

The American Boy - song lyrics

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THE AMERICAN BOY.

"Father, look up and see that flag, how gracefully it flies;
Those pretty stripes-they seem to be a rainbow in the skies."
"It is your country's flag, my son, and proudly drinks the light.
O'er ocean's waves, in foreign climes, a symbol of our might."

"Father, what fearful noise is that, like thundering of the clouds?
Why do the people wave their hats, and rush along in crowds?"
"It is the noise of cannon, child, the glad shouts of the free;
This is the day to memory dear-'tis Freedom's Jubilee."

"I wish that I were now a man. I'd fire my cannon too.
And cheer as loudly as the rest-but, father, why don't you?"
"I'm getting old and weak-but still my heart is big with joy;
I've witness'd many a day like this-shout you aloud, my boy."

"Hurrah! for Freedom's Jubilee! God bless our native land!
And may I live to hold the sword of freedom in my hand!"
"Well done, my boy grow up and love the land that gave you birth;
A home where Freedom loves to dwell, a paradise on earth."