

Sunday of the Prodigal Son

Stichera at Lord I have cried

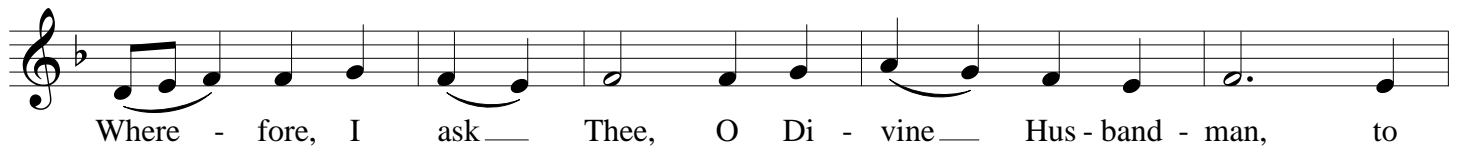
Byzantine Tone 1

Arr. Basil Kazan

(Verses by Rassem El Massih)

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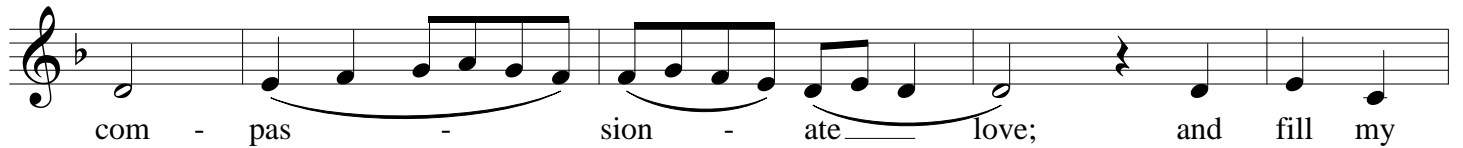
For with the Lord there is mer - cy, and with
Him is a - bun - dant re - demp - tion, and He will de - liv - er
Is - ra - el from all his in - iq - ui - ties.
I have been en - trust - ed with a ver - dant and fault - less
re - gion, but I plant - ed e - vil in its soil and
reaped its cares with the scythe of la - zi - ness. And
I gath - ered my deeds in - to sheaves but placed them
not on the thresh - ing - floor of re - pent - ance.



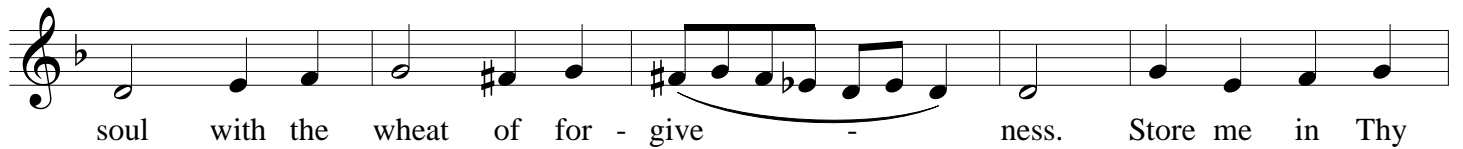
Where - fore, I ask Thee, O Di - vine Hus - band - man, to



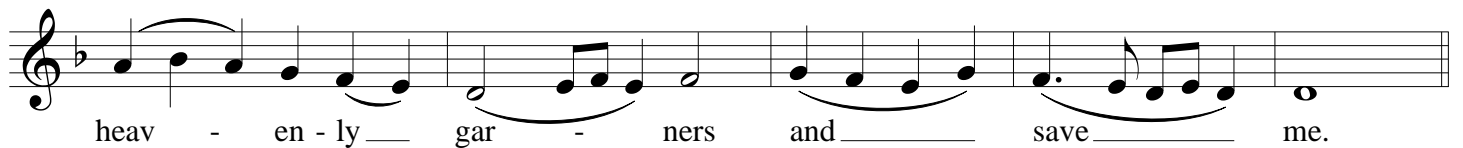
win - now the straw of my deeds with the breeze of Thy



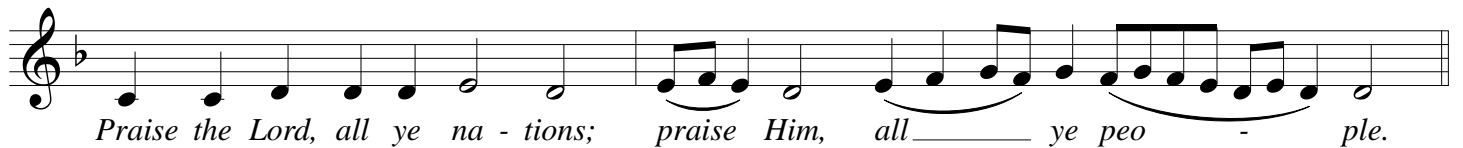
com - pas - sion - ate love; and fill my



soul with the wheat of for - give - ness. Store me in Thy



heav - en - ly gar - ners and save me.



Praise the Lord, all ye na - tions; praise Him, all ye peo - ple.

Repeat First Sticheron: "I have been entrusted . . ."



For His mer - cy is great toward us and the



truth of the Lord en - dur - eth for - ev - er.

Our way, O breth - ren, is to know the pow - er of this
mys - ter - y; for when the prod - i - gal son ran a - way from
sin, has - ten - ing to that fa - ther - ly ref - uge, his
all - good fa - ther wel - comed him and kissed him, grant - ing him
signs of glo - ry. He cel - e - brat - ed the
mys - ti - cal joy to the ce - les - tial ones when he
killed the fat - ted calf, that we might con - duct our - selves be - com - ing - ly
toward the Sac - ri - fic - er, the Fa - ther and the
lov - er of man - kind, and to the sac - ri - ficed One, the
glo - ri - ous Sav - ior of our souls.