

Sing, My Tongue (verses 1-4)

Words: Venantius Fortunatus, translated by J. M. Neale

Music: Triumph (Henry John Gauntlet)

Broadly

1

7

1

Sing, my tongue, how glorious battle
Glorious victory became
And above the cross, his trophy
Tell the triumph and the fame
Tell how he, the Earth's Redeemer
By his death, for us o'ercame.

3

Now the thirty years are ended
which on earth he willed to see,
willingly he meets his passion,
born to set his people free;
on the cross the Lamb is lifted,
there the sacrifice to be.

2

When at length the appointed fulness
of the sacred time was come,
he was sent, the world's Creator,
from the Father's heavenly home,
and was found in human fashion,
offspring of the virgin's womb.

4

His the nails, the spear, the spitting
Reed and vinegar and gall:
From his patient body pierced
Blood and water streaming fall;
Earth and sea and stars and mankind
By that blood are cleansed all.