

Song 99

- 1. There's a royal banner given for display,
To the soldiers of the King;
As an ensign fair we lift it up today,
While as ransomed ones we sing.**

**Marching on, marching on,
For Christ count everything but loss;
And proclaim Him King, toil and sing,
Neath the banner of His love.**

- 2. Though the foe may rage and gather as the flood,
Let the standard be displayed;
And beneath its fold as soldiers of the Lord,
For the truth be not dismayed. - Marching**
- 3. Over land and sea wherever man may dwell,
Make the glorious tidings known;
Of the crimson banner now the story tell,
While the Lord shall claim His own. - Marching**
- 4. When the glory dawns, it's drawing very near,
It is hastening day by day;
Then before our King the foe shall disappear,
And His love the world shall sway. - Marching**