

William J. Baker
1862.

Our Country's Flag.

"What! shall our ensign trail the ground?
That flag for which our fathers died?
Can one base coward soul be found,
That dares abuse that banner's pride?
Our hearts now turn with love to him
Who raised that flag in freedom's war;
Shame on the dastard that would dim
The lustre of one single star!"

Shall this proud Union now become
A jest and byword through the world?
A power whose name henceforth is dumb—
Whose greatness to the dust is hushed?
No! never; let each patriot son—
From sunny South to frozen North—
Utter the name of Washington,
And send the stirring matchword forth,

Rise! fellow-countrymen, arise!
Be this our boast, through good or ill—
"Our Country's Flag," wherever it flies;
Columbia's sons are patriots still,
High let that banner be unfurled,
Long, long to wave in freedom's breeze,
The envy of the enlightened world,
Respected on all land and seas.

April 9th / 64.

