

The Ragged Old Flag

I walked through a country courthouse square,
And on a park bench, an old man was there.
I said, "Your courthouse is quite run down."
He said, "Naw, it will do for our little town."
I said, "Your flag pole leans a little bit,
And that's a ragged old flag you got hanging on it."
He said, "Have a seat" and I sat down.

"Is this the first time you've been to our little town?"
I said, "I think it is." He said, "I don't like to brag,
But we're kinda proud of that 'ragged old flag.'
Got a little hole in it when Washington took it across the Delaware.
It got powder burn the night that Francis Scott Key,
Sat watching and writing "Oh, say, can you see."
It got a bad rip in New Orleans,
From Packingham and Jackson tugging at it's seams.

She almost fell at the Alamo, Along with the Texas flag,
but she waved on alone.
She got cut by sword at Chancellorville,
And she got cut again on Shilo Hill.
There was Robert E. Lee, Beauregard, and Bragg.
And the South wind blew hard on the 'ragged old flag.'
On Flander's Field in World War 1,
She got a big hole from a Bertha gun.
She turned blood red in World War two,
She hung limp and low a time or two.

She was in Korea and Vietnam,
She went where she was sent by Uncle Sam.
She waves from our ships on the briny foam,
And now they've about quit waving her, back here at home.
In her own good land where she's been abused,
She's been burned, dishonored, denied, refused.
And the government for which she stands,
Is scandalized throughout the land.

And she's getting threadbare and she's wearing thin,
But she's in good shape for the shape she's in.
Cause she's been through fire before,
And I believe she can take a whole lot more.
So we raise her up every morning, and take her down every night.
We don't let her touch the ground, and we fold her up right.
On second thought, I do like to brag
'Cause I'm mighty proud of that 'ragged old flag.'

Anonymous