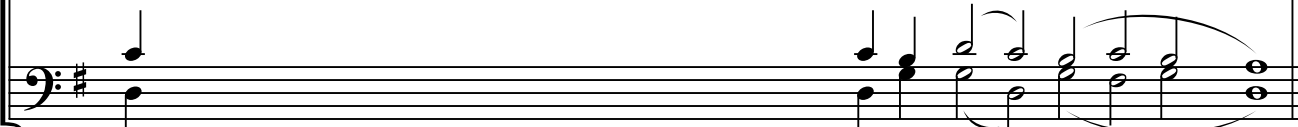
Repeat: "Brethren, let us learn..."

Reader: Glory, in the 2nd Tone:

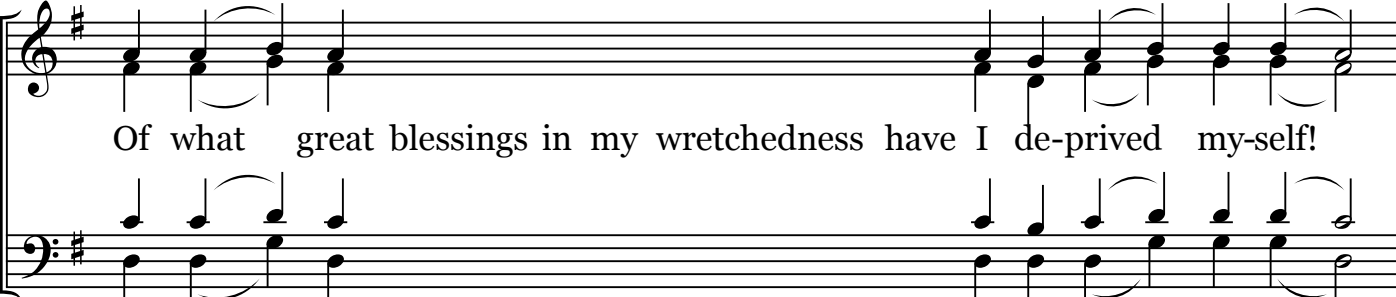
II-chant melody



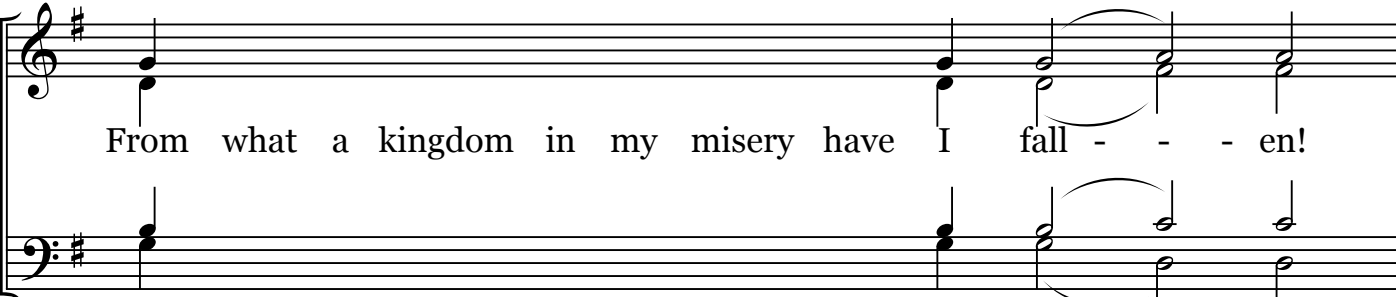
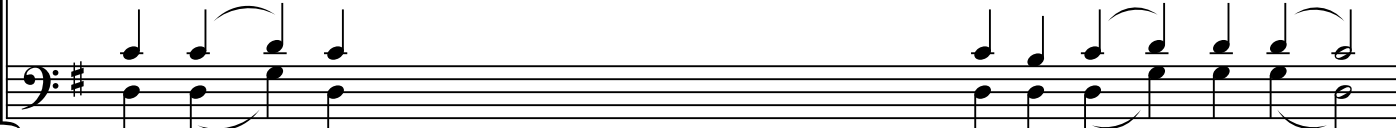
I-descant



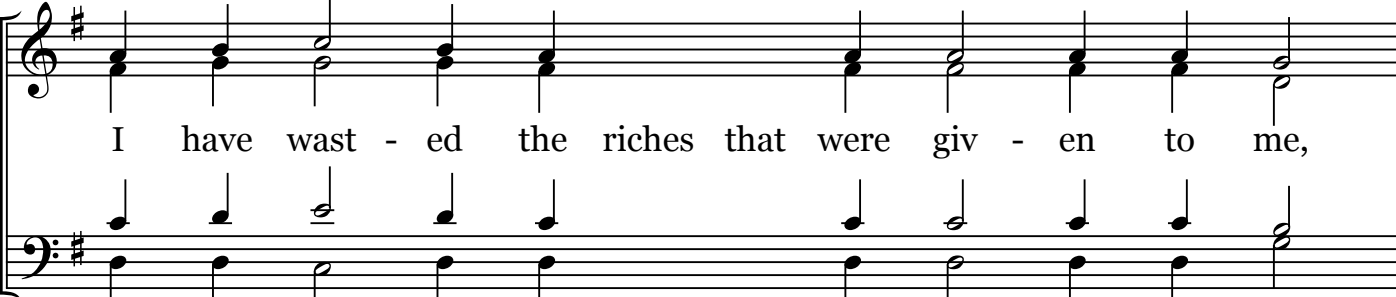
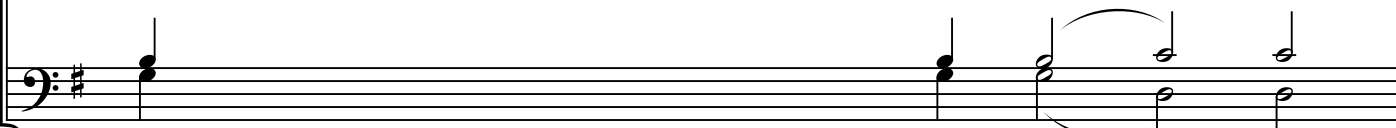
Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spi - rit.



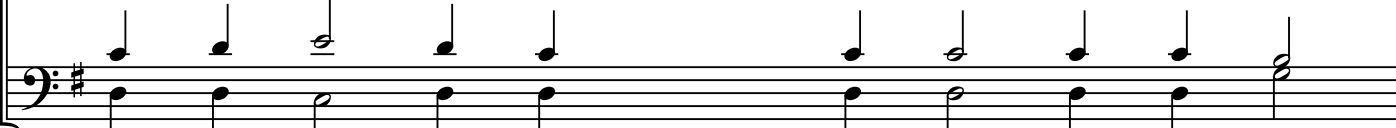
Of what great blessings in my wretchedness have I de-priv'd my-self!



From what a kingdom in my misery have I fall - - - en!



I have wast - ed the riches that were giv - en to me,



I have transgressed the com - mand - ment: Al - as, un-hap - py soul!

Thou art henceforth condemned to the e - ter - nal fire. There-fore

before the end cry out to Christ our God: Receive me as the

Prodigal Son, O God, and have mer - cy on me.

Both now and ever... The Dogmatic Theotokion in the tone of the week.

Text from "The Lenten Triodion", translated by Mother Mary and Archimandrite Kallistos Ware, ©1977, Faber and Faber, London.