

You're a Grand Old Flag

There's a feeling come a stealing
And it sets my brain a reeling,
When I'm list'ning to the music
Of a military band.
Any tune like "Yankee Doodle"
Simply sets me off my noodle,
It's that patriotic something
That no one can understand.
"Way down South in the land of cotton,"
Melody untiring,
Ain't that inspiring!
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll join the jubilee,
And that's going some
For the Yankees, by gum!
Red, White and Blue,
I am for you,
Honest you're a grand old flag.
You're a grand old flag,
You're a high flying flag,
And forever in peace may you wave.
You're the emblem of
The land I love,
The home of the free and the brave.
Ev'ry heart beats true
Under Red, White and Blue,
Where there's never a boast or brag;
But should auld acquaintance be forgot,
Keep your eye on the grand old flag.

I'm a cranky hanky panky,
I'm a dead square honest Yankee,
And I'm mighty proud of that old flag
That flies for Uncle Sam.
Though I don't believe in raving,
Ev'ry time I see it waving,
There's a chill runs up my back
That makes me glad I'm what I am.
Here's a land with a million soldiers,
That's if we should need 'em,
We'll fight for freedom!
Hurrah! Hurrah!
For ev'ry Yankee Tar
And old G. A. R.
Ev'ry stripe, ev'ry star,
Red, White and Blue,
Hats off to you,
Honest, you're a grand old flag.
You're a grand old flag,
You're a high flying flag,
And forever in peace may you wave.
You're the emblem of
The land I love,
The home of the free and the brave.
Ev'ry heart beats true

Under Red, White and Blue,
Where there's never a boast or brag;
But should auld acquaintance be forgot,
Keep your eye on the grand old flag.

This song has been downloaded from BusSongs.com.