

*Vexilla Regis prodeunt*  
**The Royal Banners Forward Go**

**Neale**

1. The royal banners forward go,  
the cross shines forth in mystic glow,  
where he in flesh, our flesh who made,  
our sentence bore, our ransom paid.
2. There while he hung, his sacred side  
by soldier's spear was opened wide,  
to cleanse us in the precious flood  
of water mingled with his blood.
3. Fulfilled is now what David told  
in true prophetic song of old,  
how God the nations' king should be;  
for God is reigning from the tree.
4. O tree of glory, tree most fair,  
ordained those holy limbs to bear,  
how bright in purple robe it stood:  
the purple of a Saviour's blood!
5. Upon its arms, like balance true,  
he weighed the price for sinners due,  
the price which none but he could pay,  
and spoiled the spoiler of his prey.
6. To you, eternal Three-in-One,  
let homage due by all be done:  
as by the cross your reign restore,  
so rule and guide us evermore.

Inspiration: "Vexilla Regis prodeunt"; Venantius H.C. Fortunatus, ca. 540 - ca. 600/609.  
Lyrics: 88.88; John Mason Neale, 1818-1866, in "Mediæval Hymns and Sequences", 1851.