

Doxastichon at the Aposticha

The Sunday of the Prodigal Son

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

Kievan Chant
arr. from B. Ledkovsky

Tone 6

Soprano
Alto

Tenor
Bass

I, a wretched man, hide my face in shame: I have

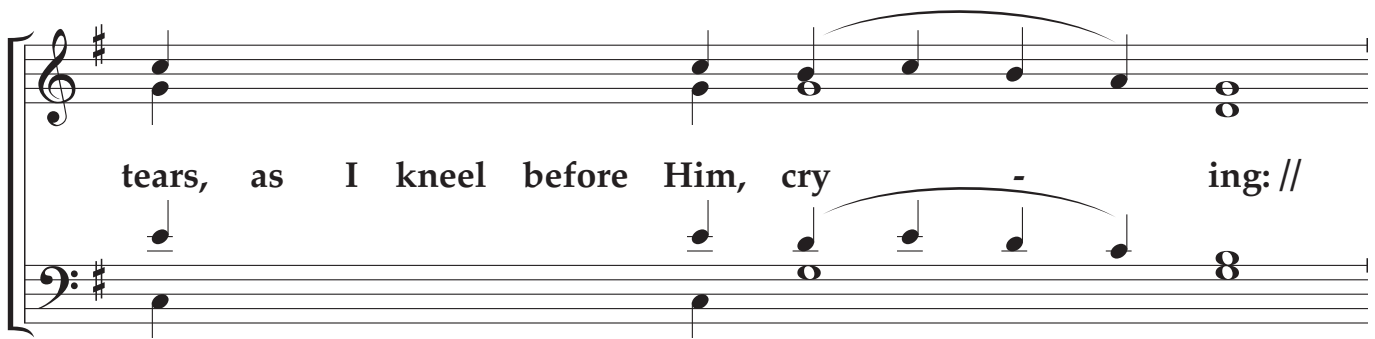
squandered the riches my Father gave to me; I went to

live with sense - less beasts; I sought their food and

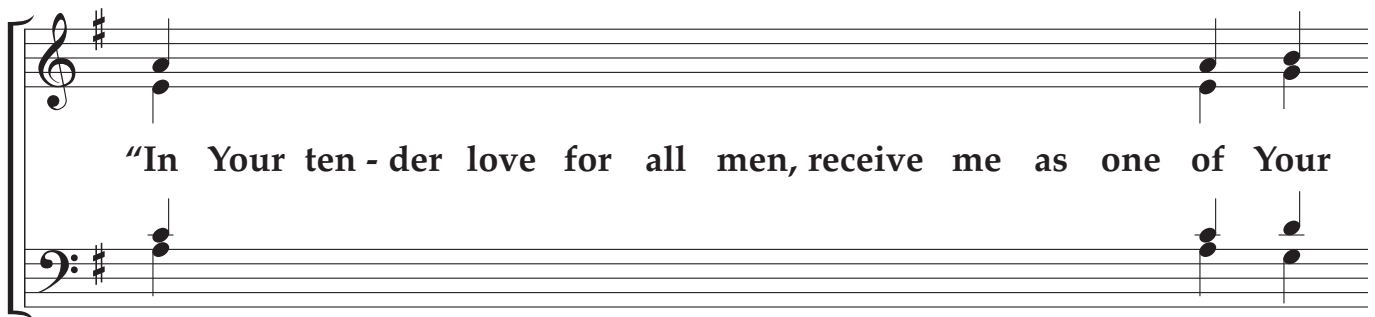
hungered, for I had not enough to eat. I will arise, I will

[return to my . . .]

return to my compassionate Fa - ther; He will ac-cept my



tears, as I kneel before Him, cry - ing: //



"In Your ten - der love for all men, receive me as one of Your



serv - ants and save me!"

Now and ever, and unto ages of ages. Amen.



My Maker and Redeem - er, Christ the Lord, was born of

[you, O most pure . . .]

you, O most pure Vir - gin. By ac - cept - ing my

nature, He freed Adam from his an - cient curse.

Un - ceasingly we magnify you as the Moth - er of God!

Re-joyce, O ce - les - tial Joy! Re-joyce, O La - dy: //

the Protection, Intercession and Sal - va - tion of — our — souls!