

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

Let ev - ery breath praise the Lord.

T
B

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

For - get not Thy pau - pers to the end.

T
B

As the Prodigal Son/

I come to Thee, merciful Lord. /

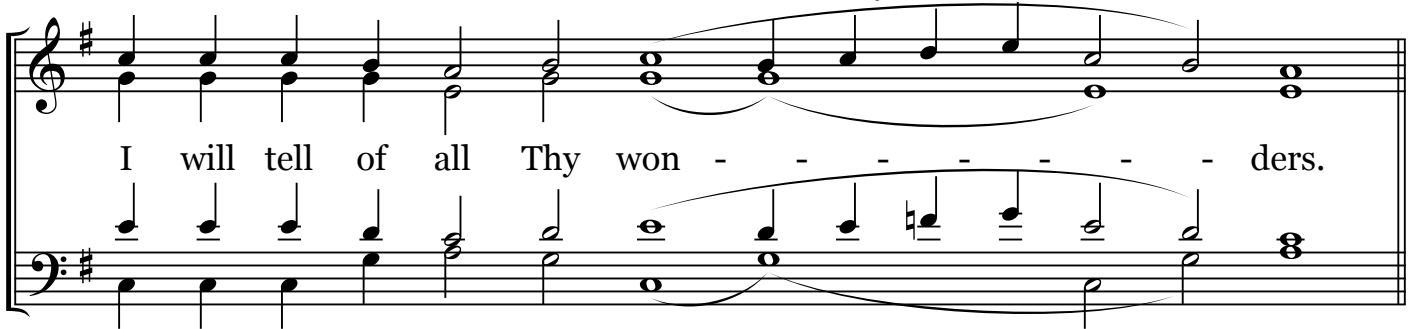
I have wasted my whole life in a foreign land; /

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 on top and a bass staff on the bottom. The key signature is one sharp (F#). 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 lines of music. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and slurs.

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..."