E PLURIBUS UNUM
AN AMERICAN NATIONAL SONG
WRITTEN BY
Capt. G. W. Cutter
THE MUSIC
ADAPTED AND ARRANGED FOR THE
"BALTIMORE OLIO"
BY
MRS. ED. H. PENDLETON

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E PLURIBUS UNUM.

AN AMERICAN NATIONAL SONG.

FROM THE BALTIMORE OLIO

Written by Captain G.W. Cutter.

Arranged by Mrs. E.H. Pendleton.

Moderato.

Though many and bright are the stars that appear,
In that Flag by our country unfurled;
And the stripes that are swelling in majesty there,
Like a rainbow adorning the world;
Their

Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1848 by W. C. Peters in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Maryland.
lights are unsullied as those in the sky, By a deed that our Fathers have done; And they're

leagued in as true and as holy a tie, In their motto of "Many in One?"

hour when those patriots fearlessly flung, That banner of starlight abroad;

E Pluribus Unum, 1496.
true to themselves, to that motto they clung, As they clung to the promise of God; By the
bay-o-net trac'd at the midnight of war, On the fields where our glory was won; Oh!

perish the heart or the hand that would mar, Our motto of "Many in One."
3. Mid the smoke of the contest—the cannon’s deep roar—
   How oft it hath gather’d renown!
While those stars were reflected in rivers of gore,
   When the cross and the lion went down;
And though few were their lights in the gloom of that hour,
   Yet the hearts that were striking below
Had God for their bulwark, and truth for their pow’r,
   And they stopp’d not to number the fee.

4. From where our green mountain tops blend with the sky,
   And the giant St. Lawrence is roll’d,
To the waves where the balmy Hesperides lie,
   Like the dream of some prophet of old;
They conquer’d—and dying, bequeath’d to our care,—
   Not this boundless dominion alone,—
But that banner, whose loveliness hallow’s the air,
   And their motto of "Many in one".

5. We are many in one, while there glitters a star
   In the blue of the heavens above;
And tyrants shall quail mid their dungeons afar,
   When they gaze on that motto of love.
It shall gleam o’er the sea, mid the bolts of the storm,
   Over tempest, and battle, and wreck;
And flame where our guns with their thunder grow warm,
   'Neath the blood on the slippery deck.

6. The oppress’d of the earth to that standard shall fly,
   Wherever its folds shall be spread:
   And the exile shall feel his own native sky,
   Where its stars shall float over his head.
And those stars shall increase, till the fulness of time
   Its millions of cycles has run—
   Till the world shall have welcomed its mission sublime,
   And the nations of earth shall be one.

7. Though the old Alleghany may tower to heaven,
   And the Father of waters divide,
   The links of our destiny cannot be riven
   While the truth of these words shall abide.
Then oh! let them glow on each helmet and brand,
   Though our blood, like our rivers, shall run:
Divide as we may in our own native land,
   To the rest of the world we are one.

8. Then, up with our flag—let it stream on the air,
   Though our fathers are cold in their graves:
They had hands that could strike, they had souls that could dare,
   And their sons were not born to be slaves.
Up, up with that banner, where’er it may call,
   Our millions shall rally around;
A nation of freemen that moment shall fall
   When its stars shall be trave’d on the ground.

E Phœbus Uana.                     T. J. Williams.