

THE OLD FLAG.

Raise the old flag!—Dangers dawn,
Fierce and gloomey, hovers near.
England's vengeful sword is drawn :
Erin's sorrows fresh appear.
Close your ranks—unite—be strong,
If you would be ever free.
Strike!—Avenge your country's wrong,
And regain her liberty.
Proudly tread
Where they bled,
Those who ne'er could learn to flee.

Raise the old flag!—raise it high ;
Firm, boldly round it rally ;
Rear it,—weave it—'till it fly
O'er the hill-side and the valley ;—
Bear it onward,—let it spread
To the breeze, 'midst freedom's light ;
Place it high above the red,
Where it shone before in fight.
Cowards, halt,
The assault
Needs the brave to vanquish might.

Raise the old flag!—let it wave
Wide and free;—hold it steady,
Guard it well, its honor save.
Say, brother, are you ready
Thus to meet your country's foes,
Thus to battle in her cause ?
Haste! the combat fiercer grows,
True man hath no need to pause.
Traitors, fly,
Accurs't, die.
Bless'd be he who weapon draws.

Raise the old flag!—nevermore—
Should the fight be ours to-day—
Bind its folds, but let it soar
Free as eagles' flight away.
Past experience—bitter lesson—
Tells us we have lain too long ;
Nought was ours, save oppression ;—
Truth and honour paid by wrong.
Tyrants, fear,
Round your bier
Freedom's children fiercely throng.

JOSEPH-EDMUNDSON MASTERTSON.

