Sing my tongue, the Saviour's glory







Sing, my tongue, the Savior's glory, Of His flesh the mystery sing, Of the blood, all price exceeding, Shed by our immortal King, Destined, for the world's redemption, From a noble womb to spring.

Of a pure and spotless virgin, Born for us, His love to show, He, as man, with man conversing, Stayed, the seeds of truth to sow; Then He closed in wondrous fashion, This His life on earth below. On the night of that Last Supper, Seated with His chosen band, He, the paschal victim eating, First fulfills the law's command; Then as food to all His brethren Gives Himself with His own hand.

To the everlasting Father, And the Son Who made us free, And the Spirit, God proceeding, From them each eternally, Be salvation, honor, blessing, Might and endless majesty.

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