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.

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,
   For Christ count every thing!

3. Over land and sea, wherever man may dwell,
   Make the glorious tidings played;
   Of the crimson banner now the story tell,
   But loss! And to crown Him King, we’ll toil and sing.

4. When the glory dawns—’tis drawing very near,
   It is hastening day by day;
   Marching on, marching on, for Christ count every thing
   Neath the banner of the cross!