

You're A Grand Old Flag

George M. Cohan

There's a feeling comes a stealing and it sets my brain a reeling,
When I'm list'ning to the music of a military band.
Any tune like "Yankee Doodle" simply sets me off my noodle,
It's that patriotic something that no one can understand.
"Way down South in the land of cotton," melody untiring,
Ain't that inspiring!
Hurrah! Hurrah! We'll join the jubilee,
And that's going some for the Yankees, by gum!
Red, White and Blue,
I am for you,
Honest you're a grand old rag.

CHORUS

You're a grand old flag, tho' you're torn to a rag,
And forever in peace may you wave.
You're the emblem of the land I love,
The home of the free and the brave.
Ev'ry heart beats true under Red, White and Blue,
Where there's never a boast or a brag;
"But should auld acquaintance be forgot,"
Keep your eye on the grand old flag.

I'm no cranky, hanky panky, I'm a dead square honest Yankee,
And I'm mighty proud of that old flag that flies for Uncle Sam.
Though I don't believe in raving ev'ry time I see it waving,
There's a chill runs up my back that makes me glad I'm what I am.
Here's a land with a million soldiers, that's if we should need 'em,
We'll fight for freedom!
Hurrah! Hurrah! For ev'ry Yankee Tar
And old G.A.R., ev'ry stripe, ev'ry star,
Red, White and Blue,
Hats off to you,
Honest you're a grand old rag.

CHORUS