

# The Americans Come!

ELIZABETH A. WILBUR\*



FAY FOSTER

Spirited

Piano

*p*

"What is the cheering,

*(spoken)* A blinded Frenchman speaks to his son:

*poco cresc.*

*p a tempo*

my lit - tle one? Oh! that my blind - ed eyes could see!

Has - ten, my boy, to the win - dow run, And see what the noise in the

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When programming this song  
mention name of composer,  
FAY FOSTER, in full

*In strict march time*

street may be. I hear the drums and the

*in-strict march time*

march - ing feet; Look and see what it's all a-bout! Who can it be that our

SON:

peo - ple greet With cheer and laught-er and joy-ous shout? "There are men, my fath-er

brown and strong And they car-ry a ban-ner of won-drous hue, With a

*f* > > > > > > > >

might-y tread they swing a-long Now I see white stars on a

*very fast and almost breathlessly*

**FATHER:**

*rit.* field of blue! "You say that you see white

*rit.* *very fast*

stars on blue? Look, are there stripes of red and white? It

*cresc.* must be yes, it must be true! *f rit.* Oh, dear God, if I had my

*cresc.* *f rit.*

*a tempo* *ff*

sight! Hast-en, son, fling the win - dow wide; Let me

*a tempo* *ff*

*rit.*

kiss the staff our flag swings from And sa - lute the Stars and Stripes with pride, For,

*rit.*

*scs*

*ff* *molto rit.* *ff* *a tempo*

God be praised, "The A - mer - i - cans come!"

*molto rit.* *ff a tempo*

*scs* *ff*