



Fling out the banner! let it float skyward and seaward, high and wide; the sun that lights its shining folds, the cross, on which the Savior died.

Fling out the banner! heathen lands shall see from far the glorious sight, and nations, crowding to be born, baptize their spirits in its light.

Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls that sink and perish in the strife, shall touch in faith its radiant hem, and spring immortal into life.

Fling out the banner! let it float skyward and seaward, high and wide, our glory, only in the cross; our only hope, the Crucified!

George Washington Doane

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