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 sorrow. 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!"

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

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

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

Tone 2

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 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!"