

# 'Lord I Call' - Sunday of the Prodigal Son

**Reader (4):** From the morning watch until night, from the morning watch, let Israel hope on the Lord!

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

**Tone 1**

**Obikhod**

The musical score consists of two staves of music in G clef, bass clef, and common time. The top staff has a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are as follows:

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 Thee, O Lord, eternal Master of the harvest:  
May thy love become the breeze to winnow the straw of our worthless deeds!

A musical score for two voices (Soprano and Bass) and piano. The music is in common time, key signature is one flat. The vocal parts consist of eighth-note chords. The piano part features eighth-note patterns in the bass and treble staves. The lyrics are in English, asking God to make us like precious wheat stored in heaven and save us all. The score concludes with a large number '8'.

Make us like the precious wheat to be stored in heav-en, and save us all!

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Reader (2): Praise the Lord, all nations! Praise Him, all peoples!

Reader (1): For His mercy is confirmed on us; and the truth of the Lord endures forever.

Tone 1

Obikhod

Breth - ren, 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 offer thanks to the Father, Who loves all men,

and to the glorious Victim, the Sav - ior of our souls! 8

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

Tone 2

Obikhod

What great blessings have I forsaken, wretch that I am? From what  
kingdom have I miserably fal - len? I have squan - dered the  
riches that were giv - en me; I have transgressed the com - mand - ments.  
Woe to me when I shall be condemned to e - ter - nal fire!  
Cry out to Christ, O my soul, before the end draws nigh:  
Receive me as the Prodigal, O God, and have mer - cy on me!