



# RAGGED OLD FLAG

~ Johnny Cash (1932 – 2003)

I walked through a county courthouse square,  
On a park bench an old man was sitting there.  
I said, "Your old courthouse is kinda run down."  
He said, "Naw, it'll do for our little town."  
I said, "Your flagpole has leaned a little bit,  
And that's a Ragged Old Flag you got hanging on it.  
He said, "Have a seat", and I sat down.  
"Is this the first time you've been to our little town?"  
I said, "I think it is." He said, "I don't like to brag,  
But we're kinda proud of that Ragged Old Flag."  
"You see, we got a little hole in that flag there  
When Washington took it across the Delaware.  
And it got powder-burned the night Francis Scott Key  
Sat watching it writing \_Oh Say Can You See\_.  
And it got a bad rip in New Orleans  
With Packingham and Jackson tuggin' at its seams."  
"And it almost fell at the Alamo  
Beside the Texas flag, but she waved on through.  
She got cut with a sword at Chancellorsville  
And she got cut again at Shiloh Hill.  
There was Robert E. Lee, Beauregard, and Bragg,  
And the south wind blew hard on that Ragged Old Flag."  
"On Flanders Field in World War I  
She got a big hole from a Bertha gun.  
She turned blood red in World War II  
She hung limp and low by the time it was through.  
She was in Korea and Vietnam.  
She went where she was sent by her Uncle Sam."  
"She waved from our ships upon the briny foam,  
And now they've about quit waving her back here at home.  
In her own good land she's been abused --  
She's been burned, dishonored, denied and refused."  
"And the government for which she stands  
Is scandalized throughout the land.  
And she's getting threadbare and wearing thin,  
But she's in good shape for the shape she's in.  
'Cause she's been through the fire before  
And I believe she can take a whole lot more."  
"So we raise her up every morning,  
Take her down every night.  
We don't let her touch the ground  
And we fold her up right.  
On second thought I DO like to brag,  
'Cause I'm mighty proud of that Ragged Old Flag."



# YOU'RE A GRAND OLD FLAG

~G. M. Cohan (1878 - 1942)

There's a feeling come a stealing and it sets my brain a reeling,  
When I'm listening 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:*

*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 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 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.

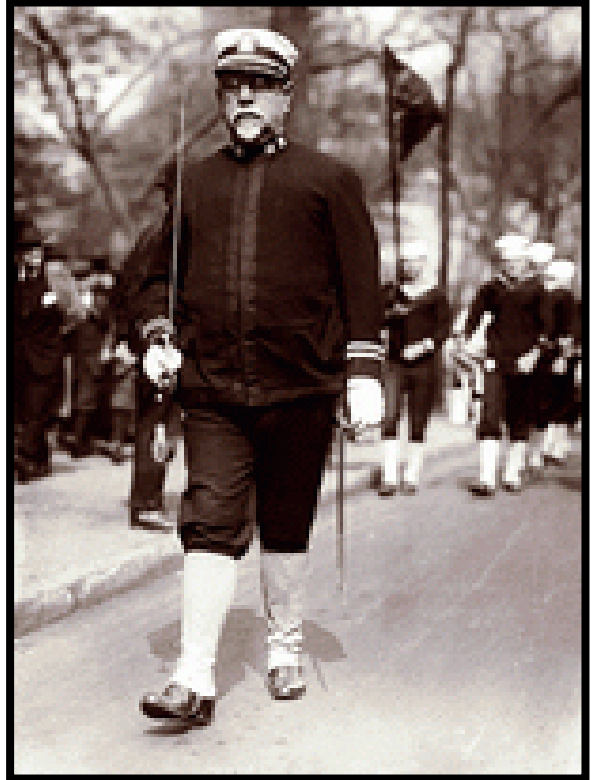
*Chorus*

# STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER

Official March of the United States of America

~ John Philip Sousa (1859-1932)

Let martial note in triumph float  
And liberty extend its mighty hand  
A flag appears 'mid thunderous cheers,  
The banner of the Western land.  
The emblem of the brave and true  
Its folds protect no tyrant crew;  
The red and white and starry blue  
Is freedom's shield and hope.  
Other nations may deem their flags the best  
And cheer them with fervid elation  
But the flag of the North and South and West  
Is the flag of flags, the flag of Freedom's nation.  
Hurrah for the flag of the free!  
May it wave as our standard forever,  
The gem of the land and the sea,  
The banner of the right.  
Let despots remember the day  
When our fathers with mighty endeavor  
Proclaimed as they marched to the fray  
That by their might and by their right  
It waves forever.  
Let eagle shriek from lofty peak  
The never-ending watchword of our land;  
Let summer breeze waft through the trees  
The echo of the chorus grand.  
Sing out for liberty and light,  
Sing out for freedom and the right.  
Sing out for Union and its might,  
O patriotic sons.  
Other nations may deem their flags the best  
And cheer them with fervid elation,  
But the flag of the North and South and West  
Is the flag of flags, the flag of Freedom's nation.  
Hurrah for the flag of the free.  
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Proclaimed as they marched to the fray,  
That by their might and by their right  
It waves forever.





