

65 OUR FLAG

Adapted from "Old Ironsides"

What! tear that glorious ensign down,
Which long hath waved on high,
While many an eye hath danced to see
That banner in the sky!
Beneath it rung the battle's shout
And burst the cannon's roar;
The meteor of the land and sea
Shall sweep the clouds once more.
Our fields once red with hero's blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When fought our brave and gallant sires
In days of long ago,--
Shall never feel a rebel's tread
Or know a traitor's sway,--
The land our fathers bravely won
Their sons defend today.
Ay! better that our glorious land
Should sink beneath the wave,
And every brave and loyal son
Should find a patriot's grave,--
Than yield ignobly to the foe,
By dastard counsels led,
Who dare to rend the sacred flag
For which their fathers bled.
Unfurl the flag, and let it speak
A nation's honest pride,
And reverence for the patriot real
Of fathers true and tried.
The flag that once in triumph waved
Along the Southern shore--
We swear by all we hold most dear
Shall float there evermore!

Sources:

Boston Transcript, June 21, 1861.

Newsboy, October-November, 1981.