The Sunday of the Prodigal Son
Tone 1 - Πώς

Rich and fertile was the earth allotted to us. But all we planted were the seeds of sin.

We reaped the sheaves of evil with the sickle of laziness; but we failed to place them on the threshing floor of sorrow. Now we beg...
You, O Lord, eternal Master of the harvest. "May Your love become the breeze to win now the straw of our worth less deals!"

Make us like the precious wheat to be stored in Heaven and save all! (twice)
Brethren, let us learn the power of the mystery. For when the Prodigal Son ran back from sin to his Father's hearth, the all-loving Father coming out to meet him, kissed him and gave him back again the tokens of his own glory, and completed the mystical joy of those on high by sacrificial
Blessing the fat-calf, so that we might live lives worthy of the loving Father, who offered the sacrifice, and of the glorious sacrifice, eternal victim, the Saviour of our souls. (Twice)
(Lord, I have cried) Prodigal Glory

Tone 2

Of what great blessings

wretched that I am,

have I deprived myself!

From what kingdom in my misery

have I fallen?

I have wasted the wealth that I received.

I have transgressed the commandment!
You are soul, to the end, to the end. Henceforth, condemned. Therefore, before the end, for Christ our God, receive me as the apostle, gal, and have mercy on me.
Sunday of the Prodigal Son – Aposticha Glory
Tone Plagal 2

I hid my face in shame, a wretched man! I have squandered the riches my father gave to me; I went to live with senseless beasts: I sought their food and hungered, for I had not enough to eat. I will arise, I will re-
turn to my compassion-
ate Father: He will accept my tears as I kneel before him, crying: In Your tender love for all men receive me as one of Your servants and save me!