

Stichera at "Lord, I Call..."

The Sunday of the Prodigal Son

Russian Imperial Court Chant

arr. from L'vov/Bakhmetev

Tone 1

Sticheron 1

Soprano
Alto

Tenor
Bass

Rich and fertile was the earth al - lot - ted to us, but all

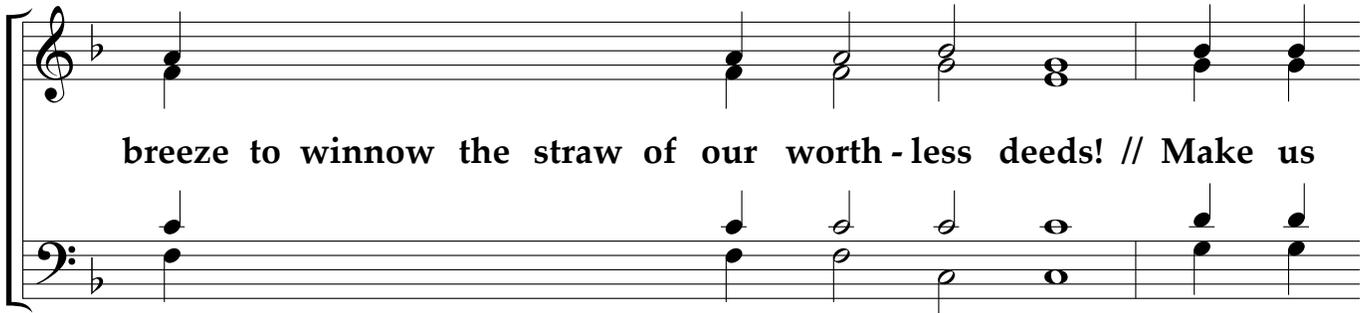
we planted were the seeds of sin. We reaped the sheaves of

evil with the sickle of la - zi - ness; we failed to place them on

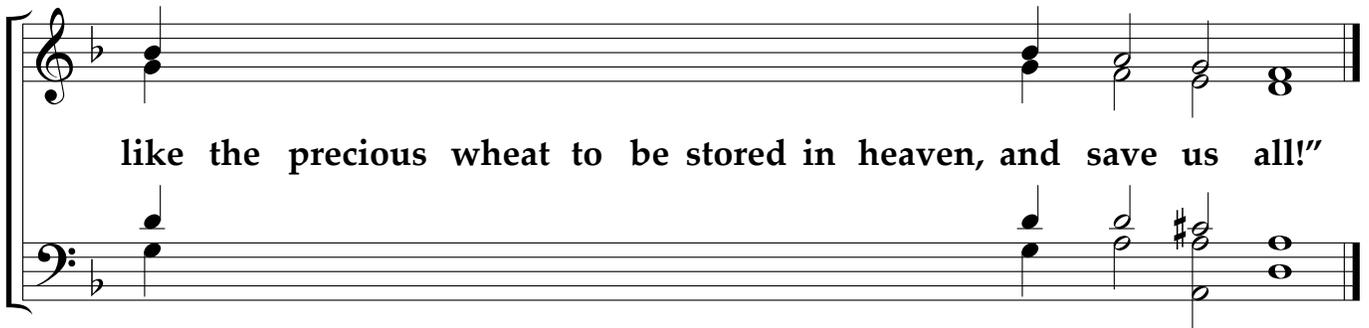
the thresh - ing floor of re - pent - ance. Now we beg You, O Lord,

eternal Master of the har - vest: "May Your love become the

[breeze to winnow...]

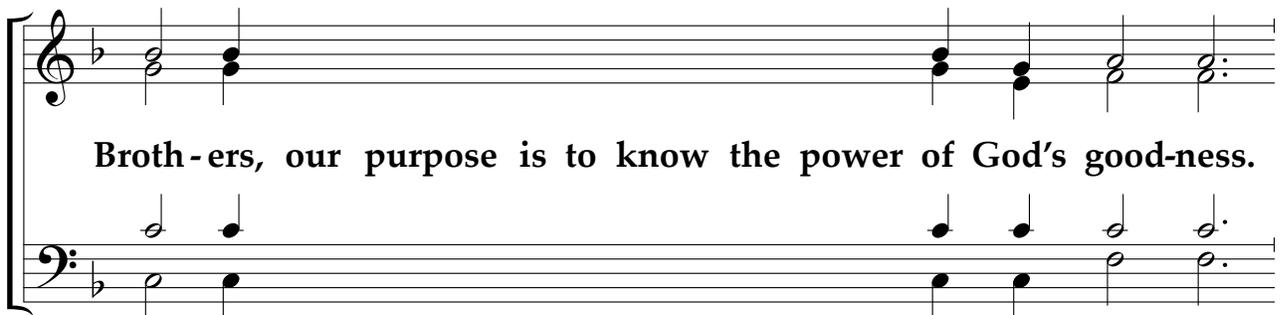


breeze to winnow the straw of our worth-less deeds! // Make us



like the precious wheat to be stored in heaven, 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;]

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!