

To America's Soldiers and Sailors

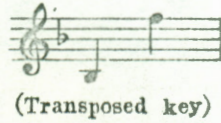
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# THE AMERICANS COME!

An Episode in France

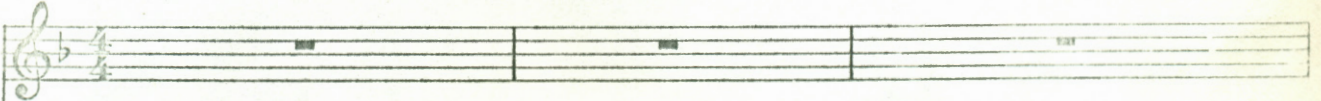
*Higher*

ELIZABETH A. WILBUR \*



FAY FOSTER

VOICE

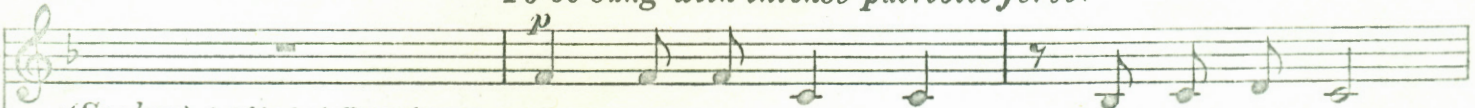


*Spirited*

PIANO



*To be sung with intense patriotic fervor*



(Spoken) A blinded Frenchman speaks to his son: "What is the cheer - ing, my lit - tle one?"



\*From "Munseys." By special Permission for sole use  
Published also in an arrangement for male quartet or chorus  
Orchestral parts may be obtained from the publishers

When programming this  
song mention name of  
composer, Fay Foster, in full

# Americans Come

F. Foster

Oh, that my blind - ed eyes could see! Has - ten, my boy, to the

win - dow run, And see what the noise in the street may

*In strict march tempo*

be. I hear the drums and the

*In strict march tempo*

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

Americans Come

F. Foster 5

can it be that our peo - ple greet With cheer and laugh - ter and

SON:  
joy - ous shout?" "There are men, my fa - ther, brown and strong, And they

car - ry a ban - ner of won - drous hue; With a might - y tread they

swing a - long; Now I see white stars on a field ——— of

Americans come

F. Foster

*a tempo*

Almost breathlessly and much faster  
FATHER:

blue!"

"You say that you see white stars on blue?"

*Agitato*

*hurry the tempo*

b $\bar{2}$

$\bar{5}$

b $\bar{5}$

*cresc.*

Look, are there stripes of

red and white? It must be\_

yes, it

*cresc.*

*rit. f*

*a tempo*

must

be true!

Oh, dear God, if I had my sight!

*rit. f*

*a tempo*

Red.

\*

*ff*

*ff*

Has-ten,

son, fling the win - dow wide; Let me

*ff*

Americans Come

F. Foster

kiss the staff the flag swings from And salute the Stars and

Stripes with pride, For, God be praised, the A -

*rit.* *ff* *molto rit.*

mer - i - cans come!"

*ff a tempo*