

I AM THE FLAG OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

I am the flag of the United States of America.
My name is Old Glory.
I fly atop the world's tallest buildings.
I stand watch in America's halls of justice.
I fly majestically over institutions of learning.
I stand guard with power in the world.
Look up at me and see me.

I stand for peace, honor, truth and justice.
I stand for freedom.
I am confident.
I am arrogant.
I am proud.

When I am flown with my fellow banners,
my head is a little higher,
my colors a little truer.

I bow to no one!
I am recognized all over the world.
I am worshipped - I am saluted.
I am loved - I am revered.
I am respected - and I am feared.

I have fought in every battle of every war for more than 200 years.
I was flown at Valley Forge, Gettysburg, Shiloh and Appomattox.
I was there at San Juan Hill, the trenches of France, in the Argonne
Forest, Anzio, Rome and the beaches of Normandy, Guam,
Okinawa, Korea and KheSan, Saigon and Vietnam.

I was there.
I led my troops,
I was dirty, battle worn and tired, but my soldiers cheered me
And I was proud.
I have been burned, torn and trampled on the streets of countries I
have helped set free.
It does not hurt, for I am invincible.

I have been soiled upon, burned, torn and trampled on the streets of
my country.
And when it's by those whom I've served in battle - it hurts.
But I shall overcome - for I am strong.

I have slipped the bonds of Earth and stood watch over the uncharted
frontiers of space.

From my vantage point on the moon.
I have borne silent witness
to all of America's finest hours.
But my finest hours are yet to come.

When I am torn into strips and used as bandages for my wounded
comrades on the battlefield,
When I am flown at half-mast to honor my soldier, Or when I lie in

the trembling arms of a grieving parent at the grave of their fallen son or daughter, I am proud.

MY NAME IS OLD GLORY
LONG MAY I WAVE.
DEAR GOD IN HEAVEN
LONG MAY I WAVE