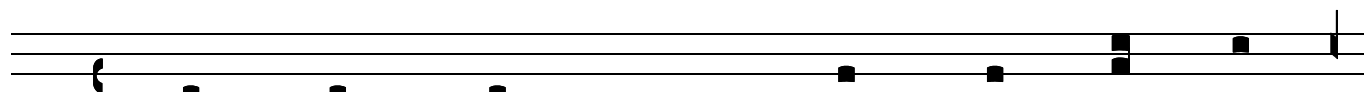
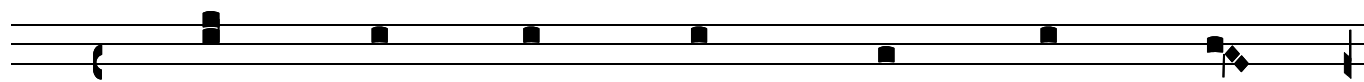


Sing, my tongue

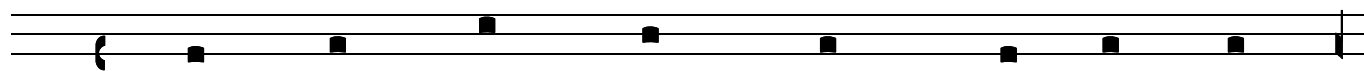
Translated by J.M. Neale



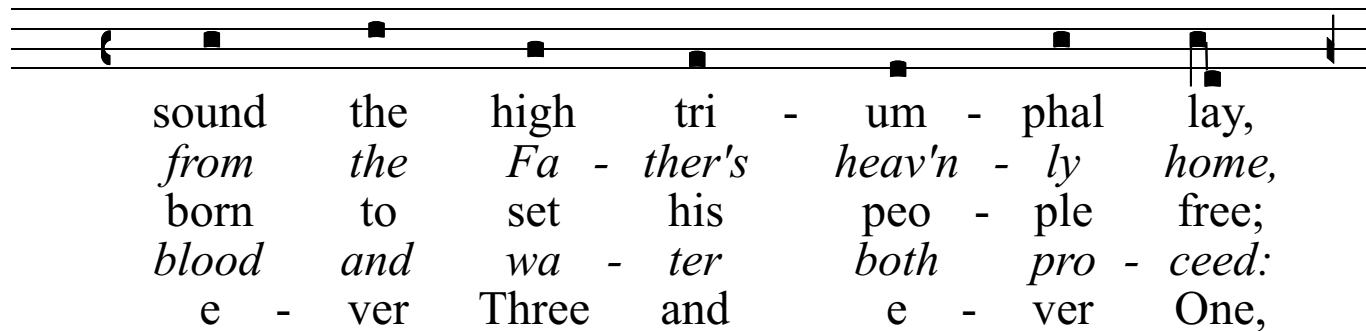
1. Sing, my tongue, the glo - rious bat - tle,
2. *When at length the ap - point - ed ful - ness*
3. Now the thir - ty years are end - ed
4. *There the nails and spear he suf - fers,*
5. Praise and ho - nour to the Fa - ther,



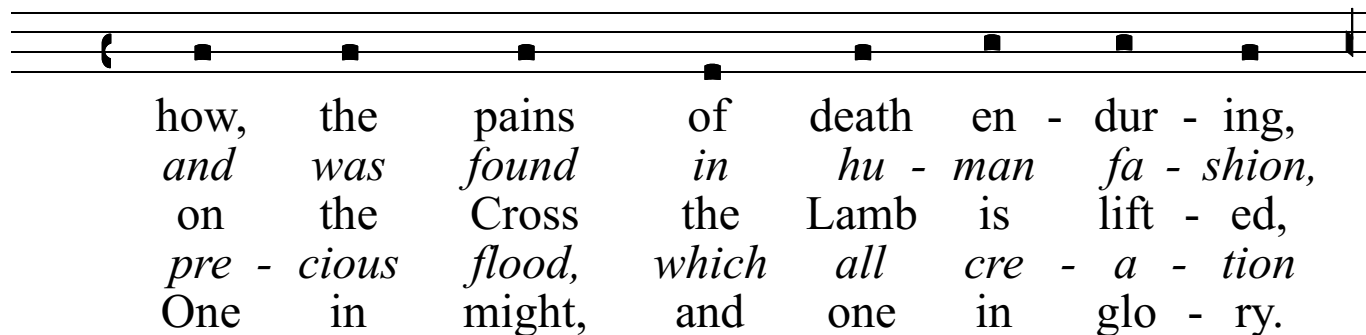
sing the last, the dread af - fray,
of the sa - cred time was come,
which on earth he willed to see,
vi - ne - gar and gall and reed;
praise and ho - nour to the Son,



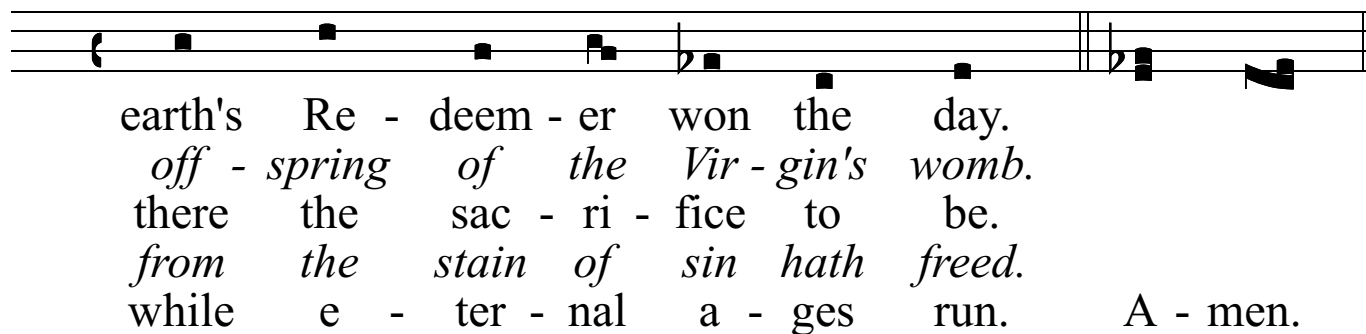
o'er the Cross, the vic - tor's tro - phy,
he was sent, the world's cre - a - tor,
will - ing - ly he meets his Pas - sion,
from his sa - cred bo - dy pier - cèd,
praise and ho - nour to the Spi - rit,



sound the high tri - um - phal lay,
from the Fa - ther's heav'n - ly home,
born to set his peo - ple free;
blood and wa - ter both pro - ceed:
e - ver Three and e - ver One,



how, the pains of death en - dur - ing,
and was found in hu - man fa - shion,
on the Cross the Lamb is lift - ed,
pre - cious flood, which all cre - a - tion
One in might, and one in glo - ry.



earth's Re - deem - er won the day.
off - spring of the Vir - gin's womb.
there the sac - ri - fice to be.
from the stain of sin hath freed.
while e - ter - nal a - ges run. A - men.