# **THE MARINES' HYMN**

~ John Philip Sousa



**From the Halls of Montezuma  
To the shores of Tripoli  
We fight our country's battles  
In the air, on land, and sea.  
First to fight for right and freedom  
And to keep our honor clean;  
We are proud to claim the title  
Of United States Marines.**

**Our flag's unfurled to every breeze  
From dawn to setting sun;  
We have fought in every clime and place  
Where we could take a gun.  
In the snow of far-off Northern lands  
And in sunny tropic scenes;  
You will find us always on the job --  
The United States Marines.**

**Here's health to you and to our Corps  
Which we are proud to serve;  
In many a strife we've fought for life  
And never lost our nerve.  
If the Army and the Navy  
Ever look on Heaven's scenes,  
They will find the streets are guarded  
By United States Marines.**

# BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM

~ G. F. Root (1820 - 1895)



## RALLYING SONG

Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys,  
rally once again,  
Shouting the Battle Cry of Freedom!  
We will rally from the hillside, we'll gather from the plains,  
Shouting the Battle Cry of Freedom!

*Chorus:*

*The Union forever! Hurrah, boys, hurrah!  
Down with the traitor, up with the star,  
While we rally round the flag, boys, rally once again  
Shouting the Battle Cry of Freedom!*

We are springing to the call of our brothers gone before,  
Shouting the Battle Cry of Freedom!  
And we'll fill the vacant ranks with a million freemen more,  
Shouting the Battle Cry of Freedom!

*Chorus:*

We will welcome to our numbers the loyal, true and brave,  
Shouting the Battle Cry of Freedom!  
And although they may be poor not a man shall be a slave,  
Shouting the Battle Cry of Freedom!

*Chorus:*

So we're springing to the call from the East and from the West,  
Shouting the Battle Cry of Freedom!  
And we'll hurl the Rebel crew from the land we love the best,  
Shouting the Battle Cry of Freedom!

*Chorus:*

# BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM

## BATTLE SONG

We are marching to the field, boys, we're going to the fight,  
Shouting the Battle Cry of Freedom!  
And we bear the glorious stars for the Union and the right,  
Shouting the Battle Cry of Freedom!

*Chorus:*

*The Union forever! Hurrah,, boys, hurrah!  
Down with the traitor, up with the star,  
For we're marching to the field, boys, going to the fight,  
Shouting the Battle Cry of Freedom!*

We will meet the Rebel host, boys, with fearless heart and true,  
Shouting the Battle Cry of Freedom!  
And we'll show what Uncle Sam has for loyal men to do,  
Shouting the Battle Cry of Freedom!

*Chorus:*

If we fall amid the fray, boys, we'll face them to the last,  
Shouting the Battle Cry of Freedom!  
And our comrades brave shall hear us as they go rushing past,  
Shouting the Battle Cry of Freedom!

*Chorus:*

Yes, for Liberty and Union we're springing to the fight,  
Shouting the Battle Cry of Freedom!  
And the victory shall be ours for we're rising in our might,  
Shouting the Battle Cry of Freedom!

*Chorus:*



# OVER THERE

~ by George M. Cohan



In 1917, during WW I,  
George M. Cohan was awarded  
the Congressional Medal of Honor for writing this song

**Johnnie, get your gun, get your gun, get your gun,  
Take it on the run, on the run, on the run,  
Hear them calling you and me, ev'ry son of liberty  
Hurry right away, no delay, go today  
Make your Daddy glad to have had such a lad,  
Tell your sweetheart not to pine, to be proud her boy's in line**

*Chorus:*

**Over there, over there!  
Send the word, send the word, over there!  
That the Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming,  
The drums rum-tumming ev'rywhere!  
So prepare, say a prayer,  
send the word, send the word, to beware!  
We'll be over, we're coming over,  
And we won't come back 'til it's over  
Over There!**

**Johnnie, get your gun, get your gun, get your gun,  
Johnnie show the Hun, you're a son of a gun!  
Hoist the flag and let her fly, Yankee Doodle do or die  
Pack your little kit, show your grit, do your bit  
Yankees to the ranks from the towns and the tanks  
Make your mother proud of you and  
the old Red White and Blue**

*Chorus:*

**Over there, over there,  
Send the word, send the word, over there!  
That the Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming,  
The drums rum-tumming ev'ry where  
So prepare, say a prayer,  
send the word, send the word, to beware!  
We'll be over, we're coming over,  
And we won't come back 'til it's over  
Over There!**

# FOR THE DEAR OLD FLAG I DIE

~Words by George Cooper  
Melody by Stephen Foster



“For the dear old Flag I die,”  
Said the wounded drummer boy;  
“Mother, press your lips to mine;  
O, they bring me peace and joy!  
'Tis the last time on the earth  
I shall ever see your face,  
Mother take me to your heart,  
Let me die in your embrace.”

