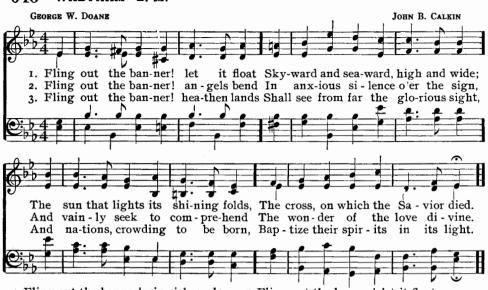
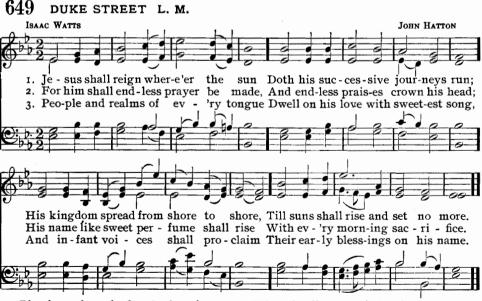
$648\,$ waltham L.M.



4 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.

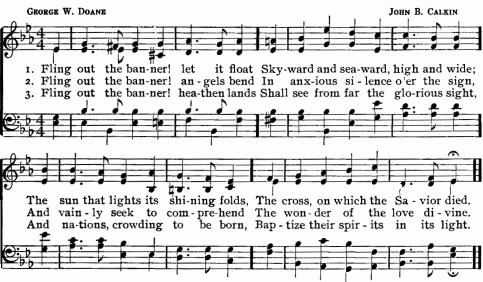
5 Fling out the banner! let it float Skyward and seaward, high and wide, Our glory, only in the cross; Our only hope, the Crucified!



4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns: The prisoner leaps to lose his chains, The weary find eternal rest.

And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Where he displays his healing power, Death and the curse are known no more; In him the tribes of Adam boast More blessings than their father lost. 648 WALTHAM L. M.



4 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.

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