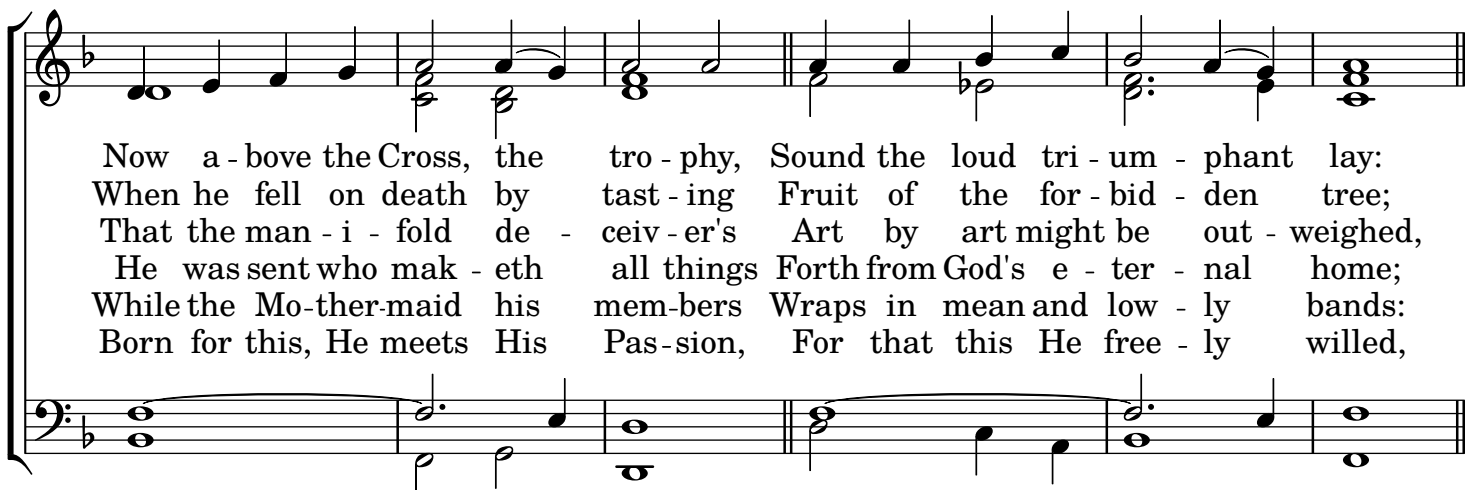
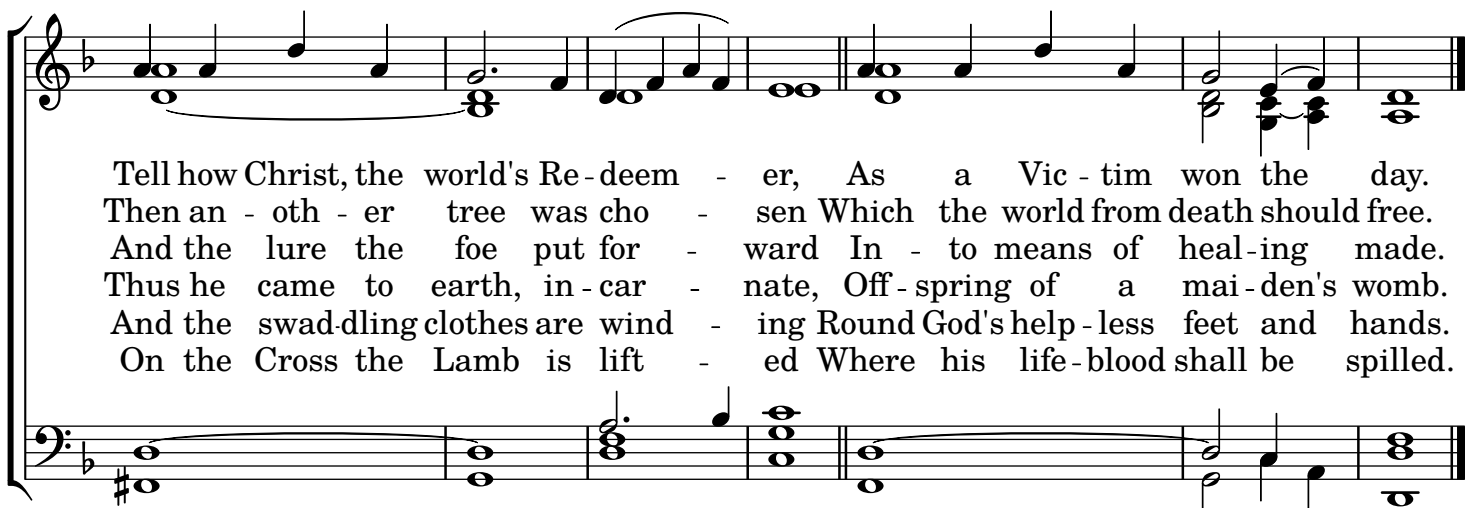


1. Sing, my tongue, the glo - rious bat - tle, Sing the end - ing of the fray;
 2. God in pit - y saw man fal - len, Shamed and sunk in mis - er - y,
 3. Thus the scheme of our sal - va - tion Was of old in or - der laid,
 4. Therefore when the appoint - ed full - ness Of the ho - ly time was come,
 5. Lo! he lies, an in - fant weep - ing, Where the narrow man - ger stands:
 6. Thir - ty years a - mong us dwel - ling, His ap - pointed time ful - filled,



Now a - bove the Cross, the tro - phy, Sound the loud tri - um - phant lay:
 When he fell on death by tast - ing Fruit of the for - bid - den tree;
 That the man - i - fold de - ceiv - er's Art by art might be out - weighed,
 He was sent who mak - eth all things Forth from God's e - ter - nal home;
 While the Mo - ther - maid his mem - bers Wraps in mean and low - ly bands:
 Born for this, He meets His Pas - sion, For that this He free - ly willed,



Tell how Christ, the world's Re - deem - er, As a Vic - tim won the day.
 Then an - oth - er tree was cho - sen Which the world from death should free.
 And the lure the foe put for - ward In - to means of heal - ing made.
 Thus he came to earth, in - car - nate, Off - spring of a mai - den's womb.
 And the swad - dling clothes are wind - ing Round God's help - less feet and hands.
 On the Cross the Lamb is 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.

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