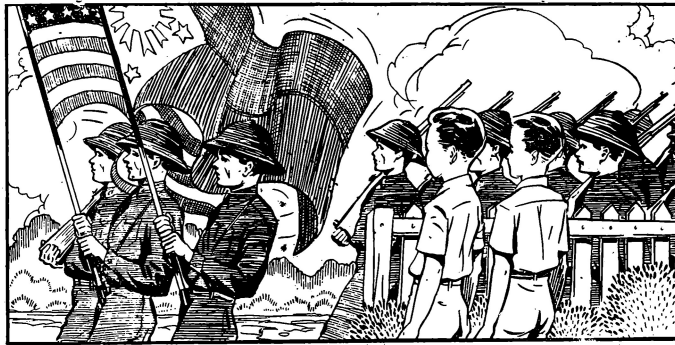


A POEM FOR THIS MONTH

## THE FLAG GOES BY



HATS OFF!  
 Along the street there comes  
 A blaze of bugles, a ruffle of  
 drums,  
 A flash of color beneath the  
 sky;  
 Hats off!  
 The flag is passing by.

Blue, white, crimson, and gold  
 it shines,  
 Over the steel-tipped ordered  
 lines;  
 Hats off!  
 The colors before us fly;  
 But more than the flag is pass-  
 ing by.

Days of plenty and days of  
 peace;  
 March of a nation's swift in-  
 crease;

Equal justice, right, and law,  
 Stately honor and reverend awe.

Sign of a nation, vigorous,  
 strong,  
 Willing to fight against for-  
 eign wrong;  
 Pride and glory and honor, —  
 all  
 Live in the colors to stand or  
 fall.

Hats off!  
 Along the street there comes  
 A blaze of bugles, a ruffle of  
 drums;  
 And loyal hearts are beating  
 high;  
 Hats off!  
 The flag is passing by.

— *Adapted.*