

My Name Is Old Glory

I am the flag of the United States of America.
My name is Old Glory.
I fly atop the world's tallest buildings.
I stand watch in America's halls of justice.
I fly majestically over institutions of learning.
I stand guard with power in the world.
Look up and see me.

I stand for peace, honor, truth and justice.
I stand for freedom.
I am confident.
I am arrogant.
I am proud.
When I am flown with my fellow banners,
my head is a little higher, my colors a little truer.

I bow to no one!
I am recognized all over the world.
I am worshipped I am saluted.
I am loved I am revered.
I am respected and I am feared.

I have fought in every battle of every war
for more than 200 years.
I was flown at Valley Forge, Gettysburg,
Shiloh and Appomattox.

I was there at San Juan Hill,
the trenches of France,
in the Argonne Forest, Anzio, Rome
and the beaches of Normandy, Guam.
Okinawa, Korea and KheSan, Saigon, Vietnam know me,
I was there.

continued on next page...

I led my troops,
I was dirty, battle-tested and tired,
but my soldiers cheered me
And I was proud.

America has been attacked by cowardly fanatics
And many lives have been lost
But those who would destroy me cannot win
For I am the symbol of freedom,
Of one nation
Under God
Indivisible
With liberty and justice for all.

I have been burned, torn and trampled
on the streets of countries I have helped set free.
It does not hurt, for I am invincible.

I have been soiled upon, burned, torn
and trampled on the streets of my country.
And when it's by those whom I've served in battle it hurts.
But I shall overcome for I am strong

I have slipped the bonds of Earth
and stood watch over the uncharted frontiers of space
from my vantage point on the moon.
I have borne silent witness
to all of America's finest hours.
But my finest hours are yet to come.

When I am torn into strips and used as bandages
for my wounded comrades on the battlefield,
When I am flown at half-mast to honor my soldier,
Or when I lie in the trembling arms
of a grieving parent
at the grave of their fallen son or daughter,
I am proud.