

The Sunday of the Prodigal Son

Tone 1 - π

#1

^(π)
Rich and fer- - - - - tile

was the earth al- lot - - - - - ted to -

us. But all we plant - - - ed -

were the seeds of sin.

^(π)
We reaped the sheaves of - - - vil

with the sick - - - - - le of - - - laz -

of - - - - - i - - - ness;

but we failed to - - - place - - - them

on the thresh- - - ing - - - floor of

sor - - - - row. Now we beg -

→

You, O Lord, e-ter-nal Mas-

-ter of the har-vest: "May

Your love be-come the breeze

to win- now the straw of

our worth less deeds!

Make us like the prec-ious wheat

to be stored in Heav-en and save

us all! (twice)

The Sunday of

the Prodigal Son (Arch. Ephrem Lash)

#2 (Vespers)

^(π)
Breth- - ren, let us learn the pow-er of the

^(N) mys-ter ^(π) 3 For when the Prod- - -

^(N) di-gal ^(π) Son } ^(N) ran ^(π) back from sin

to his Fath-ers' hearth, the all-

lov-ing Fath-er, com-ing out to

^(π) meet him, kissed him and gave him back a-

gain the ^(M) to- - - kens ^(π) of his

^(π) own glo- - - - ry, and com-

plet-ed the myst-i-cal joy of those

on high by sac- - - - ri-



(Lord, I have cried)

Prodigal
Glory

Tone 2
Hxos Δε

(F) (A) Of what great bless - - - ings,

wretch that I am,

have I de - - prived my - - self!

From what king - - - ship in my mis - -

- - er - - - y di have I fall - -

- - - en! I have wast - ed the

wealth that I re - - ceived,

I have trans - gressed the com - - mand -

ment! A - - las, un - -

-hap- -py soul! You are

hence-forth con-demned to the e-

ter- -nal fine. (er)

There-fore be-fore the end cry out to

Christ our God, "Re-ceive me as the

Prod- -i- gal Son, O God,

and have mer- - -cy on

me."

Δ

Sunday of the Prodigal Son – Aposticha Glory
Tone Plagal 2

(π)
I hid my face in shame,

A
wretch- ed man! I have

squand- ered the rich- es my

Fa- ther gave to me; I

went to live with sense- less

beasts: I sought their food

(N)
and hung- ered, for I had

(K)
not e- nough to eat. I

(π)
will a- rise, I will re-

turn to my com- pas- sion-

ate Fa- ther: He will acc-

(N) (π) ept my tears as I kneel

be- fore him, cry- ing: In

Your ten- der love for all

men re- ceive me as one

of Your ser- vants and save

me!