

# Abroad the Regal Banners Fly

GONFALON ROYAL. (8 8. 8 8.)

Sir Percy Carter Buck.



1. A - broad the re - gal ban - ners fly,      Now shines the Cross - 's my - ster - y:  
 3. That which the pro - phet king of old      Hath in my - ste - rious verse fore - told,  
 5. Blest Tree, whose hap - py branch - es bore      The wealth that did the world re - store;



Up - on it Life did death en - dure,      And yet by death did life pro - cure.  
 Is now ac - com - plished, whilst we see      God rul - ing na - tions from a Tree.  
 The beam that did that Bo - dy weigh      Which raised up hell's ex - pect - ed prey.



2. Who, wound - ed with a dire - ful spear,      Did, pur - pose - ly to wash us clear  
 4. O love - ly and re - ful - gent Tree,      Ad - orn'd with pur - ple ma - jes - ty;  
 6. Hail Cross, our hope; on thee we call,      Who keep this mourn - ful fe - sti - val;



From stain of sin, pour out a flood      Of pre - cious wa - ter mixed with blood.  
 Cull'd from a worth - y stock, to bear      Those limbs which san - cti - fi - éd were.  
 Grant to the just in - crease of grace,      And ev - ery sin - ner's crimes ef - face.

7. Blest Trinity, we praises sing  
 To Thee, from whom all graces spring;  
 Celestial crowns on those bestow  
 Who conquer by the Cross below.

*Venantius Honorius Clementianus Fortunatus (ca. 540-ca. 600)*  
*Translated by Walter Kirkham Blount, d. 1717*  
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