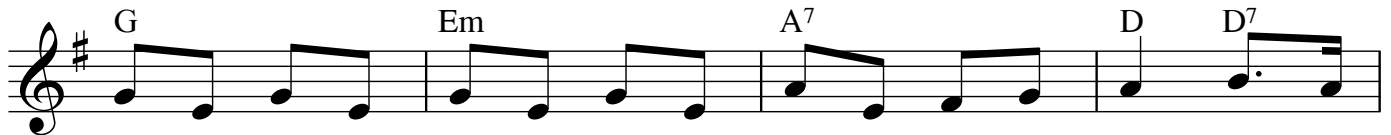


# You're A Grand Old Flag

George M. Cohan



There's a feel ing comes a - steal-ing and it sets my brain a - reel-ing when I'm  
I'm no crank y hank-y pank-y, I'm a dead square hon-est Yan-kee, And I'm



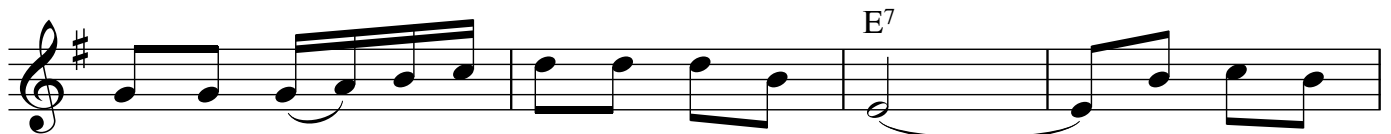
list-'ning to the mu - sic of a mil - i - ta - ry band. An - y  
might - y proud of that old flag that flies for Un - cle Sam. Though I



tune like "Yank-kee Doo-dle" sim-ply sets me off my noo-dle. It's that  
don't be-lieve in rav-ing, ev-'ry time I see it wav-ing, There's a



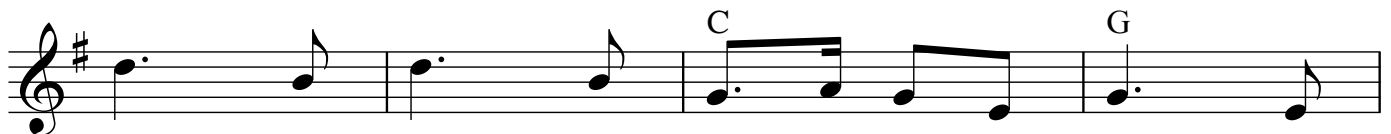
pa - tri - ot - ic some-thing that no one can un - der - stand.  
chill runs up my back that makes me glad I'm what I am.



"Way down South in the land of cot-ton," Mel - o - dy un -  
Here's a land of a mill-ion sold-iers; That's if we should



tir - ing, ain't that in - spi - ring?  
need 'em, we'll fight for free - dom, Hur -  
Hur -



rah! Hur - rah! We'll join the ju - bi - lee. And  
rah! Hur - rah! for ev - 'ry Yan - kee Tar And

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D D7 Bm7 D7 G Dm  
 that's go - ing some for the Yan - kees, by gum.  
 old G. A. R. Ev - 'ry stripe, ev - 'ry star.  
 E7 Am  
 Red, white and blue, I am for you.  
 Red, white and blue, hats off to you;  
 A7 D7  
 Hon - est you're a grand old flag.  
 Hon - est you're a grand old flag.  
 G C G A07 G D7 G A07  
 You're a grand old flag, you're a high - gly - ing glad, And for -  
 G A07 G G#dim D D7 D Am  
 ev - er in peace may you wave. You're the em - blem  
 D7 G D7 G A7  
 of the land I love, The home of the free and the  
 D G C G A07 G D7  
 brave. Ev' - ry heart beats true for the red, white and  
 Bm7 Dm6 E7 Am D7 G  
 blue, Where there's nev - er a boast or brag. But should auld ac -  
 D7 D7 A7 Am7 D7 G  
 quain - tance be for - got, Keep your eye on the grand old flag.