

The Conquered Banner.

Furl that banner for 'tis weary,
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary,
Furl it fold it, it is best,
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,
And there's ~~not~~ one left to love it
In the blood which heroes gave it,
And its foes now scorn and brave it;
Furl it, hide it, let it rest.

Take that banner down, 'tis tattered,
Broken is its staff and shattered,
And the valiant hosts are scattered,
Over whom it floated high;
Oh 'tis hard for us to fold it,
Hard to think there's none to hold it,
Hard that those who once unrolled ^{it} it
Now must furl it with a sigh.

Furl that banner, furl it sadly,
Once ten thousands hailed it gladly,