

THE  
UNION  
JACK.

It's only a small bit of bunting,  
It's only an old colored rag;  
Yet thousands have died for its honor,  
And shed their best blood for the Flag.

It's charged with the Cross of St. Andrew,  
Which of old Scotland's heroes has led;  
It carries the Cross of St. Patrick,  
For which Ireland's bravest have bled.

Joined with these on our own English ensign,  
St. George's red Cross on white field,  
Round which from King Richard to Wolseley,  
Britons conquer, or die, but ne'er yield.

It flutters in triumph o'er ocean,  
As free as the Wind or the Wave;  
And bondsman from shackles unloosened,  
'Neath its shadows no longer a slave.

It floats over Cyprus and Malta,  
O'er Canada, the Indies, Hong Kong;  
And Britons, where'er their flag's flying,  
Claim the rights which to Britons belong.

We hoist it to show our devotion,  
To our Queen, to our Country and Laws;  
It's the outward and visible emblem,  
Of Advancement and Liberty's cause.

You may say it's a small bit of bunting,  
You may call it an old Colored rag;  
Yet freedom has made it majestic,  
And time has enobled the Flag.

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