

# Stichera at "Lord, I Call"

*The Sunday of the Prodigal Son*

Tone 1

Sticheron 1

Kievan Chant

arr. from B. Ledkovsky

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 re-ment-ance.

[Now we beg Thee . . .]

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!"

Sticheron 2

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

Fa-ther, Who loves all men, // and to the glorious Vic-tim, the

Sav - ior of our souls!