EXAPOSTILARION

Original Melody

With Thy disciples watching

Thee, O Christ, Thou wast taken up to the Father to take

Thy seat with Him. Angels ran forward crying out: Lift up the gates, lift them

up! For the King has gone up to the

[ glory, ]

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Glo-ry to the Fa-ther, and to the Son,
and to the Ho-ly Spir-it, now and ev-er
and un-to ages of ages. A-men.

(Sung only when the Exapostilarion is repeated.)

Glo-ry, the source of light.