

Sunday of the Prodigal Son At Matins, the Praises

*Five Stichera of the Resurrection in the Tone of the week, from the Octoechos,
and then the following three stichera from the Triodion:*

**Reader: In the 2nd Tone: Praise Him with tuneful cymbals, praise Him
with cymbals of jubilation.**

S
A
T
B
Let ev - ery breath praise the Lord.

I come before Thee, Lord, with the cry of the Prodigal: /

I have sinned in Thy sight, gracious Master; /

I have wasted the riches of Thy gifts of grace. //

But receive me in repentance, Saviour, and save me.

Reader: In the 4th Tone: Arise, O Lord my God, let Thy hand be lifted high;

S
T
B
For - get not Thy pau - pers to the end.

As the Prodigal Son/

I come to Thee, merciful Lord. /

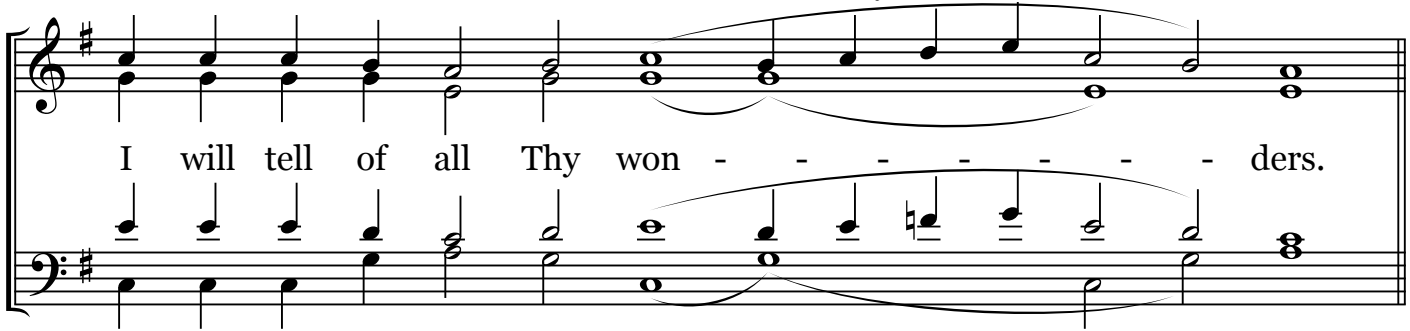
I have wasted my whole life in a foreign land; /

I have scattered the wealth which thou gavest me, O Father, /

Receive me in repentance, O God, //

and have mercy upon me.

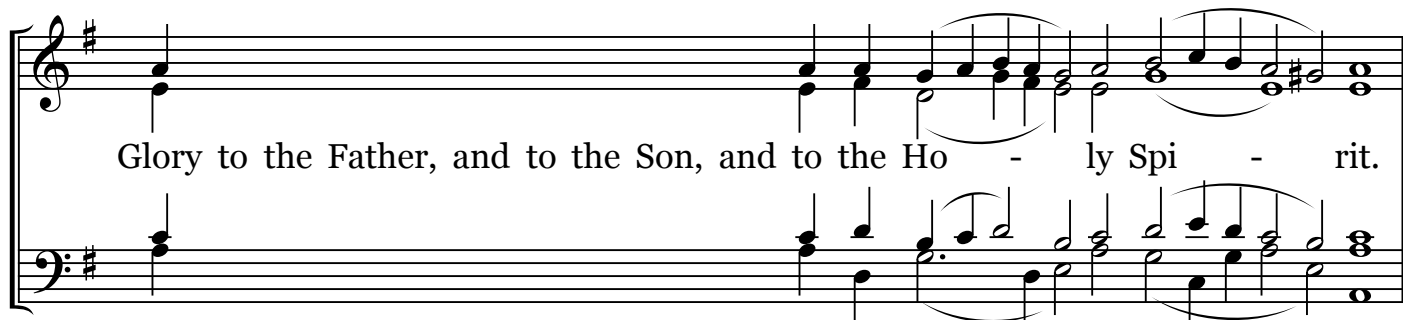
Reader: In the 8th Tone: I will confess Thee, O Lord, with my whole heart,



The image shows a musical score for the 8th Tone. It consists of two staves, a treble staff and a bass staff, both in the key of D major (indicated by two sharps). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are: "I will tell of all Thy wonders." The word "wonders" is split across two measures with a long dash. The music is in a simple, homophonic style.

As the Prodigal I have wasted the riches which the Father gave me; /
I have spent them all and now am destitute, /
dwelling in the land of evil citizens. /
No longer can I bear to live among them, /
but turning back I cry to Thee, merciful Father: /
I have sinned against heaven and before Thee, /
and am not worthy to be called Thy son: /
make me as one of Thy hired servants, O God, //
and have mercy upon me.

Reader: Glory..., In the 6th Tone:



Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Spi - rit.

O loving Father, I have departed far from Thee, /

but forsake me not, /

neither reject me from Thy kingdom. /

The evil enemy has stripped me and taken all my wealth; /

I have wasted my like the Prodigal /

the grace given to my soul. /

But now I have arisen and returned, /

and to Thee I cry aloud: /

Make me as one of Thy hired servants. /

For my sake upon the Cross Thou hast stretched out Thy sinless hands, /

to snatch me from the evil beast /

and to clothe me once again in my first raiment, //

for Thou alone art full of mercy.

Both now... "Most Blessed art Thou, O Virgin Theotokos..."

Stichera translation from "The Lenten Triodion", translated by Mother Mary, Faber and Faber, ©1977.
Psalm verses from "The Psalter according to the Seventy", Holy Transfiguration Monastery, Brookline, MS, ©1986.