Thou, the Fountain of Wisdom Who knowest things to come,

be- ing in Beth-a-ny, Thou didst ask Mar-tha's neigh-bors and friends,
cry-ing out: Where have ye buried My friend Laz-a-rus? Out of com-

-pas-sion, Thou didst weep over him now four days dead, and then by Thy

voice didst raise him, as the Life-giver and Lord, O Thou Friend of

man and most com-pas-sion-ate.

Glory ... Both now ... (and repeat)

(For the ending)
Second Sessional Hymn

Plagal First Mode

(Let us worship the Word)

'Thou, the Fountain of Wisdom Who know-est things to come, being in Beth-a-ny, Thou didst ask Mar-tha's neigh-bours and friends, crying out: Where have ye buried My friend Laz-arus? Out of com-pass-ion, Thou didst weep over him now four days dead, and then by Thy voice didst raise him, as the Life-giver and Lord, O Thou Friend of man and most com-passionate.

Glory; Both now (repeat).

For the ending:

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