"UNROLL THE BROAD BANNER:"

a Patriotic Song:

as Sung by

WILLIAM P. BENSAL.

at the Meetings of the

"WHITE EAGLES"

and the

"WHITE EAGLE GRAND MARCH"

the Music Composed & Arranged

for the

PIANO FORTE

by

HERMAN S. SARONI,

and Respectfully Dedicated to the

WHITE EAGLE CLUB,

of the City of New York.

New York. Published by FIRTH HALL & POND, 239 Broadway. & FIRTH & HALL, 1 Franklin Sq.
"UNROLL THE BROAD BANNER:"

a Patriotic Song:

as Sung by

WILLIAM P. BENSAL.

at the Meetings of the

"WHITE EAGLES"

and the

"WHITE EAGLE GRAND MARCH"

the Music Composed & Arranged
FOR THE

PIANO FORTE

BY

HERRMAN S. SARONI,

AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE

WHITE EAGLE CLUB,

of the City of New York.

New York. Published by FIRTH HALL & POND, 239 Broadway, & FIRTH & HALL, 1 Franklin Sq.
Cheers for the Eagle—The fiery-eyed Eagle,
The noble White Eagle of young Tennessee! The noble White Eagle of young Tennessee!

We point to his virtues; they speak with a tone
Which strikes the bold foe with confusion and terror;
They shrink from our anger, our trumpets' dead clangor;
We beat back the champions of fraud and of error.
While our falchions are gleaming so fearful to see—
Three cheers for the Eagle—
The white-breasted Eagle—
The noble White Eagle of young Tennessee!

They hâve his ancestors now in their graves—
Let them do it, they'll find they were sadly mistaken—
They roused from their slumbers, our army of numbers,
Whose terrible tramp has the earth around shaken—
See, they rally, they rally, firm, fearless and free—
Three cheers for the Eagle—
The honest, bold Eagle—
The noble White Eagle of young Tennessee!

The weapon each wields is the weapon of truth—
The ballot! that engine of freemen so glorious—
Unpledged to an idol, as guests to a bridal,
We come to the fight and we'll leave it victorious.
And soon the whole nation our triumph shall see—
Three cheers for the Eagle—
The high-soaring Eagle—
The noble White Eagle of young Tennessee!
We point to his virtues; they speak with a tone
Which strikes the bold foe with confusion and terror;
They shrink from our anger, our trumpets' dead clangor;
We beat back the champions of fraud and of error.
While our falchions are gleaming so fearful to see—
Three cheers for the Eagle—
The white-breasted Eagle—
The noble White Eagle of young Tennessee!

They hew his ancestors now in their graves—
Let them do it, they'll find they were sadly mistaken—
They roused from their slumbers, our army of numbers,
Whose terrible tramp has the earth around shaken.
See, they rally, they rally, firm, fearless and free—
Three cheers for the Eagle—
The honest, bold Eagle—
The noble White Eagle of young Tennessee!

The weapon each wields is the weapon of truth—
The ballot! that engine of freemen so glorious—
Unpledged to an idol, as guests to a bridal,
We come to the fight and we'll leave it victorious.
And soon the whole nation our triumph shall see—
Three cheers for the Eagle—
The high-soaring Eagle—
The noble White Eagle of young Tennessee!
M A R C H.