*Chorus:*

“For the dear old Flag I die,  
Mother, dry your weeping eye;  
For the honor of our land  
And the dear old Flag I die.”

“Do not mourn, my mother, dear,  
Every pang will soon be o'er;  
For I hear the angel band  
Calling from their starry shore;  
Now I see their banners wave  
In the light of perfect day,  
though 'tis hard to part with you,  
Yet I would not wish to stay.”

*Chorus:*

“Farewell mother, Death's cold hand  
Weighs upon my spirit now,  
And I feel his blighting breath  
Fan my pallid cheek and brow.  
Closer! closer! to your heart,  
Let me feel that you are by,  
While my sight is growing dim,  
For the dear old Flag I die.”

*Chorus:*

## THE FLAG WITHOUT A STAIN

~ C. A. White

For years and years I've waved o'er my people,  
O'er land and sea, over church tow'r and steeple.  
Foremost in battle, proudly I reign .  
Triumphant now o'er thee with out one stain.  
Oh, how I trembled when called alone to stand,  
But, brave hearts sustain'd me to wave o'er the land.

*Chorus:*

*Oh, my America!*

*Oh, my America!*

*Proudly I wave o'er thee,*

*Sweet land of liberty.*

No flag on earth shall insult this nation,  
Justice and right shall e'er be our relation.  
No creed or sect shall here ever reign.  
While floats the Stars and Stripes without one stain.  
Stars that were blotted are shining once again,  
The Angel of Peace has wiped out the stain.

*Chorus:*

## THERE'S A STAR-SPANGLED BANNER WAVING SOMEWHERE

~ Shelby Darnell & Paul Roberts

This World War II song was written in 1942

There's a Star-Spangled Banner waving somewhere,  
In a distant land so many miles away.  
Only Uncle Sam's great heroes get to go there,  
Where I wish that I could also live some day.  
I'd see Lincoln, Custer, Washington and Perry,  
And Nathan Hale and Colin Kelly, too.  
There's a Star-Spangled Banner waving somewhere,  
Waving o'er the land of heroes brave and true.

In this war with its mad schemes of destruction,  
Of our country fair and our sweet liberty,  
By the mad dictators, leaders of corruption,  
Can't the U. S. use a mountain boy like me?  
God gave me the right to be a free American,  
And for that precious right I'd gladly die.  
There's a Star-Spangled Banner waving somewhere,  
That is where I want to live when I die.

Though I realize I'm crippled, that is true, sir,  
Please don't judge my courage by my twisted leg.  
Let me show my Uncle Sam what I can do, sir,  
Let me help to bring the Axis down a peg.  
If I do some great deed I will be a hero,  
And a hero brave is what I want to be.  
There's a Star-Spangled Banner waving somewhere,  
In that heaven there should be a place for me.

## JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER

~ Anon.

Just before the battle, Mother,  
I am thinking most of you;  
While upon the field we're watching,  
With the enemy in view.  
Comrades brave around me lying,  
Filled with thoughts of home and God,  
For well they know upon the morrow,  
Some will sleep beneath the sod.

*Chorus:*

Farewell, Mother, you may never  
Press me to your heart again;  
But, oh, you'll not forget me, Mother,  
If I'm numbered with the slain

Oh, I long to see you, Mother,  
And the loving ones at home;  
But I'll never leave our banner,  
'Till in honor I can come.

Tell the traitors all around you  
That their cruel words, we know,  
In every battle kill our soldiers  
By the help they give the foe.

*Chorus:*

Hark! I hear the bugles sounding,  
'Tis the signal for the fight,  
Now may God protect us, Mother,  
As he ever does the right.  
Hear the "Battle Cry of Freedom",  
How it swells upon the air,  
Oh yes, we'll rally round the standard  
Or we'll perish nobly there.

*Chorus:*

## THIS IS MY COUNTRY

~ Lyrics by Don Raye, Music by Al Jacobs

This is my country! Land of my birth!  
This is my country! Grandest on earth!  
I pledge thee my allegiance, America, the bold,  
For this is my country to have and to hold.  
This is my country! Land of my choice!  
This is my country! Hear my proud voice!  
I pledge thee my allegiance, America, the bold,  
For this is my country to have and to hold.