

Sunday of the Prodigal Son

*on "Lord, I have cried"
in the 1st tone*

4/3 I was **entrust**_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
garnered my **ac**-tions, / but winnowed them not on the
threshing **floor** *of* **repen**_tance. / But I **beg**_ Thee, my
God, the pre-eternal **hus**-band-man, / with the wind of
The lovingkindness winnow *the* **chaff** *of* my works, / and
grant to my soul the corn of for-**give**-ness; // shut me in
Thy heavenly storehouse and **save**_ me.

Sunday of the Prodigal Son

*on "Lord, I have cried"
in the 1st tone*

2/1 **Bre**_thren, let us learn the meaning of *this mys-*
te-ry. / 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 **pro**-per **Glo**_ry, / and **mys**_tic'lly He *made glad*
on high, / sacrificing *the fatted* calf. / Let our **lives**, then,
be worthy of the loving **Father** / who has **offered sac**-ri-
fice, // and of the glorious Victim who is the **Savior** of our
souls.

Sunday of the Prodigal Son

*on "Lord, I have cried"
"Glory" in the 2nd tone*

Of what great **ble**ss_ings in my wretchedness have I **deprived**_ myself_! / From what a kingdom in my misery have I **fall**_en? / I *have* **wasted** the riches that *were* **given** to me,/ O have transgressed the **command**_ment. / **Alas**, **unhappy** soul! / Thou art henceforth condemned to the **eter**-nal fire. / **Therefore** before the end cry out *to* **Christ** our God: // Receive me as the Prodigal Son, O God, and *have* **mercy** on me_._._.

Sunday of the Prodigal Son

At the Aposticha
“Glory” in the 6th tone

I have wasted the wealth which the Father **gave** to me, / and in my wretchedness I fed with the **dumb**_ beasts. / Yearning after their food, I have remained hungry and could not **eat**_. _ my fill. / But now I return to the compassionate **Father** / and cry **out** with tears: / I fall down before Thy loving-**kind**_. _ . _ ness, // receive me as a *hired*_ **servant** and **save**_ me.

Sunday of the Prodigal Son

Kontakion in the 3rd tone

Having **foolishly** abandoned The paternal **glo_ry**, / I
squandered on vices the wealth which Thou **ga_**vest me. /
Wherefore, I **cry** unto Thee with the voice of the **Pro_di-**
gal: / I have sinned before Thee, O *compas-sion-ate*
Father. / Receive me as one **repen_._tant**, // and make
me as **one of Thy hired_._._ ser_._vants**.