All:

Faithful Cross the Saints rely on, Noble tree beyond compare!

Never was there such a scion, Never leaf or flower so rare.

Sweet the timber, sweet the iron, Sweet the burden that they bear!

After odd verses the first two lines of the antiphon are sung, “Faithful...rare.”

Cantors: After even verses the last two lines of the antiphon are sung, “Sweet the timber...bear!”

1. Sing, my tongue, in exultation Of our banner and device! Make a solemn proclamation Of a den fruit, Not all hopes of glory ended With the still: Remedy and ailment fitted, Means to triumph and its price: How the Saviour of creation Conquered by his sacrifice! “Faithful...rare.”

2. For, when Ad am first offended, Eating that forbidden tree at the root: Broken nature would be mended By a second tree and shoot. “Sweet...bear!”

3. Thus the tempter was outwitted By a wisdom deep-rooted. That the world might be acknowledged, Christ would do his Father's will. “Faithful...rare.”
All:

Faith-ful Cross the Saints re-ly on, Noble tree be-yond com-pare!

Nev-er was there such a sci-on, Nev-er leaf or flower so rare.

Sweet the tim-ber, sweet the i-ron, Sweet the bur-den that they bear!

Cantors:

4. So the Fa-ther, out of pit-y For our self in-flict-
5. Hear a ti-ny ba-by cry-ing, Found-er of the seas
6. So he came, the long ex-pect-ed, Not in glo-ry, not

4. ed doom, Sent him from the heaven-ly cit-y When
5. and strands; See his vir-gin Moth-er ty-ing Cloth
6. to reign; On-ly born to be re-ject-ed, Choos-

4. the ho-ly time had come: He, the Son and the Al-
5. a-round his feet and hands; Find him in a man-ger
6. ing hun-ger, toil and pain, Till the scoff-fold was e-

4. might-y, Took our flesh in Mar-y's womb. “Sweet...bear!”
5. ly-ing Tight-ly wrapped in swaddl-ing bands! “Faithful...rare.”
6. rect-ed And the Pas-chal Lamb was slain. “Sweet...bear!”
Cantors:

7. No disgrace was too abhorrent: Nailed and mocked and parched he died; Blood and water, doubtless.
8. Loft-y timber, smooth your rough-ness, Flex your boughs for blossoming; Let your fibers lose their toughness, gently let your tendrils cling;
9. Noblest tree of all created, Richly jeweled and embossed; Post by Lamb's blood consecrated, Spar that saves the tempest tossed;
10. Wisdom, power, and adoration To the blessed Trinity For redemption and salvation Through the Paschal Mystery,

7. Washing in a mighty torrent Earth and stars and ocean tide. “Faithful...rare.”
8. Lay aside your native gruffness, Clasp the body of your King! “Sweet...bear!”
9. Scaffold beam which, elevated, Carries what the world has cost! “Faithful...rare.”
10. Now, in every generation, And for all eternity. “Sweet...bear!”