

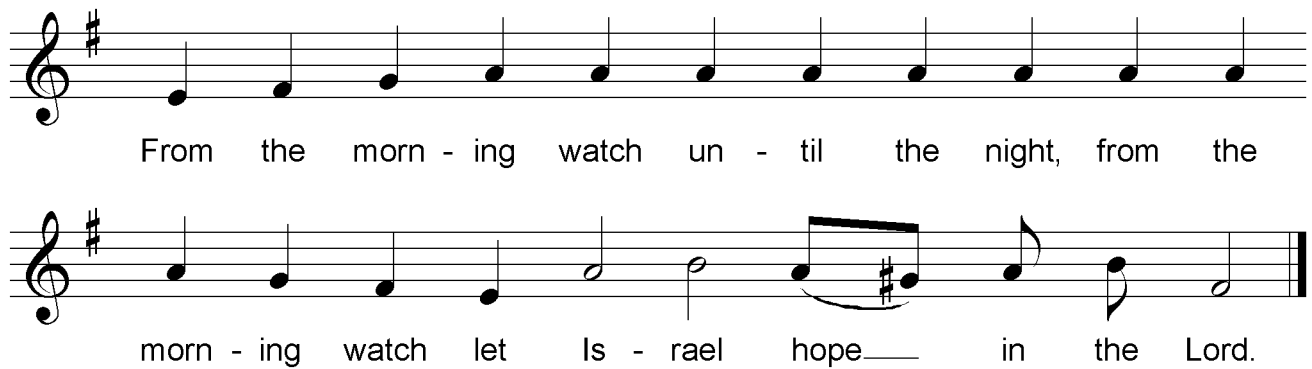
# Sunday of the Prodigal Son

## Stichera on "Lord I have cried..."

At Lord I have cried we sing 10 stichera, six from the Resurrection and two for the Prodigal Son, repeating each:

### In Tone 1

Verse:



From the morn - ing watch un - til the night, from the  
morn - ing watch let Is - rael hope in the Lord.

Stichera:



I was en - trust - ed with a sin - less and  
lov - ing land, but I sowed the ground with sin  
and reaped with a sick - le the ears of sloth - ful - ness;  
in thick sheaves I gar - nered my act - ions,  
but win - nowed them not on the thresh - ing floor



of re - pen - tance. But I beg You,  
 my God, the pre - e - ter - nal hus - band - man,  
 with the wind of Your lov - ing kind - ness  
 win - now the chaff of my works, and grant  
 to my soul the corn of for - give - - - ness;  
 shut me in Your hea - ven - ly store - house and  
 save me.

Verse:



For with the Lord there is mer - cy and with  
 Him plen - te - ous re - demp - tion, and He shall re - deem

Is - ra - el out — of all his in - ni - qui - ties.

Stichera:

**Repeat previous stichera “I was entrusted...”**

Verse:

O — praise the Lord all na - tions, praise  
Him all you peo - - ples.

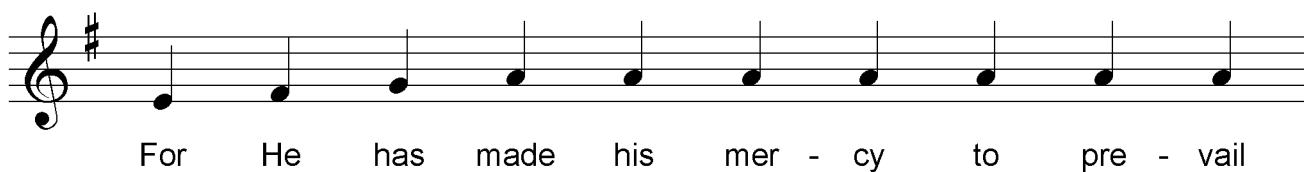
Stichera:

Bre - thren let us learn the mean - ing of this  
mys - ter - y. For when the Pro - di - gal  
son ran back from sin to his Fa - ther's — house  
his lov - ing Fa - ther came out to meet him



and kissed him. He re - stored to the Pro - di -  
gal the to - kens of his pro - per glo - - - ry,  
and mys - ti - cal - ly he made glad on high,  
sa - cri - fi - cing the fat - ted calf.  
Let our lives, then, be wor - thy of the lov - ing  
Fa - ther Who has of - fered sa - cri - fice,  
and of the glo - ri - ous vic - tim Who  
is the Sa - - vior of our souls.

