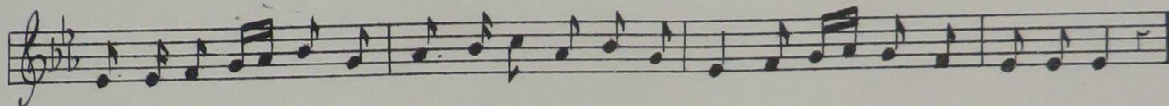
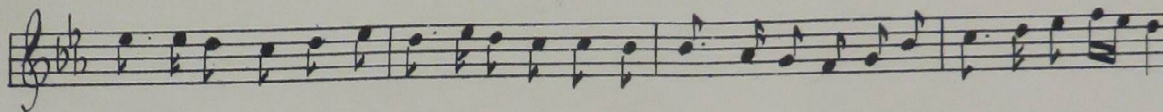
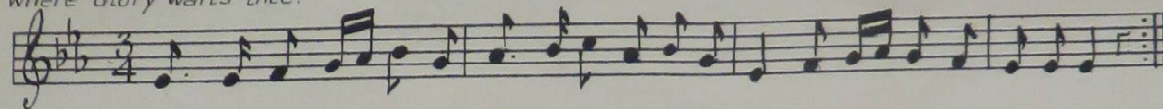


Irish Air.  
"Go where Glory waits thee!"

## A Salute to the Belgian Flag

arr. by G. Coleman Young



When, O gallant warders  
Of the Belgian borders,  
Our Foes came parleying at your gate:  
"Hear our Master's message!  
Yield his armies passage!  
Else all your land lies desolate!"  
(Chorus repeats) Did ye pause to palter?  
Nay, without one falter,  
On that base assaulter  
Proud defiance hurled;  
While your banner olden-  
Red and black and golden-  
To your endless glory ye unfurled.

Then the evil clangour  
Of the German's anger  
Burst where ye couched across his way.  
Yet in wrath ye faced him,  
Leaped upon and chased him,  
Launched like young lions on your prey.  
(Chorus repeats) Aye! though bolted thunder  
Rent your ranks in sunder,  
To the whole earth's wonder;  
Still ye fought on and on!  
Proved at Liège's portal  
Heroes as immortal  
As your proud Sires who smote the Don.

Thus your dread endurance  
Shook our Foe's assurance,  
Thus laughed to scorn his plot profound-  
Free of your resistance,  
Far in southern distance  
Fair France's knell and ours to sound.  
Through that respite given,  
Though long rearward driven,  
Now with ranks unriven  
We attack in turn.  
(Chorus repeats) Therefore, Banner olden,  
Red and black and golden  
Here we uplift thee by our Standard stern,  
Vowing, as we take thee  
And saluting "break" thee,  
Never to forsake thee,  
Flag of bright renown.  
Till with legions scattered,  
Rent and spent and shattered,  
Belgium's spoiler we have beaten down!

Alfred Perceval Graves