1<sup>st</sup> Grade Unit 5



## Contributions





Sometimes when I'm lonely,
Don't know why,
Keep thinkin' I won't be lonely,
By and by.

## Washington

By: Nancy Byrd Turner

He played by the river when he was young. He raced with rabbits along the hills, He fished for minnows, and climbed and swung, And hooted back at the whippoorwills. Strong and slender and tall he grew - And then, one morning, the bugles blew.

Over the hills the summons came,
Over the river's shining rim.
He said that the bugles called his name,
He knew that his country needed him,
And he answered, "Coming!" and marched away
For many a night and many a day.

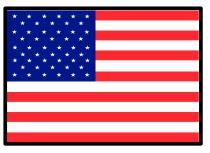
Perhaps when the marches were hot and long He'd think of the river flowing by Or, camping under the winter sky, Would hear the whippoorwill's far-off song. Boy or soldier, in peace or strife, He loved America all his life!

## You're a Grand Old Flag

By: George M. Cohan

You're a grand old flag,
You're a high flying flag
And forever in peace may you wave.
You're the emblem of
The land I love.
The home of the free and the brave.
Ev'ry heart beats true
'neath the Red, White and Blue,
Where there's never a boast or brag.
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
Keep your eye on the grand old flag.

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You're a high flying flag
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## Yankee Doodle Boy By: George M. Cohan

I'm the kid that's all the candy,
I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy,
I'm glad I am,
So's Uncle Sam.
I'm a real live Yankee Doodle,
Made my name and fame and boodle,
Just like Mister Doodle did, by riding on a pony.
I love to listen to the Dixie strain,
I long to see the girl I left behind me;
That ain't a josh,
She's a Yankee, by gosh.
Oh, say can you see,
Anything about a Yankee that's a phony?

I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy,
A Yankee Doodle, do or die;
A real live nephew of my Uncle Sam,
Born on the Fourth of July.
I've got a Yankee Doodle sweetheart,
She's my Yankee Doodle joy.
Yankee Doodle came to London, just to ride the ponies;
I am the Yankee Doodle Boy.