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" AS THE FLAG UNFURLS "

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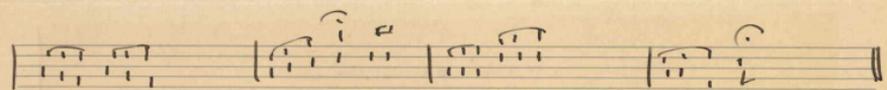
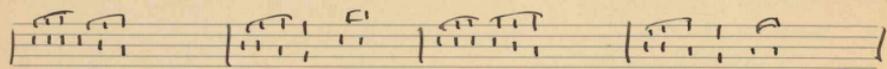
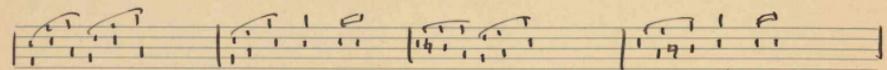
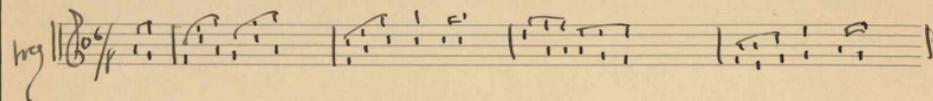
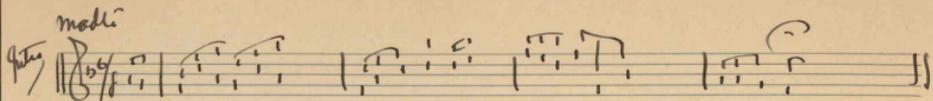
POEM and COPYRIGHT BY WILL. J. MONDAY 376 CENTRAL AV. BATESVILLE, ARK

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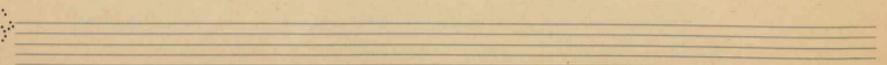
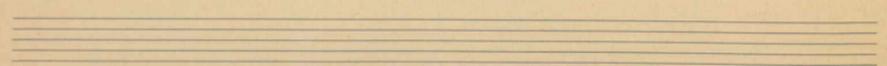
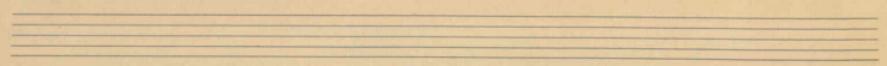
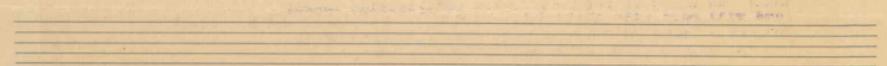
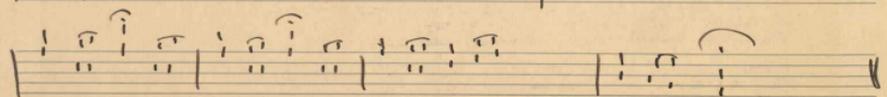
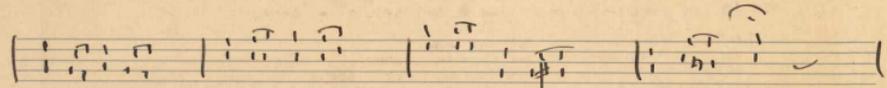
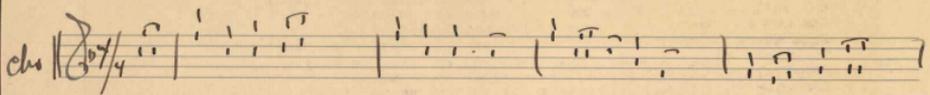
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"As The Flag Unfurls" By Will. J. Monday.

We shall fight through the midst of the shell and the flame;
And we'll sure hold our own--will America's fame;
Can our men with their lives so undaunted with fear;
Just stand watchfull--stand waiting--when trumpets they hear;
Look back to our forefathers, whose memories still dwell;
Many battles they conquered--their stories foretell--
And once more we are called to those colors so dear;
True Americans--let's go--so that peace shall reign here.

CHORUS.

As the Flag unfurls in the dormant sky
A flash from a cannon will make her more spry;
While the battle is raging let our shrapnel repeat;
Let our Flag yet unfurl, where our comrades now sleep;
Blow, trumpets, blow--we have only to try;
Oh, protect us, Old Glory, or a nation must die.

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Weld tidings of peace they shall flash through the air;
Many mothers--tear stained--they shall welcome hear
That it is for the sake of the son that she loves
Yes, and still for the Flag that now floats far above;
While the soldiers return from the battlefields there;
Some will meet with their fate--some will meet their death snare;
Welcome, welcome dear comrades, to our homes once more;
Let the colors unfurl, then oh war come no more.

