

CHORUS.

mem'ries that cling round our flag, Our dear old flag, Our

Dolce.

dear old flag. To crush out the mem'ries That cling round our flag.

2

Spread it out to the breeze, let its glorious stars,
 Cheer the eyes of beholders as omens of peace,
 For those colors have stood, thro' the direst of wars,
 And shall stand till the noble and true hearted cease.
 Bid your children revere, as they gaze on its fold,
 Bid them die e'er in sorrow, those colors shall drag,
 And yet more bid them keep as the dearest earth holds,
 All the mem'ries that cling, round the dear old flag.

Chorus. Our dear old flag.

3

Spread it out to the breeze, a victorious sign,
 That invader nor traitor can conquer our land;
 For kind Heaven of old, blessed the strength of our line,
 And stretch'd o'er our father, His sheltering hand.
 And of them we will think, how barefooted thro' snows,
 They stood by that banner on fortress and crag;
 Till our strength is renew'd and the tamest heart glows
 At the mem'ries that cling round that dear old flag.

Chorus. Our dear old flag.