Standing by the tomb of Lazarus, O Savior, You called to your friend, who was dead. He heard Your voice, and awoke as from sleep. Mortality was shaken by immortality. By Your word the bound was unbound. All is possible! All things serve and submit to You, O loving Lord. // O our Savior, glory to You!
We have completed the forty days that profit our souls.

Let us sing: Rejoice, city of Bethany, home of Lazarus! Rejoice, Mary and Martha, his sisters! Tomorrow Christ will come and raise your dead brother to life. Bitter and unsatisfied, hell will hear His voice. Shaking and groaning, it will release bound.
Laz - a - rus. The assembly of He - brews will be a - mazed. They will greet Him with palms and branch - es. Though their priests and elders look on Him with en - vy and mal - ice, the children shall praise Him in song: “Bless - ed is He Who comes in the name of the Lord, // the King of Is - ra - el!”