

## **Jason Robert Brown**

# **"The Flagmaker, 1775"**

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With the guns flaring  
And drums pounding  
There's no hope of getting rest  
With the lights glaring  
And calls sounding  
And the clenching in your chest  
When the man's in battle  
And the baby's rattle  
Only makes you more depressed  
The wise woman does what she knows  
If it's fighting she fights  
If it's sewing she sews  
When the tension inside  
Overflows and goes to far  
One more star, one more stripe  
To escape your lonely bed  
One more star, one more stripe  
Join the blue, the white and red  
One more star, one more stripe  
As you pray your child's not dead  
With the roof leaking  
And walls wetter  
And the night as black as pitch  
With the wind shrieking  
And his last letter  
Says his fighting in a ditch  
Then the candle flickers  
And the river bickers  
What else can you do but stitch  
One more star, one more stripe  
Til you feel the rising sun

One more star, one more stripe  
Til this foolishness is done  
One more star, one more stripe  
We'll be waiting when we've won  
Grab a needle, grab a thimble  
If it's all that keeps you sane  
Think of freedom as a symbol  
Think of justice as a game  
Think of life with independence  
Think of muskets and brigades

Think of taking the oppressors  
Think of banners and parades  
When the gate creaks  
And the paint cracks  
And the cat cries  
And the night falls  
Raise a flag  
Raise a flag  
Raise a flag til you're free  
One more star, one more stripe  
Til this bloodshed's finally through  
One more star, one more stripe  
Til they come back home to you  
One more star, one more stripe  
When there's nothing you can do  
If they take all the things  
That define what you were,  
And are  
One more star

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