STAR SPANGLED BANNER

PHILADELPHIA
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Con Spirito.

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
O! say does that star spangled banner yet wave, 
Over the land of the free and the home of the brave.

On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes.
What is that which the breeze, over the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows half conceals half discloses;
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's 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.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country shall leave us no more,
Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps polluti:
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'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

O thus be it ever when freemen shall stand,
Between their lov'd home and the wars desolation,
Blest with victory and peace, may the heavens 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.

FLUTE