

# 275 • Sing, My Tongue, The Savior's Glory

Tune: C. EARLS (87 87 87) Text: Pange Lingua Gloriosi

1. Sing, my tongue, the Sav - ior's glo - ry, Of His flesh the mys - t'ry sing; Of the blood, all  
 2. Of a pure and spot - less vir - gin Born for us on earth be - low, He, as man, with  
 3. On the night of that Last Sup - per Seat - ed with His cho - sen band, He, the pas - chal  
 4. Word made flesh, the bread of na - ture By His word to flesh He turns; Wine in - to His  
 5. Down in ad - o - ra - tion fall ing, Lo! the sa - cred host we hail; Lo! o'er an - cient  
 6. To the ev - er - last - ing Fa - ther, And the Son who reigns on high, With the Ho - ly

price ex - ceed - ing, Shed by our im - mor - tal king,  
 man con - vers - ing, Stayed, the seeds of truth to sow;  
 vic - tim eat - ing, First ful - fills the Law's com - mand:  
 blood He chang - es: What though sense no change dis - cerns?  
 forms de - part - ing, New - er rites of grace pre - vail;  
 Ghost pro - ceed - ing Forth from Each e - ter - nal - ly,

Des - tined, for the world's re - demp - tion, From a no - ble womb to spring.  
 Then He closed in sol - emn or - der Won - drous - ly His life of woe.  
 Then as food to all His Breth - ren Gives Him - self with His own hand.  
 On - ly be the heart in ear - nest, Faith her les - son quick - ly learns.  
 Faith for all de - fects sup - ply - ing, Where the fee - ble sens - es fail.  
 Be sal - va - tion, hon - or, bless - ing. Might, and end - less maj - es - ty.