Verse:



For He has made his mer - cy to pre - vail

ov - er us, and the truth of the Lord — en -  
dures — for - ev - er.

Stichera:

**Repeat previous stichera “Brethren, let us learn...”**

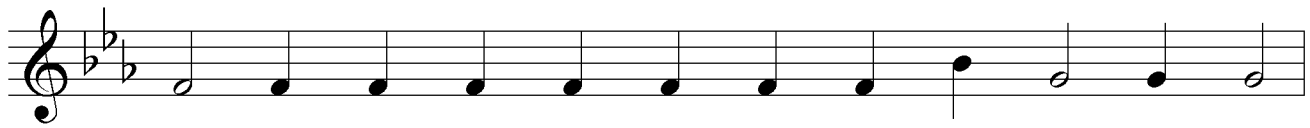
**In Tone 2**

Verse:

Glo - ry to the Fa - ther and — to the Son  
and to the Ho - ly — Spi - rit.

Stichera:

Of what great bless - ings in my wretch - ed - ness have  
I de - prived my - self! From — what a  
king - dom in my mis - er - y have I fal - len



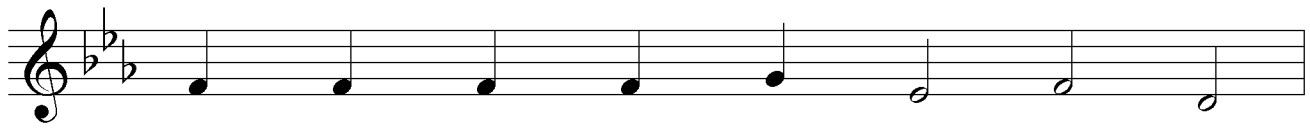
I have was - ted the rich - es that were giv - en me,



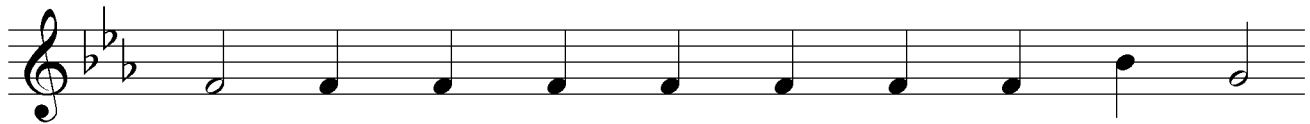
I have trans - gressed the com - mand - ments.



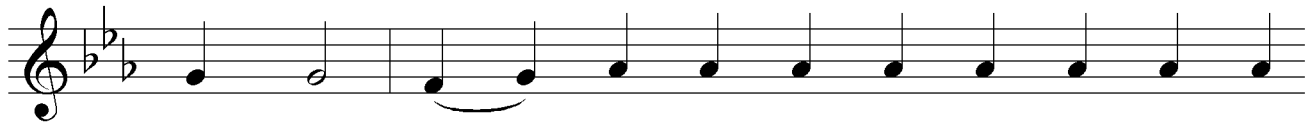
A - las, un - hap - py soul, you are there - fore



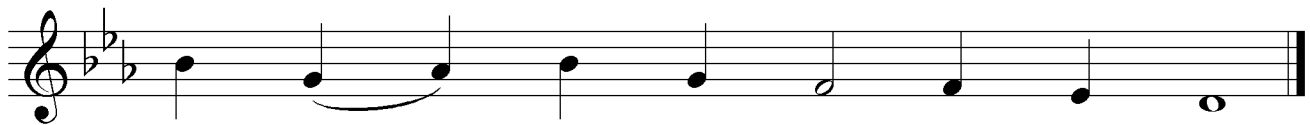
con - demned to the e - ter - nal fire.



