

Sing, My Tongue, the Glorious Battle

1 Sing, my tongue the glor - ious batt - le;
 2 Tell, how when at length the full - ness
 3 Thus with thir - ty years ac - com - plished,
 4 Faith - ful cross true sign of tri - umph,
 5 Un - to God be praise and glo - ry;

Sing the end - ing of time the fray.
 Of the ap - point - ed time was come,
 He went forth from Naz - a - reth,
 Be for all the no - - - blest tree;
 To the Fa - ther and the Son,

Now a - bove the cross the tro - phy,
 He, the Word was born of wom - an,
 Des - tined, ded - i - cat - ed, will - ing,
 None in fo - liage, none in blos - som,
 To the e - ter - nal Spir - it hon - or

Text: Venantius Honorius Fortunatus, c. 530-609; tr. John Mason Neale, 1818-66, alt.
 Tune: Ethan H. Gillespie, b. 2000

VICTIMA GLORIOSA
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Ps. 98:1-2, Is. 52:9-10, Gal. 4:4, John 19:30

Sound the loud tri - um - phant lay;
 Left for us His Fath - er's home,
 Did His work and met His death;
 None in fruit thine e - qual be;
 Now and ev - er - more be done;

Tell how Christ the world's re - deem - er,
 Blazed the path of true ob - e - di - ence,
 Like a lamb He hum - bly yield - ed
 Sym - bol of the world's re - demp - tion,
 Praise and glo - ry in the high - est

As a vic - tim won the day.
 Shone as light a - midst the gloom.
 On the cross his dy - ing breath.
 For the weight that hung on thee!
 While the time - less a - ges run.