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 offer thee, O Lord, the voice of the prodigal son, crying, I have sinned in thy sight, O good One, and squandered the fortune of thy gifts. Albeit, receive me repentant, O Savior, 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 compassionate One, like the prodigal son, I who spent all my lifetime in estrangement, and squandered the riches which thou gavest.
Verse 8 (Tone 8): I will praise Thee, O Lord, with my whole heart; I will show all Thy marvelous works.

When in extravagant I spent and squandered the fortune of fatherly riches, I became a wanderer, living in the country of the wicked. And unable longer to bear their company, I shall return to thee, O compassionate Father, crying, I have sinned against heaven, and therefore thee, and am no more worthy to be called a son of thine: make me, O God, as one of thy hired servants, and have mercy upon me.