

He Died To Save His Flag - song lyrics

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HE DIED TO SAVE HIS FLAG.

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Words and Music by W. C. Robey. Arranged by Frank Banta,

On the battlefield of Gettysburg a soldier lay;
He'd played a noble part.
For the glory of the Union he'd fought that day.
With a true and gallant heart.
But still the cannon's roar is heard from shore to shore;
Thick clouds of smoke hang o'er him like a pall;
Though not afraid to die, he gives one single sigh;
The bugle sounds the old familiar call:

Chorus.

Comrades, advance to glory, willing to do or die,
Recording as brave a story as they did in the days gone by.
Gaze upon the standard as you pass, brave boys.
Although it's but a torn and tattered rag;
Leave an honored name upon the scroll of fame.
We're fighting for the dear old flag.

On the gory plain of Gettysburg the hero died.
And with his parting breath
Said, Heaven bless the dear old hag, Columbia's pride;
I am not afraid of death.
No matter wrong or right, I fought my country's fight;
I strove to be the foremost in the van;
With comrades true and brave give me an honored grave;
I'm proud to die a soldier and a man.-Chorus.

But when the proclamation came, and peace at length
Was signed by those in power,
We discovered then that unity would bind our strength,
And all united from that hour.
May friendship's hand go forth, cementing South and North,
And may the stars and stripes be e'er unfurled,
Though peace is what we crave, we've sons on land and wave,
Who'll still defend our flag against the world. - Chorus.