



THE REBEL FLAGS.

Exhibited at the Capitol February 22, 1862.

By JOHN A. FOWLER.

AIR—"The Sword of Bunker Hill."

But when the traitors raised their Flag,
And marshaled for the fight,
Six hundred thousand freemen rose,
To battle for the right.
Then to our God the prayer went up—
Protect our noble band;
God blessed our cause, our Flag now waves
Within the traitors' land.

Then down, down with the Rebel Flags,
Tread them beneath your feet,
And gaily to the breeze unfurl,
That Flag we love to greet.

Wave on ye glorious STARS AND STRIPES!
And still our song shall be—
Long live, long live the good old Flag,
Three cheers, three cheers for THEE!

Sadly we gazed upon the Flags,
Torn from our brothers' hands;
And shed a tear for those once loved,
Now joined to traitor bands.
They've put our Flag beneath their feet,
They've trailed it in the dust;
And to the breeze their Flag unfurled,
And placed in it their trust.

Mark what a treacherous deed it was,
From the good old Flag to turn;
With us they dwelt beneath its folds,
But now its Stars they spurn.

They've left the Flag of WASHINGTON,
The Flag our Fathers gave;
A richer boon was never given,
Or prouder Flag to wave.