

'Lord I Call' - Sunday of the Prodigal Son

Reader (4): From the morning watch until night, from the morning watch, let Israel hope on the Lord!

Reader (3): For with the Lord there is mercy and with Him is plenteous redemption, and He will deliver Israel from all his iniquities.

Tone 1

Obikhod

Rich and fertile was the earth al - lot - ted to us,
but all we planted were the seeds of sin.
We reaped the sheaves of evil with the sickle of la - zi - ness;
we failed to place them on the threshing floor of sor - row.
Now we beg Thee, O Lord, eternal Master of the har - vest:
May thy love become the breeze to winnow the straw of our worth - less deeds!

Make us like the precious wheat to be stored in heav-en, and save us all!

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Reader (2): Praise the Lord, all nations! Praise Him, all peoples!

Reader (1): For His mercy is confirmed on us; and the truth of the Lord endures forever.

Tone 1

Obikhod

Breth - ren, our purpose is to know the power of God's good - ness.

For when the Prodigal Son a - ban - doned his sin, he has - tened to the

refuge of his fa - ther. That good man em - braced him and wel - comed him;

he killed the fatted calf and celebrated with heav - en - ly joy. Let us learn

from this ex - am - ple to offer thanks to the Father, Who loves all men,

and to the glorious Victim, the Sav - ior of our souls!

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

Tone 2

Obikhod

What great blessings have I forsaken, wretch that I am? From what
kingdom have I miserably fallen? I have squandered the
riches that were given me; I have transgressed the commandments.
Woe to me when I shall be condemned to eternal fire!
Cry out to Christ, O my soul, before the end draws nigh:
Receive me as the Prodigal, O God, and have mercy on me!