



TRAITOR, SPARE that FLAG

By the Rev. J. P. LUNDY.

AIR—"Woodman spare that tree."

Traitor, Spare that flag,
Touch not a single star,
Its sheltering glory still,
Increaseth near and far ;
'Twas our forefathers' hand,
That placed it o'er our head,
And thou shalt let it stand,
Or perish with the dead.

That dear old precious flag,
Whose glory and renown,
Are spread o'er land and sea,
And would'st thou tear it down ?
Traitor, forbear thy touch,
Rend not its heart-bound ties,
Oh ! spare that glorious flag,
Still streaming through the skies.

When I was yet a boy,
I gloried in the sight,
And raised my voice in joy,
To greet its folds of light ;
For it my home is dear,
Dear is my native land ;
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old flag stand.

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy stripes, old friend,
Thy praises men shall sing,
Till time itself shall end ;
Old flag, the storm still brave,
And, traitor, leave the spot,
While I've a hand to save,
Thy touch shall harm it not.

