

*All:*

Faithful Cross the Saints re-ly on, Noble tree be-yond com-  
pare! Nev-er was there such a sci-on, Nev-er leaf or flower  
so rare. Sweet the tim-ber, sweet the i-ron, Sweet the bur-den  
*Cantors:*  
that they bear! 1. Sing, my tongue, in ex-ult-a-tion Of our ban-  
ner and de-vice! Make a solemn proclama-tion Of a tri-  
umph and its price: How the Sa-vior of cre-a-tion Conquered  
*All:*  
by his sac-ri-fice! Faithful Cross the Saints re-ly on, Noble  
tree be-yond compare! Nev-er was there such a sci-on, Nev-  
*Cantors:*  
er leaf or flower so rare. 2. For, when Ad-am first of-fend-ed,  
Eating that for-bid-den fruit, Not all hopes of glo-ry end-ed  
With the ser-pent at the root: Broken na-ture would be mended  
*All:*  
By a sec-ond tree and shoot. Sweet the tim-ber, sweet the i-  
*Cantors:*  
ron, Sweet the bur-den that they bear! 3. Thus the tempter was out-  
wit-ted By a wisdom deeper still: Rem-e-dy and ailment  
fit-ted, Means to cure and means to kill; That the world might be  
*All:*  
ac-quitted, Christ would do his fa-ther's will. Faithful Cross the  
Saints re-ly on, Noble tree be-yond compare! Nev-er was there  
*Cantors:*  
such a sci-on, Nev-er leaf or flower so rare. 4. So the Fa-  
ther, out of pit-y For our self-in-flic-ted doom, Sent him from  
the heavenly cit-y When the ho-ly time had come: He, the  
*All:*  
Son and the Almighty, Took our flesh in Mar-y's womb. Sweet  
the tim-ber, sweet the i-ron, Sweet the bur-den that they bear!  
*Cantors:*  
5. Hear a ti-ny ba-by cry-ing, Founder of the seas and strands;  
See his vir-gin Mother ty-ing Cloth around his feet and hands;  
Find him in a manger ly-ing Tightly wrapped in swaddling  
*All:*  
bands! Faithful Cross the Saints re-ly on, Noble tree be-yond com-  
pare! Nev-er was there such a sci-on, Nev-er leaf or flower  
*Cantors:*  
so rare. 6. So he came, the longex-pect-ed, Not in glo-ry, not  
to reign; On-ly born to be re-ject-ed, Choosing hun-ger,  
toil and pain, Till the scaffold was e-rect-ed And the Pas-chal  
*All:*  
Lamb was slain. Sweet the tim-ber, sweet the i-ron, Sweet the bur-  
*Cantors:*  
den that they bear! 7. No disgrace was too ab-hor-rent: Nailed and  
mocked and parched he died; Blood and wa-ter, dou-ble war-rant,  
Is-sue from his wounded side, Washing in a mighty tor-rent  
*All:*  
Earth and stars and o-ceantide. Faithful Cross the Saints re-ly on,  
Noble tree be-yond compare! Nev-er was there such a sci-on,  
*Cantors:*  
Nev-er leaf or flower so rare. 8. Loft-y tim-ber, smooth your rough-  
ness, Flex your boughs for blossoming; Let your fi-bers lose their  
toughness, Gently let your tendrils cling; Lay a-side your na-tive  
*All:*  
gruffness, Clasp the bod-y of your King! Sweet the tim-ber, sweet  
*Cantors:*  
the i-ron, Sweet the bur-den that they bear! 9. Noblest tree of  
all cre-a-ted, Richly jeweled and embossed: Post by Lamb's blood  
con-se-cra-ted; Spar that saves the tempest tossed; Scaffoldbeam  
*All:*  
which, el-e-vat-ed, Carries what the world has cost! Faithful Cross  
the Saints re-ly on, Noble tree be-yond compare! Nev-er was  
there such a sci-on, Nev-er leaf or flower so rare.  
*The following conclusion is never to be omitted:*  
*Cantors:*  
Wisdom, power, and a-dor-a-tion To the bles-sed Tri-ni-ty  
For re-dem-ption and sal-va-tion Through the Pas-chal My-ster-y,  
Now, in ev-ery gen-er-a-tion, And for all e-ter-ni-ty.  
A-men.