

Wade off! along the street there come
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums
And loyal hearts are beating high.
Wade off! ~~the flag is passing by~~
But the colors before us fly.
A fight and hand fights green
And great
+ might to make
Men of marble, and men of state
Cheer of victory on dying lips.

Days of plenty and years of peace
March of a strong land a right mine
Honor of every
We with the flag to stand on fold
Blue and crimson and white it
Wade off along the street there
come
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of
drums
over the still-tipped sword-lanes
Forward and glory and
all
To die with the colors
to stand to