

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Flag

The Flag
(James Connolly)

Lift that flag and tenderly guard it,
Guard it as a lover would guard his love,
Ours be the shame if aught debarred it
Freely floating our ranks above
Raise that pledge of our hope, and daring
All that the tyrant can do or essay,
Strike, and the fetters they long are wearing
From the limbs of Labour shall pass away.

Guard that flag, for brothers 'tis ours,
Ours the life-blood that gave it its hue,
For us it waved thro' darkest hours,
Waiting till Labour its destiny knew,
Hail that flag, now floating on high
Free, as the eagle flies to the sun,
Token and sign that man may die
But Freedom persists till all is won,

Pledge that flag, my brothers, your glasses
Never were drained to a holier toast--
Never shall Time reveal as it passes
A grander mission than Labour can boast,
Fill up the glass no stinted measure
Will serve to toast this day with me
The Cause we love, the Hope we treasure,
The Flag that beckons to Liberty.

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