

Aposticha - Sunday of the Prodigal Son

Reader: Glory to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit.

Tone 6

Obikhod

In my wretchedness I hide my face in shame: I have squandered the

riches my Father gave to me; I went to live with sense-less beasts;

I sought their food and hungered, for I had not e-nough to eat.

I will arise, I will return to my compassionate Fa-ther; He will

accept my tears, as I kneel before Him, cry-ing: In Thy tender

love for all men, receive me as one of Thy servants and save me!