

1917

The Finest Flag That Flies

Harry Richardson

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The Finest Flag That Flies



*Words by
Jos. H. Hughes
Music by
Harry Richardson*

Published by Jos. H. Hughes, Saginaw Mich.

The Finest Flag That Flies

Lyrics by
JOS. H. HUGHES

Musie by
HARRY RICHARDSON

Moderato

ff

Trumpets

Drums

mf *Vamp* My There

fath-er said to me one day with tear-drops in his eyes— As I was leav-ing our old home he
may be lands a - cross the sea That have their flags so rare, But no flag e'er ap-pealed to me, While

came to say good - bye — He said my boy now you must know where - ev - er you may
I was o - ver there. When our old flag I chanced to spy which thrilled me with de

roam — You'll find no land be - neath the sun that you would call your home.
light — I booked my trip for home a - gain and sailed right back that night.

CHORUS

mf

You may be in dark - est Tur - key, You may be in

mf



sun - ny Spain ——— You may be in dear old Lon - don But you'll



long for home a - - gain And no mat - ter where you wan - der,



You will ev - er re - al - ize That our dear old land of



Un - cle Sam Has the fin - est flag that flies ———

D. S.



UNITED WE STAND

Our Country — My Country; Your Country — through our beloved President, with the aid of Congress, has declared war on a foreign foe, who knew no right but might, and in taking the lives of our people while professing friendship for our nation, our self-respect would not permit us to stand these wrongs any longer.

Realizing there are a few in this great land who do not understand that after becoming American citizens they can have but one flag, one country, this song and poem is dedicated by me.

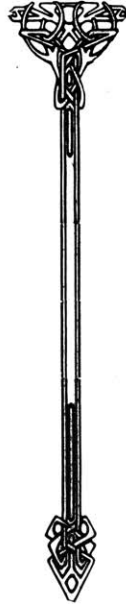
Respectfully,



JOS. H. HUGHES,

The Author.

America, Hear Me, I Love You



WHEN I hear some people ranting,
Who come from o'er the sea,
About this great land of ours,
'Tis a mystery to me

Why do they want to live here,
When their own lands are so fair?
Why don't they go back, back
To their homelands so rare?

As for me, I'm proud of America,—
It's the finest spot God ever made;
Where each man to his brother is equal,
And no man if he's true need be afraid.
So I say, if there lives here a traitor
Who would stab this great land in the back,
Let him leave this lov'd country forever—
We'll be glad if he'll never come back.

O America, hear me! I love you!
With each throb of my heart I'll be true;
If you'd ask for my life I would give it;
There's nothing for you I won't do.
Like the heroes who died before us,
I'll fight, die and suffer for you.
May God guide us onward in glory
'Neath our banner, the Red, White, and Blue.