The American Boy - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

THE AMERICAN BOY.

"Father, look up and see that flag, how gracefully it flies;
Those pretty stripes-they seem to be a rainbow in the skies."
"It is your country's flag, my son, and proudly drinks the light,
O'er ocean's waves, in foreign climes, a symbol of our might."

"Father, what fearful noise is that, like thundering of the clouds?
Why do the people wave their hats, and rush along in crowds? "
"It is the noise of cannon, child, the glad shouts of the free,
This is the day to memory dear-'tis Freedom's Jubilee."

"I wish that I were now a man, I'd fire my cannon, too,
And cheer as loudly as the rest-but, father, why don't you?"
"I'm getting old and weak, but still my heart is big with joy;
I've witnessed many a day like this-shout you aloud, my boy."

"Hurrah! for Freedom's Jubilee! God bless our native land!
And may I live to hold the sword of freedom in my hand!"
"Well done, my boy-grow up and love the land that gave you birth,
A home where Freedom loves to dwell, a paradise on earth."