

# Stichera at "Lord, I Call"

Triodion - Sunday of the Prodigal Son

Kievan Chant  
arr. from B. Ledkovsky

Tone 1

Sticheron 1

Soprano  
Alto

Tenor  
Bass

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

You, O Lord, eternal Master of the har - vest: "May your 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!"

Sticheron 2

Soprano  
Alto  
Tenor  
Bass

Broth - ers, 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 of - fer thanks to

the Father, Who loves all men, // and to the glorious

Vic - tim, the Sav - ior of our souls!

*vs.* Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit.

Tone 2

Soprano  
Alto

Tenor  
Bass

What great bless - ings have I forsak - en, wretch that I am?

From what kingdom have I misera - bly fal - - - len? I have

squan - dered the riches that were giv - en me; I have trans-gressed

the com-mand - - - ments. Woe to me when I shall be

condemned to e - ter - - nal fire! Cry out to Christ, O my

soul, before the end draws nigh: // "Re-ceive me as the Prodi - gal,

O God, and have mer - cy on me!"