**P**raise Him with resounding cymbals, praise Him with triumphant cymbals.

ev - ery-thing that breathes praise the Lord. All cre-a - tion trem - bled when it saw You cru - ci- fied, O Christ. The foun- da - tions of the earth quaked from fear of Your pow-er.  $\stackrel{\text{(N)}}{\sim}$  When You were lift-ed\_ on the Cross to - day,  $\stackrel{\text{(P)}}{\circ}$ the \_\_\_ He-brew race \_\_\_ per-ished,  $\overset{\text{(N)}}{q}$  the \_\_\_ Tem-ple Veil was rent in two;  $\overset{\text{(P)}}{q}$ tombs\_ were o-pened,  $\ddot{q}$  and the dead res - ur - rect -ed from their graves.  $\ddot{q}$ (N)The cen - tu - ri - on shud-dered when he saw the mir - a - cle. Your Moth - er, who was stand - ing there, cried a ma-ter - nal la - menta - tion: q "How\_can I not\_ mourn and\_ beat my\_ breasts,\_  $\ddot{q}$ see - ing You hang - ing on\_ a cross, na - ked, as tho a crim - i - nal?"  $^{q}$ O Lord, who were cru - ci-fied and bur - ied, q and who rose from the dead, glo - ry to You!