

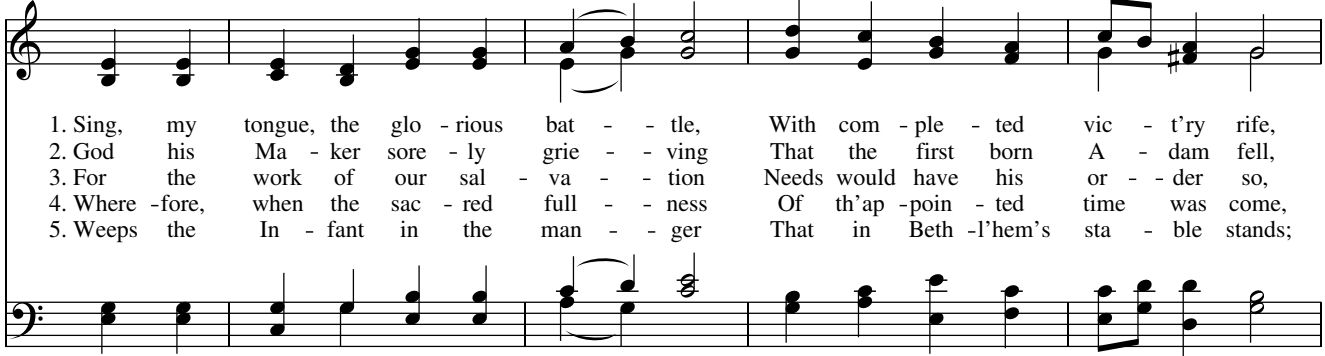
Sing My Tongue, The Glorious Battle

(also known as Sing My Tongue the Savior's Battle)

