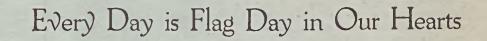


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Blood Red of heroes—purity White—Blue for the truth, in its honor and might. Proudest of banners; Sign of the Free; Symbol of Justice, o'er land and sea. Spirit of patriots; strength in each fold: Token of liberty, dim ages old, Standard of victory; Ensign most fair;

"Beauty incarnate"—unfurled everywhere—
In the Stars and the Stripes of "Old Glory".

Part of our life is it's beck and it's nod;
Part of our thrill in the Glory of God;
Part of our being is each starry fold,
Giving us strength in the freedom we hold.
Raising up heroes, when war trumpets call,
Granting us courage to offer our all.
Our Land! One heart!
To live—or to die
For the spirit we voice in our lifting on high
Of the Stars and the Stripes of "Old Glory".

By "The Bard of Barracks Six"