

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.

4. Faithful cross, true sign of triumph,
Be for all the noblest tree;
None in foliage, none in blossom,
None in fruit thine equal 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 the timeless ages run.