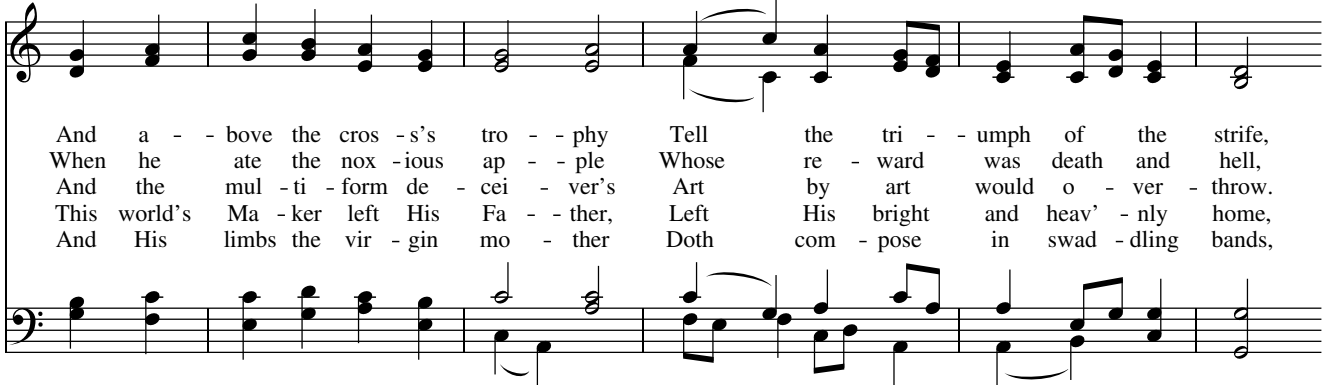
REDEEMER

Words: Venantius Fortunatus, 569. Translated by John M. Neale, 1851.
Music: 'Pange Lingua', Proper Sarum Melody, alt. Setting: "The Church Hymnal, Revised and Enlarged" (Episcopal), 1898, alt.
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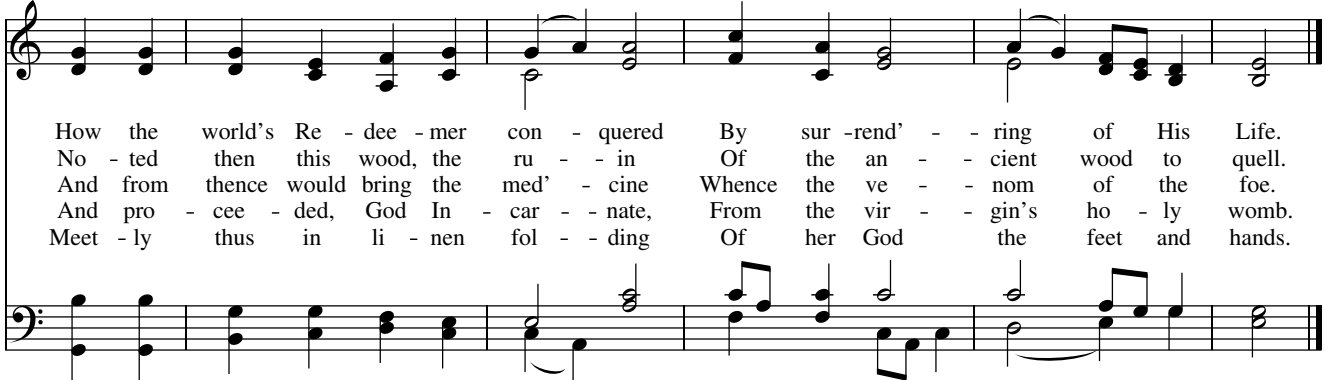
♩ = 100



1. Sing, my tongue, the glo - rious bat - - tle, With com - ple - ted vic - t'ry rife,
2. God his Ma - ker sore - ly grie - - ving That the first born A - dam fell,
3. For the work of our sal - va - - tion Needs would have his or - - der so,
4. Where - fore, when the sac - red full - - ness Of th'ap - poin - ted time was come,
5. Weeps the In - fant in the man - - ger That in Beth - l'hem's sta - ble stands;



And a - - bove the cros - s's tro - - phy Tell the tri - - umph of the strife,
When he ate the nox - ious ap - - ple Whose re - ward was death and hell,
And the mul - ti - form de - cei - ver's Art by art would o - ver - throw.
This world's Ma - ker left His Fa - - ther, Left His bright and heav' - nly home,
And His limbs the vir - gin mo - ther Doth com - pose in swad - dling bands,



How the world's Re - dee - mer con - quered By sur - rend' - - ring of His Life.
No - ted then this wood, the ru - - in Of the an - - cient wood to quell.
And from thence would bring the med' - cine Whence the ve - - nom of the foe.
And pro - cee - ded, God In - car - - nate, From the vir - - gin's ho - ly womb.
Meet - ly thus in li - nen fol - - ding Of her God the feet and hands.

6. Thirty years among us dwelling,
His appointed time fulfilled;
Giv'n for this, He meets His Passion,
For that this He freely willed;
On the Cross the Lamb is lifted,
On Whose Death our hope we build.

7. He endured the shame and spitting.
Vinegar and nails and reed;
As His Blessed Side is opened,
Water thence and blood proceed:
Earth, and sky, and stars, and ocean,
By that flood are cleansed indeed.

8. Faithful Cross! above all other
One and only noble Tree!
None in foliage, none in blossom,
None in fruit compares with Thee:
Sweetest wood, and sweetest iron,
Sweetest weight sustaining free.

9. Bend thy boughs, O Tree of Glory!
Thy relaxing sinews bend;
For awhile the ancient rigour
That thy birth bestowed, suspend:
And the King of Heavenly Beauty
On thy bosom gently tend.

10. Thou alone wast counted worthy
This world's ransom to uphold;
For a shipwrecked world preparing
Harbor, like the Ark of old;
With the sacred Blood anointed
From the wounded Lamb that rolled.

11. Δ Laud and honor to the Father,
Laud and honor to the Son,
Laud and honor to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One:
Consubstantial, co-eternal,
While unending ages run.