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"WHAT OLD GLORY MEANS TO ME"

(Song)

Poem and © by MRS. ELVA B. STOVE

P.O. B. 644
BARTLESVILLE. OKLA.

Music By

R. A. BROWNE,
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Carl Fischer, New York.
No. 4—12 lines.

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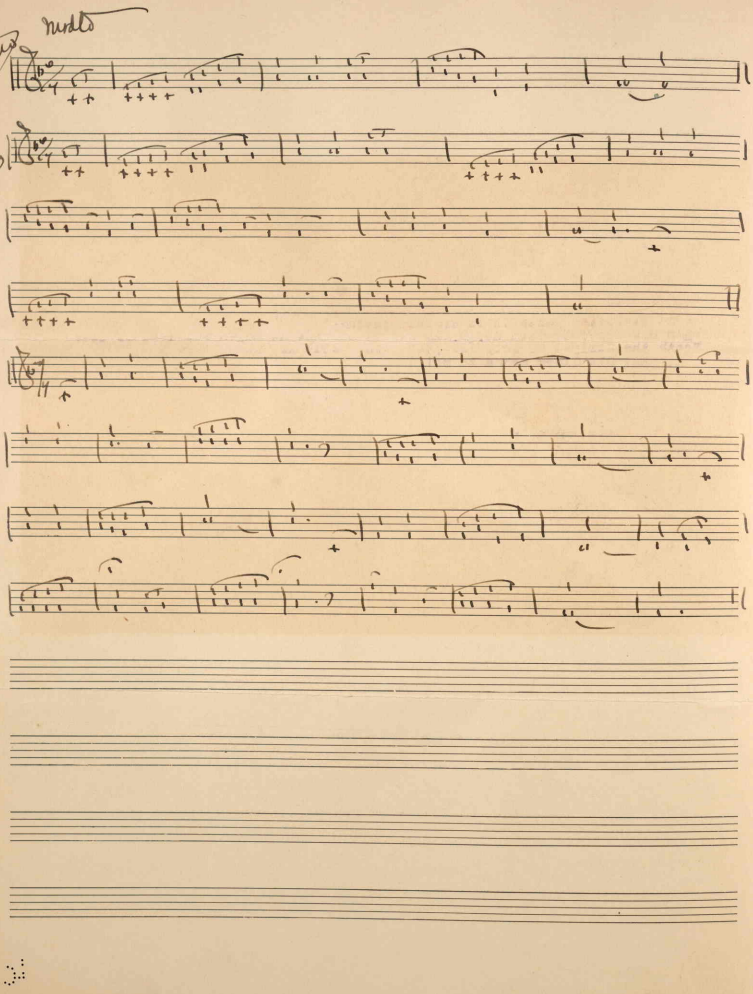
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"What Old Glory Means To Me" Elva B. Stowe.

1

In the morning sky, the soft lights, they are gleaming;
Waving high, the dear old Flag is bravely streaming;
Of Freedom and of Glory it tells the wondrous story-upon the land and sea;
No tongue can ever tell how my heart within does swell
At what Old Glory means to me!

2

Beneath its Stripes the children they are playing;
Woman glorified while it is proudly waving;
When God above is with us, say, who can be against us--upon the land or sea?
Neath the Stripes as they flow, the whole world now shall know
Just what Old Glory means to me!

3

Tis for Liberty, our soldier boys are rearing;
Oh God, give them strength to fortify their daring;
For Freedom, scars they're wearing, for Freedom cares they're bearing,
Upon the land and sea;
Flag of the U.S.A. how grand you are today!
Its Freedom that you mean to me!

CHORUS.

Hurrah, Old Glory shall not drag!
Hurrah, Old Glory shall not lag!
To the bugle's call, we answer, one and all,
That no foe shall ever brag!
Hurrah, for Yanks so brave and true,
Hurrah, our Country tis of you,
We shall shout our victory, for the Cause of Liberty-
That's what Old Glory means to me!

Carl Fischer, New York.
No. 4—12 lines.