

39th Sunday after Pentecost / Sunday of the Prodigal Son

"Lord I Call..." Tone 6

Lord, I call upon You, hear me!
Hear me, O Lord!
 Lord, I call upon You, hear me!
 Receive the voice of my prayer,
 when I call upon You!//
 Hear me, O Lord!

Let my prayer arise
 in Your sight as incense,
 and let the lifting up of my hands
 be an evening sacrifice!//
 Hear me, O Lord!

**Reader reads the rest of Psalm 140 and Psalm 141 on pgs 31 & 32 in the pew book, then:
 STICHERA**

v. (10) Bring my soul out of prison, that I may give thanks to Your Name! Tone 6

Possessing victory over hell, O Christ,
 since You are free among the dead,
 You ascended the Cross
 raising with Yourself those who sat in the shades of death.//
 Drawing life from Your light, O almighty Savior, have mercy on us!

v. (9) The righteous will surround me, for You will deal bountifully with me.

Today Christ tramples on death,
 for He is risen as He said!
 Let us all sing this song,
 for He has granted joy to the world:
 O Light unapproachable, O Fountain of life!//
 O Savior almighty, have mercy on us!

v. (8) Out of the depths I cry to You, O Lord. Lord, hear my voice!

Where shall we sinners flee from You, Who are in all creation?
 In heaven You dwell!
 In hell You trampled on death!
 In the depths of the sea?
 Even there is Your hand, O Master!
 To You we flee, and falling before You, we pray://
 O You Who rose from the dead, have mercy on us!

v. (7) Let Your ears be attentive to the voice of my supplications!

In Your Cross, we glory, O Christ.
 We sing and glorify Your Resurrection.
 For You are our God,//
 and we know no other than You.

v. (6) If You, O Lord, should mark iniquities, Lord, who could stand? But there is forgiveness with You.

We will always bless the Lord
by singing of His Resurrection!
For He endured the Cross, //
trampling down death by death.

v. (5) For Your Name's sake I wait for You, O Lord. My soul has waited for Your word; my soul has hoped on the Lord.

Glory to Your might, O Lord,
for You overthrew the prince of death,
by Your Cross renewing us, //
granting us life and incorruption.

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

Tone 1* Rich and fertile was the earth allotted to us,
but all we planted were the seeds of sin.
We reaped the sheaves of evil with the sickle of laziness;
we failed to place them on the threshing floor of repentance.
Now we beg You, O Lord, eternal Master of the harvest:
“May Your love become the breeze to winnow the straw of our worthless deeds! //
Make us like the precious wheat to be stored in heaven, and save us all!”

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

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but all we planted were the seeds of sin.
We reaped the sheaves of evil with the sickle of laziness;
we failed to place them on the threshing floor of repentance.
Now we beg You, O Lord, eternal Master of the harvest:
“May Your love become the breeze to winnow the straw of our worthless deeds! //
Make us like the precious wheat to be stored in heaven, and save us all!”

v. (2) Praise the Lord, all nations! Praise Him, all peoples!

Brothers, our purpose is to know the power of God's goodness.
For when the Prodigal Son abandoned his sin,
he hastened to the refuge of his father.
That good man embraced him and welcomed him;
he killed the fatted calf and celebrated with heavenly joy.
Let us learn from this example
to offer thanks to the Father, Who loves all men, // and to the glorious Victim, the Savior of our
souls!

* Music for the Sunday of the Prodigal Son from the Department of Liturgical Music and Translations can be downloaded at www.oca.org.

v. (1) For His mercy is confirmed on us, and the truth of the Lord endures forever.

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to offer thanks to the Father, Who loves all men, // and to the glorious Victim, the Savior of our souls!

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit; Tone 2 (from the Lenten Triodion)

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!”

now and ever, and unto ages of ages. Amen. Tone 6 (Theotokion – Dogmatikon)

Who will not bless you, O most holy Virgin?

Who will not sing of your most pure childbearing?

The only-begotten Son shone timelessly from the Father,

but from you He was ineffably incarnate.

God by nature, yet Man for our sake,

not two persons, but one known in two natures.

Entreat Him, O pure and all-blessed Lady, //

to have mercy on our souls!

APOSTICHA

Tone 6 *(for the Resurrection)*

Your Resurrection, O Christ our Savior,

the Angels in heaven sing!

Enable us on earth //

to glorify You in purity of heart!

v. The Lord is King; He is robed in majesty!

Destroying the gates of hell,

breaking the chains of death,

You resurrected the fallen human race as almighty God! //

O Lord, Who rose from the dead, glory to You!

v. For He has established the world, so that it shall never be moved.

Desiring to return us to Paradise, / Christ was nailed to the Cross and placed in a tomb. / The Myrrhbearing Women sought Him with tears, crying, / “Woe to us, O Savior! / How do You deign to descend to death? / What place can hold Your life bearing body? / Come to us as You promised! / Take away our wailing and tears!” / Then the Angel appeared to them: / “Stop your lamentations! / Go, proclaim to the Apostles: / “The Lord is risen,// granting us purification and great mercy!”

V. Holiness befits Your house, O Lord, forevermore!

Having been crucified as You willed,
by Your burial You captured death, O Christ,
rising on the third day as God in glory,//
granting the world unending life and great mercy!

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit; Tone 6 (from the Lenten Triodion)

I, a wretched man, 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 Your tender love for all men, receive me as one of Your servants and save me!”

now and ever, and unto ages of ages. Amen. Tone 6 (Theotokion)

My Maker and Redeemer, Christ the Lord,
was born of you, O most pure Virgin.
By accepting my nature, He freed Adam from his ancient curse.
Unceasingly we magnify you as the Mother of God!
Rejoice, O celestial Joy!
Rejoice, O Lady://
the Protection, Intercession and Salvation of our souls!

TROPARIA

Tone 6 The Angelic Powers were at Your tomb; / the guards became as dead men. / Mary stood by Your grave, / seeking Your most pure body. / You captured hell, not being tempted by it. / You came to the Virgin, granting life. / O Lord, Who rose from the dead, // glory to You.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit, now and ever, and unto ages of ages. Amen.

Tone 6 Resurrectional Dismissal Theotokion

You Who called Your Mother blessed,
came of Your own will to the Passion.
Shining on the Cross, desiring to recall Adam, You said to the Angels:
“Rejoice with me for the lost coin has been found.”
You Who have ordered all things in wisdom //
our God, glory to You!