

THE AMERICAN FLAG



by J. R. DRAKE.

Music by

BELLINI

Respectfully dedicated to

MAJOR GENERAL Z. TAYLOR

by the

PUBLISHERS.

For Piano 25^cs net.
" " Guitar 18 $\frac{3}{4}$ " do.

Philadelphia LEE & WALKER 120 Walnut St.

New Orleans Wm. T. Mayo No. 5. Camp Street.



THE AMERICAN FLAG

by

J. E. DRAKE.

MUSIC BY
Bellini.

respectfully dedicated to

Arranged for the

GUITAR BY
F. Weiland.

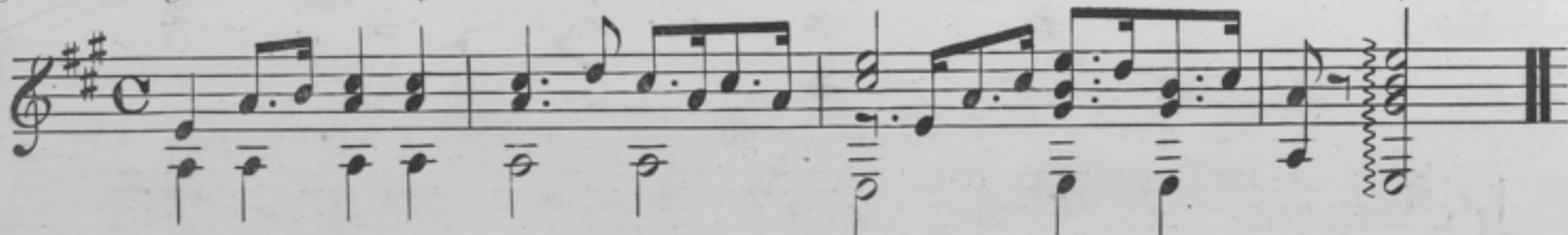
MAJOR GENERAL Z. TAYLOR
PUBLISHERS.

Philadelphia LEE & WALKER N^o120 Walnut St.

New Orleans W.T. MAYO N^o5 Camp St.

Entered according to act of Congress in the Year 1847 by Lee & Walker in the Clerks Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania

Marziale.



Ma - jes - tie mon - arch of the cloud! Who rear'st a - loft thy re - gal

When Freedom from her moun - tain height, Un - furl'd her standard to the

form, To hear the tem - pest trump - ing loud, And see the light - - - ning lances

air. She tore the a - zure robe ofnight, And set the stars of glory

driven, When strides the war - rior of the storm, And rolls the thun - der

there! She mingled with its gor - geous dies The mil - ky baldric

drum of heav'n! Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given To guard the ban - ner
 of the skies, And striped its pure ce - les - tial white With streak - ings from the
 of the free To ho - ver in the sul - - phur smoke, To ward a - way the bat - tle
 morning light! Then from her mansion in the sun, She call'd her ea - gle bearer
 stroke And bid its blendings shine a - far, Like rainbows on the clouds of
 down And gave in to his migh - ty hand The symbol of her chosen
 war.
 land.

9th. Pos.

3

4

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
 The sign of hope and triumph high!
 When speaks the signal trumpet's tone,
 And the long line comes gleaming on;
 Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
 Has dimm'd the glistening bayonet—
 Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
 To where the meteor glories burn.
 Flag of the free heart's only home,
 By angel hands to valour given!
 Thy stars have lit the welkin dome
 And all thy hues were born in heaven.

Flag of the seas! on ocean's wave,
 Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave,
 When death careering on the gale,
 Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
 And frighted waves rush wildly back;
 Before the broadside's reeling rack;
 The dying wanderer of the sea
 Shall look at once to heaven and thee.
 For ever float that standard sheet!
 Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
 With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
 And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us.