FLAG OF THE FREE.

Arr. by T. M. T.

1. Flag of the free, fairest to see! Borne thro' the strife and the thunder of war,
   Banner so bright with starry light, Float ever proudly from mountain and shore.

2. Flag of the brave, long may it wave, Chosen of God while His might we adore,
   Leading the van for good to man, Symbol of right thro' the years passing o'er.

D.S.—While thro' the sky, loud rings the cry, Union and liberty, one ev er-more.

NATIONAL HYMN OF NORWAY.

B. BJORNSON.

Love we well our stormy land, Look forth with vision clear;
   Native land, And thousand homes so dear. Cherish we the home of parents,

R. NORDRAAK.

Yes, we love our

Land of Norsemen bold, With the stories to us given By the sagas
YANKEE DOODLE.

1. Fa - ther and I went down to camp, A - long with Cap'n Good-will,
   And there we saw a thou - sand men As rich as Squire Da-vil;
   And there we saw the men and boys As thick as hasty pudding.
   And what they wast ed ev - ry day, I wish it could be sav ed.

2. And there we saw a thou - sand men As rich as Squire Da-vil;
   And there we saw the men and boys As thick as hasty pudding.
   And what they wast ed ev - ry day, I wish it could be sav ed.
   And what they wast ed ev - ry day, I wish it could be sav ed.

3. And there was Gen - eral Wash - ing - ton Up - on a snow-white charg - er;
   And there we saw the men and boys As thick as hasty pudding.
   And what they wast ed ev - ry day, I wish it could be sav ed.
   And what they wast ed ev - ry day, I wish it could be sav ed.

4. And there they had a copper gun,
   And there they had a copper gun,
   A load for father's cattle
   A load for father's cattle

5. They tied it to a wooden oar,
   They tied it to a wooden oar,
   A load for father's cattle
   A load for father's cattle

6. They tied it to a wooden oar,
   They tied it to a wooden oar,
   A load for father's cattle
   A load for father's cattle

7. They tied it to a wooden oar,
   They tied it to a wooden oar,
   A load for father's cattle
   A load for father's cattle

Chorus.

Yan - kee Do - dle, keep it up, Yan - kee Do - dle dandy,

Mind the mu - si c and the step, And with the girls be hand - y.

4 And there they had a copper gun,
   Big as a log of maple,
   They tied it to a wooden oar,
   A load for father's cattle

5 And every time they shoot it off,
   It takes a horn of powder,
   And makes a noise like father's gun,
   Only a nation louder

6 And there I saw a little keg
   All bound around with leather,
   They beat it with two little sticks,
   To call the men together.

7 But I can't tell you half I saw,
   They kept up such a smother;
   I took my hat off, made a bow,
   And scampered home to mother.