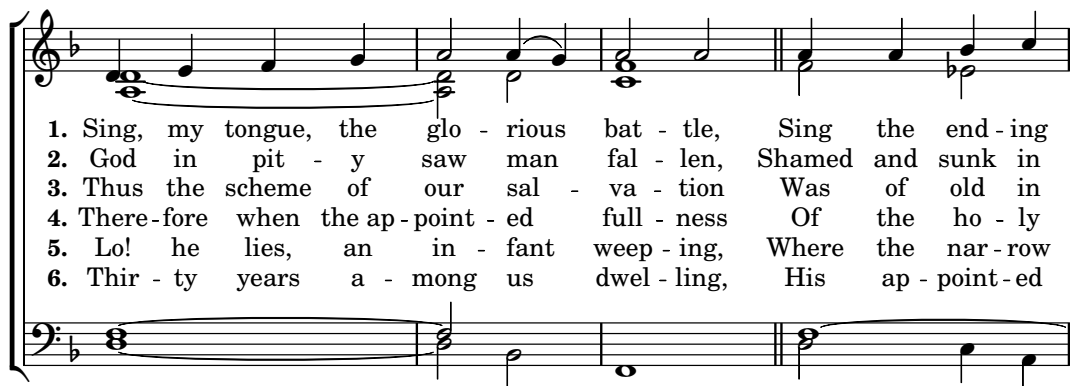


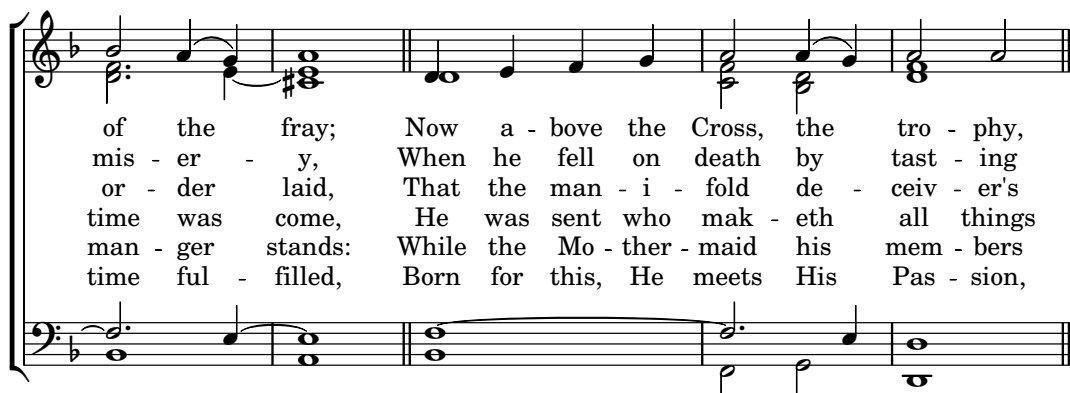
# FAITHFUL CROSS ABOVE ALL OTHERS

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

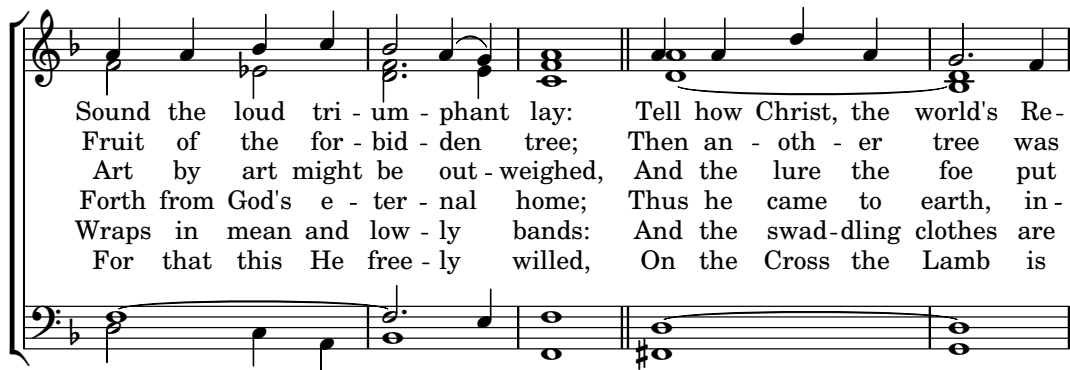
Text: *Pange, lingua, gloriosi proelium certaminis*, Fortunatus; tr. P. Dearmer and J.M. Neale



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. Lo! he lies, an in - fant weep - ing, Where the nar - row  
6. 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  
man - ger stands: While the Mo - ther - maid his mem - bers  
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; Then 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 -  
Wraps in mean and low - ly bands: And the swad - dling clothes are  
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.  
 wind - ing Round God's help - less feet and hands.  
 lift - - ed Where his life - blood shall be spilled.

7. 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.
8. Bend thy boughs, O Tree of Glory!  
 Thy relaxing sinews bend;  
 For awhile the ancient rigour  
 That thy birth bestowed, sus -- pend;  
 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.