

**PHILADELPHIA**Published by A. Bacon & Co. S. Ath. St.

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Con Spirito.

6

O say can you see by the dawn's early light What so
proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming Whose broad stripes & bright stars thro' the
perilous fight O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly streaming and the
rockets red glare the bombs bursting in air Gave proof thro' the night that our

flag still was there O! say does that star spangled banner yet wave, O'er the
 land of the free and the home of the brave *p Sym pp p*

(2) (3)

On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep; And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
 Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
 What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep A home and a country shall leave us no more,
 As it fitfully blows half conceals half discloses; Their blood has wash'd out their soul footsteps polluti
 Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam, No refuge could save the hireling and slave;
 In full glory reflected now shines in the stream, From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave
 'Tis the star spangled banner O! long may it wave, And the star spangled banner in triumph doth wave
 O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave. O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

(4)

O thus be it ever when freemen shall stand,
 Between their lov'd home, and the wars desolation,
 Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n rescued land,
 Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserv'd us a nation.
 Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
 And this be our motto — In God is our trust;
 And the star spangled banner in triumph shall wave,
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

FLUTE.

Con Spirito