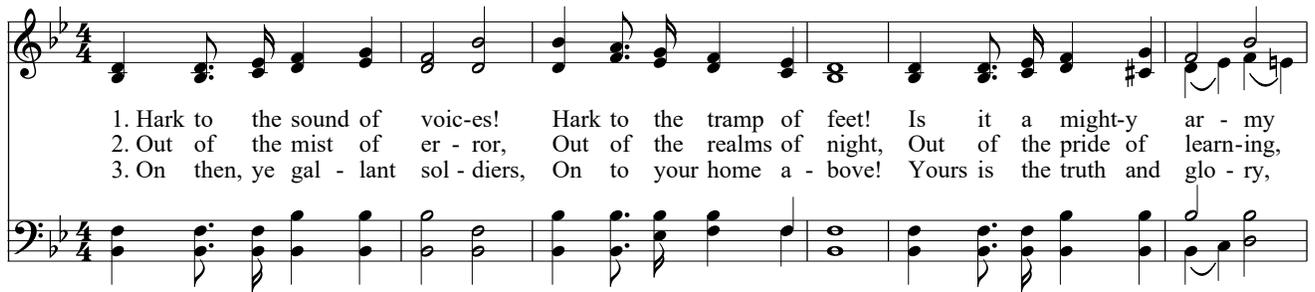


# Marching Beneath the Banner

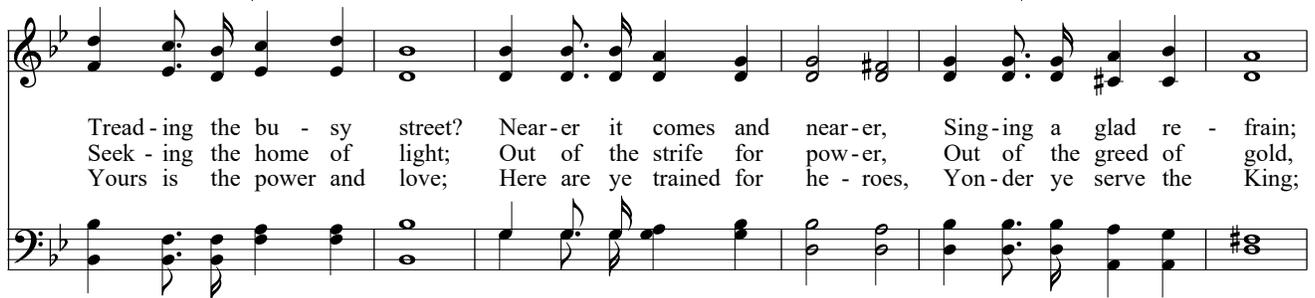
Henry Ernest Nichol, 1898

Henry Ernest Nichol

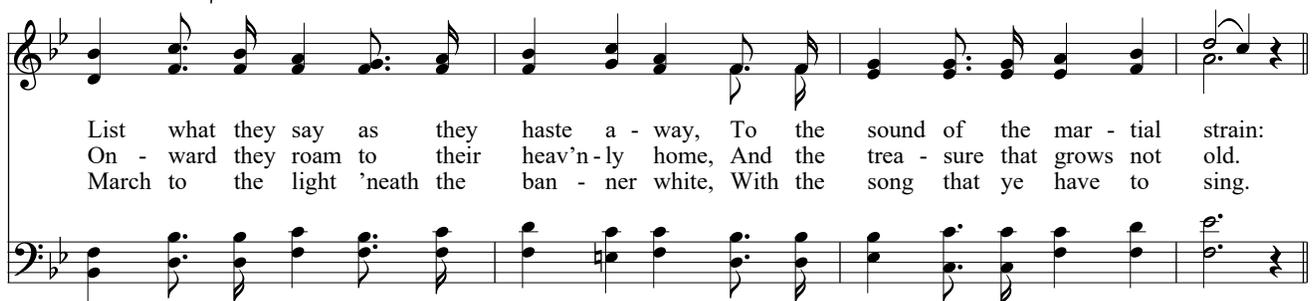
♩=107



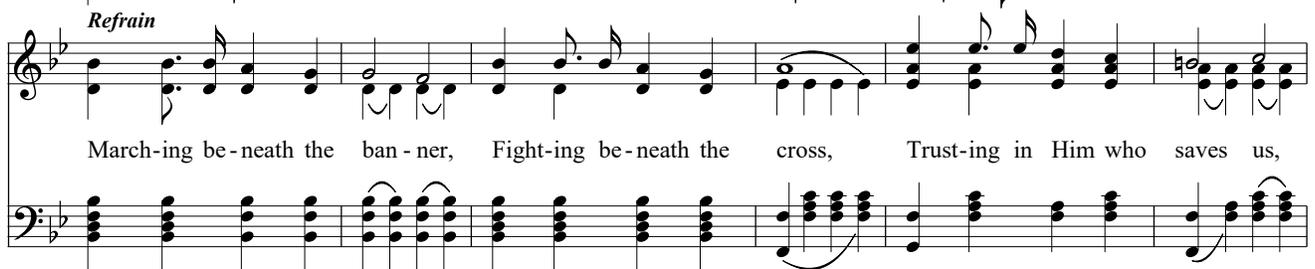
1. Hark to the sound of voic-es! Hark to the tramp of feet! Is it a might-y ar - my  
2. Out of the mist of er - ror, Out of the realms of night, Out of the pride of learn-ing,  
3. On then, ye gal - lant sol - diers, On to your home a - bove! Yours is the truth and glo - ry,



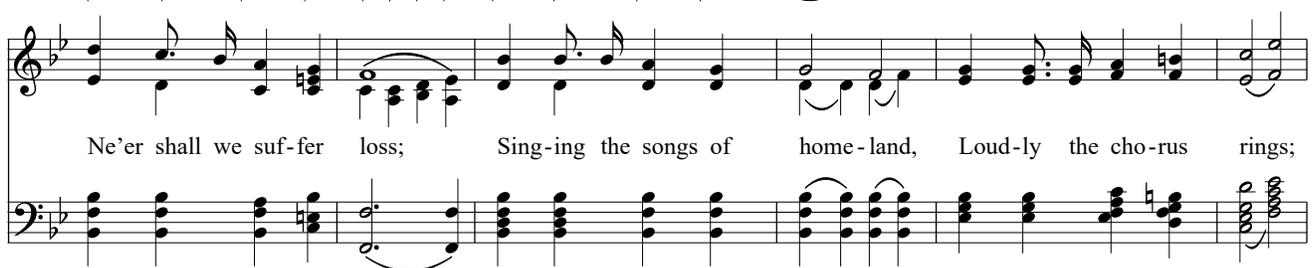
Tread - ing the bu - sy street? Near - er it comes and near - er, Sing - ing a glad re - frain;  
Seek - ing the home of light; Out of the strife for pow - er, Out of the greed of gold,  
Yours is the power and love; Here are ye trained for he - roes, Yon - der ye serve the King;



List what they say as they haste a - way, To the sound of the mar - tial strain:  
On - ward they roam to their heav'n - ly home, And the trea - sure that grows not old.  
March to the light 'neath the ban - ner white, With the song that ye have to sing.



*Refrain*  
March - ing be - neath the ban - ner, Fight - ing be - neath the cross, Trust - ing in Him who saves us,



Ne'er shall we suf - fer loss; Sing - ing the songs of home - land, Loud - ly the cho - rus rings;



We march to fight in our ar - mor bright, At the call of the King of kings!