

# The Service Flag

A Song

**H**EAR 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, o'erhead.

Poem by

William Herschell

Music by

Floyd J. St. Clair

Sam Fox  Pub. Co.  
Cleveland

EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVES, BOSWORTH & CO. LONDON

HIGH  
• MEDIUM  
LOW

60

## The Service Flag

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, 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

*Andante con espressione*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a prominent bass line with a driving eighth-note pattern. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 8/8. The tempo is marked 'Andante con espressione'. The lyrics are: '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 moth-er, The Flag, o'er-head.' The score includes dynamic markings such as 'p' (piano) and 'rall.' (rallentando).

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 moth-er, The Flag, o'er-head.

Copyright MCMXVIII by Sam Fox Publishing Co., Cleveland, O.

International Copyright Secured. Copyright Canada.

Copyright for Europe and British Empire (excluding Canada) Bosworth & Co., London.

*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 Serv-ice, 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.*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of six systems of music. Each system includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part is divided into left hand (L.H.) and right hand (R.H.) staves. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like *a tempo*, *p*, and *rall.*. There are also asterisks (\*) under some piano notes, possibly indicating fingerings or specific articulation. The lyrics are interspersed between the musical systems.

*a tempo*

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

mate gone forth where the war god thrives, To save from sac-ri-fice oth-er 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-t'ry's won!"

