

Sing, My Tongue, the Glorious Battle

Plainsong mode iii



1. Sing, my tongue, the glo - rious bat - tle,
 2. God in pi - ty saw man fal - len,
 3. Thus the scheme of our sal - va - tion
 4. There - fore when the'ap - point - ed full - ness



Sing the end - ing of the fray: _____
 shame and sunk in mis - e - ry, _____
 was of old in or - der laid, _____
 of the ho - ly time was come, _____



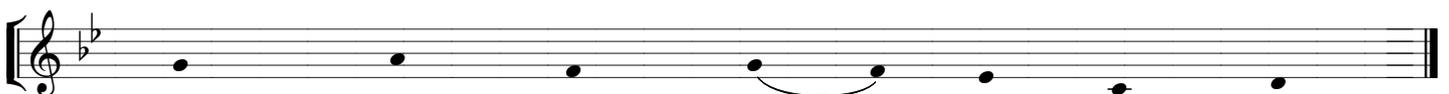
now a - bove the cross, the tro - phy,
 when he fell on death by tast - ing
 that the ma - ni - fold de - cei - ver's
 He was sent who mak - eth all things



sound the loud tri - um - phant lay: _____
 fruit of the for - bid - en tree; _____
 art by art might be out - weigh'd, _____
 forth from God's e - ter - nal home; _____



tell how Christ, the world's re - deem - er,
 then an - oth - er tree was cho - sen
 and the lure the foe put for - ward
 thus he came to earth, in - car - nate,



as a vic - tim won the day.
 which the world from death should free.
 in - to means of heal - ing made.
 off - spring of a vir - gin's womb.



A - men. _____