Sing, My Tongue, the Glorious Battle

1. Sing, my tongue, the glorious battle,
   Tell how, when at length the fullness
   Thus, with thirty years accomplished,
   Faithful cross, thou sign of triumph,
   Unto God be praise and glory:

2. Sing the ending of the fray; now above the
   Of th'appointed time came, Christ, the Word, was
   Went he forth from Nazareth, destined, dedicated
   Now for us the noblest tree, none in foliage,
   To the Father and the Son, to the eternal

3. Cross, the trophy, sound the loud triumph lay:
   Born of woman, left for us his heavenly home;
   Catted, willing, wrought his work, and met his death.
   None in blossoms, none in fruit thy peer may be;
   Spirit honor now and evermore be done;

4. Tell how Christ, the world's Redeemer;
   Shone as light amid the gloom.
   Like a lamb he humbly yielded praise and glory in the high.
   As a victim won the day.
   Fect, ded, tion, est,

5. Showed us human life made perfect.
   Symbol of the world's redemption.
   For the weight that hung on thee!
   While unending ages run.