

The Royal Banners Forward Go

GONFALON ROYAL. (8 8. 8 8.)

Sir Percy Carter Buck.



1. The roy - al ban - ners for - ward go; The cross shines forth in myst - ic glow,
3. Ful - filled is all that Da - vid told In true Pro - phe - tic song of old.
5. On whose dear arms, so wide - ly flung, The weight of this world's ran - som hung,



Where He in flesh, our flesh Who made, Our sent - ence bore, our ran - som paid:
A - midst the na - tions God, saith he Hath reigned and tri - umphed from the tree.
The price of hu - man kind to pay And spoil the Spoil - er of his prey.



2. Where deep for us the spear was dyed, Life's tor - rent rush - ing from His side,
4. O Tree of beaut - y, Tree of light! O Tree with roy - al pur - ple dight!
6. To Thee, e - ter - nal Three in One, Let hom - age meet by all be done;



To wash us in the pre - cious flood Where min - gled wa - ter flowed, and blood.
Elect on whose tri - um - phal breast Those ho - ly limbs should find their rest.
As by the cross Thou dost re - store, So guide and keep us ev - er - more.

Venantius Honorius Clementianus Fortunatus (ca. 540-ca. 600)
Translated by John Mason Neale, 1818-66

