

"Vexilla regis prodeunt, fulget crucis mysterium."

PROCESSIONAL.

Here a band of pilgrims lowly, glad we turn our willing feet
To the heavenly Canaan holy, there our glorious King to greet ;
 On the Cross for us once bleeding,
 On the Throne now, interceding,
While against our ancient Foe forth The Royal Banners go.

Strikes the hour of grievous trial, Satan's hordes are gathering round,
Soon shall spill the final vial, soon the last dread trump shall sound ;
 Midnight shades still darker growing
 Herald dawn with glory glowing,
While against our ancient Foe forth The Royal Banners go.

Though against the Rock of Ages waves of doubt fierce-beating roll,
But in vain Hell's tempest rages, each true heart shall win the goal ;
 Waiting, we see Jesus seated
 Till the triumph be completed,
While against our ancient Foe forth The Royal Banners go.

So in faith triumphant singing, onward moves the Christian host,
God Triune its homage bringing, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ;
 See, on high the Cross it raises,
 Chanting loud the Victim's praises,
While against our ancient Foe forth The Royal Banners go !

AMEN !