You’re A Grand Old Flag.

Tempo di Marcia.

Piano.

There’s a feeling come a stealing and it sets my brain a
I'm no cranky hank-y pank-y I'm a deadsquare honest

reeling, When I'm list-hing to the music of a military band. Any tune like "Yan-kee
Yan-kee, And I'm mighty proud of that old flag that flies for Un-cle Sam. Though I don't believe in

Doo-dle" simply sets me off my noo-dle, It's that patriotic raving ev-ery time I see it wavin'. There's a chill runs up my

something that no

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Ain't that spurring! Hur-rah! Hur-rah! We'll join the ju-bi-lee, And that's going some for the Hur-rah! Hur-rah! For ev'ry Yankee Tar And old G. A. R. ev'ry

Yankees, by gum! Red, White and Blue, I am for you, Hon-est you're a grand old flag.

Chorus: You're a grand old flag you're a high fly-ing flag, And for-ev-er in peace may you wave.

You're the em-blem of the land I love, The home of the free and the brave.

Ev'ry heart beats true un-der Red, White and Blue, Where there's nev'er a boast or brag; But should auld ac-qui-tance be for-got, Keep your eye on the grand old flag. You're a flag.