

The Service Flag

A Song

DEAR little flag in the window there,
Hung with a tear and a woman's prayer;
Child of Old Glory, born with a star—
Oh, what a wonderful flag you are!
Blue is your star in its field of white,
Dipped in the red that was born of fight;
Born of the blood that our forebears shed
To raise your mother, The Flag, overhead.

Poem by

William Herschell

Music by

Floyd J. St. Clair

Sam Fox  Pub. Co.
Cleveland

HIGH
MEDIUM
LOW

EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVES, BOSWORTH & CO. LONDON

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Oh, what a wonderful flag you are!
Blue is your star in its field of white,
Dipped in the red that was born of fight;
Born of the blood that our forebears shed
To raise your mother, The Flag, o'erhead.

And now you've come, in this frenzied day,
To speak from a window—to speak and say:
"I am the voice of a soldier son,
Gone, to be gone till the victory's won.
I am the flag of The Service, sir:
The Flag of his mother—I speak for her
Who stands by my window and waits and fears,
But hides from the others her unwept tears.

"I am the flag of the wives who wait
For the safe return of a martial mate,
A mate gone forth where the war god thrives,
To save from sacrifice other men's wives.
I am the flag of the sweethearts true;
The often unthought of—the sisters, too,
I am the flag of a mother's son,
And won't come down till the victory's won!"

William Herschell

The Service Flag

Poem by
WILLIAM HERSCHELL

Music by
FLOYD J. ST. CLAIR

High b^{\flat}
Medium a
Low e^{\flat}

Andante con espressione

Dear lit-tle flag in the win-dow there, Hung with a tear and a wom-an's pray'r;

Child of Old Glo-ry, born with a star— Oh, what a won-der-ful flag you are!

Blue is your star in its field of white, Dipped in the red that was born of fight;

Born of the blood that our fore bears shed To raise your mother, The Flag, o'er-head.

a tempo

And now you've come, in this fren-zied day, To speak from a win-dow to speak and say:

a tempo

L.H. *R.H.*

"I am the voice of a sol-dier son, Gone, to be gone till the vic-t'ry's won.

L.H. *R.H.*

I am the flag of The Ser-vice, sir: The flag of his moth-er. I speak for her Who

L.H. *R.H.*

stands by my win-dow and waits and fears, But hides from the oth-ers her un-wept tears."

p *rall.* *p* *rall.*

a tempo

"I am the flag of the wives who wait For the safe re-turn' of a mar-tial mate. A

a tempo

mate gone forth where the war-god thrives, To save from sac-ri-fice other men's wives.

I am the flag of the sweet-hearts true; The of-ten un-thought of the sis-ters, too.

I am the flag of a moth-er's son And won't come down till the vic-tr'y's won!"

rall.

p

rall.

p

SAM FOX
PUB. CO.

The Song Immortal

The Song Eternal

One Fleeting Hour

The Song of Heart's Appeal

One Fleeting Hour
 Words by DOROTHY LEE
 Music by DOROTHY LEE

SOLO VOICE *Subdued, with expression* **When she**

VIOLIN

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The Song That Made Dorothy Lee

Dorothy Lee, who is so dearly loved and whose songs are sung "wherever people sing," first became known to music lovers through her great success "One Fleeting Hour." A beautiful, melodious song, there is about it a wealth of human understanding which has made a wonderful irresistible appeal. The song eternal, it seems destined to live forever for it is being sung more today than ever before. The countless thousands who love this quiet little woman of the West and her inspired music, love all of her songs but none more than her immortal "One Fleeting Hour."

*Published in Five Keys with Violin or Cello Obligato
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