

Aposticha - Sunday of the Prodigal Son

Reader: Glory to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit.

Tone 6

Obikhod

In my wretchedness I hide my face in shame: 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 return to my compassionate Father; He will
accept my tears, as I kneel before Him, crying: In Thy tender
love for all men, receive me as one of Thy servants and save me!