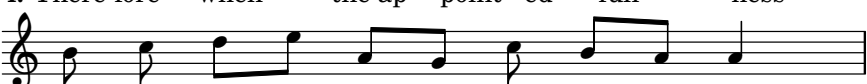




1. Sing, my tongue, the glo - rious bat - tle,
2. God in pit - y saw man fal - len,
3. Thus the scheme of our sal - va - tion
4. There - fore when the ap - point - ed full - ness



Sing the end - ing of the fray;  
 Shamed and sunk in mis - er - y,  
 Was of old in or - der laid,  
 Of the ho - ly time was come,



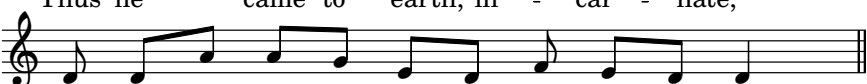
Now a - bove the Cross, the tro - phy,  
 When he fell on death by tast - ing  
 That the man - i - fold de - ceiv - er's  
 He was sent who mak - eth all things



Sound the loud tri - um - phant lay:  
 Fruit of the for - bid - den tree;  
 Art by art might be out - weighed,  
 Forth from God's e - ter - nal home;



Tell how Christ, the world's Re - deem - er,  
 Then an - oth - er tree was cho - sen  
 And the lure the foe put for - ward  
 Thus he came to earth, in - car - nate,



As a Vic - tim won the day.  
 Which the world from death should free.  
 In - to means of heal - ing made.  
 Off - spring of a mai - den's womb.

*Pange lingua gloriosi, proelium certaminis*

Venantius Fortunatus; Tr. Percy Dearmer and J.M. Neale