

Sing, My Tongue, the Glorious Battle

Neale

1. Sing, my tongue, the glorious battle;
tell the triumph far and wide;
Tell aloud the wondrous story
of the cross, the Crucified;
tell how Christ, the world's redeemer,
vanquished death the day he died.
2. Tell how, when at length the fullness
of the holy time had come,
Christ was sent, the world's Creator,
from the Father's heav'nly home,
and was found among us dwelling,
offspring of the Virgin's womb.
3. With the thirty years now ended,
which on earth he willed to see,
willingly he meets his passion,
born to set his people free;
on the cross the Lamb is lifted,
there the sacrifice to be.
4. Faithful Cross, true sign of triumph,
be for all the noblest tree;
none in foliage, none in blossom,
none in fruit your peer may be;
symbol of the world's redemption,
for your burden makes us free.

Inspiration: "Pange lingua gloriosa"; Venantius Fortunatus, ca. 530-609.
Lyrics: 87.87.87; John M. Neale, 1818-1866, in "Medieval Hymns and Sequences", 1851.