

Vexilla Regis prodeunt
Abroad the Regal Banners Fly

Walter K. Blount

1. Abroad the regal banners fly,
now shines the Cross's mystery;
upon it Life did death endure,
and yet by death did life procure.
2. Who, wounded with a dreadful spear,
did purposely to wash us clear
from stain of sin, pour out a flood
of precious water mixed with blood.
3. That which the prophet-king of old
hath in mysterious verse foretold,
is now accomplished, whilst we see
God ruling nations from a tree.
4. O lovely and resplendent Tree,
adorned with purpled majesty;
culled from a worthy stock, to bear
those limbs which made thee holy there.
5. Blest Tree, whose happy branches bore
the wealth that did the world restore;
the beam that did that body weigh
which raised up hell's expected prey.
6. Hail Cross, our hope; on thee we call,
who keep this solemn festival;
grant to the just increase of grace,
and ev'ry sinner's crimes efface.
7. Blest Trinity, we praises sing
to thee, from whom all graces spring;
celestial crowns on those bestow
who conquer by the Cross below.