

Sing, My Tongue, the Saviour's Glory

Caswall

1. Sing, my tongue, the Saviour's glory:
tell his triumph far and wide;
tell aloud the famous story
of his body crucified;
how upon the cross a victim,
vanquishing in death, he died.
2. Eating of the tree forbidden,
man had sunk in Satan's snare,
when our pitying Creator
did this second tree prepare;
destined, many ages later,
that first evil to repair.
3. Such the order God appointed
when for sin he would atone;
to the serpent thus opposing
schemes yet deeper than his own;
thence the remedy procuring,
whence the fatal wound had come.
4. So when now at length the fullness
of the sacred time drew nigh,
then the Son, the world's Creator,
left his Father's throne on high;
from a virgin's womb appearing,
clothed in our mortality.
5. Thus did Christ to perfect manhood
in our mortal flesh attain:
then of his free choice he goeth
to a death of bitter pain;
and as lamb upon the altar
of the cross, for us is slain.
6. Faithful cross, O tree all beauteous!
Tree all peerless and divine,
not a grove on earth can show us
such a flow'r and leaf as thine.
Sweet the nails, and sweet the wood,_
laden with so sweet a load!
7. Lofty tree, bend down thy branches,
to embrace thy sacred load;
oh, relax the native tension
of that all too rigid wood;
gently, gently bear the members
of thy dying King and God.
8. Blessing, honour everlasting,
to th'immortal Deity;
to the Father, Son, and Spirit,
equal praises ever be;
glory through the earth and heaven,
Trinity in Unity.