



On the shore dimly seen thro the mists of the deep, ? Where the foes haughty host in dread silence reposes; } What is that which the breeze, der the towering steep As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses; Now it catches the gleam of the mornings first beam, ? In full glory reflected, now shines in the stream -'Tis the star spangled banner, O! long may it 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.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore, That the havor of war and the battles confusion, A home and a country shall leave us no more ,-Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps pollution! No refuge could save the hireling and slave, From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave; And the star spangled banner in triumph doth wave,

O thus be it ever when freemen shall stand, Between their loved home, and the wars desolation; Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven rescued land , Praise the Power that hath made and preserved 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.