

107. You're a Grand Old Flag

There's a feeling comes 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!

Chorus (Repeat after each verse)

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.
Every heart beats true for the 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, every 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 every Yankee tar
And old G.A.R., every stripe, every star.
Red, White and Blue, hats off to you!
Honest, you're a grand old flag!