

I AM THE FLAG OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

By Howard Schnauber

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 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 Vietnam.
I was there. I led my troops.
I was dirty, battle-weary 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.**

