

# THE WORDS

## Ragged Old Flag

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I walked through a county courthouse square,  
On a park bench an old man was sitting there.  
I said, Your old courthouse is kind of run down.  
He said, Naw it'll do fine for our little town.

I said, Your flagpole has leaned a 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 kind of proud of that Ragged Old Flag.  
You see, we got a little hole in that flag there,  
When Washington took it across the Delaware.

And it got a bad rip in New Orleans.  
With Packingham and Jackson tuggin' at its seams.  
And it almost fell at the Alamo  
Beside the Texas flag, but she waved on through.

She got cut with a sword at Chancellorsville  
And she got cut again at Shiloh Hill.  
There was Robert E. Lee, and Beauregard, and Bragg,  
And the south wind blew hard on that Ragged Old Flag.

On Flanders Field in World War I  
She got a big hole from a Bertha gun.  
She turned blood red in World War II  
She hung limp and low by the time it was through.

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,  
And now they've about quit waving her back here at home.

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In her own good land she has been abused—  
She's been burned, dishonored, denied and refused.  
And the government for which she stands  
Is scandalized throughout the land.

And she's getting threadbare and wearing thin,  
But she is in good shape for the shape she's in.  
"Cause she's been through the fire before  
And I believe she can take a whole lot more.

So we raise her up every morning, Take her down every night.  
We don't let her touch the ground And we fold her right.  
On second thought I do like to brag  
Cause I am mighty proud of that Ragged Old Flag.