At the Litia, we sing the stichera of the temple, and then:

Reader: Glory, both now, in the 5th Tone:

Beholding Thee, the Fashioner and Creator of all, /
hanging naked on the Cross, /
the whole creation was transfixed by fear, and it lamented; /
the light of the sun grew dark and the earth quaked; /
the rocks were split and the splendor of the temple was rent in twain; /
the dead arose from their tombs and the angelic powers cried in amazement: /
'O strange wonder! The judge is judged, and suffers willingly, //
for the salvation and renewal of the world.