The Americans Come!

ELIZABETH A. WILBUR

Spirited

FAY FOSTER

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I hear the drums and the people greet with cheer and laughter and strong, and they carry a banner of wondrous hue, with a

In strict march time

marching feet; Look and see what it's all about! Who can it be that our

SON:

people greet with cheer and laughter and joyous shout? "There are men, my father

brown and strong And they carry a banner of wondrous hue, With a
mighty tread they swing along
Now I see white stars on a

very fast and almost breathlessly

FATHER:

field of blue!
"You say that you see white

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

must be yes, it must be true!
Oh, dear God, if I had my
sight!

Hast-en, son, fling the window wide; Let me

kiss the staff our flag swings from And salute the Stars and Stripes with pride, For,

God be praised, "The Americans come!"

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