

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,
 2. *Where deep for us the spear was dyed,* *Life's tor - rent rush - ing from His side,*
 3. Ful - filled is all that Da - vid told In true Pro - phe - tic song of old.
 4. *O Tree of beaut - y, Tree of light!* *O Tree with roy - al pur - ple dight!*
 5. On whose dear arms, so wide - ly flung, The weight of this world's ran - som hung,
 6. *To Thee, e - ter - nal Three in One,* *Let hom - age meet by all be done;*

Where He in flesh, our flesh Who made, Our sent - ence bore, our ran - som paid:
To wash us in the pre - cious flood Where min - gled wa - ter flowed, and blood.
 A - midst the na - tions God, saith he Hath reigned and tri - umphed from the tree.
E - lect on whose tri - um - phal breast Those ho - ly limbs should find their rest.
 The price of hu - man kind to pay And spoil the Spoil - er of his prey.
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

A - men.