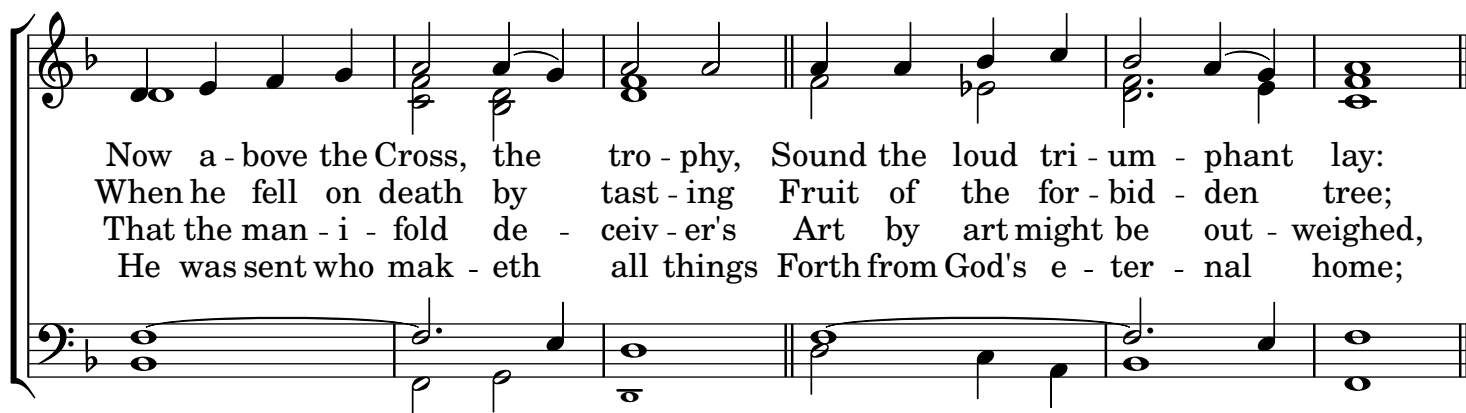
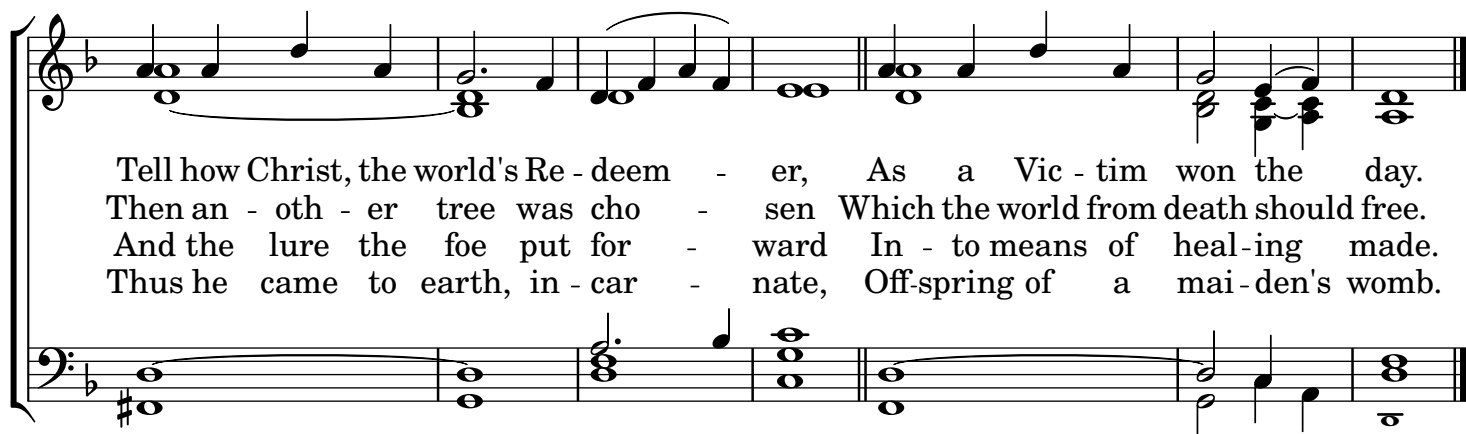


1. Sing, my tongue, the glo - rious bat - tle, Sing the end - ing of the fray;  
 2. God in pit - y saw man fal - len, Shamed and sunk in mis - er - y,  
 3. Thus the scheme of our sal - va - tion Was of old in or - der laid,  
 4. Therefore when the appoint - ed full - ness Of the ho - ly time was come,



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;



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.

5. Thirty years among us dwelling,  
 His appointed time fulfilled,  
 Born for this, He meets His Passion,  
 For that this He freely willed,  
 On the Cross the Lamb is lifted  
 Where his life blood shall be spilled.
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.
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.

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.
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!
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; vs. 1-4 tr. Percy Dearmer; vs. 6-10 tr. J.M. Neale