1. Sing out the banner! let it float Skyward and sea-ward, high and wide; 
2. Sing out the banner! an Hampton    In anxious si-lence o'er the sign.
3. Sing out the banner! hos-then binds Shall see from far the glo-ri-ous sight.

The sun that lights its ab-i-thion fold. The cross, on which the Sa-vior died, 
And vain-ly seek to com-ple-hend The won-der of the love di-vine, 
And na-tions, crowd-ing to be born, Hop-tise their spir-its in its light.

4. Fling out the banner! die-sick souls That ask and perish in the strife, 
Shall touch in faith its radiant beam, 
And spring immor-tal into life.

5. Fling out the banner! let it float 
Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide, 
Our glo-ry, only in the cross; 
Our only hope, the Crucified!

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ISAAC WATTS

JON HAYTON

1. Je-sus shall reign where'er the sun 
Dwells his suc-ces-sive four-may ras; 
2. For him shall end-less prayer be made, 
And end-less prin-ci-pies crown his head; 
3. Peo-ple and realms of ev -
ry tongue 
His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.

4. Bliss-ings abound where'er he reigns: 
The pri-macy looms to lose its chains, 
The wor-ry end eternal rest, 
And all the sons of want are blest.

5. Where he dis-play-its heal-ing pow-er, 
Deth and the caw-er are known no more; 
In him the tri-ble of Adam boast; 
More bless-ings than their father laid.
Flung out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
Flung out the banner! round the world
Our glory, only in the cross;

Flung out the banner! sin-sick souls
Shall touch in faith its radiant beam,
And spring immortal into life.
Our only hope, the Crucified!

Flung 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.

And nations crowding to be born,
And crying to its living light,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love divine.

Flung out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
Our glory, only in the cross.

Flung out the banner! round the world
Our glory, only in the cross;
And nations crowding to be born,
And spring immortal into life.

Flung out the banner! sin-sick souls
Shall touch in faith its radiant beam,
And spring immortal into life.
Our only hope, the Crucified!