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March Song
- to -
Our National Flag

JUN -5 1917

Music by
Wm. L. P. Keeto-Ragland

Words by
Harry Lee Ragland

March Military

Our grand

Our grand - ai - res bore it up and down,

Figh - ting the sol - diers of the crown from

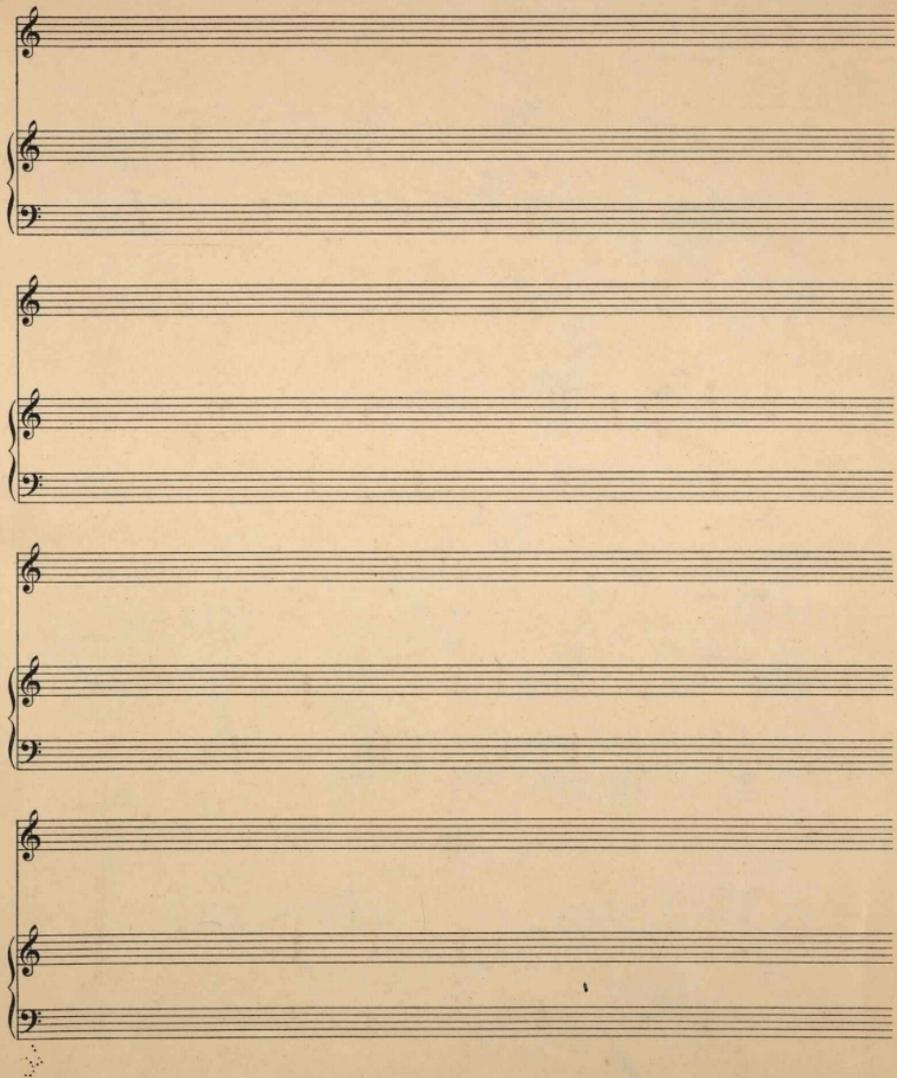
Bun - ker kill to old York - town - from

Bun - ker kill to old York - town.

11146



Carl Fischer, New York.
No. 10 - 12 lines.



JUN -5 1917 ✓

MARCH SONG

TO

OUR NATIONAL FLAG.

Our grandsires bore it up and down,
Fighting the soldiers of the Crown
From Bunker Hill to old Yorktown.

Our grandsires bore it o'er the wave
Many a fight to King's ships gave,
Winning the freedom of the brave.

Many a wrong it's since set right;
Many a foeman put to flight,
By God's grace and our own arm'd might.

Whoe'er to it has insult done,
Should feel the force of mighty gun
Till we have his contrition won.

Nor care we for Kaiser's rage;
Challenged, we accept the gaze,
And for humanity war wage.

Where'er we fly it, victors hold,
We will no slave or vassal hold,
Nor rob the conquer'd of their gold.

Its honor ne'er must be forgot;
With children's gore we'll soil it not;
With woman's blood - not one red blot.

We'll guard each star, each stripe with care;
The liberty emblazon'd there
We'll fight for - die for - anywhere.

To always stand up with the just,
Nor see our banner trail'd in dust
We'll fight like h--l when we needs must.

And everyone now present here,
Who holds life sweet and freedom dear,
For our own star-lit banner cheer.

June 5th, 1917.

Harry Lee Ragland. ✓

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