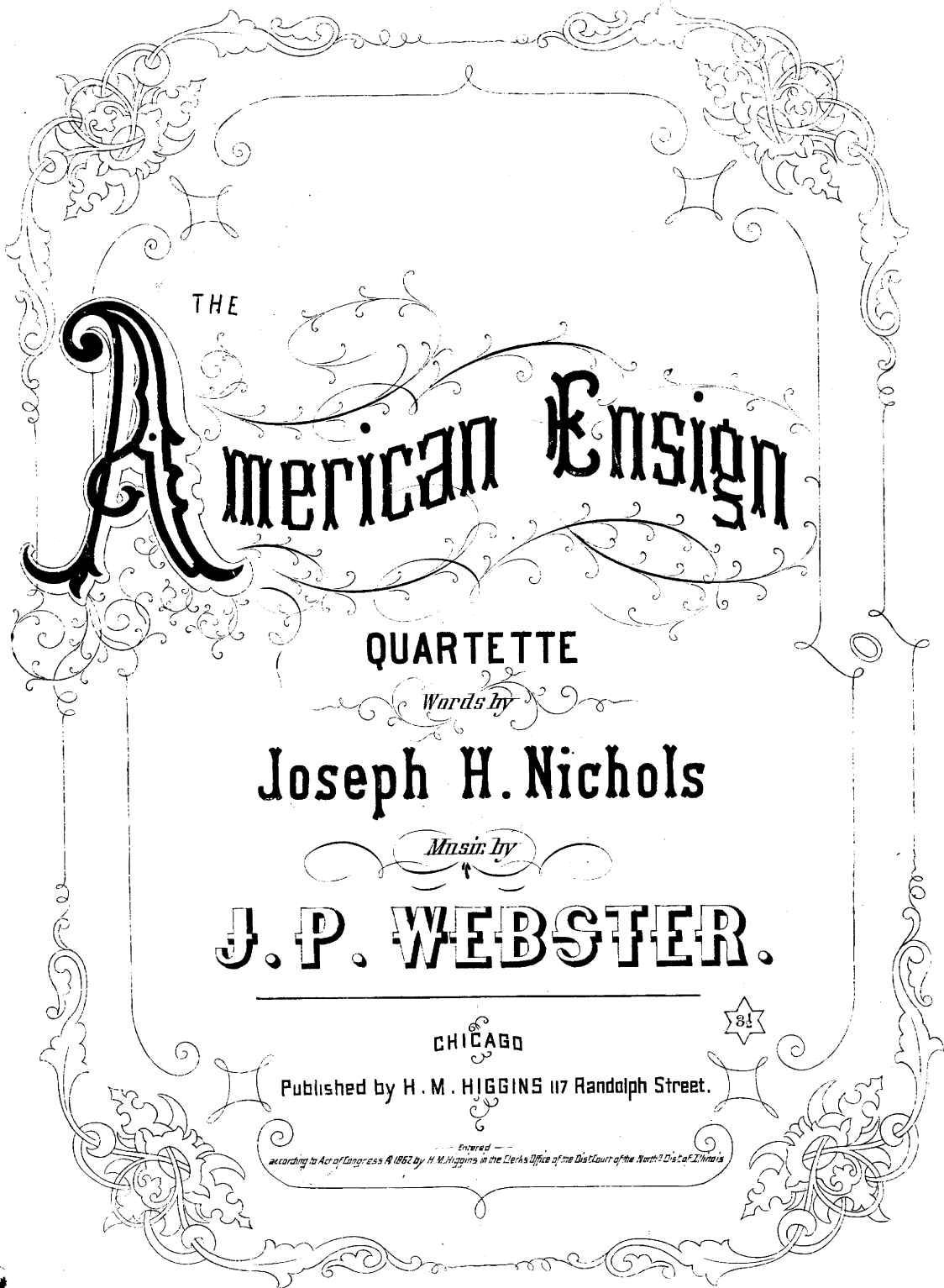


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THE
American Ensign
QUARTETTE
Words by
Joseph H. Nichols
Music by
J. P. WEBSTER.

