

*Hymn 66 PANGE LINGUA*  
Venantius Fortunatus, 569

Sing, my tongue, the glorious battle,  
Sing the winning of the fray;  
Now above the cross, the trophy,  
Sound the high triumphal lay:  
Tell how Christ, the world's Redeemer,  
As a victim won the day.

Thirty years he dwelt among us,  
His appointed time fulfilled;  
Born for this, he met his passion,  
This the Saviour freely willed;  
On the cross the Lamb was lifted,  
Where his precious blood was spilled.

He endured the nails, the spitting,  
Vinegar, and spear, and reed;  
From that holy body broken  
Blood and water forth proceed:  
Earth, and stars, and sky, and ocean,  
By that flood and stain are freed.

*NOTE: In Wood's version, the hymn is  
used in several different spots, including  
some of the original ten stanzas not  
included in our hymnal.*

*Sarum Plainsong*

Faithful cross! above all other,  
One and only noble tree!  
None in foliage, none in blossom,  
None in fruit thy peer may be:  
Sweetest wood, and sweetest iron!  
Sweetest weight is hung on thee.

Bend thy boughs, O tree of glory!  
Thy relaxing sinews bend;  
For awhile the ancient rigor  
That thy birth bestowed, suspend;  
And the King of heav'nly beauty  
On thy bosom gently tend!

To the Trinity be glory  
Everlasting, as is meet:  
Equal to the Father, equal  
To the Son, and Paraclete:  
God the Three in One, whose praises  
All created things repeat.