There - fore be - fore the end cry out to Christ



our God: Re - ceive me as the Pro - di - gal Son



O God — and have mer - cy on me.

At the “*Now and Ever...*” we sing the Theotokian (Dogmatikon) in the tone of the week from the Octoechos, followed by the Entrance, O Gladsome Light, and the Prokimen for Saturday, “*The Lord is King...*”

# The Aposticha

We sing the Apsoticha in the tone of the week from the Octoechos, and then:

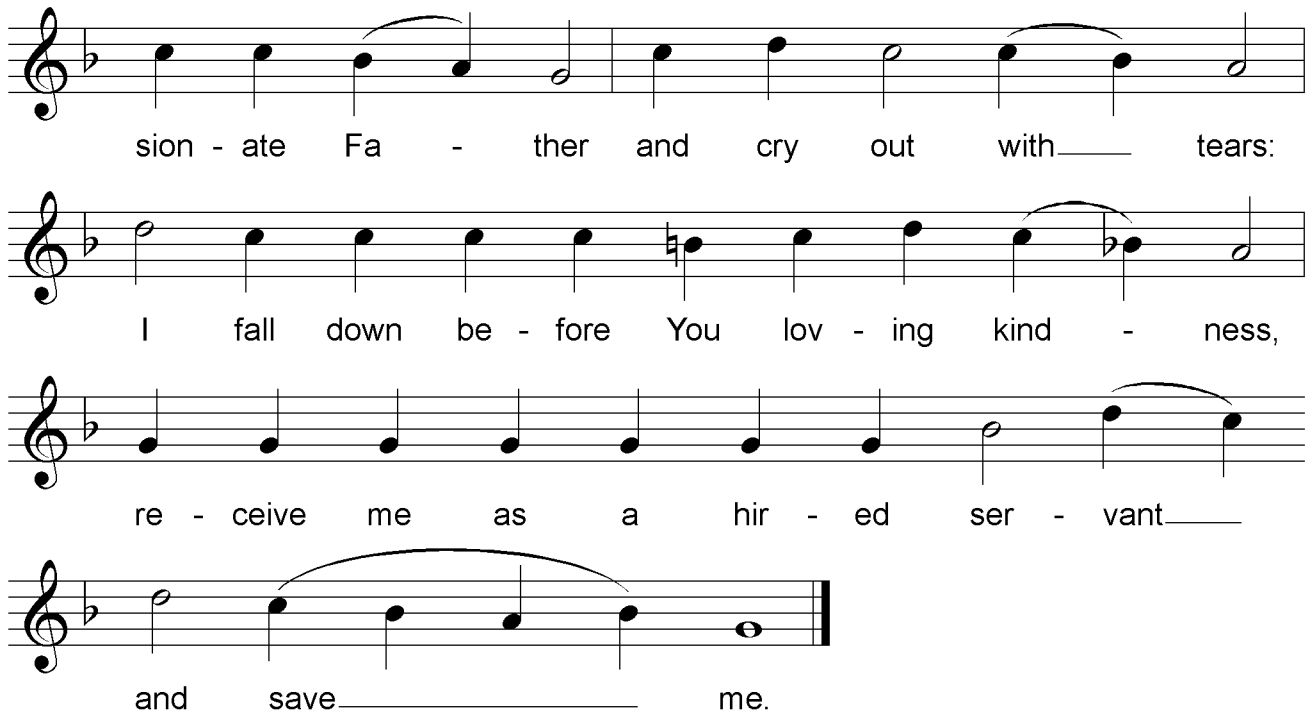
## In Tone 6

Verse:

Glo - ry to the Fa - ther and to the Son and  
to the Ho - ly Spi - rit.

