

CR 3168

Songs - Civil War

THE CONFEDERATE FLAG.

Bright banner of freedom, with pride I unfold thee.
 Fair flag of my country with love I behold thee;
 Gleaming above us, in freshness and youth,
 Emblem of liberty symbol of truth,
 For this flag of my country in triumph shall wave
 O'er the Southerner's home and the Southerner's grave.

All bright are the stars that are beaming upon us,
 And bold are the bars that are gleaming above us,
 The one shall increase in their number and light;
 The other grows bolder in power and might--
 For this flag of my country in triumph shall wave,
 O'er the Southerner's home or the Southerner's grave.

Those bars of bright red shows our firm resolution,
 To die if need be, shielding thee from pollution;
 For man in this hour must give all he holds dear,
 And woman her prayer and words of high cheer
 If they wish this fair banner in triumph to wave,
 O'er the Southerner's home and the Southerner's grave.

To the great God of battle we look in reliance;
 On our fierce Northern foe with contempt and defiance;
 For the South shall smile on in fragrance and bloom;
 When the North is fast sinking in silence and gloom
 For the flag of our country in triumph must wave
 O'er the Southerner's home or the Southerner's grave.