The Banner of the Cross

1. There's a royal banner given for display
   To the soldiers of the King;
   As an ensign fair we lift it up to-day,
   For the truth be not dismayed!

   While as ransomed ones we sing,
   Marching on, Marching on,
   And the cross the world shall sway!

   From Christ count every thing but loss!
   Crown Him King, toil and sing 'Neath the banner of the cross!

2. Though the foe may rage and gather as the flood,
   Let the standard be displayed;
   And beneath its folds, as soldiers of the Lord,
   While the Lord shall claim His own!

   For Christ and every thing but loss!
   We'll Be-nest

3. O'er land and sea, where'er man may dwell,
   Make the glorious banner known;
   Of the crin-son banner now the story tell,
   And the cross the world shall sway!

   For Christ and every thing but loss!
   We'll Be

4. When the glory dawns—tis drawing very near—
   It is hastening
   While the Lord shall claim His own!
   To wear the crown and sing the psalm of praise!