

A Red Cross Song

By ROBERT WENTWORTH LITTLE

Let's rally round the standard
Which blazed on high of yore,
A symbol of our dearest hopes—
A sign for evermore.

Beneath that starry banner
Our fathers fought and bled,
And we will bear it still aloft
As did the glorious dead.

*Then rally round the standard
Which blazed on high of yore,
That symbol of our faith and to
We'll prize for evermore.*

That Red Cross flag has ever waved
Above the brave and true,
Whose swords were drawn in honour's cause--
For Faith and Freedom, too.
Their mighty deeds are now enshrined
In Fames resplendent dome,
And ages yet unborn shall bless
Those noble Knights of Rome!

Then rally round the standard &c.

And now beloved brethren
Let this be understood,
The men who seek to join our band
Must be both win and good—
All who are Masons in their hearts
And filled with zeal divine,
Most gladly will be welcomed by
The Knights of Constantine!

Then rally round the standard &c.