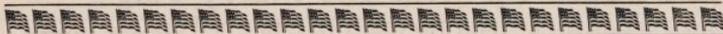


JUN -7 1917

© G. E. 405907



Dedicated to the Boys of the U. S. Army and Navy

Then Up With the Starry Flag

(FOR HONOR AND LIBERTY)

Words by
JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

Music by
GEO. BEAVERSON



Price, 10 Cents

Published by
JAS. H. BEAVERSON
65 FRANKFORT STREET
NEW YORK



M1646

.B

Then Up With The Starry Flag

Words by JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. (FOR HONOR AND LIBERTY) Music by GEO. BEAVERSON.

ff *Tempo di Marcia.*

1. If en - e - mies from oth - er lands Comes sail - ing o'er the sea To
2. Here Freedom spreads her snow - y wings A - bove her chil - dren brave, Here
3. And so we say to all the world, While truth and hon - or stands, If

mf

- where Columbia's banner waves A - bove her chil - dren free, They'll find in con - flict that our drums Will
 free-men guard with jealous care The land they'd die to save, Like our great fa - ther Washington, We
 oth - er na - tions come in peace We o - fer them our hands; But if they want to try our arms We'll

- nev - er sound re - treat, Be - cause our na - tion when in war Has nev - er met de - feat!
 nev - er sound re - treat; But, "First in peace and first in war," We've never met de - feat!
 nev - er sound re - treat, For on the land or on the sea We've nev - er met de - feat!

CHORUS.

THEN UP WITH THE STARRY FLAG!

ff With energy.

Then up with the star-ry flag, Ban-ner of the brave! Yes,

mf

up, up from mount and crag Long may it wave! Let

ea-gle soar and can-non roar, Let ev-'ry na-tion see, We'll

fight to save our hon-or, We'll die for lib-er-ty!

A NEW AMERICAN AIR

TO

My Country! 'tis of Thee

Words by SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH.

(HAVENS)

Music by GEO. BEAVERSON.

Maestoso.

1. My coun - try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble, free, Thy
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet
 4. Our fa - thers' God! to thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To

thee I sing: Land where my fa - thers died! Land of the Pil - grims'
 name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem - pled
 free - dom's song: Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that breathe par -
 thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With free - dom's ho - ly

pride! From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring!
 hills: My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
 take: Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
 light: Pro - tect us by thy might, Great God, our King!

Copyright, 1917, by Geo. Beaverson.

This version of our national hymn, together with two other songs, is published in a "pocket edition," for the use of schools, lodges, etc., at the rate of \$2.00 per 100 copies. Sample sent for a two cent stamp.

This tune has been written and published in the endeavor to supply a suitable *American air* for these *American words*. The old air "America," being a foreign one, is in use all over Europe and elsewhere as a national song, and in consequence is not recognized by our government as a national tune. The words themselves are worthy of being installed as our national hymn, and this music is our effort to supply a suitable air. Published by

JAS. H. BEAVERSON,

65 FRANKFORD ST., NEW YORK.