Sing, My Tongue, the Glorious Battle

1. 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.

2. 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.

3. Thus, with thirty years accomplished, went he forth from
   Nazareth, destined, dedicated, willing,
   none in foliage, none in blossom,
   humbly yielded on the cross his dying breath.

4. Faithful cross, thou sign of triumph, now for us the
   noblest tree, none in foliage, none in blossom,
   none in peer may be; symbol of the
   world's redemption, for the weight that hung on thee!

5. Unto God be praise and glory: to the Father
   and the Son, to the eternal Spirit honor
   now and evermore be done; praise and glory
   in the highest, while unfolding ages run.

Text: Venantius Honorius Fortunatus, 6th c.; trans. Percy Dearmer, 1931
Tune: French carol melody; harm. from The English Hymnal, 1906, alt.

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