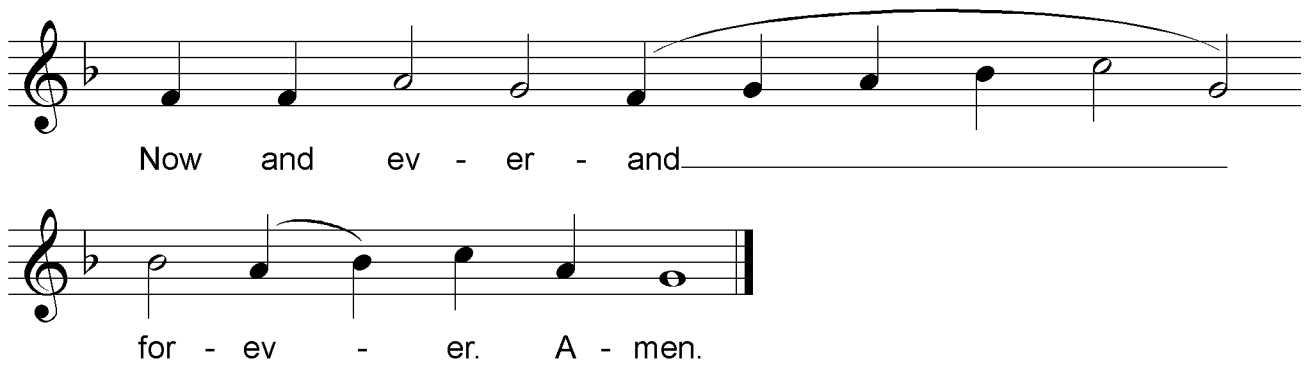
Stichera:

I have wast - ed the wealth that the Fa - ther gave to me,  
and in my wretch - ed - ness I have fed with  
the dumb beasts. Yearn - ing af - ter their food,  
I re - mained hun - gry and could not eat  
my fill. But now I re - turn to the com - pas -



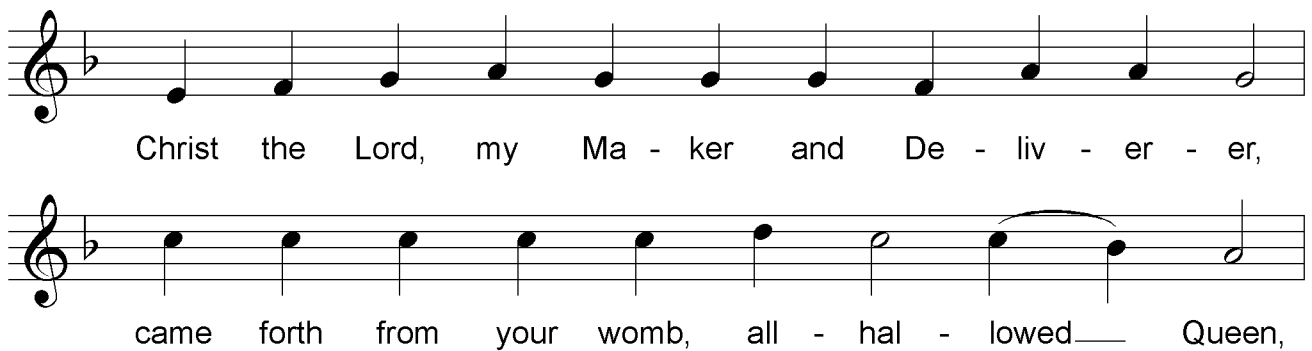
sion - ate Fa - ther and cry out with tears:  
 I fall down be - fore You lov - ing kind - ness,  
 re - ceive me as a hir - ed ser - vant  
 and save me.

Verse:



Now and ev - er - and  
 for - ev - er. A - men.

Stichera:



Christ the Lord, my Ma - ker and De - liv - er - er,  
 came forth from your womb, all - hal - lowed Queen,



and clo - thing Him - self in me He de - liv - ered  
A - dam from the curse of old. There - fore with  
ne - ver si - lent voic - es we praise — you  
as true Mo - ther of God and Vir - gin,  
and with the sal - u - ta - tion of the An - gel  
we cry un - to you: Re - jice, La - dy, guard - ian,  
pro - tec - tion and sal - va - tion — of our souls.

We sing the Tropar in the tone of the week, “Glory” and the tropar of the saint, if available, otherwise “Glory...Now and ever...” and the Theotokian in the tone of the week.