

Sunday of the Prodigal – First Exaposteilarion

Special Melody: Hearken, ye women

The wealth of grace thou gavest me have
I wasted in wickedness
in a far country, O Saviour,
I the unprofitable wretch. I
scattered as the prodigal my
wealth to demons in deceit.
But as the prodigal do thou
receive me who am repentant,
merciful Father, and save me.

Sunday of the Prodigal – Second Exaposteilarion

Special Melody: Hearken, ye women



O Lord, the rich - es of thy wealth in
lav - ish liv - ing have I spent,
and I, the wretch - ed one, be - came
a ser - vant to e - vil de - - - mons; but
Sa - viour all - com - pas - sion - ate, have
mer - cy on the Pro - di - gal
and pu - ri - fy me from my filth,
re - stor - ing un - to me a - - gain
thy king - dom's robe, which I once wore.