CHICAGO

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Entered according to Act of Congress A 1862 by H. M. Higgins in the Clerk's Office of the Dist Court of the North District of Illinois

NO 10410
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THE AMERICAN ENSIGN.

QUARTETT.

NOTE.— This song was originally written by Mr Nichols when a law-student in the city of New York, in November 1826, & was first published at that time in the New York Statesman, under the signature of N. The author, in the lapse of years, had lost sight of it, and had almost forgotten it, when a female spiritualist in the city of New York, during the summer of 1856, on a public occasion, gave utterance to this song as one of the proofs of her supernatural inspiration.

Since the rebellion began, it has gone the round of the newspapers, anonymously. Many of the lines have been altered by the author since the piece was first composed. He is now an Episcopal clergyman of Wisconsin, and Professor of English Literature in Paine College.

Words by JOSEPH H. NICHOLS.

Music by J. P. WEBSTER.

The piano introduction is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of five measures. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. Dynamics include *Rad* (ritardando) and *cres.* (crescendo).

The vocal quartet consists of four staves: Treble, Alto, Tenor, and Bass. Each staff has a vocal line and a corresponding lyric line. The lyrics are:

1. Flag of the stars whose light

2. Flag of the stripes of fire!

3. Flag of the eagle! who

4. Flag of two ocean shores

The piano accompaniment is shown at the bottom, continuing from the introduction. It includes dynamics like *Rad* and *cres.* and features a repeat sign at the end.

Entered according to Act of Congress A.D. 1862 by H.M. Higgins, in the Clerks Office of the District Court of the Northern District of Illinois.

First cheered the nations gloomy night, And bade the world no more to sigh;

Long as the bard his lof-ty lyre Can strike, thoushalt a-wake our song:

Up - on thy shining fields of blue, His fie-ry pin-ions boldly spread;

Whose ev - er - lasting thunder roars From deep to deep in storm and foam;

Oh! can thy chil - dren gaze Up - on their sap-phyre blaze,

We'll sing thee round the hearth, In ho - ly house-hold mirth;

A - round thee we will stand, With our bright blades in hand,

Tho' with the sun's red set Thou sink'st to slum - ber, yet

Nor kin-dle at the rays Which led the brave of old to die.
 We'll sing thee when we forth To bat - tle go, with cla - rion tongue.
 And swear to guard the land We love till life's last drop be shed.
 With him dost not forget To rise and make the heavens thy home.

Hail!..... Hail!..... Hail! Hail! Hail banner beautiful and
 Hail!..... Hail!..... Hail! Hail! Hail banner beautiful and
 Hail!..... Hail!..... Hail! hail! hail! Hail banner beautiful and
 Hail banner beautiful and grand, Float forever o'er our land. Hail! hail! hail! Hail banner beautiful and

grand, Float thou for- ev- er o'er our land.

grand, Float forev-er, ev-er, Float thou for- ev- er o'er our land, for- ev-er ev-er.

grand, Float thou for- ev- er o'er our land.

grand, Float thou for- ev- er o'er our land.

Float thou forever, Float thou forever, Float thou forever o'er our land.

Float thou forever, ever, Float thou forever, ever, Float thou forever o'er our land.

Float thou forever, Float thou forever, Float thou forever o'er our land.

Float thou forever, Float thou forever, Float thou forever o'er our land.

Hail banner beautiful and grand, Float thou for-ev-er o'er our land,
 O'er mountain, prairie, lake and sea, Where'er thou float'st we'll sing to thee!
 How sweet, how beautiful is death, When for thy sake we yield our breath.
 Flag of the West be thou un-furl'd, 'Till the last trump shall wake the world.

Hail banner beau-ti-ful and grand, Float thou for-ev-er o'er our land.
 O'er mountain, prairie, lake and sea, Where'er thou float'st we'll sing to thee!
 How sweet, how beau-ti-ful is death, When for thy sake we yield our breath.
 Flag of the West be thou un-furl'd, 'Till the last trump shall wake the world.