

"THAT RAGGED OLD FLAG"

Submitted by Charles H. Bruggeman, 32°,

I walked through a County Court House square
On a park bench an old man was sitting there
I said "Your old Court House is kinda run down."
He said, "No, it will do for our little town."
I said, "Your old flag pole is leaning a little bit,
And that's a ragged old Flag you've 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."
"Well," he said, "I don't like to brag,
But we're kinda proud of that ragged old Flag
You see, we got a hole in that Flag there,
When Washington took it across the Delaware,
And, it got powder burns, the night Francis Scott Key
Sat watching it, writing 'Oh, Say Can You See.'
And it got a bad rip at New Orleans
When Packingham and Jackson took it on the scene.
And it almost fell at the Alamo beside the Texas Flag.
But she waved on through.
She got cut with a sword at Chancellville,
And she got cut again at Shilo Hill.
There was Robert E. Lee, Bouregard and Bragg,
The South wind blew hard on that ragged old Flag.
On Flanders Field in World War One
She got a big hole from a Bertha gun.
She turned blood red in World War Two,
And she hung limp and low a time or two.
She was in Korea and Vietnam,
She went where she was sent by her Uncle Sam.
She waved from our ships upon the briny foam,
Now they've about quit waving her back here at home.
In our good land here she's been abused;
She's been burned, dishonored, denied, and refused.
And the Government for which she stands
Is scandalized throughout the land.
She's getting threadbare and she's wearing thin,
But, she's in good shape for the shape she's in.
Because she's been through the fire before,
I believe she can take a whole lot more.
So we raise her up every morning, and we 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,
Because I'm mighty proud of that Ragged Old Flag.