

**Sing, My Tongue, the Glorious Battle**  
**Words: Venantius Fortunatus, 6th Century.**  
**Music: French carol melody.**

Sing, my tongue, the glorious battle,  
 Sing the ending of the fray;  
 Now above the cross, the trophy,  
 Sound the loud triumphant lay:  
 Tell how Christ the world's Redeemer,  
 As a victim won the day.

He, our Maker, deeply grieving  
 That the first made Adam fell,  
 When he ate the fruit forbidden  
 Whose reward was death and hell,  
 Marked e'en then this Tree the ruin  
 Of the first tree to dispel.

Tell how, when at length the fullness,  
 Of th'appointed time was come,  
 Christ, the Word, was born of woman,  
 Left for us His heavenly home;  
 Showed us human life made perfect,  
 Shone as light amid the gloom.

Lo! He lies an Infant weeping,  
 Where the narrow manger stands,  
 While the Mother-Maid His members  
 Wraps in mean and lowly bands,  
 And the swaddling clothes is winding  
 Round His helpless feet and hands.

Thus, with thirty years accomplished,  
 Went He forth from Nazareth,  
 Destined, dedicated, willing,  
 Wrought His work, and met His death.  
 Like a lamb He humbly yielded  
 On the cross His dying breath.

There the nails and spears He suffers,  
 Vinegar, and gall, and reed;  
 From His sacred body pierced  
 Blood and water both proceed;  
 Precious flood, which all creation  
 From the stain of sin hath freed.

Faithful cross, thou sign of triumph,  
 Now for us the noblest tree,  
 None in foliage, none in blossom,  
 None in fruit thy peer may be;  
 Symbol of the world's redemption,  
 For the weight that hung on thee!

Bend thy boughs, O tree of glory!  
 Thy relaxing sinews bend;  
 For awhile the ancient rigor  
 That thy birth bestowed, suspend;  
 And the King of heavenly beauty  
 On thy bosom gently tend!

Thou alone wast counted worthy  
 This world's ransom to sustain,  
 That a shipwrecked race forever  
 Might a port of refuge gain,  
 With the sacred blood anointed  
 Of the Lamb of sinners slain.

To the Trinity be glory  
 Everlasting, as is meet:  
 Equal to the Father, equal  
 To the Son, and Paraclete:  
 God the Three in One, whose praises

