











- 4. So he came, the long expected, Not in glory, not to reign; Only born to be rejected, Choosing hunger, toil and pain, Till the scaffold was erected And the Paschal Lamb was slain.
- 5. No disgrace was too abhorrent:
 Nailed and mocked and parched he died;
 Blood and water, wondrous current,
 Issue from his wounded side.
 Washing in a mighty torrent
 Earth and stars and oceantide.
- 6. Lofty timber, smooth your roughness, Flex your boughs for blossoming; Let your fibres lose their toughness, Gently let your tendrils cling; Clothing now your wood with softness, Clasp the body of your King!

- 7. Sing, my tongue, in exultation Of our banner and device! Make a solemn proclamation Of a triumph and its price: How the Saviour of creation Conquered by his sacrifice!
- 8. Wisdom, power, and adoration
 To the blessed Trinity
 For redemption and salvation
 Through the Paschal Mystery,
 Now, in every generation,
 And for all eternity,
 Amen.