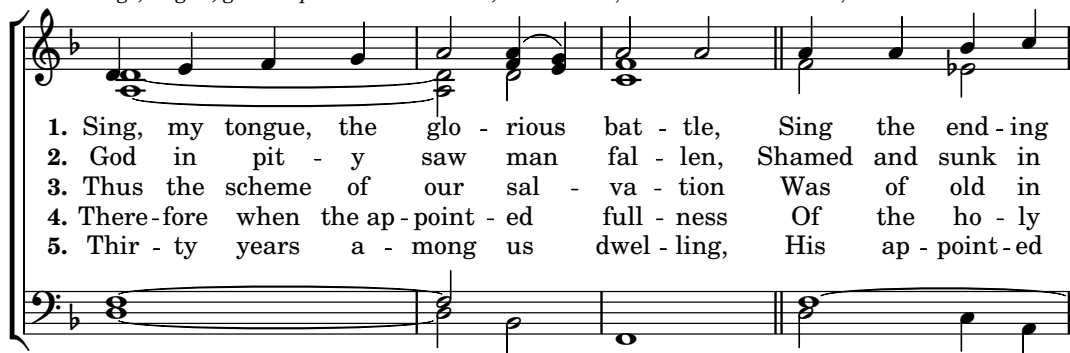


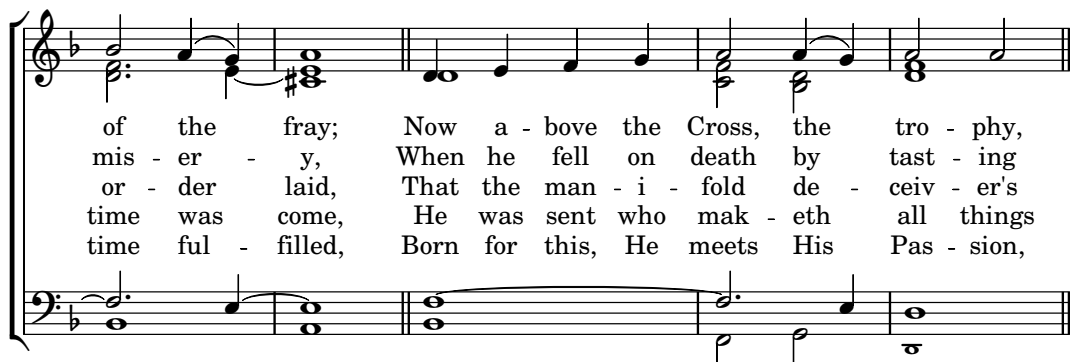
SING, MY TONGUE, THE GLORIOUS BATTLE

Music: PICARDY, 87.87.87, French Carol; harm. R. Vaughan Williams, *The English Hymnal*

Text: *Pange, lingua, gloriosi proelium certaminis*, Fortunatus; vv. 1-4 tr. P. Dearmer, vv. 6-10 tr. J.M. Neale



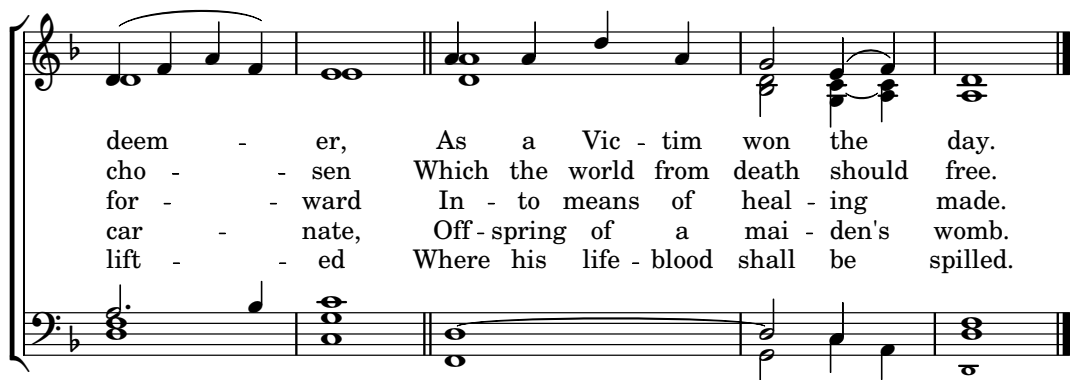
1. Sing, my tongue, the glo - rious bat - tle, Sing the end - ing
2. God in pit - y saw man fal - len, Shamed and sunk in
3. Thus the scheme of our sal - va - tion Was of old in
4. There - fore when the ap - point - ed full - ness Of the ho - ly
5. Thir - ty years a - mong us dwel - ling, His ap - point - ed



of the fray; Now a - bove the Cross, the tro - phy,
mis - er - y, When he fell on death by tast - ing
or - der laid, That the man - i - fold de - ceiv - er's
time was come, He was sent who mak - eth all things
time ful - filled, Born for this, He meets His Pas - sion,



Sound the loud tri - um - phant lay: Tell how Christ, the world's Re -
Fruit of the for - bid - den tree; Tha an - oth - er tree was
Art by art might be out - weighed, And the lure the foe put
Forth from God's e - ter - nal home; Thus he came to earth, in -
For that this He free - ly willed, On the Cross the Lamb is



deem - er, As a Vic - tim won the day.
cho - - sen Which the world from death should free.
for - - ward In - to means of heal - ing made.
car - - nate, Off - spring of a mai - den's womb.
lift - - ed Where his life - blood shall be spilled.

6. He endured the nails, the spitting,
Vinegar, and spear, and reed;
From that holy Body broken
Blood and water forth proceed:
Earth, and stars, and sky, and ocean
By that flood from stain are freed.
7. Faithful Cross! above all other,
One and only noble tree!
None in foliage, none in blossom,
None in fruit thy peer may be;
Sweetest wood and sweetest iron!
Sweetest weight is hung on thee.
8. Bend thy boughs, O Tree of Glory!
Thy relaxing sinews bend;
For awhile the ancient rigour
That thy birth bestowed, suspend;
And the King of heav'nly beauty
On thy bosom gently tend!
9. Thou alone was counted worthy
This world's ransom to uphold;
For a shipwreck'd race preparing
Harbour, like the Ark of old;
With the sacred Blood anointed
From the smitten Lamb that rolled.
10. To the Trinity be glory
Everlasting, as is meet;
Equal to the Father, equal
To the Son, and Paraclete:
Trinal Unity, whose praises
All created things repeat.