

Sunday of the Prodigal Son

Stichera at the Praises

Arr. Basil Kazan

Verse 6 (Tone 2): Praise Him on the loud cymbals; praise Him on the high-sounding cymbals; let everything that hath breath praise the Lord.

I of - fer thee, O Lord, the voice of the
prod - i - gal son, cry - ing, I have sinned in thy
sight, O good One, and squan - dered the for - tune of
thy gifts. Al - be - it, re - ceive me re - pent - ant,
O Sav - ior, and save me.

Verse 7 (Tone 4): Arise, O my God; lift up Thine hand and forget not the humble.

I too have come, O com - pas - sion - ate One,
Un. D E
like the prod - i - gal son, I who spent all my life-time
G
in es - trange - ment, and squan - dered the rich - es which thou gav - est

me, O Fa - ther. Where - fore, re-ceive me, O God, re - pent - ant,
 and have mer - cy up - on me.

Verse 8 (Tone 8): I will praise Thee, O Lord, with my whole heart; I will show all Thy marvelous works.

When in ex - trav - a - gance I spent and squan - dered the for - tune of
 fa - ther-ly rich - es, I be-came a wan-der-er, liv-ing in the coun - try
 of the wick - ed. And un - a - ble long - er to bear their
 com - pa - ny, I shall re - turn to thee, O com - pas - sion - ate
 Fa - ther, cry - ing, I have sinned a - gainst heav - en, and
 there - fore thee, and am no more wor - thy to be called a son
 of thine: make me, O God, as one of thy
 hired ser - vants, and have mer - cy up - on me.